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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY  
GEORGE HARVEY


A NEW  
TRUMBULL  
PORTRAIT OF  
WASHINGTON  
AMERICAN  
WOMEN'S  
IDEALS—  
THE IDEAL  
TEACHER

A STORY  
"THE SLEEP-  
WALKER"  
BY MORGAN  
ROBERTSON

EDITORIAL  
COMMENT ON  
POLITICS  
LITERATURE  
AND LIFE

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HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK



JULY  
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLVII.

New York Saturday, July 4, 1903

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## COMMENT

MISTAKEN and short-sighted are those Republicans who imagine that the interests of their party and of their party's candidate in 1904 will be damaged by the disclosure of frauds in the Washington city post-office, and who, consequently, seem inclined to limit the scope of the investigation, lest equally shocking exposures should be made in the post-offices of New York and Chicago and in many branches of the postal service. It is not the resolute unmasking and punishing of official evil-doers that will injure the Republican Administration, but the growth of a belief that an opposite course is favored in high or influential quarters. If Mr. Roosevelt follows his own upright instincts, the inquiry prosecuted by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol will be so wide-reaching and drastic that there will be nothing left for Congress to investigate when it meets in extra session on November 9. We are by no means inclined to hold the President responsible for the cowardly plea put forward by Postmaster-General Payne's comment on Mr. Bristol's report,—a report, by the way, which proves ex-cæteris Tullio's accusations to have been well founded. Mr. Payne intimates that the purpose of those who impute corruption to his department is to assail the character of President McKinley and of ex-Postmaster-General Smith. He will take no part in such an assault, he says, and for that reason no attempt will be made to expose and punish improper acts committed under the previous Administration.

Can it be that Mr. Payne does not perceive that if, on such a ground, he suffers wrong-doers to remain in office, he makes himself an accessory after the fact? The plea is both a cowardly and a meddlesome one. It is cowardly because it seeks to shield persons guilty of malfeasance in office behind the honored name of a dead man. It is meddlesome because many of the offenses charged have been committed since Mr. Roosevelt became President, and it is obviously immaterial whether the guilty persons were appointed by the actual Chief Magistrate, or by Mr. McKinley, or by Mr. Cleveland. Neither the fact that former Assistant Postmaster-General Heath is now out of office nor the fact that he is at present secretary of the Republican National Committee should save him from pun-

ishment if complicity in fraud can be brought home to him. We do not believe that Mr. Roosevelt will spare Heath because he is a legacy from a former Administration, or that he will permit a man who is the object of so much suspicion to remain secretary of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Roosevelt might also realize that more confidence would be felt in the sincerity of his determination to purge the Post-office Department if he declined any longer to allow Postmaster-General Payne to exercise any control or supervision over the pending investigation. Honest men of all parties would prefer to see Mr. Payne relieved from a duty which he has shown himself reluctant to perform, and to see Mr. Roosevelt himself assume the direction of the inquiry.

Since the last number of this journal was published, two new candidates for the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency have been put forward by their friends. They are both residents of States west of the Mississippi, one being Ulysses S. Grant, of California, and the other, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol, of Kansas. Grant has in his favor his father's name, which may still be conjured with. Mr. Bristol, who was born in Kentucky, but who has spent most of his adult life in Kansas, seems likely to repay the experience of his distinguished kinsman, and to leave behind him a name memorable for honesty and high-mindedness in official life. There is, however, a fatal objection to both of these selections, namely, that, if the election took place next month, Mr. Roosevelt would not need Grant's help to carry California, nor Bristol's help to carry Kansas. Nor is it likely that Bristol's name would avail to regain for the Republicans Kentucky, where, it will be remembered, McKinley in 1880 secured twelve of the thirteen electoral votes by a plurality of only 281, while in 1900 Bryan carried the State by a plurality of nearly eight thousand.

If Mr. Roosevelt is politically wise, he will not desire to see the Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency chosen from a State which he has no reasonable chance of carrying, nor from a State which he is already sure of. He now seems sure of all the Northwestern States, with the exception of Colorado and Montana, and possibly of Idaho. The one Northern State west of the Alleghenies which the Democrats will spare no effort to recover is Indiana, and that, consequently, is the State to which Mr. Roosevelt's political sagacity will naturally turn when in quest of a nominee for the Vice-Presidency. Two Indiana names have been mentioned, those of Senator Fairbanks and Senator Beveridge. The former, as we have said before, is the more eligible candidate; he would add weight to the Republican ticket. It has been alleged that Senator Fairbanks would refuse a nomination for the sub-ultimate office, but we do not believe the assertion to be well founded. No American statesman, no matter how experienced and eminent, can in these days afford to look down on the Vice-Presidency. Nor can we being ourselves to believe that a national convention will ever again put forward for that office a man not generally regarded as of full Presidential calibre. So much can undoubtedly be said of Mr. Fairbanks, but not of Mr. Beveridge. Under all the circumstances, we deem it probable that the nomination will be offered to the former Senator, and all patriotic citizens, no matter what may be their party predilections, must hope that he will accept it. It is of vital moment in the country that the tremendous possibilities of the Vice-Presidential office should nevermore be overlooked.

On June 17, Mr. George M. Fuller, Washington correspondent of the *Gibsonian News*, had an interview with ex-President Cleveland at Princeton, and forthwith published a



report thereof. The report loses much of the interest and value that would otherwise attach to it, because Mr. Cleveland has since denounced it as untruthful and inaccurate, though he does not specify in what particulars the report is incorrect. One or two of the statements, however, ascribed to Mr. Cleveland have the ring of genuineness. For instance, he is represented as saying that no political leader of any prominence has as yet endeavored to promote any movement to nominate the ex-President in any State, and that, in the absence of any proof of such a movement, it is unreasonable to expect him to occupy the ridiculous attitude of refusing to accept something which he has no reason to suppose will be offered. We have no doubt, either, that Mr. Cleveland declared in so many words that he neither desires nor expects the Democratic nomination next year. We believe him to be entirely sincere in this declaration, but the fact does not affect his eligibility an iota. If the Democratic national convention should nominate Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency, it would not be because the delegates imagined him to want the office, but because they believed the party to need his help in a grave exigency, and because they held that, having twice received the highest honor in the party's gift, he would have no moral right to withhold his assistance. They would be entirely justified in taking such a view of the matter. Mr. Cleveland has no moral right to refuse to help his party, if the party deems his help to be indispensable.

With regard to the assertion that no conspicuous Democratic politician controlling the party machinery in any State has announced himself in favor of nominating the ex-President, this may be true, but it lacks significance. No veteran politician would be likely to commit himself until he felt the ground-swell of an irresistible popular demand. It is as yet too early for any such ground-swell to make itself felt, even were it believed to be impending, for only during the last few weeks has Mr. Cleveland's eligibility been the subject of active discussion in the Democratic press. Long before next spring we shall learn how the suggestion is regarded by the masses of the people, and to what extent, if at all, their desire to see a thoroughly trusted man in the White House is offset by an unwillingness to give any one a third term of the Presidency. We ourselves hold that the objection to a third term is reasonable and logical only when the three terms would be consecutive. They would have been consecutive had Washington accepted a nomination in 1795, or Jefferson in 1808. There is a good deal of doubt, moreover, whether the anti-third-term tradition will stand searching investigation. One of the reasons, if not the main reason, for Washington's refusal to accept a renomination in 1795 was the knowledge that Virginia was in the hands of his political opponents, the Jeffersonian Republicans, and that, if he ran, he might be subjected to the humiliation of failing to carry his native State. As for Jefferson in 1808, he was virtually bankrupt, and could not have afforded to spend a third term in the White House. Besides, he knew that his political principles were assailed of ascendancy in Washington, and that, if he lived, his successors would seek and accept from him advice.

It is already evident that Mr. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, believes himself able to carry the Greater New York this year for his candidate for the Mayoralty, for he is coming the Board of Aldermen, which he now controls, to withhold appropriations for public works. Owing to the increased valuation of real estate, the borrowing capacity of New York city has been materially augmented, and Mr. Murphy desires to postpone the large additional expenditures thus rendered practicable until his friends are in office. The principal ground for the confidence expressed by him is the fact that last year Mr. Coler, when running for the Governorship, carried the Greater New York by a plurality of about 120,000. Now it should be easy to show, by a comparison of statistics, that in 1862 a great many Gold Democrats, and not a few Republicans also, who voted for McKinley in 1860, refused to vote for Odell two years later. Let us glance at the returns in the two years named from the counties of New York, Kings, Queens, and Richmond, which are included in New York city. In 1860, the vote of New York County was for Bryan, 181,799; for McKinley, 153,933. Last year, in New York County, Coler received 192,735 and Odell only 106,131 votes. In Kings County, three years ago, the vote

was, for Bryan, 106,221, and for McKinley, 108,805. Last year, on the other hand, in Kings County, Coler surpassed Bryan, receiving 110,634, while Odell fell far short of McKinley's strength, securing only 84,120.

So it was in Queens, where Coler got 10,532 votes, though Bryan had obtained only 14,740, while Odell could muster but 6372 votes instead of the 12,341 cast for McKinley. In Richmond, Coler got 7251 votes, instead of the 6131 given to Bryan; and Odell, only 4874, out of the 6047 votes which Mr. McKinley polled. Now there seems to be no doubt that Mr. Low, McKinley's ally, has no reason to doubt that Mr. Low, McKinley's ally, should be renominated by the Fusionists for the Mayoralty, since not the Republican voters that went to Mr. McKinley three years ago, and also most of the non-Tammany Democratic voters that went to Mr. Coler in 1862. Kings County has been repeatedly carried by Mr. Low, when recent experience seemed to have proved it firmly Democratic. There is, indeed, no reason why Mr. Low should not be able to beat the Tammany Hall candidate for the Mayoralty this year as decisively as he beat Mr. Shepard in 1901, provided he can get nearly as large a proportion of the German vote as he did then. Some time ago, it looked as if he had lost favor with the German voters, and the editor of the *Staat-Zeitung* still seems inclined to oppose his renomination. There are now fewer signs, however, of an organized German movement against Mr. Low than there was at the beginning of the twelvemonth, and we opine that Mr. Bidder himself will be found ultimately in the Low camp. We can hardly conceive of his accepting any part of the responsibility for the reinstatement of Tammany Hall in power. In 1897 many independent Democrats voted for Mr. Van Wyck in the belief that Tammany Hall, if restored to office, would be on its good behavior. They no longer cherish any such illusion.

We regret that our State Department did not more promptly give public expression to its abhorrence of the crime against civilization perpetrated at Belgrade, by directing Mr. Jackson, our minister to Greece, Rumania, and Servia, to refrain from taking any step that might be construed as a recognition of the newly elected sovereign of the last-named country, until the latter shall have purged himself of complicity in the atrocities. It has done the next best thing, however, by following England's lead. On Friday, June 19, Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, announced in the House of Lords that the British minister at Belgrade had been ordered to withdraw from that city, the British government having no intention of maintaining ordinary relations with the persons concerned in the massacre. It appears that for the moment France, Germany, and Italy are maintaining a like attitude, but we apprehend that the former two powers will ultimately feel constrained by their respective alliances to follow the example of Russia and Austria; while the King of Italy, who is a brother-in-law of the late wife of the now Servian ruler, may ere long be persuaded to pursue a similar course. All the more firmly and sternly should Great Britain and the United States adhere to their present position, until King Karageorgevitch shall have made an earnest effort to punish the assassins who turned his palace into a shambles. This is probably equivalent to saying that Great Britain and the United States ought to remain unrepresented at Belgrade for an indefinite period.

We do not expect the assassins of the late King and Queen to be punished, because public opinion in Servia does not demand their punishment, and because the army, which regards them as its representatives, would not permit them to suffer for deeds which it admires. Indeed, according to the latest news from Belgrade, the principal agents in the crime have been promoted. That Servia has scarcely emerged from barbarism is evident from the close approach to unanimity with which the massacre has been approved, even the Metropolitan, or head of the national church, having referred to it in eulogistic terms. There is no doubt that King Karageorgevitch is confronted by a dilemma, on one or the other horn of which he will be impaled. Unless he makes a determined effort to subject the authors of the massacre to the penalties of the law, he will justly be regarded as an accessory after the fact, even if he is not suspected of instigating the murders. If, on the other hand, he insists on the arrest and trial of the assassins, he can scarcely hope to escape the fate of his predecessor.

It pushes an American citizen to understand how an educated and reasonable man can bring himself to accept a throne under such circumstances. It is well known that both the Sultan and the Czar are haunted by the dread of assassination, yet, of all the heads that wear a crown, that of Peter Karageorgievitch must be the most unmy.

Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Washington, is reported to have expressed much gratification that the cordial relations long maintained between Russia and the United States have not been disturbed by an official expression of the indignation with which our citizens regard the massacre of the Jews in Kishinef. We are by no means certain that his gratification is not premature. The next few months, and possibly the next few weeks, will show whether the Kishinef atrocity, and the fear of its repetition in other Russian cities, have not caused a deplorable increase in the outflow of undesirable emigrants to this country. In the communication which Count Cassini was instructed to read to our Secretary of State, the St. Petersburg Foreign Office intimated that it should not complain of any precautions we might deem it expedient to take against the admission of Jewish fugitives from southwestern Russia. Our Federal Executive has no power to take any other precautions than those which have been sanctioned by Congress, and these notoriously have proved inadequate to prevent the inflow of uneducated and destitute Russian Jews, who constitute a vast majority of the 600,000 or 700,000 of their coreligionists believed by well-informed statisticians to exist in the Greater New York. No doubt those immigrants are industrious and thrifty, and there is ground for the hope that most of their descendants will become useful and worthy citizens. Meanwhile, however, the process of assimilation will be an arduous one, and the New York community has a right to complain of the unparalleled magnitude of the task imposed upon it.

Russia has no more moral right than has Rumania to drive Jews by persecution into the United States. If we had a reasonable basis of remonstrance in the one case, we certainly have in the other. Should the record of the next few months demonstrate that the Kishinef atrocities have had the same regrettable effect that was produced by the attack of a dozen years ago confining Russian Hebrews to the so-called Jewish Pale, it seems to us that Mr. Hay would be bound to conform to the precedent set by Mr. Blaine, who argued in 1891 that the Czar ought not to make of the United States a dumping-ground for a class of his subjects by barring them out of large sections of his own dominions. That courteous but earnest protest may have had no practical effect on Russian legislation, but it reflected credit on the dignity and vigilance of our diplomacy, and it in no wise disturbed the friendly relations of St. Petersburg and Washington. Moreover, it is pertinent to ask whether in the form of morals the massacre of poor Jews at Kishinef is less reprehensible than the massacre of moral personages at Belgrade. From the viewpoint of American citizens, the former enormity calls for rebuke no less loudly than the latter,—except herein, that the Russian government has at least made a pretence of punishing the criminals, whereas there is as yet very little prospect of any such tribute being paid to humanity and decency in Serbia.

The outcome of the German general elections was as might have been expected. To sum it up in a few words: enormous gains by the Socialists, and losses by both the Agrarians and the Liberals. At the preceding general elections, in 1898, the followers of Marx and Lassalle cast 2,120,000 votes, sending forty-eight delegates into the Reichstag. At by-elections in the interval they secured eight additional seats. They have demonstrated a voting strength of close on three millions at this present election. This means that about 33 per cent. of all the electors in the empire pronounced in favor of Socialist candidates. As there are 397 seats in the Reichstag, the Socialists would seem to be entitled to about 130 seats in that body. This is, however, not the case, as the election districts in Germany are of very unequal size in the matter of population, no redistricting having taken place since the empire was founded in 1871, and the Socialist strength being chiefly in the populous cities, which have grown enormously since, while there has been a positive decline in population in the

rural districts. Therefore it is that the Socialist delegation in the coming Reichstag will not be at all commensurate in size with the vote cast by the adherents of that party. However, a material increase there is, giving the Socialists a solid phalanx large enough to seriously embarrass the government on a number of measures. The gain in the Socialist vote must be attributed to two main causes. The new tariff policy of the government and of the controlling majority in the Reichstag is one, and the widespread dissatisfaction of the broad masses with the Kaiser's and his government's reactionary and illiberal political tactics is the other. The most effective slogan of the Socialists during the campaign was "bread money," a phrase coined to designate the ruling power's recent increase in the duties on breadstuffs, meat, and nearly all other agricultural products.

The most conspicuous leaders on the Agrarian side, Hahn, Bismarck, and Lucke, were defeated outright, a clear indication that their extreme doctrines, favoring a purely prohibitive tariff on agricultural products, have not found approval even in those rural districts where they run. While the Agrarian (or Conservative) party has issued from the elections not much weaker numerically than it has been during the past five years, their "ultra" wing, the Husbandry Federation, has been snowed under, and their losses have been large enough to teach them the needed lesson of moderation in their demands. This fact is of special significance for this country, for it has been the Agrarian party and particularly their most noted spokesman, the defeated gentleman aforesaid, who, during the quinquennial period of the defunct Reichstag, intruded and wheedled, urged and threatened by turns, driving the imperial Chancellor, Count Bilow, finally into that tariff policy upon which the country has now set its seal of disapproval—that tariff policy which was largely aimed at the United States, and which, if it had been persisted in, would have ended by plunging Germany into a tariff war with some of her best customers. The German government has no longer its hand tied by the erroneous fear of offending a supposed majority of her ruling classes, and can lay its plans for the near future so as to remain at peace and in economic good-fellowship with neighbors. For the further dwindling away of the four factions composing together the Liberal element in the empire, the growing tendency on the part of the electors to do away with the "middle parties," those standing for the old German ideals in political and economic life, is responsible. The process of entirely eliminating this element from practical politics will not go on at an accelerated pace. The great mass of the voters, leaving aside that abnormal exuberance on the German body politic, the Centre (or Ultramontane) party, have ranged themselves on two sides: the Conservative (or Agrarian) and the Socialist. The Centre has remained a "tower of strength," as its chief leader called it at a recent debate. Though its adherents number barely half those of the Socialist creed, the Centre's constituency is far more localized and compact, and hence its delegation will again exceed 100. It will necessarily be the government's parliamentary strategy to secure, for the great bulk of legislative measures it desires to see passed, the support of the Centre and of the Conservative party. These two combined, with small fragments from the remaining dozen or so factions, will give the government its majority, as it did in the last Reichstag. Practically, therefore, the situation has not much changed in this respect.

The death of Cardinal Vaughan removes the last of a great historical group of English Catholics, three of whom received the cardinalate, the highest reward but one in the Catholic Church. If Cardinal Newman was the man of letters of the trio, giving to Christendom a hymn which is by far the best piece of verse in the hymnals, Cardinal Manning was the diplomatist and statesman, and Cardinal Vaughan was the builder and reconciler. Born of one of the old aristocratic families of England, an ancestor of which, Count Herbert de Vermandois, came over with William the Conqueror, Cardinal Vaughan represented that older tradition in England which never accepted the doctrines and changes of the Reformation. His whole family shared the same devotional fervor which made him so eminent a prince of the Church. Of the fourteen children of his father, Colonel Vaughan of Courtfield, six brothers and six sisters embraced the religious

life. Cardinal Vaughan's brother, Roger Bede Vaughan, became Archbishop of Sydney; another brother, Father Jerome Vaughan, founded several Benedictine communities; Father Bernard Vaughan became a celebrated preacher in the Society of Jesus; Father Kenneth Vaughan was a missionary in South America; Father John Vaughan was attached to the House of Expiation, in Chelsea. Cardinal Vaughan himself, who, even in his seventieth year, was described as the handsomest man in England, will perhaps be best remembered as the builder of the Catholic cathedral at Westminster. He will be remembered also as a reconciler, who recognized all denominations of the Reformed churches as his fellow Christians, and worked hard to secure religious teaching in all English schools, whatever division of the church they belonged to.

Pending the decision of the Alaskan Boundary Commission, the capitalists of this country have decided to go ahead and build the first Alaskan railway. The new hyperborean line, with the commonplace title of the Alaskan Central, will run something over four hundred miles, from the southern coast at Resurrection Bay northward through the Cook Inlet country and up the Snettina Valley to the Tanana River, a hundred and fifty miles above its junction with the Yukon. The harbor at Resurrection Bay is, like Port Arthur and Dalay, an ice-free port, open all the year round, and the route of the railroad, which was surveyed during the summer months of last year, is through a heavily wooded valley and a country rich in coal, gold, and copper. As far as gold goes, the projectors of the new line declare that it will be the means of increasing the gold yield of Alaska fivefold, from forty millions a year, as at present, to something like two hundred millions of gold annually. The railroad will reach the new Tanana gold-fields, which will, in time, become as famous as the Klondike. The railroad will save three weeks of the journey from the Pacific ports of the United States to the interior of Alaska, and there is no sufficient reason why a considerable body of emigration should not find its way to southern and central Alaska, which has a climate not much severer than that of Scotland, and where, according to the view of the Agricultural Department, based on careful experiment, practically anything can be grown that will grow in our Northern States. It is probable that apples may soon become as important an industry in Alaska as they are in Vermont, and if it is found that fax and wheat do as well as is expected, the regions newly opened up have abundant sources of prosperity, even leaving the precious metals out of the account. The company which will build the Alaskan Central Railroad is formed of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois capitalists, and matters have gone so far that the orders for the rails and rolling-stock have already been placed, and work will be begun on the new line almost immediately.

The great and constantly increasing volume of Jewish immigration to New York city is one of the grounds on which the Board of Education has modified the provisions for instruction in German in the public schools of our commercial metropolis. The modification of the curriculum, which has provoked remonstrance on the part of some German newspapers, is, after all, but slight, and there are many patriotic citizens who think that it should be carried farther. Hitherto pupils in the elementary schools of New York city were permitted to study German as an extra for two hours a week for two and a half years. Under the new rule the study is optional in all the schools for one year, for five hours a week, as an alternative to French, Latin, or stenography. We, ourselves, German, French, or any other foreign language. The capital function of our primary schools is to equip children to become American citizens. All other functions are secondary, and it is doubtful if, by comparison, they deserve any consideration. The whole of the time at the disposal of such institutions is needed for the fulfillment of their prime purpose. That German-American newspapers should take a different view of the existence if immigration from Germany should come to an end, and the children or grandchildren of German immigrants should cease to speak German. Obviously, they are actuated by pecuniary self-interest when they demand that a considerable place shall be allotted to German in the curriculum of

elementary schools. Hitherto they have been able to secure some attention to their demands through their possession of considerable political influence. The influence is due to the fact that the residents in Greater New York who are foreign-born, or the children of foreign-born parents, rather more than 786,000 were, according to the last census, of German stock.

The Board of Education is quite right, however, in declining to be swayed by such influence, lest a precedent established in the case of German should have to be followed in the case of other foreign languages. As we have pointed out in another paragraph, the number of Jews in New York city is now computed at from 100,000 to 200,000, and it is increasing rapidly. Some of these, no doubt, speak German, but the proportion of them who speak only Yiddish is already large, and continually augmented. One or two decades hence, if the persecution of Jews in Russia shall go on, the demand for the teaching of Yiddish in New York elementary schools will be every whit as reasonable as is that now made on behalf of German. Then, again, the number of Italians in the Greater New York is even now estimated at more than 300,000, and the immigration from Italy exceeds that from any other country. If the claim made for German to-day be reexamined, the claim that would be made for Italian to-morrow could not be rejected with any show of consistency. Finally, it might be plausibly contended, in view of the fact that Spanish is spoken by a large fraction of the inhabitants of our new colonial possessions, that if any non-English tongue is to be taught in our elementary schools, it should be Spanish. There would be, in truth, no end to the regrettable consequences that would follow departure from the rule that only English should be taught in the schools, whose cardinal aim is to produce American citizens.

John Paul Boscok, who died in Wayne, Pennsylvania, on the seventeenth of last month, in a cottage in which, he wrote a friend three months ago, he had expected "to spend some happy days," was a man of singularly fine taste and of unusual attainments. Born and educated in the capital of the Old Dominion, where his family had long been prominent in political and social circles, he brought with him to his work in the North the best elements of Southern culture. For many years he labored successfully in journalism, having been connected editorially with several of the leading papers of Philadelphia and New York. His talents were of the most versatile nature, his contributions to the periodicals, which were numerous, comprising stories, essays, and articles on a great variety of subjects, and poetry of an excellent quality. His writings even on commonplace topics bore the marks of literary purpose and effort. All through his career, he was deeply influenced by a love for the classics, and there were not many men in the country who outranked him as a Horatian scholar. He has left behind him one of the largest collections in the world of editions of his favorite Latin poet, which he gathered from all quarters. Personally, he was of the most lovable character, and possessed of a happy faculty of humor which enabled him to make light even of the dire pain and distress of the long and severe illness which brought his bright and useful life prematurely to an end.

There is a tale that Fair-President Francis, of St. Louis, purchased a court-dress suit in which to appear before King Edward in London, and did appear therein; but fearing to bring home the monarchical vestments with him to Missouri, left them hanging in his closet in Cluridge's Hotel in London. But he could not help telling about the abandoned clothes, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* gathered up the tale and printed a page of it with illustrations in a Sunday edition. Thereby it came to the knowledge of the London *Illustrated News*, which twits Mr. Francis on his timidity, and holds up to him the example of M. Rostand wearing a green uniform, cocked hat, and small sword in his initiation into the French Academy, and of Victor Hugo, that impassioned republican, who wore a like dress on a like occasion without asking himself whether it was consistent with republican simplicity. But, after all, France is not Missouri. It was not his own feelings that Mr. Francis regarded when he left his court clothes behind, but those of his countrymen. If he had brought the clothes to St. Louis, could even he have kept them out of the list of exhibits at the great fair, and once they were

on exhibition would the necessary explanations have left him any time for other duties? For a man facing great labors his course in leaving the clothes behind seems justified as a measure of reasonable prudence.

Writing in the *Creatory* about "Unavailing Wealth," Mr. Eliot Gregory holds up as a horrible example a St. Louis young man who inherited \$50,000 a year. In college he had shown symptoms of more than usual intelligence. When he got out of college and came into his fortune, what did he do? Mr. Gregory says he got a job in a trust company at \$2000 a year (which seems big pay for a beginner), and applied himself to learn the science of money-making. This, as Mr. Gregory sees it, was a deplorable turn, due to the youth's being raised in a dollar-worshipping atmosphere. Under better influences he "would have developed into a desirable member of society, and served his country to some good purpose either in diplomatic posts abroad or by helping to purify administration at home," whereas he is "grinding away the priceless spring-time of life in quarters and under conditions that he would hesitate to impose on one of his grooms."

This young man's case may really be a sad one, and he may be merely learning to make money instead of doing something more desirable, but the state of facts which Mr. Gregory presents does not necessarily compel that conclusion. His problem, apparently, was to qualify himself to do something that was worth doing. What amounts to the same thing, he had to become expert in some form of usefulness. If there is any way of doing that without devoting a large slice of the "priceless spring-time of life" to some form of drudgery, Mr. Gregory will confer a valuable favor on many aspiring youths, who have just been graduated from various colleges, by divulging it. Every year, nowadays, a good many American young men step out of college into the possession of ample incomes. What they are to do with themselves is a very interesting question. They may travel, they may devote themselves to sport, they may see life and enjoy it with all the zest of youth, they may get married, and even get unmarried again. We see our rich young men trying all these expedients with more or less success. But the more earnest of them are not satisfied unless they think that they are qualifying themselves to be in due time of some personal account in the world of achievement and of effort. They know that they have got to learn something thoroughly if they are ever to amount to anything, and they cast about to see what it shall be.

Now it doesn't vitally matter what it is, so long as it is something. It is not a necessary assumption that Mr. Gregory's rich young man of St. Louis who went into the trust company is primarily bent on making more money. It is a fair assumption that what he is after is to take an active part in the life that is going on about him, and to be a man among men. What better can he do to begin with than learn banking? He is a capitalist already, and the business of a trust company suits his condition in life. Does he want to be a diplomat? An intimate knowledge of finance and American business is thought to come nothing amiss to an ambassador. Would he be a reformer of domestic administration? It was a business man who wrested Minneapolis from the thieves who controlled it, a laborious lawyer who prosecuted the civic criminals in St. Louis. The men who do the work in our American world are the working men—the professional workers. They are the men on the inside of things. To be of them, to be in touch with them, is worth while for any aspiring youth, and the way to do it is to work at something long enough, at least, to learn the rules of the game. We have in mind at this moment a man born to a large inheritance, who was educated as Mr. Gregory would have had him, to be a diplomatist. He never got a start in diplomacy, but he learned subsequently to be a man of business, a banker, and a capitalist, and to find in those callings money, satisfaction, and opportunities of public and private usefulness, which he has abundantly improved. Making more money is only an incident of "business" as a rich young man should view it. The main attraction of it for him should be that it will teach him to know the world as it is, and qualify him to act a manly part in it.

The most audacious of all the many huculaurate disclosures of June 21, which the newspapers have reported, was

that of President Buckingham of the University of Vermont. He actually praised the engineers of our great material machine; our men who make the wheels go round—captains of industry, great manufacturers, mechanics, and financiers. A sentiment that more or less prevalent holds that these chiefs find the cash rewards of their leadership so ample that there is no need to add prize to their substantial gains. But Dr. Buckingham did praise them, as men who "by a process which Socialism calls 'exploiting,' and of which a fairer name is management of organization, create industry, thrift, comfort, and luxuries in which the whole community shares." He said they were among the finest products of our Christian civilization, and he thought that both the press and the pulpit were overmuch inclined to run them down. This almost amounts to praising success, but it is the truth that a large proportion of even commercial and fiscal success is praiseworthy. The other day a visitor to a thriving New York State city asked two resident friends: "Who are the big men in this town now? Who takes the place in the community that such men as Judge Green and Governor Brown used to fill?" The two residents discussed the question. Finally they said, "Our leading men are John Gray and Tom Sullivan." Gray was an inventor who had started an industry which had grown to world-wide fame and enormous proportions. Sullivan was a contractor, who had come to be a very able and successful organizer of manufacturing enterprises. They were men of an entirely different sort from the Judge and the Governor, but they were the men who were doing the most to build up the town's industries and promote its prosperity, the men most talked about and regarded as of most importance to the town. These two the two arbiters—a lawyer and a capitalist—felt constrained to name as the big men of the place; as being the men whose work had been the most conspicuous and beneficial.

In spite of all the talk of the coming extinction of the American race, there is interest enough in babies in this country to win a hearing for the London *Lancet* when it protests against a prevailing persuasion that the fattest babies are the best. Judges at British baby shows, the *Lancet* says, don't know fine babies when they see them. They can weigh a baby, and that is about all, for the fattest baby gets the prize, irrespective of quality. In the *Lancet's* opinion Baskard, and other great masters, promoted a mistaken idea of physical perfection in a baby by perpetuating "hypertrophic pathological types" as pleasing and admirable. The baby-show judges incline to the same error, and award prizes to carbohydrate, or sugar-fed, infants that are "cold, gelatinous and flabby, with none of the elasticity and tone characteristic of a vigorous, healthy, breast-fed baby." American authorities support the *Lancet* in this position, averring, as quoted in the *Sun*, that there are patent baby foods which fatten American babies to the detriment of their health, and that there are plenty of fat babies in a bad way in the hospitals. Parents with fat babies that seem to be doing well are not advised to dispose of them, but parents are cautioned that all is not fit food that fattens, and that fat babies that are otherwise ill-disposed are not in good health. One would think our practice of fattening infant industries and pointing to them with pride as enormous for their age had had misleading effects on American parents, if it were not that the English are in just as bad a case.

Everybody knew, or felt as if he knew, Major Pond. For nearly twenty years he had been associated in the American mind with native and foreign celebrities, until by constant contact with famous men he had become a celebrity himself. Fame is thrust upon some men, and it rubs off on to others. It rubbed off on to Major Pond from Beecher, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Stanley, Sir Edwin Arnold, and a long list of eminent and well-advertised lecturers. But a fair proportion of his fame the Major won by his own efforts, for he was the world's best man at his business. No one managed a lecture more successfully than he did. His military title he came honestly by, by service in the civil war. He was born in New York State in 1818, was an editor in Wisconsin at twenty-two, then a editor, then a man of business until 1874, when he bought a lecture bureau and began to manage platform speakers. In that employment he found his true vocation, and he stuck to it and prospered in it, until his death on June 21.

## Three National Anniversaries

During the last fortnight we have witnessed the commemoration of the one hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British forces, while on July 1, 2, and 3 which, as it happens, fall on the same days of the week as they did forty years ago, will be commemorated with peculiarly impressive ceremonies the decisive battle of Gettysburg. There are few events in American history that are more worthy to be held in honor than those that we have named. It may be, indeed, as has been alleged, that the battle of Bunker Hill was of little, rather than of national, significance, and that, in any event, its importance has been heavily exaggerated. We cannot concur in that opinion. When the Revolution began, it was taken for granted in Great Britain that raw colonial levies would be unwilling, or unable, to face British regular troops. The assumption was believed to be well founded by most of the American loyalists, and not a few of the patriots were inclined to agree with them. That George Washington himself had some misgivings on this score is evident from the anxious and unremitting attention which, on his arrival at Cambridge, he gave to the disciplining and drilling of the volunteers under his command. It was true that Colonials had taken Louisbourg, and had borne a conspicuous part in the capture of Havana, but on the former occasion, they had been assisted by a British fleet, and, on the latter, had co-operated with British regiments. It was true, also, that already on May 9, 1775, Ethan Allen, at the head of a handful of Green Mountain Boys, had surprised Fort Ticonderoga, but that had been a bloodless victory. It is true, moreover, that the so-called battle of Bunker Hill, which really was fought on Breed's Hill, was ostensibly a reverse for the patriot cause, since the strategic position occupied had to be abandoned to the British. That the Americans, nevertheless, achieved a moral victory which had a tremendous effect upon their national fortunes is undeniable. The number of the killed and wounded in the British army in this action was at least 1,054, including 83 commissioned officers. For nearly half an hour the British had encountered a continued shot of fire from the Provincials, and the action was hot for double that period. The steadiness of the Colonials astonished old British soldiers, who confessed in bewilderment that they had never seen the like. An American has pointed out, the battle of Quebec, which was half a continent far England, did not cost the lives of so many of her officers as did the battle of Bunker Hill, which gained nothing but a place of embarrassment. The events of the day convinced Washington that the liberties of America were safe, and Franklin wrote to his English friends: "The Americans will fight; England has lost her colonies forever. A like profound impression was produced on the British commander, General Gage. He went to Land's End, Dartmouth in England: "The success, which was very necessary in our present position, cost no dear. The number of killed and wounded is greater than our forces can afford. The trials we have had show that the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have supposed them to be." He added that, "The conquest of this country will not be easy. In all their wars against the French the Provincials never showed so much conduct, attention, and perseverance as they do now. I think it my duty to let Your Lordship know the true situation of affairs." There is no doubt that the gallantry and fortitude evinced by the Provincials at Bunker Hill started the wave of admiration and sympathy by which the French people was to be swept into an alliance with the thirteen colonies.

The evacuation of Philadelphia on June 18, 1778, by the British forces under Sir Henry Clinton marks the date when British generals and statesmen recognized, though they would not yet acknowledge, that a triumph of the colonies was impossible. From their point of view, Burgoyne's surrender in the preceding October had been much more than counterbalanced by the two defeats which Washington had suffered at the hands of Sir William Howe, and by the occupation of Philadelphia, which, at that time, was by far the most populous and opulent of American cities. Could the British have kept Philadelphia, it is probable that the colonies would eventually have succumbed, owing to the exhaustion of their resources. They would have kept it in spite of the news that France had formed an alliance with the Americans, and was about to despatch a fleet and army to their assistance, but for the memorable fact that Washington had managed to keep his forces together amid the dreadful privations of the winter at Valley Forge, and by the month of June had brought them to such a pitch of efficiency that Clinton had no wish to meet them in the field. From what took place a few days later at the battle of Monmouth, it is plain that Clinton was well advised in evacuating Philadelphia, for, had he waited till Washington had been reinforced by a few French regiments, and until a French fleet had gained control of the Delaware, he could scarcely have avoided the fate which, some three years afterward, was to overtake Cornwallis. New York the British could hold, and did hold, until after peace was declared, but, from the moment that their grasp on Philadelphia

had to be relaxed, it was manifest to suspicious onlookers that their cause was lost. Not only Pennsylvanians, therefore, but all Americans, do well to recall with exultation the departure of Sir Henry Clinton from Philadelphia.

The turning point in the civil war should indisputably be identified with the early days of July, 1863, when the capture of Vicksburg and the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg came together. As it turned out, the war being protracted almost two years longer, the capture of Vicksburg was of great importance, as insuring to the Union forces the command of the outcome of the struggle had Lee triumphed at Gettysburg. It will be remembered that the Confederate advance had almost reached Harrisburg, and had thrown the cities of Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia into great alarm. The alarm would have proved well grounded had Meade's army met with defeat, for it is now generally admitted that in that event, nothing could have prevented Lee from moving successfully on those great centres of population, and it is probable that he could have dictated terms of peace in the Federal capital. The fact that the fighting continued for three days hours witness to the poignant distinctness with which the commanders on both sides recognized how much was staked upon the battle, and it must have been with a foreboding that the Confederate cause was doomed that Lee at last gave the order to retreat. Never again, save when Early essayed his reckless and abortive raid, were the standards of the Confederacy to be seen north of the Potomac. How it came to pass that the victor of Fredericksburg and Chancellerville was to be vanquished in Pennsylvania has long been, and is still, a subject of eager but friendly discussion among Federal and Confederate survivors of the three years' struggle. The Federal failure has been variously attributed to the absence of Stonewall Jackson, who had been killed at Chancellerville, to the fact that Stuart's cavalry was too far distant when the action began, and to some shortcoming on the part of Longstreet. As it is, it is generally admitted that Lee was measurably successful on the first of the three July days, and that, at the close of the second, the advantages were still with him in respect of the positions gained and of the losses experienced, and through the acquisition of a larger number of fresh troops. On the other hand, an eminent military critic, General Sir Edward B. Hamley, formerly Commandant of the British Staff College, holds that Lee's defeat at Gettysburg was due to a grave initiatory mistake of his own. He has pointed out that the lines of operation followed by Meade and Lee respectively from the Potomac, met at an acute angle in Gettysburg, and that Lee, being at the point of the angle, attacked, forming front oblique to his line of retreat, with his left thrown forward considerably off that line; whereas, by withdrawing a short distance from Gettysburg toward Fairfield, and manoeuvring by his right, he could have forced Meade to retreat and fight in a flank position. Whether or no this fundamental weakness is rightly imputed to Lee's tactics, it is certain that, after Gettysburg, the war was prosecuted by the Confederates in despair rather than in hope. Other battles were to be fought, in which the forces under Grant and Meade were to suffer tremendous slaughter, but there was to be none so gigantic, none in which victory was to be so indispensable and so decisive, as it was in the battle which took place at Gettysburg.

## What are the Bars to Sympathy between England and the United States?

MR. WEBSTER, Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, speaking the other day at a dinner at the 'Pilgrims Club' in London, said that one of the motives impelling him to introduce the Irish Land Purchase Bill had been the hope of gaining the approval and good-will of the American people. His desire was, he said, to make of Ireland a link binding together Great Britain and the United States, instead of what she has long been, a chasm dividing the two countries. That is a generous aspiration, and we should like to see it fulfilled, though we are not sure that even the complete reconciliation of Irishmen to British rule would remove all of the barriers to a cordial understanding between Englishmen and Americans. There is no doubt that the immigration of Irishmen, driven from their native soil by destitution or by wrongs, introduced into our population an element of bitterness and persistent hostility to Great Britain. Such was the outcome of the exodus of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians from Ulster during the latter of the years preceding the Revolutionary war; it is, in truth, a matter of record that more than 100,000 of these emigrants constituted a considerable fraction of the Continental army. The proportions of this anti-British element were immensely magnified when, after 1846, famine and despair forced hundreds of thousands of Catholic Irishmen to seek refuge on our shores. The aggregate number of Irish emigrants who came hither during the five ensuing decades has been computed at many millions, and as they were very prolific, their descendants now undoubtedly form

an important factor of the nation. So far as we know, there are no Catholic Irishmen in the United States, and very few Scotch-Irish, who are not convinced that the land of their forefathers has been for centuries the victim of mismanagement at English hands. The influence of so large a body of citizens on American public opinion could not fail to be deep and wide, and that influence was furthered by the belief, natural to uneducated native-Americans,—by which terms we designate, for the sake of convenience, the descendants of Englishmen and Scotchmen,—that nothing could be more reasonable and righteous than Ireland's demand for such a measure of home rule as is enjoyed by every one of our States within the Union. From our point of view, the Irish people might safely be entrusted with as large powers of self-government as are exercised under our Constitution by any State which seceded in 1861. That the concession of such powers to Irishmen might require a readjustment of the unwritten British Constitution seems to us no valid bar to the satisfaction of their wish.

Such being the position taken with reference to the Irish demand for home rule by a vast majority of native-Americans, as well as by their fellow citizens of Irish birth or descent, it is not to be supposed that the passage of the proposed Land Purchase Bill, even should that measure receive several desirable amendments, will at once transform Ireland from an obstruction to international friendship into a promoter and evener thereof. Not for a moment would we seem to fail to appreciate the admirable sense of Mr. Weyland's speech-making recipient. The offer is made to the Irish peasantry five hundred million dollars, and to supplement the loan with a free gift of sixty million dollars, must be recognized as an act of unparalleled magnificence, when we call to mind the enormous burdens which the South African war has imposed upon the British treasury. If the bill embodying that splendid offer shall become a law, it will undoubtedly go far toward solving, though it will not altogether solve, the agrarian problem which for hundreds of years has lain at the root of Ireland's misery. To convert Irish tenants into landowners, however, will not suffice to make them contented and loyal subjects of the British crown, so long as all the legislation affecting their local interests is enacted in a distant place, and usually indifferent Parliament, wherein less than a sixth of the elective members are Irishmen. Irishmen will never be satisfied, and not only Irish-Americans, but a great majority of native-Americans, hold that Irishmen ought not to be satisfied until the management of their local affairs be committed to a Dublin legislature. Very much has been gained, however, when a representative of the Unionist party proves in a most impressive way his willingness to aid Irishmen to recover the control of their native soil. That such a step should be taken under a Unionist government may be accepted as an injury of the eventual triumph of home rule. Let Irishmen once acquire a legislature of their own in Dublin for the superintendence of their local affairs, and Irish-American will gradually grow in regard. Englishmen with confidence and amity, and any attempt of theirs to maintain a contrary attitude would meet with but little countenance on the part of native-Americans.

Even should, however, a self-governing Ireland become as tranquil and as loyal as is Yorkshire, and even should the former hostility of Irishmen to England disappear, there would still remain one obstacle to a entire community of interest and the development of a lively sympathy between Great Britain and the United States. That last obstacle must be removed if the British government would heal the Anglo-Naxon schism on this continent by urging the provinces of the Canadian Dominion to become States in the American Union. So long as we are compelled to look upon British North America as a politically foreign and industrially competitive, just so long will it prove difficult to bring about a league of hearts between the British monarchy and the great American republic. Not in the fantastic dream of a consolidated British Empire, but in the reasonable hope of the indissoluble friendship of the United States, lies the key of England's safety and prosperity. That hope will never be fulfilled so long as a Canada remains an alien and a rival country, but nothing could stop its fulfillment were Canada a part of the United States. Were all that part of North America wherein the English tongue is spoken to be compacted in a single commonwealth, it would be bound to England by indivisible ties, for it would see in her an indispensable customer, and, in return, would be recognized as an independent and free power. Under such circumstances no formal alliance would be needed, for the law of self-preservation would constrain us to side with our principal customer against any hostile combination of the Continental powers. Her sea-ships and ours would jointly patrol the North Atlantic, and across the regular transit of food products, and thus would England be forever safeguarded against the dread of being forced by famine into an unseasonable fatal to her dignity and power.

It may be said that England cannot, with any show of decency, urge the Canadians to enter the American Union. If they prefer a preference for allegiance to the British crown. We reply that it is not only the right, but the duty, of a parent to commend to a child a course of conduct which must undoubtedly conduce to

its present and its future welfare. No thoughtful Englishman will deny that free trade with the United States would be of an estimable benefit to Canada. There is good reason to believe that, were the Canadian provinces admitted as States into the American Union, their growth in population and wealth would be one of the most astonishing phenomena of the twentieth century. Instead of having cause to reproach their mother-country for admitting them to seek political incorporation with their American neighbors, the Canadians would quickly have cause to bless her. Assuredly, they could not love her less because her maternal foresight had discovered that their well-being and their progress are inseparable from a reunion of the Anglo-Naxon race in North America. They would inevitably come where Canadian gratitude and American sympathy would enjoy a thousandfold their debt to her wisdom and her magnanimity. It is, in a word, not difficult for England to gain the ardent and imperishable friendship of the United States. She has only to deal justly with Ireland and wisely with British North America. That way lies peace, and security, and honor.

## The Iowa Convention

The eyes of politicians in both parties are now fixed upon Iowa, in which a State convention will assemble on July 1, because in that State a large, if not a dominant section of the Republican party has professed to wish such a revision of the Dingley tariff as shall adjust it to existing commercial and industrial conditions. The friends of Governor Cummins, the principal advocate of the so-called "Iowa law," will probably control the convention, but it is believed that the platform will be fearless. Senator Allison, who has long been credited with preëminent tact and adroitness in the rôle of "harmonizer," and "fencing both ways," is to frame the platform, we are told, on the managerial principle of "keeping in the middle of the road." That is to say, he will recommend a revision of the tariff, "when necessary," but he will add that the necessity has not as yet arisen. He will further declare that to increase tariff legislation at this time would be inopportune, because it would unprofitably business conditions, and would interrupt the commercial and industrial prosperity that the country is enjoying. We have heard this argument before, but another one attributed to Senator Allison is comparatively new, namely, that a political party cannot be expected to commit itself on a vital question when it is on the eve of a Presidential campaign. That is to say, tariff revisionists are to be invited to maintain in power a party that will not even promise to make any concession in their views. If Iowa can be carried on such a platform as that, it is evident that revisionist sentiment has made but very little progress among Republicans in that State. Only those who shut their eyes to the lessons of recent political history can, for a moment, entertain the notion that no pledge need be exacted, but that the Republican party, if allowed to continue in power for another quadrennial term, will voluntarily make substantial reductions in important schedules of the Dingley tariff. What kind of reduction may be expected from the Republicans was inadvertently exemplified by Representative Hepburn of Iowa, when he pointed out the other day that in 1862 the duty on steel rails was something like \$28 a ton, whereas now it was only \$8.56. He said, how thoroughly the Republican party deserves the confidence of reasonable revisionists! In twenty years it has spontaneously cut down the duty on an important product by something like 70 per cent. He forgot to add that, when the duty on steel rails was \$28 per ton, the price of rails was about \$100, or, in other words, the duty was less than 20 per cent. of the price. At present the price of steel rails is only some \$30 per ton, and the duty, although but \$8.56, is equivalent to nearly 30 per cent. of the price, or, in other words, bears a much higher proportion thereto than it did twenty years ago. Mr. Hepburn knows very well that no genuine revision of the Dingley tariff, nor any application of its reciprocity clauses, except in the case of Cuba, can be looked for from the Republican party.

## The Wilmington Lynching

Negroes has been witnessed in any of the Southern States a more heinous punishment of a hideous crime than was inflicted in Wilmington, Delaware, on the morning of June 21, on the negro assault and murderer of a young white woman, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. K. A. Bishop. Having been pronounced guilty of the crime by a coroner's jury, the negro was taken by a mob from the workhouse where he was imprisoned, conveyed to the scene of the crime, and there executed at the stake. This deplorable outbreak of savagery might probably have been averted had the Delaware judges granted the request of the Attorney-General of the State that a court might be convened and a grand jury empanelled, so that the accused person might be speedily indicted and tried. The judges rejected the request on the ground that the suggested proceeding would constitute an undesirable

precedent. One incident of this horrible affair has never been, so far as we know, paralleled in any of the Southern States. On the evening of Sunday, June 21, a Presbyterian minister, in Wilmington, addressing his congregation from the pulpit, declared the cavalier and murderer ought to be lynched, unless the judges would reconsider their decision, and provide for the prompt trial of the criminal. This exhibition of a violent and vindictive spirit on the part of a minister of the Gospel, preaching in a city that stands midway between Philadelphia and Washington, shows that the feeling with which white men regard the new negro crime is the quite as intense and uncontrollable at the North as it is at the South. Hereafter, when Southerners are reproached for outbreaks of mob violence in their section under like provocation, they will be able to point to the scene enacted in Wilmington, Delaware, as a proof that the passions of white men are not changed by geographical lines. What really has changed in both sections is the attitude of the negro toward white women. As we pointed out not long ago, there is not a recorded example of an assault having been committed on a white woman by a negro in the Southern States before the civil war, nor, so far as we know, was there a single instance of such an offense in the Northern States either, during the ante-bellum epoch, although some of them contained a good many negro inhabitants. That is why we are justified in speaking of the "new" negro crime, and may well ask ourselves to what deep-seated and far-reaching causes the phenomenon should be attributed. We, ourselves, as we have formerly said, are inclined to think it directly inseparable to the notions of equality implanted in ignorant but brutal negroes by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution, and by the practical applications thereof in the corrupt-governments of the Reconstruction period, and in the deference paid in many Northern States to the negro vote. A telling piece of evidence in favor of this theory is the fact, if it be one,—it is reported on good authority,—that in Mississippi since the blacks were practically disfranchised in that State, there has not been a single instance of the crime against white women. Before the new State Constitution of Mississippi became operative, the crime was by no means infrequent in that commonwealth, and it provoked just such summary vengeance as was visited upon it in Wilmington. The truth seems to be that in such cases the laws, so commonly administered, are felt to be too slow and inefficient to satisfy an outraged sense of justice, and the instinct of racial self-protection from loathsome contamination.

### Ambassador White's Advice to Millionaires

In a speech delivered in New Haven, on June 22, at a meeting of his class—the class of '53 of Yale University—Mr. Andrew D. White, lately ambassador in Germany, described what he maintained would prove "a paying investment," and commended it to Mr. Carnegie, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and other American possessors of enormous capital. What he would like them to do is to pick out some twenty-five universities in the United States, and to endow therein professorships for the purpose of teaching young men to become legislators, administrators of public affairs, and diplomats. We think that in this country such endowments would be a waste of money. They might be useful in England, where the sons of aristocrats, or plutocrats, may look forward to permanent careers in Parliament, in diplomacy, or in the civil administration of India, or of the crown colonies. Under our political and social conditions, no such careers can be counted upon with any approach to certainty by young Americans of any class. So far as all young Americans, except an infinitesimal fraction, are concerned, they have their living to make, and they are too well informed to expect to make it in politics. Yet, if rare exceptions be neglected, politics is the sole gate through which admission to legislative, administrative, and diplomatic functions is attainable. After a man has achieved success in business or professional life, or in the sciences, enter the political arena, and, as experience has shown, the same qualities that served him in the former vocation are likely to advance him in the field of public affairs. Senator Hanna is only one of a thousand memorable examples of the ease and efficiency with which a successful business man can apply his faculties to administration and legislation. As for a lawyer, it has been assumed in all countries and ages that he will be qualified to legislate. To allot any considerable part of the limited time at the disposal of a young man to diplomacy would be, it seems to us, unexpedient, unless you could, at the same time, guarantee him immediate and continued employment in those vocations, together with a remunerated, or continually ascending, salary, commensurate with his reasonable desires. That is precisely what Parliament, the India civil service, the crown-colony service, and the diplomatic service of Great Britain offer young Englishmen of the aristocracy and higher middle class. We have no such class in this country, and, even if we should

ultimately evolve one, it could never, under our political system, find permanent employment for its sons in legislative administration or diplomacy. The truth is that Mr. Andrew D. White has made the mistake of assuming that his personal experience, which is almost unique, is at all likely to be, or could be, that of the average university graduate, who, as we have said, has got to earn his living and amass a competence before he can afford to enter public life. Mr. White, by a rare accident, has led the life of an exemplary English aristocrat. He has not had to earn his living, but, instead of squandering his fortune and his energies, he has, from the outset, been actuated by a laudable desire to distinguish himself in the administration of academic and public affairs. A poor young man could not be reasonably expected to emulate his career.

### Women and Boredom

A RECENT French weekly treats the subject of the boredom of women with much solemnity and not a little vituperation—"Woman," it says, "is bored by reason of the indigence of her nature and the inferiority of her social condition. Her boredom is innate and organic, and is due to the essential poverty of her sensations and the lack of continuity of her impulses. Few roads are open to her; she has access to few crafts or professions. By birth she is relegated to mediocre occupations and posts without appeal; she lives under the surveillance of opinion; she can never act herself free; she cannot go where she chooses, nor appear alone where she pleases; she is condemned to the management of a house and the guardianship of a home. It is a hard fate. To bear it without impatience one must be endowed with a talent for mechanical activities and habitual sleepiness. The domestic affair to be recognized daily is a veritable web of Peulopoe, wearisome to an insupportable degree."

The article gives itself to the most dependent statement of the case, and offers no remedy. America, the soil upon which most problems are solving, is again the place where this question of the scope of woman's freedom is being tried. It is fair to say that in thickly populated districts more women suffer from nervous prostration than from ennui. Certainly here, almost all the crafts and many of the professions are open to woman—not begrudgingly open, but freely and fairly open. Medicine and literature have thrown the gates wide; only the more conservative arts debate the right of public preaching, and even in that restrictive list in the legal profession, she would be the first to admit that logic and legality are not of the native bias of the feminine mind.

As to Peulopoe's web, the years are lessening the burden by mechanical devices for lightening work, by domestic conveniences innumerable, and ultimately, doubtless, the great servant question will be solved. Servants, unfortunately, are not trained to their craft. They take a place, trusting to luck that they will know what to do, and manage somehow to do it. Some of them resent their position and do their work grudgingly without a standard. If domestic schools inspired the need for domestic service that normal colleges and kindergarten training-schools do for the work they teach, the millennium would be leaving over the horizon line. And if there were training-schools for mistresses where they were taught patience, system, consideration, respect for inferiors and care for detail—who knows but the millennium would come sailing over our sea to us. Domestic servants can only be supposed to feel a real interest in their work where they feel a real interest in their mistress, therefore, the first rule laid down in the mistress's training-school should be: "Be charming to your servants." To be charming to husband and children is an old error, but to be loved by the rest of one's household is almost a new discovery to prevail and order. Many of the wheels of the domestic machinery would be oiled if the mistresses were schooled in having an eye to the comfort and the diversion of their servants. Harriet Martineau used to call in her domestic evening meeting, and spend a half-hour reading and discussing with them the foreign news in the daily papers. But if this is carrying theory far afield, at least it ought to be as such a part of domestic economy for servants to have a tidy place to rest in, with cards and games and a few books and a plitorial paper or two as it is for the mistress to have a sitting-room. And this is not extravagant; it can be done as easily in a flat at \$400 a year as in a mansion house.

These details, the care to diffuse cheer and harmony over a given space in the universe—who cares how big or how little the plot provided it is exquisite as far as it goes—these create an interest as vital in the domestic routine as the passion for idleness did, in the web of Peulopoe. Mrs. Wiggs never knew ennui in the cabbage-patch; we have seen the very funny little Higher Journalist depicted with no such feeling, of twelve children, where they keep one girl, and the washing is done at home, and found them ignorant of the meaning of the word boredom.

Wherever a life is lived with real, wherever there is a standard strive for and gradually approached, there—the conditions which they may—boredom is strangled.



### A NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

*This portrait is reproduced from a hitherto unpublished miniature of George Washington painted by John Trumbull, the famous Colonial painter, whose "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" and "Surrender of Cornwallis" hang in the Capitol at Washington. The picture was left as a legacy to an old family in Kansas. It has passed through various hands during the last eighty years, and the original is now in the possession of a family in New Orleans.*



# Diversions of the Higher Journalist

## The Apotheosis of M. Rostand

THE Office Boy looked in and said, with rather more ceremony than he ordinarily used with the visitors of the Higher Journalist, "The Shade of M. Emile Zola."

The Shade entered, grave, simple, serious, and the journalist made as if taking his hat, which he really went to nothing in his grasp, and pursued himself, "I was just thinking of you!"

"Approas of M. Edmund Rostand's welcome at the French Academy?" the Shade suggested, as he sat dazedly down in the chair politely indicated by a wave of the higher journalist's hand.

"Precisely?"

"And you were wondering what I thought of it? There seemed to me some question at that point in the Elysian Fields. Several of the side-walkers spoke to me about it, as if I must be especially interested. Voltaire got a good deal of fun out of it, and I wish he would get some out of me. We are very good friends, you know. It does me the honor to fancy that I once behaved in the case of a poor Jew to be once belated in the case of a poor Protestant. But he likes his joke, and he pretended to taste a delightful irony in a nervous that put a signal stamp on my repeated failures. But there were others who could not enjoy the incident as much: Fautrest, the Goncourts, Dandel, Massaponnet. Voltaire insisted that they ought not to take such a thing seriously."

"Most people seem to have done so," the higher journalist said. "The accounts of the affair excited across to us very impressive."

"I hadn't seen them," the Shade replied. "What were the chief incidents?"

"There never was such an excitement about the admission of any member of the Academy. Thousands of people applied for the six hundred places open to the public, and they would have been willing to pay anything for seats. But the great distinction of the affair was the presence of women famous in the world of art and almost of fashion. Mlle. Bernhardt, with her son, was there in a fur hat, and a green straw hat with changing shades. La divine Henriette was dressed with supreme refinement in a beige toilet lightly dashed with black, and wore a straw hat, lampion shape, trimmed with pink feathers. Mme. de Harlay wore a large tulip hat, Louis XIV. style, with a striking white mantle, embroidered with black and silver. Then, the higher journalist read from a newspaper he had taken up, "There were the Comtesse Girardin, very beautiful in her black toilet, with a large Gainsborough hat; Mme. Emile Deschanel, with a Watteau hat, trimmed with violet, and a beige costume; Mme. de Saint-Victor, in black, with tulip hat; the Baronne de Reinburg (Mlle. Reichenberg), in a hat trimmed with Maréchal Niel roses, and a dress in emerald blue. There were also Mme. Jules Claretie, in black; Mme. de Pierrefeu, very stylish, in a yellow straw hat trimmed with a large bill of paradise."

The Shade of M. Zola smiled, and he asked, "Is that all" in a tone which the journalist could not take as referring to the ladies.

"No, M. Rostand made a speech, chiefly in favor of sincerity and emotion, as opposed to the sterility of intellect; and received, with a personal allusion to Mlle. Bernhardt, which the audience loudly applauded."

"It was apparently the easiest way of dealing with a writer acquainted with those mighty Russian realists, the absolute opposites of M. Rostand, in every theory and practice of art. Fancy the same man praising their work and then praising his!" the Shade explained.

"It should be difficult," the higher journalist owned, "but perhaps not impossible. We must tolerate every species in the world of art."

"Every species, yes, except the artificial, the unnatural. That species we ought never to tolerate."

The higher journalist made his reflection that M. Zola seemed to have been conscious, in Elysium, of the example of the Bourbons on earth, where they seemed nothing and forgot nothing. But he did not think it well to go beyond saying, "It is what people like."

"Oh, yes, it is what people like! That is what myself, and what might well make me, if shades could see their minds. You know," he pursued critically, "what my literary wife—a being battle, by precedent and example, for the true, the real, and how I so far outlived myself as to know that I had lost it?"

"Yes, it was pathetic enough."

"Philistic! It was tragic. Think of my having done such things as Victor Hugo, to be myself down, in fact, by such pyramids as Lott and Rostand! They might have left me out of their Academy, which I tried to force my way into chiefly because it stood historically for literature, too to let in the like of that 'L'Anglais' juggler, that 'Cyrano de Bergerac' conjurer! He talked, did he, of sincere passion and emotion? He never, so far as his work shows, let a touch of either! He is fortunate from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and is incapable of even imagining life, let alone portraying it!"

"You are severe, cher ami," the higher journalist deprecated. "Ah, severe! What would you say if the Shade spread his transparent heels and shrugged his translucent shoulders. I never knew how to spare. *Mex Hauser* is not a pretty book. I had to tell the truth as I knew it, and I had to show life as I saw it. Why should I now concern myself with missing matters?"

"Oh, merely, I thought in the other world we learned a little patience, perhaps. Why, in fact, should you be impatient with the invisible? It is not all unscrupulous food of life's flesh. Somewhere in the courses, the unwholesome things must come in: the hors-d'œuvre, the made dishes, the entrées, the summary. This is the account of Hammy, all over the world. We have had full of fish, flesh, and fowl, and now we want a little salad with whipped cream or beaten egg on it. You belonged to a great time, but that time is passed or passing. You were one of those great Era-houses of olden days, whom you have mentioned, and of the great Russians, the great Spaniards, the great Italians, the great Newyorkians, but you could not expect your age to last but always. Now, the age of materiality, of the theatre in literature, has come, and you must take your outings after having had your satiries. You don't suppose Victor Hugo particularly liked being toppled over by you, with all the cosmetic tradition?"

"No, I don't suppose that he did."

"Then you must not object to his being set on his legs again. The romanticist tradition is not here to stay, I dare say. After seawind with whipped cream or beaten egg on it, we shall want some honest victual again, and then we shall come back to you and to the other chefs of your school."

"Oh, no!" the Shade responded, with a shake of the head that made the journalist trouble a little for it. "You will not come back to us. You will never see us, unless, but you will never see us. You will not read those writers of your own generation who will have learned the truth from us."

"Well, do you want the earth always," the higher journalist asked, "when you have all benefits for you, or do you? Why bore that an Illinois court has pronounced him guilty of plagiarizing the leading ideas of his 'Cyrano de Bergerac'?"

"How could that be?" the Shade eagerly inquired.

"How could it not be, when the inventions of romanticism are invariable, and the romanticists must always be standing firm as always new, and full of original situations and motifs. It is no Academy when an Illinois court has condemned him for having been perfectly honest, whose hands in turn may not dent? Though at that time you were preoccupied with the Dreyfus affair!"

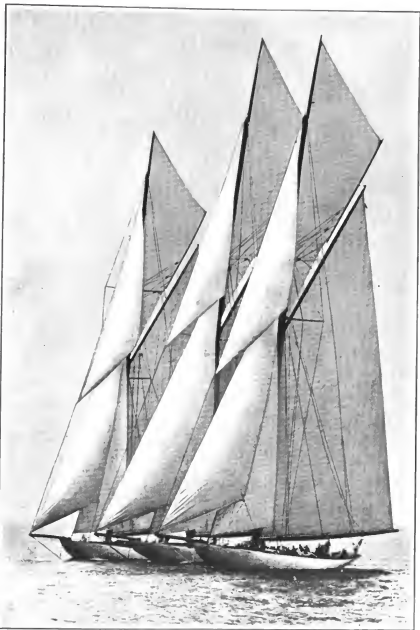
The Shade's mind seemed to waver momentarily from himself.

"Ah," he sighed, "it is my letter with the *Leva* now?"

"Well, they are killing them off in Russia, without the legal oscillation of the pendulum in that direction. It has to swing both ways, or else stop, and if it stopped, there would be no end of time. The Shade shivered, and said, as he rose, "There are some old needs't call your boy to show me out. I will just vanish."



M. Edmund Rostand at Home



**"RELIANCE," "CONSTITUTION," AND "COLUMBIA" CROSSING  
THE LINE**

*The three candidates for the honor of defending the "America's" Cup were photographed as they crossed the line in one of the recent trial races. It is seldom that so even a start is made in racing the great go-footers*

# Through American England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, THURSDAY, APR. 27, 1921

**G**OOD Americans may go to Paris when they die, but they certainly come to England while they are alive. The country is swarming with them—whether more or less in this year than in other years I do not know. At any rate, their ubiquity is palpable enough. No where you will not find them, in Bloomsbury, Piccadilly, or the residential West End, you will find in a twenty minutes' walk representatives of



Drawn by M. Robinson

You will find . . . representatives of every State in the Union

every State in the Union. They seem almost to monopolize the buses, they overrun all the best hotels, they are crowding all the show places with a fervor of solemnity that is the annual surprise of the stolid, imperturbable Englishman. And London, you may be sure, lays itself out for them. It is an English custom that the road to an American's pocket lies through his or her patriotism. The Nazis and Stripes accordingly float temptingly from all the largest stores, summer suits are advertised "especially for the convenience of American visitors," and the most unmitigated English store blossoms out into the quietest devices for entrapping the dollar—now that they sell "American candy," and will even experiment with some fantastic machine that calls itself an "American soda fountain." The bait seems to be pretty cheerfully taken, but not, I think, to anything like the extent that rumors speak out. The enormous sums that Americans are said to spend annually in England are for the most part imaginative merely. By far the greater proportion of the invaders are people of moderate means, who have had to economize for the trip, and, when in London, mingle the pleasures of sight-seeing with the horrors of a Bloomsbury boarding house. They throng Westminster Abbey, and visit the Tower and the Chelsea Chase and the Wallace collection—and all the other places that Londoners know nothing of; they haunt the British Museum and Taylor's house, and fill the coaches that start from Northumberland Avenue for Windsor and Barking and Hampton Court; they are the keenest patrons of the show, and stand at Hyde Park Corner for hours, eastern in hand, waiting to "see" the King and "do" everything, and so doubt have a thundering good time. They do nothing in support of the English cause—except, nevertheless, in innumerable—but to a millionaire.

But it is in the provinces, and not in London, that Americans really rule the roost, and it is in the provinces and especially the Midlands, the Stratford-on-Avon and Warwick part, that I mean to be the leading of this letter, American England. That district may without any exaggeration be called American England. On the streets, at the hotels, along the blossoming, unforgettable, Warwickshire lanes, square's house, Ann Hathaway's cottage, Warwick Castle, the Leycester Hospital, and so on, you hear the same answer to the inevitable question, "Rightly met, one of our visitors are Americans." I have just returned from a few days' trip in that neighborhood, and can testify to the correctness of the estimate. If anything it is under the mark. I looked at the register of the "Red Horse Hotel" at Stratford-on-Avon, the famous old hostelry where up in memorials of him, and turned over twenty pages without finding a single English name and address. The "Red Horse" is in London are usually placed. Each spring-time come letters from one's American friends asking one in various towns for them "at some dear old English hostelry, where the boys are sent, you know, and the sheets kept in lavender, and there is a jolly-

looking landlord with a lot of old brass candlesticks on his coffee-room mantel-piece, and where a Sam Weller will clean our shoes for us, and where we can live for a dollar a day." One simply has to reply that such places don't exist any more, at any rate not in London, and that for the rest the notion that England is a cheap place to live or travel in is just a fairy tale and nothing more.

From Stratford one goes inevitably to Warwick, another English town with a population of American visitors, a pleasant ten miles' drive through the heart of the country, between hedges topped with May and chestnut blossom, past stately old houses standing in the depths of smooth parks—Charlecote Hill among them, where Shakespeare stole his deer—over as typical a stretch of the plump, smiling English landscape as one could wish for. I never take such a drive without a growing conviction that Matthew Arnold was widely and wisely wrong if he meant to include the peasantry among his "brutalized lower classes." No far from being brutified, the English farm laborer shows more of the aesthetic sense than any peasantry in Europe, the French not even excepted. Enter any cottage you please and you will find it an object-lesson in tidiness, the walls spotlessly whitewashed inside and out, the floors scrubbed and polished, the table linen as clean as it is simple. But it is more particularly outside the house that the English laborer's good taste shows itself. No farm-hand is so poor as not to be rich enough to have his little garden; and however small, it is always well kept, the walks are rolled and gravelled and bordered with stocks and evergreens, every inch is utilized and the charming English flower always to be seen. A cottage without a flower-jar in every window, without ivy or some flowering vine or a rose-tree covering its walls, is no cottage at all to the English laborer. You pass by many a little hamlet made up of exquisite items like this on your way to Warwick, the castle walls of which beckon greedily from the distance. A fine old English town, echoing to American feet, American voices, American enthusiasm, and quite worthy of it. The castle and its grounds and squawking peacocks, the old Hospital—most perfect of Elizabethan relics, the "Warwick Arms" with its wine-cellar, where the cobwebs and fungus hide bottles and walls in a matting half a foot thick; Mill Street, beloved of artists, where every house less than three hundred years old is an outpost; Mrs. Gierne's cottage at the bottom of it, where you have tea served in you under the garden trees, with the broken arches of a Roman bridge almost within hand's reach, the Avon flowing musically at your feet and over the weir where the castle rises its storied front—all this, and a good deal more besides, deservedly makes Warwick an American Mecca.



Stratford Church



## LOOPING THE LOOP IN AN AUTOMOBILE

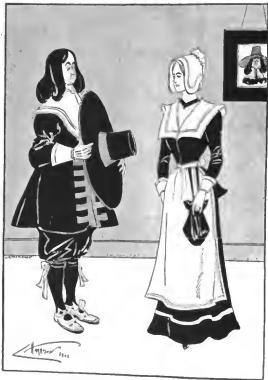
A new method of looping the loop, which will soon become popular at our American pleasure resorts, is illustrated in the above picture. The feat of entering the wheel in an automobile has been accomplished for the first time by an English woman, and is now one of the staples of the Hippodrome in London.

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

THE Carlyle-Froude controversy, which has been disagreeably revived through the publication of the *New Letters and Memorials of Isaac Watts Farquhar*, is unpleasant in itself, but it may tend to turn our minds again, not without profit, to one of the greatest intellectual forces of the nineteenth century. One cannot but regret the personal enmity that trails through so much of the recent disclosures which were best forgotten and buried, with that part of a man's life which is sacred and private. It is wiser to reflect the thoughts and feelings of the mind in its states of exaltation and to recall those passages of reminiscence in a life which elevate and inspire and refresh us. It is a most deplorable and regrettable feature of journalism—for it cannot be said to belong to the sphere of literary criticism—this making up of the rage and remnants of private correspondence and washing of dirty linen before the vulgar eye. Had kings or no seldom catch the divine rapture and are so often tempted of the devil, we cannot sufficiently cherish the sanctity of personal rights or lightly ignore the faith and hope that make us men and breathe a soul into the actual.

Reading in the *Letters of the Brownings* lately, we came upon two passages which were in the nature of a question and an answer concerning Carlyle's well-known mottoes of poetry: "And does Mr. Carlyle tell you that he has forbidden all 'singing' to this perverse and broad generation, which should work and not sing?" writes Miss Barrett. "And have you told Mr. Carlyle that song is work, and also the condition of work? I am a devout sister at his left—and it is an effort to me to think him wrong in anything—and even when he told me to write prose and not verse, I fancied that his opinion was I had mistaken my calling,—a fancy which in infinite kindness and gentleness he straightened immediately to correct. I never shall forget the grace and that kindness—but then! For him to have thought ill of me, would not have been strange—I seldom think ill of myself, an old woman. But for Carlyle to think of putting away, even for a season, the poetry of the world, was wonderful, and has left me ruffled in my thoughts ever since.



—Popping the Question—The Puritan Style

as his disciple I ventured, I do not know him personally at all. But in my poems, and I heard from him as a consequence. 'Dear and some of music. You find it so—do you not?' Browning's answer is characteristically humorous and throws a reminiscent side-light which I would have told you he had shaken that grand head of I lost our him, a fortnight ago, he turned, from I don't know what a thing? 'Of all things in the world, that I did you never try to write do.' Then came his definition of a song—'then, with an appealing and my stars, I shall burst into a song' (he is not mechanically should wrap the thought as Donne says 'An amber-drop encraps a bee'), and then he began to recite an old Scotch song, stopping

at the first ruse completed. 'The beginning words are merely to set the case, they tell me'—and then again at the couplet about—'or to the effect that—'give me' (that in broad Scotch), 'give me but my leg, I care not for my right.' He says 'quote the magic naturally, 'that if you allow him the love of his lass, you may take away all else, even his eye, his lip or ear, and he cares not,' just as a professor expounds Lycophron. And just before I left England, six months ago, did not I hear him cross, if not certainly sing, 'Charlie is my darling, ' my darling, ' with an adoring emphasis, and then he stood back, as it were, from the song, to look at it better, and said, 'How must that notion of ideal woman perfection have impressed itself in this old Jacobite's ' young Cavalier'—' They go to save their land, and the young Cavalier?'—where I, who care nothing about such a rag of a man, cannot but feel as he felt, in speaking his words after him! After saying which, he would be sure to counsel everybody to get their heads clear of all singing!"

If Carlyle and Browning were still alive, one could imagine the former turning from a discussion of the Post Laureate's tragedy *Flodda's Field*, and then with heroic pathos the last lines, address in all old Scotch songs,—"The Flowers of the Forest?"

I've heard the living sit and rave with you,  
How a singing below the dew of day;  
But now they are mouthing in like  
—The Flowers of the Forest are a wode song."

Mr. Alfred Austin's tragedy was presented at the Haymarket Theatre in London on the evening of June 8, and was not only a happy occasion for the charity it was designed to benefit, but one of the memorable events of the season. An additional interest was given to the evening's entertainment by the presentation of a clever one-act play adapted by Mr. Kipling from Kipling's remarkable short story "The Man who Wins." The combination inspired Mr. M. M. Postelton, one of his happy caricatures.

A few weeks ago the writer happened to be a number of bright young persons engaged in a discussion of the quality and tendency of the whole matter of the whole matter. I was not only a participant in the discussion, but also a witness of the final result. In fact, the writer of the article went so far as to plead, "in the otherwise crowded field, for a magazine devoted primarily to the terrible and tragic," why such stories are not being written to-day is that there is no time to read them." We noticed that the editor in a footnote noted the thrilling ghost-stories of Miss Wilkins and Mr. Howells—and in mention one by Mr. Crawford! So much for the irony of literary criticism!



Mr. F. G. R. Kirk modelling one of the Horses for the Quadriga intended for the Liberal Arts Building



Miss M. B. Wilson, who has been awarded the largest Commission given to any Woman for Decorative Work at the Fair



Mr. Charles Henry Niehaus working on his Statue symbolizing St. Louis



Mr. Carl Ritter at Work on the Model for his "Louisiana Purchase" Monument



Mr. A. Jorgens and the Model of his Statue, "The Bear State," typifying Arkansas



Mr. Philip Martiny at Work on the Quadriga which is to stand above the Main Entrance of the Festival Hall

## DECORATIVE ART AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

The photographs show specimens of the work which some of our foremost American sculptors are doing for the St. Louis Exposition



THE DAY WE



Drawn by S. Warner

CELEBRATE





Drawn by Charles D. Hyland

**CELEBRATING THE FOURTH A HUNDRED YEARS AGO**

# IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD



## THE SCHOOL TEACHER BY MISS KATHERINE DEVEREUX BLAKE

PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF  
WOMEN PRINCIPALS OF NEW YORK

**T**EACHING is in many ways the most noble of all the professions. The clergyman ministers to sick souls, the physician to sick bodies, the judge metes out justice to offenders, but to the true teacher is given the beautiful duty of so shaping the plastic heart and brain of the children under her care that neither soul nor body need fall ill. This is a work which calls for the highest and best to which a human being can attain. The noblest ideals of the soul should be enshrined in the heart of her who strives to awaken high thoughts in the minds of the children who hold the future of our country in their tiny hands. There are now over ten thousand teachers in the public schools of this city, most of them imbued with the high spirit of their sacred calling.

Nearly nine-tenths of these teachers are women, as they should be, for women are the natural teachers of the race. In all branches of the animal kingdom it is the female who trains the young, and it is wise to place the education of the young of the human family in the hands of the woman. Just consider for a moment the splendid task that is given to the teacher here.

New York city has been called the "gateway of the nation." To its shores come immigrants in hundreds, nay, in thousands, every day, and many of them never go beyond the city limits. As a result our metropolis is the most foreign city in America; but sixteen per cent. of its children are born of American parentage. Into the hands of the public-school teacher is given the magnificent work of transforming these unlettered and uncultured peasants of Europe into educated, self-respecting English-speaking American citizens proud of the institutions of the land of their adoption. Is not the woman who does her share in this labor living an ideal life?

Our great city does all this not only for the children, but for the grown people. In our evening schools it is not unusual to see gratified men and women struggling with the intricacies of our beautiful language. The public-school system goes a step farther this year, and has established a series of lectures on American government in Yiddish and Italian. These lectures track the precious bloodlines of the freedom which is now theirs to these poor foreigners, who are often bitter with the centuries of oppression under which they and their fathers have groined. Only those who are conversant with our public-school system can appreciate the stupendous ideals which the character of the new immigrants. Think of the individual workers in this service field, the brave soldiers who now for the harvest of a lifetime—for the reaping of a nation! Fifty years ago a man became a teacher after he had failed in everything else; a woman, because no other profession was open to her. To-day this is all changed. Those who desire to become teachers must have not only an excellent education, but a pro-

fessional training in the art of teaching as well. Surely such a training encourages high ideals!

It is to be regretted that women have not been permitted, to any extent, to take their proper place among those who guide the policy of our schools. As yet, our superintendents are almost exclusively men. We women look forward to the time when the value of our counsel will be recognized, and merit rather than sex will be considered in the appointment of superintendents and other school officials. We feel that the home spirit which we bring to our schools, and only a woman can carry this home spirit with her, and this attribute should find its place in the highest councils of the school world. As no home can be perfect without the guidance of both father and mother, so does the perfect school need the The huge institutions that are like enormous educational mills give place to smaller and more homelike school communities where principal and children can know and love each other. Love should be the keynote of thought and feeling alike in home and school, the touchstone that will awaken all the dormant faculties, the lamp that will light all the dark places. There are no ideals too holy for the teacher to aspire to, but love alone will help her to their attainment, for "the greatest of these is Love."



Miss Blake at Home



Drawn by H. C. Edwards

### "THE RUNAWAYS."—ONE OF THE ALL-SUMMER EXTRA- GANZAS IN NEW YORK

1. "Blotch" (Mr Dunn), who wants to be the tenth husband of "Topsy May" (Miss Dorothy Dore)  
2. One of the seethe widows. 3. "General Hardtack" (Mr Alexander Clark) getting courage by  
eating magic olives given him by "Beef" (Mr William Wolf), the Lord High Chancellor of the Isle  
of Table d'Hôte. 4. One of the members of the famous "pakey chorus" in the race-course scene



**MISS BLANCHE RING AS "THE BLONDE IN BLACK"**

*Miss Ring is appearing at the Knickerbocker Theatre in Harry B. Smith's and Gustave Kerly's musical comedy "The Blonde in Black." As "Florence Fotherly," who goes abroad to teach the calico-trade to the Parisians, but who has secret leanings toward "Carnegie," Miss Ring is vivacious and amusing.*



From a drawing by Joseph Pennell

### A FORECAST OF THE GORDON BENNETT AUTOMOBILE RACE IN IRELAND

*Mr. Pennell has imagined a scene at dawn along the course of the coming international race, suggested by the disastrous Paris-Ireland contest. The effect of the driver's cloud blocking lower in the wind, and the early morning light on his goggles, give the racer and machine the appearance of some weird and monstrous apparition.*

**A FORECAST OF THE GORDON BENNETT AUTOMOBILE RACE IN IRELAND**

From a sketch by Joseph Pennell  
 Mr. Pennell has imagined a scene at the close of the coming international race, suggested by the distance from the starting point to the finish, and the early morning light on his goggles, give the race and machine the appearance of some weird and mysterious apparition

# THE DIVERSIONS OF WILLIAM

"THE AMERICANS ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO HAVE WHAT I WANT,"  
 — THE DAILY PRESS. —

DRAWN BY ALBERT LEVERING

[VIC: HIMSELF AND THEY  
 HAVE MORE OF THAT THAN  
 THEY SOMETIMES WANT]



*The War Lord: "Von Dackin, I ask you, do you see any war business there now, yet?"*  
*Von Dackin: "No, Heh-heh!"*  
*The War Lord: "Don't tell me any diplomatics, already."*



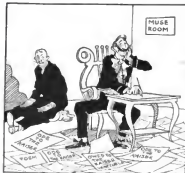
*The War Lord: "The wall in the back parson I had painted yet. Keep the dog up to his neck, Von Dackin."*



*The War Lord: "Yet a splendid likeness on the best! For ever I had much taken. Keep the dog busy, Von Dackin!"*



*The War Lord: "That's a fine march I am making,—yet! Make the dog busy, Von Dackin. I want another one."*



*The War Lord: "Such depth of feeling! Homer was never like this, Von Dackin, so on the dog."*



*The War Lord: "Yes, down to the you, Sumner. I make don't, 'cause you was a good boy!"*  
*Uncle Sumner: "Oh thank you, sir."*

# Correspondence

## THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENT

REAR COVER 100 NEW YORK, THURSDAY 1897.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I was much interested in your editorial on the subject of "Mr. Roosevelt's Conception of the Presidency," partly because it was in line with questions that had occurred to myself, and, again, because it seems to me that you have only touched one side of the case—the appointing power, which certainly is not the most important.

The popular idea of the President's power in making appointments does not seem to include the Senate as a factor of any importance, and is frequently resentful of any interference with the President's plans by that honorable body. Most people take to an appointment "advised," and only gradually concede to the Senate the power of withholding its "consent," and any failure of confirmation usually brings a storm of vituperation upon the Senate.

Press and people do not consider that in nearly every case of the rejection of a nomination the President himself has invited the degradation of his nominee by either neglecting or refusing to recognize the rule of "the courtesy of the Senate," and in a larger percentage of cases than the people imagine, perhaps, the Senate has consented, even though it has been ignored until the nomination has been sent to them. This feeling of resentment toward the Senate may be inspired by the reason that the press and the people are naturally more in sympathy with the man who is more especially their own deliberate choice than with the body that was elected by an indirect vote and do not, therefore, directly represent them. However that may be, it certainly is a wise provision of the Constitution that these appointments must be made by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and the President and people should be cheerfully governed in action and opinion by a constitutional requirement which has proven itself to be a valuable safeguard of the interests of the republic.

No President should be so egotistic, and no people should be so arbitrary of any man as to think that he is himself, and his judgment so excellent that his nominations should not be questioned. That consideration is so part of the case, because the Constitution makes clearly intended to confer upon the Senate advisory powers in the matter of the appointment of public officers, and at the event that the President should refuse to accept their advice, the Senate has the undoubted right and power to reject the nomination. It is, therefore, clearly a matter of the rights of the Senate, and, instead of "the courtesy of the Senate" it should be termed the "consent of the Senate," and it is, therefore, a very grave infraction of the Constitution for the President to refuse to accept the reasonable advice of the Senate that is extended in a manner that conforms to the regular custom that has been observed by both Presidents and Senates of the past.

However, Mr. Editor, that, when President Roosevelt said that he "would rather be a whole President for three years than half a President for seven years" he had his mind fixed on higher things than the mere appointment of political workers to their respective. The appointing, or nominating power of the President is not by any means the highest prerogative of his office, and it may be that he has chafed under other restraints than these, or that he is looking ahead to a battle that must be fought within the ranks of his own party in order to clear away some of the traditions that gather upon leaders and increase leaders.

The idea, indeed, I might say for the government of the nation by the party has become so firmly rooted and grounded into our political system that even so strenuous a man as Mr. Roosevelt should hesitate and turn back before he begins any serious assault against this time-honored custom. It is neither sanctioned nor prohibited by the Constitution, and Mr. Roosevelt could not be accused of any infraction of that bill of rights merely because he might reject or ignore the conclusions of party councils in governmental policies and affairs. It may be that he is giving notice in advance that government by party must yield to the supremacy of Roosevelt. His well-known disposition to at times cut loose from the restraints of party councils and policies is thoroughly consistent with this view, and it would not hardly seem that even he would be so rash as to reject the co-operation and advice of the Senate in those cases where the Constitution is mandatory; but infractions of this nature are charged to him, and the Crum case, as an example, would seem to indicate that the charge has some foundation in fact.

The men who by their work and sacrifices have brought Mr. Roosevelt's party to almost unqualified power, and who have been honored by invitations to the higher councils of shaping governmental policy, naturally do not like the prospect of being ignored, except as subjects and recipients, for the men who must depend largely upon their past work and present influence for their continuance in office. And then, Mr. Editor, there are those among the party, as well as men in the compasser walks of life, who honestly prefer government by party to that of the individual.

No bag as the people must have the party responsible for the mistakes of the President, the Congress, or the Legislature, it cannot be held to be unreasonable that the leaders of the Johnson's opinion use their influence in guiding the administration, and the Republican party are still suffering from the lack of man which his vindictive tyranny engendered in the solid South, and the Republican party are still suffering from the excitement you related correctly one of the ebulliences which the Senate interposed to curtail his power; but it is hardly fair to mention John-

son in this connection, for the reason that Mr. Roosevelt is in any way superior to him and with no trace of vindictiveness. Nevertheless, there is a warning in this dark page of history.

When President Cleveland took the bit in his teeth, his party sought to deny responsibility for his blunders, but the people never released them from the bond. Mr. Cleveland may not be so quick of perception as Mr. Roosevelt, but he is more reflective and less energetic, two qualities which tend to a large degree to save men from errors, unless it might be the mistake of inactivity.

Therefore, when Mr. Roosevelt declared that he "would rather be a whole President for three years than half a President for seven years," was it not a notice in advance that he does not intend to divide the responsibility of his own administration with his party leaders or any one else, and does not think that government by party is at an end so far as he is concerned? Would it be surprising, after the many recent unequivocal statements of his desires, almost denials, of his party leaders, if he should yet insist upon dictating the platform of the next national convention? What a Rooseveltian affair the next administration will be, if he does make the platform. The privilege of making it is his for the asking, for no one will dare to say him nay.

I am, sir,

C. B. STODDARD.

## THE WOMAN IN BUSINESS

NEW YORK, THURSDAY 1897

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—As a woman, fortunately engaged in business, I was greatly interested in Mrs. Wadsworth Baker's fluently conceived article in your issue of the 20th on "The Business Woman." But, first, a confession. It has always seemed to me that the proponderant effort of business life on a woman was an unfavorable one. As the constant dropping of water wears away, even so, the continual sacrifice of a woman's native tenderness for social aims makes inroads upon that certain dignity of womanhood which one likes to regard as inviolate. Her numbers are unconsciously affected by this general mingling with men under democratic conditions. Her almost invariably subordinate position conflicts with her already settled and conventional ideas of her social relations with men, and the result is a confusion of ideas which for a time at least upsets her whole outlook upon life. She is made to understand at once that she must not expect the manners of the drawing-room in business offices, and her immediate conclusion is "Are men's manners then only for an occasion?" This is perhaps the first blench on her ideal of men; a trivial one from the stand-point of maturity, but influential with the unsophisticated girlhood mind.

Mrs. Wadsworth Baker has done business women a genuine service in pointing the way to a practical ideal for their life to follow; but only the exceptional women will be able to live on so high a plane. The general effort of business life upon men is to cultivate the notion of self-interest; the same influence must also be felt by women. Family life, on the other hand, makes for unselfishness, and women are happier and better when they are giving than when they are engaged in getting. But if they can fulfill the ideal set forth by Mrs. Wadsworth Baker, if they can do what men have failed to do—that is to say, reconcile a Christian ideal with business success—they will not have entered in vain.

I am, sir,

GRACE BOWWELL BROWN.

## LANGUAGE AND MIND TRAINING

NEW YORK, THURSDAY 1897

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—With regard to the question of abandoning Greek and clinging to Latin as preparatory schools and colleges, it seems to me that it might be desirable to cleave to both or comp both; but if one must go it should be Latin for the following reasons: A great deal of Latin has come down to us filtered through the New French; and what we are most indebted to the Romans are their systems of law and government, in which particulars but we have a confessedly superior article in English and American law and government; but when we come to Greek culture we find something which is unequalled in certain respects, and cannot quite be replaced by modern culture because the latter is of a very different nature from the former. Latin literature, being a faded copy or faint reflection of Greek literature, is comparatively worthless. On the other hand, Greek literature, philosophy, and art, are of incalculable value, and modern culture is unintelligible, almost impossible without a knowledge of those subjects.

Many scientific men have said that the study of the Greek language trains the mind better than the study of the Latin. (I will both, if you will; and substitute English and American law and government for Roman, and replace Greek culture by Latin the inferior instrument for training the mind, and forsake the base provider,—such a unprofitable proposition in the Latin literature compared to the Greek.

I am, sir,

GEORGE B. BRYANT.

**Concerning School Children**

In a recently published report on certain aspects of educational progress issued by the University of Colorado, several suggestive conclusions are set forth concerning the mental and physical capacity of school children.

In general, it appears, "there is a distinct relationship in children between physical condition and intellectual capacity, the latter varying directly as the former. The endurance of boys is greater than that of girls at all ages, and the difference seems to increase after the age of nine. There are certain parts of the school day when pupils, on the average, have a higher storage of energy than at any other period. The morning school does not produce notable mental fatigue. The noon rest is very careful to the pupil, since it renders him capable of better work than he is able to give after a prolonged rest, as observed when entering school."

**The Americans of the Future**

WOLF VON SCHERERENBERG, who has recently collected and edited the Kaiser's speeches, tells of an interesting prophecy which was made recently in his hearing concerning the future of the American people.

"At a social gathering in the house of Baron von Rheinbaben, the Prussian Minister of the Interior," relates Mr. von Schierer, "he insisted to me that, with the moving emigration from every land under the sun pouring into the United States, it was only a question of time when the population as a whole would become a mixed race, of swarthy or yellow skin, and their language and religion, too, would have undergone a radical change."

**ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.**—Mrs. WILSON'S SWEETHEART should always be used for children's medicine. It soothes the child, soothes the gums, stops all pain, cures all colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.—(447.)

**THE OLD CAMPER**

See for forty five years had one article in his supply—Bain's Hair & Beard Conditioner. It gives to children, soldiers, hangers, campers, and sailors a daily routine, "like the old times." Delicious to taste, rich, and chocolate.—(448.)

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**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

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For the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, to be held at Mt. Gretna, Pa. July 2 to August 5, 1903, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets from New York, Philadelphia, Chestnut Hill, Pottsville, Wilmington, Perryville, Frederick, Md., Washington, D. C., East Liberty, Butler, Indiana, Connersville, Bedford, Cleveland, Martinsburg, Baltimore, Waterford, Cambridge, Weymouth, Tompkins, Mt. Carmel, Lykens, and principal intermediate points, to Mt. Gretna and return, at reduced rates. Tickets will be sold June 25 to August 3, inclusive, and will be good to return until August 31, inclusive. For special rates, consult ticket agents.

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By George I. Pelman That

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# THE SLEEP WALKER

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

A Story in Two Parts.—Part I.

of going to business, he cleared the kitchen table and began cleaning the neckwear. A full hour he spent at the task, much in his way and to the neglect of his business, when she broke her moody silence with:

"What are you doing? Why do you not go down town?"  
"I will meet my dear," he answered, amiably. "Just as soon as I get the syrup and butter out of this tie you made. I don't mind washing my face twice instead of once, but I hate to see this tie soiled."

She was upon him instantly, her arms about his neck and tears in her eyes, while she begged, humbly, for forgiveness. It was granted, of course, and for a long time griddle-cakes were omitted from their discussions.

Again, inspired by a natural and wildly desire to "jog some spirit into him," she had carefully prepared a slippery place on the front yard walk which a slight snow concealed from his view when he arrived in the evening. He came down hard, and though he was not hurt, he pretended to be; for he saw through her trick at once, and to punish her looked for assistance and blamed his own carelessness, but uttered no word of suspicion or reproach. Neighbors assisted him in, and all that evening, prone upon the couch, he enjoyed the ministrations of a contrite and tearful wife, who tried to atone for her sins of commission (and omission, for she did not confess), by softly spoken sympathy and frequent service of water, heavily to relieve the pain—a remedy which Beverton liked, but which was denied him as a beverage.

And so, as their young married life went on, he shamed and tamed her, not by breaking her spirit, but by compelling her to break it herself; and though she remained a tigress against these who were her enemies—for the more she hated—the displayed toward him an attitude of meekness, adoration, and almost slavish obedience which made him at times regret the transformation; for her tantrums were the charm which had first attracted him.

But at this period it seemed to him that the tantrums had struck in. They slept in separate rooms, and one night he awoke to find her leaning over him with a pail of water poised above his head. Before he could catch the tilting pail, she had dumped him, but even this did not disturb his equanimity; he merely sprang out of bed, caught her by the arm, and asked what he had done to deserve a dunking. She answered with a scream, and, dropping the pail, clung to him in the darkness. She did not know where she was—she could not explain, but at last he understood.

"Do you walk in your sleep, Grace?" he asked, gently.  
"Oh, no—yes," she stammered; "but not since our marriage. I thought it had left me. Oh, I'm so sorry. Did I wake you?"  
"With a bucket of water," he answered, dryly, as was possible in his moist condition. "I had the habit when very young, but they cured me by radical treatment. You're too old to be punished, Grace, but we must find some way. You may set fire to me next time."

But he knew of no way, and when she had repeated the feat with the pail of water, and a little later made a midnight assault upon him with the carving-knife, he could only nail her bedroom window tightly open for ventilation, and put a bolt on his side of her door. Her grief and horror were pathetic, and it surely tried Beverton to look up his wife like a wild beast; but she had become a menace to his health, and perhaps his life; for, though on such occasions he had wakened in time to realize her intent, he had not wakened in time to save himself completely. He had not quite avoided the downing knife; and, at the top of his heart, it had grazed his arm as he wrenched himself under.

It was a very fine piece of polished hardware, this knife—and he heaped to a carving set given to them at their wedding. On the day following her demonstration with it, and before he had announced her sentence of nightly imprisonment, she had bound the knife, fork, and steel together with a rosette of ribbons, and with the aid of a step-ladder hung them high on the dining-room wall; then she burned the fender, and when Beverton arrived in the evening showed him the exhibit.

"There," she said, with a determined little frown, "is the only deadly weapon in the house, and it is out of my reach. Let it stay there; I hate the sight of it, and could never bear to have it on the table again; but if it be up there—out of the way—where I can't help reach it, perhaps—perhaps—it will—" The rest was convulsive sobbing.

(Continued on page 1120.)

THERE was nothing abnormal in the character of Beverton except a tendency, while very young, to walk in his sleep, and nothing in his twenty-five years of life of which he was really ashamed except a deed of his infancy, born of the short-tempered tendency for which he had been severely punished at the time. The punishment, no doubt, impressed the incident on his mind, and he recalled it occasionally, always with a flush of shame, while he lived his years of boyhood, youth, and early manhood. He remembered being rudely awakened from sleep, not in the crib where his mother had placed him, nor beside her, where she sometimes slept, but flat on his back on the carpeted floor of a long hall, dimly illumined by distant gas jets, the soft glow from which showed him a woman in a night-robe looking down upon him with angry eyes, and a purple-faced child a little younger than himself, gasping and choking in her arms. His cheek burned from the slap she had given him, and his head hurt from the impact with the floor, so he joined the other baby in protest, and the uproar brought several uniformed hall-boys and a night clerk, who led him to the room occupied by his parents. After punishment, and when able to understand, he learned what he had done in his sleep—left his crib, sought the hall, buried his small fingers in the throat of this other sleep-walking infant—when he had woken over before—and might possibly have murdered it had not his mother wakened and arrived in time to interfere. He was well spanked for the feat.

His mother believed in both punishment and prayer as factors in reform. For a long time he received nightly spankings in bed, with injunctions to stay where he was put until morning, and supplicated his "Now I lay me down to sleep" with a plea to be cured of his infirmity.

The treatment was successful; the unconscious cerebration left him, but the spankings continued until he had outgrown the conscious cruelty common to all children then, having ceased viciousness of insects and angle-worms, and overcome his antagonism to the aged, the helpless, and the infirm of his own species, he began his development into a cheery, generous, and humane character, which, assisted by good health, good home training, and a good education, found, at manhood, outward expression in six feet of good looks.

These good points brought him a wife—a creature as well favored as himself, but his very antithesis in disposition and physique, the man of the blond type, calm, masterful, and impetuous in temperament; she of the brunette, warm-hearted, and impulsive, yielding him neither obedience nor spoken approval, and meeting him half-way only upon the common ground of love, which Mother Nature provides for the agreement of her opposites.

Beverton was content with her, and managed her in a way peculiar to himself. Whether it was the best way or not, is hard to decide; for it is possible that with more antagonism from him there would have been less from her. But it was successful. As instance—she had thrown a plate of sizzling buttered griddle-cakes across the breakfast table; her aim being good, they had struck him fairly in the face, and the melted butter smeared not only his face and shirt-front, but a gorgeous puff cravat which her his valet had made for him. He indignantly left the table, changed his reinment, and they finished breakfast in silence; then, instead

**A Perilous Feat**

The "Flatiron" Building at the junction of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third Street—of which a remarkable picture was published in the WEEKLY about a year ago—is one of New York's most famous skyscrapers. It is topped by a flagpole which



"Steeple Paul" painting the Sky-scraper's Flagpole

is occasionally in need of a fresh coat of paint. But the job of applying it is a perilous one, attempted only by professional steeple-climbers. This work was accomplished recently by "Steeple Paul" Kuhlhoff, who has painted, in the course of his career, 2003 steeples and flagpoles. The accompanying photograph was taken during the hour and ten minutes that he hung suspended some 300 feet above the pavement.

**The Chances for Shamrock III.**

By George C. Pease

WHAT lover of yachting, at least in this country, does not regret that development of speed in yachts has been at the sacrifice of graceful lines? A comparison in respect of form between Shamrock III. and Reliance certainly favors the Yale boat in no small degree, and some of our best yachtsmen even prefer Shamrock III. to our beautiful Columbia. With a finer entrance than Reliance, an under bilge, fuller at the gunboards, and altogether a more graceful curve to her midship section; with well-turned quarters and a clean run; with graceful sheer and a suggestion of rive in every curve, Shamrock III. is certainly an inspiring craft.

But "handsome" is somewhat in yachting as in other things, and so for the object in view we come down from the consideration of beauty of form to what that form is likely to do in actual speed through the water. Combined with form of hull are also the questions of sails and construction. An set of sails and quality of canvas, and in lightness, rigidity, and strength of spars and rigging there is not much to choose between Shamrock III. and Reliance.

(Continued on page 1121.)

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(Continued from page 1155.)

Beverton comforted her, and meaning to lock her up at bedtime, suggested putting the harrowing remainder out of sight in some safe place; but she would not consent, even though she approved of the bolt on her door.

"I might find that knife in my sleep, no matter where you hid it," she said. "Lock me up, instead, and then, if I pick the lock, I cannot reach the knife."

So there it remained, and as they used their dining-room for a sitting-room, and as she had resolutely placed the bevilboard and glittering display squarely opposite her favorite seat, she had full opportunity of benefiting by any deterrent influence it possessed.

As to its possessing such an influence, she could only surmise and hope; however, she confessed that it fascinated her.

"I can't keep my eyes off it," she explained one evening, while they sat reading in the dining-room. "For the seventh time to-night I've found my gaze creep up to that knife. Why is it? And the hateful thing makes me sleepy—just looking at it."

"Well," responded Beverton, grimly, "if it could only keep you asleep, it would be all right, wouldn't it?" Then, observing that the speech had pained her, he arose, kissed the flushed cheek, and a d d o gently. "Don't look at it, girl; fear the other way and get interested in your book. What are you reading?"

"It's so hard to get interested," she said, wearily. "In what you don't understand. It's a sea novel." She held up the book and turned the leaves. "What does top-sail mean? Tom?—fore-and-aft, slew-up and clew-down? And here's a word, 'mizzen.' And clew—garnet—what does that mean? It's a strange language." "First if I know Pick the story out. Never mind the descriptions."

They resumed their reading, and it was ten minutes later when Beverton, aroused by the unusual quiet, looked again at his wife. The book lay on her lap, held open by her hands, but she was not reading—she was staring up at the hardware glistening in the lamp-light, with eyes wide-open, but almost as listless as the eyes of a corpse. And as Beverton looked at them, the eyelids fluttered together and closed in sleep. Beverton watched, and never saw before—so strange, hard, and murderous, it seemed.

"Grace," said the startled man, rising to his feet, "are you awake?"

"Awake," she screamed—screed, better describes the hard, raspy tones with which she answered him. "Aye, awake and ready—for down the mizzen hatch, and all hands drunk but the cook. What's

"Wake up, Grace," he commanded.

A convulsive shiver passed through her, she uttered a little gasp, then closed her eyes, and opened them with her natural smile.

"Why, I did go to sleep, after all, didn't I?" she asked, softly. "Yes, and talked and looked like the very devil. Let's see what you are reading." He took the book from her hands, but rather on the opened page nor upon any preceding could he find words similar to those she had spoken.

"What were you dreaming of when I spoke to you?" he inquired. "I didn't dream—at least, I don't remember. Did you speak?" She yawned and arose. "I'll go to bed, Tom," she said. "Lock me up."

Beverton read the book, after she had retired, from the beginning to the opening page; then sat down and pondered for into the night.

Next evening, on his way home, he visited a physician—a personal friend, who had once met Mrs. Beverton—and to him he stated the trouble.

"So if hypnotized," said the doctor, "by the usual method—staring at a bright object. Practically in the same condition as when sleep-walking. You can cure her by suggestion."

"How—what do you mean?"

"Don't you know that a somnambulist will always obey orders—will believe anything that is spoken in a firm, commanding tone, the same as though hypnotized?"

"She didn't look and act like it. And where did she get that sailor talk? It wasn't in the book she was reading."

"The book suggested the train of thought, nevertheless. The subconscious memory is absolute. She read those words at some time in her life, or heard them spoken—possibly in infancy."

"Well, it's too much for me. Can you take charge of her case?"

"No—although there is not, perhaps, a man in town more studied in this subject than myself. But there is no one more useful to operate. I am too subjective, as the phrase is—too good a subject, really hypnotized, and thus unable to control even a self-hypnotized person. As there is no professional hypnotist in town it devolves upon you."

"But I know nothing about it."

"Learn. Your natural mastery over her renders you the one above all others to treat her successfully. Let her stare at the knife again—my bright object. Lead back into her past, and sleep; then tell her that her fears or anxiety were groundless, and that she must never get up in her sleep again."

He gave Beverton as much of practical instruction as was safe for a novice to possess, and with some misgivings the half-erudite tempt to do so, he found unexpected developments in the situation that seemed to remove the solution farther yet from his grasp.

END OF PART I.



"Grace," said the startled man, arising to his feet, "are you awake?"

(Continued from page 1129.)

At least nobody will say that one is superior to the other in any appreciable degree. In construction of hull, both yachts are as light as their builders dare make them.

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Sir Thomas Lipton now has all three of his cup yachts in this country, besides his big steam-yacht *Erin*, an ocean tug that is towed over *Almarock I*, and several other steam-craft under charter. Messrs. Morgan, Belmont, and Smith have quite large steamers for each of the three American ninety-footers, together with launches and all sorts of small craft, so that one can imagine what a business it is to race for the coveted America's cup. Sir Thomas Lipton's outlay in his efforts to win it must now be nearly a million dollars, and it costs more to defend the cup than it does to challenge for it. To prepare for race during a year, about all the time of those most interested, and the sport has become a game for millionaires and men of leisure.

**The Shoes We Wear**

Exports of boots and shoes for the fiscal year closed to end seem likely, according to official reports, to exceed those of any preceding year, both in quantity and value. In 1900 the number of pairs of boots and shoes exported was 378,574; in 1900 the number expected was 387,000, and in 1901 it had increased to 387,000, and in 1902 to 3,036,720 pairs, and in 1902 to 3,560,760 pairs; and in the present fiscal year the total will exceed four million. The value of boots and shoes exported in gross from a little over half a million dollars in 1902 to more than six millions in 1903. Of the six million dollars' worth of footwear exported in 1902, two million dollars' worth went to the United Kingdom, practically a million dollars' worth to British Australasia, over a half-million dollars' worth to Mexico, a half-million dollars' worth to Cuba, and about an equal sum to Canada. The increase in shipments from the United States to the United Kingdom has been very rapid during the decade, the total value in 1902 being but \$2100, and in 1902 \$2,032,800. The number of pairs sent to the United Kingdom from the United States was, in 1902, 1907, and in 1902, 1,925,396; while to British Australasia the number of pairs sent in 1902 was 8298, and in 1902 250,400; to Germany, in 1902, 412, and in 1902, 122,029. The total number of pairs of boots and shoes sent abroad was 3,000,760, two-thirds of which went to British territory, distributed as follows: United Kingdom, 1,035,206 pairs; Quebec, Ontario, etc., 280,164 pairs; British West Indies, 282,443 pairs; British Australasia, 550,469 pairs; British Africa, 164,997 pairs; Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, etc., 32,980 pairs; British Columbia, 25,020 pairs; Newfoundland and Labrador, 13,194 pairs; and 14,677 pairs; British Honduras, 49,221 pairs; British Guiana, 31,631 pairs; and British East Indies, 12,019 pairs, making a total of 2,330,982 pairs sent to British territory.

**Mascagni's New Venture**

That most strenuous of geniuses, Pietro Mascagni, is said to be planning a venture in a new field of artistic endeavor. He has stopped writing operas for the present, and is devoting his time to the composing of the comedy in three acts, with which one of the Roman theatres is to open in the fall. Nothing is said as to the subject of the play—in it possible that Mascagni has dramatized his recent American experiences?

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#### AN AUTOMOBILING POSTER

Illustration showing a group of people in an early 20th-century automobile. The text describes the poster and provides contact information for Frederick Glasopp.

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### A New Field for Young Women

A CONSIDERABLE number of young women, according to a rural observer, are engaging accountants, to be making a success of it. A correspondent tells of being in a Chicago dry-goods store on a Saturday afternoon, not long ago, when she saw one of the sales-girls receive her wages for the week. She was paid \$2, having been in her place from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening every day; it was necessary for her to be well and more so less extensively dressed, to be constantly on her feet, and to keep her temper and her self-possession, frequently under trying circumstances. On the other hand, says our observer, take the case of the farmer girl. None makes less than \$2 per week, and many make \$5. They work only two or three hours a day; their surroundings are conducive to good health and cheerfulness, and they can dress as they feel inclined. The writer mentions the case of two young girls who sold last year an average of \$5 worth of eggs every week during the spring and summer. Nor did they sell all they might have disposed of, for they raised over 400 young chickens besides.

### Uncle Cyrus Celebrates the Fourth

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Ma. "Well, Cyrus, if ye think ye've got all the fun ye want make it, ye might show it away."

### Love-making in Various Lands

A curious inquiry into amorous customs and traditions has lately met with some interesting observations on "the way of a man with a maid" in different parts of the world. In Japan, it appears, the affair is carried on with characteristic delicacy. There, the lover who wishes to declare his love throws a bunch of plum-blossoms back into the lady's conveyance as she enters it on her way to the wedding of a friend. Should she fasten them to her gown, it signifies that the suitor is accepted; should she throw them away, however, the lady is rejected him. In the arctic regions a less amiable habit prevails. The Eskimo lover cares little for the usual amenities of civilization; he walks boldly into the fair one's abode, seizes her by the hair, or by her garments of fur, and drags her away to his home.

The Hungarian gypsies use cakes as love-letters. A cake is baked into the sweetest, which is then thrown at the favored lady as she passes by. If she eats the cake and retains the core, all is well; but if she should fling back the silver, it would be fatal to the lover's hopes. Among the savages of the Arabian desert the girl is approached without ceremony while pasturing her flock. She resists strenuously, attacking her suitor with sticks and stones. If he succeeds in driving her into her father's tent she is his, but if she should resist him, lifelong disgrace would be his portion.

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## COMMENT

Or recent political incidents none is more important than the position taken by the Democrats of Iowa in their State convention held on June 24 at Des Moines. To appreciate the significance of the incident, we should bear in mind that Iowa adjoins Nebraska on the east, that Greenbackers and Populists successively exhibited a good deal of strength in the State, and that on the eve of the convention Mr. Bryan announced in the *Commonwealth* that all self-styled Democrats who would not uphold the Kansas City platform would be traitors to their party. Nevertheless, the Democratic State convention of Iowa, by a vote of 463 to 354, refused to accept a minority report, signed by four members of the committee on resolutions, adding to the platform reported by the seven members constituting the majority of the committee a plank reaffirming the Democratic national platform of 1900. It will be observed that not merely the Free Silver plank, but the whole of the Kansas City platform was repudiated, and when the Bryanites attempted to save at least that part of it which demanded government ownership of railways, they were defeated by 628 to 190. This action of the Iowa State convention must be recognized by Mr. Bryan as conclusive proof that west of the Mississippi, and even in his own neighborhood, his influence has been seriously weakened,—although it is not yet extinct.

It may be that he and his friends will be able to frame the State platforms of the Democracy in Nebraska and Colorado, but it is predicted that, if they are, even the last-named State, which is their stronghold, may be lost. So far as the next national convention of the Democracy is concerned, we now feel assured that the conservative element will be predominant therein, and it has even become improbable that Mr. Bryan's friends will muster a third of the delegates. He will, therefore, be unable to forbid a nomination, however offensive it may be to him personally. We adhere, nevertheless, to our opinion that, so long as his leading ideas are discarded, a conciliatory policy should be adopted toward Mr. Bryan. No prudent Democrat can wish to drive any voters out of the party, so long as no sacrifice of principles is needed in order to retain them. We recognize, as Mr. Bryan must recognize, that he is the victim of events, which have brought about a

revolution of opinion within the Democratic party. He has also maintained that it is the duty of professed Democrats to support the candidate of their party, even if they do not entirely approve of its platform. He cannot reasonably refuse in 1904 to be bound by his own rule, and we do not believe him capable of such a refusal, provided, of course, he is not driven out of the Democratic camp by contumacy, but treated with the personal deference due to a man who has twice been the standard-bearer of a great party in a Presidential campaign. Holding that the ranks should be closed up, and that the whole Democracy should now march forward under new leadership, we are glad that Mr. Bryan has accepted an invitation to visit ex-Mayor Taggart of Indianapolis, who is a friend of conspicuous Eastern Democrats, and their candidate for the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee.

The platform adopted by the Democratic State convention of Iowa deserves attention for its positive as well as its negative features. In its attitude toward the tariff the convention was naturally averse, not only by tradition, but by its belief that its Republican opponents would fail to advocate the "Iowa Idea." In its platform, accordingly, it calls for the removal of the tariff from all trust-made goods, and demands that all tariff schedules be adjusted with a view to a tariff for revenue only. We know of no commodities that would be described by anybody as "exclusively trust-made," except petroleum and anthracite coal, and the term is not fairly applicable to the latter product, because there are many individual owners of anthracite mines. In the demand that all tariff schedules be adjusted with a view to a tariff for revenue only, the Democratic convention went much farther than the Republican advocates of the Iowa Idea desired to go, or than Mr. Gorman would permit the United States Senate to go, when the Wilson tariff bill came up for consideration in that body. It might have been wiser for the convention to ask only for that which there is some chance of getting, to wit, a readjustment of the Dingley tariff to the changed conditions of industry and trade. The present includes the loss, however, and those who desire a tariff for revenue would, of course, assent to a readjustment of certain schedules. The Iowa Democratic platform, therefore, may attract some Republican voters that will be alienated by the expected inwilligness of their own party to favor any change in the tariff at the present time.

As for the Imperialist plank in the Iowa platform, it strikes us as a perfunctory, for the vitality of the issue has been practically extinguished by Governor Taft's exemplary administration of the Philippines, and by the remarkable advance of Porto Rico in prosperity. Nobody doubts that a large measure of self-government will in due time be conceded to Porto Rico and to the more civilized portions of the Philippine archipelago, and it is scarcely reasonable for the Iowa Democratic convention to demand that such a step shall be taken without delay. Another proponent of the convention will excite some surprise among those who recall the order with which, in the past, many Iowa Democrats have urged an expansion of the circulating medium. Now, on the other hand, the Democracy of the State condemns the proposal to permit national banks to issue circulating notes based on securities other than government bonds. It is hard to reconcile the opposition to this proposal with the vehement assertion that the volume of the currency must be made adequate to the needs of the business interests of the country. Well timed and laudable, on the other hand, is the demand for a thorough investigation of the Post-office Department, and of other executive depart-

ments, by a committee of Congress. Such an inquiry will undoubtedly be ordered; provided, of course, Mr. Roosevelt leaves anything to investigate.

The mischievous effect of the plank inserted last year by Mr. Hill in the Democratic platform of New York—we refer to the demand that the Federal government should take possession of the anthracite-coal mines of Pennsylvania by the right of eminent domain—may be distinctly recognized in the programme formulated by the Democrats of Iowa. The Iowa platform asserts that, when the sources of supply of any product are in the ownership of those who combine to extort from the people unreasonable prices for such product, it is the duty of the Federal government to take such steps as may be needed to secure an equitable distribution of such product, with fair compensation to the owners of the same, so that nature's design in making provision for the wants of man may not be perverted into means for his oppression. We do not for a moment deny that the expediency of empowering the Federal government to exercise a right of eminent domain in the case of fuel, or of any other necessity of life, might be urged with a good deal of force in a campaign aimed at the sanctification of such power by an amendment of the Federal Constitution. We have often pointed out, however, that no such power at present exists, and we do not believe that it will ever be conferred on the Federal government by two-thirds of each House of Congress and by three-fourths of the States. To us, therefore, the question seems a purely academic one, whose function in a party platform is merely decorative.

The same thing may be said of the other Socialistic feature in the Iowa programme. The convention has asked for such changes in our law, statutory or constitutional, as will limit the charges by railroads to such an amount as will yield only a reasonable return on the capital actually invested. The word which we have italicized indicates that the framers of the resolution are aware that, under the Constitution as it stands, the Federal government cannot pretend to exercise any control over the dividends paid by railways. It follows that this demand must also be regarded as simply a rhetorical flourish. It is, however, a matter of serious significance that the Iowa Democrats should have felt it necessary to put forward such a demand. Such extravagant and hollow appeals to believers in State Socialism attest a consciousness that an anti-trust campaign can no longer be conducted on the lines followed in 1900 and 1896, because, so far as the powers given by the existing Federal Constitution and by the anti-trust act are concerned, Mr. Roosevelt has already turned them to account. In other words, he has captured the whole of the Democratic artillery and ammunition hitherto employed against the "trusts," and thus some of the Democrats who desire to touch the issue at all think themselves driven to take a new and untenable position. We call the position untenable, because, first, it cannot be reconciled with the Constitution as it stands; and, secondly, no amendment of the Constitution which would render it tenable is attainable.

We are glad that President Roosevelt has turned a deaf ear to those advisers who would have dismissed him from taking official note of the Kishinef incident by presenting, with his official sanction, the petition addressed to the Czar by the United Hebrew Congregations on behalf of their persecuted co-religionists in Russia. It is perfectly true that the punishment of the officials responsible for the failure to avert the massacre of Jews in Kishinef and the prevention of similar atrocities in other Russian cities may be described by the St. Petersburg government as matters that lie within the sphere of its internal affairs. It is also true that the condign punishment of the authors of the hideous tragedy enacted in the palace at Belgrade is primarily the business of the new Serbian government. Nevertheless, all civilized powers, with the exception of Russia and Austria, have refrained from recognizing the new sovereign, who owes his throne to wholesale slaughter, and it is to be hoped, will continue to refrain, intends to pursue with reference to the assassins. Moreover, the Russian Czar and the Hapsburg Emperor have both named themselves bound by the dictates of humanity to demand that the murderers of King Alexander and Queen Draga shall suffer the penalties which their crimes deserve.

Why should such respectful and earnest representations, which, when made to the King of Serbia, are regarded as eminently proper, be looked upon as unseemly and inadmissible when addressed by President Roosevelt to the Czar? Was the Belgrade massacre more appalling than that which took place on a much larger scale at Kishinef? Is the former one-tenth part as likely to be repeated as the latter? If both these questions must be answered in the negative, what becomes of the assertion that the Czar's dignity will not permit him to receive at Mr. Roosevelt's hands the pathetic prayer addressed to him by the United Hebrew Congregations? As a matter of fact, it was not only the President's duty, as Mr. Roosevelt promptly recognized, to forward the petition, but had he refrained from doing so, he would have disregarded some of the most honorable examples set by his predecessors. As we have previously pointed out, when, in 1882, a massacre of Russian Jews similar to that at Kishinef, but on a smaller scale, took place, our State Department was directed by President Arthur to express to the Czar's government our earnest hope that the Russian Jews would be shielded from outbreaks of race hatred. Again, in 1891, when a massacre had restricted Russian Israelites to certain provinces collectively known as the Jewish Pale, and had imposed severe disabilities even upon the Jewish residents in those provinces, Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, was authorized by President Harrison to say, through our minister at St. Petersburg, that our government viewed with serious concern the harshness with which Hebrews were treated in Russia. There is no reason to think that those remonstrances chilled in the slightest degree the friendliness with which the United States had been regarded by Russia, and we do not believe that Mr. Roosevelt's respectful expression of a hope that precautions will be taken against a repetition of the Kishinef massacre will provoke resentment on the part of the Czar Nicholas II.

As we took for granted, Mr. Roosevelt has never seriously considered the selection of Senator Quay for the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee in the campaign of 1901. The foolish suggestion seems to have emanated from friends of the Senator, who mistakenly assume that Republicans in the country at large are as indifferent to character-affecting personal reputations as the Republicans of Pennsylvania have shown themselves to be. Another candidate put forward for the chairmanship was Senator Lodge, who is not only a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt's, but has evinced considerable skill in the management of political campaigns in Massachusetts. Mr. Lodge, however, is comparatively unknown to the financiers of New York, and to the manufacturers of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Moreover, the selection of an Eastern man might cause disaffection in the West, and undo part of the work which Mr. Roosevelt accomplished for himself in his recent tour. The ideal man for the post is, of course, Senator Hanna, and we entirely credit the report that the President has asked him to retain it. Whether the Senator will consent to remain chairman seems uncertain, however, for he is exceptionally loyal to his friends, and he may stipulate that Mr. Payne shall be allowed to remain Postmaster-General, and that another lieutenant of his, Perry S. Heath, shall continue to be the secretary of the Republican National Committee.

Yet, nothing is more certain than that the Republican party cannot afford to carry Heath any longer, and every week seems to emphasize the fact that Mr. Payne's usefulness to the Administration has ended. If Mr. Roosevelt can manage to secure Senator Hanna's services without seeming to abate his determination to purge the Post-office Department, and bring to justice all the evil-doers that are now, or have been, connected with the postal service, we may take for granted that he will do so. No one else can even pretend to vie with Senator Hanna as a collector and distributor of campaign funds. He enjoys to an unparalleled extent the confidence of Wall Street magnates and of the manufacturing interests. Nothing is more foolish than the notion that the good-will of Wall Street, by which we mean the conservators and administrators of vast capital, is a detriment to a candidate. That good-will was one of the great forces behind Mr. Cleveland in 1892, and behind Mr. McKinley in 1896 and 1900. In the first-named case, it proved strong enough to more than counterbalance the organized and vehement opposition of American manu-

facturers, whom Mr. Cleveland had challenged by his declaration in favor of a tariff for revenue. It should also be borne in mind that Mr. Hanna is more popular with the plain people of the United States, and even with the labor element, than is any other man who is equally trusted by the wielders of great capital. The change in this respect which has taken place in the last three or four years is phenomenal. Mr. Hanna has outlived cartoons.

The rogues in the Post-office Department who have expected to be shielded from detection or conviction by means of their political "pull" must have shivered as they read the published letter from President Roosevelt to Attorney-General Knox. Everybody knows that Mr. Roosevelt did not appoint the scoundrels who have been indicted, or are threatened with indictment, for malfeasance in office. There is no possible way in which he can be held responsible for their misdeeds, provided he does not connive at their escape from punishment. He is not the kind of man to allow himself to drift under the influence of dishonest politicians into the position of an accessory after the fact. He is neither short-sighted enough nor weak enough; nor is he under any obligation to be "loyal" to rascals, never having accepted any favors at their hands. We repeat what we said some time ago, that by character and situation Mr. Roosevelt is just the man to thoroughly cleanse the postal service. In the letter to Attorney-General Knox, the President points out that there can be no greater offense against the Federal government than a breach of trust on the part of a public official, or the dishonest management of his office. Mr. Roosevelt adds that, of course, every effort must be made to bring such offenders to punishment by the utmost rigor of the law.

Aware that the delays experienced in the office of the district attorney of the District of Columbia have excited suspicion, Mr. Roosevelt directs the Attorney-General to accelerate the prosecution of the postal delinquents, by detailing some of his present staff, or by appointing special assistants, not only to take up the cases in which indictments have been or may be found, but to investigate all charges that have been made against officials in the postal service, with a view not only to the removal and prosecution of all guilty men now in the service, but also to the prosecution of guilty men, whether now in the service or not, where the cases are not barred by the statute of limitations. The words italicized show that Mr. Roosevelt does not agree with Postmaster-General Payne in thinking that an offender can escape punishment by resignation. It is plain that it matters not an iota to the President by whom a guilty person was appointed. This means that we shall here know more about ex-Cashier Tallich's charges being a covert attack upon Mr. McKinley. No true friend of the late President's will hold that, in order that his memory may be honored, it is necessary to let rascals appointed by him go scot-free. We observe with peculiar satisfaction that, in pursuance of Mr. Roosevelt's order, Attorney-General Knox has appointed, not professional politicians open to partisan influence, but Mr. Charles J. Bonagante, of Baltimore, and Mr. Holmes Coarad, former Solicitor-General, as special attorneys to assist in the prosecution of dishonest employees in the Post-office Department. These are dark days for the "new crowd," which, according to Heath, took possession of the public offices after March 4, 1897.

We are not surprised to hear that the first skirmish in the Bogota Congress over the canal agreement with the United States—a skirmish provoked by a preliminary and incidental question—has resulted in the disavowal of the opponents of the treaty. Before they got to the Colombian capital, a majority of the delegates seem to have thought that the document provisionally signed by Dr. Herran, on the part of President Marroquin, was unsatisfactory on two grounds, namely, that adequate guarantees had not been secured for the maintenance of Colombian sovereignty on the isthmus, and that the pecuniary consideration for the canal franchise was too small. By this time some of the delegates have probably been convinced, first, that the loans of ten million dollars in gold and the annual rental to be ultimately paid represent the utmost *provis* that can be wrung from the United States; and, secondly, that the United States will not go a hair's breadth farther in the way of recognizing Colombia's sovereignty on

the isthmus. Not a few international lawyers think that we have already gone too far, because the judicial and police arrangements agreed upon seem likely to lead to a conflict of authorities, while, on the other hand, by guaranteeing the sovereignty of the Bogota government we bind ourselves to assist any future attempt of the province of Panama to secede from Colombia, and erect itself into an independent republic. Especially is the latter covenant of questionable expediency.

That Colombia is likely to fare worse if she does not ratify the present treaty was brought home to the members of her Congress by a pithy communication from the manager of the Panama Canal Company. Cabling to his agent at Bogota, he pointed out that, unless the offer of the United States should be accepted, Colombia would lose an opportunity of advancement in prosperity that would never recur. It would never recur, because the United States would hangle no longer with Colombia, but would forthwith adopt the Nicaragua route, while no other foreign country, and no foreign corporation, would venture to complete the Panama Canal against the wishes of the Washington government. He also pointed out that, if the present treaty should be ratified, Colombia would never lose her control of the isthmus, her sovereignty being guaranteed by the great American republic, whereas, if the treaty should be rejected, she might lose control to-morrow, for a movement in favor of independence would almost certainly be started in the province of Panama. This hint may have tremendous weight. It means that the large stockholders in the Panama Company would be interested in fomenting and sustaining an insurrection in Panama against the Colombian government. Nor is it likely that, under such circumstances, the revolutionists would lack friends in the United States, although, of course, our Federal government would observe a strict neutrality, and, in pursuance of the treaty of 1846, would maintain order on the Panama Railway.

We have no desire to dispute the sincerity of the friendship for the United States expressed by the Emperor William II. in the speech delivered by him at a banquet in Kiel. He felt sure, he said, that no serious citizen of America or Germany believes that harmony and the continuance of mutual interests could be disturbed. The two countries, he thought, were knit too closely together by the permanent factors in their relationship to become inimical to one another. Their reciprocal good-will was too strong to allow of a development of antagonism. He seemed to consider that the fact that so many hundreds of thousands of Germans live and thrive in the United States would render easier the task of smoothing the path of peaceful and progressive relations. Admitting that these are the present sentiments of the German Emperor, how long can we expect him to retain them against the drift of public opinion in his own country? Even if he were as autocratic as is the Czar—which he is far from being—he would still be amenable to the pressure of public opinion: it is well known that Alexander II. was forced into the Russian-Turkish war of 1878 against his will. In the past the Hohenzollern rulers have shown themselves peculiarly sensitive to the views and feelings of their subjects.

Now there is no doubt that, among well-informed and far-seeing Germans, there is a deep-rooted conviction that a collision between the United States and the German Empire is inevitable, not only because of commercial rivalry, but because, through our Monroe Doctrine, we forbid the fruition of Germany's expansionist aspirations, which can only be satisfied in South America. Kaiser William II. says he trusts that no serious citizen of Germany believes that harmonious relations with the United States can be disturbed, yet he cannot be unacquainted with the immense mass of literature published during the last few years, and produced by university professors, by political economists, who proclaim a precisely opposite opinion. Extracts from scores of these publications have been translated and forwarded to the *London Spectator* by a correspondent. The authors quoted express regret that Germany did not take advantage of our war with Spain to secure by purchase the Danish West Indies, and they make it plain that the most southerly province of Brazil, in which there are already about 150,000 German colonists, is earmarked for future acquisition by the German

Empire, though it is admitted that nothing can be done in this direction until the question whether Germany means to obey the United States' order of "Hands off!" in South America has been answered in the negative. An influential writer, whose treatise was published in 1906, suggests that, pending some definite conclusion with regard to southern Brazil, a beginning might be made in Venezuela, by picking up a harbor. Dr. Winter insists that equality of treatment with the United States in South America is the theory which Germany, both on principle and as occasion serves, must oppose to the Monroe Doctrine and defend by force. Yet Dr. Winter is pre-eminently one of the "serious citizens" of Germany who cannot, the Kaiser says, believe that the harmony and mutual interests of the United States and Germany can be disturbed.

The mine owners and operators having accepted the representatives of the miners appointed by the district labor-unions after these had been endorsed at a miners' convention, the Board of Conciliation is now sitting in the anthracite region. If the six members of the board fail to reach a decision regarding any of the questions in dispute, recourse will be made to an umpire, who, there is reason to believe, will be Judge Gray of Delaware. It now appears that, even if every question in dispute should be decided in favor of the miners, they will be worse off than they would have been had no award been made, and had they accepted the terms voluntarily offered by Mr. Baer, the President of the Reading Coal Company. It may be remembered that, when the award was announced by the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission, a local labor leader, William Wilhelm, disputed the assertion made by Mr. John Mitchell that the award was a victory for the United Mine Workers. He said that, on the contrary, he himself, when acting as an intermediary, had received a proffer of better terms of settlement while the strike was in progress; and that, moreover, the offer publicly made by President Baer before the commission, of a general increase of five per cent. in wages, would have been of greater benefit to the employees viewed collectively than was the award made by the commission. This statement, it appears, is borne out by a tabulation of the wages received by miners and laborers of all kinds employed by the Philadelphia and Reading Company, for this tabulation shows that sixty per cent. of the men at work in the mines do not benefit, even ostensibly, by the award of the commission.

It is true that the miners themselves receive a higher rate of wages, but they work less and earn less money than they did before the strike. As for the general laborers, drivers, breaker employees, etc., they receive no advance at all in wages, and the companies, resenting the arbitrary attitude of the miners' union, have withdrawn many of the privileges formerly voluntarily granted. It is computed that the general advance of five per cent. proposed by President Baer would have made a difference in wages throughout the anthracite region of \$250,000 monthly. That is to say, the employees in and about the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania would, in the course of a year, have been three million dollars better off had they accepted Mr. Baer's voluntary offer, instead of waiting for the commission's award. When these facts have been brought home to the United Mine Workers, it is probable that they will desire to see Mr. Roosevelt's experiment repeated. There will be, at all events, no doubt as to the direction which the sympathies of the coal-consuming community will take. For many weeks consumers were compelled to pay extortionate prices for fuel, on the plea that the vital interests of the miners were at stake, whereas the net outcome of the strike and of its settlement by an unconstitutional commission is that the miners will have lost, by the end of a year, the sum of three million dollars which they might have received. The result would be ridiculous, if the hardships suffered by the poor through a worse than fruitless strike had not been pitiable.

The one item of recent news which is calculated to bring any comfort to the editor of the *Commoner* is the announcement that Mr. Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, has consented to run this autumn for the Governorship of Ohio, against Mr. Myron T. Herrick, the Republican nominee. Nobody expects to see Mr. Johnson elected, but his motive for

entering the contest is twofold. In the first place, he will thus acquire absolute control of the party machinery in the State during the coming Presidential year, and will be in a position to name the Ohio delegates to the next Democratic national convention. This means, of course, that Mr. Bryan will have one sturdy and powerful supporter from the Central West. If Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, also succeeds in controlling the whole, or even a considerable part, of the Illinois delegation, Mr. Bryan's following in the convention will be larger than of late has been expected, though we still think that it will fall somewhat short of a third. He must long since have renounced the hope of dictating the platform, but he has evidently clung to the belief that he might secure delegates enough to veto an objectionable nomination. The other motive which must have prompted Mayor Johnson to assume the onerous and expensive role of standard-bearer in Ohio this year, is the most unreasonable hope that he may manage to return a majority of the members of the next Legislature, and thus defeat Senator Hanna's aspiration for another term in the United States Senate.

It so happens that in Ohio it is much easier for the Democracy to capture the Legislature than it is to elect a Governor. If Mayor Johnson could secure the United States Senatorship for himself, he would forthwith become a person of national importance, and might be heralded in certain quarters as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. His situation would, in fact, be analogous to that occupied by James A. Garfield in 1880, for it will be remembered that the latter, when nominated at Chicago for the Presidency, had just been elected a United States Senator from Ohio, but had not taken his seat. There is no doubt that, from many points of view, Mayor Johnson would seem an ideal candidate in the eyes of the Bryanites, and the fact that he has never looked with favor on the free-silver heresy would, taken by itself, commend him to the Gold Democrats. His advocacy, however, of Henry George's "single tax" and of divers features of State socialism would be almost certain to repel the conservative element of the Democratic party, which, after two defeats, is indisposed to lend any further countenance to Populistic ideas. In the minds of the men likely to control the next Democratic national convention, Mayor Johnson may be discredited by the fact that in his canvass for the Governorship of Ohio he will command the zealous support of the wild agitator, Mayor Jones of Toledo, and of the labor element which the latter may be able to attract.

It will be a serious setback for Senator Gorman and a slight also upon the prospects of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, who cannot afford to lose Maryland, if the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of that State should be defeated this year. Mr. Edwin Warfield, president of the Fidelity Trust and Deposit Company of Baltimore, who is the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination, has announced that he will not spend a dollar above the legitimate expenses of the campaign, but will render an itemized statement of every cent disbursed, with the names of the parties to whom he pays it, and a declaration of the purpose for which it was paid. Experienced politicians say that, should he adhere to his determination, he would inevitably lose the State, which could not be carried by the Democracy for less than fifty thousand dollars. It seems that at recent elections in the lower counties, the votes of white men have commanded fifty dollars apiece, and that as much as seventy or eighty dollars was paid at the recent primaries in Queen Anne County. The Democratic politicians who insist that Mr. Warfield will be defeated if he refuses to connive at corrupt practices seem oblivious of the fact that their assertion is tantamount to an admission that Maryland would go Republican if there were so improper use of money. For it is well known that Mr. S. A. Williams, who is slated by the leaders of his party for the Republican nomination, has hitherto been one of the most outspoken opponents of ballot corruption in the State.

It turns out, after all, that Massachusetts has one bit of coal legislation to show for the ten-thousand-dollar investigation with which a committee of the Legislature began several weeks in the early part of the year. Succeeding the failure of three radical propositions as recently described in the WEEKLY, the coal committee brought out its last hope—

a bill for the licensing of coal dealers. Of all the remarkable pieces of law-making which this Legislature has made its own, this, passed on the last day of the session, is close to being the chief. It provides that, each municipality enacting such terms and conditions as it chooses, all dealers in coal or coke must take out from the office of the secretary of the commonwealth a license for a fee not to exceed five dollars. On the secretary is placed the duty of hearing complaints, and he may, subject to the review of the courts on appeal, revoke the license for the use of false weights and measures, for charging exorbitant prices, for counting or weighing unskillfully with other persons, for unlawfully discriminating in the conduct of the business, or "for any other reason"—the last being a provision which might excite alarm were not the secretary a man of sense superior to that of the Legislature. Fines of not more than fifty dollars, and imprisonment of not more than six months may be imposed for violation of the law—though they will not be, for nobody, not even the legislators themselves, has the slightest idea that the statute is good for anything. Except for the five-dollar license fee, some of it is probably unconstitutional, and all of it is certainly impracticable. A member of the Governor's council is credited with the saying that the Legislature of 1893 was "the greatest aggregation of incompetents that ever sat in the State-house"—a judgment which the study of this shrewd enactment goes far toward confirming. To the people of the commonwealth there is the consolation that the general court might have done far worse in coal legislation, as is evidenced by the measures which it killed. These were mischievous; this is only stupid. It is a ridiculous ending to an agitation that started out to uproot and overturn everything in the Massachusetts coal trade.

The result of this year's college boat-races was a triumph for education. Yale, on June 24, beat Harvard in three races on the Thames; Cornell the next day beat all her antagonists in three races on the Hudson. Cornell's university crew was a wonder both in material and in training, and romped away from the others without any trouble, finishing far in the lead. A good many farmers' boys and other mature youth who are well served by manual work go to Cornell, and help her to keep first place among the colleges in rowing, but what has more than even that to do with her continuing succession of victories is that she has in Courtney the most skillful professional coach in the rowing business. Her crews are the best taught college crews that row. And Yale this year was better taught than Harvard. Yale has an excellent professional coach in Kennedy, and in at least two races of the three rowed on June 24, superior coaching won. Rowing is an exceedingly fine art. The professional teachers of it seem to beat the amateur teachers about as regularly as professionals beat amateurs in other pursuits. There are objections to professional coaches and trainers, but among the strong points in their favor is this, that their labors make for the turning out of crews that are physically fit, and for the economical use of the oarsmen's strength. Boat-races, especially the four-mile races, are dangerous affairs for men not in perfect physical condition, and thoroughly expert in their business. One does not like to see the strength of likely young fellows misapplied, nor to see them too much used up by their exertions. Perfect rowing in a perfectly trained crew is comparatively easy for the men. The pace that kills in boating is the pace of a beaten crew, gone stale in training, and not rowing together. On the whole a college which has the right sort of a professional coach for its oarsmen seems lucky, not so much because it will win the races it ought to win, as because its young oarsmen are the safer by being in the hands of a trained expert who can give all his time to looking after them.

One of this year's great June floods was regular and according to the annual programme. It was the flood of Commencement discourse from the colleges. It covered all subjects, and most points of view, and a great deal of it was edifying. But its volume was, as usual, so great, that much of it got less notice than it deserved. There were at least two Harvard deliverances the echoes of which have not quite died away. One was a piece about Harvard and the Individual contributed by Professor Briggs—"ex Deum" Briggs—to the Boston Transcript. Dr. Briggs has just been chosen president of Radcliffe, but still will belong to Harvard, and none knows the modern Harvard better than he does. When

he writes of undergraduate life there he writes as an expert, whose finger for eleven years never missed a beat of the undergraduate pulse. He defends his college against the charge of exclusiveness, combating the idea that a strange lad is very much a stranger there, and that—now the university is so big—he may go through his whole college course and be a stranger still. If he does it in his own fault, says Dr. Briggs, and goes on to tell of the means and appliances that Harvard has of assimilating the lads who come to her without ties or friends in Cambridge. There are so many of them, that it has become necessary to systematize the business of helping them to find themselves. A committee of trustees and undergraduates receives the freshman and offers him the freedom of the university; an adviser is assigned him from the faculty, possibly a junior or senior invites him to his room to meet some men, and he is entertained—not housed, but really entertained. Ladies give teas for him in Brooks House; if he is sick the medical adviser goes to see him, and sends him a doctor if he needs one, or to the college hospital if the case is serious. And Dr. Briggs avers that the way that some students look after other students with whom they have slight acquaintance, or none at all, is more interesting than some things in the story-books.

This all sounds as though there was kindness left in the world in spite of all the trusts and all the competition, and as though the processes of civilization were still unfolding in some sheltered places, and would in due time produce a crop. It does not greatly matter how lads get together, if only they do get together. When they are few they may begin by pulling hair if necessary, but when they are very many, acquaintance cannot start so intimately as that, and more formal processes of approachment are necessary. At the luring investigation at West Point two or three years ago a cadet testified that he put a plebe through certain courses of sprouts out of sheer kindness, and so that the plebe would not feel neglected. That was really possible. It was better to have a freshman than to neglect him altogether, but here at Harvard, as doubtless in the other big colleges, hazing, long outgrown, is succeeded by a pacific seeking out of green men, and offering them social opportunities. The sun really "do" more, and the world also.

Harvard made Professor William James, the psychologist, an LL.D. at this year's Commencement, and Dr. James—who is not a Harvard graduate—stood up at the Commencement Dinner, returned his thanks, and complimented the university on being still the best place in the country for a lonely thinker. Speaking after the ball games, but before the boat-races, and speaking as an outsider, he gave Harvard credit for her "persistently atomistic constitution," for her tolerance of exceptional and eccentricity, and for individual quality which "made it impossible to 'make single, one-sided regiments of her classes.'" Her great special attraction, he declared to be that "she cherishes so many vital ideals, yet makes a scale of value among them; so that even her apparently insensible second-enthusiasm (or only occasional first-enthusiasm) in intercollegiate athletics comes from her seeing so well that sport is but sport, that victory over Yale is not the whole of the law and the prophets, and that a pugna is not the crack of doom." It is evident from Dr. James's use of language that he was a James—and the brother of his brother Henry—before he became a Harvard doctor, and after. He certainly made the finest extenuation of Harvard athletics that was ever made. It was a clothing of her with defeat as with a shining garment, and inviting her to ride ahead of the band. And it was only an aside, too; something thrown in with the elucidation of his main point that "the only rational ground for pre-eminent admiration of any single college would be its pre-eminent spiritual tone." The chief token by which he inferred that Harvard had a pre-eminent spiritual tone was that she attracted thoughtful persons in large numbers and from afar, and cherished them. "The colleges," said he, "in their more club-house quality, cannot differ widely. All must be worthy of the loyalties and affections they arouse. But as a nursery for independent and lonely thinkers, I do believe that Harvard still is in the van." Maybe so! At any rate it is an interesting opinion, based on grounds that all critics of colleges may find it profitable to remember.



## Recent Discussion of the Fifteenth Amendment

We are not among those who hold that a repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution would be practicable at the present time. Until the change of public opinion with reference to that amendment—change which has already made considerable progress, shall have become much more widely prevalent in the Northern section of our country, it is improbable that the necessary assent of two-thirds of each House of Congress and of three-fourths of the States could be secured. Not on that account would we deprecate the discussion of the subject as premature or fruitless. Only through discussion it is possible that Northern citizens should arrive at a sober second thought concerning the matter. It is useful, therefore, to consider all suggestions relating to the Fifteenth Amendment that emanate from men of extensive observation and trained intellect. Professor Goldwin Smith, whose knowledge of our political and social evolution has been attested by a remarkable history of the United States, has lately published some interesting remarks upon the topic. He seems inclined to regard with a good deal of misgiving the total repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, on the ground that such a repeal would probably lead to the permanent exclusion of the negro from political rights and from any hope of ever acquiring the status of a citizen. It would tend, in other words, to the establishment of a race of political helots.

Not many Americans will share Mr. Smith's apprehensions on this score. A repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment would simply leave the suffrage where the Constitution originally placed it, to wit, in the hands of the States. Such States as chose might give the suffrage to the negro, just as they may, if they choose, give the suffrage to women. In those States which should withhold the suffrage from the negro he would be no worse off than women are in all except four of the States. He could with no more justice be described as a helot than a woman can; because in Læonia, where the law originated, a helot did not possess the same rights before the law which were enjoyed by a Spartan, or even by a free Læonian inhabiting a rural district. The withholding of the suffrage would not deprive the negro of equal civic rights which are enjoyed by women in most of the States. His position would be precisely analogous to that occupied by many white men who lacked the property qualification which was prescribed for the franchise in most of the Northern States for many years after the formation of the Union. It seems at present improbable that in any of the Northern States white men would by State Constitutions or by statutes exclude the negro from the suffrage on account of his race or color, and no remedy might provide for the exclusion of ignorant blacks by prescribing an educational qualification, such as exists in Massachusetts, or by making the consent of the local authorities essential to the exercise of the franchise, which curious application of the local-option principle is exemplified in Vermont. Nothing but the growing frequency in the Northern States of the new negro crime, by which is meant the crime against white women, and the conviction that this crime is due to the notion of political and social equality implanted by the gift of the suffrage, is likely to cause such a revulsion of Northern sentiment as to lead to the wholesale disfranchisement of the blacks on the ground of their race or color.

While Mr. Goldwin Smith would dissuade the American people from a repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, he recognizes that, at the present time, it cannot be enforced in many of the Southern States without provoking vehement resistance on the part of the white community. He admits, in other words, that a state of things exists in many of the Southern States for which a remedy is needed. The remedy that he proposes is the suspension of the operation of the Fifteenth Amendment for a certain term of years. The years of suspension would be a period of tutelage and probation, at the end of which it might be seen whether Booker Washington's patience, the development of habits of industry and thrift, had proved sufficient. In the mean time, he would require for the Northern States to give satisfactory pledges of respect for the negro's personal rights, and against a revival of slavery under any form. In a word, he holds that word-big, either than political enfranchisement, should be the principle provisionally applied.

We are constrained to say that this remedy would be impotent. An amendment of the Federal Constitution could only be suspended by a new amendment, to secure which, as we have recalled, the assent of two-thirds of each House of Congress and of three-fourths of the States would be requisite. It would be well-nigh as hard to obtain such a close approach to unanimity for suspension as for repeal. Indeed, it would be more difficult than political citizens, who remember the deplorable incidents of the Reconstruction period, would foresee that to make negroes wards of the Federal government would inevitably lead to friction between Federal and State authorities. An outright repeal, on the other hand, would cause no friction, because, as we have said, the whole question of suffrage would then be referred to the States.

It would seem, moreover, superfluous in order to suggest the necessity of constitutional amendment to respect to the cumbersome Fifteenth Amendment, inasmuch as that amendment is already sus-

pending in fact by a number of State Constitutions in the Southern section of our country, and inasmuch as the United States Supreme Court in a recent decision has declined to give any relief to alleged sufferers from the suffrage clause of such Constitutions. Had the United States Supreme Court taken an opposite position, agitation for a repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment might, indeed, be deemed indispensable and urged by a large and increasing part of the white community at the North as well as at the South. Even as it is, we must regard it as of the utmost importance that public opinion should support the highest Federal tribunal in the wise attitude that it has taken. The question of the validity of the suffrage clause of the Constitution of Alabama will again be brought before it at an early date in a case technically different from that which was formerly presented. Nor is this the only reason why a conviction that the Fifteenth Amendment was a piece of immature and imprudent, if not vindictive, legislation, should be driven home by enlightening and earnest discussion to the public mind. It will be remembered that, in the opinion which accompanied the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Alabama case, the majority of the judges held that the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment was not their business, but the business of the political department of the Federal government. There is no doubt that the political department can enforce it if it chooses, for the Fifteenth Amendment itself provides that "the Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation." As long ago, however, as 1892 public opinion in the Northern States pronounced decisively against a "Force bill," and it is certain that the feeling adverse to such legislation is stronger now than it was then. Only by persistency in public discussion, however, can that feeling be maintained, extended, and intensified.

With regard to Professor Goldwin Smith's suggestion that the Southern States might be called upon to give satisfactory pledges of respect for the negro's personal rights, and against a revival of slavery under any form, this, also, seems to us unnecessary. There is not a white man at the North, and there are few white men in the South, who do not believe in the rigorous enforcement of the Thirteenth Amendment, which provides that "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. There is not a white man at the North, and there are very few, if any, in the South, who would not applaud the exercise by Congress of the power given to it by the Thirteenth Amendment to enforce this particular article by appropriate legislation should such enforcement be required. Again, we must recognize, however, that such legislation is needless. Public opinion at the North sternly condemns the evasions of this amendment which have been recently committed in certain counties of Alabama, where county magistrates have sentenced negro delinquents to labor during a specified term for white men who have paid their fines. Such sentences are at this moment the subjects of judicial inquiry in a Federal court presided over by a judge who is an Alabamian by birth, and there is no doubt that any evasion of the Fifteenth Amendment will be by him exposed and nullified.

## Democratic Prospects and Candidates

Mr. EDMUND W. PETTUS, lately a United States Senator from Alabama, is reported to have said that he can see no prospect of success for the Democracy in 1904, owing to the factional discussion within the party. He is also alleged to have declared that, if he had a favorite candidate, he would not name him in this hour, lest the candidate should draw the fire of one faction or another. At the same time, Mr. Pettus inadvertently disclosed his own predilection by the statement that the Democracy has never gained anything through coalition with other parties—he must have had the Liberal Republicans, the Greenbackers, and the Populists in mind—but would do wisely to become once more, what it was formerly, namely, the most conservative of political organizations. That is to say, he does not approve of Mr. Bryan, who personifies the alliance with Populism, but desires the re-assertion of those principles which are incarnate in Mr. Cleveland. We also learn from close observers of the situation in West Virginia we refer to lawyers whose professions often compel them to traverse the State—that Mr. Cleveland is the only Democrat who can carry that commonwealth. As we have previously pointed out, West Virginia—in addition to the otherwise Solid South, and to New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana—is indispensable to the success of the Democratic candidate, unless, indeed, he can carry Colorado and Montana, which, if free silver is repudiated, might be difficult. Meanwhile, with an election that looks like a reaction from trepidation, some Republican journalists, since the return of President Roosevelt from his Western tour, have discovered the existence of so-called Roosevelt Democrats west of the Rocky Mountains and have announced the entire collapse of what they term the Cleveland boom. With a suspicious anxiety to shield

the Democracy from the consequences of an alleged field error, they assert, on authority for the most part anonymous, that, if Mr. Cleveland by chance were nominated, the Democracy, early would practically cease to exist in the Trans-Mississippi States north of Missouri and west of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas.

We have recently directed attention to the fact that the Democrats would be caucus-chasers if they attempted to carry any of those States, with the possible exceptions of Colorado and Montana. Their efforts must be concentrated on the old pivotal States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, to which, under the new apportionment, West Virginia must be added. The single question for ex-Senator Pettus and other far-sighted Southern leaders to consider is who in the Democrat host qualified to carry these five indispensable States? We repeat that, if any Democrat now living can carry West Virginia, it is Mr. Cleveland, and the same thing may be said of New Jersey. There is not a well-informed Republican in New Jersey who would not privately give up the State on the morrow of Mr. Cleveland's nomination. That in Indiana every Gold Democrat would rally to Mr. Cleveland's standard goes without saying, the only question in that State being whether all the Baywitsers could be retained.

Of New York and Connecticut, which usually follows in the wake of its colossal neighbor, we often hear it said that much depends on the outcome of the municipal election in the Greater New York this autumn. If the Tammany Hall candidate for Mayor is elected, we are told that the Democracy of the Southern States may flack up heart, and enter the Presidential campaign with some hope of victory, and if Mayor Lusk is re-elected the Democracy must despair. We take a different view of the matter. If Tammany Hall is beaten it will continue to be on its good behavior. Moreover, if Mayor Lusk should be successful, it could only be through the aid of tens of thousands of Democratic votes, every one of which in 1884 would go to Mr. Cleveland, or to any other conservative candidate put forward by the Democracy. The outcome of the Mayoralty election will probably be determined by the result of the pending investigation of the charges brought against the Dock Commissioners appointed by Mayor Van Wyck, in which investigation Mr. Murphy, the present leader of Tammany Hall, is implicated. In the light, however, of the two hot elections for Governor, it would be absurd to say that the result of New York city by Tammany Hall is indispensable to the success of a Democratic candidate for the Presidency in the State. In 1884, Mr. Roosevelt, running for Governor, with Tammany Hall mistress of New York city, obtained a plurality more than twice as large as was secured last year by Mr. Ulster, although then all the power and patronage of New York city was in the hands of a Republican Mayor.

Under all circumstances, we find it difficult to understand why ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, in an interview published on June 28, should have dismissed as impossible the candidacy of ex-President Cleveland for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Pattison was convinced, he said, that there was hardly any conceivable set of conditions under which Mr. Cleveland could be elected, even should he receive the nomination, which was pronounced out of the question. The ex-Governor's words would carry more weight if he had proceeded to analyze the situation in the five pivotal States, and to show why Mr. Cleveland could not carry any one of them, as, for instance, New Jersey. He gave no reason for his opinion, except this, that the people of this country will not give any man a third term at this time, and he added that he hoped they never will. We are surprised that a veteran lawyer should disregard the legal maxim, *Contra ventum remanet de jure*, and refuse to recognize that, where the three terms are not consecutive, there is no ground for the objection to a third term. Under such circumstances, a principle would dissolve into a prejudice. Not that we are disposed to moderate the not-repelling effect of mere prejudice, provided the prejudicial should seem likely to prevail in the north of argument and common sense. We are very skeptical as to such persistency. We have never doubted, for instance, that if General Grant had received the Republican nomination in 1880 he would not only have been elected, but would have run much better than did Mr. Garfield. Yet Grant was a military man, and to those who did not know him personally, the imputation of intended favoritism might not seem utterly ridiculous. The wildest Republican spellbinder, however, would be too slow to exhibit a guffin in charging Grover Cleveland with aspiring to become a Czar. There are extravagances of hyperbole which even a torchlight procession cannot stand. Outside of an insane asylum, nobody can picture the image of Prince as a law-giving dictator, bent upon strangling the commonwealth. We fear that ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison is devoid of any sense of humor.

It must, at the same time, be admitted that, although Mr. Cleveland has repudiated the interview published in a Texas newspaper, one of the statements ascribed to him therein is entirely well founded. It is true that as yet no Democratic leader controlling the party machinery in any one of the law-giving States, has up-  
strung the commonwealth. We fear that ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison is devoid of any sense of humor.

occur before next spring that will point irrevocably to some other candidate, but not until the Democratic national convention of 1884 has met and has deliberately given the nomination to another, will it be safe for ex-Governor Pattison, or for anybody else, to describe Mr. Cleveland as an impossibility.

## Use of the Streets

It is not generally known that New York city is without any well defined, clearly construed laws by its government. The presumed basis of its regulation rests upon ordinances, but what they are or mean is not easily comprehended. There is a confused mass of numerous paragraphs which are so described, but their relevancy or applicability, in most cases, has not been determined. To fence this mass into meaning has been undertaken several times, but generally with an ignorance that has failed to provide a remedy for most grievances. These futile efforts induced the Board of Aldermen to appropriate the sum of \$25000 a year for effect this result, but the expenditure was limited to a period of four years by a change of administration, and no benefit derived. Of all grievances, the nuisance of the streets affects the people more directly. There is no doubt that the right to their free use for passage is vested in the people of the entire State, and they have conferred upon the Board of Aldermen, with certain limitations, the power to govern this use by ordinance. Yet its exercise has been so confounded by ignorance, that satisfactory government is difficult, and this would be further increased by a question as to the extent of territory under their control. Above Bleeker Street, the city owns the fee to the centre of the roadway, but below, the fee is in the owner of the adjoining land, though the people have an undoubted easement in its use for passage. But whether subject to an undivided use in the owner, is a question. If the latter is government to a public use, then any restriction imposed by ordinance is without effect, and the walks may be encumbered for any length of time if there is no unreasonable impairment of the easement. Without considering this aspect of the case, the courts have decided that a reasonable use may be made of the walks and streets in conducting business, and have clearly defined what they meant. But indifference to the rights of the public, has extended this use to the non-appropriation of the thoroughfares. What the people demand and the law requires is, that merchandise shall not be permitted to interfere with a public use beyond the immediate requirements of receipt and delivery without using the walks as a storehouse.

The exposure of merchandise for sale within three feet of the house line, is a direct violation of the law, it may be exposed, but not sold. However, there is little wisdom in this distinction, and the ordinance could be repealed without operating any hardship, and it should be done as far as it relates to vegetables and things edible. There is one exception, however, and this gives the right to builders to use one-third of a street for the deposit of building materials, but they seldom recognize any limit. Many, with a thought to the public convenience, prepare and store their materials in the cellars, thus showing that there is no necessity for a general privilege. The law gives no right to sink masonry in the street, yet it is done. Nor is there any for the erection of frame buildings for workmen to sleep in, nor for engines on the walks. It is therefore clear, that, with the exception referred to, the only lawful right of the public is to pass along the public thoroughfares, together with such a reasonable use of them that will not interfere with the safety, comfort, and health of others. This would prevent the hauling of wares through the streets, suppress the discordant hum of the *sciow-winders*, and eliminate the offensive push-cart. An ordinance created the latter, and grants permission for them to be kept in one place for ten minutes. But it is absolutely useless, for if it could under the right for ten minutes, it could for ten hours. Head-ergers are permitted to be played during the day, between the hours of nine and seven, yet, without interference, they destroy the quiet of earlier and later hours.

There has also been a complaint of a general inclination to avoid the obligations of citizenship. We have not the civic pride which makes for the good of a city. We cannot depend upon the people for aid in securing a better observance of law. There is an assumed right to follow a selfish purpose, and any lawful objection is resented. This feeling naturally follows a prolonged lack of subordination until it becomes indifference.

In the prosecution of all violations the great difficulty has been in the lack of importance attached to them generally by the courts, notwithstanding that in many cases causing injury, the city is liable in damages. Complaints have been numerous enough, but through political favor the defendants have rarely been seldom required to appear in court, and whether they did or not, it was generally only some anonymous person who was made known to the most respectable and dispassionate before disposal. Such action was seldom taken willingly, but was under the stress of political conduct. However, in most cases, violations were due to ignorance,

though many were persisted in by the protection of political favor.

The immediate necessity is for an intelligent revision of the ordinances, repealing those that have become obsolete, and framing others in the light of judicial decisions that will remove ambiguity, when enforcement may be procured by instructions to the police force, enabling them to understand them.

### The Neal Case in Delaware

It seems to be the opinion of some of the best citizens of Delaware—Judge Gray and General James H. Wilson, for instance—that the lynching by which their State has been disgraced might have been averted had it not for the unfortunate refusal of the Wilmington judges to call at once a term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer for the trial of the negro White. They were unwilling, they said, to establish a mischievous precedent, but what precedent could be more mischievous than the lynching which their decision provoked. They also said that, while the crime was fresh, it might be difficult to secure a jury before which the accused person could have a fair trial. We cannot conceive of a petit jury before which the negro White would not have had a better chance for his life than he had at the hands of the Wilmington mob. The judges further alleged that the people of Wilmington could have waited till the autumn in the absolute assurance that the crime would be adequately punished. They seem to have forgotten the case of the negro Neal, which, it is probable, was in the minds of every member of the mob.

It is but twenty-three years since an atrocious assault was made by the negro Neal on the wife of a farmer named Langdon, who lived near Clayton, Delaware. As in the White case, the woman was not only outraged but murdered. Neal was arrested soon after the crime, and, after being confined in jail for a few months, was tried, and sentenced to be hanged. His counsel, however, Athony Higgins, at one time a United States Senator from Delaware, took the case to another court. On the second trial the negro was again condemned to be hanged. The convict's lawyer appealed, with the result that a third trial took place, and a third sentence to the death penalty was imposed. Once more the case was carried to the Supreme Court, and, after an interval, Neal was acquitted upon a technicality. He is still living in freedom, his crime having gone unpunished of the law. With such a notorious proof that in Delaware, as far as the courts were concerned, a negro ravisher and murderer might go free. It is not surprising that many Wilmington people regarded with indignation the refusal of the judges to order a speedy trial for the negro White.

We may here point out that some of the attempts to make political capital out of the crime by attributing it to a predatory negro attracted from the Southern States by the premium offered by the Adickes Republicans for negro votes will not bear close scrutiny. The negro White turns out to have been a native of Pennsylvania, and to have served a term in the penitentiary of that State for an assault on a white woman. Had he been adequately punished for that offense he might have been deterred from repeating it. As for courting the negro vote in Delaware, the Adickes and the anti-Adickes factions are equally guilty. We have just seen how ex-Senator Higgins enticed himself to the colored race. We do not hesitate to say that the lynching of White is directly traceable to the shameful mismanagement of justice in the Neal case.

### Clauses Struck Out of the Declaration

AMID the innumerable questions that were delivered on the Fourth of July, how many pointed out the remarkable difference between the text of the Declaration of Independence as signed, and the original draught, or recalled the circumstances under which the change was made, and drew attention to the momentous consequences thereof. The verbal alterations made in the Declaration, as penned by Jefferson, were unimportant, and of the two passages omitted, one, which outraged the British people for upholding the King and Parliament in acts of usurpation, was omitted, but such sweeping reprobation should give offense to the English friends of the colonies, who, though greatly outnumbered, were outspoken and unflinching. The omission of this passage was, also, for within seven years, the friends of the colonies were to become a majority of the House of Commons.

The other clause which was stricken out of Jefferson's draught was of tremendous prospective moment, and had it been suffered to stand, could not have been reconciled with the perpetuation of slavery under the Federal Constitution which was framed in 1787.

In that rejected clause, Jefferson had arraigned King George III. for waging cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of distant people who never offended him, capturing and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable deaths in their

transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, was, said Jefferson, the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men might be bought and sold, he had prostituted his own power by suppressing every legislative attempt on the part of the colonies to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce. And, finally, that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of infamous dye, the King, George III., was now inciting those very people to rise in arms against the colonists, and to purchase the liberty of which he had deprived them by murdering the people on whom he had obtruded them, thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.

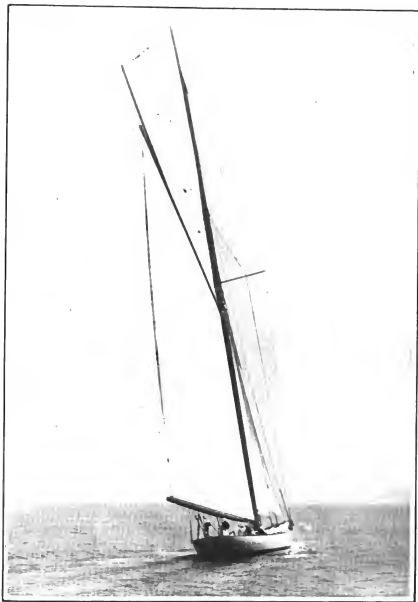
Jefferson himself has revealed how the clause reprobating the enslavement of the inhabitants of Africa came to be elided from the Declaration. It was omitted, he says, in compliance with the wishes of South Carolina, and Georgia, which, unlike some other colonies, had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, but which, on the contrary, desired to continue it. Jefferson goes on to say that "our Northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under these remarks, for, although their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others."

It will be remembered that it was a like co-operation of the New England States with South Carolina and Georgia in the Philadelphia convention which caused slavery to be perpetuated in the Federal Constitution, and even the slave-trade to be tolerated up to 1808. What a Pandora's box of woes was opened when the anti-slavery clause of the Declaration penned by Jefferson was blotted out.

### Anglo-American Trade War

Two remarkable incidents in the trade war between the United States and England gain lamenessly in interest from the light they shed on the new fiscal policy advocated by Secretary Chamberlain. For two years the United States and England have been fighting for the tobacco trade of all countries in which the weed is not a government monopoly. The Americans, chiefly represented by the Tobacco Trust, found that their only hope of success lay in a bold invasion of England, and an attack on the home market, which would compel the English manufacturers to concentrate their resources at home, and thus make their foreign outposts more vulnerable. The English tobacco men immediately saw that they must unite, and their newly formed Imperial Tobacco Company began business by offering to distribute \$200,000 among English dealers who boycotted American wares. The American Trust saw this, and raised it, offering to distribute a yearly sum of about six million dollars, among its faithful retailers. Swarms of English tobaccoists immediately made contracts with the invaders, a cut rate war began, and tobacco was peacefully given away by the thousand tons. But this secret ruin for both English and American traders. They therefore made peace, the Americans evacuating England, while the Englishmen withdrew from America and Cuba. Thus the Englishmen fought their battle and won it, without any preferential tariff, while the American company, by buying factories in Belfast, India, and Australia, showed how easy it is to skip across a tariff wall, such as Secretary Chamberlain proposes. The said factories have since been resold to the Englishmen. There is still that magnificent bluff of six million dollars a year in bonuses, and Lord Chief-Justice Alverston has just decided that it must be paid, the American company being liable for two-thirds, while the Englishmen must pay a third.

A far more serious incident is the cotton situation in Lancashire generally, and Manchester in particular. For generations Manchester has passed into a groove for greedy, complacent commercialism; and India owes much of her starvation economics to the pressure which the Manchester men have brought to bear on successive English administrations, compelling them to keep the Indian markets open to Lancashire cotton, regardless of India's own interests and nascent trade. The hand of Nemesis has now fallen, it would seem, on the Manchester man. The cause is the sudden rise of American cotton, which, after selling for years at six or seven cents a pound, has suddenly soared to fourteen cents, partly as the result of hull operations in New Orleans and elsewhere, and partly through the efforts of the "hole weevil," who is steadily extending his operations southward from their original base in southern Texas. At the moment of writing, every cotton-mill in Lancashire, which practically means every cotton-mill in cotton is prohibitive. A universal alarm is expressed, and it is openly stated that, should those high prices continue, the cotton trade of England will die a sudden and violent death. Englishmen have to some degree foreseen this possibility, and recent projects to begin cotton planting on an immense scale in West Africa show one direction from which help may ultimately come. But, while the cotton grows, the mills will starve. Here again it should be noted that Secretary Chamberlain's policy would be unavailing.



### FIRST TRIAL OF "SHAMROCK III." IN AMERICAN WATERS

Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger recently showed her speed in a trial spin with her professor, "Shamrock I," over a twenty-four-mile course of Sandy Hook. The new racer finished more than half a mile ahead of the older boat and it is claimed that she can do better than that. The above snap shot was taken at the finish-line before "Shamrock I" had come in sight.

# Diversions of the Higher Journalist

## Two Contrasting and Fascinating Books

THE Thoughtful Reader, who is not always to be distinguished from the Unstable Reader by vs., but as apt to be a woman at a man, said that he had just been lying down late and rising up early in the interest of two new books, which had perturbed his nights and days like the sense of a strong personal experience. What affected him first in regard to them was their absolute contrast; what bore in a manner fairy-tales, the one of science, the other of faith.

"Of course," the Higher Journalist said, "you can be talking only of 'New Conceptions in Science' and 'Repealed Men.'"  
"Yes," the thoughtful reader allowed, "and I have been reading them in the order you have given them. I suppose Mr. Carl Snyder would not quite like being called a poet, and I am not sure that Mr. Howard Pyle would, and yet both of them take the imaginative, the poetic view of their subjects, and both with such varying method, present the results with a like effect of captivating the fancy and, paradoxically enough, convincing the reason."  
This declaration gave the higher journalist a pause of which he availed himself to look wise. "I don't know that I follow you," he said.

"Why, I mean that you can no more praise Mr. Pyle's dramatized thesis that if Christ came to our day and generation on the terms of his first advent,—truly and truly come so,—he could suffer the same fate from the highest and best representatives of our civilization as he suffered from those of the Jewish civilization nineteen hundred years ago, than you can refuse Mr. Snyder's facts of physics."

"Both are like measure ascertained in the reason, with an added force in the consciousness with regard to Mr. Pyle's thesis that makes it still more convincing. I don't think it would be going too far to say that he is a more dispassionate witness of the truth presented than Mr. Snyder, though I do not suppose Mr. Snyder, at the highest and best representatives of our civilization. On the other hand, his truth is not quite so novel. The case has been treated before, though Mr. Pyle treats it with entire originality. I hope you are one of the few but fit people who remember Mrs. Lynn Linton's 'Joshua Davidson.'"

The higher journalist tried to look as if he were, and said, "Oh, yes."

"But the difference between her treatment of it and Mr. Pyle's is that upon the whole she makes you feel that the scribbles and phantasies of 1870 were culprits wrong in their dealings with the Saviour of mankind when he came a second time, while Mr. Pyle, now when Christ comes in our own day, has no wish to convict the scribbles and phantasies of wilful error. They receive Christ as they do, coming as he does, with his tremendous pretensions so entirely unappreciated by his noted critics, his shabby following, his timid, ignorant, and wicked men, but precisely because they are the most enlightened, respectable, and orderly people of their time. They form not only the most refined and cultivated class, but they are allied socially with the plutocracy, and are equally interested with that ruling caste in the maintenance of the status. They conclude that better Element which you and I are so proud to belong to."

"It has carried through the municipal reforms which have swept the country like a tidal wave," the higher journalist said, thoughtfully.

"Well, that is as it may be," the other only partially assented, "Mr. Pyle does not condemn them; he almost justifies them in showing them what they inevitably are, and in predicting what they do from what they are. He would possibly allow that they are a growth from the original stock of error, an effect of that fatally mischievous direction of civilization which Tolstoy holds has brought 'Christianity' upon the same page with Paganism, but he would not, could not apparently, allow that they were personally culpable or personally responsible. They are wrong only so far as we are all wrong; and if we have any duty in the matter it is to find out where the common blunder began."

The higher journalist had nothing to say on this point, and the thoughtful reader went on.

"A very curious aspect of the allegory he presents is that it has to do almost wholly with the miraculous Christ. It is in doing this that his pictorial power makes itself felt. I think he alone among them, in the effort of being original, he is almost thought and felt his subject and in the story part of this strange work of his, he is as greatly an artist as in anything he has done poor. He convinces you not only that the person supposed are instances, the raising of Lazarus, as the omniscient young plasterer have read it, you have been there, down on Long Island, and seen the dead man come, out of the receiving-vault in the ugly con-

try, in his underclothes' dress-suit, and look about him with his dead eyes.

"It is something tremendous, and the verity is built up out of the facts, which are never sought and never assumed because they are shabby and commonplace. What the author evidently wants you to do is to realize that if the historical Christ came again on the historical terms, he would meet the historical fate which seems to us so terrible and impossible, but which would be perfectly inevitable. In our lifings and agings associations, we attribute this fate to the pictorial Christ who is familiar to us in sacred and legendary art, and to the subjective Christ whom we learned to know at our mother's knees, and who is for each of us the only Christ, whether we vitally obey him, or whether we merely worship him as drame scenery. Between this Christ and the historical Christ there is a gulf which no man has ever passed, save some poet or artist. For the most part even poets and artists fall of passing it. A few years ago I saw that awful Russian picture of Pilate visiting Christ in prison the morning after he had been scourged. I suffered from the sight as much as if it had come with Pilate, not because that poor, half-rained, tattered, and beaten man was the Son of God, but because he was a poor, half-crazed, tattered, beaten man. He did not relate himself at all to the Christ, at once pathetic and majestic, who had always been in my consciousness."

"Then you mean to say that the subjective, and not the historical Christ is the real Christ," the higher journalist demanded.

"My dear friend, I say no more than that Mr. Pyle leaves us that consolation or he leaves us none. You might as well bring me to look in regard to the universe as I have been learning to know it from Mr. Snyder's fascinating essays on the world beyond our senses. The first question, what this world is made of, the next idea as to what is mind, how the brain thinks, and the rest."

"He propounds no theories of his own, he only sums up and presents the conclusions of the great scientific investigators as to the facts in the case; it offers no new theories, and for those who are not willing, and for whose sake you cannot refuse them. Their primary source is in hypotheses from which they are logically obligatory, but are not very thinkable. A molecule divisible into millions of atoms does not mean any more to me, now that I am told there is an infinitesimal atom that is no longer divisible, than it did before; but I am charmed to know it. From time to time I have felt rather lost in a universe lost in infinite space; but now that I find the sum of the universe may be safely estimated as something between sixty and sixty thousand millions, and that there are 'no nature boundaries beyond which there is nothing,' I find myself much more at home in the material frame of things."

"To my profane perception the lawfulness are imaginably of the same quality with those which might be drawn from the small boy's hypothesis that darkness is nothing but little fine black fuzz, but as no experiments have yet been founded on this hypothesis, and as a vast number of experiments, all tending to establish them have been founded on the other hypothesis, I am bound to accept the new scientific conceptions. In fact, I do not wish to repeat the same error in accepting them of the nature of that which Charles Lamb experienced in letting his mind behold in a vacuum." I have a personal modesty in knowing to them which is naturally enhanced in me by the humiliating fact that we ourselves very few of us are exceptions in science to the studies of our American investigators; we are behind almost every other people in these."

"But I don't see," the higher journalist protested, "just where your notion of a subjective universe comes in."

"I don't know that I've greatly insisted on that notion, I merely say that the investigators, who are not so much as you realize it. They carry themselves to a point where appreciable matter seems to disappear, to rush into something far thinner than smoke, to disperse themselves into ultrasonic spaces he-jayvee, what am I to do with it? I am making bold to say, a little hypothesis of my own, which if I could duly experiment with it, through mathematics and chemistry, might prove of the great most conduct to the true."

"What if it is the basis where matter ceases to be, say all a few miles beyond the farthest of those sixty or sixty thousand million suns, spirit should begin? Spirit would not find that difficult, for spirit knows neither time nor space, and would be as active as it is in the midst of men and day."

"I think," the higher journalist said, "you might find Asserius enough to draw the balance of scientific investigation, which is now against us, by excursions on the line of your hypothesis. You may offer it to the Christian Scientists, or the 'Dimitrics.'"

"Now," the thoughtful reader protested, "you are beginning to be trivial, which is always a danger of yours. You have reached the limit where beyond which there is nothing in you."



*At the Corner of South and Berksman Streets during the Storm  
The boys of the neighborhood are navigating the flooded streets in empty soap-boxes*



*A Scene at the Corner of West and Vesey Streets after the heavy Rains of last Week  
Cellars were flooded and the streets inundated in many parts of the downtown district of the city*

## **NEW YORK CITY A FLOOD CENTRE**

# About Berlin

By Sydney Brooks

London, June 27, 1901.

IT is the rut of the hedge, or else the dropping of the "K's," that first really convinces one that this is England. In America I think one's introduction to the virtues of the country is to hear oneself called an "Aussie." On the Continent there can be no question of what it is that strikes the same assured note of individuality and welcome. It is the sight of a blue blouse. So that the railway porter who took my baggage the other day from the steamer to the train at the Hook of Holland stood for more than he knew. He was thinking of his tip, and I of his blue blouse. Possibly, too, he was wondering what outlandish tongue, if any, I spoke. He had tried Dutch and English and German and French, and was desperately addressing himself to Italian without getting a single response. But it was his own fault. The blouse was so very, so continually blue, and the pleurings of twenty years came rushing back at the sight of it—three Paris expatriates, and I know not how many week ends in the same city, some in Brittany, walking trips through the French provinces with a cicerone, a glimpse of an Englishman or an American for weeks at a stretch, Switzerland and its rambles, his inevitable journey down the Rhine, botchings in Holland, and so on.



A Union Transporter  
Expressed by Remon after the attack by Dussak.

and so on. I could not explain all this to the Dutchman, but I hope the tip I gave him, but his blouse, satisfied its owner. He stowed my baggage at a nod in the Berlin car, and went off to provide for a less salacious victim.

Holland at six o'clock on a brilliant May morning! I chose a seat by the window to look out on it. From the Hook to Berlin was a new route to me, but Holland is always and everywhere Holland. There is not a square mile in the country that could be mistaken for anywhere else. You may have to glance twice and even thrice at certain bits of France to be sure you are not in England, and longer still at parts of Switzerland to convince yourself it is not Italy. But Holland never looks anything but Holland, like it white and when and how you please. It has the unobscured stamp of an absolute individuality.

Holland once past, the run to Berlin confirmed one's worst fears of German dullness. It was a rich, fertile strip of the country, but happily not. One could have got out and had a game of billiards on it almost anywhere. I was reminded alternately of England and America—of England by the wide-plastered, oak-banned cottages and the plentiful cultivation of America by the shelter of hedges and country houses and estates and gardens, and by the open, unobscured, unshaded aspect of things. There was little or nothing distinctly German about it, barring the inevitable peaked semi-military caps on the laborer's heads, the trumper of women working in the fields, and the old men in charge of the local showings who stood at attention as we passed. It was not until we drew up at Hannover that I caught sight of anything that could only have happened in Germany. There was a youth on the platform, of a nervous, washed-out, insignificant appearance, the son, I should judge, of some small tradesman. He waited bodily to find out something or other about his train, and his way of finding out was to make little rushes at every official and to come across, lift his hat, and then put it to him. I do not think it would have occurred to any one but a German to take off Hohenzollern trappings in that little act. But as even I, a stranger, could have told him, you do not in Germany get things done for beneath it; and if beneath it, then very much beneath it. The poor fellow was made patent, and the conductor's eyes followed him as he lurched on. As we steamed out of the station he simply turned him at it, the same dejected sweep of the hat meeting with no still failure. I really pitied him. It was so obvious he would have to lower his standards or emigrate.

Berlin is the Chicago of Germany. In the equality of its growth it is nothing else. To one who has not visited it for ten or twelve years the place seems to have trembled and quaked itself. Very

likely it has; but what most impresses one is not the extent, but the quality, of its growth. It is the only modern city I know of that has managed to escape looking artificial. Most foreigners complain that New York looks as though it had been hit off at a stroke and dumped down on Manhattan Island by contract. Their inroad against its deadly uniformity, its English lines, its prosaic precision. They say that it has been far too obviously mapped out by architects and surveyors instead of by nature. None of these charges could be brought against Berlin. The city, or most of it, at any rate, is as modern as New York, but the labor of building it has been most dexterously hidden. The Germans took hold of the problem of a Greater Berlin with the same intelligent foresight that they threw into their preparations for Sedan; and they have made it something considerably better than a mere show board of brick and stone and mortar. The streets have a curved and rattling spaciousness; they are shaded with avenues of trees, faultlessly asphalted, and clean with a cleanliness surpassing that of Paris. You would not call it a beautiful city, but handsome and imposing it certainly is. Electric cars, running with an American smoothness and comfort, traverse it in all directions, and along with the white buildings and the crystalline air, give one at first an impression of an improved New York. The architecture is either too formal for English or American taste, but, for all that, decidedly effective, and a drive from the Unter den Linden to Charlottenburg will take one past a succession of finer houses than either London or New York can show. And even the official architecture, in spite of the Kaiser's directing patronage, has its points. There are its statues in the Siegesallee quite as unobjectionable as those in Central Park and the streets of London.

If Berlin may be taken as typical of the new Germany, the old days of plain living and high thinking seem well-nigh over. There may be plenty of high thinking done in the capital, but it certainly is no longer a city of comparatively plain living. The rents are such as to upset even a New Yorker's eye, household expenses are proportionately severe, and the clubs, the theatres, the stores, and, above all, the hotels and restaurants, point in a direction that does not lead by any means to economy. There are hotels to-day in Berlin that rival and in some points even exceed the Waldorf, the Unter den Linden, and the Carlton. True, they are not built for, and possibly are not greatly patronized by, the Berliners themselves, to whom the open-air café is still the choicest and most popular resort; but their mere presence suggests an emphatic change from the old ways. Berlin, in short, has been swept into the cosmopolitan whirlpool, and though its social standards seem hardly quite fixed—for instance, it has no dinner hour—yet the advance all along the line in luxury and pleasure-seeking is palpable enough. An old Berliner who knows the world pretty well remarked to me: "I suppose there is no city in which so many people are living beyond their means as in the Berlin of to-day." Twenty years ago such a statement would have been incredible, and fifty years ago impossible.



University Students in Berlin  
After a drawing by Lloyd



*The Major fails to see the ditch beyond the fence.*



*And makes to the situation too late*



*To save himself and his mount.*



*He accordingly follows the laws of gravity.*



*Gets entangled with the reins, and—*



*Sits up and swears*

## **THE STORY OF A SPILL**

*As recorded by the cinematograph*



# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

IN a paper written on the occasion of Gladstone's interment at Westminster Abbey, in July, 1903, Canon Scott Holland thus recalled the first meeting of Gladstone and Ruskin. "It was, curiously, far on in each life; but somewhere about the year 1881." Canon Holland seems to have trusted to his memory, hence the discrepancy, for the meeting actually took place three

years earlier. "Mr. Ruskin had written an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, which had profoundly stirred Mr. Gladstone, and it was suggested that it would be a happy opportunity for Mr. Ruskin to be invited to Hawarden." (Later, we find that Gladstone had returned in the same magazine, and Ruskin writes to Mary Gladstone: "I wonder if your father will forgive my sending him a snappy message by his daughter, that I don't think he need have set himself in the *Nineteenth Century* to prove to this Nineteenth Century that 'all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge were contained.'") Ruskin accepted the invitation to visit Hawarden, and he and Canon Holland arrived on the same train. "As we drove up I discovered he had the darkest view possible of his host, including, from his 'Master' Carlyle, his whose imagination he figured apparently as the symbol of all with which he was at war. Ruskin was therefore extremely timid and suspicious, and had occurred in view of a possible retreat, a telegram which might at any moment summon him home: this telegram loomed largely the first day, and we were constantly under its menace. But as hour by hour he got happier, the reference to his possible arrival came more and more rarely, and finally it became purely mythical. The announcement of the meeting of the two lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversations could conceivably turn. The brilliant optimism of Mr. Ruskin, his things, believing everybody, came clashing up at every turn with the invertebrate pessimism of Mr. Ruskin, who saw nothing on every side but a world rushing headlong down into the pit." This first meeting took place in January, 1878, and a second visit was made by Ruskin to Hawarden in October of the same year. Ruskin was born in February, 1819, so that he was then nearing his three-score years, Gladstone's diary contains three brief allusions to the two visits of his great contemporary:

"Jan. 12, 1878.—Mr. Ruskin came; we had much conversation, interesting of course, as it must always be with him.  
"Jan. 13.—Mr. Ruskin went at 10<sup>15</sup>. In some respects an unrivalled guest, and those important respects too.  
"Jan. 12, 1878.—Mr. Ruskin came; health better, and no diminution of cheer.

"Oct. 12.—Walk with the Duke (of Argyll), Mr. Ruskin and party.  
"Oct. 14.—Walk with Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin at dinner developed his political opinions. They aim at the restoration of the feudal system, and exhibit a mixture of virtuous abolitionism and Christian socialism. All in his charming and characteristic manner.  
"Oct. 15.—Good-bye to Mr. Ruskin, and off for London at 9.5 A.M."

The record of those two visits to Hawarden, and what passed between the eminent statesman and his "unrivalled guest" is chronicled in a little volume just published, entitled *Letters to H. G. and M. G.*, by John Ruskin. The

contents consist of extracts from an old journal concerning Ruskin's visit, the *Letters*, and two supplementary papers by Canon Scott Holland. But the finest fruit of that Hawarden visit was the friendship which sprang up between Ruskin and Mary Gladstone ("M. G."), and the letters written by Ruskin to her, now published for the first time—a rare memorial to her and her

women and little children, or as he puts it for "aibys and children and vintals and so on." The Hon. George Wyndham's preface and Scott Holland's papers rapidly the glimpses of Ruskin a deeper insight and occasional references to the philosophy and politics tinged by his view of the general maywardness of the world, but for the most part, the reader will prefer to dwell on the playfulness and affection in these letters evoked by his admiration and love for the daughter of Hawarden. Noteworthy as the letters are in their added revelation or iteration of Ruskin's teaching and views, they are more valuable in showing that a great man has his gentle, playful, and affectionate side. As Mr. Wyndham observes, the sun and feeling in the letters are so delicately fragile that any appreciation of the prophet's message, also to be found in them here and there, would be not so much out of place as in the sky." There is not one reference to the letters of "M. G." are not given also.



*Ruskin versus Rossetti*  
"Has one been heard, master?"  
"Yes, but I've had my cheek bitten by a dog"

and which it now stung him with shame to remember. It was the thoroughly characteristic and consistent art of a frank, simple, direct, childlike nature. Three days after his departure, in his first letter to Mary Gladstone, he confirms his conviction and announces that the affectionate passage has already been ordered expunged.

HAWARDEN, CROFTON, LANCASHIRE, 26th January, 1878

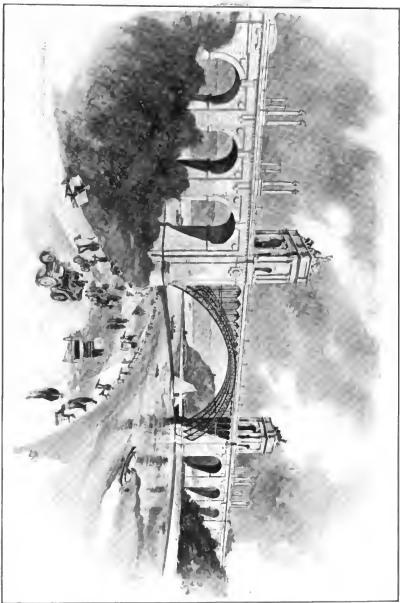
DEAR MARY G.—You say I was not at Hawarden? It has been only my doubt of your story that has prevented my letter of thanks from definitely acknowledging this lovely one of yours after which I feel myself very happy and good. I have not written words, as in ways of showing the present billing-phase of the web of all things one doesn't tell like to say: one's beloved little probes being all so broad in nature, still and more close and beautiful—equally unaccountable—and with little additions which one is greatly ashamed of for having grown so fast, and which one shares not with it! I will consequently say this letter of yours makes me very happy.

I think I am and your sweet dates very warmly for having let me see your father, and understood him in his profession. How is it possible for the men who have known him long to allow the thought of his course of conduct to be at any time fine, having been warped by addition, to diminish the better and the power of his mind? I have long grievously decried concerning his myself, and have ever written words about him which I trust you at least may care to see. They shall be erased hereafter if I have written to cancel the page on which they are if ever you see them, forgive me, and I will know what it is to forgive.  
I am ever grateful and loving,  
JOHN RUSKIN.

It was Ruskin's humor to call M. G. "St. Cecilia," and the butler's bewilderment may be imagined where he received a letter addressed as in the accompanying facsimile.



The Letter that puzzled the Butler



### THE NEW HENDRIK HUDSON MEMORIAL BRIDGE

Plans have just been completed for the construction of a new bridge at Spuyten Duyvil, New York. It is to be built as a memorial to Hendrik Hudson, the first white man to sail up the river which bears his name. The bridge will be pushed and opened to the public in September, 1899, the three-hundredth anniversary of Hudson's discovery.

Drawn by Vernon Henry Shantz

**"RELIAN"**

Watching the trial races from the

Illustrated by C. G. ...

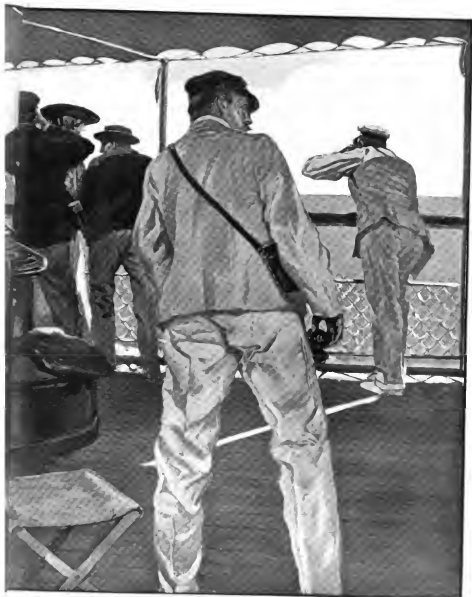


Photo by George Gibbs

## **E" WINS!**

deck of the Commodore's flag-ship



A Twentieth-century Fairy-land—Lower New York at Night, viewed from the Brooklyn Bridge

## Lighting a Metropolis

**I**T takes eight thousand men to light New York city for twenty-four hours. In order that we who have a penchant for saving may fit from the Battery to The Bronx, and still command the convenience of turning on and off a flood of light at will by the twist of a screw and the scratching of a

knifer, there are gas-mains extending over covering, it is estimated, about two thousand five hundred miles—two-thirds of the way across the broadest part of the United States. During the cold days of last December the amount of coal used for manufacturing gas amounted in one day to thirty-five hundred tons. These figures represent, in a small way, the progress of a typical American city during the last seventy years. Incredible as it may seem, no longer ago than 1825, Manhattan was illuminated by candle-light and whale-oil. All the wealth in the world could command no better. One hundred years ago the use of gas and electricity as it is employed to-day, was regarded very much as we of this age regard the possibility of rapid transit to the moon. Thinking men and scientists alike scoffed at the idea of producing light without a wick. The London press also failed to foresee the future, for when the question of a new method of lighting was agitated, long columns of ridicule greeted the morning editions, and, to illustrate how the discovery of gas was to be generally regarded, it may be recalled that our waggish editor expressed his views on the question in verse, as follows:

We thought now that gas and moon  
 Are placed on very high  
 That no impostor's name might reach  
 And soar them from the sky;  
 We're it not so, we soon should find  
 That some referring gas  
 Would start, perhaps, to snuff them out  
 And light the world with gas.

In spite of opposition, however, gas soon came into common use, and now, after having served its purpose for a century, there is every indication that it, too, will go the way of the candle, and its mission be performed by electricity.

It is a wonderful day and age in which we live. The ideas that were scouted yesterday are consummated to-day, and tomorrow may be relegated to the scrap-heap of an intellectual past. When we are told that in fifty years from now the wonders of this age will suffer in comparison with the wonders of that, we need a lightning car and a believing mind. In the light of the marvelous progress founded upon scientific discoveries and their application for the benefit of man, the thoughtful pessimist is a logical impossibility.

Few things in the range of human advancement present a more interesting study to the student of political and social economy than the evolution of a modern city in its adaptation of public utilities for the benefit of its population. To-day the question of illuminating New York city is an all important one. The problem of furnishing light and power provides labor for many hands. In order that current be transmitted to the business portion and to the outlying resident mile of pavement in the city an average of seven miles of structure, electric. In the resident portion of the city, gas at the present

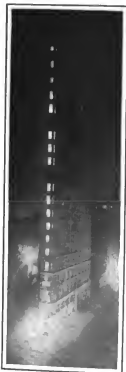
time holds undisputed sway, but many who still count themselves young can remember when coal-oil furnished a large percentage of the domestic lighting, and even now on the lower East Side, among the densely settled tenement districts, lamps and candles are much in evidence. This, however, is largely a matter of economy, for the oldest houses are fitted with fixtures for gas. The upper West End and Harlem, with The Bronx, and the remaining resident portion of the city, use gas almost exclusively, both as an illuminant and as a fuel. Over seventy-five thousand preparation meters are in use in the greater city, and almost every apartment of ordinary accommodation is fitted with a gas-range. The preparation meter is a contrivance arranged on the principle of a telephone bell. Twenty-five cents dropped into a slot opens a valve, which measures out twenty-five cents worth of gas into a small reservoir. When this is exhausted, another quarter may be dropped in, and in this way the housewife may keep tab on her gas bill as she goes.

Since the introduction of electric lights some twenty years ago, that method of illumination has become exceedingly popular. The partisans of electricity assert that such rapid progress is made in the field of electrical invention, that in the course of the next ten years electricity will have largely taken the place of gas. Its superiority as a light is unquestioned, its only handicap being its greater expense. To remedy this, the genius of the world's great inventors is striving to produce mechanical results that will make electric light and power so cheap as to bring them within reach of the masses. That electric lighting will entirely eliminate gas in the business districts within the next five years is conceded without a question. A canvass of the leading architects and real-estate firms in New York city resulted in a unanimous statement that 100 per cent. of the business buildings, and 96 per cent. of the resident buildings erected within the last two years in New York city, have been equipped exclusively with electrical fixtures. Seven-eighths of the sky-scrapers erected within that period maintain their own plant, the voltage ranging from 110 to 115, which furnishes both illumination and motor-power for the elevators.

The underground railway, now in course of construction, will also be lighted entirely with electric lights. From ten to sixteen thousand electric lamps of from sixteen to thirty-two candle-power will be necessary. The stations, placed at distances of 1700 feet apart, will also be brilliantly lighted, as will the cars themselves.

The subway plant will be located on the extreme West Side, between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth streets.

While gas has made great inroads on coal as a fuel, electricity is as yet almost entirely confined to the lighting field, for no invention has been perfected that will save of the larger hotels and clubs, however, electricity is employed for cooking specialties where merely a uniform heat is required, and for the same purpose electric heat is satisfactory in the laundry.



A New York Sky-scraper as it looks at Night, lighted entirely by Electricity



### THE BUSIEST SPOT IN NEW YORK AFTER DARK

At midnight in New York Row street around here are at work collecting and printing the news of the night for the early editions of the great metropolitan dailies. The lighting of these buildings in the neighborhood of City Hall Park is an important part of the show seen when it takes to light New York only for twenty-four hours



Miss Margaret Louise Buchwalter as "The Princess of France"



"Yaponetta" (Miss Bessie Hines), and "Coward," a Clown (Marion Evans)



The King of Navarre (Miss Ames), "The Princess of France" (Margaret Louise Buchwalter), and "Rosaline" (Jessie Ames), in a Scene from the Play

## "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" GIVEN BY COLLEGE GIRLS

A performance of Shakespeare's comedy was given recently by the Senior Dramatic Society of Smith College, in which all the parts were taken by members of the graduating class.



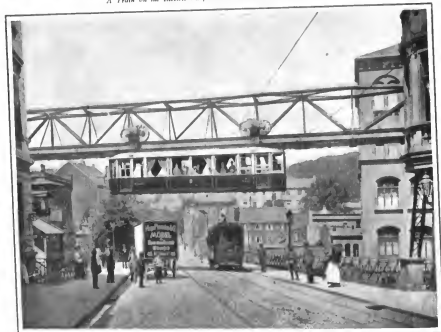
**MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO**

*Miss Taliaferro is one of the youngest actresses now on the stage. She made her first success as "Mother" in Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" when she was twelve years old, and some years later created the rôle of the "Fairy Child" in the first American production of W. B. Yeats's drama "The Land of Heart's Desire." In the recent revival of Mr. Yeats's play by the Irish Literary Society, Miss Taliaferro again took the part of the Child*





*A Train on the Electric Suspension Road passing along a Street*



*Another View of the System in Operation—the Line here crosses the Street at Right Angles*

### **THE FIRST SUSPENDED ELECTRICAL SYSTEM IN THE WORLD**

*The only suspended electric railway system in existence is soon to be opened in Germany. It has been built by Messrs. P. Bruck, F. v. M. and H. Anzelm and runs for most of the way over the river Wupper. It was found impossible to make a surface railway, and the line, as there was no available land to span the river and an underground road would have been too costly, as the plan of suspending the system above the river was devised upon as a way out of the difficulty. It is believed that the successful railway system will solve the problem of high-speed passenger traffic abroad, and already there are projects on foot for a hundred mile-an-hour suspension line between London and Stroud.*

# MISSING = A WIFE

An Idyll Of The Glad Vacation Time  
By Albert Levering



1. "Goodbye, enjoy yourself, and let Bobby have lots of sunshine. Oh, I'll be all right." (Linda.) "Love for the first good time since I've been tied up."



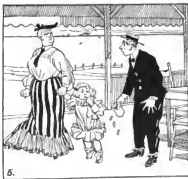
2. "Great, the living part — Gee! I wish I knew some one down here!"



3. "You think it's odd — hey? Ain't she de beach? What're ye doin' so far away from home an' out yer wife, mate?"



4. "A beach party. Hair's lots of fun, an. Ha-ha-ha! It was at one of these I first met my wife."



5. "I'm sorry, com. It is. No, how dare you?"



6. "At home? I wonder if she'll believe I am any one in it?"

# Correspondence

AN ECHO FROM THE FOURTH

BOSTON, NEW YORK, TWO A. 1903

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—The "Gleesome Fourth" is here again. We celebrate with laurels, fireworks, and other demonstrations our joy at the triumph of Democracy over a century ago.

In nothing else is the difficulty of solving the theories of government so practical as in the history of the people to retain their sovereignty. In theory they still have it, in fact, it has slipped away from them.

The individual delegates to others his atomic share of this sovereignty. He has yet to learn that to delegate sovereignty to another is not to abdicate it, in fact the people do not govern, not nominate, not choose those who govern in their name. The boss nominates, commercializes, rigs, and the people acquiesce, having lost capacity for both indignation and resistance. The Fourth of July is a good date for us to determine whether explosions are or are not effective as a corrective of bad government. It seems tolerably obvious that organized continuity is a necessity if we would oppose the organized continuity of political machines; the organized continuity of a press largely under the sway of those machines; the continuity of the slavery of officials who owe their nominations to those machines; the continuity of apathy, timidity, moral cowardice, and a timidity which says "don't touch American institutions," even when these words cover the selfish and growth that is eating the heart of the Republic.

The representatives of the people whom have been delegated the offer of agent to do their will, are the officers of the party who dominates, by the power over nomination, which he has usurped. And yet we celebrate the Fourth with readings of the Declaration and orators and speeches because Democracy is not a failure—yet, it is still an ideal of achievement. What is lacking is a fresh start. We have travelled from time to time because we have allowed the boss to do what the people ought themselves to do, that is, guide, and direct legislation, veto, and perhaps initiate legislation, and amend as well as elect the members of the houses.

I am, sir,  
LEWIS STOCKTON.

## AMERICAN SHIPPING

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

BOSTON, NEW YORK, TWO A. 1903.

Sir.—I want to mention a slight error in the admirable editorial on American shipping in your issue of the 13th inst., where you say that the United States "at this hour has sailing under the American flag only two American-built transatlantic steamers, to wit, the *Prof* and *St. Louis*." You have overlooked the existence of the steamships *Massachusetts* and *Mississippi*, of the Star line, and of the steamships *Academy* and *Flanagan*, of the Red of the Atlantic Transport line, both of which lines are owned by the International Mercantile Marine Company. The two first-named began their first voyages in June and October, respectively, of 1902, the other two in February and April, respectively, of this American built ships, two to be of 13,000 tons gross register, for six two to be of 10,425 tons gross each, and two to be of 9,800 tons each. The first two they have since sold to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. To give an idea of the comparative cost of building ships in the United States and in Great Britain, in a letter of 17, 1901, stated that two ships under contract with British builders each cost \$1,410,120. "The same identical ship built at the works of the New York Shipbuilding Company will cost us a little over \$1,000,000," he said. The same company is building two of the smaller ships of 7,200 tons each, and another company is building both the other two of the same size, and another company is building both the same year for this line in Great Britain. The same ships were cost \$334,000, the other costing \$490,000. The cost of operation, on which you say, is much higher under the American than under a foreign flag. And this explains, of course, why American-built ships, operating under the American flag, cannot profitably compete with those built by foreign governments to their ships, amounting in 1900, of Navigation, \$26,132,041, unsaid American ships, it must be obvious, cannot compete.

It is of some significance that, previous to the construction of the new American-built steamships above-named, all of the ships American capital controlled there. It has been publicly announced by the chief officials of the lines that the reason they placed their operations in America instead of British shippers was the expense of subsidy bill. The three of them that the reason they placed their operations in America instead of British shippers was the expense of subsidy bill. The three of them that the reason they placed their operations in America instead of British shippers was the expense of subsidy bill. Had it been enacted, quite likely more, if not all, of the ships of those lines would hereafter have been built in this country, and thus American ships would have gradually superseded foreign ships where the competition is most keen. The suggestion is even foreign flag to reduce the expense of their operation.

I am, sir,  
ALEX. R. SMITH.

"PARSIFAL" AND MR. COHBEH

NEW YORK, TWO A. 1903

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Having come to rely upon the WEEKLY'S judgment on musical affairs as expressed in your critical editorials, I venture to make an appeal through your columns for a saner and more sensible view of the question of an American production of Wagner's "Parsifal," which is just now agitating the musical public of two continents. The question seems to hinge upon a point of artistic honor. Has Mr. Heinrich Conried, the new director of the Metropolitan Opera House, a moral right to produce Wagner's "Parsifal" in defiance of the wishes of Wagner's widow and executrix, and those of the composer himself? It is admitted that Wagner was strongly opposed to the production of "Parsifal" elsewhere than at Bayreuth, for reasons of artistic fitness. He doubted, quite properly, if his "sacred stage-festival play," as he called it, could be adequately given except under the conditions obtaining at the Bayreuth Festival Theatre; and Frau Wagner's vigorous objection to Mr. Conried's plan is based, ostensibly, upon a regard for her husband's wishes,—despite her notorious indifference to his desires and ideas in other matters pertaining to the conduct of the Bayreuth performances. There is no question at all, however, that any opposition to say plain looking to the destruction of her monopoly of "Parsifal" is unnecessary by wholly commercial considerations. The special copyright restrictions upon the stage performance of "Parsifal" anywhere in Germany but at Bayreuth have made the opera for her an immensely profitable possession. Those who wanted to hear "Parsifal" in its entirety were compelled to go to the little Bavarian city and to pay whatever Wagner's widow chose to exact from them for the privilege of hearing the master's own song. They could hear "Parsifal" in the inevitably unsatisfactory concert version, if they chose, but there was nothing for it but to go to Bayreuth; and Frau Wagner reaped the profits. For it is "Parsifal" that has kept the Bayreuth enterprise alive during the last twenty years; no one goes nowadays to hear the "Ring" or "Tristan" or "Meister-singer" for one can hear them much better given elsewhere,—notably in America.

No such regard for the objections of Wagner's widow. The question of a regard for Wagner's wishes is a grave one. Would it be possible to give at the Metropolitan Opera House, under merciful or less conventional operative conditions, a performance of "Parsifal" which should be adequate representative? That is the essential point. I should say yes, unhesitatingly. No doubt those who have had Wagner's master-work at Bayreuth would miss the unique Festival Theatre atmosphere which surrounds the performances at the work as "Parsifal" would received in anything but the most respectful and appropriate spirit, even at the Metropolitan Opera House? And is it conceivable, again, that Mr. Conried, excellent and acting manager that he is, would put before the mood of production of Wagner's great work? Granted that Wagner would be alive to-day, but "Parsifal" belongs to the world, and any supprece masterpieces should be held as the exclusive property of a fifth-rate German municipality.

I am, sir,

GEORGE WARRINGTON TOWNSEND.

## THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

NEW YORK, TWO A. 1903.

Sir.—In these days of scrap-books and tabloid literature it becomes necessary for the man of varied mental interests to take care systematically record each new development of critical skill that his eye encounters, if he be at all literary in his pursuits.

The page of "Books and Book-men" in your issue of June 20th, filled by the charm of a stunner most grand. With a page fit honor become a page of artistic finish and suggestiveness.

With respect to the quoted and condemning reference to the Mrs. Ella W. Peattie, and I would further endorse the sentiment of up these positions to men and women of decided ability and worth vogue is somewhat faulty. Even among our colleges the system in have successfully passed their examinations very often show a poor understanding and appreciation of good literature.

A teacher of English and literature to do effective work, must be in line with his calling, be possessed of tact and erudition, have ways endeavor to cultivate simple methods. Through which he may impart to beginners a few of his manifold.

If one were to ask a certain number of graduates fresh from the grip of these daily tasks, to separately sit down and write a word bring forth a general admission of incapability in that direction.

I am, sir,  
JOHN F. FARLEY.

**A Question of Titles**

The City Treasurer of Edinburgh, Colonel Sir Robert Cranstoun, who has lately been knighted by King Edward, was called upon recently by a commercial traveller, who wished to see the Colonel on business. As Sir Robert, like most of his countrymen, is of the volunteer corps, not of the regular army, the traveller's inquiry was for Mr. Cranstoun. Colonel Cranstoun, he was informed, was out.

"Oh, very well; can I see Mr. — then?" (mentioning another member of the firm.)

"Major — is out, too."  
"And is Mr. — out, also?"

"I am sorry to say that Captain — has just left to attend a society chess."

The expectorated traveller turned to go, when he was recalled and asked if he wished to leave any message.

"Well," he replied, "it's of no consequence, but you might just say, if you think of it, that Lord Walsley looked in."

**Max Beerbohm's Logic**

When George Bernard Shaw, the brilliant playwright and essayist, realized his position as dramatic critic of the London Saturday Review, he was asked by the manager of the paper to suggest a successor. It did not take Mr. Shaw long to decide upon the man best fitted to succeed him, and he recommended Max Beerbohm, the well-known writer and caricaturist, who had contributed some notable articles to the Saturday. Mr. Beerbohm was sent for and offered the position. He accepted readily; but when it came to the question of salary there was a hitch. Mr. Shaw, said the manager, was getting such and such pay, but he promised that Mr. Beerbohm, being comparatively inexperienced, would scarcely expect so much.

"Oh yes, I shall," rejoined Mr. Beerbohm, deviously; "indeed, I shall expect more. You see," he explained, "as Shaw knows the drama thoroughly, it was preferable for him to write about it. Whereas I know nothing about it, and it will be shockingly hard work."

**Diseases of Metals**

Certain metallurgists in Germany have come to the conclusion that metals are capable of being infected with diseases. A leading scientist, Professor Heyn, has found that, in the injury done to copper from heating, the metal is poisoned with what he calls copper protoxide, a disorder which causes sickness and structural weakness. Steel that has been poisoned by hydrogen is deteriorated until it becomes almost as brittle as glass. Another scientist has discovered a certain kind of the pest which inhabits roofs. He found also that when the diseased metal was brought into contact with healthy tin the latter soon became infected and was finally destroyed.

**What We Pay for Our Lives**

An authority on life-insurance matters has been gathering some striking statistics on the subject of insurance policies and payments. In 1923 cities and towns in the United States during the year 1902 the total distribution to policy holders and their beneficiaries exceeded \$520,000,000. In the distribution of this sum among the larger cities New York holds third place, \$22,940,475 of the total sum having been distributed here in 1902. Philadelphia follows the metropolis with a record of receipts aggregating \$8,750,000. Chicago holds third place with a record of \$6,252,447. In each case these figures show an advance over those of the preceding year, which fact has led our authority into making some inter-

esting prophesies. At the rate of distribution recorded for the past year, it is estimated that the life-insurance companies of New York (exclusive of Brooklyn) are pledged to pay something like \$100,000,000 to the citizens of Manhattan within the next twenty years; while Philadelphia will receive \$100,000,000, Chicago \$100,000,000, Brooklyn \$100,000,000, and Boston \$120,000,000. As more than ten thousand million dollars in policies are carried in this country at the present time, the rate of increase suggests astounding possibilities for the future.

**Education in Italy**

The system in Italy seems to be in a bad way, and, according to the second census, they are improving but slowly. Two years ago, it appears, 61.9 per cent. of the Italians were unable either to read or write; while to-day the number of illiterates has been diminished only to 48.5 per cent. This, however, is the figure for the entire population. In the northern portion of the country progress has been made, and the illiteracy rate has largely decreased. The illiteracy, the percentage of persons unable to read or write now being in the neighborhood of 14 per cent. But the southern section shows no such improvement. Here the percentage of ignorance is between 80 and 90, with no indications of immediate improvement.

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# THE SLEEP WALKER

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

A Story in Two Parts.—Part II.

"Now," she said, "did I make any mistakes in this?"

"No," he answered, "and for good it is correct."

"Very well. You know I stopped you at this point, and when I had written it out in long hand, I said 'I'm ready, sit on, and turned to a new page; but you, instead of reading more, dropped the book, got down on your knees, and—just listen—you uttered this in tones of the utmost distress:

"'Sir, my life is in your hands; but as to my body, in relation to that which you would persuade me to, my soul shall never be separated from it, through the violence of your arms, than I shall consent to your request.'"

"And I said that in my sleep?" inquired the amazed Beverton.

"You did," laughed his wife, "in the most plaintive, piping feminine accents imaginable. You were a perfect picture of virtue in distress. What were you dreaming of?"

"I don't remember. Isn't this the page?"—he glanced at the book—"that you were reading when you fell asleep the other evening?"

"Yes, I think so; but I was looking at the knife when I dropped off."

NOT daring to take her into his confidence, he waited, evening after evening, for her to place herself under favoring conditions—to take up the wearying tale of the sea, and to rest her eyes and brain by staring at the glowering array of styes on the wall. She expensively and viciously declared that she would have nothing more to do with either, that she would divert her mind by polishing up her neglected accomplishment of stenography (from practice of which he had rescued her by marriage), and while he fidgeted and made occasional more or less adroit references to the story, which he pretended to admire, she translated into hieroglyphics the random thoughts of her brain.

"For if I make a widow of myself some eight," she said, "and as angel of you, Thomas, and escape execution, I will need to earn my living, don't you see? But if you like that horrid story, suppose you read to me from where I left off, and I'll take it down for practice."

He had committed himself, and was bound to the task. He began at the top of the page and read, but she mercifully stopped him part way to the bottom, so that she might transcribe his notes and verify. This measured her interest in the story, and as he had now himself be gladly ceased, and she began her transcription. While waiting for her to glance at the ornament on the wall. It attracted his gaze, and having secured it, held it; for the longer he looked the less inclined he felt to look elsewhere, and at last, with the knife falling his vision to the conclusion of the fork and steel, his eyelids drooped and his senses left him.

When he awoke he was in his knees, with hands clasped in supplication before his wife, who, with tears in her eyes, but with laughter quivering on her lips—in fact, nearly hysterical, had arisen from her chair with her pencil and note-book.

"Why, Tom," she said, "what is the matter with you? You were not yourself, it was as absurd and ridiculous. Did you go to sleep, and do you talk in your sleep, as I walk in mine?"

"No," he answered, rising and blinking sleepily. "Did I? Yes, perhaps I did doze off—in the chair. Did I get up?"

"Yes, and got down—on your knees to me, with your eyes passionately fixed on mine—oh, it was so funny, but it frightened me; you were so intense—and you delivered yourself up—well, I took it down in shorthand, and I'll transcribe it first, and then read."

He sat down in his chair, and she worked busily for a few moments, and then said: "Now, I'll read first what I took down from that horrid senescent, and you take the book and follow me to see if I've made mistakes."

He picked up the book from the floor, found the page, and scanned it while she read from her copy as follows:

"—which had blown, at dinner, with a force that nearly though aged by the more violent power that was gathering about the borders of the sea, in the direction of the neighboring continent. Each moment the eastern puffs of air lost their strength and became more and more feeble, until, in an incredibly short period, the heavy sails were heaved flapping against the mast—a frightful and ominous calm succeeding."

"So was I," he responded. "Now, this is one of Cooper's tales, written, I think, about the middle of this century; and, though page, that resembles the prophetic speech of mine, or your typographical language the other evening, which you uttered, by the way, in a hoarse, masculine tone."

"Did I?" she asked. "What did I say?"

"Something about 'eight bells' and 'all hands drunk.' I've forgotten it all, but did you ever listen to any sailor yarra? Have you ever read any sea-stories besides this?"

"I never saw a sailor in my life, that I know of. I never read a sea-story, either, and never shall. I don't like them."

"Then it isn't a bright object which, if looked at steadily, will put a person into a hypnotic sleep. At least, that is what I have heard."

"And then we talk," she said. "But why should you talk like a virtuous maiden and I like a bad man?"

"I don't know," he said. "I know very little of hypnotism."

"Thomas Beverton," she said, with much severity, "did you ever listen to a prayer for a helpless female in your power?"

"No," he answered, laughing. "No, I swear it. I've always done the praying myself."

"I suppose so," she rejoined, with a pout. Then, rising, she listened; and if you are going to talk in your sleep, I'm going to listen, and I'll know all about your love affairs, remember that."

And with this truly feminine disposition of the question, she went to bed.

Beverton secured a broom from the kitchen and, reaching up, unhooked the curtain and examined each piece carefully. The sign was a fork, the steel a steel, the knife a knife—simple in store; but the knife possessed one slight peculiarity that his question-knife shape, yet the blade as in the conventional but this, in carving-knives, while the long concave in the back of the blade, near the point, was very short and deep. A further look of a Moorish semitar; but even so, would have carried an unconsciousness to Beverton's mind, and he, who was going to bed before him, he decided to remove it. Putting on his hat and overcoat, he took the three pieces out to the back yard and hurried returned and, as was his custom, read until sleep.

It was two hours later before the desired condition arrived, and lying down a his book, he discovered that he had not bolted his that his bed was empty. He called, but, and, so it certainly did not thoroughly awake now, he ran through the doors of the house, to see his hat and coat. As he reached the dining room, however, was in her night-dress, he saw her enter from the kitchen. Her eyes was the lightless state of unconsciousness, and in her hand the knife. In spite of his trepidation, Beverton shrieked as he

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Room 155.

watched her expressionless stare, then remembering his friend's instructions, pulled himself together, and said:

"Drop that knife. Drop it at once."

The lady glittered on the floor; he advanced, picked it up, and placed it on the sideboard. Then he faced her, calm and determined, resolved to solve the problem.

"Why do you walk in your sleep?" he demanded. She stood quiescent before him; and though her features moved with inward emotion, she did not reply.

"Why do you walk in your sleep?" he again demanded. "Answer me."

"To save myself," she said, slowly, and in plaintive, aggrieved tones.

"From whom?" asked Beverton.

"From my enemy—who would kill me."

"Who is your enemy? Why would he kill you?"

"I do not know. I know I must kill him, or he will kill me."

"This is nonsense," said Beverton, sternly, warning in the problem.

"Nonsense?" Her face seemed troubled, as though the mind behind was not so sure.

"Rank nonsense. No one would harm you. Every one loves you. What makes you think he would kill you?"

"He tried." The face of the young wife took on an expression of fright and horror.

"He met me when I was looking for him, trying to explain. He clashed me by the throat. He would have killed me if he could. He will kill me yet if I cannot explain."

"When did he choke you?" asked Beverton.

"Where was it?" he asked, with perspiration starting from his forehead, and an incident of his childhood in his mind.

"In the hall, a long hall."

"He was a baby," ventured Beverton.

"How could he harm you?"

She waited a moment, as though the question puzzled her, then said:

"A baby, yes. I was a baby, too."

"Where was this long hall?"

"Against the play of emotion on her features, but no answer."

"Was it in a hotel?"

"A hotel, yes."

"What hotel? Where was it?"

"The Mansion House, Main Street, Buffalo."

Beverton shook to the knees. She had named the hotel where his parents had stopped while travelling—where he had last walked in his sleep.

"Grave," he said, as firmly and gently as he could with his tongue trembling against the roof of his mouth. "It did not mean to hurt you; he did not know you at the time. He will never hurt you. You must never seek him again, either to kill or explain to him. He is satisfied."

"How he forgives! Does he realize that—that—that—"

Her face became troubled again, and she moved forth her hands, clanking at the air, as though trying to grasp the elusive mystery.

"Yes, he has forgiven," said Beverton, stouter of voice now at the apparent success of the experiment. "And you will never seek him again, will you? It is all settled now."

"All settled," she repeated, while her countenance softened.

"You will not worry any more, will you?"

"No more. It is all settled. He has forgiven me."

"You will never walk in your sleep again, will you, Grace?"

"No, it is all settled. He has forgiven me."

Then Beverton sent her to bed now he might have spared himself a life-long puzzle which ever baffled solution; but with fairly good command of himself, he yielded to curiosity, and asked:

"What had you done to him? What had he to forgive?"

Her face became convulsed; the query seemed a blow that gave her agony. With arms extended and fingers clucking again, she tottered, but did not fall, and he nervously repeated the question. She did not answer, and by a hasty decision of prompting her, reached for the knife on the sideboard.

"Had it anything to do with that?" he asked.

"The scimitar," she exclaimed, hoarsely.

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"I killed her with it." Then she pressed her hands to her brow, hid them tight, and her eyes closed, while her frame stiffened visibly under the pressure. When she removed her hands and looked at him, she seemed another person; for in her eyes was the strange, hard expression they had worn when she had dived off in her chair. They lighted on the carving-knife, and before he could move she pressed upon him and wrenched it from his hand.

"Ha," she exclaimed, in the same harsh, raspy voice as before; "and would the senecita harm herself—or me? This is a pretty play-thing"—she ran her finger along the edge—"but too sharp for the Lady Isabel. Spanish make, I took—no took it from the Spanish plate-shop off Tortuga—but better fit to slay than to prod. And had ye thought, my obstinate charmer, that when my patience is given out, it may be this that shall slit your smooth, white throat?" With a meaning and somewhat quizzical smile at him, she laid the knife on the side-board.

Beverton kept his nerve, remembering her reveal amenability to his suggestions.

"Who are you?" he asked, tentatively, seeking an opening for further inquiry.

"Be-lin," she laughed. "An idle question to ask of Hal Morgan. Are ye so little informed of a man known to your countrymen from Madrid to Panama?"

"And where are you?"

"Where am I? Where indeed, but in the stateroom of my Lady Isabel, who, if I mistake not, is still intractable. We will try the water-cure for ourselves." She lifted her face to the ceiling and rulled; "On deck there. A bucket of water. Send it below by the steward."

As though the order were obeyed, she stepped to the kitchen-door, just beyond which was the sink; and from this she lifted at arm's length—a foot of strength, possible in her when awake—the pail of water which always stood there. Turning toward him she swung it backward, one hand supporting it, the other gripping the bottom edge, and would have deluged him, had he not averted.

"Wait," he said, sternly. "The water-cure will not avail."  
Her eyes wavered before his steady gaze, and she slowly lowered the pail to the floor. For a moment it seemed that she would waken, or at least lapse into seditious mood; for her features grew composed, and her eyes lost their glitter; but they rested on the knife, and immediately hardened.

"Then, here's to the end of it," she said, impatiently, and she sprang forward she seized it, then with another bound she leaped, and she reached Beverton and thrust the knife in his shoulder.

It was done so swiftly that he had not time to dodge, and he her hand and remaining in the wound. Looking up with falling brows he beheld her standing with arms listless by her side, the tension gone from her face, and her gaze wandering mildly about the room.

"Grace," he gasped, "you've killed me. Wake up!"

The last was a whisper, but she heard it, and Beverton's last remembrance before he fainted was of her piercing scream as she wakened and looked down upon him.

She had not killed him; on the contrary, though he had espiously nath their armed servant had wounded the doctor, he recovered from the wound and loss of blood long before his wife recovered from the brain-fever that followed her awakening; and it was while she was delirious, and he cavalierly enough to talk that the doctor, after listening for an hour to her ravings one day, entered the room of his other patient, and said:

"She is past the crisis—preparing and sound asleep, and will recover rapidly."

"But," Beverton, though while delirious she was most certainly an as subjective condition as when self-hydrated, yet she has not uttered one word of a qualified or pitiful nature."

"And what of that?" replied Beverton, weakly, but doggedly. "According to those books of yours"—he pointed to a pile of them at the foot of his bed—"and I've studied them well while lying here—there are one, two, or more sub-normal personalities within us, say one of which can become dominant."

"Admitted; but is that a proof of reincarnation?—that the soul of your wife entered in the body of a pirate named Hal Morgan, and that your soul animated the form of a beautiful maiden captured by him?"

"I can accept no other explanation. As infants we were sub-scientific enemies. I drove her back farther, seeking the cause; I saw the convulsive transition. I heard her use language she could not have learned in this life."

The doctor smiled, and drawing a look from his pocket, said:

"Then here is something to further strengthen your belief—for a time—I took for

copy of your maidenly speech to a librarian in the city, told him what was necessary to interest him, and he found this book for Estremada's account of the divorce of Captain Henry Morgan, is this—"

He opened the book, searched the pages, and read aloud, showing it would like to remain for a constant, he presently changed phrases and head notes. To all of which she gave only this terse and positive answer: "I don't know," and the doctor said, "which you could present me to my bed, in relation to that from it, through the studies of your arms, than I shall conclude to your request."

"And what more do you want?" asked Beverton, excitedly.

"The rest needs I speak and I never see that book."

"Wait," said the doctor, smiling. "This follows:"



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"Captain Morgna, understanding this her heroic resolution, recommended her to be stripped of the best of her apparel, and imprisoned in a darksome, stinking cellar; here she was allowed a small quantity of meat and drink, wherewith she had much ado to sustain life."

"No need of reading the whole account," said the doctor, closing the book. "This occurred in the city of Panama, which Morgna had just captured, and the lady was seen at sea with him. His men took her from Taguay or Taguilla, and he released her on the march from Panama to the coast. He did not kill her."

"Then why should I hate her as a lady?"

"I do not know. Children have strange antipathies, and while very young, are much in the subjective state."

"But the sailor talk: where did she get it? Where did I get that question you just read?"

"Telepathy," said the doctor. "It is the subconscious mind which projects and reads thoughts. You were both subjective from an inherent tendency and the influence of that shiny knife on the wall. Your fear of punishment and bedtime prayers were a strong auto-suggestion against somnambulism; but the half-overdose it is your case, and your wife never met with any deterred influence whatever. Now, Bererton, one of you—it makes no difference which—has read the mind of the other, and this one has read the mind of some stranger, projective personality—some man or woman thoroughly imbued and interested in the history of the seventeenth-century pirates—some man who has lately read this book, and other accounts of Morgna's adventures."

"And the sinister-like shape of the knife—the sea-story by Cooper?"

"Coincidences, both of them—and suggestions."

Bererton was silent a few moments, then said with a wry sigh: "I cannot conceive myself. I wish I could. It is strong evidence, as you say, toward telepathy, but does not disprove reincarnation. How did she find that knife in the moon? It was dark. I did not know where it fell."

"Your subconscious mind knew. So did hers. It was merely clairvoyance."

The doctor rose. "It does not disprove, I admit, Bererton," he said; "and if you must know, you can only learn by experimenting farther. The knife, fork, and steel are at the bottom of the river, as you directed. But you can hypnotize her by other means."

"Not for the world," said Bererton. "I give up. I'll wait until she wakes in her sleep again, if I experiment any more."

But Mrs. Bererton never accommodated him; neither would she have a pointed knife in the house, nor permit her eyes to move thus merely rest upon anything bright for the rest of her life.

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	\$36,565,818.54

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Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits . . . . .	\$5,216,107.78
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### The Life of a Seed

The United States Department of Agriculture is making experiments for the purpose of determining the extreme vitality of seeds. Over a hundred species of plants have been packed in a well consisting of dry clay enclosed in pots, and buried at varying depths underground—eight sets at a depth of six inches, twelve at a depth of twenty, and a third set of twelve at a depth of three and a half feet. At the end of one, two, three, five, seven, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty, and fifty years, a set from each depth will be sown and treated. The results of the experiment are likely to be of extraordinary value to agriculturists, both commercially and scientifically. Incidentally, it may be recalled that seed-beds in arid regions are so covered which prove that certain seeds have the power of sprouting after having been buried for long periods of time, reliable tests having shown that twelve out of twenty-one species but the power of germinating after twenty years.

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## The Twentieth-Century Farmer

For many years it has been a source of considerable levity that the candidate for office bowed subserviently to the farmer; he has been pictured as helping load the farmer's hay and eating with the "hired man" - for votes. Likewise have the law-maker and executive been held up as subservient to the demands of the agriculturist, and in prose and verse the dictum that "the farmer feeds us all" has been reiterated. This is particularly noticeable in the West, where the farming communities constitute the larger portion of the territory. Demands are there made and enforced which result in the adoption of measures favoring the agricultural communities at the expense of other interests.

### Favoring the Farmer

There are, for instance, scores of school districts in the thinly settled portions of the plains where the entire tax is paid by railroads and Eastern corporations, and farmers' children attend the schools so supported. The new irrigation law is a farmer's measure. It begins with the expenditure of \$6,000,000, and may in the end expend \$100,000,000, all in making fit for tillage semi-arid land demanded by would-be settlers. Investors with bonds and mortgages in ditch properties look upon the movement helplessly, though the workings of the commission may be to deprive some properties of their value by decreasing the amount of water obtainable in order to assist other sections.

Nearly every Western election contest is fought on a basis of promises to change the laws to favor the farmer. Once in a while there is a political insurrection, and a Farmer's Alliance sweeps the boards, sending former legislatures to frame super-partial laws, which later are blighted by the Indian's courts. The settler demands the Indian's land, and he gets it; he asks for the rancher's grazing territory, and he obtains it. Yet it is fair to consider that the average farmer thinks his class much abused, and believes that the followers of other callings are favored greatly at his expense.

### His Increasing Prosperity

The farmer seems to have fared very well during the past few years. With the feeding yards, the farmer serenely contemplates record-breaking prices for meats, and seems to have the best of it. For what of the laboring man or the tailor in office and shop? He has no beef to sell; his dinner costs him more than before, and his salary is not increased. The farmer has seen the value of land throughout the entire Mississippi Valley increase in value from twenty to seventy five per cent. in the past three or four years. It is the farmer's land, nearly every acre of it, and he is benefited. No comparative increase has been made in the price of realty in the towns. Even the vast reaches of plain, fit in their present state only for grazing, are becoming valuable as the amount of range diminishes - the farmers and ranchmen own it, or what they do not already own will soon pass into their hands through the movement of settlement and homesteading.

### The Farmer, and Others

Unquestionably, one great basis of our development as a nation is agriculture; no class deserves more or earns more of respect and consideration than that one which produces the things of the soil and range. But, in current phrase, "there are others." The complex forces of modern civilization have brought other elements into the nation's development, and while in no wise diminishing the farmer's value has brought to task with him the artisan, the trans-

prefer, the dealer, and other notable figures in the advancement of the world's work.

The designer devises a great deal of attention to the wheat-grower or for feeding up the price of corn are evolved; co-operative plans to make unnecessary the "middle-men" are exploited—and usually with a provision for a salary or commission to some shrewd city promoter who would not know a self-blender from a corn-harvester. Every little while the telegraph tells of the probable formation of a mighty union of farmers to reduce or limit the ravages of some crop. It ends in smoke—it was the dream of a schemer who hoped to profit by its success.

**Broader and Happier**

There are indications that the farmer does not take these things as seriously as he once did. He reads the daily papers (delivered to him before dawn by rural carriers); he takes the magazines; he understands something of the other side of life. He travels more than in the days of high railway rates—the roving back East for "old home work" brings him in touch with the people of other States. He is made broader and happier.

Most important of all, he is learning to make of his occupation a business, and when that is done he ceases to consider himself the favorite of fortune. The government long ago made the gathering of agricultural statistics a part of its duties, and many Western States secure, with great exactness, reports showing the cost of producing every kind of grain. The farmer, instructed by the bulletins, learns, if he has not already studied the mathematics of his farm, whether he is losing or making money by his methods. He learns also how to provide against the vicissitudes of the seasons. As a result, he becomes a business man, and takes rank among the captains of industry—not the commander, for none is in the prime in rank, but an equal sharer in the advancement and prosperity of the nation. And this place is the highest honor that can be paid him.

**More about Radium**

Radium does not get its energy from the air, as some scientists seem to suppose, but very probably from changes within the atoms of which it is composed. It is believed that these atoms are the heaviest in the universe. It is possible that, after hundreds of thousands of years, radium may devolve into simpler elements, and so pass right through the series to hydrogen. Scientists do not now believe that the "elements" are really elemental. There is really only one element. But radium is its most remarkable form. Great quantities have been manufactured in the specimens now being publicly exhibited at the London Natural History Museum—three tiny grains in a watch-glass, shining as they have done since before man appeared on the earth. The constant exhibit seems to give the most authentication. In it some sulphide of zinc has been painted with radium, and in the dark it glows with a soft green light. This part of the exhibit will not require renewal for 30,000 years. Other interesting metals in the exhibit are thorium and bismuth. Thorium is the main ingredient of the incandescent mantle. Helium is so light that the world's revolution has whirled nearly all of it off into space. What remains is probably now re-formed by the breaking down of the atoms of radium—if the world atom can be applied to what has at least 150,000 parts.

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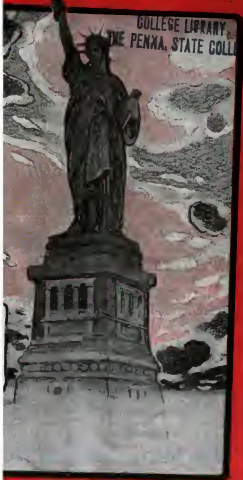


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## COMMENT

THE "Iowa Idea" has been strangled in the State where it was born. For this act of political infanticide Governor Cummins, the author of the idea, must be held mainly responsible, inasmuch as his friends were preponderant in the Republican State convention held at Des Moines on July 1, and defeated all but one of the nominations. It is admitted that the tariff plank was originally drafted by Governor Cummins himself, but afterwards altered, after conferences with Senator Allison, J. W. Blythe, chief counsel for the Burlington and Quincy Railway, and ex-Congressman George D. Perkins, editor of the *Sionix City Journal*. We say that the Iowa Idea was strangled, because the tariff plank does not demand, as Governor Cummins formerly did, that the redemption of certain schedules shall be made as quickly as possible—that is to say, by the Fifty-eighth Congress. To say vaguely that a readjustment of the tariff to changed industrial conditions is a desirable thing, but, at the same time, to postpone the attainment of it to an indefinite future, is, of course, equivalent to a withdrawal of the project from the field of practical politics. Governor Cummins, in his speech of acceptance of the nomination for Governor, declared that he still believed the tariff should be revised from time to time to meet modified conditions and to check the development of monopolies. If the Governor had not really retreated from the ground he occupied a year ago, he would have caused the convention to declare that certain clauses of the Dingley tariff must be altered without delay, and that the reciprocity treaties now pending in the Senate should be ratified at the earliest possible moment.

Certain spokesmen of the minority, not satisfied with the substance of victory, expressed indignation that the convention should endorse tariff readjustment, even in the most perfunctory and evasive way. One Congressman denounced tariff-reformers and tariff-fighters as little better than Democrats, and Congressman Lacey declared that, while he would accept the platform as a whole, he would never consent to any change in the tariff so long as he remained in the Federal legislature. These men are exponents of the new Dingleyism, which Mr. Dingley himself would have disavowed. Nothing is more certain than that Mr. Dingley heartily approved of the reciprocity clauses in his bill, and that it was with an eye to the execution of these clauses that he made the duties on

certain imported products very high, so as to leave a margin for reduction in favor of such countries as should be willing to make equivalent concessions in reciprocity treaties. That the abnormally high duties would be retained, while, at the same time, all but one of the proposed reciprocity treaties would be rejected, was an outcome of his tariff that Mr. Dingley never contemplated. His position was thoroughly understood and publicly sanctioned by President McKinley in the latter's last speech at Buffalo.

The reference to the so-called "trusts" in the platform framed by the Republican State convention of Iowa also strikes us as hollow and insincere. The convention expressed the belief that the large corporations commonly called "trusts" should be so regulated and supervised, both in their organization and operation, that their evil tendencies may be checked and their evil practices prevented. What these tendencies and practices are was not defined. The convention went on to acknowledge that in many instances the trusts are efficient industrial instruments, and represent the natural outcome of a national process of economic evolution. It did not desire their destruction, it said, but insisted that they should be so regulated and controlled as to prevent monopoly and promote competition. It will be interesting to learn how a combination of railways or of industrial corporations could promote competition. One of the principal aims of combination is to avert the waste inseparable from needless rivalry. It seems incredible that the rank and file of the Iowa Republicans can be satisfied with such a double-faced and meaningless declaration. A creditable plank in the platform expressed earnest approval of the reciprocity with Cuba lately ratified by the Senate, and demanded that the House of Representatives should promptly take the requisite steps to make the treaty effective.

The only other features worth notice were the recommendation that self-government be conceded to the Philippines, so far as this should be found practicable; an indirect rebuke of mob violence, such as has been lately witnessed in Wilmington, Delaware; the advocacy of good roads and of irrigation; and a denunciation of the disfranchisement of the negro in Southern States. The last-named pronouncement seems to have been perfunctory, for, according to the telegraphed summary of the platform, it was not accompanied by the demand for a Free Bill—that is to say, for the enactment by Congress of legislation calculated to compel obedience to the Fifteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution. We scarcely need say that the Iowa Republicans urged that Mr. Roosevelt should be nominated in 1904 to succeed himself. Had the endorsement been made before a similar step was taken by the Ohio Republican convention, it would have had considerable significance, because Senator Allison of Iowa has long been talked of as a candidate for the Presidency. As things are now, those politicians that wish to commend themselves to Mr. Roosevelt by exceptional zeal must intend that he be nominated not only next year, but also in 1908. This extraordinary proposal has actually been made in Virginia. We hope that it will be reiterated, and that it will meet with general approval on the part of the Republicans. In that event, their principal objection to a conspicuous candidate of the Democracy would have to be withdrawn. If a third consecutive term would be desirable in the case of Mr. Roosevelt, a third term not consecutive would be unobjectionable in the case of Mr. Cleveland.

We took for granted that the sound position taken by the Democratic State convention of Iowa, the position, namely,



that certain schedules of the Dingley tariff must be readjusted now, and that this issue is more vital than any of the demands inserted at Mr. Bryan's behest in the Kansas City platform, would command itself to Democrats all over the country, or, at all events, in the States east of the Mississippi. It is with regret, therefore, that we note the comparative indifference to truly national issues exhibited by ex-Governor Pattison and Colonel Guffey, who, between them, are likely to shape a platform for the State convention of their party in Pennsylvania. Colonel Guffey wants his party to demand the immediate repeal of the Sales-Grady Libel Act, and to make the next campaign in the State turn upon that issue. Such a demand would figure properly enough in a State platform, but it could not be made a cardinal issue, for the reason that the rank and file of the Pennsylvania Republicans are as much opposed to the new libel act as are the Democrats. The law has no friends, outside of a few Republican leaders whose withers have been wrung by the publication of unpleasant truths. It has been incessantly and notoriously defied ever since it was placed upon the statute-book, yet nobody has dared to call for its enforcement. Nothing more absurd could be imagined than to make a still-born statute the pivotal issue in a campaign preceding by only about six months the meeting of national conventions in a Presidential year.

Mr. Pattison sees the impudence of Colonel Guffey's plan, and would have the Democracy appeal to the voters of Pennsylvania with the old Times war-cry, "Turn the rascals out!" It may be that events will so change themselves as to render such a war-cry effective. To adopt it at present, however, would be premature. As regards the corruption with which the Washington post-office, if not the whole postal department, seems to be honeycombed, Mr. Roosevelt has thus far displayed an inflexible determination to detect and punish the evil-doers. If there are any signs of wavering on his part, there are to be recognized in the confidence with which Senator Hanna, after an interview with the President, announced that Postmaster-General Payne would not resign, and in the reluctant admission made by First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne and Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol that they had been forbidden to give the press any further information concerning the discovery of postal frauds. Postmaster-General Payne would hardly have issued such a prohibition unless it had been sanctioned by the President. It is hard to understand why publicity, which, according to Mr. Roosevelt, will prove an efficient deterrent of wrongdoing on the part of corporations, should suddenly seem objectionable in the case of guilty post-office officials. It is pretty clear that if the gag had been applied some months ago the post-office scandal would never have been heard of.

We shall hear no more of the complaint that in some of the Gulf States an attempt was making to revive negro slavery under the guise of peonage. As we have formerly pointed out, a law was placed upon the Alabama statute-book by virtue of which, if a negro was fined for a misdemeanor by a county magistrate and was unable to pay the fine, he could be sentenced to forced labor for months or even years in the service of the white man by whom the fine should be paid. Although the law was eventually pronounced unconstitutional by the Alabama Supreme Court, some county magistrates persisted in exercising the powers which the statute purported to confer on them. Under the circumstances, it was deemed expedient to invoke the interposition of a Federal court. As it happened, Judge Thomas G. Jones, of the Northern and Middle districts of Alabama, the United States District Attorney, and the United States Marshal were all three of the negroes. The quickness and the rigor with which the infringements of the Thirteenth Amendment were punished bear impressive witness to the heartfulness of public opinion in the State. Neither in Alabama nor in any other part of influential citizens or newspapers to evade the Thirteenth Amendment. If any apprehension on this score has Alabama Federal Court, and by the virtual unanimity with which the action has been applauded.

No anxious Southerner needs to be told that the inclination now observable in the Northern States not to insist upon

the enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments would be instantly arrested by the discovery that the practical nullification of the Thirteenth Amendment was contemplated in some Southern States. That amendment, it will be remembered, prescribes that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist in the United States or in any place subject to their jurisdiction. To fine a negro, and, in default of the payment thereof, to sentence him to hard labor, not for the State or in a county workhouse, but in the service of an individual who may see fit to pay the fine, obviously throws the door wide open to collusion on the part of a magistrate, and constitutes a flagrant violation of the Thirteenth Amendment. The true friends of the South have taken for granted that an erosion of that amendment on any pretext would be loathly condemned, and we note with satisfaction, but without surprise, the cordial approval which the course purged by Judge Jones has commanded in his native State. From the view-point of the highest interests of the Southern whites, it was of the utmost importance to stamp out peonage in the germ.

The hideous incident at Wilmington, Delaware, has naturally provoked discussion of the negro's position in the American commonwealth, the opinion having gained ground that the elevation of the blacks to political equality is largely responsible for the new negro crime. A remarkable declaration was made on July 3 by the African-American Conference, held at Louisville, Kentucky. In an address on the new question issued to the public by the conference, it says that it offers no objection to the disfranchisement of the ignorant negro, provided ignorant persons of the white race are similarly dealt with. We presume that a property qualification would also meet with approval, provided it were applicable to both races. It is probable that the practical effect of educational and property qualifications would be to disfranchise those negroes from whom crimes may be apprehended. Mr. Booker T. Washington, speaking at Louisville on the preceding day, pointed out that the outbreak of mob violence at Wilmington had conveyed a lesson to the colored race. The lesson was that, so far as the influence of parents, schools, and pulpits was concerned, no effort should be spared to impress on the colored people the imperative necessity of putting an end to idleness and crime. His fellow blacks should let the world know on all proper occasion, he said, that they consider no legal punishment too severe for the wretch of any race who attempts to outrage a woman. Meanwhile, there are men who seem to see that equal justice shall be meted out to black and white. Such a man, he said, was Judge Jones of Alabama.

Another interesting contribution to the discussion of the negro problem was made on June 29 by Regent Charles A. Gardiner, of New York, at the annual convention of the educational body known as the "University" of the State of New York. He opened, although no explicit decision of the question has yet been put forth by the United States Supreme Court, that the property and educational qualifications for voters, lately introduced in the Constitutions of certain Southern States, would be declared valid, although the "grandfather clause" would be pronounced void. The repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment he regarded as not only visionary, but also in superfluous, because the illiterate and thriftless negro would be practically eliminated, in spite of the constitutional amendment. Mr. Gardiner was convinced, he said, that any attempt to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment by substituting for apportioning Representatives would be absolutely unconstitutional and void. He held that the power of Congress to amend the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted. But if the Fifteenth Amendment, considered as a nation, can neither repeal the Fourteenth, nor enforce negro suffrage under the Fourteenth, what solution of the negro problem remains? Mr. Gardiner would find the solution in education, and he maintains that Congress is constitutionally empowered to educate the negro.

No other recent comments, however, on the negro question quite equal in respect of weight and insight those embodied in a Fourth-of-July address delivered by Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, at Montclair, New Jersey. He started with the admission that the problem cannot be solved by subjugation, by expatriation, or by amalgamation. Humanity, religion, and economic self-interest combined to make extermination or expatriation impossible. Segregation has been tried and renounced, and no renewal of the experiment, however disguised, will be permitted. As for amalgamation, this is forbidden by the instincts of both races, and, so far as it has been surreptitiously attempted, has tended, apparently, toward race deterioration. Precisely how the problem should be solved Mr. Abbott did not presume to say, but he is convinced that, in seeking a solution, we must never depart from the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. He hastened to explain precisely what he meant by these terms. By liberty he meant that the negro must possess the same freedom of family, of labor, and of contract which white men claim for themselves. By equality he meant that the negro must be the equal of the white man under the law and before the courts. He was far from asserting, nevertheless, that equality before the law implies equality in character, or involves identity in function. Equality does not mean that all men, black and white, are to govern as State Executives, as sheriffs, as members of a legislature, or as voters. We are reminded that a boy of sixteen years of age is equal before the law with a man of sixty; but the boy cannot vote and the man can.

We may add that women and men are equal before the law, yet women are debarred from voting in all but four States of the Union. It will scarcely be alleged that in any of our States men have violated the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity with reference to women. To prescribe, as six Southern States have recently prescribed in their State Constitutions, property and educational qualifications for the suffrage is neither unconstitutional nor inconsistent with liberty, equality, and fraternity. It may be true that these prescriptions are not justly and equally enforced in some sections of the South. What is the remedy? Dr. Abbott answers that we and the negro must appeal to the honest and intelligent sentiment of the South for the just and equal enforcement of laws which the South itself has fashioned. He recognizes that there is no lack of truth and courage in the South, and that while Southerners do not believe in negro domination or in amalgamation, they do believe in giving the negro equal justice before the courts, and a helping hand in his endeavor to help himself. This brings us to the definition of fraternity, as the term is used to indicate one aspect of the relation between the white man and the black. By fraternity Dr. Abbott does not mean that the negro is to intermarry with the white, or to govern the white, or to imitate the white, but that the white man is to help the black to develop in himself as an individual, and in his race as a race, the highest and best and largest manhood. Help can best be rendered by education; but of nine dollars devoted to the purpose, Dr. Abbott is convinced that eight dollars should be spent on industrial and pecuniary education—i. e., on the kind of instruction that enables the instructed to support themselves.

We have discussed elsewhere the notable address delivered by Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals, at the annual meeting of the Georgia Bar Association at Tallahassee. The impression made by Judge Parker on the members of the Georgia Legislature, to whom he had previously been introduced, seems to have been most favorable. It does not appear, however, that he said a word that might be construed as an allusion to the use that has been made of his name in connection with the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He went no farther than to admit that he concurred in the opinion when somebody shouted that "we need a Democratic President." Not an incident occurred to justify the most cautious observer in describing the perfectly proper acceptance of an invitation to address a bar association as an eulogizing term. Nobody desires that the occupant of a high judicial position should not seek political office. On the other hand, no reasonable person will assert that a judge should repel a nomination for such an office, if

it be tendered. It has been repeatedly alleged, but is not strictly true, that no jurist was ever elected President of the United States. As a matter of fact, Andrew Jackson was for six years judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, though, of course, it was his military rather than his judicial achievements that made him President.

Few students of affairs in the Northern States in 1856 now doubt that the Republican national convention of that year would have done well to nominate Judge McLean of the United States Supreme Court for President instead of John C. Fremont. They would then have had a fair chance of carrying Pennsylvania. Neither would anybody now dispute that the Democrats would have done wisely in 1868 had they nominated Chief-Justice Chase of the United States Supreme Court instead of Horatio Seymour. The former would have received the support of the New York Tribune and of many veteran Republicans who regarded General Grant with suspicion. There is a man now on the bench of the United States Supreme Court who would make an admirable candidate for the Democracy in 1904, because he has espoused the Democratic side on all the live issues of the hour. He was audaciously opposed to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1—but that is a dead issue. He is an anti-imperialist, believing that the Constitution follows the flag; and he holds that great combinations of capital can and should be subjected to restraint by the Federal government. We refer, of course, to John Marshall Harlan; and the question may well be asked why, if the Democracy is to take a candidate from the judiciary, it should not seek the highest bench and pick out the best man on it? The only objection to Justice Harlan's availability is that he was born in and appointed from Kentucky, which the Republicans have renounced the hope of carrying. The truth is, however, that Justice Harlan has sat so long upon the bench that he may be said to hail from the Capitol at Washington; and, as for local availability, there is reason to believe that State pride would cause Kentucky, which never yet had a President, to give him her electoral votes.

It is satisfactory to learn that the announcement informally made by Count Cassini through American newspapers, that the Kishinef petition addressed by the United Hebrew Congregations to the Czar would not be received by the Russian Foreign Office, had failed to deter President Roosevelt from forwarding the petition, with a note of commendation. If the Russian government desires the communication to be withheld, it must communicate its wishes in an official way. We can quite understand why Mr. de Plehve, the Russian Minister of the Interior, on whom the responsibility for the massacre largely rests, would like to stop the forwarding of the petition. If our ambassador to Russia were now at St. Petersburg he could demand a personal audience of the Czar, and thus make sure that the petition reached the hands of the autocrat. Transmitted through any other channel, it might fail to meet the eyes of Nicholas II. There has been so much talk about the matter, however, that the Czar is likely to insist upon an inspection of the document. If he does, some material concessions to the Russian Jews may be secured, for, as we have pointed out, the petition is admirably worked, and calculated to touch the heart of a generous and sympathetic ruler.

We are sorry to see a disposition to impute Mr. Roosevelt's persistency in forwarding the petition to arrogance on his part at the alleged sequestration of Russia to the concessions requested of China by our minister at Peking. We have demanded that the treaty of commerce now in course of negotiation shall contain a provision that the number of treaty ports in Manchuria shall be increased by two, so that our exporters of American products to that province may have free access not only to New-chiang, but also to Mukden and Taku-shan. We do not for a moment believe that Mr. Roosevelt could have been persuaded to refuse the request of the United Hebrew Congregations by a cessation of Russia's resistance to the opening of new treaty ports in Manchuria. We have no doubt that Russia would gladly see American admitted in Mukden and Taku-shan, but for the fact that other foreigners, including particularly the British and the Japanese, could not be debarred from the enjoyment of the

same privilege because the "most-favored-nation" clause is, or will be, contained in all the treaties concluded between China and foreign powers. No man conversant with the irreconcilability of Russian and Japanese interests in the Far East can fail to appreciate Russia's unwillingness to see the Mikado's subjects admitted to Manchuria; and, of course, since the conclusion of the British-Japanese alliance, Englishmen are also eyed with suspicion. Some of our American newspapers seem to forget that Russia has expended a vast amount of money on the Trans-Manchurian branch of the Siberian railway, and that to expect her to renounce the protection of the line is unreasonable. How long could the railway be kept in running order if the Russian garrisons were withdrawn, and Japanese emissaries were suffered to enter Mukden and there foment Chinese hostility against the Russian invader? We ought to ask ourselves how we should be likely to act if we were in Russia's position.

Certain letters of his which have been published in *franglais*, indicate the possibility that Lucius N. Littauer, a representative of a New York district in the Lower House of Congress, has been guilty of an act which is made a crime by the Federal statutes, a participation, namely, in the profits derived from government contracts. A Federal law makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of three thousand dollars, for a member of Congress to undertake, execute, or enjoy, directly or indirectly, in whole or in part, any contract entered into on behalf of the United States, and the same penalty attaches to a government official who shall have entered into any such contract. From the published documents in the case it seems to be possible that the man Lyon, with whom a contract for furnishing gloves was made by the Quartermaster-General's Department after the outbreak of the war with Spain, shared profits with the firm to which Littauer belongs. As early as Thursday, July 2, Secretary Root, doubtless acting on instructions from Mr. Roosevelt, called Judge-Advocate-General Davis into consultation, and directed him to look into the legal aspects of the disclosures concerning Representative Littauer. Nor is this the only case of the kind with Spain which Secretary Root has determined to subject to a rigorous investigation. It appears, for instance, that the contracts for supplying headstones to the army have for several years been given to the Vermont Marble Works, of Proctor, Vermont, in which Senator Redfield Proctor of that State is largely interested. It is also alleged that Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania is interested in a concern that has furnished supplies to the Post-office Department.

It has long been a matter of current rumour in Washington that, if the methods followed by the War Department in the purchase of supplies for the army between the 4th of March, 1897, and the date when Mr. Root became Secretary of War, should be subjected to investigation, a mass of corruption would be disclosed that would shock the country. The amount of money involved in the Littauer glove case and the Proctor headstone case is believed to be insignificant compared with the criminal waste incurred in other transactions. We have heard it asserted by men who spoke from information and with authority, that during the period preceding the appointment of Secretary Root the government was defrauded of many millions of dollars in army contracts, and that implication in the frauds can be brought home to men who still President Roosevelt and Secretary Root, at a crisis which conceivably may involve their party's fortunes, will heed the injunction, *Senite, and spare not!* One thing is tolerably certain, namely, that if, for any cause, they should be disposed to shirk their duty, they will be sternly reminded of it by the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives.

We discuss elsewhere the conditions under which the next Pope will be chosen, and we have lately directed attention Leo XIII. in the course of his statesmanship given by When he assumed the triple crown in 1878, the condition of the Papacy was, of course, less abject than it had been when Pius VII. was chosen Pope at Venice. It was sufficiently depressing, however, the total loss of temporal authority by Pius IX. having been accompanied by a threatened eclipse

of spiritual influence. The promulgation of the dogma of Papal infallibility by the Vatican Ecumenical Council had given rise to the Old Catholic movement which, for a time, seemed likely to acquire large dimensions. In Prussia, Bisumrek had announced that he would never go to Canosa, by which he was understood to mean that the Falk laws against the Catholics would never be repealed. There was ground for fear that the anti-Catholic policy followed at Berlin would be adopted at St. Petersburg against the Polish Catholics. In Spain an anti-Catholic republic had been but recently supplanted by a monarchy, which looked precarious, and in the third French Republic, Gambetta, still all-powerful, had hidden French republicans to see in clericalism their chief enemy.

On the recent twenty-fifth anniversary of his enthronement Leo XIII. could gaze around him and recognize that the clouds had been dispelled by his foresight and sagacity in every quarter but one. A satisfactory *modus vivendi* had been established with Russia in regard to the Catholic hierarchy in Poland. The Falk laws had been repealed in Prussia, with the exception of a fragment by which Jesuit establishments were barred out from the Prussian dominions. The influence of the Papacy in the Iberian Peninsula had been completely renewed. Unprecedented progress had been made by the Roman Catholic religion in the United Kingdom and in the United States. In Belgium, the Clericals had superseded the Liberals as masters of the Parliament, notwithstanding the immense extension that had been given to the suffrage. With reference to the Italian monarchy, the Papacy is no worse off politically, and is much better off morally, than it was twenty-five years ago, because it has become a matter of grave moment to the Quirinal that the Catholic voters, who, in obedience to the orders of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., have abstained from taking part in Parliamentary elections, should rally to the support of conservative principles. That is to say, in Italy the state now needs the Church. Only in France has the conciliatory policy of Leo XIII. proved fruitless, and the Pontiff's last moments must have been embittered by the knowledge that the concordat between that country and the Papacy seems on the verge of abolition. Yet the thought must have consoled him that, with the limited means at his command, he gained many a moral victory, and immensely enhanced the prestige of the Vatican.

That the baby should swallow a pin and come to no harm, and that the passion for gambling should vanish,—these are among the commonplacees of Christian Science testimony, but the annual excursion to Concord, New Hampshire, the home of Mary Baker G. Eddy, is no commonplace, and never will be, so long as it is like that which happened on the last Monday in June. Ten thousand or so of her disciples went on that trip. Nobody knew that they were going until the middle of the day before, Mrs. Eddy having withheld her invitation to the last possible minute. For an evening disengagement, tickets could not be prepared, the day being Sunday. To this, as they did, drawing from their own ranks a supply of anti-Christian Science publishing-house all the tickets needed. They also furnished a corps of able ticket-sellers, who sold 40,000 wouder is tickets on Sunday afternoon. But what excited most of the crowd of pilgrims, the general passenger agent of the railroad testified that a letter-natured lot of people never travelled together. The accompanying reporters marvelled at the quiet courtesy of the devotees when they reached Concord. Says one: "Nobody ventured to encroach upon his neighbor, none struggled for a better view," and some ventured on any forbidden ground. They even kept off the grass. The most motley crowd simply concluded itself with courtesy and consideration—to the bewilderment of observers who had seen big excursions before. Of the demeanor of Mrs. Eddy's followers toward that woman when she appeared on the balcony of her dwelling, and as she rode through the muck in a closed carriage, it is needless to say no more than that as an exhibition of adoration the churches rarely see anything to compare with it.

## Chief-Judge Parker on the Reconstruction Amendment

It is perfectly true that, in the remarkable address delivered by Chief-Judge Alton R. Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals, at Tallulah Falls, before the Georgia Bar Association, there is not a line or a word which can be construed as a bid for political favor. It is, at the same time, undesirable that an subject should be depicted, more certain to rivet the attention of lawyers in a Southern State than the hearing of the phrase "Due process of law" on the constitutional relation of the Federal government to the constituent States of the Union. The phrase recurs, it will be remembered, in the Fifth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, which provides, among other things, that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. It occurs, also, in the Fourteenth Amendment, which sets forth that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. The Fifth Amendment was added to the Constitution on the demand of the States, and was intended to restrain the Federal government; while the Fourteenth, in the clause to which we have referred, was meant to restrain the States. With regard to the latter amendment, Chief-Judge Parker pointed out that at no time in the history of the United States could it have been adopted previous to the so-called Reconstruction period; and he did not hesitate to add that, if it were not now incorporated in the Constitution, it is impossible that such an amendment could ever be made a part of that instrument. He even pronounced it doubtful whether the Fourteenth Amendment would have been adopted in the Reconstruction period itself, had it been then understood to confer upon Congress the power to enforce the restrictions on State powers which are contained in the amendment, and to confer upon the United States Supreme Court the power to set aside provisions of a State Constitution or statute which, in the judgment of that court, might abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, or deny to any person within the jurisdiction of the State the equal protection of the laws. In a word, the great majority of the framers and adopters of the Fourteenth Amendment did not understand that they were thereby placing the essential rights of life, liberty, and property under the ultimate protection of the Federal government.

Judge Parker, of course, did not deny that several of the Senators who contributed to the formulation of the Fourteenth Amendment have asserted that it was intended to operate in the broadest sense. The Hon. Charles Sumner, in a speech on one occasion pronounced the journal of the committee which framed the amendment, to show how the various provisions came to be inserted, and he maintained that the committee intended to give them the widest possible scope and operation, for the benefit of all persons, white or black. Whatever may have been in the minds, however, of some of those who framed the amendment, Judge Parker is undoubtedly right in assuming that most of those who adopted it did so on the hypothesis that its sole purpose was to benefit and protect the colored race. He adduces expert proof of this assumption in the opinion of Mr. Justice Miller in the slaughter-house cases, and in the opinion of Mr. Justice Strong, in which all the other justices of the United States Supreme Court concurred, in the case of *Bronder v. West Virginia*, in which Mr. Justice Strong said that the true spirit and meaning of both the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments cannot be understood without keeping in view the history of the times when they were adopted, and the general objects they plainly sought to accomplish. The Fourteenth Amendment, he said, was designed to assure to the colored race the enjoyment of all the civil rights which under the law are enjoyed by white persons, and to give to that race the protection of the general government in that enjoyment, whenever it should be denied by the States. Mr. Justice Strong added: "We doubt very much whether any action of a State, not directed by way of discrimination against the negroes as a class, will ever be held to come within the purview of this provision."

What are the privileges and immunities of the citizen of the United States which by the Fourteenth Amendment the States are forbidden to abridge? They are those which are within the sphere of the United States government, and which are enumerated in the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the slaughter-house cases. These are as follows: Free access to the great functions of the Federal government, free access to the ports, sub-treasuries, land offices, and courts of the United States; protection to life, liberty, and property on the high seas and in foreign countries through diplomatic agencies. The right to assemble peaceably and to petition for redress of grievances. The right to habeas corpus. The right to take the navigable waters of the United States and to become a citizen of any one of the States by a local *quo* residence therein. A person, however, may be a citizen of the United States without being a citizen of one of the States,

or he may have his residence in Washington city or in the Territories. In spite of the enumerated privileges which the States are forbidden to abridge, the State remains the guardian of the fundamental civil rights of the citizen, as well as the determinant of the citizen's political privileges.

Dealing with these fundamental civil rights in detail, under the four heads of police power, the power of eminent domain, the power of taxation, and the power of civil and criminal procedure, Chief-Judge Parker quoted the United States Supreme Court in a decision that under the Fourteenth Amendment, broad and comprehensive as it is, on any other amendment, broad and comprehensive with the power of the State, sometimes termed its police power, to prescribe regulations to promote the health, peace, morals, education, and good order of the people, and to legislate so as to increase the industries of the State, develop its resources, and add to its wealth and prosperity. As regards the hearing of the amendment on the State's right of eminent domain, Chief-Judge Parker pointed out that the power of a State to take private property for public use is inherent in sovereignty, and necessary to it; and that the Fourteenth Amendment merely prohibits the State from taking without due process of law, meaning, of course, that there must be compensation, as well as orderly procedure. With reference to the matter of taxation, Chief-Judge Parker advised decisions of the highest Federal tribunal to prove that the tendency to assume that the judicial department of the Federal government can and should review and correct errors of a State's Legislature or a State Executive, has received little support from the United States Supreme Court, when that tribunal has considered the axioms upon taxing statistics of States and the procedure thereunder.

Concluding his address in the Georgia Bar Association, Chief-Judge Parker felt warranted in saying that, incomparably valuable as has been the service of the United States Supreme Court to the American people, that tribunal has never been charged with a greater responsibility than that placed upon it by the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment. He recognized that to the recognition and discharge of that responsibility the individual members of the court have devoted their highest energies, great abilities, and broad learning, ever keeping in mind—as appears from many written opinions—the danger of which Mr. Justice Miller gave warning in the slaughter-house cases, the danger, namely, of so far exceeding the Fourteenth Amendment as to fetter and degrade the State governments. It is true that, since that opinion was expressed, the Fourteenth Amendment has received a wider application than the majority of the justices contemplated at that time. Nevertheless, as Chief-Judge Parker reminded his auditors in his opinion in the United States *Keppell* case, and in a similar declaration in the case of *Belden v. Hardy*—not could any declaration give more hope and comfort to the Southern States—that, while the cardinal principles of justice are immutable, the methods by which justice is administered are subject to constant fluctuation; and the Constitution of the United States, which is necessary, and to a large extent, inflexible, and exceedingly difficult of amendment, should not be so construed as to deprive the States of the power as in several their laws as to make them conform to the wishes of the citizens, as they may deem best for the public welfare, without bringing them into conflict with the supreme law of the land. There was not a lawyer present at Tallulah Falls who did not instantly recognize the bearing of this declaration on the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court by which a majority of the justices declined to pronounce against the validity of the suffrage clause of the Alabama Constitution.

## The Next Pope

Scarcely in the history of the Papacy has the outcome of a conclave been awaited with more anxiety by anxious Catholics, or with more interest by European statesmen. As the present assembly of the *WASANT* will reach the apex of its activity before the choice of a Pope is made, it may be well to note the conditions under which an election will take place, before proceeding to review the candidates and to indicate the problems by which the next occupant of Peter's Chair will be confronted. It was as long ago as 1274 that Gregory X, in a conclave held at Lyons, promulgated a code of law, complete, in all respects, for the conducting of the Papal election. These rules have since been modified and supplemented in many particulars, but the substance of the provisions now enforced may be set forth in a few sentences. The cardinals go into conclave on the tenth day after the Pope's death, each attended by one person only, though, in the case of a great festival, more than one attendant is allowed. Each resident finds in the Vatican a bed-room, constructed for his occupation, and assigned to him by lot. Every morning and every evening the cardinals present proceed to a "Scrutiny," by which is meant a voting by specially prepared ballots, which conceal the name of the voter, and are opened only in the event of an election being made at that scrutiny. After each scrutiny an

opportunity for an "accedere" is afforded, that is to say, after the number of the votes for each candidate is declared, it is open to every voter to show by a similar secret ballot that he "accedere" to such or such a candidate. If no election be thus arrived at, the same process is repeated every morning and evening, till some cardinal is found to have the requisite majority of two-thirds of those who are present. Very rare, the candidate's own vote being subtracted. Develops the "adoration" of the new Pope by the cardinals takes place, and the announcement *Habemus Pontificem* (We have a Pope) is made from a balcony, by the Dean of the Sacred College, *Ubi et ubi*—to the Eternal City and to the world at large. We should here mention that a scrutiny is of course superfluous when an election takes place by "inspiration," or, in other words, when all the cardinals, as if by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, proclaim one and the same candidate. We add that the question whether cardinals who have been named secretly (or in fiction), but have not been publicly proclaimed, may enter the conclave, has not been settled by precedent. A conclave has sometimes permitted, and sometimes refused to permit, such persons to take part in a Papal election. We observe, finally, that, during the interregnum between the death of a Pope and the proclamation of his successor, the supreme governing powers of the Papacy are vested in the Camerlengo, or Grand Chamberlain, who, at this time, is Cardinal Orsini di Santo Stefano.

The existing number of cardinals falls somewhat short of seventy, the maximum number fixed by Sixtus V., and never since exceeded. A majority of the cardinals are Italian. For this reason, and because it is easier for foreign cardinals to agree upon an Italian than upon one of their own number, it is almost certain that the next Pope will be a native of Italy. Inasmuch, moreover, as a large majority of the Italian cardinals are uncompromising in their hostility to the Quirinal, it is probable that the choice of the conclave will fall upon a candidate who can be relied upon to adhere indifferently to the irreconcilable policy maintained by Pius IX. and Leo XIII. All the influence of the Italian government will, of course, be thrown against such a selection, and it would be a mistake to moderate this influence, though it has to be exerted in indirect and secret ways. Much depends upon the answer to the question whether the veto power which is possessed by Austria, France, Spain, and Portugal, but which was waived at the last conclave in 1878, will now be exercised. This veto power, as the term implies, gives the government of each of the four the right to prohibit the election of any particular candidate whom it may deem objectionable. Quite recently, it was reported that the Vatican intended to open negotiations with a view to the abolition of the veto power, on the ground that, the Papacy having lost its temporal authority, there is no longer any reason for its existence. As things are now, the veto power survives, and might conceivably be exercised by Austria or France against a candidate offensive to the Quirinal. It is also possible that a combination might be effected among the foreign cardinals in favor of an Italian member of the Sacred College, whose opinions with reference to an accommodation with Italy are not definitely known; but, as we have said, it is more likely that a man of uncompromising views will be preferred, and it may be well to bear this presumption in mind as we name the various candidates for the Papacy. As it happens, there are all cardinals; but any man, lay or ecclesiastic, not a heretic and not essentially unpopulated, may be elected Pope.

The belief has long been current at Rome that the successor desired by Leo XIII. is Cardinal Gotti, now Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda Fide. He is a man sixty-eight years of age, the son of a Roman laborer. He belongs to the Carmelite Order of barefoot monks. He is a man of learning, but possesses no literary talent, unlike Leo XIII., who wrote correct and pleasing Latin verses, and was a master of Latin prose. On the other hand, Cardinal Gotti is a mathematician and a physicist; he would, therefore, be an ideal candidate in the eyes of St. George Mivart and those Catholic scientists who desire to reconcile religion and science. The precise position of Cardinal Gotti with reference to politics in general, and to Italian politics in particular, is not generally known, as he talks but little and keeps his opinions to himself. For that very reason, should the sittings of the conclave be prolonged, he may be agreed upon as a candidate by the rival provision of extreme opinions, and whose prospects seemed at one Parliamentary, who heard the last confession of Leo XIII., the Grand supervisor of the administration of the extreme union, to him, Vienna, and is likely to receive support from German and Austrian members of the Sacred College, among his Italian fellow at present Librarian of the Vatican, and the most distinguished Catholic ecclesiastical writer living. If the Quirinal could see election, for Cardinal Capelatro is one of the most ardent partisans in Italy, and has made no secret of his desire to promote a reconciliation between Church and State. On that very ground, the

Jesuits, who have tremendous influence in the Sacred College, are infinitely opposed to him, and will, doubtless, be able to defeat him. Among other cardinals who have been mentioned as possible recipients of the Papal crown are to name them in the order of prominence—Serafini, Martinelli, Riboldi, Rosignoli, and Sestini.

The two cardinals hitherto most favored, however, by the uncompromising party, which consists on being dominant in the conclave, are Rattolli and Svampa. The former was made a cardinal when he was forty-four years old, and he is now fifty-seven. He was at one time Papal Nuncio at Madrid, and afterwards served as arbitrator between Spain and Germany in the controversy over the Canarian Islands. For the last fifteen years he has been Papal Secretary of State, and is credited with having dictated the policy of the Vatican toward Germany and France. He is the favorite candidate of the Jesuits, but his irreconcilable attitude toward Italy has made him so intensely distasteful to the Quirinal, that an effort may be made to induce Austria or France to veto his election. Such an intemperance is not inconceivable, seeing that Austria is Italy's ally, and that the diplomatic relations between the French and Italian governments are now extremely cordial. Another candidate who, it is believed, would be acceptable to the Jesuits, is Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna. There is no more outspoken and better reactionist in the Sacred College.

Most of the cardinals who demand a restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy would be content with the territory which Pius IX. possessed in 1870, before the occupation by the King of Italy. Some would even accept, it is reported, cession of the so-called Leonine City, and of a strip of land on the southern bank of the Tiber connecting the Vatican with the sea. Cardinal Svampa, on the other hand, insists on the restitution of all the dominions that belonged to the Papacy in 1859, a restitution that has never been made even a subject of discussion by practical politicians. No member of the Sacred College is personally so obnoxious to the Quirinal, for he did not scruple to avoid positive hatred of Victor Emmanuel II., and he has studiously stowed the latter's son and grandson. If cardinals were now to vote for Cardinal Svampa by a prophecy, dating from the twelfth century, that Rome would one day see a line of Popes designated by the word "stump," which means "flames." There is no doubt that Cardinal Svampa would gladly set Europe in a blaze if thereby he might recover the temporal possessions of the Papacy.

Whoever may be the choice of the conclave, he can scarcely hope to rival the remarkable achievements of Leo XIII. The situation in which he will find himself is even more difficult than that which his predecessor encountered. The Italian monarchy is more firmly rooted in the peninsula, and more strongly buttressed by foreign alliances and understandings than it was in 1878. The concordat with France may be abolished at any hour; and the Socialists in Germany are swiftly moving toward numerical preponderance at the ballot-box, though, owing to an unfair apportionment of seats, their ascendancy in the Reichstag seems still distant. A strong and skillful pilot will be needed to steer the bark of St. Peter through tempestuous seas.

## Does Woman Know Too Much?

In the *North American Review* for July, Miss Margaret Roland discusses the falling off of the birth-rate among native Americans, and attributes it "to nothing more or less than the overeducation and abnormal public activities so ardently encouraged among our women since the close of the civil war." In the Bible story of the fall and the curse of Eve, she finds an allegorical record of a primal experience of mankind which resulted in the conclusion that in women too much knowledge of good and evil—too much mental cultivation and active participation in general affairs—was inevitably prejudicial to child-bearing, and that unless women's energies were restricted to the domestic side of life, the race would run out. To the tremendous force with which this lesson was at some time impressed upon prehistoric Asiatic peoples, Miss Roland attributes the strength of the oriental tradition which finds extension in the variable exclusion of women in all Oriental countries from reflected in the early laws and customs of the Europeans, themselves of Asiatic derivation. It was modified to advantage in the West as civilization advanced. In the early days of the Roman Republic, the Roman woman as mistress of her household held a place very like that occupied by the wives of our pioneers. She found complete occupation at home and was highly successful in the mother of strong men. In Rome's later days with the emancipation of the Roman ladies from domestic labors and their participation in politics, arose idleness, childlessness, divorce, the destruction of the Roman race, the domination of the old Latin latians. When the empire fell there came a bright sun of civilization "not unlike that which ages before drove the man and woman

out of Eden. Evolve the woman of Europe toward her task of bringing forth children; her duties are to her husband, and be rated next her." Christianity, involving motherhood with a holy dignity, helped to check the disease that the Roman civilization had bequeathed, and with the rise of a new ideal, and "the re-establishment of woman upon her true throne of god in her sphere of maternal power, she labored again Adamlike, to maintain the organization of the family and afford privacy and protection to the wife and mother in her own home."

Through the conservation of the women, Miss Holland thinks, Europe has achieved her true destiny: "for lack of that very precaution we of the United States bid him to dare the fate that overtook the equally ambitious Roman." Fewer energies, it seems, and shorter hours, combined, saved the Americanized woman. But it isn't her fault. As long as she found honorable, independent, profitable employment at home she stayed there content, and her ambitions were realized in her children. But when "the greedy current of commercialism tore out her hands all home employment, she followed her task to the mills and factories." Forced to get her living outside her home, she reached naturally for whatever laws, privileges, training and education would help her. Men, doing feminine jobs cheap and efficient, have been glad to train it. But it has all hurt family life. Fewer children are born to a marriage, and divorcee have increased until now in the Western Reserve of Ohio there is one to every eleven marriages. Moreover, Miss Holland holds that the expectation that highly educated mothers would bear superior children has not been realized. She says the highly educated woman is either in a hurry, or in a hurry, to make money, or to enjoy life, attracts her more than marriage, and if she does marry she has few children or none. And so the families of our best educated native-American classes keep getting smaller, and if Europe did not send us population we should be in a bad way. What we most need, she thinks, is not new incentives to education, or new spheres of public activity for our women, but re-education of the motherhood ideal. Otherwise out of this Western Eden we shall go, because Eve, as before, has eaten too freely of the tree of knowledge.

It is easy to say that the North America's contribution has not held the whole story; it is easy to point out exceptions to the general rules she offers, and her view that assimilation is a chief cause of race decline is denied by more excellent authorities. But there is plenty of acknowledged truth in what she says, and she has put it impressively. What are we going to do about it? Close the colleges for girls? Put obstacles on the higher education of women? Separate the typewriter from its mistress? Prohibit the employment of girls and women in factories? No, some of these expedients are possible. If all the people who want children and cannot have them could be suddenly supplied, much of our reproach would for the time being be taken away, but that is not practicable either. Legislation, fines, rewards, taxation of relatives—all these expedients would be of trifling effect. The strongest direct artificial force that works in this country for the multiplication of offspring seems to be the Roman Catholic Church. No other artificial force, not even President Roosevelt, makes more than a temporary showing. The conditions of living have checked the increase of population among our native-born citizens, and if anything ever starts the birth-rate upward again some change in the conditions of living is likely to be at the bottom of it. Meanwhile the treatment by education and persuasion is the only one practicable. That may help individual cases, even though the multitude of night-to-be mothers still flock to mills, offices, shops, and summer hotels, and armies of night-to-be fathers live in bachelor-apartment houses, and constitute woful, but indifferent, warnings to mankind.

The most encouraging suggestion offered is that the progression of the decline in birth-rate among the native Americans have been derived too much from statistics of the North Atlantic States. Professor T. L. Smith of Clark University, Worcester, has been studying the reports of the Twelfth Census, and learns that in 1900 there were 41,053,417 native American whites in the country who had 1,128,285 children less than a year old. That means twenty-eight surviving children per year to every thousand native Americans. The rate for American families of foreign parentage was thirty-two surviving children to every thousand. The discrepancy is not so great as to be startling. An estimate made for Massachusetts has given seventeen births per thousand for native whites and fifty-two per thousand for foreign whites. That does indeed look as if the native American was out of the competition, but the rate for the whole country as taken from the census report tells another story.

### A Victory of Peace

THAT peace hath her victories no less renowned than war was once more demonstrated on July 4, when a message was flashed under the Pacific, and by means of a cable laid by an American company, from President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay to Governor Taft at Manila. To measure what this achievement would mean in time of war, when quick and uninterrupted communication

might be indispensable, we should recall the fact that in the spring of 1901 the first heavy, then all-steel, was ordered to attack the Spanish squadron in Manila Bay. The message had to be sent by a most circuitous route, and by foreign cables, first under the Atlantic from New York to Lisbon by way of the Azores, and then from Lisbon to Gibraltar, to Malta, to Alexandria, to Nuez, to Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea; thence to Bombay, to Madras, to Fering, to Singapore, and so to Hong-kong. The new Pacific cable, however, which has been laid by the Pacific-Commercial Company, of which Mr. Clarence Mackay is the President, comprises only four sections, and three stations between San Francisco and Manila—those, namely, at Hawaii, Midway Island and Guam—although it is some eight thousand three hundred miles long, or about twice the length of the next longest cable in the world.

To comprehend the magnitude of the work, it is needful to bear in mind not only the longitudinal distance covered, but the average depth beneath the surface of the ocean at which the cable had to be laid. The section, for instance, between San Francisco and Hawaii has a mean depth of 2500 fathoms, and a maximum depth of 3025; the section between Hawaii and Midway Island, a mean depth of 2800 fathoms, and again a maximum of 3025; the section from Midway Island to Guam has a mean depth of 3600 fathoms, and a maximum of 4900, while the fourth and most westerly section, from Guam to Luzon, has a mean depth of 2200 fathoms, and a maximum of 3400. To make clear the bearing of such facts on the magnitude of the work, we should point out that where there is a depth of 2000 fathoms and a cable is sailing eight knots an hour, no fewer than twenty-five miles of cable are in suspension at a given time, and a single point in the cable will take two hours and a half to reach the bottom. Naturally, a cable qualified to withstand the enormous strain of its own weight under such conditions must be of exceptional toughness, though it need not be of exceptional size. The cable laid between San Francisco and Luzon is only seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. In the center, however, is a twelve-wire-strand copper core, covered with heavy gutta-percha insulation, wrapped about which are eight plies of Manila hemp and asphalt, which, in turn, are covered by an armor of 23-1/2-gauge galvanized steel wires, while over all are six more wrappings of Manila hemp and a covering of asphalt.

As to the speed with which the new Pacific cable may be operated, we may note that President Roosevelt's message to Governor Taft at Manila left Oyster Bay at exactly 10:15 p. m., and Governor Taft's reply was received at the same place exactly half an hour later.

### Americanization of Jews

DR. MARCUS FISHBERG, of New York, a well-known anthropologist, contends that in the United States the Jewish race is disappearing, and that, within a few generations, the American Hebrew will be indistinguishable in physiognomy from his Gentile neighbors.

As the medical examiner of the United Hebrew Charities, Dr. Fishberg has had exceptional opportunities for conducting a physiognomical investigation. Some of his conclusions are certainly remarkable. For instance, his examination of over 3000 Jews in New York city has convinced him that there is no foundation for the notion that every Jew possesses a long, hooked nose. As a matter of fact, he has found only 6 per cent. of hooked noses among Hebrews. Straight noses constitute 66 per cent., broad noses 12 per cent., and what is even more remarkable, retreating noses 14 per cent. He does not deny that Jewish immigrants are easily pointed out, but he insists that they cannot be identified through any peculiarity of facial structure. A foreign look is popularly mistaken for a Jewish look.

Then, again, the Jewish immigrants have what may be appropriately described as the Ghetto face. The Ghetto face, or rather the Ghetto eye, expresses a careless fear and anxiety, or at least suspicion, of everything around it. The same eye is observed among other peoples that have been subjected to agelong persecution, as, for example, the Christian Armenians in Turkey, and the Kurds, or native Christians, in Egypt. The Jews who have lived for several generations outside of the Ghetto do not exhibit this facial phenomenon. There is no reason why the Ghetto eye should not tend quickly to disappear among the descendants of Jewish immigrants in the United States. It is true, as Dr. Fishberg says, that there is as much physiognomical difference between the Russian immigrant in the East Side of Manhattan borough and the American Hebrew who is conspicuous in commercial, professional, and public life as there is between the Irishman and the German. Yet, beyond a doubt, the ancestors of the advanced Hebrew of to-day bore a striking physical resemblance to the Russian Jews who are new-comers in this country.

As regards intermarriages between Jews and Gentiles, there is no doubt that they must have frequently taken place in the past, so far at least as the marriages of Jewish men to Christian women is concerned. This is evident when we compare Spanish Jews with German Jews in respect to the color of the eyes and hair.

## Co-operation in Ireland

In a speech delivered recently in the west of Ireland, the Hon. Bourke Corcoran, ex-member of Congress for New York city, made two points of considerable interest. He spoke of Ireland, with her remarkable natural resources, as "the coming maritime centre for the distribution of all products between Europe and America." He also offered his congratulations on the many evidences apparent of awakening prosperity in the "disfranchised country."

To these remarks he might have added a mention of the Irish Industrial League of America, a league which concerns itself not at all with "paternalism," but which is being formed among wealthy Irishmen in the United States, to help their countrymen at home to help themselves. The ideas which are helping so mightily in the making of a new Ireland are the ideas of co-operation. Their apostle in Ireland is the Hon. Horace Plunkett, and it was during ten years of exiling west of the Mississippi that he thought out the problem how to teach Ireland to help herself. There, too, it is said, he "diluted his hereditary instincts with democratic ideals." For he is one of two families of noble Plunketts, who for seven centuries have slung to their old homes under the shadow of the hill of Tara. An old chronicler declares that whoever escapes being robbed of their long-haired cattle by one Lind Plunkett, will not fail to be dogged by the other, and Horace Plunkett, in relating this, adds that he "never pits a new remedy without a sense of resolution for these little irregularities." Aristocrat and conservative and Protestant by birth, his allies in his great work are drawn from all shades of politics, positions, and religion. Every year he makes a trip to the United States, thus helping himself in touch with the progressive thoughts and methods of the New World.

Co-operation to the man in the street generally suggests a big store, where you buy at wholesale prices for cash down. But that is only a small part of the science—for science it is. Productive co-operation, which teaches its disciples how best and therefore most profitably to supply the needs of humanity, is a much wider subject. Its basic principle is that individual effort and combination for the common good must go hand in hand.

Twelve years ago, when Mr. Plunkett began his crusade, he was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, so steeped were the Irish farmers to whom he was addressing himself in the apathy born of ignorance, debt, and poverty. Single-headed he worked at first, and with so little apparent success that he had held over fifty meetings, spread over two years, before the first co-operative society was started. Now, there are seven hundred, with a membership of seventy thousand, and every day the movement extends. This rapid growth of quite new ideas in Ireland is attributed particularly to the fact that the old establishment has never disintegrated. A good deal more is due to the personality of Mr. Plunkett. Sincerity, gentleness, tenacity of purpose, and small interests—these are mighty factors in life. When they supplement rare intellectual gifts, they can move mountains. They are doing so in Ireland to-day. Mr. Plunkett has inspired his band of co-workers with a rare and disinterested enthusiasm, already fruitful, and the movement is believed to have only begun; already there have been striking results. The Irish butter-trade has been practically lost to Denmark. Now, under co-operation, whereby the farmers of a district combine to equip a creamery for themselves, Irish butter goes steadily ahead in output and quality. The same principle, and with similar success, are being applied to the egg and poultry trade, to bee-keeping, and to various handicraft home industries. In each case the whole "couth" belongs to the workers. All the profits are apportioned among them. There are no middle men.

A deeply interesting development of co-operation is the formation of small rural banks on the Raiffeisen system. The money-lender, that curse of the poor farmer the world over, exists in rural Ireland in a peculiarly aggravated form. The "toy banks," as they have been laughingly called, are killing out these vampires. Small they are, to be sure, but how else could money-lending be managed, where the borrower is personal character, so more and so less. The borrower, therefore, and his sureties, must be known to the lenders, who, consequently, must be local men. Usually they are farmers themselves, with a priest or person among them. They may be anything from tea shillings up; but the object remains stated. Merciful have been the results, and not monetary alone. For effect not easy to estimate. For a loan granted on such security is the cause of responsibility for the lenders. They know they had best of this kind has yet to be made in Ireland.

All these, and many other aspects of co-operation now visible in Ireland, owe their existence to the working of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, founded by Mr. Plunkett in 1884, to promote co-operation among Irish farmers. History repeats itself. Long ago, Ireland was a centre of learning, and a Christian

missionary to other nations. Now, English farmers are coming to her, to study the co-operative methods of which she is becoming a remarkable object-lesson.

## A Fascinating Theory of the Sun

Some twenty years ago that genial Irishman and very distinguished physicist, the late Dr. John Tyndall, wrote an admirable essay on the scientific use of the imaginative faculty, pointing out how many great truths, which strict scientific method had failed to discover, had been divined by the imagination. Mr. George W. Warder, a man of many activities, seems to have had to heart the lesson of this essay. Not satisfied with the theory of the solar system which has been commonly accepted for many generations, he has let loose his imagination in search of something newer and more romantic. And this is what he has found: that the sun is not a molten or even a hot body, not "a fluid base of light," but a cool and pleasant world—perhaps a heaven—which generates enough electricity to supply heat and light to the whole solar system; that this electricity is sent to the planets by a sort of ethereal transmission; that it is not converted into heat and light till it comes into contact with the opposite electric forces of the planets; and that it draws back from the latter to itself such planetary electricity as it needs to perpetuate its status and functions. With the exercise of great industry and considerable scientific knowledge, Mr. Warder proceeds, in a book he has had the enterprise to publish privately and in a periodical article, to apply his theory and to measure it against facts. And it must be confessed that it stands the test very well. Indeed, it seems to afford explanations of many phenomena which the accepted theories explain but unconvincingly or only envelop in deeper mystery.

True, Mr. Warder's discovery is only a theory; but the astute hypothesis and its corollaries are nothing new, and, theory against theory, Mr. Warder's seems capable of holding its own. True, too, the author of the new idea is not a strict scientist—despite his considerable scientific knowledge; he is not likely to gain the entire confidence of the thinking world, for he has a habit of making dogmatic assertions without feeling called upon to adduce even theoretical proofs of their truth, and of letting his imagination carry him into idealistic regions where the scientific and philosophic mind cannot bear him company. But when this is said, it must be admitted that he has furnished the astronomical scientist with a very interesting theorem to work on, to prove or disprove.

If they should succeed in demonstrating the truth of the general idea, the importance of the result attained by Mr. Warder's scientific use of his imagination would be very great. It cannot really matter, the man in the street may think, whether we believe the sun to be a molten body, glowing heat and light—as we have hitherto supposed—or a cool body transmitting to the solar world continual currents of electricity, which are convertible into heat and light by contact with the electric fluids of planetary atmospheres. But it really does matter a great deal, at any rate, to thinking people, for our whole psychological attitude toward life is modified by our scientific conceptions. The old theory that the sun is a burning star, an incandescent, gaseous sphere, has long furnished the premises with one of their strongest, most irrefutable arguments. Everything is fiery and futile, they say; in a few hundreds or a few thousands of years the sun will have burnt itself out, the planets will be frozen up, all life will be extinct; vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Not so, now replies the electric theory; the solar body renews and will renew itself perpetually, and the poet's words acquire a new significance:

Yet, I doubt not, thro' the ages see increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

If Mr. Warder's idea is correct, there is going on a ceaseless interchange of solar and terrestrial fluids. Perhaps, even, every atom of the earth, including our own personal substance and essence, has been in the sun and will return to it. Mr. Warder says this is so; we prefer to say—perhaps,

But if science, after due investigation, should approve our adoption of this benign theory, those of us who are not strict scientists yet insist on making our creeds accord with scientific fact, those of us who, like Mr. Warder, have spiritual needs, and faith, sometimes, let our imaginations soar into the vague and high places, those of us who have lost our old heaven, may let our fancy and our faith build again for our spirits—which result at the thought of extinction—no everlasting refuge on the other side of death, and may peacefully hold once more something of the old comforting belief which, since our minds unstrayed and we looked upon the evil things of the earth, we have often found hard to justify, that

God's in His Heaven,  
All's right with the world.



**PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WRITING THE MESSAGE WHICH  
OPENED THE NEW PACIFIC CABLE**

*On July 4 the President wrote the cable message to Governor Taft with which the new Mackay cable to the Philippines was opened. The reply was received in thirty minutes. Then the President sent a message from Oyster Bay around the world to Mr. Charles Mackay at Koolen, Long Island. This message traveled more than twenty-two thousand miles to connect two points only eight miles apart. Mr. Mackay's reply was received in sixty-one minutes.*



# Diversions of the Higher Journalist

Litera Scripta Manet

**T**HE staying powers of the written letter have seldom been more helpfully manifested than in three recent instances involving not, perhaps as you might think, that one would rather not have said in one's life, as things that one would rather not have had read after one's death."

This seemed, to the Higher Journalist, a piquant beginning in contemplating some paragraphs on the recent publication of some intimate letters of Margaret Fuller, some private letters of John Ruskin, and an open letter of James Anthony Froude. But when he had got his position well before himself on paper, he began to have his misgivings. After all, had so much harm been done by any or all of these publications as his position implied? There was a good deal to be said on the other side, and it began to say itself with the volubility of a woman whose emotions embody her ideas, but it was really on the higher journalist's own intellectual conscience having a little talk with him.



Mrs. Thomas Carlyle

mental culpability and unkindness, and offensive enough, but were they so very dismayingly singular or significant? There was nothing surely, so inconclusive, so shocking in the fact that a couple very much in love with each other should have fought their married life through like cat and dog. It was a pity, but was it a crime of intellectual turpitude? The like has happened often enough in the history of humanity, if not the humanities, to have had its novelties toward the cat. The cat has often the best of it; but the dog, if he lives to tell the tale, may well accuse himself of brutality without proving the fault altogether his own. It happened that Carlyle survived, but if Mrs. Carlyle had lived to be his widow, perhaps she would have bewailed him and blamed herself in terms quite as snoring and hysterical as his own in considering his conduct toward her. "Come," the intellectual conscience urged, "let us use a little common sense! The only thing that Froude has the glamour of his literary bias, who, having only of heroic size when it was really of the ordinary dimensions. The only other thing that he has proved is for the Carlyles quarrels, as to be without an equal sure in the medical review with the theory that the cause, if related, was matter? Can any one be deeply concerned in it? Why should there are reasons as plenty as Mark Twain in an obscure reason, when the higher journalist had not found, severally, very important as cast a pleasing light on this-dog, to whose daughters they were magnanimity and dignity. They did not, it contended, show Ruskin in the reader's sense as of an affectionate postleness not always English fastness, poured round and over all, was illumined with flashes of inspiration, and there was something charming in it of another great man that a great one could owe to the daughters, but thought him, politically a wretched, and then could accept far givenness as frankly as he had given offense. The little ordinary was present for its intimations of that personalism which is mainly pressed in English politics, a kind of privacy absent from dinner. Therefore, the intellectual conscience maintained, more good than harm could come from the publication of little notes

and misdeeds, sometimes only a few lines long, which would not add to the splendor of Ruskin's just remembrance, or revive what certainly appeared to be his fading influence.

As for the love-letters of Margaret Fuller, written more than half a century ago to a young (German) Jew, the bad taste, had almost to the verge of bad faith, would not lead to abate a general question of national and racial taste involved. But was not the taste, such as it was, German, rather than Jewish? Was not the publication of these impudently rhetorical letters, so long after they had failed to suffer spontaneous combustion, and had not otherwise been burned, an effect of firmness, sentimentality rather than of Jewish conscience? The first Christian impulse to make a scrapbook of the Jew-life who kept the letters, and falling him, through the course of nature, to hand up his descendant with his sin, and drive him into the wilderness there to repent of his treason of good manners in opening these pages to the general eye. But perhaps we ought to blame his nation, and perhaps there is no great blame anyway. Who is to be blamed now by these love-letters? Margaret Fuller is no longer a fame; she is hardly a name. Her was in her time a most strenuous, a most earnest person, but she was always a superstitious rather than a religion, and she is now quite an obsolete superstition. Her survivors in an anecdote or two; as a literary force she was spent long ago; but her tragical fate, in returning home to be shipwrecked with her young husband and child on her sailing shores, has given a lasting pathos to her memory, and this is what appeals to the student of literature rather than anything she said; and she said a great many things. Most people will probably find as hard a reading as they would find her essays and criticisms; but they are not out of tune with the transcendental ecstasies of her time, and upon the whole, they brighten the sole remaining interest of her past. She outlived her earlier passion-lived to marry a young German noble of high revolutionary ideals, and to die with him in one of the most affecting disasters.

"The lesson," the intellectual conscience finally contended, after perusing these reasons, or, if they are not reasons, these arguments, upon the higher journalist, "is one that we cannot take too much to heart. A few years ago we were deluged with a wash of sentiment in the form of spurious love-letters, of which the public was at once and forever made so sick that fiction will not even repeat that done. But we had still to learn, what we that all love-letters are powerfully dull reading. It is almost as bad as listening to the raptures of the lovers in real life, and



John Ruskin

quite as bad as seeing their transcripts on the stage. When one sees a love-letter has got cold, it is of a heartiness of which it is the unique imperfections of personality to lighten its lump, it had better carry it, and left there. The error of the heirs of Mr. James the more good morals, as a mistaken attempt to contravene a law of nature."

With these observations his intellectual conscience let the higher journalist alone.



### A FINISH AT CLOSE QUARTERS

*The above snap shot was taken recently on the track at Sheephead Bay, Long Island, as the racers were crossing the line at the finish. The photographer stood directly in the path of the horses, at great risk to himself and secured what is probably the most extraordinary picture of a horse-race ever taken.*

# The Chamberlain Programme

By Sydney Brooks

**T**O prophesy in politics is proverbially foolish. But there are times when not to prophesy asks a degree of restraint such as, luckily for the interest of life, it is given to few to reach. Such a time is the present in England.

Humane nature has got the better of superhuman prudence, and every Englishman for the moment is a whole meteorological office of political forecasts in himself. Needless to say, it is the interest of Mr. Chamberlain's "unauthorised programmes" that serves as the starting-point for all these speculations. Since Gladstone announced his conversion to Home Rule, no bombshell of such unexpectedness and prodigious scattering power, has fallen into the camp of English politics. I believe that even Mr. Chamberlain is surprised at the confusion and hubbub he has raised. He had not meant to bring matters to a head quite so quickly. But politicians are like actors in their ignorance of what will occur and what will fail to secure a popular hit. The Birmingham speech of a few weeks ago was no more than the repetition, an amplifier and rather more detailed repetition, of a speech which Mr. Chamberlain delivered over a year ago. The earlier effort attracted some notice, led to a certain amount of discussion and even to a debate in the House of Commons; but in less than a month it had been forgotten, and the nation had turned to other things. Mr. Chamberlain had not the least idea when he took up the subject again, that he would be invited to consult not only England but the Empire, and indeed the world. Had he foreseen it, he would either have chosen some other topic for his speech, or have handled it differently. The way in which the nation poured upon his words and insisted on treating them as a new declaration of policy, really caught him unprepared. I do not mean that he was merely blind. What he said at Birmingham he sincerely and indeed passionately believed. But he intended it to have only an educational value, to prepare the way, not to be a statement of policy, and he was ready to carry out straightaway. The country, however, asked at once for facts and figures. It caught him up. It demanded the translation of his abstract principles into concrete details; it clamoured to have his point of view formulated in a cut and dried scheme. And, to tell the truth, Mr. Chamberlain had no cut and dried scheme to produce. Except in a general way he had not thought the matter out, and he would very much have preferred a less embarrassing minute inquiry into his suggestion. He would have liked to hear it, at any rate for a year or two longer. In the ideal and more or less rhetorical stage, quite outside the range of "practical politics." He wanted time to prepare his case. But no time was to take it up and so emerge from the safe shelter of generalities, statesmanship. He chose—as he always has chosen—the bolder off at half-cock. The sentimentalist who confides in public that he had gone Mr. Chamberlain would think of putting on the last garment of decency, he quickly made up his mind to face it, and there it was week by week he faced it with an exceedingly bold front. Within a week he had pitched up a rough and ready scheme of sorts, and to be used, and colonial food-stuffs admitted free in return for preferential treatment of British exports; and the working-class prospect of higher wages and a plebeian to an old-age-pension fund. It is not clear, but he called for an exhaustive inquiry into the whole subject, into the workings of free trade, into the methods and probable effects of establishing preferential tariffs

with the colonies. It was undoubtedly a fine parliamentary performance. His hand had really been forced, but from the perfect assurance with which he played the card, you would never have guessed it.

I lay stress on the extreme suddenness with which the whole proposal had leapt spring on the country because, unless one bears it constantly in mind, the present political chaos becomes inexplicable. It is as certain as anything can be that Mr. Chamberlain did not consult his colleagues in the cabinet before issuing his Birmingham manifesto. It came just as much a surprise to them as to the country at large. I may add that to some of them, perhaps even to a majority of them, it appears a blunder not only in politics but in policy. That has been made significantly clear already. There are members of the cabinet, Mr. Ritchie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is one of them, and I fancy the Duke of Devonshire is another, who would sooner resign office than vote for any such policy as Mr. Chamberlain has proposed. There are other members of the party, like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Lord Lochee, who will fight it even though by so doing they split the Unionist as Gladstone split the Liberal party; and they will be followed, it is certain, by a not inconsiderable section of the rank and file. The rupture has not come yet, but sooner or later, if Mr. Chamberlain persists, it is inevitable. The trouble at present is to get to the bottom of the matter, to get to something definite, nothing irreconcilable. So manifold are the complexities of the situation that caution is the safe and indeed the only game. Americans may readily exercise the topsyturviness of all things here if they will carry their minds back to 1896, and picture to themselves what would have happened if free silver had been made the issue of that great campaign at a week's notice instead of six months' or six years'. A month ago the last thing any one in England was expecting was to find himself hotly arguing for free trade or protection. The "man in the street" found politics interesting, but by no means exciting. He was concerned with Southland; he had an eye on the London Education bill; he was pondering the Irish Land bill. The political waters ran placidly enough to the outward eye, though with a strong undercurrent that the government found difficulty in gauging. The Opposition were no divided as ever. In all its essential the situation was pretty much as it had been for five years and more, and in an instant, without a moment's warning, it was not merely changed, but turned completely inside out. An article on English politics written for an American review on May 9, was out of date before it reached to the last century.



Mr. Chamberlain delivering an address at Southampton

and accurate enough at the time, was out of date before it reached to the last century. Mr. Chamberlain's programme has utterly swamped everything else, and the hotness with which the budget and even that immensely important measure, the Irish Land bill, are being discussed is a sign of the impatience of the country to have the matter settled. But the country will have to wait.

Immediate decision, I think one may even say that Mr. Chamberlain's impromptu policy, or at any rate the old age-pension was enough to show its futility. A moment's clear thinking would have shown the futility of the general scheme of which it was a part, and the prospect of it.

Mr. Chamberlain will have to find something else with which to gild the preferential bill. No doubt he will see in the main cause is unworkable. Men like the Opposition are chock by a "Government inquiry."



## A NEW UP-TOWN SKY-SCRAPER FOR NEW YORK

*The New York "Times" is following the lead of the "Herald" and is soon to move up town from Newspaper Row. Its new home, which is being built at the junction of Broadway, Forsyth Street, and South Street, is to be the tallest building in the city. Its summit will be 675 feet above the pavement, only 100 feet less than the height of the Park Row building, which holds the city-wrapping record for New York.*

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

"WEE MACGREGGOR," I see, has attained to the enviable honor of appearing this month in the *Bookman's* list of six best-selling books. The wee Scotch laddie has just managed to squeeze in at the tail end of the list, while *Lady Rose's Daughter* maintains the dignity she won last month at the top. But *Wee Macgreggor* has good Scotch doggedness in him, and will climb higher before the summer is gone. Mentioning Mr. Bell's second book, *Etiket*, which was published a few weeks ago, is fast making friends, and is selling rapidly. Unlike its predecessor, this book is not in Scotch dialect. The story is told for the most part in a series of dialogues in the most natural and entertaining fashion. It is the story of a courtship developed by means of conversations between Etiket and her lover. It is all so natural, so like the thing, that readers will smile reminiscently at the likeness in similar scenes in which they have figured. But the success of the story lies in its art, its deft execution, the turn of wit, the touch of human nature, the suggestion of such that is fine and true and appealing that is yet unspoken. For it is in his restraint that Mr. Bell shows himself to be a true artist. Other gifts come to him instinctively, his never-failing humor, for example; this is studied and promises well for his future. A certain humorist as an artist who playfully gives us his intuition of the world and human life. The sportive element in Mr. Bell's writing is contagious. Whether it be *Wee Macgreggor*, his "jaw" and "maw," "Aunt Perdiss, or Etiket" or Hugh or Mrs. Goble, his humor plays about his characters, with such kindly catching snift that you are compelled to laugh with him; yet his humor is in his humor, his sympathetic relation to his creatures so close and intimate that you dare not laugh at them. It is the direct, sweetest, sanest humor in the world; the quality of nature that enriches and kindles the heart; the laughter that makes friends of all and enemies of none.

Mr. John A. Stewart, to whom I am always grateful for *The Minister of State* and the pleasant memories it awakens, has just brought out a new novel entitled *The Samaritan*, which is less agreeable if more powerful. It is not a pleasant story. Mr. Stewart did not intend it to be. The title because of the satire which impregnates it, is in his aim to bring and to tell the truth about them, and he does this with a directness and a grim humor that appeal and shake the by. In *The Hebrew*, the owner of the innkeeper described being Israelite. But as it is not fair to suggest that Mr. Stewart's approval by calling the Hebrew in this particular slum, among them and several American visitors, and by a stroke of light but the climax of Israelite. The plot of the book lies in its terrible and the powerful interest of the poor in the slums, the criminal and lawless drugging treats the scum and sediment of civilization in his pictures of slum-land and Hyde Park, the uttermost poles of destitution and

luxury. The delineation of character in the slums is portrayed with a vivid realistic touch; Mr. Stewart is more successful with his low life than with his high life. He has vividly lived into the London of Fagin and the Artful Dodger, and studied the life at first hand. One can scarcely credit the revelation of the "Popping hole," though there is precedent for it in *Oliver Twist*. Surely the writer who wrote the plot for the terrible and tragic incident in the *Jane Eyre* ought to be pleased with *The Samaritan*. And if so, *John Street*—a book that none who read it can readily forget, and with which *The Samaritan* has much in common—could recommend a wide reading, it does not seem improbable that Mr. Stewart's gruesome novel should also attain a wide circulation. The savor of both books is their humor, of which there is an abundance.

The reported success of *A Rose of Normandy*, by Dr. W. R.

A. Wilson, would seem to set at naught the argument that the historical novel is defunct so far as public interest in it is concerned. The hero of the book is Henri de Tont, who is an historical character and who figures as the faithful lieutenant of La Salle. The great historian Parkman has immortalized the famous French pioneer and explorer in one of his most vivid and graphic volumes, and not a little of Dr. Wilson's inspiration is due to those picture-page pages and their portraiture of La Salle. The story opens in the streets of Paris and among the intrigues of the French court when Louis XIV. was reigning, and crosses the seas to follow the fortunes of La Salle and Tont. There is a reminiscence of King Vercueil in the love which the two prominent characters in the novel bear for the heroine, which holds the scene in suspense until the end is reached. Hence, the *Rose of Normandy* shares in many of the adventures with which the action of the tale is kept alive, and merits for dearly bought happiness in the stirring climax which caps an interesting and exciting book. *A Rose of Normandy* has evidently been studied with such careful historical accuracy that it may be read as a piece of history as well as a story.



"Since summer had had a gift" — Skirmisher.

accuracy that it may be read as a piece of history as well as a story.

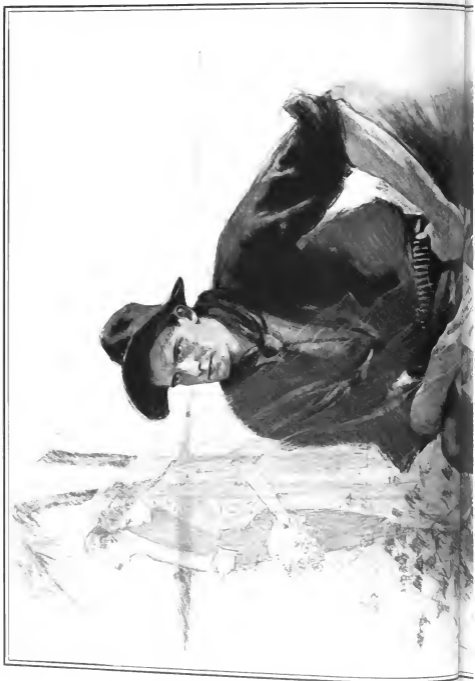
The June number of *Chambers' Journal* has an interesting paper on Robert Burns, containing some annotations written by the *Keros*. Some of these notes are characteristic of Irish literature. The simple after this anecdote in the book, "A servant maid had once returned home crying one day because a criminal whom she had Burns makes the ironic observation, "Honest nature." In the origin alongside the words of St. James, "Count it all joy when ye see in desire temptations." Burns exclaims, "Ah!" as if this inquiry, "Is love like a present of ribbons that you cannot should revive?" The following sentence, "Man was originally made of the dead earth, but woman of the living sun—therefore of a very excellent sort," recalls the poet's own lines:

Her prettier hair she try'd on man,  
As then she made the lanes, O!



### THE DAILY SHOW AT ASBURY PARK

*The famous front on the Jersey coast is one of the most popular resorts for New York's pleasure-seekers during its summer months. The annual show on the board walk at the bathing hour is one of the interesting sights, especially for out-of-town visitors to New York, during the summer months.*





Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood

## A LETTER FROM HOME





One of the Positions for Expert Sharpshooting



A Second Position for Valley-jump

## The American Soldier

The Finest Shot in the World

By R. Everett

THESE are few more interesting sights than to watch sharpshooters at practice. Take, for instance, the last afternoon at Sea Girt, preliminary to the selection of the team that went to England to bring back the Palma trophy. The marksmen who are now to shoot are prone on the ground. On the right stands a man at a telephone that connects with rifle-pit in which the men who are to mark the shots are stationed. At the end of the rifle-pit, well in view of all, is an instrument known as a wind-dial clock, which does exactly what its name implies—shows the direction of the wind. With the same intent, red flags flutter here and there. The clock may be out of order, but the flags will tell the truth to those versed in their language. Although each marksman keeps his own score—in me that he gets all that is coming to him—there is one official score-marker to every two sharpshooters, and a range officer.

United States War Department.

Upon the frames for the targets coarse cloth, like gunny-bag cloth, is first tacked; over that, cotton cloth; and over the cotton cloth, tough white, or light-brown paper is pasted. Upon this paper the "bull's-eye, inner and outer," have been indicated by heavy black lining. Although a great many materials have been tried for targets, nothing perfectly satisfactory has been found. The man who invents a preparation through which the bullets having passed, will leave an unchangeable hole will deserve the thanks of all "distinguished experts," to whom a fraction of an inch often means so much. The targets work in frames like the shades of windows. One is raised out of the pit, exposing its face to the marksman who fires. The marker in the pit bears the spot on his target; he takes a disk, fastened to a long pole, and raising it out of the pit, he covers the hole made by the shot. The position of the disk indicates the exact spot on the target hit by the marksman, while the color of the disk shows the value of the shot. A white disk indicates a bull's-eye, counting five; a red disk a centre, counting four; a black and white disk a magpie, counting three; a black disk an outer, counting two. The target is then pulled down into the pit, the hole made by the shot is covered by pasting a piece of paper over it, and the target is raised to be shot at again. Sometimes, to facilitate quicker firing, a double target is used. It is hard work; eye-straining work; but to time.

To the layman it looks impossible to make bull's-eyes at 1000 yard. But the "experts" do it. As the shooting begins, you run the wind in an "gully" and invariable as the summer gill. You have noted ten shots fired by Lieutenant Jenkins, of the Seventy-first Regiment, N.O.N.Y., the Seventy-first that last year and this year carried off the honors for the largest number

of "crack" shots among its members. The lieutenant, who has brought science to his aid in learning how to shoot, saw counts surely upon making a bull's-eye at his third shot at 1000 yards. But alas, alas, just when the trigger-finger has too much pressure on to stop, a dandy mosquito—he must have been the dress-suit of his regiment—settled on the tip of the "distinguished expert's" nose. The mosquito jimmied his proboscis down into those minute, torturing nerves that lie just beneath the skin, where he wigged it around until he found something that suited his fastidious tastes; then he settled back on his haunches and began to pump up the lifeblood of the nose. *Bling! alerkeley!* They had the bull's-eye between them; Lieutenant Jenkins three, the mosquito two. But the score-marker did not register the mosquito's shot; probably because he had neglected to "qualify."

Convinced that you will have heart failure if you watch Lieutenant Jenkins any longer, you draw near Sergeant Doyle—also of the Seventy-first. Talk about "a mind alone makes"; that isn't in it at all when it comes to rifle-shooting at 1000 yards at Sea Girt. To be psychically in a high state; and Sergeant Doyle is equal to the emergency. As he lies prone on the ground, the waxy little gnat—whose only claim to fame is that we strain at them when thinking of the frailties of our friends. Well, those scriptural insects settled on Sergeant Doyle's hands, his nostrils, neck, face; mercifully they left him his "shooting eye." But the man has no time to bother with gnats now, *Bling!* and—*it's a "crackjack!"* Good enough Sergeant Doyle.

And there was young Goodcombe, who does not look to be more than twenty-one or twenty-two, yet he is a lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps. He shoots well, and was "high man" last year. But he has not gone into the scientific study of rifle-shooting as have Dr. Henderson, Lieutenants Jenkins, Cawson, and others, from whose experiments in loading their own cartridges—carefully, patiently weighing out the powder for each shot, and afterwards recording the results, the manufacturers have so greatly benefited.

Watch Captain Evans of the Sixty-ninth, N.O.N.Y.—the "fighting Sixty-ninth," of which his lone head, but what's the use in him, or he to the sun? It's bull's-eye he's after—not accidents.

Under some of the tents—awaiting their turn—are more of those "distinguished experts." You may have heard an "oh! oh! oh! oh!" as a certain Guardsman is passing. He turns around and this way his comrades are poking him on the pool, and you learn that it is those—the poor shots—are the "gnats." And so they go! As they journey through life they play a little by the way; these "distinguished experts."



Members of the Seventy-first Regiment at Rifle Practice Showing the three positions for sharpshooting



**PAINING THE INTERIOR OF THE CAPITOL DOME AT WASHINGTON**

*This is an unusual photograph, taken from the gallery of the Capitol dome while the new series of work renovating the interior. The work requires more than ordinary skill, and the decorators, both inside and outside the dome, are retained only once in several years.*



"Ned Wayburn's Minstrel Misses,"—the Hit of the Show

Seventeen young women put on black paint and wigs in full view of the audience before giving a lively performance of songs and dances



Miss Jessie Ferguson of the Minstrel's company and Mr. J. L. Don in a Scene from George V. Hobart's entertaining Burlesque, "The Darling of the Gallery Gods"

**AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE ROOF GARDEN**



**MISS IDA CONQUEST**

*Miss Conquest's last appearance in New York was with Tamson Lee Finney in "The Ten Schools." She is to take a leading part in one of the important productions of the coming season.*



### **THE HONORABLE LONDON ARTILLERY COMPANY**

*It will be remembered that several years ago the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston paid a visit to the Honourable London Company in England, and had a royal reception. Early this autumn the London Company will return the visit, and be entertained by its Boston friends.*

# Uncle Sam and his Colonies

## An Optimistic View of the Philippine Question

By Albert Levering



Uncle Sam: "Well, I'll be durned! Someone has gone and hit you there, and I'll be jinxed if I know what to do with you."



Congress: "The President, Uncle Sam, gentleness and persuasion do more than all else in bringing up a child."



"Turn him loose, and let him answer himself as best he can. It will make him independent."



"Trust him! Put him on his honor. He won't goof!"



Philippines: "I've it to him, Uncle Sam! Spare the rod and spoil the child, you know!"



Uncle Sam: "Well, Philippi, I don't know which was right, but you seem to be coming along nice a very good sort of boy."

# Correspondence

THE NEW NEGRO CRIME—A SOUTHERN VIEW

NEW ORLEANS, July 1, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Since I am a constant reader of your WEEKLY, and when my eyes have fastened on its spirited and spirited illustrations, I turn to the Editorial Section, and uniformly find its treatment of current topics comprehensive and able. As a Southerner by birth and long residence, and contrast with the negro at least range both before and since the war which emancipated him, I thank you for the candid and incisive of your articles on "The New Negro Problem," etc. In your Nevada number, June 20, candor and fairness, believe me, are more grateful to your Southern readers than partisan advocacy. These agreeable traits mark both title and article. You are right in describing the numerous crime as "new." I wish you might be describing the equally exceptional opportunities for information. Living half my childhood and boyhood on a cotton-plantation in closest contact with the negro, and also while pursuing my education both in law and my country of Georgia and middle South Carolina, a pastor of congregations of whites and blacks, in intimate association with Rev. Dr. Charles Cookbook Jones, the Apostle of the Negro, a stern student of the race, a philanthropist, pious, and not in vain, for better clothing, housing, and feeding, as well as for religious instruction, and by his wise correspondence in touch with the whole negro problem when it was one of servitude, myself a diligent reader of newspapers, secular and religious, I solemnly affirm that up to the close of the war between the States I never read or heard of a single instance of the crime now so common, and which North and South have visited with such common and sometimes savage severity.

You name two theories as to the cause of this dreadful development—reconstruction and reversion to original type; and, with some qualifications, adopt the former as the more probable, and because, in your judgment, the second does not harmonize with the alleged fact (which was a surprise to me) that reconstruction to population more crimes of this sort are committed by the negro at the North than at the South, notwithstanding the constraining influence of an overwhelming white civilization. You will pardon me if, confining the view to the Southern negro, I express the opinion that the two theories are not mutually exclusive, but harmonious. I am convinced that both reconstruction and reversion have much to do with the problem. I was deeply interested in Senator Bankhead's statement that since the practical disfranchisement of the negro in Mississippi, there has been a marked decrease in the crime against white women, which has been driven so many Southern families to the protection of community life. You estimate the inference at its full value when you ask for that which is lacking in other States more recently adopting similar constitutional changes—on based deduction can not rest securely on so narrow though promising a base. An argument that rests on other foundation besides statistics may be so justified as to be not only correct, but effective.

First of reconstruction as one cause of what will deplore and are working to cure.

In the Confederate Memorial Hall in New Orleans there is a picture of a reconstructed legislature—the Lower House. If I remember, every face is black, and these lawmakers were many of them fresh from the cotton, cane, and rice fields, and absolutely illiterate. Now, even under the restrictions of slavery, news spread among them with marvellous speed and extent, by what the world calls a "wireless telegraph"; what wonder, then, when marvellous stories were told of negro education and elevation by the helping hand of a powerful government, should have incited the race not only equal, but superior, to that of their true, between the white man and the negro woman, but between heaven and hell, had been closed by Federal authority and tolerance and virtue of the South in the schools of private charity at once found for the freedmen institutions for general education, took the ambitious title of "universities," but, amidst with no black element, and finally in line with freedom teaching by and example the completed social equality. I myself have handled a little school paper issued in Louisiana, in black pupils as "our dear Natchez" and from an eye-witness the disgust of outsiders, parted with their scholars, whether of both sexes or not, that is to say, whether of either sex, in which lips covered belief in social equality, if not worse negro opinions by constant legislation and had teaching in the other factor, reversion to original savagery, cannot be safely to that any race freed from restraint should be, asserted by this, degeneracy. If now begins to be admitted by general moral era, that slavery was not "the sum of villainies" it was honestly institute, well-believed to a rare of certain extent it was a training ground the motives governing Southern masters and wild impulses, and self-protection in the violent politics were self-interest of a beneficent control remains unaltered. But more than this

not be said. The masses of our negro population in slavery were to a large extent under the controlling influence of the Christian religion. More of them, it has been said, were communicants than any now, and in the main led as creditable lives as the average working class of any race—indeed, shared discipline administered by white overseers, ministers, or churches exercised a wholesome restraint over their passions. Many a black church member has been read out as excommunicated for immorality, or restored upon proof of repentance. As another real fruit of reconstruction, the race's own spirit, and while, as I happen to know, the freedman trusted his old master to keep his earnings, he went elsewhere for his political faith; the black man distrusted the white man, even in religion, and the white man resented his own freed political subject and violated his resentment on the new suffrages. Thus it happened that instead of the educated gentry white minority who formerly guided him, he was relegated to the supervision of black shepherds, too often immoral, then and now, who naturally became his political leaders, and believed and preached a political millennium. Considering all these circumstances, it is not astounding that so many of these crimes have been perpetrated, but so few. The Southern church, it is to be hoped, is awakening to its duty to the heathen in black, the Northern church to more sympathetic and rational study of the problem, and the negro himself is becoming disillusioned. Neither this generation nor the next may see the conditions permanently settled; but the discovery of the causes, if removable, is a long step toward the cure of any evil.

I AM, SIR,

R. Q. MALLARD, D.D.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS IN CHINA

New York, June 30, 1903

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Since your issue in a review in one of your paper two paragraphs presenting the views of Mr. Francis H. Nichols upon mission work in China, with which views you appear to concur, the following statements have come under my eye:

As you have been in touch with our American missionaries in China for years, knowing many of them personally, and well acquainted with the results of their labors, do not think for them perfect either of judgment or performance in their peculiarly delicate and difficult work, nor do we, on the other hand, need of it; but the general public, to whom, ought, by all rules of fairness, to be shown the point of view of others who may be charged to be authorities on the subject of the relations existing between the natives and the missionaries, and the effect of the latter upon the former. It is true that Mr. Nichols credited to the missionaries a good character for general conduct, and ability, and "considers that China needs Christianity far more than she needs anything else." This is a great advance upon the position occupied by a large part of the secular press, and many an exhibition of ignorance of the two prior ages, when there was such as was only equalled by the bad animus with which it was pronounced. But Mr. Nichols, or the writer of your "Comment," pro the Chinese hate Christianity, and with good reason. They regard the Chinese hate Christianity, and with good reason. They regard Chinese sentiments and customs, whether necessarily incompatible with Christian beliefs or not. They track their converts to disprove doctrinalism. They hate the Christians because the Christians make themselves hateful. On the other hand, they are hated, and don't mind it," etc. Per contra, I quote the following: In a who served in China many years as consul-general to China, and from 1876 to 1880 as United States minister there, says:

"During my twenty years' stay in China I always congratulated myself on the fact that the missionaries were the best citizens of our own and able men among the merchants and officials, but it was the missionary who exhibited the foreigner in benevolent work, or in having other aims than those which may be justly called selfish. The good done by missionaries in the way of education, of medical relief, and of other charities cannot be overestimated. On his return to his home in Minneapolis, the Hon. John Goodness, consul-general of the United States at Shanghai, who the connection in China in 1860, was very busy with affairs during who listened to an account of his experiences with interest, and he paid this tribute to their work:

"The thing that makes us most popular in China is the work of our missionaries. The fact that the American nation and the time and people is due almost wholly to these facts: First, the the missionaries; prayer by preaching the Word; second, service, where thousands and thousands of poor natives had and cared for; and, thirdly, to the fact commonly recognized by the Chinese of intelligence that the American people do not want Chinese territory."

Relying upon your sense of justice to present this side of the subject also.

I AM, SIR,

A. C. P.

Life After Death

A GERMAN biologist has been investigating the question of the activity of animal bodies after death, and has published some suggestive conclusions. It appears that death is not instantaneous throughout the physical organism, for it has been observed that many of the different tissues continue active for a considerable period after the time when the animal is assumed to be dead, particularly in the case of the lower animals. Cells from the brain of a frog, for example, have been kept alive for over a week when held in certain solutions, and the heart of a frog has been known to beat for many hours after being removed from the dead body. The hearts of turtles and snakes will beat for days, or even a week, after death.

"The Best-laid Plans—"

A STORY is being told in London about a man prominent in public life, whose name may not be mentioned, which illustrates the insecurity of human preparations. He was planning an entertainment, on an elaborate scale, to be given to various friends in the neighborhood of his country-seat. Unfortunately, his nearest neighbor, a close relative is highly unscrupulous in himself and his intimates, and he wracked his brains to devise a scheme by which he might avoid the necessity of leaving the undesirable cousin in to being the unwilling "host."

"I have it!" he announced to his wife at breakfast on the morning of the event. "I'll send him some tickets for the play tonight in town. Of course he'll be delighted, as he seldom has an opportunity of going to the theatre."

The tickets were accordingly sent, and the host, with an easy conscience, proceeded to enjoy the company of his friends. But his misfortune was of short duration. At the height of the festivities he walked the objectionable neighbor.

"Such a stupid mistake you made," he announced, as he approached his cousin; "as soon as I heard about your party I knew that you must have sent me the tickets for the wrong night, so I got them changed for to-morrow evening and came right over here as soon as I could."

A New Way to Europe

A ROUTE across the Atlantic which would greatly shorten the ocean voyage is being discussed in England. It is proposed to utilize the harbor of Galway, situated on the western coast of Ireland, and run a line of express steamers between there and St. John's, on the coast of Newfoundland, a distance of 1816 miles, while the rest of the journey to New York could be made for most of the way by fast trains. It is believed that the trip from London to the American metropolis could thus be shortened by at least a day. From New York to Southampton is almost twice as far as from Galway to St. John's—3116 miles; while the distance from New York to Liverpool is 2095 miles.

The Ten Greatest Men

A GERMAN newspaper has recently propounded to its readers the question, Who are the ten greatest men alive to-day? An examination of the replies revealed many interesting readings. Five hundred and two readers voted for Yaldai; the German historian Meumann was a close second with 420; Marconi followed with 445; Bowen received 425; Edison, 368; Nassau, 370; Roentgen, 264; Menzel, the German painter, 248; Koch, the bacteriologist, 230; while the Kaiser indignantly brought up the rear with only 202. Five hundred will vote that of these ten candidates six are German; such insignificant personages as Herbert Spencer, George Meredith, and Thomas Hardy were not even mentioned. Among those who received over 100 votes were Chamberlain, the Russian novelist Gorky, Hauptmann, the dramatist, and Max Klinger, the German artist.

A British Innovation

The first motor-railway line in England has lately been opened near Southsea, and is now being successfully operated. The



The Motor-Railway in Operation

train consists of a motor and one passenger-car, which is said to be crowded on all its trips.

AVOIDED MATHS.—Miss Wiseman's SCORCHING WRAP should always be used for children reading. It softens the skin, soothes the eyes, opens the ears, turns what ails, and is the best remedy for dizziness. (Advt.)

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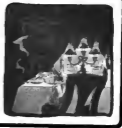




# The Three Opal Buttons

By

van Tassel Sutphen



"D E QUINCEY was right, and murder should be a fine art, that the Borgias—only amateurs! The far-famed *Jeux Feyous*—pooh! any chemist will put it up for you easily. Only be careful how you use it. Chemical analysis has advanced somewhat since the day of the divine Lucretia, and a jury would convict without hearing their souls."

"Father rough on your business I should think," said Estes, speaking scores but thickly, for the port had stopped with him overfrequently of late. "Is poisoning really out of date?" he continued.

"As absolutely a criminal and the novelty of G. P. R. James," answered our host, lightly. "But I who was watching him closely saw his eyes harden. Estes had said more than one imprudent thing that evening, and this time he had gone too far. I would have to get the boy away somehow."

There were three of us dining with Balencourt that evening at his chambers in the Argyle—Estes, Crawford and myself, and as usual we had had an excellent dinner, for Balencourt knew how to live. An odd sort of fellow, but his letters of introduction had been unexceptionable and his checks were always honored at the Jockey Club in Paris, and there was his name on White's books for any one to read. A man of forty-fifs perhaps, clean shaven, well set up, an inveterate glass-totterer, a prince among racemasters, and the most astounding polyglot I have ever met, and once he had collated some of his researches into *Iranic-Turanian root-fores* for the Philological Society. But let us go back to our waltzes.

Crawford picked up the thread. "Then the science of assassination is a lost art," he said, tentatively.

"Oh, I did not say that," replied Balencourt, carelessly. "There are other ways—better ones."

"You mean beyond the risk of detection,"

"Perfectly."

"Eliminating the toxic-poisons of all kinds."

"If you like."

"I doubt it," said Crawford, with a little hesitation.

"And I deny it," interrupted Estes, rudely, and stared straight at Balencourt. A quick glance answered his challenge: it was like the engaging of rapier in scabbard; I half started from my seat. But Balencourt kept perfectly cool.

"Perhaps Mr. Estes desires proof," he said, slowly.

"I do."

"Let us say between—"

"Tonight and the thirty-first of May."

"That will suit me perfectly. My passage is booked on the *Cicurrit* for June first."

"It is also the day set for my wedding to Miss Catherwood," said Estes, quietly.

Balencourt took it admirably. "So you have obtained the decision at last," he said, smiling lightly.

"Crawford rose to his feet. "My felicitations."

"The stakes" put in Crawford, feebly, for shaken as he was, he could still grasp at the deft idea included in the last named word of his host's, and his jaw hung loose and pendulous. "For God's sake, fellows!" he began, but Balencourt stopped him with a gesture.

"This is a private matter between Mr. Estes and myself, as he knows full well. So far as you and Mr. Thorp are concerned, call it what you like—a duel or, better yet, a sporting proposition."

"The stakes" put in Crawford, feebly, for shaken as he was, he could still grasp at the deft idea included in the last named word of his host's, and his jaw hung loose and pendulous. "For God's sake, fellows!" he began, but Balencourt stopped him with a gesture.

"The stakes," repeated Balencourt. "Well, they are hardly of a nature that either Mr. Estes or myself can intrude them to the party; it is a debt of honor."

Up to this moment I had kept silent, but now I must make my own try. "He is but a boy," said, leaning my elbows on the table and seeking to plumb the uttermost soul depths in the cold, gray eyes of the man who sat opposite to me. But Balencourt only laughed, somewhat.

"Then he should not assume a man's name."

"Will you come now, Thorp," interrupted Estes. He pushed his chair unlitely back and we all rose.

"You won't wait for coffee?"

"Please." He touched the call-button and Jarman entered to help us on with our topcoats. *Par parenthese*, how absurd for help suddenly of this accident of a Balencourt possessing the most

perfect of serrig-men. There never was anybody who could roll an umbrella like Jarman, and I have been aroused a lot in my time.

The door closed behind us, and we three stood in the street.

"A cab!" I queried, and a passing hearse swung in towards the curb.

"I'd rather walk along with you, Thorp," said Estes. "Jump in, Crawford, and we'll perch you up later at the club."

Crawford smiled and was forthwith driven away. I turned to Estes.

"What is it, George?" I asked. "Remember there's Elizabeth to be considered in this."

"None of Betty's. Catherwood is my niece, and I considered that I had the right to speak. But I wasn't prepared for the depth of trouble that I encountered in the glance George Estes turned on me. "So bad as that!" I finished, lamely.

"It won't take long in the telling," began the boy, desperately.

"You remember that after I left Princeton I went to Germany for a two years' course in international law under Langbein; it was a pet idea of the Pater's."

I nodded.

"Well, we all make fools of ourselves at one time or another, and here is where I dished the cap and bells. You have heard—"

"The revolutionary society?"

"Yes; it's the active branch of the 'Suarlie League'—the practical work you know. I joined it."

"Had nothing to say. George laughed a little dimly and went on:

"About wasn't it! I, a citizen of the best and freest country on earth to be making common cause with a lot of crack-brained theorists who would replace constitutional government by the secret terror. And the 'Council of Ten'—a world ruled by a life or any one man's life to the progress of civilization. It was only when I came to look at the means apart from the end that I realized the horrible fallacy of it all."

"You withdrew of course."

"You don't quite understand. One doesn't withdraw from the 'Down.' He may cease to be identified actively with the propaganda, but he is still subject to be called upon for a term of this was left at my rooms."

"He took a post-bound bag from his pocket and handed it to me. It contained a small, red button, fashioned out of some semi-precious stone, resembling Mexican opal."

"It was the first summons," continued Estes, "and within three days I should have been on my way to Berlin—to receive my instructions."

"You refused then?"

"There was Betty," said the boy, simply.

"You must understand," he went on, "that this 'service' can only be demanded once of a member. He may refuse compliance, if he chooses, but in that case there is a forfeit to be paid, and it becomes due after the third warning."

"Well?"

"Must be paid, you understand. If not by the recalcitrant himself, then by the agent of the 'Fory' through whom the summons comes. That makes it clear, doesn't it,—Balencourt and his debt of honor?"

"When did you know—about him I mean?"

"Here is the second button. Balencourt slipped it into my hand just before we went out to dinner to-night."

"It is incredible, incredible! Balencourt is a man and you are but a boy. An act of youthful folly—no one short of a fend—"

"You forget that it is his life or mine," interrupted Estes, quietly.

"But, George, it is unthinkable; there must be a way out and he knows it; he sure of that."

"And if there was?"

"No matter what the man is he can't be destitute of every human feeling. When he knows; but you did tell him—about Betty—"

"That's just it, old chap. Balencourt asked her to marry him ten days ago, just before I received the first red button."

"I was speechless; the non-naturalness of the thing had struck me all of a heap. "The police," I said, vaguely, but Estes shook his head.

"It is but postponing the bad quarter of an hour," he said,

gently, "and I don't think that I could put up with this sort of thing indefinitely. Moreover, it wouldn't be fair to—to Betty."

"No, old chap," he went on, "it's better to have a little set, just as it is now; for at least I should be able to keep his word. Once past the thirty-first of May, I can do as I please. Then by the thirtieth you shall put it off. If you three—Crawford, you and I—can't I match with one playmate on the "Downs" we shall do so well; but the bottom drop out of the Monroe doctrine and be done with it."

"We had arrived at the club. For an instant our hands met. "Not a word to Betty," he whispered.

"Of course." Then we went upstairs to the pipe-room, where we found Crawford sitting gloomily over a game of dominoes and soda. The clocks were striking three when we took Kates back to his apartments, and we both spent the night with him. The issue had been fairly joined, and it was exactly two months to the thirty-first of May.

The month of April passed absolutely without incident, and sometimes it was difficult to believe in the reality of the contest in which we were engaged. Yet we omitted no precaution, and during the whole thirty days Kates was never out of our sight, or the sight of either Crawford or myself. But so; I'll correct myself there, for we had to allow him an hour and a half every evening with Betty, and I was not to be seen in the street, shivering confoundingly in the variable April zephyrs. No thanks for it either, indeed. Betty's manner was distinctly topographical whenever we chanced to meet, she being a young person of discernment, and perfectly well aware that we were keeping her in the dark about something. But it helped George to forget, and as I pointed it in with the rest of the day's work and held my peace.

As for the rest, there was nothing to be done except to keep a couple of chambers on Balconnet, and we had a full account of his movements by eight o'clock every night, a regular ship's chart worked out with time-stamps and not entries in red ink, after the accustomed fashion of Central Office men. It was a great relief that we were not obliged to bother about the boy's sailing, unless he had been ordered under the terms of the agreement, and whatever Balconnet might be we was first of all a gentleman. No April dragged monotonously along; the period of stress was over, and he had ailer. There came May-day, and with it a little shock. Our man—I mean Balconnet—seemingly to disappear, and he did it so effectively as though there were no such thing as a "shadow" in existence. When the head-ache came shamefacedly that night to report his disappearance I cut him short in his theorizing—now what has happened? I fear—and asked for the facts. That there was only the one—Balconnet was certainly not out, and that was all there was to say. Whereupon we banished the "shadow" to the outer darkness where they "shut one" and returned our original course of war.

One thing was plain—the danger of remaining longer in the city. There are so many things that may happen in a second, and especially if our friend Balconnet formed part of that unknown quantity. There is always a chance of a robbery, not tumbling about one's ears or of being run down by some reckless chauffeur. And who is to know the truth? Avicenna will happen; they are wifful things and insist upon keeping themselves in evidence. Impatience then, to get out of town; but where?

"Hoodman's Ledger," began Crawford a little doubtfully, but I could him up with joyful diversion.

"The very thing," I said. "I'll send a wire to the caretaker to-night, and we'll be off by Thursday. I invite you all—for a month. Why, of course, George, that includes Betty and her mother; they were to come to me no anyway in June."

Now Hoodman's Ledger is one of the innumerable small talents that dot the Maine coast above Portland. A few years ago the fancy had taken me to buy the island—it was only three acres in area—and later on I had put up a house, nothing very elegant,

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"And I deny it," interrupted Ester, raptly

but everything for comfort, a model bachelor's establishment. It pleased me to have thus obtained an undivided share of the universal heritage; in this little piece of ground I was at liberty to put down metaphorical roots and percolate myself at home. Here I could have my friends, my books—it was a paradise whose shy was only clouded by an occasional remembrance of the late autumn cold and storms that would eventually drive me back to my chambers in town.

For our present need no better asylum could have offered. The island was small and occupied only by my own domestic establishment. It lay in the light of Oliver's Bay, quite a mile from the nearest shore, and there was but one other bit of land anywhere around—an uninhabited islet known as the "Thimble," that lay a quarter of a mile due East. Surely this isolation promised marvellous security; here if anywhere we might map our fingers at the would be rather cold off the Maine coast so early in the season, but there were five places in plenty and stacks of driftwood. The only real difficulty lay in procuring my estimable sister that Hoodman's Ledger was a more desirable place of residence in early spring than was Gramercy Park.

Finally, I left it to Betty to manage. "I can't expiate myself any clearer, my dear," I ended up rather lamely, "but it will be better for George. Will you do it?"

"So you won't trust me with the secret? No; you needn't protest—there is a secret and I ought to know it. But you here just George?" indeed! Very good, Leicester; I'll obey orders. But can show good and sufficient reason for this ridiculous mystery. For, dear mamma; how she will hate to be plucked up—like an early radish." And thereupon Miss Betty sailed away with her small head tilted skyward.

But she did manage it, and by Saturday night the party was actually assembled at the "Brookers." There was a semi-circular pier, with new and then a cheerful sputter as a few stray drops sought to immoderate themselves in the wide chimney-pipe plume behind Mrs. Caterwood's back and landed her the last spilled out of me—the witch!

Again, I pass over many unsuccessful days. "Nothing doing," as

Crawford put it, and I was only too glad to be able to agree with him. *Leisner's* review was a good enough motto for us, and the children were, oh! so blissfully lappy.

Three, four weeks, and so even or sound from Meisen Bahen-court. Not so surprising after all, seeing that we were living on an island surrounded on all sides by deep water, and no land within a mile, except that little dot called the "Thimble." And I kept watch and water, both day and night. The gardener kept their mouths shut, and finally, there were the four dogs—two Great Danes, a collie, and "Spap," the fox-terrier. It would have been a that particular month of merry May.

It was the morning of the thirty-first, and I was lounging on the piazza, Crawford being on duty at the time. The warm scientific review I had been reading slipped from my hand and that were trading about the lawn, between the boat-house and a rustic pavilion overlooking the tennis-court. One bird I marked he circled about, possessed, as it were, with the pure joy of motion, as a bolt from the blue—then I rubbed my eyes in amazement. It was free; it was a moulting non-script that now fluttered feebly once or twice and then lay still on the gravelled path, close to the stone sun-dial. I ran down the steps and bent over the pitiful thing—dead flesh; there was a disagreeable odor of burnt feathers in the air. Mechanically, my eye fell on the sun-dial—there was a spot the size of a silver dollar on the side of the pedestal where the steam had crumpled and disintegrated, so though it had been placed behind the sun-dial and looked out to sea. And there in line with the pedestal of the dial and the dead bird on the path lay the "Thimble."

Now, as I have said, the "Thimble" was a rocky islet only a few rods in extent, but densely wooded with spruce and blue gum. The name, rather, a picturesque object in the sea-scape, but, of course, utterly valueless, except for occasional picnic teas—a bit of no

man's head whose purpose in the robbery of Nature had hitherto remained unfulfilled. But now?

I went back to the piazza and caught up a powerful pair of micro-spectacles that were lying on the table. There, shining like a star through the close curtain of green that veiled the "Thinker" was the projecting end of a highly polished tube of steel. And, even as I gazed, a man's face peered out so though in the act of sighting—*Arum Halocourt!*

That I understood. The tube was the means of projecting some enormously powerful heat beam, whose nature must be akin to that of the familiar X-ray. The article I had been reading; what was the title?

"Radium, the Wireless Metal." That incomprehensible substance forever sending forth its invisible and terrible emanations, yet never diminished by even the ton thousandth part of a grain; a natural force whose properties and functions were but imperfectly understood, even by the learned men who had succeeded in isolating it. Even now from a steel tube billions of ions might be rushing, invisible to the eye, but certain death to whatever of animal existence they chanced to encounter. There was the pigeon lying dead on the walk.

"Do hurry, George," called out Betty's thin, sweet treble; she stood at the entrance to the pavilion and waved a tennis racket impatiently.

"Coming," was the ebullient response, and Ettes turned the corner of the house; he took the gravelled path at full speed, in an instant or two at the foot of the would be passing between the sun-dial and the dead pigeon, in line with those deadly radiations.

We had been playing a little single wicket earlier in the day, and a cricket-ball lay on the wicket-table at my hand. I could not have uttered a word or a cry to save my life—to save his—but the old instinct held true. With a full sweep the ball left my hand, ruckling the bag squarely on the forehead; he fell within his stride.

Betty was with us on the instant, but I seized and held her, despite her struggles; naturally she thought I had gone mad. There I looked over again at the "Thinker"—just in time to see it disappear behind a cloud of grayish vapor; an instant later a dull sound of an explosion filled our ears, and the ground under our feet trembled. When I looked again the "Thinker" was gone; there was nothing to be seen, even with the glass, but a light smog covering the water, and some fragments of tree branches. But the air about us was full of fine dust that powdered Betty's hair as though for a costume-ball, and made me choke and cough consequently.

Well, I had quite a number of explanations to make to Miss Betty after George had been reconstituted—a slightly disfigured hero, but still in the ring.

"One thing I don't understand," said Crawford. "There were to be three warnings, and Ettes only received two of the red buttons." Whereupon Betty blushed, and drew a little package from her pocket.

"It came last night directed to George," she said, "but I forgot to give it to him. It looks open in my pocket and it contained this." She held out to me the third red button. That was decent of Halocourt; to have given the last warning.

There is only one possible hypothesis in account for the catastrophe. Halocourt was dealing with a terrific force, whose nature was but partially understood, even by science. He had intended to use it to fulfill the vengeance of the "Dawn," but something had happened, and in an instant the monster had turned and roared its master. That is all that we can know.

Two days ago George and Betty were married—they didn't stick to the date of June first, for George, with a leap on his forehead as big as the cricket-ball itself, would not have made a presentable bridegroom. I carried on umbrellas at the function, whose incomparable rolling was resuscitated upon by silk. Next I say that it was the same umbrella that Halocourt's man, Jarroon, had manipulated for me that fateful evening when we dined at the Argyle. I shall never forget that umbrella, even at the cost of a wetting. To me, it is a memento.




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## The Problem of the Prairies

The story of this year's "round crop" on the prairie serves to point afresh and to emphasize the economic distinction of that part of the nation. News of the important industrial achievements of the Middle West relates almost entirely to the farms; to the view of an outsider, at least, it must appear that the chief functions of that region are performed in the fields, the towns seemingly playing a small part, in sharp contrast to the industrial life of the Eastern States. This may naturally prompt the question, What of the prairie towns? And this question goes to the root of the most serious economic problems which the West has had presented for its solution.

### Evils of Over-population

The reason for this difficulty is not at once apparent. Logically, in a purely agricultural region the true functions of a town are very simple, and the conditions which are to determine its health and growth are perfectly easy of discovery. So long as agriculture is the one and only really productive industry of the people, the need for towns is merely the need for market places for the products of the fields, and for centers of distribution of those commodities which must be imported. Nowhere else is there so little of complexity in their relations. The populations of such towns, if they are to retain health and strength, must be kept down to the minimum that is consistent with an efficient discharge of their duties; to inflate population beyond that point is but to decrease the relative utility of its inhabitants, causing idleness and the manifold evils which follow in its train. The over-populated country town must necessarily be an incubus upon the community that is called upon to sustain it. Its surplus populace must be fed from the farms; this cannot be effected by legitimate means will result in illegitimate means will result in the loss of the town becomes correspondingly artificial and tenuous.

Had the prairie-taken account of these very obvious truths when their work was beginning all would have been well; but for a long time they were practically lost sight of, and the region is now engaged in the tedious business of caring and eradicating ills which might better have been prevented.

### Towns before Farm

It is well to note that it is most peculiar districts town-making preceded the actual settlement and development of the outlying lands. There was some reason for this. Immigration was very rapid, induced by larger opportunities for, and the promise of quicker returns upon, the occupation and cultivation of the soil. There were no forests to be cleared away, no tons of strew stone to be gathered up, no long delays of any sort imposed by nature. The lands lay free and ready. Once this was understood, the influx of intending settlers was phenomenal. But several years were necessary for establishing the farms. In the mean time the necessities of life must be supplied this end, from outside sources; and as a means to this end, there were only railroads and trading-posts, dotted at intervals along the trails, where passing emigrants, trains, or herds, were served. As a rule, these trading-posts had an political organization, no existence as bodies corporate, no laws but those of convenience, and no scheme for commercial permanence or growth. Gradually, however, as civilization progressed, there grew up amongst them a spirit of trade rivalry; and then followed a rude sort of idea that took hold upon them: they were bred to beat, one against the other,—not of

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their superior wealth alone, but also of the important details of size and wealth. They all wanted to be regarded as cities. All manner of frontier adventures swarmed to these centres, and were welcomed because they swelled population and gave a fancied justification for pride.

#### The Boom-Town

Later, in the eighties, came the era of the "boom" and his mad adventures in town-building. The boom-towns was a re-incarnation in larger form of the departed spirit of earlier undertakings. Railroads had appeared in the moments past, and there were many other new elements in the prairie life which the ingenious promoter could call to his aid. It is always easy to lapse a rationally with belief in its own present or potential importance. Every little hamlet was suddenly encouraged by its particular exploit to nurse a booping ambition: there was almost no county in the Middle Western States without its vain candidate for metropolitan honors. It was exciting enough and fairly praiseworthy while it lasted; but, like the movement which preceded it, it did not reckon with the fundamental question of neediness, else the inevitable penalty—collapse—might have been clearly foreseen. Reaction came in due course, and left scores of boom-towns straggled high and dry over the whole-width of the prairies, glinted with superfluous people.

#### The Reaction

The towns, swollen with excess of people, who had assembled with every intention for the future, and even close inspection of the present, were left, when the reaction set in, with twice as many inhabitants as could find employment in carrying on the soberest real work. Realization was acute; but for a time pride was stronger than understanding; surpluses were swarming—a last resort. There were many who, not clearly grasping the fact that the industrial activities of the prairies were and must remain essentially rural, felt that any daunting in the towns would be a retrograde movement, a sign of economic insubordination. They argued that other States with no greater aggregate wealth or population were able to maintain large cities: so why not they? The spirit of jealous emulation, first cause of the trouble, persisted under such unintelligent emulation, until the towns, slowly consuming their own substance, were left lean, listless—a positive deterrent to progress.

#### A Lesson to the Towns

The change that has come over the cities of the prairies within the last decade is nothing short of marvellous. Their dilemmas, like every other, had two horns. When it was clearly seen that dozing would not avail, some towns seized one horn and some the other, and out of the chaos they have brought order. It was imperative that the excessive population should be drained away and food employment upon the farms, or else that the towns should establish industries of their own which would employ the people in increasing the utility of the community. In the census of 1900 very many Western towns and cities showed a marked decline in population, as compared with the returns of 1890. False pride aside, this was no cause for chagrin; it marked the beginning of a wiser life, a restoration of equilibrium between town and country. Other cities showed substantial growth for the same period, due to the building of mills and factories for the utilization of the raw materials of the prairie, and the multiplication of other means of self-support. Opportunities were abundant, and the market for manufactured products was at hand.

The lesson was sharp but invaluable. It is safe to say that there will be no more ill-considered trials to force economic progress in disregard of reason and experience.

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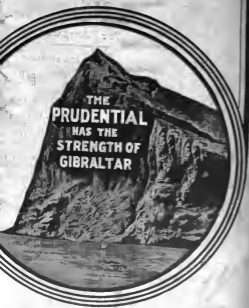
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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLIV

New York, Saturday, July 25, 1903

No. 303

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## COMMENT

THAT there has been any grave disagreement between President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay is improbable. It is true that a sharp departure seemed to be made from Mr. Hay's circumspect and cautious management of our relations with Russia, when, during his absence, an official statement, believed to have been dictated by Mr. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, was given to the press by an official of the State Department—a statement to the effect that, owing to the obstruction offered by Russia to the procurement of the trade privileges in Manchuria desired by the United States, our government had no intention of withholding the protest against the Kishinef massacre prepared by the United Hebrew Congregations. It is obvious that the moral effect of the protest would be neutralized if the presentation of it could be attributed to irritation provoked by the misarrangement of commercial plans. The expediency of keeping the two matters entirely distinct must, in the end, have recommended itself spontaneously to the President, or may have been suggested to him by Mr. Hay during their subsequent interview at Oyster Bay. At all events, the State Department has since declared that the petition, or notice thereof, will be forwarded as soon as it is ready, and that meanwhile the demand for the opening of additional treaty ports in Manchuria will be suspended. It also seems to be settled that due deference will be paid to Russian susceptibilities as regards the method of presentation. That is to say, upon the arrival of the petition, our *chargé d'affaires* at St. Petersburg will give the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs notice of its purport, and inquire whether he will receive it. It is taken for granted that the answer will be in the negative, and that the incident will then be closed.

There is reason to believe, however, that the demonstration will not be fruitless. The discussion of our government's intention cannot have been concealed from the Czar, and we may doubtless attribute to his personal fact the vigorous action now being taken by the Russian government against the persons responsible for the Kishinef massacre. According to the latest news from that city, it appears that no fewer than eight hundred arrests have been made, that 350 persons have been remanded for trial in the lower courts, and that 450 indictments, of which fifty-three are for manslaughter, have been sent to the Court of Appeals. We are told that a number of persons, previously discharged from arrest, have been re-arrested, and that a ring-leader in the atrocities has committed suicide, being executed by the arrival of the Director of the Russian Minister of Justice that punishment was

inevitable. No attention has been paid by the Russian ambassador at London to the suggestion of a Catholic newspaper that the St. Petersburg government should retaliate for the attempt to interfere in its internal affairs by sending to Washington a protest against the lynching of negroes in the United States. The Czar's advisers desire to conciliate and not to oppose the American people. There is manifestly no analogy between sporadic outbreaks of popular violence against negroes believed to be guilty of infamous crimes and the systematic massacre of unoffending citizens at Kishinef.

Postmaster-General Payne is said to have declared that the end of the Post-office Department investigation "is in sight." How much has lately been accomplished it is impossible to say, because President Roosevelt, while precluding a determination to "turn the rascals out," has permitted Mr. Payne to give First Assistant Postmaster-General Whym and Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow, from whom information could formerly be secured. The final report of the last-named official, however, when submitted, will have to be made public, and we shall then learn not only what has been discovered, but also whether the scope of the inquiry has suddenly been circumscribed. It is reported that Mr. Bristow's report will include some drastic comments on the conditions found by him to have existed in certain divisions of the department, and that it will be accompanied by the recommendation that several officials be removed. If it be true that George W. Beavers intends to give evidence for the prosecution against A. W. Machen, we should be able to get at the true inwardness of at least one of the conspirators to rob the government.

Turning to the Litterer case, we observe that the War Department has followed the example set by the Post-office Department, and has issued positive orders that the investigation of the alleged connection of Representative Litterer with glove contracts shall not be disclosed, and that no information secured by the investigating officials shall be divulged. That the War Department has no intention of shielding Litterer or of narrowing the inquiry seems to be a fair inference from the fact that Colonel Garlington, Inspector-General of the Department of the East, is forthwith to begin an examination of documents and witnesses connected with the glove case, and that General Burton, Inspector-General of the Army, has been ordered to make a drastic investigation of certain army contracts entered into by the Quartermaster's Department on the Pacific coast. We are not sure that the Roosevelt Administration is wise in deciding to withhold information from the public pending the completion of inquiries. As experience has shown, the effect of publicity is to cause witnesses to come forward. Few persons believe that the exposure of wide-reaching fraud in the Post-office Department would ever have been made had the inquiry been a secret one.

There have been of late but few political incidents of much significance. Colonel Gaffey, the leader of the Pennsylvania Democracy, and the representative of that State on the Democratic National Committee, has indicated an intention of pledging to ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison the Pennsylvania delegates to the next national convention of the party. This proceeding does not mean, of course, that Mr. Pattison is supposed to have any chance of gaining the nomination for the Presidency; it simply signifies that Colonel Gaffey desires to keep the delegates well in hand, so that he may be able to exert considerable influence in the convention. Had Mr.

Pattison been successful at the ballot-box last year, and had he been for the third time chosen Governor of Pennsylvania, he might have been put forward as a candidate with some prospect of success, though nobody believes that Pennsylvania would give its electoral votes to a Democrat in a Presidential year—unless, perhaps, that candidate should be Judge Gray of Delaware. One would like to know what Colonel Guffey thinks of Mr. Cleveland and of Chief-Judge Parker. He is not known to have said a word upon the subject, but his friend, ex-Governor Pattison, has declared himself against the ex-President, and has shown himself inclined to regard Judge Parker with favor. It is by no means impossible that Colonel Guffey may make up his mind to give the Pennsylvania delegation to Judge Gray of Delaware, to whose remarkable discussion of urgent national problems we have elsewhere directed attention. It is believed that Senator Gorman had Judge Gray in view when he said that he knew of a man who could beat Mr. Roosevelt at the ballot-box, so far as the labor vote was concerned.

The only two Eastern Democrats whose names have been mentioned in connection with the Presidency, and who, at the same time, are supposed to command the confidence of the labor-unions, are Mr. W. R. Hearst and Judge Gray. It is needless to point out the latter's superior availability. Mr. Hearst, like Mr. Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, and Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, is commonly looked upon as a representative of the Bryan element, which is most unlikely to dominate the next Democratic national convention. Whether Mayor Johnson, by the way, will accept the Democratic nomination for the Governorship of Ohio this year remains uncertain; but, in any event, he will make a strenuous effort to control the next Legislature of that State, and it is barely possible that, with the aid of Mayor Jones of Toledo, he may manage to do so, in which event he would secure the seat now occupied by Mr. Hanna in the United States Senate. The only other incident worth mentioning is the effort making in the city of New York to implicate Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, in the violations of law wherewith the former dock commissioners have been accused. If he is indicted we presume that Tammany Hall will consider it expedient to choose another leader. It is not impossible that, in that event, Mr. Lewis Nixon might be again selected for the post.

Representative Cannon of Illinois, who will undoubtedly be the Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-eighth Congress, has made a qualified denial of the purpose imputed to him of exercising the power that he will possess as Speaker to prevent any legislation in regard to the currency. He denies that any man would have the power to prevent the majority of the next House from working its will, and he declares that any one attempting to exercise such a power would write himself down as "worse than an ass and a knave." This is a disingenuous statement, and by no means reflects the prospective Speaker from the imputation of intending to thwart the wishes, not only of President Roosevelt and of the Secretary of the Treasury, but also of the Republican leaders in the Senate, some of whom are known to be engaged in framing a measure calculated to relieve the stringency recently experienced in respect of the circulating medium. Nobody knows better than Mr. Cannon that a Speaker does have the power to prevent a majority of the House of Representatives for the time being from working its will, and that this power was repeatedly exercised by Speaker Reed and by Speaker Henderson, neither of whom has been described as an ass or a knave. The majority of the House of Representatives is controlled by rules administered by a Committee on Rules, of which the Speaker is the head, the other two members being appointed by him.

It is true that the rules are originally made, and may theoretically be altered, by the majority of the House, but that majority is governed by a caucus, and the caucus, in turn, is controlled by a few leaders, of whom the Speaker is by far the most influential. As a matter of fact, not a single bill or resolution has been passed for years in the House of Representatives against the wishes of the Speaker and his two appointees on the Committee on Rules. That Mr. Cannon, then, will have the power to block currency legislation in the next Congress

may be pronounced certain. It remains to be seen whether he will exercise the power. He has expressed the opinion that no currency legislation will be needed next winter, because the country is in a prosperous condition, and because there has been an increase of the national-bank circulation during the last twelve months. He entirely overlooks the fact, brought out in the last annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, that but for the extraordinary inducements offered by the Treasury Department the national-bank circulation would have been contracted during the year, notwithstanding the organization of new banks. Mr. Cannon also fails to perceive that not only do we need a clearly defined method of meeting the requirements of business by a timely increase of the circulating medium, but we also require a safe and convenient method of decreasing the volume of currency when there is more in circulation than the business of the country calls for. We suspect that Mr. Cannon is piqued by the announcement that Senators Aldrich, Allison, Spooner, and Platt of Connecticut are engaged in devising a currency measure, and is inclined to remind them that the Speaker of the next House must be reckoned with.

At the hour when we write, the Colombian government is not known to have taken any definite action concerning the canal treaty, although the document was presented to that body on July 4, and has since been under discussion. It is alleged that Mr. Roosevelt concurs with Mr. W. N. Cromwell, general counsel of the French canal company, in thinking that the Colombian government is morally bound to ratify the treaty, and the President is credited with an intention to hold that government to a strict accountability for the observance of the moral obligation. The grounds for this view are, first, that the Bogota Executive initiated the negotiations for the purchase of the canal on the part of the United States by proffering the treaty to our government; secondly, that it gave a consent to the sale of the Panama Canal Company's concession to the United States; and, thirdly, that it assented to the purchase of the canal by the United States on the terms accepted by Dr. Herrera. Admitting those facts to be correctly stated, we do not see that they prove the Bogota Executive to be any more bound morally to compel the Colombian Congress to ratify the canal treaty than the McKinley administration was bound morally to compel the United States Senate to sanction the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which, it will be remembered, was repudiated by an overwhelming vote. All that we can ask of President Marroquin is the exhibition of good faith. So long as his personal *bona fides* is undisputed, he cannot be fairly blamed because the Colombian Congress proves recalcitrant.

Should the canal treaty be rejected, our course is plain. We must immediately resume negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica; meanwhile, it is probable that public-spirited citizens of the province of Panama, aided by the principal stockholders in the French canal company, who will see themselves threatened with ruin by the action of the Bogota Congress, will organize an insurrection on the isthmus for the purpose of establishing an independent republic. As we have formerly pointed out, there would be nothing new in such a move. In 1841 the province of Panama and the adjoining province of Veraguas seceded from New Granada, and declared themselves independent under the title of the State of the Isthmus of Panama. Their reincorporation, however, with New Granada was soon effected; but in 1853 an alteration of the New Granada constitution was made, whereby the right was granted to every province to declare itself independent, and to enter into merely federal connection with the central republic. In 1856 and in 1857 Antioquia and Panama took advantage of the permission. It is obvious that the province of Panama would have everything to gain by secession. Not only would it, as an independent republic, receive the whole of the bonus to be paid in cash by our government, but also the whole of the rental to be eventually forthcoming, together with all of the fiscal benefits resulting from the increase of population that would be sure to follow a resumption of work on the canal.

We referred the other day to the cases of secession in Alabama which have been dealt with by Judge Jones, himself an Alabamian, of the United States Circuit Court. It appears

that very few intelligent Alabamians were aware that poonang existed in their State. The counties in which negroes were sentenced to hard labor for specified terms and turned over to white farmers to work out their sentences are barely touched by railroads, and practically beyond the reach of newspaper reporters. The Governor of the State, however, must be regarded as an accessory after the fact, for it appears that last year he sent the chief of the Convict Inspection Board to Tallapoosa County, but refrained from taking any action for the suppression of poonang when he found that the sheriffs and magistrates, as well as rich landowners and politicians, were involved in the practice. According to United States District Attorney Reese, who is prosecuting the offenders before Judge Jones, a simple and effective method of extinguishing poonang would be to pass a State law requiring justices of the peace to report to the State Convict Board whenever they sentence a negro to hard labor. Now that the oversight of publicity has been turned upon the facts, we have no doubt that such a statute will be passed. Another thing that Alabamians should do, if they desire to retain the respect and sympathy of Northern Democrats, is to repeal their old law permitting a man who borrows money to contract to pay the debt in labor.

Another law that should be expunged from the Alabama statute-book provides that if a borrower should commit a breach of his contract to pay a debt in labor, he must confess the breach to the next employer of whom he seeks work, which prospective employer must secure permission from the creditor to employ the debtor. That is to say, a debtor cannot work at his accustomed vocation for any one but his creditor without the creditor's leave. Judge Jones of Alabama lately held that this law operated to deprive citizens of liberty and of the pursuit of happiness. Even this last-mentioned law, though it violates the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of Alabama, did not purport to confer a right to lock up a debtor, to beat him, and to prevent his escape by means of armed guards and stockades. That the Southern whites, considered as a whole, do not desire the depression of the negro, but, on the contrary, are willing to elevate him in the social scale, so far as this can be done by education, is evident from an incident that took place at Atlanta, on July 6. After a heated debate, the House of Representatives of the Georgia Legislature killed by an overwhelming vote a resolution providing that in the distribution of money to common schools the county authorities should apportion the money among schools for white and negro youths according to the taxable property of the two races. It is perfectly true that in Georgia the school tax is collected almost exclusively from whites. Nevertheless, the colored children will share the proceeds of the tax in proportion to their numbers.

Long-distance discussion of the negro problem by Northern writers has pretty much passed. The problem has been brought to our doors. Take up any newspaper nowadays, and you find the negro-problem items dated from all the points of the compass. The first paper we pick up, as we write, tells how a negro who walked with a white girl at a street carnival at Marinette, Wisconsin, and talked back to a disapproving crowd, had to be rescued by a militia company; also, how a negro at Schenectady, New York, threw himself in front of an approaching trolley-car under the mistaken impression that he was pursued by a mob; also, that the report that a gorilla-negro had been skinned by a mob at Bluefield, West Virginia, had no foundation. The next paper examined reveals that Evansville, Indiana, is orderly once more; but that in consequence of the shooting of a brassman by a negro in Houston, Texas, a mob of five hundred men had driven nearly all the negroes out of the Four Lake oil-fields. A third paper records a small race-riot in Philadelphia, and a call for a meeting of a presbytery in Delaware to discuss the recent "lynching scene" of Mr. Ewood of Wilmington. The ratio of race-problem incidents to the total negro population would seem to be considerably smaller just now in the Southern States than in the rest of the country.

What seemed most to be desired for Robert Lee, the colored murderer, whose crime brought on the Evansville riot, was a speedy trial. Judge Rauch proposed to give it to him, and

ordered him to be brought to Evansville from the State Reformatory at Jeffersonville by the sheriff with a military escort. But Governor Durbin says No. He learns that Lee has serious gunshot wounds, and is not fit to stand a trial yet; he does not propose to have him "railroaded to the gallows to satisfy public sentiment"; nor is he willing to admit that in the second city in Indiana the law cannot be enforced in an orderly manner without the presence of troops. "I do not desire," says the Governor, "to compromise for a moment with the mob spirit. Let this man be tried as speedily as his condition will admit, under the safeguards prescribed by our laws." The Governor is right. In this case, and after what has happened in Evansville, speed in trying Lee is not so vitally useful as justice. The cases to be rapidly and vigorously pressed just now are those against the rioters. If the score or more of indictments returned against them are handled with due energy the probability is that by the time Lee is fit to try he can be tried safely, and duly hanged—if found guilty—in an orderly manner. The peace and good name of our country are in more peril just now from mob violence than from the crimes of negroes. The Evansville case is not like the Wilmington case. There a prompt trial would have accorded perfectly with justice, and might have averted mischief besides. But here the mischief has been done, and the law will be better vindicated by a fair trial for Lee than one that is too speedy.

President Roosevelt has rendered a service to the country by his plea for the concerted preserving and replanting of the national forests, which is included in a pamphlet lately published by the Department of Agriculture. There is no doubt that the prosperity of great sections of the republic depends on the forests, and it is equally certain that we are exhausting our forest supplies far more rapidly than they are reproduced. There is but one remedy, to wit, the introduction of practical forestry on a large scale, which, of course, would be impracticable, even if the requisite Federal and State legislation were forthcoming, without the employment of men not only equipped with scientific knowledge, but also trained in actual field work. The needed legislation can neither be procured nor enforced without the active co-operation of the lumber trade. Hitherto such co-operation has been unattainable, but there are now some indications that the lumbermen are awakening to a perception of their interests. The papers included in the pamphlet published by the Department of Agriculture is contributed by Mr. McCrackin, who is president of the Mississippi Valley Lumbermen's Association. He directs the attention of business men to the rapid rate at which lumber is being cut in all great timber sections, and demonstrates that the lumber trade itself will be the first to feel the disastrous effects of a policy of wasteful cutting, which does not recognize the necessity of replanting and rearing trees to take the place of those destroyed.

After pointing out that the lumber industry now ranks fourth among the industries of the United States, he declares that it has reached a point when it is no longer able to supply the enormous demand for lumber which has been fostered. In the old days it was customary to despoil one forest and then turn to another. To-day there are no new fields to turn to. Henceforth lumbermen must either look to the production of a second crop upon lands already depleted, or prepare to stop lumbering when the first crop is gone. They must make the best of what is left, and wherever such a process will pay they must cut timber conservatively. Whether conservative lumbering will pay depends on whether the value of the second crop upon lumbered lands is likely to prove sufficient to make it worth while to foster and protect such a crop. In a third paper, Mr. Gilford Pinchot, the government forester, shows that under certain conditions—it is the business of the Bureau of Forestry to ascertain and make known what those conditions are—a second crop of a same amount can be secured from a given tract in forty years. Taking the stumpage at its present value, with taxes as they now stand,—he is speaking of timber-land in Arkansas,—and estimating the expense of protection against fire and theft, Mr. Pinchot finds that the returns on the capital invested for those forty years would be six per cent. net. As a matter of fact, the returns would be greater, because the value of stumpage will increase largely in the interval. Such calculations

should have practical results. Once convince lumbermen that conservative lumbering will pay, and the preservation of what is left of our national forests would be insured.

There now seems to be no doubt that the melody by which Pope Leo XIII. was attacked was pleurisy, and that it was wrongly diagnosed as pneumonia by Dr. Lazzoni, the physician-ordinary to the Vatican. Dr. Manzoni, who was subsequently called in, is a distinguished surgeon, but has never made any particular study of pulmonary diseases. The greatest Italian specialists on the heart and chest are Dr. Baccelli and Dr. Carbolli, but the former is a member of the existing Italian ministry, and the latter is a Senator. As office-holders under the Italian monarchy, which is looked upon as a usurper of the states of the Church, they are supposed to be disqualified for employment in the Vatican. The extraordinary resistance made by Leo XIII. to the malady, notwithstanding the fact that the treatment was for some time based on a wrong diagnosis, indicates that his life might have been preserved for perhaps some years longer had one of the great specialists in pulmonary disorders been summoned when the Pope was first attacked. The apparent willingness to sacrifice a Pontiff's life rather than invoke the services of a man of science connected with the Quirinal seems absurd enough; yet it is not more ridiculous than the etiquette which forbids a cardinal to start from his home before a Pope's death, no matter how distant may be his place of residence from Rome.

We are told, for instance, that unfavorable comment has been elicited by the departure of Cardinal Gibbons from Baltimore, *en route* to the conclave; and it is to be inferred that Cardinal Moran of Australia will also be criticised for starting earlier from Sydney, New South Wales. As the sessions of the conclave will certainly begin ten days after the Pope's death, it was doubted, when Cardinal Moran started, whether he could arrive in time to take part in the election of a new Pope. It is, of course, only the Italian members of the Sacred College who insist that the foreign cardinals ought not to leave their homes until the breath is actually out of the Pope's body. The fewer foreign cardinals take part in a conclave, the better their Italian colleagues are pleased. In 1878 the American Cardinal McCloskey reached Rome too late to take part in the election of Leo XIII. Neither Leo XIII, by-the-way, nor Pius IX. would have become Pope had the Austrian cardinals arrived in time to exercise Austria's right of vote in the conclave. If the Spanish cardinals could have been prevented from entering the conclave in 1831, and thus exercising Spain's right of exclusion, Cardinal Giustiniani would have been chosen Pope; for, when the vote was announced, he had already received 21 out of the 29 votes needed to complete the two-thirds requisite for election. These historical incidents explain why Italian cardinals are by no means eager to facilitate the participation of their foreign colleagues in a conclave.

There are good things in *Punch*, not always, of course, but sometimes, and a recent instance was some answers to the inquiry: "Should there be music at meals?" Of six replies, that attributed to Mr. J. P. Sousa was: "There is no doubt that the nearer the trombone the sweeter the meat," which was frivolous; but this answer, attributed to Mr. Henry Bird, really goes into the merits of the question; "You say, 'Should there be music during meals?' But what of the converse?—should there be meals during music? It seems to me that to offer music at a restaurant is a confession of failure on the part of the chef. Our music at the St. James's Hall concerts would have to be had indeed before we provided the extra involvement of food to go with it." There is decided point to that. Music at meals fairly implies a failure somewhere, and if it is not in the cook, it must be in the diners. Music costs something, and certainly the restaurant keepers would not provide it unless they believed their patrons liked it. The natural accompaniment of dinner is talk, but music is a hindrance to conversation. It makes it hard to hear what is said, and keeps voices strained. It must be that people who want to converse over their food don't like it, and if there are so very many people who do like it they must be folks who

are glad of any din by which their conversational defects may be concealed.

But do so very many people like it, or is it only a fad which most people are tired of, and from the bondage of which they would be glad to be released. In New York, as in London, all the best restaurants have orchestras now, and it is hard to get a good dinner outside of a club or a private house without having music forced in. Whatever restaurant started the practice in a past already dim must have found it profitable, but it is quite possible that the public taste no longer craves this indulgence. All fads tend to live on awhile after the taste for them has been satiated. The force of habit preserves them for a time, but their doom eventually arrives. It is no longer compulsory on persons of all ages to play golf. The game survives, and will survive, for it is a good game and useful. But it is played this year by people who like it, and not so much as it was by people who think they ought to like it. It takes a good deal of time, and people who would rather do something else feel freer than they did to devote their leisure to other things. Bridge-whist is a younger fad than golf, and is still very prevalent; but it is as certain as the taxes that, presently, a great many people who have made it the chief of the secondary objects of their existence will yawn in its face, and inquire if there are not other pastimes which it would be expedient to test. Bridge-whist, attentively played, takes a fairly large slice out of the waking moments of its patrons, and most of them are bound to come in time to a point when they wonder whether it pays. Only a few diversions are permanently attractive. Money never goes entirely out of fashion, and its pursuit comes near being a permanent fad. Feeding, if judiciously cultivated, shows a wonderful permanence of attraction. Drinking seems to wear well as a form of enjoyment, in spite of all the blots upon its record, and all that may be truthfully said in disparagement of it. And good talk, too, adds steadily to human happiness. But all these are old and tried employments. The new diversions change from year to year, have their turn, and give place to something newer, to be resurrected again, if they happen to be good, after every one has forgotten them.

William Ernest Henley, who died in England on July 12, at the age of fifty-four, was always himself interested in life and its incidents, and contributed very considerably in his day to make life interesting to his fellows. He was a writer of talent and vigor, who had something to say on many topics, and was seldom deterred from saying it either by considerations of sentiment or prudence. He had a good deal of learning, irregularly acquired outside of the universities, and was less conservative in his use of it, and in his opinions—whether based on knowledge or whims—than his brethren, whose training had been less irregular. He showed power as an editor, a critic, and a poet. Much of his life he was an invalid, and doubtless the condition of his health affected his temper. His post-mortem dissection of his old friend Stevenson's literary reputation was felt to have been needlessly unkind, but that, like many other of his deliverances, was taken with allowance for an invalid's spleenic temper. But he could write, and he paid the writer's trade to education, and, after all, it is easier to excuse the faults of a writer who can write than the merits of a writer who can't.

Dr. Stiles, of the Marine Hospital service, who discovered the hook worm, is credited now with having picked up the trail of the parasite, which, in the economy of nature, was designed to abridge the activities of the mosquito. The published description of this parasite—named by his finder "anatomermis entis"—represents it as a horse-hair worm, that lives in the mosquito's abdominal cavity and saps its energies and shortens its life. Female mosquitoes who have these lodgers do not breed. Infection by the destroyer takes place in the larval stage. The problem is—the destroyer being now identified—to propagate it for the market. That has been done with the grass-hopper parasite, with important beneficial results to Western districts, where the grass-hopper plague has prevailed. If it can be done with this destroyer, Dr. Stiles's discovery may become of greater practical importance than to be a text for paragraphs. At any rate, it is a sign that the war of science against the mosquito keeps steadily on.

## Judge Gray on Some National Problems

It is not surprising that, not only in Pennsylvania, but in other sections of the country, a great deal of attention has been given to the address delivered at Wilkes-Barre, on July 4, by Judge George Gray, of Delaware. Few, if any, citizens of the United States have made more rapid progress in public esteem and public confidence than has Judge Gray since he was chosen to succeed the late Thomas F. Bayard, one of the Paris Peace Commissioners, and more recently as president of the Anthracite Strike Commission, have commended him to the nation. He is, perhaps, the only man in the country of whom it may be truthfully said that he is regarded with equal respect and with equal trust by employers as the anthracite miners think of him as the other. What the anthracite miners think of him was shown the other day by a canvass of the officers of the mine-workers' local union in the Wilkes-Barre district, where a great majority of those who are Democrats by predilection advocated Judge Gray's nomination for the Presidency. At the approaching Schuylkill County Democratic convention it is expected that Cleveland men and Bryan men will combine to urge the nomination of Judge Gray. When we bear in mind that the miners in the bituminous regions may be relied upon to follow the course adopted by their fellow workers in the anthracite district, we can readily forecast the effect of the demonstration on public sentiment in Pennsylvania. Now will it be for a moment be disputed that, if Judge Gray should be backed by the Pennsylvania delegation in the Democratic national convention, he would prove a formidable competitor for the nomination.

There was not a trace, however, of self-seeking in the nomination delivered at Wilkes-Barre, by Judge Gray, on the Fourth of July. Although he knew that he was speaking in a community wherein labor-unions held the balance of power, and although he knew that labor-unions deny the right of non-unionists to work, he did not flinch from pointing out that in the anthracite region there has existed hazy and indefinite notions of the civil liberty which, so far as this country is concerned, had its birth on July 4, 1776. He told his auditors that the liberty guaranteed by the Federal and State constitutions is not class liberty, nor corporation liberty, nor guild or association liberty, but individual liberty. Individual liberty, he said, means the right to man's home, the right to go and come, the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's conscience, the right to work or not to work, and the right to be exempt from interference by others in the enjoyment of those rights; the right to be exempt from the tyranny of one man, or of a few men or of many men; the right as to live that no man or association of men shall work his or their will upon us against our consent. This he pronounced a liberty worth living for and worth dying for. So long as this shall be maintained, all things are possible that lead to the expansion, the development, prosperity, and glory of our common country.

Judge Gray proceeded to remind his fellow citizens that individual liberty cannot endure unless it lives and breathes in the lives, characters, and actions of those who to-day enjoy it. Unless your hearts and minds, he said, are full of the love of that same liberty, regulated by law, which has made us free in the past, our national institutions and all that our flag symbolizes will decay and fall, and our individual prosperity, and happiness, and hopes will be involved in the common ruin. It is not foreign foes, he continued, that the American people have to fear, but the invidious enemies who seek to poison our minds and divert our affections from our ancient faith in individual liberty, who would undermine the foundations of a liberty regulated by law with the vain hope that the tyranny of a class or corporation, or of an association to which individual liberty and individual conscience are to be subordinated, can achieve the lasting happiness of those whose method and character it will have weakened and destroyed. Appealing directly to the mine-workers, he said: "Your personal and individual liberty, my friends, can only be safeguarded by a willing and generous recognition of the like liberty of your neighbors or fellow citizens. The homage you pay to his is the title-deed and assurance of your own." Let that homage, he added, be no mere lip service, but a hearty, thorough, and manly acknowledgment of the great principles that were established by the blood and sacrifices of brave men in the past, and which are worthy of equal devotion and equal sacrifices at the present hour. Mr. Roosevelt has never brought out so distinctly, because he does not possess an equal power of clear thinking and exact expression, the capital truth that national institutions are based on national character. Judge Gray built upon this fact that national institutions, and especially free institutions, are not, and cannot be, abstractions. They are, on the contrary, the outgrowth of the character, method, and virtues of the people among whom they exist.

Will it be inferred, from the emphasis with which Judge Gray dwells on the necessity of preserving individual liberty, that he overlooks no rightful and servicable role to labor associations? On the contrary, he insists that the individual liberty guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence means no selfish and narrow

individualism that ignores social duty and fails to recognize the interdependence of men, considered as social beings. Individual liberty, as Judge Gray conceives it, comprehends the development of man's social side, and co-operative efforts for the advancement of civilization. He reminded his hearers that in the anthracite region wherein they dwell they had lately had an opportunity of making what social progress might be subserved by labor associations. He thought that both employers and employed had learned something by the experience of the year behind them. "Unless my judgment is at fault," he said, "my faith in the fact, founded, labor-unions will soon have passed through their period of trial and tribulation, and will emerge upon a sound plain, where their American character, the fruit of American individual liberty, will illustrate the worth of our institutions, and make perpetual the blessings of civil and religious freedom." For labor-unions he foresew expanding opportunities and a beautiful future.

Judge Gray was strengthened in this faith, he said, by his observation of the manner in which those engaged in the anthracite industry, whether capitalists or laborers, had, in the main, agreed to stand. The mine-workers, as well as the employers, who had differences had been submitted to arbitration, have maintained their self-respect, and challenged the respect of others, by manly adherence to their pledged faith. No disappointment as to results has served to shake the determination of the mine-workers to make good their word and deserve the encouragement received from a sober public opinion. Employers on the one hand, and employed upon the other, had answered the scriptural definition of a manly man: "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and obudgeth not."

Judge Gray had been the more deeply impressed, he said, by the reception of the Anthracite Commission's award, because that award depended for success not at all upon legal authority, for it had none; nor on much on the influence and character of the President who appointed the commissioners, as upon the integrity and patriotic spirit in which the award had been received at once by operators and by mine-workers. Either side to the contrary might have insured the failure of the award by a sullen and half-hearted acceptance of its provisions, by dwelling in the letter, and not in the spirit, of the deliverance made by the commission, and by forgetting the amiable which accompanied the award, the mention, manly, that of firmness, forbearance, and will are the prerequisites of peace and harmonious co-operation in all the social and economic relations of men.

## The Competition for the Papal Chair

ATTENTION at the hour when we write Leo XIII. is still alive, and has evinced powers of resistance to disease that render his recovery not inconceivable, an early meeting of the conclave is still regarded as probable, and public interest in the selection of the next occupant of the papal chair, far from showing any signs of abatement, is intensified. There are, indeed, many reasons why this interest should be acute, and should be shared not only by Catholic ecclesiastics and by zealous Catholic laymen, but also by statesmen in European countries and even in the United States. Shall, for instance, the next Pope maintain the same irreconcilable attitude toward the Italian monarchy which has been adopted by Pius IX. and Leo XIII.? The doubt whether he could be trusted to persist unswervingly in such an attitude is at the bottom of the unwillingness to elect a non-Italian cardinal, especially one of German, or Austrian, or of French birth. Such a man would be likely to be influenced by the drift of public opinion in his native country, and we need not point out that Germany and Austria are political allies of Italy, and that the French people now regard the last-named kingdom with cordial good will.

An English cardinal (if there were one; there is none save the archbishop of Canterbury), an Irish, an Australian, or an American cardinal, would scarcely be seriously considered, because in their respective countries Catholics do not as yet "tabulate" religion, as it is in Austria, Spain, Portugal, and even in France. For this, besides the other reason just mentioned, a German cardinal would be out of the question. To be known, indeed, to be regarded with favor by Emperor William II. would be a grave detriment even to an Italian cardinal, and it is largely on this score that opposition is offered to Cardinal Huet, although he is universally acknowledged to be a man of party and learning. On the other hand, if the papacy seemed likely to go to one of the cardinals who are known to have endorsed the principles of Christian socialism, and who, therefore, might encourage the cooperation of the Christian party of the Centre with the Socialists in Germany, it might even be the decisive and the most vital moment to defeat his election, and to that end he might prevail upon his Austrian ally to introduce a veto.

About the validity of Austria's claim to exclude a particular candidate there is no doubt whatever, provided it be exercised in the manner by one of her cardinals while a "scrutiny," or announcement of the votes cast, is taking place, and before any



cardinals has received the number of votes needed to elect, namely, two-thirds. It is well-known that Austria, her cardinals reached Rome in time, would have used the veto power to prevent the election of Cardinal Ferretti in 1848, and that of Cardinal Pecci in 1878. It is improbable that her intentions will ever again be frustrated by delay. Equally unopposed is the veto power of Spain, which was used in 1831, and would be used again if a cardinal believed to be friendly to the Carlist cause should be put forward. Political also, as we have formerly said, defines the right of exclusion, and the claim seems to be sound enough from a technical view-point, but it is contested by Italian cardinals. On the other hand, the veto power of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies was suspended not repeatedly exercised, but most Roman canonists deny that this right passed by conquest to the present Italian monarchy. That France, by the establishment of the Concordat, regained the veto power which she had possessed under the ancien régime is, as a matter of theory, generally acknowledged, but it appears that the government of the present French Republic has no intention of exerting it. Yet it is certain that the party now dominant in the French Chambers would resent the election of Cardinal Gotti, or of any cardinal likely to reverse, or even modify, the position taken by Leo XIII. with reference to the French republican régime.

The United States have but a single representative in the Sacred College, Cardinal Gibbons, although there are more than twice as many Catholics in this country as there are in Portugal, and, according to some computations, almost as many as there are in the German Empire. If representation in the Sacred College were proportioned to the number of the faithful, American Catholics would possess great weight. That they are profoundly interested in the outcome of the conclave is obvious, for there are certain cardinals who would sorely tolerate the oscillatory attitude maintained by many Catholic prelates, and conspicuously by Archbishop Ireland, toward the civil power and American institutions in general. Thus, again, since our acquisition of the Philippines, it has become a matter of importance to our Federal government that the papal chair shall be occupied by a Pontiff capable of taking a broad and recommending view of the question of the friars, which still constitutes the most difficult problem in the archipelago.

A Pope can exercise considerable influence on the choice of his successor, as Leo XIII. is well aware, although in his case the provocations taken by Pius IX. prevent the success of his candidacy for the papacy proved fruitless. Every prospect of Cardinal Pecci to secure a post at Rome which would promote his reasonable aspirations was defeated. This, not only was his refusal to be appointed Prefect of the Propaganda refused, but Pius IX. insisted upon naming his Canevari, a post which for centuries—owing to the power exercised by its occupant during an interregnum—has been deemed unacceptable with a candidate for the papacy. The role, it is true, was broken in favor of Cardinal Pecci, but it is unlikely to be vinked again, and it is generally held that Leo XIII. barred the path of Cardinal Gregori in the papal throne when he appointed him Canevari. On the other hand, he plainly showed his preference for Cardinal Gotti when he made him Prefect of the Propaganda, and proved that he was not ill disposed to Cardinal Serafini Vannutelli, when the latter was made Grand Penitentiary of the Holy Catholic Church.

There seems to be a widespread belief in quarters that should be well informed that, at the opening of the conclave, Cardinal Gotti will have more votes than any other candidate, and he may be eventually successful, promised measures are taken by his friends to associate Cardinal Rampolla, who for years has discharged the functions of Papal Secretary of State. Cardinal Rampolla has no hope of mounting the papal throne at the present time, but he has a large enough following to turn the scale in certain contingencies, and it is reasonable that his support might be secured for Cardinal Gotti by a promise to make him Prefect of the Propaganda, and thus place him in the line of succession. The approach is certainly, however, that Gotti's election would be followed by the abolition of the Concordat in France may prove fatal to his candidacy, in which event Serafini Vannutelli papal chair. France would willingly accept him, inasmuch as she knows that Rampolla's election is at this time impossible. There is an objection to him, however, that may have a good deal of influence upon his colleagues in the conclave, the fact, namely, that Vannutelli has a brother in the Sacred College, and a host of relatives in the Roman nobility that would clamor for his election. It can hardly be expected that every Pope will present the same inflexible front to aspirations that have been exhibited by Leo XIII.

It is probably true of conclaves that the unexpected happens, and should the voting be protracted, it may well be that the papacy will fall to a cardinal who never had the best, namely, the seriously considered. The younger candidates, like Gotti, Vannutelli, and Rampolla, who, between them, could doubtless, command two-thirds of the conclave, finding that none of them can be elected at this juncture, may agree to postpone their contest for

a time, by combining to place an aged cardinal in the papal chair. To that end they might fix upon Cardinal Cape Ciatras, who is eighty years old, a man believed to be without an enemy. There is, however, this objection to him, that the Quirinal would view his triumph with delight, for, of all the cardinals, he is the most ardent patriot, and the most likely to bring about a *modus vivendi* with the Italian monarchy. Another compromise candidate who would be recommended by great age is Cardinal Gregori, who is eighty-two. We repeat, however, that it is improbable that the rule against the election of a Vannutelli will be twice consecutively broken.

## The Spanish War and the Pension List

ALTHOUGH the precise statistics for the last fiscal year have not yet been tabulated, the data at hand go to show that the payroll of pensioners on account of the war with Spain now approximates \$2,700,000. Compared with the grand total of \$137,500,000 that roughly represents the annual disbursements of pensions on account of all wars, this seems an insignificant sum. But when it is remembered that the civil war alone engaged the military services of more than 2,213,000 men, and that of those only 1,727,000 survived the rise of hostilities, whereas the war with Spain engaged fewer than 275,000 and the losses by death fell short of 2000, the proportion of pensioners for the less bloody contest at arms assumes a larger importance. The war with Spain is not yet five years past. At a corresponding distance from the close of the civil war the disbursements for pensions were a little more than \$29,351,000, and this included the pensioners of the Revolution and all the other wars through which the country had passed.

The total number of individual pensioners created by all our wars down to the month of 1898, and still on the roll, may be stated in round numbers at 600,000. The total created by the Spanish war to date will be found, when the full figures are in, to exceed 14,250. The civil war ended thirty-eight years ago, and the pension roll in 1866, representing all wars to that date, contained 129,722 names. Assuming the list chargeable solely to the Spanish war to grow in like proportion—and such things, in a country where the citizen soldier plays so considerable a part in politics, never move backward—we may look for a pension list in 1897, due to the Spanish war alone, of 111,007, or, roughly, four pensioners to every ten men engaged, in very large percentage, in view of the non-hearshness character of much of the campaigning.

A comparison which will throw a still stronger light upon these figures may be made with the pension list of 1861, which, after the United States had passed through all its martial adventures down to the outbreak of the civil war, contained only 8636 names, nearly equally divided between the laralid veterans and the widows. It is but fair to say that the disparity between the statistics of that remote day and ours is due not wholly to the fallibility of the individual veterans who were to become beneficiaries of the system, but in very large measure to the trend of politics and legislation. The civil war differed from its predecessors in the fact that it offered practically the first crucial test of the loyalty of the American citizen to his government. The party that adulterated the government during the war has shaped legislation for most of the time since; and by way of emphasizing its own attitude and forcing the opposition into a false one, has presciently written into the statute-book more and more liberal pension laws, embracing in their scope not merely the veterans of 1861-5, but those of 1812, 1846-7, and the Indian hostilities from 1832 to 1842. This is the sign of least hopefulness on the horizon to day, as far as economy is concerned.

At what a pace the pensions of the war with Spain have swelled may be seen at a glance in the following table:

Fiscal Year.	Applications received.
1899	363
1900	1514
1901	4212
1902	4530
1903	5000 (incomplete.)

There are now on hand about 45,000 applications; 10,000 have come in within the last twelve months. How earnestly these have to be sifted is evident from the rejection of nearly 8000 claims in a single year.

Wonders is sometimes expressed that, since the weakness of old age begins its work in carrying off veterans of the earlier wars, the pension list has kept on increasing. This is due to three causes: first, a majority of the volunteers were widows, many of them young women when they married late in life; second, a law of 1890, which in effect enables any needy veteran of good character to get a little help on an indifferent proof, has added largely to the roll; and the Spanish-war pensioners, joining with the widows and the new indigent stipendiaries, more than make good the annual reduction due to deaths in the older rolls.

## The Educators' Convention

Boston is a hospitable town. The conscientiousness of being profitable does not always develop the disposition to confer profit on one's neighbors, but in Boston's case it does seem to have that effect. She likes to have the multitude of earnest seekers come to her and join with her in the search for truth, and she likes to have the seekers have a good time while they are searching. In the week beginning July 5, she entertained the National Educational Association, which she opened for her on July 6, more than ten thousand strong, and stayed four days. College presidents and professors, and school-teachers came from all parts of the land—from Texas and California, from Minnesota and Maine—and talked over everything that had to do with modern education, and listened to addresses on its general and particular.

President Eliot, who has come to be a sort of primate in our educational hierarchy, welcomed the delegates at a great evening meeting on July 6, and told them what he thought we were wanting nowadays in expecting from a "cultivated man." The haunts of knowledge have widened. There is far more to know than there used to be. Our cultivated man, Dr. Eliot considers, should have, to start with, a body fitted by training for habitual contact with the external world, and a mind trained from childhood to intensive, sympathetic acquaintance with the natural objects of earth and sky. We should expect to find in him further, a character formed, not in isolation, but "in the quick running tides of the busy world." He should be able to express himself by tongue or pen with some accuracy and elegance. Knowledge of everything we may not longer expect of him, and even a little knowledge of everything, but modern culture should include "a general knowledge of some things, and a real mastery of some small portion of the human store." The imagination being the greatest of human powers, the training of it, Dr. Eliot considers for the most important part of education. Constructive imagination—that which gives power to the sculptor and the poet, and also in the engineer and the electrician—should be trained in the cultivated man.

At this same opening meeting, Mr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, discussed on "The Reparation of the Church from the School Supported by Public Taxes," an address which was vigorously discussed.

Most of the meetings of the convention were department meetings, of which many were held every day. There was much interest in a meeting of the Department of Higher Education, the topic of which was "The Length of the Baccalaureate Course, and the Preparation for the Professional Schools." President Eliot set forth the Harvard idea of a three-year course, including four years' work, for those who want it. President Butler, of Columbia, argued strongly for a college course, "carefully constructed as a thing by itself" as a preliminary for the professional schools. Whether this proposed course was to lead to an A.B. degree or not he did not care, but he insisted that such a course was needed and must come. The four-year course he found suitable and useful for a boy who looks forward to a career as a scholar, teacher, or man of affairs, but he held that the boy, who, entering college at seventeen, proposes to take up later the study of a profession in a university, ought not to be compelled to spend four years upon liberal studies just at that time in his life. It is a fallacy, Dr. Butler thought, to suppose that the more time a boy spends to study the more he knows and the more he grows. Whether he grows by study depends on whether he studies suitable things, for a boy can develop spicily in college, as well as knowledge. Dr. Butler thinks that the earlier parts of professional courses in law, medicine, engineering and the like, are most excellent material for the boy of nineteen or twenty. But he is opposed both to the compromise plan which shortens the college course by a year or two, while professing to be a four-year course, and also to the admission of students to professional schools directly from the secondary schools, and without a preliminary course of liberal study. His conviction of the need of a three-year's course as a preliminary for professional studies has probably grown out of observation of his own university, of which the situation is a great city is a help to his professional schools and a drawback to its academic department. His proposition did not get much encouragement from his brother educators.

The dominant note of the discussion of the convention as depicted by the correspondent of the *Evening Post*, was that our schools and colleges have developed intellectually to the neglect of morals; that they produce capable men, but not the type of men who are willing to assume civic responsibilities, and bring about the moral uplifting that the country needs. President Eliot set the fashion some months ago of rehearsing our defects as a nation, putting the blame for them on the schools, and offering more and better schools as the remedy. We certainly need more good, honest, strong citizens, who will make, administer, and obey wise laws, and constrain their neighbors to do the like. If our educators, holding an apparent death of such citizens are disposed to say, "It is our fault," they are in a self-denyng attitude, and to be applauded. The plan to make character first in the home, next

in school, next in the college. The parent has the best chance; the school-teacher the next best. When the college imparts its morals it is apt to be largely, because the schools send these better boys. Our carefully secularized public schools are still in an experimental stage so far as character-building goes.

## Woman's Place in Education

The closing day of the session of the National Educational Association at Boston was rendered memorable by the attack made by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, on the education of boys and girls in high schools, if not also in universities. As Dr. Hall is an estimator of great distinction, and is known to be thoroughly conversant with the practical outcome of the system which he deprecates, his views made a profound impression upon many of his auditors, though they naturally provoked resentment in certain quarters. Dr. Hall did not deny that the principle of coeducation seemed to be firmly rooted in certain institutions. All that he aimed at was to check, he said, the further application of the principle. Prolonged experience of education, and earnest personal study of its results, had convinced him, he said, that the old arguments arrayed against its introduction were sound, and could not be refuted.

The considerations, which he has come to regard as controlling, are deduced from the very foundations of the question of the function of the sexes. He has found, he says, that coeducation during "the middle years"—that is to say, the high-school age—tends to sexual precocity, the effect of which is all the worse, because it is subtle and insidious. In the case of young women, sexual precocity tends to overwork of the brain, an exaggeration of the importance of the intellect, and a diminution of the importance attached to motherhood, the natural and highest function of womanhood. In the case of young men, he has observed that coeducation, by bringing about dissipation through familiarity between the sexes, weakens the motive for marriage. In the weakening of this motive he discerns a very grave danger to civilization. He points out that, according to statistics, marriage is now undertaken in the United States at a later age than it was formerly, and he pronounces it inevitable that late marriage is one of the things that leads to a decay of civilization.

It is largely on this ground that Dr. Hall has been led to take what for him is a new attitude with respect to the education of the sexes. He cannot uphold a system which he thinks encourages ordinary or late marriages. He believes that, with a view to the preservation of the race, all the national institutions, and especially the schools, should push sex distinction to the utmost. He regards it as a profound mistake for girls to acquire the ideals of men, and to contemplate competition with men in virile vocations. He has come, on the contrary, to the conclusion that nothing could be worse for the race than the evolution of a female sex that should lack a feminine character. Hence he would have education planned and conducted with a view to making women more womanly, and men more manly. Observation has taught him that, when women frequent the same schools as men, they lose much of womanly grace and delicacy, tend to adopt masculine aims, and carry brainwork to an excess that nullifies them for the function of maternity.

This is the old argument against coeducation, which was advanced many years ago by Dr. Clark of Boston, but it gains force as the mouth of Dr. Hall, because the latter used to be a zealous advocate of the system which he now condemns.

## Ominous Climatic Effects

AN officer of the navy, Assistant Paymaster DeLano, court-martialed for retarding irregular accounts, and other failures in his duties, offered in his defense that he had served three years in Guam and the Philippines, and at the end of that time when his services were offered, was unfit for duty. He submitted in support of this claim the report of Surgeon Hoeler on the physical condition of officers of the navy who had served in the East.

An army officer, Lieutenant McCue, on his return from Manila, married a wife in San Francisco in addition to one that he had lately married in Cincinnati, submitted in excuse, that he was not mentally responsible because of hard-laps undergone in the Sumatran campaign. He has been sent to the Government Asylum for Insane Soldiers.

Discussions differed in McCue's case as to whether the Philippine climate or excessive stimulant had upset his balance, but the climate may have been to blame for his over-indulgence.

The result of these cases seems to be that an approval of the mental condition of officers who serve in the East should be made at proper intervals, so that divergence from the normal may be detected before it leads to serious results.

# Leo XIII

LORD before the nineteenth century closed, Leo XIII, 25th Pope of Rome, had come to be recognized as the foremost "Grand Old Man" of the world. Stripped of all temporal power, forced to live on the contractions of the faithful, his kingdom was world-wide, his influence and sway were felt wherever the spirit of Christian religion moved men to be just, kind, truthful, virtuous, and humble, and to worship God. Two things that he longed for, that he prayed for earnestly and without ceasing—the restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy, and the union of all the followers of Christ under the Church of Rome—did not come to pass.

And yet it is a question with many if the Church is not stronger and the power of the Papacy is not more of a living force because their enemies are given chiefly to the extension of a strictly spiritual kingdom. Leo longed to be Pastor of the World. No Pope, no religious teacher in all the world's history, ever came so near being pastor of the world as he. A prisoner in a palace, living an austere and austere life, his voice was more potent, his power more deep, subtle, and lasting in presenting all these influences which induce men to do and die—those influences which we call civilization—than any of the rulers of the earth.

This vicegerent of God was a veritable prince among men. He was an old man, as the world reckons age, when, in 1878, at sixty-eight, he was chosen Pope. One of the sixty-two members of the College of Cardinals who participated in the conclave that selected him, only one, Cardinal Luigi Orsini, survived at the twenty-fifth anniversary of that election in 1903. Only one Pope, his immediate predecessor, Pius IX, occupied the Papal chair longer than Leo XIII. Pius IX, ruled thirty-two years; Leo ruled twenty-five years; St. Peter ruled twenty-five years; nine other Popes ruled more than twenty years.

Leo came into office when the power and influence of the Church were at a low ebb, when great temporal kingdoms of the world, who hitherto had acknowledged the established place of the Papacy in the world's affairs, were openly hostile; when only in free England and in free America, of all the great nations, and in Spain, of all the minor nations of influence, was not the Church of Rome hated with bitter enemies. He found the Church weak; he left it strong.

He lived to see the day when Germany, Austria, and Russia acknowledged his right to a spiritual sway in those countries; when the Church was stronger in Italy than at any time since it was shorn of temporal power when France was hostile only in outward spirit. He had the distinction of being the great-deservable Pope. He urged his followers in France and Brazil to accept republican forms of government, and to try to unite the Catholics of the United States under the greatest growth in the history of the Catholic Church under the republican institutions of the United States. His rule showed the elasticity and ductility of the Catholic Church as the rule of no other Pope had revealed them—since the rule of Pope Hildebrand. A scholar and a poet, an humble follower of Christ, he died a majestic figure in the world's history.

Leo was of noble birth. He was born Joachim Pecci, the son of Count Luigi Pecci and Countess Prospera, near Siena, Italy, on March 2, 1810. As soon as he had taken orders Dr. Pecci attracted attention by his fearless work in the cholera epidemic in Rome. Here this he had chosen service with the Holy See in preference to a parish, and, soon becoming a domestic prelate of the Pope, Gregory showed his confidence in him by making him Civil Governor of the Province of Benevento, a post calculated to try the mettle of any man, in their opposition of the people, were little better than robbers. Governor Pecci fought them bravely. Soon brigandage was practically stamped out, but the nobles fretted under his unyielding rule. They resented him in the Pope as a revolutionary leader, but Gregory did not heed them.

Four years later Pope Gregory made Father Pecci Civil Governor of the turbulent Province of Perugia, where, up to the time of his elevation to the Papacy, he spent nearly his entire life. The province was in a sore way. Brigandage and oppression prevailed, the poor were in distress, and the prisons were crowded. Governor Pecci soon emptied the prisons, and put down disorder and public robbery. Again he won, in spite of the bitterest opposition, in two years peace and order. At the age of thirty-eight, in 1848, he was made titular Archbishop of Anagnino, and appointed Papal Nuncio to the court of Leopold I, of Brussels. It was a case known as a man of profound learning, a champion not only of the Catholic religion, but of letters and science, a man of wonderful tact and great fearlessness. It was at the court of Leopold that he declared that the culture of letters was "next to religion, the greatest of God's gifts."

Archbishop Pecci was recalled by Pope Gregory, but not until he had spent three months in London, studying English institutions and affairs and laying up for himself a broad basis for his role as a cardinal, but six officers of men. The Pope had promised to make him a cardinal, but in 1855, the new Pope Gregory XVI, had died. Signor Pecci Archbishop of Perugia, and sent him back to the same office, although he was thought, in an obscure place for thirty years. Archbishop Pecci's merits were of the kind that could not be hidden. He came into notice by his vigorous protests in letters to King Victor Emmanuel against the law legalizing civil marriage

in Umbria, and against the expulsion and spoliation of Catholic orders. No more vigorous deliverance was ever made to an Italian ruler in behalf of the Church than these letters. Archbishop Pecci, champion of the Church, was again foremost in the public eye.

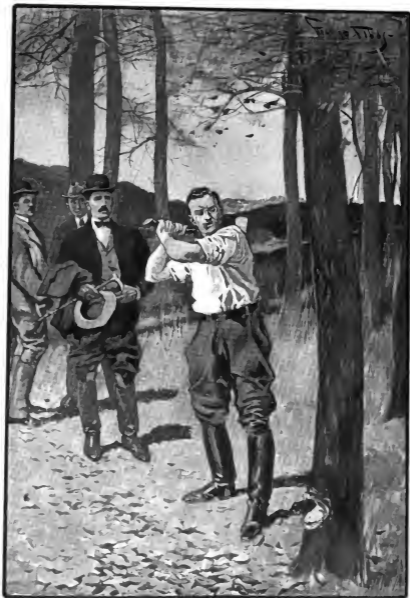
Then he settled down to the routine of a more or less obscure archbishop's office. He was a simple, sincere, unaffected, tolerant, kind, and devout. In 1853 Pius IX, made him a cardinal, but he continued his work in Perugia. He never ceased to improve his mind with a wide range of studies, and he became openly the advocate of science when it was thought that science was the greatest enemy of religion. This scholarly man had a different belief. He issued a pastoral letter advocating the study of science, and in those days said that science unaccompanied a belief in God, he replied, "led in all his work reveals Himself with all the attributes of His power."

After a sojourn of twenty-four years as Archbishop of Perugia, Pius IX, called Cardinal Pecci to Rome, and made him Cardinal Chamberlain to the Vatican. He was the Chamberlain of the Palace, an office which included the Presidency of the Apostolic Chamber. Cardinal Pecci assumed this post in July, 1877, and the next February Pius IX, died. On February 22 the College of Cardinals, after three ballots and by more than the required two-thirds vote, elected him Pope, and he chose the name of Leo XIII. It was thought that by reason of his advanced age a new Pope would be elected in a few years.

Leo firm in his conviction that the temporal power of the Papacy should be restored, and disinclined to be treated by the royal house of Savoy as an existing writing, preferred to make his coronation a simple altar than an ostentatious ceremony. He was crowned in the Sistine Chapel, the second Pope to be so crowned in the history of the Church since 1533, the other Pope being Pius VII. The simple life of the cardinal and archbishop of Perugia showed Cardinal Pecci at once. He abolished all unnecessary expenses at the Vatican, cut down useless expenditures, and lived as plainly himself as any ordinary priest. His first thought was not to acknowledge in any way, direct or indirect, the sovereignty of the Italian government in Rome. In that he persisted to the end. Never did he set foot outside the sacred precincts guaranteed to the Papacy when Pius IX, was forced to yield to the Italian government. Not even when his brother was dying in Rome would he violate this rule and go to him. The first encyclical, of all those encyclical papers that he wrote and issued to the faithful and to the world, was written to "assert the rights and liberty of the Holy See." He showed his firm purpose of ignoring the Italian government by refusing to accept the annual donation by that government of 3,225,000 lire for his support, and he relied upon Never did he touch one lira of the money Italy desired him to accept.

Repeatedly, Leo gave assurance of his special interest in the welfare of Catholics of the United States and in the country itself. Marching has been the growth of the Church under the free institutions of America. Bitterness by the narrow-minded and suspicion by the mischief-makers subsided. Unofficial relations, without violence to American traditions, were established with the government. This was done largely to the tact and liberal views of such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, and through them and their collaborators the feeling gained strength throughout the land that the Church was in no degree a menace to the country, but rather a bulwark, especially in its support of law and order.

Our illustrations bring out the typical events connected with Leo XIII, and his death. The first picture is a portrait of McCarty, representing allegorically the demise of the Pope, and the cardinals laying his honor before his shrine. Then follows as the best portrait of the Pope himself, which stands to-day as the best portrait of him in existence. The drawing entitled "The Pope is Dead," represents with careful fidelity the strange custom which has obtained for a thousand years or more of the formal announcement of the death of a Pope. Dating back beyond the Middle Ages, the custom—then probably with a utilitarian purpose—has prevailed of intruding the Pope three times upon the funeral with a hammer as the cardinal knells his death. Had it there is no movement, the officiating cardinal then upon someone that the Pope is dead, and send good news to the world. The double page is an impressive drawing by Mr. Sydney Adamson which depicts in the chapel of St. Peter's, which is the daily custom which Leo observed of walking and sitting in the piazza, the Vatican gardens, and looking over the Roman Cam with one or more of his cardinals. St. M. Ave has also represented the great ceremonies by Mr. Sydney Adamson which took place on the occasion of the Pope's jubilee, celebrating the fifty-fifth anniversary of his pontifical accession. Last comes an interesting picture representing the election of the new Pope. Each cardinal writes the name of the man whom he would choose to be Pope, and when all of these have been reduced they are counted, and the cardinal receiving ten-thirds or more of the votes is declared Pope. This solemn ceremony of the people mark the little ceremony of the furnace especially made for this purpose, wherein the votes once counted are burned. And when the smoke arises all know that another Pope is chosen.



Drawn by George Gotheis

### THE STRENUOUS SUMMER LIFE AT OYSTER BAY

The energy of the President, even during the hot days of midsummer, at Oyster Bay is always a source of wonder. Apart from carrying on his official business at the special executive offices in the village, the President always finds time for a morning horseback ride, usually a game of tennis, and only a few days ago, when the thermometer was above the two-mark, he completed his day's exercise by chopping down trees in a little grove near Sagamore Hill.

# Diversions of the Higher Journalist

## A Scientific City

"NOW, here," the Casual Visitor said, drawing a folded newspaper on the Higher Journalist, as if it had been some sort of weapon, "is something that ought to suggest a good topic to you. In fact it is a topic, already, and I should like to have your mind upon it."

"Mind" is very handsome," the higher journalist said, with a frank confession of relief. "What is your topic?"

"The fact, on the report, that one of the most enlightened of our millionaires is about to build in the South a model manufacturing city which will be completed upon the most modern terms, with water-works, electric lights, public heat, and common power for all purposes, and then, and not till then, given up to its future inhabitants."

"Rather iridescent?" the higher journalist commented.

"Yes, undoubtedly iridescent, but entirely business-like. In fact, a city built nowadays on the old, accidental plan is an idiotic anachronism, which ought to be forbidden by law. Imagine what a different New York this would be if the ancestors of the enlightened projector of that iridescent, but practical, metropolis in the South, had conceived of constructing it upon scientific principles!"

"I refuse to imagine that," the higher journalist retorted, "for the simple reason that in their day there were no scientific principles. The devices one then laid out the streets on her way to and from the pasture; the water-works consisted of wells with picturesque but ineffectual sweeps; the lighting was performed by lamps and lanterns burning kitchen-grease with rag-wicks;

the heating was from logs on the kitchen and parlor hearths; the street-cleaning was done by the family pigs and hens; the sanitation was non-existence."  
 "Precisely!" the casual visitor exclaimed, "and therefore the descendants of those benighted ancestors go on in emulation of the cow, the pig, the hen, the log, and the rag-wick, and you are disposed to sneer at one of those who promises to depart from their tradition."

"Never! Did I sneer?" the higher journalist deprecated.

"You intimated a conditional skepticism."

"That was my misfortune, I meant to express a contingent faith. In fact, I am very much interested in this experiment. Some years ago, in one of those protean forms in which it has been my habit to—"

"Change, and pass and come again."

I myself suggested that the scientific city was the only city that new had any right to be built. I remember that I described an ideal commonwealth, somewhere "in dark purple spheres of air," in which no one dreamed of building any other sort of city. The horror and surprise he felt in seeing the constant pulling down and building up in our cities, the perpetual excavations in and lighting, with all the dirt, disease, and waste incident to such community to construct its dwelling-places in the series of loaders and ventures which underlay the cities of the past. I think there was something about their keeping a section of an old competitor cities could come and were the sort of thing from which science that this new city in the South was projected. Except for the fact that he would hardly borrow an idea from an imaginary commonwealth, I might have fancied that a leaf had been taken from my book."

"There it is an unshodden grudge that prevents you from recognizing the subtlety of the conviction?"

"No, I own that even at second-hand the conception is subtle, and it might well be that this son of capital knew nothing but in battalions. For all I know, the ideas come not as single spies, but in battalions. For all I know, the Patent office at Washington upon my model would make it another's, and I should have no right to complain; I do not say that mine was a working model.

The projector of the new city, the one truly modern city that I have heard of outside of fiction is reputed to be an enlightened spirit rare even among American millionaires. If he is said to be a lover of literature, he is known to be a lover of art. As such his dream is worthy of his, and so far from grudging him it, because I had dreamt something like it before, I would fain hail him fellow-philanthropist across the gulf fixed between the higher journalist and the lowliest capitalist. My own philanthropy cost me nothing; in fact I was liberally paid for it by the editors and publishers; but I shall not think the loss of his if it cost him a great deal. I shall watch with the eagerest interest for the verification of his vision, and I shall not lose faith in him or it if it is not all that was expected of its verification. Many attempts of that sort meet unreasonably fail, but only in their direction does success lie. People who defraud and applaud the state always take as if it were the most radiant triumph, but the truth is that it is a sudden mass and snarl of most dismal defeats. It is quite probable, though it is so preposterous, that many inhabitants of the unscientific city, the chaos city, the fool city, which we now have, think it the final city, and will look askance at this generous proposition in the direction of a scientific city. But that is the only sort of city that can now be rationally, economically, and hopefully built. I myself might prefer to have the community build such a city for itself, but if some gracious dreamer will imagine it and realize it for a community, I have no prejudice that will forbid the scheme."

"You seem," the casual visitor remarked in bewilderment, "to be taking the position of my mouth. I don't know whether to offer or demand an apology."

"I never," my dear friend," the higher journalist magnanimously responded.

"At first, I was a little reluctant, as you rightly say, but as soon as I recognized my own invention in the scientific city proposed, I was gladly acquiescent."

"Then you don't think it quite so iridescent as you did?"

"In the contrary, I think more so. The iridescence of today is the crystallized glory of to-morrow; the diamond solidified from the dew drop. First the fact; first the impalpable ideal; then the period of reality. Three hundred years ago a book was written which the au-



.1 View of the new Utopia in South Carolina

ther, with a smiling irony, called "Utopia," because it was too good to be anywhere true. Ever since then anything too good to be anywhere true has been called Utopia; but every fruitful and hopeful scheme of modern civilization is based upon what we once Utopia ideas. There ever was a dream that was so perennially dear to the heart of humanity as the dream of Utopia. If this new model city in Utopia, it is destined to realization. Whatever is Utopian goes, it occurs. As soon as that city is thrown open to habitation, I am going there to live."

The casual visitor, whom the higher journalist had pushed from his stool, had become more and more restless at this preposterous harangue. He thought it high time to put a stake into the wheel of that flying chariot, even at the expense to himself of an apparent inconsistency. "What about the model city of Pullman?" he asked.

"Ah, well!" the higher journalist sighed, "that seems not to have been Utopian enough. You must go all lengths in Utopia, or you that it presupposed a population who would make it pay a good income to the investor. I should say that if this new model city was meant to make money for the projector it would fail; it is not in the Utopian ideal that any one shall make money. The only conception of our day was Andrew Carnegie's offering than here they make war upon her for it. Why should not other such magnanimous millionaires be imitating the construction of a model city on which, for humanity's sake, he should steadily fail to draw a cent of profit,—should be willing to sink a few millions?"

The casual visitor, hopefully unheeded, cast a hurried look upon the higher journalist in departing. "I think," he said, "be constructed by great mass of people will continue to build and to dwell in what you call the fool city."



### W. E. HENLEY

*William Ernest Henley, poet, editor, and critic died on July 12 at his home in Walsley, England. He was for many years a close personal friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he collaborated in a number of plays. To most Americans, however, he is best known as an essayist and poet. The picture here reproduced is from the recent painting by William Nicholson.*

# France and England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, July 4, 1915.

FRANCE is more merciful to her President than America. She allows them, at any rate, the relaxation, if it be a relaxation, of paying visits abroad. Whether the President thereof or not, there can be no question that France's neighbors would enter a unanimous protest against its repeal. Europe is often grumbling because the American Constitution shuts up the American President in the White House whenever he wants a holiday, instead of sending him on a tour of the European continent. It would be altogether too much, if France were to become similarly selfish. Happily there is no chance of that. To pay visits and to receive visits, and to do both rather better than any other nation would do either, is a part of the national reputation. The social position of France is a something dear to the heart of every Frenchman. They are all terribly sensitive to the suspicion that the republic may be thought a trifle "dowdy"; they like, above all things, to feel that their country is holding her own among her brilliant neighbors; the pomp and glitter of those ceremonial courtesies immensely please that artistic, that historic sense which is one of the most delightful as well as one of the most stable traits in the French character. And if France is well pleased to send M. Loubet over to England, England is equally glad to welcome him. The real and hearty satisfaction which the prospect of his visit has aroused among all classes of Englishmen, I believe, the beginning of a new era in Anglo-French relations. I cannot recall anything to which the people of this country have looked forward with so much eagerness as to this visit. Nor is there any man, except President Roosevelt, whom Englishmen feel so much drawn to, so much in sympathy with, as M. Loubet. The welcome he will receive will be absolutely national and popular. There are at least three sets of reasons for this—personal reasons, national reasons, and international reasons. To begin with, England admires and trusts M. Loubet. The people have the same sort of regard for him that they had for President Garfield. They have read of his humble birth and beginnings, of the struggles which his sturdy peasant spirit has faced and overcome. They have watched him in his high office—always simple, prudent, firm, and dignified without the airs of a Czarist or the stiltedness of a Cretol. His boldness of the imagination of the English people in the democratic hold. They think of him as fundamentally one of themselves, a unit in the average laboring mass of mankind, one who, like them, has worked for his daily bread, has mounted high from a lowly station, and owes his success not to birth or influence, but solely to his own character and abilities. Such a career has always been a great attraction for Englishmen, possibly because in England it is extremely rare. Again, M. Loubet is the President of the French Republic, and at this moment one of the most popular of men in France. His visit will not only increase this, but, unless I am grossly mistaken, will set a reunion to give the third, the international, reason for England's particular delight in honoring the French President. It is that M. Loubet is not a German. That may seem an indirect and not particularly flattering reason, but it is, nevertheless, a potent one, because he is the representative of a nation that cannot be suspected of over-friendly dispositions towards Germany. Recent events here, in England, have shown, wherever he likes, parade her in Germany that it should exist at all is a humiliation which all Englishmen feel, be such as to make it unacceptable that their sympathies are not in the direction of German co-operation.

Are they, then, in the direction of Anglo-French co-operation? I believe very strongly that they are. Not of course that there is any chance of England's embarking herself as a formal member of the Dual Alliance. No one thinks of that. But there is a

powerful flow of opinion towards a policy that would make it clear that as between the Dual and the Triple Alliance, England favors the former, and that she could not express her preference more effectively than by entering on an entire cordiale with France. The real pivot of European politics, though one is apt sometimes to forget it, is still as it has been for the last thirty years, Alsace-Lorraine—the French desire to win it back, the German determination to retain it. It is a question which may never, probably will never, lead to war, but, for all that, it remains the dominating condition of Continental Europe, and which, eventually, is ultimately referable. No country, for example, can become friendly to Germany without arousing a good deal of suspicious anxiety in France, which may, and in Italy's case did, develop into downright hostility. No country, again, can draw near to France without reminding Germany that her Continental position is one of extreme precariousness and without unsettling her policy overseas. What, then, is England's policy under these circumstances? She has no policy; her desire is to remain neutral. But it happens that of late appearances have been against her, and she has seemed to be definitely throwing in her weight on the German side of the balance. This has roused more than a little perturbation in France. If French suspicions are now quelled it is due to the explosion of anger with which the English greeted the Anglo-German agreement in Venezuela. That was the first clear proof that the French had recognized that whatever this government or that government might do, the British people were resolutely set against any sort of compact with Germany.

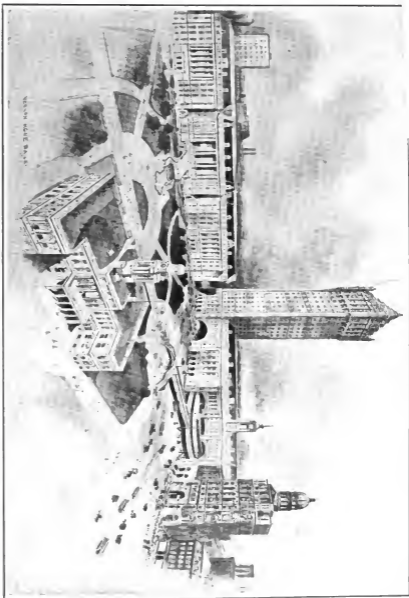
From that moment Anglo-French relations have substantially improved. At the same time England has clearly made up her mind that a complete independence of Germany is essential to her interests, and that watchfulness rather than friendship is the attitude that ought to be taken up towards the Wilhelmstrasse. The reaction from Lord Lansdowne's Phosphorus Statement has given a distinct impulse towards an Anglo-French understanding. If England has to be either for Germany or against her, she will choose the latter alternative. One may take that to be from now onwards an axiom of British policy, and the realization of it is of immense moment both to England and France. It furnishes them at once with a platform on which they can meet with entire freedom. Again, this is a time of political and journalistic calm. There is no question on which England and France are at loggerheads. They have ceased scolding one another, and after the furious excitement of Fashoda, the Dreyfus case, and the war, the return to an atmosphere of peace and sanity is doubly tranquillizing. It disposes men to the calm, to the sympathetic, and to see neither, on both sides of the Channel there has been a good deal of this quietly made for an exchange of juster estimates.

It is, at any rate, a fact that the old "traditional" hatred which the English have always been supposed to cherish against France has now wholly died out. It could of course be re-time being it is now extinct. The truth is that the English have got to know the French too well to harbor them any longer. The hardships of travel and the hundreds of thousands who make acquaintance with a week-end in Paris or for a few days in British English people are at length adjusted the focus. There is no country with and literature and history they are better acquainted, some with whose language really like better. The old antipathies—and it is popular enough to keep nations apart—has now, on the English side, entirely, and on the French, too, very largely, withered away.

When the people of two countries feel friendly, it does not take nearly so long to discover that political differences are France look round the world and find themselves with but one (foundland), and that is only really serious when the negotiators on each side distrust and suspect one another.



KING EDWARD VII AND PRESIDENT LOUBET  
THE first visit of a French President to England



**PLAN FOR MUNICIPAL AND TERMINAL BUILDINGS AT CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK**

At the suggestion of Mayor Lane an important city improvement is being considered under consideration. The entire plan, which will cost in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000, includes the building of a large terminal building at the bridge terminal, in which there will be room for the city offices. The entire area of the present City Hall Park will be cleared, with the exception of City Hall itself, which the Mayor will see done as an office. It is estimated that, with the new station planned for the terminal, three hundred million people a year can be accommodated.



# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

**I** SUPPOSE if a light comedian were called upon to express his views," wrote Mr. Howard Pyle in a friend recently, "it would hardly be expected of him to give a dissertation upon the single aspects of life." When Mark Twain desired a serious hearing for his study of Jeanne d'Arc, he was impelled to seek it for the same reason anonymously. And so with Mr. Pyle: apart from his work as an artist and illustrator, he has been so long identified in literature as a writer of children's books that it takes an effort to adjust him to the new view he presents as the serious and earnest student and religious thinker in his modern story of the Christ, *Revised of Men*. However this novel may be regarded as a Thesis of Christiana, thought and conviction today, it must be admitted that, as a believer, Mr. Pyle has handled his theme reverently and with a devout spirit. In his Proem, he states that his story "is intended as a phase of that divine history already told to the world, but now told from another standpoint, and translated from the ancient Hebrew habits of life into America, so that the reader may more readily understand the circumstances that directed our actions. If he has been told aright, he may see why it was that we crucified the Truth."

The book is startling in its conception of the New Testament story in a twentieth-century environment. The leading characters of the Jewish drama are fitted to modern parts that bear a singular resemblance to the originals, yet they impress by their familiarity to the type, while they shock our imagination in their historical divergence. It is with difficulty that even the most imaginative mind can wrest itself from the hold of tradition and reach out to see radical a dramatic perspective, but so far as it can be done Mr. Pyle has succeeded in approximating a modern reproduction of the coming of the Messiah.

It is interesting to know that a book like *Revised of Men* has a history; that it was not merely an imaginative experiment, but the outgrowth of life and experience. The intellectual and spiritual processes by which the work was evolved are set forth in a letter which Mr. Pyle wrote in answer to an inquiring friend.

"The great problems of life and death have always largely occupied my thoughts," he says, "from my youngest childhood. Even in my infancy, the fear of death and annihilation hung above me like a cloud, and that cloud was not dissipated, but became rather more dark and dense as I advanced into youth and adolescence. I was a sceptic in spite of myself, for I found an one who could enlighten my doubts. My questions seemed only to entangle me in perplexities, so that, instead of affording me a new rational ground of belief, I saw only the absurdity of his arguments. Accordingly, whatever change of views I may since have effected at all, I had to reach by myself, by my own reason, and without such outside assistance—excepting such as I could obtain from the writings of Noetherberg."

"Such a self-education in reasoning makes one rather radical in one's opinions, and I suppose that my opinions are very radical indeed. And radical opinions impel a man to express himself almost against his own volition. I begin it a number of years ago, after a conversation with Mr. Alden—the editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE—and it was my first intention to tell only the story of the Birth of Men. As I proceeded with the work, however, it grew under my limitations with which it was begun."

*Revised of Men* was begun about eight years ago. The author's idea may be clearly seen in his original title, which was *Menap* written in, and retouched it, and corrected it, and amended it, and revised it has hardly any trace of its original form. It seems to be a very short story," concludes Mr. Pyle, "for eight years of intermittent work, but I can say that it was written very earnestly

and with great sincerity of conviction, and however the world may take it I have yet the satisfaction of knowing that I have said my say with every sentiment of reverence and very strong belief in that which I was trying to say."

The editor of a newspaper in Pocolontas, Arkansas, has a sense of humor. Evidently he has been stirring up things by opening his columns to a discussion on the proposed building of a school-house in this bright region where he waxes the torch of civilization. Under the flamboyant headline "Save the Country!" this bright editor prints the following amusing letter from an illiterate, irate correspondent, violently opposed to the erection of the above-said schoolhouse:

Ma. Karma—I have been reading some articles in your paper over the name of J. R. Alexander. I want to take issue with the gentleman on a few things. First he wants Pocolontas to go in debt to build a school house. I don't think this is right, because if she goes in debt there will be a debt hanging over the town

for our children to pay. I think the way to do would be to wait 'till we get the money then we can build the house.

I think we have a good enough house and a good enough school for the present. Pocolontas is not such a large place any more.

There are not more than two thousand people living in the town and not over four hundred children at most, and it seems to me like we have school enough.

Why does he want to make the taxes any higher. They are so high now that a poor man can't hardly live and keep up a large family. I haven't got very much but a big family and if the taxes get any higher,

I think I will have to leave the town. Besides I don't like a public school any way very much. I don't believe they are moral enough. I believe that it would be better to leave all the education to the churches

then we would have more religious people and more people would be members of the church. Why not let the ministers do all the teaching? We have to have them to instruct us in religion any how. Public school teachers are not moral men besides they get more wages for their work than they are worthy of. A man working on a farm or at anything else has to work longer and don't get as much for his work.

Now I had rather sit in the house for six or seven hours a day for a dollar than to have to work out doors all day for it. Besides I think the gentleman is putting over stress on public schools and education

and not on moral education and I have made up my mind to have a school where every body thinks it will be worth a fortune.

Great goodness, the country is going to ruin, ever body thinks I might need some education. But I never respect to be one, therefore living by honest work.

If we get that new school where every body thinks it will be no time till some poor boy not more than two years old will have a better education than I have got. Such a thing will be will soon be full of educated fools. My boy has been wanting to go to school some more but I squarled him and said myty quick when he got as much education as I have and don't need no more. This the country and I have made up my mind to raise a wat's ruinin' it and shoot my pen through it.

Mr. Ed I've been reading your paper all the time and think you get up one of the best papers in northeast Arkansas but for the sake of the country shut that fellow Alexander off

RIP VAN WINKLE.



Howard Pyle  
Author of "Revised of Men"

living all right. People who work at mills and on the farms don't need much if any education. What good will an education do a fellow when he has to work all the time? My education never done me any good. I could have gotten on just as well with no education at all. It don't help me saw a loaded, burst a rock or plow a furrow.

Of course if I were a merchant, banker, lawyer or minister I might need some education. But I never respect to be one, therefore living by honest work.

If we get that new school where every body thinks it will be no time till some poor boy not more than two years old will have a better education than I have got. Such a thing will be will soon be full of educated fools. My boy has been wanting to go to school some more but I squarled him and said myty quick when he got as much education as I have and don't need no more. This the country and I have made up my mind to raise a wat's ruinin' it and shoot my pen through it.

Mr. Ed I've been reading your paper all the time and think you get up one of the best papers in northeast Arkansas but for the sake of the country shut that fellow Alexander off

RIP VAN WINKLE.



## THE WORLD'S CHAMPION HIGH-JUMPER AT THE ATLANTIC CITY HORSE SHOW

The annual Horse Show at Atlantic City was held last week from July 14-18. The prize about "Henderson," the World's Champion High-jumper, in a trial, clearing the bars at 7 feet 2 1/2 inches; "Henderson's," record in a contest last November in Chicago. In a trial at his training quarters he has cleared 8 feet 1 1/2 inches, the highest jump on record of any horse with a man up.



## AMERICAN WAR-SHIPS SALUTING

Our special correspondent sends this graphic photograph of one of the most interesting events of the combined salute fired by the American and German war-ships as the imperial  
During the week 10,000 guns were fired, a greater number

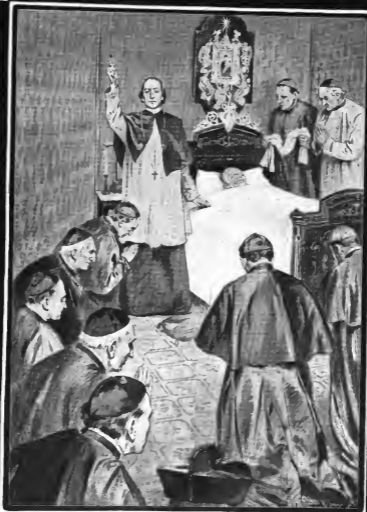


HENRY McCARTER



**POPE LEO XIII**

*From the painting by Laifi.*

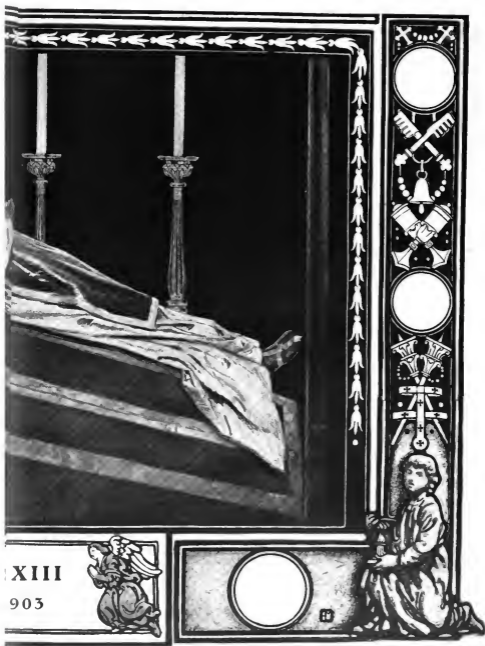


"THE POPE IS DEAD!"



Sydney Lamson 1905

LEO  
1810-



XIII

903





In the Vatican Gardens.



*The Pope's Jubilee*



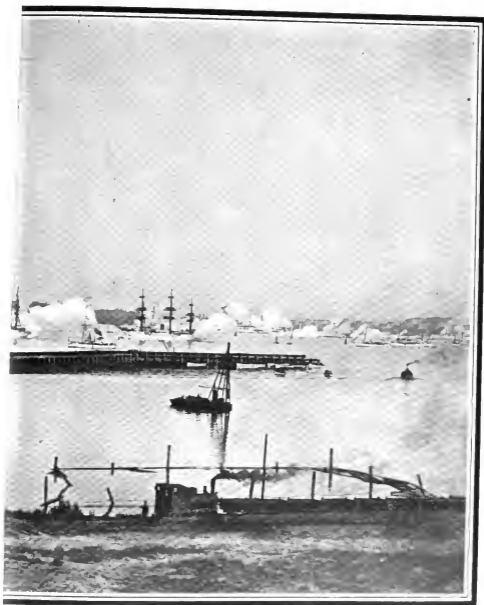


*The Pope's Jubilee*



*The Election of the new Pope*

*Burning the Cardinals' Votes*



## THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT KIEL

ent reception of American war-ships by the German Emperor at Kiel. It shows the moment of the  
"Hohenzollern" passed between the lines. At this time 1155 guns were fired.  
n in all but a few of the important naval battles of history



### A STAR IN MUSICAL COMEDY

*Miss Hattie Williams, who played last season with the K'ers Brothers, has been engaged by Charles Frohman for a principal part in one of the three musical comedies for which he is arranging a New York production.*



*Eight Miles from Winter Quarters, February 7, 1902*  
 The "Discovery" in the pack ice shortly before coming in the anchorage where she now remains frozen in



*Crocuses grown in the "Discovery's" Wardroom, flowering on Easter Sunday*  
 The temperature of the wardroom was kept at a uniform 50 degrees, and in due course the crocus plants blossomed—an event which was joyfully welcomed



*The most southerly Celebration of Christmas—the Sledge Party which reached the farthest South Latitude celebrating December 25 in Latitude 81° 45'*

### **FARTHEST SOUTH**

*The results of the expedition of the "Discovery," sent out in 1901, have just been officially announced. The party finally succeeded in reaching latitude 81° 45', the farthest point south ever reached by man*



# LIPTON'S "LUCK"

A Suggestion as to What to Do With It  
 Drawn By Albert Levering



1.

Johnny Bull (to Sir Tummie) "Make me a yacht—I want to sail him—"



2.

Johnny: "Now I'll sail ye—"



3.

Johnny: "Make me another boat—his's ain't no good!"



4.

Johnny: "Now I'll sail ye again!"



5.

Johnny (again) "Make me another—and another—and another—and—"



6.

Sir Tummie: "God bless!"

# Correspondence

THE PRESIDENT AND MR. JEFFERSON

NEW YORK, June 20, 1903.

To the Editor of *Berger's Weekly*:

Sir.—Although opposed to having Republican State conventions in 1903 pledge themselves for Mr. Roosevelt for 1904, I am unable to concur in your comments on his St. Louis address. He could not truthfully have said more than he did about Jefferson's part in the purchase of Louisiana.

Jefferson authorized negotiations to buy the Isle of Orleans and a small adjacent territory including the mouth of the Mississippi. Langston and Monroe themselves made a treaty for the whole Louisiana as voted. Jefferson's silly construction of the Constitution caused him to (at first) make his approval conditional on the prior adoption by Congress of a constitutional amendment. His cabinet "sat down" upon this idea, and not being a strong man Thomas yielded.

You will find it difficult to name any important measure adopted between March, 1801, and March, 1809, of Jefferson's instance, of which an intelligent American can be proud. Some of his cabinet were able men—but better statesmen than the then President. If Jefferson be classed as a statesman at all his grade would leave him about the fifth or sixth class.

I am, sir,

"X"

ROOSEVELT IN OHIO

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 20, 1903.

To the Editor of *Berger's Weekly*:

Sir.—Your article in the current WEEKLY on the report that President Roosevelt contemplated asking Senator Hanna to give place to the gentleman from Pennsylvania in the chairmanship of the Republican committee hurts not a little. In the first place, if ever any public man gave abundant evidence of a purpose to do right surely his name is Roosevelt. First assuredly, he will make no childish mistakes. However, his reputation will take care of itself, for he is almost worshipped out here in the interior—by all classes.

Now in the Pennsylvania gentleman standing at all to me, but it is the marked unfitness of the comparison (as directed against the judgment of the President) that I object to. If the Pennsylvania gentleman came now "doing time" for embezzlement—be it not the only embezzler one. There has been a well-planned and diabolical well-paid plot, carried on out here against the President, and in favor of Senator Hanna, that is just as crooked as any sin can be. Hundreds of little slurs in the daily papers, all over Ohio, Indiana, western New York, Michigan, etc.

It is a man whose office he stands out and fights like a man, but I hate the sneak who hides and sneaks from the bush. The man who will keep up for months little unfair attacks, that the President can't see nor answer, in the hope of breaking his good name by "suggestion," and while doing it in secret give the appearance of loyalty and good-will in public is just as wicked as the Pennsylvania man, for God Almighty hates a lie worse than He does murder.

Much comment was made in the local papers on the evident feeling of ill at ease the President manifested while here at the Hanna wedding. It must have been wormwood and gall to his open straightforward soul to have to suffer the double-dealing. And the repeated cheap attacks in the papers out here came from just one source: a school child could have seen some man's wording it all.

President Roosevelt knows, as some of his friends out here do, that Senator Hanna hates him as he does the devil. Put your knife in his place. Would it embarrass you to have a man you had put his arm around you? He could give no better proof of his ability to steer a safe course through the reefs than his handling of Senator Hanna. Is it fair to the President to ask him to accept the leadership and good-will in public is just as wicked as the Pennsylvania man, for God Almighty hates a lie worse than He does murder.

It is almost impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to uncover the Hanna battery, and yet the Hanna crowd are the worst enemies (true Republicanism here) you do. Show the people out here in selfishness, how he is trying to undermine the President in every possible way; how relentlessly it is the President's enemy, and how you under Hanna's challenge. You can do it, and ask another to do the same, disinterested things you have done.

Where is there a man who can touch our splendid President for all the traits that go to make up a typical American? Put him down in an equal fight—day by day—with Senator Hanna, and he would crush the ground with him, as he has with men and systems far the thing that hurts. Point out this evident unfairness, the impossibility of Hanna's challenge, and his selfish desire to take his revenge of his hatred of Roosevelt's campaign, before, and that will indeed give you the right to make the man. You have said several times that it is a young man's administration

tion; make it so farther still by selecting one of the younger leaders to manage the campaign.

Let me assure you of one thing. You can count on the absolute love and loyalty of the enthusiastic support and faith in Roosevelt, of eight out of every ten men in these central West States. I trust all over there is a part of what I have put out the "ays" all about you. The American citizen will endure a lot of rogues in office, but drop down in their hearts they love a man. And our splendid Roosevelt, with his magnificent moral and physical courage, his clear vision to all, his lack of fear of the "bosses" wins their hearts to the core.

I never this hidden battery of the Hanna crowd, who to day would sacrifice the party and all its interests to down Roosevelt, and you will win the gratitude of millions of people.

I am, sir,

W. R. L.

THE FELLING IN CANADA

CANADIAN, CHICAGO, June 20, 1903.

To the Editor of *Berger's Weekly*:

Sir.—In an article in your issue of June 27, entitled "Will Canadian Liberalism turn to the United States?" you use the following language: "The Liberals, on the other hand, said that they were actuated by magnanimous motives alone, but said that they had given the tariff preference to the mother country in the first place, but, ultimately, their generosity would be appreciated, and would be rewarded with an equivalent concession."

"... They have finally expressed a hope that if they were very, very good, and gratuitously gave to British manufactures a preference in the Dominion markets, they would eventually gain a corresponding preference for their food products in the market of the mother country."

I am surprised that a journal of the standing of yours, should so far misrepresent the Liberal policy on the question of the preference. It is exactly the opposite of what has been the case all along. The leaders of the Liberal party, both in the House and out of it, have always maintained that the preference was a complete free gift to the mother-land, without any expectation of a preference in return, and Sir Charles Tupper, while a member of the House, and his followers ever since, have secured the Liberals out and out of it, have always maintained that the preference was a complete free gift to the mother-land, without any expectation of a preference in return. During the session of 1902, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, replying to a member of the Opposition, said:

"The honorable gentleman has attacked us for the British preference, and has called upon us to ensure no exchange, forsooth, we have given a British preference without exacting any compensation."

"Mr. Fielding, in the course of the same debate, said: "The point on which we differ from honorable gentlemen opposite on the question of preferential trade is this: They have, from the beginning, insisted on our demanding of John Bull a preference, and giving him nothing until he would grant it; whereas, the position we took was that we would give John Bull the preference, believing it was good for ourselves, and that ultimately it would lead him to take a more favorable view."

The point has always been emphasized by the Liberals, that no matter what course Great Britain would take, she would enjoy an equivalent preference in Canadian markets. Irrespective altogether of other hand, took the view that an equivalent should be given in suits of the preference, but pointing out your mistake in laying certain matters to the charge of the Liberal party.

As a believer in reciprocity and one who has advocated it, I but if you confess that I think it would be mutually advantageous, a platform in the near future, I think you will take it up as taken. There never was a stronger feeling of independence in spite of trade matters. When Canadians were anxious for reciprocity and higher, and at a time when they were doing their best to help Canada than there is today. I simply mean independence as applied to trade matters. When Canadians were anxious for reciprocity and higher, and at a time when they were doing their best to help Canada than there is today. I simply mean independence as applied to trade matters.

It has been possible any time—to have secured trade concessions—vent such a state of affairs being brought about. To-day Canadians realize that they can trade elsewhere, even though they prefer no preference in the mother-land. They are not afraid of them. They have tried to be friendly with the United States, but the States "gave it to us in the new every line they got a chance. And while some of them still admit the advance have been mutual, reciprocity, they do not care two straws whether they get it or the enjoy today; enjoyed greater peace and prosperity than more prosperous; her foreign trade has greatly increased much higher in all these things, the overtures for reciprocity must come from them, for Canadians are too contented to bother about it, and presenting it. There is even, in some quarters, a strong feeling in favor of "retaliation" against the States, and it would not take very much agitation to make it a factor in public affairs.

I am, sir,

ROBERT HOLMES,  
M.P., West Haron.

An Anecdote of Lincoln

How Abraham Lincoln saved the life of the defendant in a murder trial is related in an anecdote told by Walter Logan, a son of citizens of Beardstown in Illinois, who was a witness of the jury which rendered the verdict of acquittal.

In August, 1857, one William or "Duff" Armstrong, living near Petersburg, Illinois, joined a crowd of ruffians who had gathered near a camp-meeting in Mason County, Illinois. Armstrong, who had been drinking, engaged in a fight with a comrade named Mettler. Later in the day Mettler was hit with an ox yoke by another drunken companion, Morris by name. Three days later Mettler died, and Morris and Armstrong were promptly arrested, charged with his murder. Marks of two blows were found on the victim; either of which might have caused death. That Morris struck one blow was proven beyond a doubt; but did Armstrong deal the other? He claimed to have fought with nothing but his fists, but both the marks on Mettler's body showed them to have been made with some blunt instrument. Public sentiment was very strong against both of the accused men, and they were thrown into prison. Separate trials were served for the prisoners. Morris was tried first, convicted, and sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary for manslaughter.

At the time that Armstrong's trial came due at Beardstown in May, 1858, it happened that Lincoln was attending court in the town. Although he had not been retained as Armstrong's counsel, he readily consented to assume the management of the case when approached by the prisoner's mother. The case for the defense looked almost hopeless, but Lincoln was confident. Going to the attorneys already selected for the delivery, Lincoln asked if he might be permitted to assist them with the case. They gladly accepted his offer, and he at once took the case in hand.

The strongest evidence against the accused was that of a man named Allen, who was examined by the State. Mr. Logan remembers it as follows:

Q. Did you see Armstrong strike Mettler?

A. Yes.

Q. About how far were you from where the affair took place?

A. About forty feet. I was standing on a knoll or hill looking down at them.

Q. Was it a light night?

A. Yes, it was.

Q. Any moon that night?

A. Yes, the moon was shining almost as bright as day.

Q. About how high was the moon?

A. About where the sun would be at 10 o'clock in the day.

Q. Are you certain there was a moon that night?

A. Yes, sir; I am certain.

Q. You are sure you are not mistaken about the moon shining as brightly as you represent?

A. Sir, sir; I am not mistaken.

Q. Did you see Armstrong strike Mettler by the light of the moon, and did you see Mettler fall?

A. I did.

Q. What did Armstrong strike him with?

A. With a sling shot.

Q. Where did he strike Mettler?

A. On the side of the head.

Q. About what time did you say this happened?

A. About 10 o'clock at night.

With this testimony the searched conviction for Armstrong seemed certain. The prosecuting attorney, in a fervid address, asked for a conviction from the jury on the strength of the evidence given. Mr. Lincoln made the closing argument. After a careful review of the testimony, he asked permission to introduce an almanac of current issue in the trial. The almanac was read conclusively by that at the hour when, according to Allen's testimony, he saw the prisoner strike the fatal blow by the light of the moon. The moon was shining. The almanac was submitted as evidence, and was plainly confusing to the prosecution. Mr. Lincoln concluded with one of the

most eloquent, pathetic, and forceful appeals in behalf of the prisoner ever heard in a court-room. After being out some five or six hours the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal, and Armstrong was discharged.

"The story has been current," says Mr. Logan, "that the almanac which threw the prosecution into confusion and secured the acquittal of the prisoner, was a piece of trickery on the part of Mr. Lincoln; that it was not of the year 1857, when the murder was committed, but of the year 1853, and that the 3 and had been changed to a 7. I wish to say that this charge is not true; I know positively that the almanac used at the trial was published in 1857, and could not have been changed, for I examined it very closely. As a further proof that no trickery was used or forgery committed in the trial, I would say the same would have been entirely unnecessary. The sheriff, however, has but to refer to any almanac for August, 1857, and he will see that the moon was exactly in the position as shown by Mr. Lincoln in the trial."

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# A DAWN IN THE DESERT

By  
**Joseph A Altsheiler**  
*Drawings by George Gibbs*

A Story in Two Parts.—Part I



**T**HIS Candidate, in his great swing through the West, made a loop far down into the country which is called semi-arid by its inhabitants and by boomers, but which seems to anybody else only a sea of hot sand under a better sky. At least Harley of the New York Gazette could find in it neither beauty nor use, as he stared through the car window at the low, ceasing expanse of brown dotted here and there with clumps of the thorny cactus. It was monotonous, ugly, and, above all, awful in its loneliness.

In the car the heat quivered like a mist, and the passengers drew deep panting breaths. They could not open the windows, because the moment they lifted the glass, even for an inch, the burning sand, borne on the breath of the desert wind, drove in like hail, powdering the face, filling the eyes, creeping under the collar, and harrising like one of the seven plagues of Egypt. So they abode in the still, thick heat, lying limply against the backs of the seats, and enduring as best they could.

"My God! what a country!" said Harley to himself as he stared at the sandy coast, rippling away in its ugly brown billows. Three or four of the correspondents, worn out by the great campaign of the Candidate—monotonous work night and day—had taken an earlier train for Deepdene, in order that they might get a little rest, leaving the others to handle the news for them in their absence from Jimmy Grayson's side; by and by they would return the favor, and the understanding was complete, good faith being a matter of course.

In three more hours they would be in Deepdene, and Harley repeated the name to himself more than once. There was a sort of grim satisfaction in calling it under the tongue; its smooth poetic sound and its significance were in such striking contrast with the country in which it lay; he had noticed before this frequent peculiarity of the desert people, their fondness for names resounding of green grass, clear running water, and trees in bloom. He would not be surprised to pass, one after the other, such stations as *Lovers' Lane*, *Silver Water*, *Green Grove*, and *Meadow Grass*, all in the brown desert.

"You can talk of the glories of freedom and unlimited space," said his friend Barton, "but there isn't money enough to hire in to live here. Better a year of a Harlem flat and an 'L' strap than fifty years of this."

Harley did not reply, and Barton, exhausted by this small display of energy, was silent until they reached Deepdene, a few hours later.

Deepdene was all that Harley had expected, merely a dozen houses, the majority of corrugated tin or adobe on the bare plain, but sheltered somewhat from the sunstorms by a curving brown ridge to the south and to the west. It was all brick and drabware, without a drop of water anywhere save that which was brought in tanks by the railroad. Hundreds of empty tin cans, of all the red, blue, yellow, and green, glittered in the sun. This was the worst, the cruelest, and the ugliest. "Barton was right," he murmured.

The correspondents, valises in hand, stepped from the train, faces, clothing, and grips alike powdered a white-brown by the alkali dust.

The train whistled, started with a rattle, and quickly disappeared in a brown cloud of dust under the southwestern horizon, exclaimed the volatile Barton, looking at the fretting brown cloud as the abandoned looks after the departing ship.

Harley felt the force of his words. Although three of his correspondents were with him, he had never before known such a sense of on to the rear platform of the ugly ordinary day train which had just disappeared in the brown cloud. "I'd go crazy if I had to live here," was his thought.

"I wonder if the place is alive," said Barton. "It may be an abandoned town. The fact that Jimmy Grayson is to speak here is no proof that it isn't, because when he speaks all the cowboys good as another."

As he spoke a cowboy, in southern, hickory shirt, and leggings,

came out of a low adobe hut, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"It is inhabited!" exclaimed Barton, triumphantly, "and that but, as I infer from the suggestive action of our friend the cowboy, is the milson. At least we shall not perish in the desert of this."

The cowboy went behind the adobe hut, and when he reappeared he was mounted upon a pony.

"I am willing to wager that our unknown friend is about to desert this God-forsaken place and leave it to us alone!" exclaimed Harley.

He was right; the cowboy rode into the desert, and he, too, disappeared in a brown cloud. Barton uttered words of imprecation. "We'll never see him," he said with pathos.

But when they went further into the village he became more cheerful, even joyous.

"Behold!" he exclaimed, pointing a long forefinger. "See the splendor! and the remainder of home, too!"

They came to a two-story wooden building, from which all the paint had been blown long since by the desert winds, but over the low veranda was written in glaring letters, "New York Hotel."

Harley shared Barton's joy. The question of food and lodging in the desert, even where the railroad ran, was not always easy to solve, and this building, despite its wind-blown air of neglect, gave promise.

They entered the house, and the landlord, a bedragged man in carpet slippers, shuffled forward to meet them.

"When the sun's so 'tarnal hot," he said, "I don't go out to meet the train; I reckon if anybody stops they kin find the hotel themselves, an' they won't find any but mine, 'cause there ain't any other."

"The grasping band of monopoly is felt even here," whispered Harley.

Yes, he had rooms, plenty of them, and he could give them something to eat, ranged goods from Chicago and beef. If the guests would be seated, Bill would take the valises up to their rooms, and he'd have dinner ready in half an hour.

They gladly resigned their valises to "Bill," a large, stoop-shouldered, sun-browned man even more ragged and unkempt than his employer, and then, after washing their faces with luted water in a little basin to behind the house, felt much refreshed.

"It isn't what you have, but what you haven't had, makes a thing good," said Barton, with a contented sigh, "that makes hot train this old ramshackle is a regular Waldorf-Astoria in the desert to me."

"All the same, it's the jumping-off place," said Harley, looking out at the dusty plain.

The landlord, who was making some effort at a hospitable welcome, joined them, and said that dinner would be ready in a few minutes.

"I reckon you gent's belong to Jimmy Grayson's outfit that's due here to-morrow," he said, tentatively. "I reckon there ain't any other 'tude that would bring so many stiff dollars to Deepdene."

"You are right," replied Harley; "we are newspaper correspondents traveling with Mr. Grayson, but in order to enjoy your town part of us have come on ahead, as you see."

"That's right," replied he of the hotel, affably. "Deepdene ain't no such town, I'm willin' to allow, but if a fellow knows how to are bunk, and you kin go right in. Bill's ready with the dinner."

All set on one table covered with a cloth not too clean, but long fasting made the beef and the roasted goods sweet in their taste, and they ate with sharpened appetites. The big man, Bill, could not get him a glass of water he replied. "Yes, sir; it will mellow, and so perfect in accent that Harley, who so well modulated, so polite.

He saw only a face covered with unkempt brown beard, and the waiter suddenly turned his eyes away when they met Harley's, and None of the others had noticed the quality of the waiter's voice, and Harley said nothing, but he watched Bill as he moved about the room serving the dinner.

There was nothing attractive in the waiter's appearance; his

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clothing was without a touch of acuteness; his hair had not been combed for a week, but noticeable above all was his manner, which inspired mingled repulsion and pity; it was impossible for him to stand the gaze of any one; his mother's look by chance met his, his eyes drooped as usual. The whole effect that he created was spiritless and abject. It seemed to Harley that if sleep-drops were the jumping-off place here was the fit habitation of it.

Barton was talking as only he could talk—that is, all the time, and his flow of spirits occupied all except Harley, who, out of the corner of his eye, was watching the dejected waiter. At last he said to the most of the "How far is it ahead to the next town?"

"Sixty miles, sir," replied Hill, using only three words, but they were rapid, flowing, and amusing.

Harley started; some old memory in him stirred, but when he sought to trace it and make some connection it was gone in a moment like a breath. He spoke again, and more than once to the waiter before the dinner was over, but Hill no longer replied to words, merely with a nod or a shake of the head, and the correspondence turned his attention back to his comrades.

The landlord, John Keyes he gave his name, was pleased with his guests; in some dim, remote day, when he was a farm boy in Indiana, he had gone with a cart-load of cattle to New York, and he felt that the fact established a strong connection with the correspondents, all of whom were from the metropolis. When Barton gave him a chance he talked glowingly about the country and its prospects.

"Glazed for gold," he said, "an' the gossens' full of gold an' silver. We doo' need nothin' but capital from the East, an' we'll have that as soon as Jimmy Grayson is roun' in the gov'ment to sell us."

They were sitting at the veranda now, and with the approach of evening the air was growing cooler and much more pleasant. Harley was in a tilted chair near the door, where he could command a view of the dining-room. Hill was still shuffling about the tables, and it seemed that other guests were expected. In fact, the town disclosed movements of life, as the sun began to set, and people appeared from mysterious regions. Two or three men went into the dining-room, and Hill served them with the same obsequious, abject manner. The last of these was a Mexican, a violent, yellow little man who first found fault with the food, and then did a thing that no one but Harley saw.

The Mexican suddenly raised his open palm and struck the big waiter in the face. Hill murmured some apologetic words and went on with his work. Harley was so astonished that he could not speak; he had expected to see the waiter, abject and cringing though he was, fall the Mexican in the face. Then his blood boiled up in furious wrath. That an American should take such a blow from a miserable yellow half-breed was just belief. Yet he had seen it with his own eyes. He brought his teeth together with such a sharp click that it drew the attention of Burton.

"Why, Harley, old man," he exclaimed, "what on earth are you looking so savage about?"

"I've just seen something that I do not like," replied Harley.

"He was staring out over the vast, ugly sweep of the brown plain.

"Oh, the desert," said Barton. "But there's nothing new in the scenery to be seen every day. Besides, why growl about it? We're in Des Moines now, and there's a bed and twelve hours of sleep just ahead. It's to be glad, not to be angry."

Harley maintained a discreet silence, and Barton's attention soon wandered back to the talkative group, of which he and the landlord of the New York Hotel were the centre. But Harley, while seeming to listen, kept an eye on the dining-room, where the big, bearded waiter shuffled listlessly among the tables. Once the man saw Harley looking; but his eyes fell instantly before the correspondent's glance, and he hurried into a corner of the room where the troubling man could not follow him; but before he disappeared Harley saw the whole figure shivering as if in nervous alarm.

The man was sinking in the desert.

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Brilliant terraces of purple and red and gold, heaped on the hills, heralded its going. Then it suddenly shot through them and was like a stone in water. Darkness, borne on the edge of a chill wind, swept over the plain, and the desert night had come. The men shivered and went inside.

"What a curious contrast the night is to the day here!" said Harley.

"Yes," said the phlegmatic Keyes, "you can cool off now."

All the correspondents except Harley drifted off to their rooms. He said that he did not care for bed just yet, chinking to have slept in the train. He put on a light overcoat, and announced a desire to wander about the town and see the sights.

"Don't you go out here," said Keyes, "if you were to get a hull-miss out in the desert you might never find the town again, and that 'ud be the best of you."

Harley promised, and went out into the so-called street, merely a strip of the broad desert, between the squalls and houses, and stood there for a few moments. If the place was desolate in the day, it was a wail in its loneliness at night, because then it had a peculiar wind and chilling quality, that on the desert the wind was meaning like a lost soul, and Harley could readily imagine that he was the only human being within in a sweep of five hundred miles, with nothing around him but sand and mud and cactus. Indeed, it was more like feet than fancy.

But it was no part of Harley's intention to explore the desert. He had noticed the waiter throwing the debris from the tables on a heap behind the house, and he walked silently to the rear of the New York Hotel. Presently he saw the man coming; he knew the figure by the star, and the stoop. Like a cringe, Hill carried a bucket half filled with scraps and bones, and throwing them upon the heap turned to go back to the house. In the darkness he did not notice the correspondent standing at his elbow. Harley touched him on the arm.

"Harley," he said, in a voice low but insistent, "what does this mean?"

Hill stood so if paralyzed. The bucket did from his hand, and fell with a slight clang to the ground. But Harley's grasp was on his arm. Hill looked up, and Harley, faint though the moonlight was, could see that his eyes were full of terror.

"Harley," repeated Harley, his voice growing more insistent, "tell me, what do you mean by this?"

Suddenly the waiter, a man six feet high and with a head like those in his life, and the sound of a man's sob drawn deep from his chest unheeded him.

"Harley," he exclaimed, "stop! For God's sake, stop!"

The man made an effort to restrain himself, and Harley saw his great shoulders quivering. By and by both were silent again, but out on the desert the wind was yet moaning like a lost soul.

Harley spoke a third time, still calling the man "Harley"; nor was there contempt in his voice, only pity. "Harley," he said, "whatever you may tell me is sacred. You know me well enough to know that it will never go farther if you wish it."

The big man suddenly fell forward, not on his knees, but in a limp heap, and groveled against the earth.

"Charlie," he exclaimed, "you have found me, and how I love you! whoever you may tell to me is sacred. You know me well enough to know that it will never go farther if you wish it. I thought that I was hidden forever! Why should any one when I ever knew want to come to such a spot as this in such a desert—this devil's hide! Desperate, they call it! You don't know what a monkey that name is!"

"I can guess,"

said Harley,

graciously.

"Yes, you can

guess; anybody

can. An hour of

it is enough, but

I belong here.

I'm like it, I'm

as God forsaken

as it is. You

see that yellow

half-bred Mexi-

can strike me in

the face, and I

didn't have the

courage to strike

back. And it

isn't the first

time I've been

struck, either.

But you never

knew me. I'm

not the man, I'm

just a bill, the

waiter, kicked

about because I

deserve to be."

He put his face

in his hands and

groaned. Harley

walked up and

down, taking

short steps. He

did not know

what to do or to

say. The wind

still moaned

across the desert.

Behind them only

two or three

lights shivered

in the little

town. They were

alone with the

universe.

"Harley," he

asked at last,

"what on earth

made you come

here?"

"To be away

from everybody.

And it's the best

place for that.

You know what I

was once, and

you know, too,

what I am now;

but you remem-

ber, too, what

I've been through.

You might hunt all this Southwest, and you wouldn't find nobody like me, Charlie. I'm crushed! I tell you, I'm crushed!"

He repeated mechanically the word "crushed; crushed!" and his hand across his brow. When he took it away it was red and swollen, and he had a look of agony. "I tell you I'm crushed, all smashed up!" the man went on, melted gold, "and it all done from that awful night. You remember it, but as for me, it is like yesterday. I know I have been drinking, drinking for days, and doing other things as bad or worse; but, my God! Charlie, you know what the city has of it, and the crowd was one of the biggest that I ever



Hill carried a bucket half filled with scraps and bones.

found—curiously brought 'em; and then when I got up to speak, I could utter nothing but a miserable little squeak. "Thank law, suppose ridiculous, how idiotic it was! I could have stood everything if I had kept my voice, the one thing that made me famous; but it's gone, and gone forever."

Harley stopped in his short walk up and down, and looked curiously at the man whose voice in his agony expressed every range of human passion and woe.

"Harry," he said, "you've heard that Jimmy Grayson is to speak here to-morrow night."

"What's that to me?"

"Listen to what I say. Jimmy Grayson is a great orator. God gave him the gift of language. We call him the Golden-Mouthed."

"Yes," said the correspondent as if talking to himself. "I knew but one man who was his equal, but he isn't before the public now. Perhaps he was Jimmy Grayson's superior, but, for all his wonderful powers, for all this great gift that God had sent him he was a fool, the biggest fool that I have ever known."

"Oh, don't, Charlie!" grieved the man. "I speak what I think," said Harley, in firm, accusing tones.

"I don't defend myself; you can call me anything you please; no name will be too hard for me, but think of all that I've gone through, what came before that night, and all that has happened since—since I came to this hotel. You don't suppose I've forgotten, do you, those old days when I was happy and famous? You remember that first great speech of mine, the one that set everybody to talking? You reported it yourself, Charlie—that was when I first met you—and they gave it four full columns on the front page of the *Gazette*, and even the staid old *Herald*, which was never known to approve wholly of anybody, said that I was not without promise; don't you remember it, Charlie?"

"I remember it very well," said Harley, glancing out of the dark desert, and shuddering at the loneliness and desolation around him.

The man, who had risen with the old memories, threw himself upon the sand again.

"Oh, God, Charlie!" he cried, "I can't stand it! I was called the jock of them all. There was none who could speak as I, there was none who could sway the crowd as I could! Charlie, I always felt the power in me; I could think best when I got on my feet, and then I had the voice. I don't take any credit for that; it was a gift which might as well have gone to some one else."

Harley had been thinking intently. "Harry," he said, "I want you to hear Jimmy Grayson to-morrow night. If for nothing else, to hear yourself as you used to be. I want you to shove off that hideous beard, put on good clothes, hold your head up, and sit next Jimmy Grayson with me, where you can hear every word that he says."

The waiter shook in sudden terror.

"I can't do it; I can't do it!" he cried. "There's blazes coming, and if I sit up he'll know me, and there may be more. I can take a blow now, but I can't take that."

"They need not know you, though it would be all right if they should," Jimmy Grayson, I suppose, will speak on the little square platform that I saw just beyond the hotel, and all except where he stands will be in the dark. You shall be there with me."

"Charlie, I don't dare! I don't dare," said the waiter.

"You shall be there with me," said Harley, decisively. "I'll attend to everything. You see, Harry, you can't escape me. This spot in the desert isn't more than three hundred yards across, and I've got you cornered. Good night!"

He held out his hand and the waiter looked wonderingly at it.

"Nobly has shaken hands with me in years," he said.

"Harry, are you going to refuse my hand? Do you wish to insult me?"

The waiter seized the outstretched hand, shook it convulsively two or three times, and then, without a word, ran into the house.

To be Continued.

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Banking Houses and Lets . . . . .	1,524,799.90
Bonds, Stocks, etc. . . . .	1,024,125.34
Cash and c's on other Banks . . . . .	2,360,664.22
	\$36,539,818.54

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## The Nation's Meat

Of the many industries which in the evolution of events have become identified with certain regions, and which are known to the public at large only through hearsay, none has been subjected to so thorough a misunderstanding as that of meat production. Especially is this true of beef growing, an industry now conducted almost entirely upon the prairies and plains lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. The ideas now generally current upon the subject gained circulation in the time when cattle-grazing was in a primitive and rudely picturesque stage, and have not changed to keep pace with radical changes in conditions and methods. The present-day popular conception of the range fits the haphazard conditions of twenty years ago, when the plains lay open from Mexico to Canada, surrendered to wild herds in the keeping of men no less wild than their charges; whereas the business of breeding and grazing beef-cattle is to-day as scientifically conducted as any other department of rural activity.

### The West takes a Hand

Grazing is only a part of the beef industry in its modern aspect. In earlier days, when almost every farm of the East had its pasture, its meadow, and its herd, and contributed its share of beef, pork, and mutton to the markets, the successive steps in production were not so sharply distinguished as now, all being conducted together. Gradually, however, as the West took to itself the culture of corn, changing the processes and so diminishing the corn acreage in the East, it was found unprofitable to produce live-stock, and particularly cattle, in the older regions. In the course of a few years the cattle business was practically monopolized by the West; dairy herds remained, of course, but beef herds as such are all but unknown east of the Mississippi.

### Branches of Cattle-raising

Cattle-growing was never more than a collateral branch of farming in the Eastern States, the herds being small, like the farms—just large enough to utilize waste-lands as pasturage and to consume the surplus products of the fields. In the West, however, the secret of success in all departments of agriculture lay in conducting them upon a large scale; and this led to specialization. The cow-grazer, with his several thousand acres under cultivation, commonly exacts nothing besides the ranchman, with his team or hundreds of thousands or even millions of acres of grazing-land, contests himself with breeding cattle. The two branches cannot be conducted together economically; corn-land is too valuable to be used as pasturage, and the lands most desirable for grazing will not produce corn. This was not all known from the first; its discovery was evolutionary and then revolutionary. Every phase of meat-production is to-day sharply separated from every other.

### The Grazing Industry

The grazing industry had its beginning in the West on the semi-arid plains of Texas. The first herds were the inferior, long-horned, long-tailed animals of the west still grown in Mexico—half-wild beasts, that wandered almost as free as the bison. There was no fencing of land in those days, nor any thought of private ownership; the plains were open to all alike. Scientific breeding was unknown, and there was no systematic care of the herds, save that they were driven from place to place occasionally in search of new feeding grounds. As the cattle increased in number, and the Southern States were despoiled, the practice obtained of driving the large herds northward during the summer months into western Kansas and Nebraska, and later

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into Wyoming, Montana, and Dakota, returning there southward as winter approached, for cattle of that wild strain could not survive the rigors of the Northern winter. This procedure was followed without hindrance so long as the lands were unoccupied by settlers.

#### Benefits of Homesteading

But after a few years homesteading began along the lines of the cattle-trade, and barriers were interposed in rapidly increasing number, leading to hostility between the two classes, lines of opposing interests. It was that period which brought the cattle-men into a desperate which continued long after they had ceased to desire it. Owners as well as breeders, long accustomed to exclusive possession of the lands, regarded the settlers as intruders, and resented to lawless methods for their expulsion. But homesteading continued, and recognizing the inevitable, the cattlemen began to acquire title to the lands, and the wandering herds were gathered upon big ranches, in the manner of the present day. The owners benefited by the change; they were led to improve the blood of their stock, in order to fit them for the Northern climate, and intelligent breeding became a part of their industry. Other improvements in methods followed, and within a few years the herds of wild Texas cattle were changed into the modern herds of Herefords, each held within its own enclosure, receiving intelligent care, and returning a larger profit than was possible under the old practice. It is this change in the character of the herds, through breeding, that has led the cattlemen to oppose a reduction of present tariff duties, which would smother the unimproved herds of Mexico and Canada and disorganize the industry.

#### The Permanent Ranch

Not the least of the benefits resulting from the establishment of the permanent ranch has been a greater economy in the use of land. Formerly, when there was no stimulus of self-interest through ownership, methods were very wasteful and pasturage was being rapidly exhausted. An effort is now being made to conserve the natural range and to supplement it wherever possible by bringing tracts of land under cultivation and raising fescue crops by means of irrigation. The local natural ranges are those lying upon the plains whose altitude exceeds 3000 feet, where there is little or no rainfall in the late summer and fall; for the wild grasses are not often cut as hay, but are allowed to cure on the ground, there to remain in winter pasturage, and raise which fall after the natural curing is completed destroy their nutritive qualities. But with the irrigation ditch better crops of alfalfa, millet, and tame grasses can be produced, to be used in the time of "drouth feeding," when the ranges are snow-covered and the productive capacity of these irritable tracts is greatly increased. Already the effects of this change in methods are apparent. From twenty-five to thirty acres of wild grass-land were once considered necessary to furnish a year's sustenance to each head of the grazing herd; whereas a single acre of irrigated fescue crops will now thus suffice for the same length of time. Although the number of small farms is continually increasing in the West and Southwest, in what was once exclusively "cattle country," containing by many millions of acres the lands available for range, there is no decrease in the number of cattle grown from year to year, save under exceptional circumstances. The appearance of small, highly cultivated farms scattered over the plains has been a powerful agency in bringing about social and political stability in many ways; for as civilization industry is strengthened by social order,

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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## COMMENT

The Chicago Journal, a reputable newspaper, whose editor, we hear, recently had a talk with President Roosevelt, prints the following paragraph:

Two influential newspaper publications have incurred President Roosevelt's keen displeasure; they are the New York Sun and HANNA'S WEEKLY. The President believes that he is at all times malicious and unfair. They are the only organs in the country with which he has any quarrel. He says they are not content with criticizing him and his public acts, but they strike at him through his friends and seek by ingenious means to annoy him. At no time, he says, are they more vicious than when they pretend to be acting as friendly organs, voicing his views. Both these publications have lately been exploiting Senators Fairbanks and Hanna as Vice-Presidential possibilities. To President Roosevelt the purpose is manifest.

As to this journal, despite the assumed authority of the editor referred to, we frankly do not believe that the President either feels that it is "at all times malicious and unfair," or that he avers that it "strikes at him through his friends" and "seeks by ingenious untruth to annoy him" and is never "more vicious than when pretending to act as a friendly organ, voicing his views."

The reasons why we do not credit these statements are obvious enough. No argument ought to be needed to convince our readers that of all the qualities represented in these columns, "malice and unfairness" are the most conspicuous by their absence. Who are the friends of the President whom we are accused of attacking or do not know? If Mr. Payne, Mr. Quay, Mr. Platt, and their ilk are meant, we plead guilty—and shall do it again and yet again. If Secretary Hay, Secretary Root, or even General Wood is hinted at, we are innocent itself, despite the fact that we consider the recent advancement of the officer mentioned both unwarranted and unfortunate. The charge of "pretending to act as a friendly organ" has no foundation in fact. This journal is friendly to Mr. Roosevelt and to every other servant of the people who is trying to do his duty, but it is not and does not "pretend" to be "an organ" of him or of anybody else. Neither does it "voice" or "pretend" to voice any views but its own, which, however mistaken, are at least honest and at times held.

We did suggest the consideration of Senator Fairbanks as a possibly desirable candidate for Vice-President, and even now fail to perceive the impropriety of the proposal. The

suggestion of Senator Hanna for that candidacy we laughed at and still laugh at as being on a par with Senator Platt's Satanic nomination of Senator Alrich. Indeed, our readers will know that, from the day he became President, we have consistently and persistently urged upon Mr. Roosevelt the duty and necessity of sending these Bourbons and all like them to the rear. That he has done so in his most drastic and effective manner in a matter of genuine congratulation to all lovers of good government not dissociated from progress. More power, we say, to his elbow in a cause so righteous! No, good though mistaken friend in Chicago, President Roosevelt has no "quarrel" with HARPER'S WEEKLY. It takes two to make a quarrel, and we have none with a man who always tries to do what is right, even though at times through error he does that which we think and say we think and shall continue to say we think is wrong.

A political incident of interest, if not of importance, was the meeting of certain Democratic leaders of the Middle West, convened on July 18 by the Chicago Democratic Club. With one exception, Mr. D. R. Lawler, of Minnesota, the speakers seemed to be unfriendly to Mr. Cleveland, and to favor the nomination of Mr. Carter H. Harrison for the Presidency, although Chicago's four-times-elected Mayor was not actually named. Confidence was expressed in the possibility of carrying Illinois for the Democracy in 1904, provided a young, vigorous, and progressive Democrat should be the standard-bearer. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cleveland is the only Democratic candidate for the Presidency who has carried Illinois since the civil war. The speech which attracted most attention was naturally that delivered by Mr. William Jennings Bryan. He asserted that never before in the history of the country has there been greater need for a Democratic party animated by a truly Democratic purpose. He alluded that the aristocracy which Hamilton led against the Democracy of Jefferson's day, and the plutocracy which Nicholas Biddle led against the Democracy of Jackson's day have combined to assault the Democracy of the present hour, and these assaults, he said, are supported by a metropolitan press more subservient to capital and more widely read than were the papers of 1800 or 1832. He challenged genuine Democrats to say whether they would abandon their championship of the people's interests in the hope of conciliating forces essentially anti-Democratic, and of thereby securing a few offices by means of campaign contributions,—contributions that would have to be made good out of the pockets of the people.

Mr. Bryan insisted that the Democratic party must appeal to the democratic sentiment of the republic, which sentiment is far wider than any party. He added that the odium which Mr. Cleveland's second administration had brought upon the Democracy had done more to defeat the party in 1896 and 1900 than any one plank in the Chicago platform, or even than all the planks that were most severely criticized. Had not the party repudiated Mr. Cleveland's policies in 1896, it would have been impossible, Mr. Bryan said, to make any campaign at all, and even the repudiation, complete as it was, could not entirely disinfect the party. He had faith, he said, that if the Democratic party would take no step backward, but would continue to defend the rights of the people and to protect their interests wherever these should be attacked, whether the attack should come from financiers, monopolists, tariff barons, or imperialists, it might look forward to an ultimate revolution of sentiment that would give a victory worth having. A victory, on the other hand, gained by a repudiation of the Chicago platform, and under the banner of Mr. Cleveland, or of any leader known to share Mr. Cleveland's opinions,





star has set. The utmost that he can hope for, in the event of Democratic success, is to become Secretary of State. There is no doubt that Chief-Judge Parker, were he President, would urge Mr. Hill to accept that office.

Speaking, a fortnight ago, of a *propos* of the Littauer and Proctor army contracts, of the probability of these being no more than instances of widespread practices of like nature, we strongly urged the President to order a searching investigation into the purchase of all supplies "between the 4th of March, 1907, and the date when Mr. Root became Secretary of War." We added: "We have heard it asserted, by men who speak from information and with authority, that during the period preceding the appointment of Secretary Root the government was defrauded of many millions of dollars in army contracts, and that implication in the frauds can be brought home to men who still hold high official positions." To this General Alger, who was Secretary of War during the period mentioned, takes exception. "If," he says in an interview, "there was any corruption in the War Department during the time when I was Secretary, or if there was any reason for thinking there might be such corruption, I knew nothing of it, and I do not believe there was any such corruption. I did not even know that any glove contract had been made. Matters of detail of that kind were left to subordinate officers, and I suppose that many minor contracts were made without being submitted to the head of the department during the time when the army was being mobilized, and when there was a great mass of business to be attended to." This is as we supposed. Nobody, in time of war, could with reason expect the overburdened Secretary of War to be personally familiar with the great number of contracts necessary to be made in haste and more or less confusion. General Alger's assertion that he did not even know there was a glove contract, therefore, is neither surprising nor properly commendable. We made no reflection upon General Alger, for the simple reason that, so far as our information goes, there has never been the slightest suspicion of his perfect integrity and good faith. It is the "man who still hold high official positions" that we see after, as General Alger will perceive very quickly upon reading our words more closely. Indeed, when the former Secretary says, "I hope that the matter will be investigated to the very bottom, in order that the facts may be fully demonstrated," he expresses our position to a dot. It is fitting, however, to add our expression of regret that there should have arisen any misapprehension of our purpose in the mind of a man whom we regard so highly and whose chief burden has been to suffer for the sins of others.

Senator Lodge, before his departure for London to perform the duties of Alaska boundary commissioner, is said to have expressed the opinion that the investigation of the Post-office Department and War Department scandals will help the Republican party in 1904. The opinion is well founded, provided the investigation is vigorously prosecuted, but not otherwise. If, next November, the results attained shall seem so grossly inadequate as to excite suspicion of the prosecution's good faith, an investigation by a committee of the Fifty-eighth Congress cannot be averted, and, as experience has shown, the Republican majority of such a committee could not prevent their Democratic colleagues from uncovering the truth. It is satisfactory to recollect that on July 16 a number of indictments were found in the post-office cases by the Federal Grand Jury in Brooklyn. United States District-Attorney Oyster had spent the previous evening with the President at Oyster Bay, and had had imposed upon him Mr. Roosevelt's wish that the post-office scandals should be probed to the very bottom. "I want you to see," the President is reported to have said, "this investigation go as far as possible, no matter where it reaches or whom it hits." No such injunction would Hanna's friend Heath is still secretary of the Republican National Committee.

Of the indictments presented in Brooklyn, two were against George W. Brewster, former Chief of the Division of Salaries and Allowances in the Post-office Department at Washington. In one of these he is accused of receiving a bribe of eight thou-

and forty dollars. The crime is technically a misdemeanor, punishable by two years imprisonment or ten thousand dollars fine. It is alleged that the bribe was given by Congressman Briggs, now under indictment for his connection with the Brandt-Dent Company, which manufactures so-called "automatic cashiers," and which supplied over five hundred of its machines to the Post-office Department. The price paid for these was \$150 a piece, at a time when the machines were selling for \$125 in the open market in small lots. The investigation has shown that Mr. Briggs received a commission of fifty dollars on each machine; that the regular agents of the company who made the deal with the department also received fifty dollars per machine, and that the company only got a third of the sum paid. Mr. Briggs avers that he is not liable under the statute, because in May, 1898, sworn in as a Representative in Congress. The records prove, however, that he drew pay from March 4, 1898. If he was enough of a Representative to draw pay, we do not see how he can escape the penalty of the law. He is certainly liable for any commission received after he took his seat.

Although an eminent financier is reported to have said that the present year is not a "convenient season" for currency legislation, and although Mr. Cannon, who will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives, has described Roosevelt's existing currency system as "good enough," President Roosevelt does not agree with them, and it is certain that the whole power of the administration will be exerted in favor of passing a currency bill of one kind or another. Moreover, an attempt will be made to launch on November 9, the extra session of Congress, which will begin on November 9. We have not, as yet, any authoritative account of the measure which Senator Aldrich and some of his Republican colleagues are alleged to have been engaged in framing. Even if their bill were before us, we could not derive from it any definite conception of the law, if any, that will be ultimately enacted. There is no ground for assuming that the measure drawn up by Mr. Aldrich and a few of his Republican fellow-Senators will pass the Senate in its original form, and, even if it did, it would be likely to undergo material alteration in the House of Representatives. The principal pretext for tinkering the currency at the present time is the fact that the Federal government is continually depleting the circulating medium, by exacting customs duties and internal-revenue dues greatly in excess of the money needed for its current expenditures. The result is the accumulation of a surplus of revenue in the Treasury, already amounting to about one hundred and fifty-five million dollars, and likely to reach two hundred million dollars at no distant day. The problem which the Republican Senators have been pondering is, how to get that surplus back into the hands of the people.

Democrats would say that the common-sense method of dealing with the problem would be to extinguish the surplus as expeditiously as possible, by reducing the customs duties or the internal-revenue dues, or both, to a point where income would balance outgo. This simple and effective method does not commend itself to the extreme protectionists who now dominate the Republican party, and who are resolved that the Fifty-eighth Congress shall not lay a finger on the Dingley Tariff. So the surplus will go on accumulating so long as the country enjoys prosperity, and so long as the Republicans control the executive and two legislative branches of the Federal government, or any one of them. Starting with the assumption that the surplus must be kept saved from embezzlement through changes in the revenue laws, but, at the same time, admitting that it should be put somewhere where the people can borrow it for use in their business, some Republican leaders propose that it shall be deposited in the national banks, the latter to pay interest on it at the rate of two per cent, and to furnish government bonds as security for the returns of the deposits. Others have suggested that the security need not be confined to government bonds, but might comprehend the bonds of certain cities and States, or even of certain railroads. We need not point out that either of these proposals is certain to encounter vehement opposi-

tion, and our own belief is that the prospect of any currency legislation during the coming twelve-month is by no means bright.

Secretary Hay merits credit for a successful termination of the negotiations with Russia regarding the opening of two new ports to foreign commerce in Manchuria. It will be remembered that hitherto the whole of that vast region, which comprises three provinces, has been accessible to foreign trade through the port of New-chang only. The United States treaty commissioners at Peking have long been trying to embody in the projected treaty of commerce with China an agreement that two other treaty ports shall be opened, at Mukden and Ta-tung-kau,—the latter place, which lies on the Yalu River, close to the Korean line, being ultimately selected as likely to further trade between Korea and Manchuria. It was no secret to our commissioners that their efforts were continually blocked by Russian influence at Peking, but this obstacle now seems to have been removed; for Secretary Hay, after months of negotiation, has secured from the Russian *chargé d'affaires* at Washington an agreement in writing that Russia will no longer oppose the opening of two additional ports in Manchuria.

It is, of course, well known that Russia would long ago have granted to the United States the privilege of access to Manchuria if she could at the same time have withheld the privilege from Great Britain and Japan. Our State Department has declined, however, to accept any such discrimination in our favor, and has insisted that the privilege must be embodied in a treaty of commerce made directly with China, under which circumstances it would, of course, be shared by all nations whose treaties with China contain the "most favored nation" clause. Heroin Mr. Hay indubitably has pursued an upright, a high-minded, and an equitable course. He deserves the more credit because neither Great Britain nor Japan has evinced any zeal in his support, although both of those powers would benefit by the success of his endeavors. There is reason, indeed, to believe that the Mikado's subjects would like to see the relations between the United States and Russia embittered, for what they most dread is isolation in the contest with Russia which they regard as inevitable. They know that if we are assured of free access for our commerce to Manchuria, we shall remain impartial spectators of a war between Russia and Japan. They also know that if France refrain from siding with the Czar, England would remain neutral, for her treaty with Japan only binds her to co-operation provided the last-named country be attacked by at least two maritime powers. The Japanese have viewed with some annoyance the cordial welcome given to President Loubet during his recent visit to England, because, in the event of a friendly understanding between Great Britain and France, the last-named country would be loath to join Russia in hostilities against Japan.

Whistler, dead at sixty-nine, is a loss to sport as well as to art. And the loss to art is great enough to keep the other loss long in the world's mind. He had many talents, and put out at every corner that might better, perhaps, have been hid, but it was not in him to hide anything from motives of prudence, and his gift of sarcasm reached its full development with the rest. The saving grace of his impudence and bluntness hit-backativeness was the fun he seemed to get out of it. As a fighter he justified the soldier blood in him and his own West Point education, but he seemed to fight more because he liked it than out of any very deep animosity. It is pleasant to see almost any one truly enjoy almost anything, and Whistler's apparent enjoyment of his quarrels made them amusing to his fellows. In art he won his place by merit against even more than the usual odds. His art was scoffed at by the wise. He was pose for two-thirds of his life, and could not get much for his pictures. His famous portrait of Carlyle, painted in 1872, was once pawned with others. The story is that later he offered it for four hundred guineas to a Scotch gallery, and finding that the subscription paper disclaimed approval of himself or his art, promptly raised the price to a thousand guineas. It was bought, in 1891, for the Glasgow gallery. His portrait of his

mother is in the Luxembourg gallery. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and a member of more art associations in Europe than there is space to set down. Considered as an American artist, he ranks beside Sargent, and he was really more of an American than Sargent, for he was born here (in Lowell), and lived here in his youth. His achievements in art are recorded with due appreciation in another page of this paper.

A lady of high fashion has offered her Newport house for sale; another is said to have serious thoughts of doing the like, and observers are invited to infer that the attractions of contemporary life at Newport are waning. It is a good island for persons who like it, and doubtless plenty of people always will like it, but there are other ways than the Newport way for rich people to live, which, with the growth of intelligence, and with practice in the disbursement of large incomes, have grown in favor, perhaps, at Newport's cost. So long as Newport is the very pinnacle of fashion, it will attract not only such people of fashion as like to be fashionable in summer, but also a considerable company of aspirers, emulators, philosophical observers, parasites, and hangers-on. High fashion, doing its proscribed stunts is rather a delicious spectacle, and worth looking at from many points of view, but any lessening of its prestige impairs its spectacular value, and diminishes its following. Once the spectators get about that high fashion has flitted from its pinnacle, straightway the aspirers and emulators, noting the direction it has taken, wag their pinions in pursuit, and the philosophical observer turns his attention to other types. However, it will take more than two, or twenty, departures to impair the ascendancy of Newport. The vested interests of various opulent families there are highly important, and doubtless many of the cottagers have sentimental associations with their summer homes which are strong enough to defy whim. It won't cease to be fashionable, nor see its scandals set forth in less than the biggest headline type, for many a long day yet, if ever. But if it should go out of style,—with all the gallery empty, and a little grass in the streets, and meats and groceries cheap, and rents low, and society God-fearing again, what a charming summer place it would be!

A pitiful record is the annual list of children dead of lockjaw, as a result of using toy pistols on the Fourth of July. The injury is always the same. The infernal pistols shoot fragments of paper into the children's hands. The wounds are trifling as wounds, but their tendency to produce lockjaw is very terrible. Five haphazard despatches in a newspaper, all dated July 15, tell of three deaths thus caused near Watertown, New York; three in central Massachusetts; eight in Cleveland, and add fourteen names to the death list by lockjaw in Michigan. The ages of the children—all of them boys—range from nine to fifteen. What the death list is for the whole country from this cause does not appear, but it is evident that there is a wanton and cruel waste of young life from a contemptible cause. That manufacturers should make these deadly toys, legislators allow their manufacture, and parents permit their use, is astonishing.

In an editorial article in the WEEKLY of July 11, in which the Neal case in Delaware was mentioned as bearing on the recent lynching of the negro White, some statements were made which require correction. Neal, a negro, was accused of atrocious assault on the wife of a farmer. We were mistaken in saying that the woman was murdered. Neal's counsel, assigned to that duty by the Court of Oyer and Terminer, was Mr. Anthony Higgins, of Wilmington, at one time United States Senator from Delaware. On his first trial the negro was found guilty. The case was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States on a point of law, and the judgment was annulled. On the second trial Neal was acquitted on evidence furnished by the woman he was said to have assaulted. The acquittal of the prisoner made a great stir in Delaware at the time (twenty-three years ago), and was violently criticized. We regret that in recalling the occurrence we have fallen into several mistakes of fact, and done ex-Senator Higgins an injustice.

## Why all Eyes are Fixed upon the Vatican

Those who recall the death of Pius IX. in 1878 will remember how comparatively languid was the interest evinced in the outcome of the conclave, so far as the secular world was concerned. It seemed to matter but little on what particular cardinal the choice of the Sacred College should fall, for, in the minds of Protestant outsiders, at all events, the papacy was doomed, and not a few devout Catholics also viewed the future with profound misgiving. Not for centuries had the prospects of the pontifical system seemed so dark. The conquest of the States of the Church, the occupation of Rome by French troops, and even the imprisonment of Pius VII. in the earlier part of the nineteenth century had been looked upon as only temporary reverses, for, in the teeth of the hostile conditions incessantly renewed, the Napoleonic Empire could not be considered permanent. On the other hand, the incorporation of Peter's Patrimony, including the Eternal City, in the Italian monarchy, was justly regarded as a far more serious blow. The German and Austrian governments, far from being inimical to the new monarch installed in the Quirinal, were notoriously friendly, and the Triple Alliance could scarcely be foreseen. What likelihood was there that a ruler of Italy, now firmly planted in the peninsula that had been any of his predecessors since the days of Theodosius, would long tolerate the refractory attitude that had been maintained by Pius IX., who not only refused the substitution offered by the Italian Parliament, but persisted in describing himself as a prisoner in the Vatican, and forbade faithful Catholics to recognize the new Italian régime by taking part in Parliamentary elections. A position so defiant and so inconsistent would scarcely be brooked by a self-respecting monarchy, unless the conditions incessantly renewed by the irresistible moral pressure of the civilized world.

But no such pressure was exerted or expected in 1878 when the conclave assembled for the election of a new Pope. On the contrary, Catholicism seemed threatened in many quarters with disintegration and collapse. In Italy itself it seemed improbable that the Roman Church could long make head against the victorious Free Masons, slated by the extinction of the Pope's temporal power, and resolved to wield the formidable weapon of secular education against the papacy. In Russian Poland, the St. Petersburg government, seizing the advantage given to it by the helpless submission of the Vatican, had determined to uproot Catholicism, which had come to be the last refuge of Polish patriotism. In Prussia, and in Alsace-Lorraine, a systematic effort was making to crush the Catholics by oppressive legislation. In southern Germany and in the German-speaking provinces of Austria, the promulgation of the dogma of papal infallibility by the Vatican Council had excited the indignation of the so-called Old Catholics headed by Dr. Dollinger, one of the most learned and distinguished theologians in the Church. In October of the previous year, in France, the political party friendly to Catholicism had been defeated by the Radicals led by Gambetta, who had his followers ably cheered on as their worst enemy. In England the recent attempt to re-establish a Roman Catholic hierarchy was still watched with disapproval and distrust by the Protestant majority, and it seemed probable that at any moment the "No Popery" cry might be revived. Even in Spain, the Anti-Catholics had shown themselves strong enough to place upon the throne a member of the deposed House of Savoy, and in 1878 it still seemed possible that the restored Bourbon monarchy would prove as short-lived as the preceding republic. Only in the United States was Catholicism making notable progress, yet it could not be forgotten that even there only some twenty years had elapsed since the Know-Nothing movement, avowedly aimed at Roman Catholics, had swept a part of the country like a whirlwind. With so many elements of danger visible, where were the moral forces to be found by whose generation and consolidation the papacy could hope to recover at least its spiritual influence and to maintain its preeminent position within the Christian world?

It does not appear that all or most of the cardinals who met in conclave in 1878 were alive to the magnitude of their responsibilities. They bumbled better than they knew when their hastily accepted Cardinal Pevet as a compromise candidate, and broke in his way a precedent which for centuries had debarred a cardinal discharging the functions of *Camerlengo* from election to the papacy. There is no doubt that the two principal factions in the Sacred College, neither of which was for the moment strong enough to secure the requisite two-thirds vote, agreed upon Cardinal Pevet in the belief that they would thus postpone for a short time the decisive contest. From this point of view Leo XIII. seemed an ideal horse forerunner, for he was not only an old man (sixty-eight), but had long been regarded as the principal favorite to succeed to the conclave to a fellow cardinal who had just retired for him. "You desire, then, to make a second Adrian V.," referring to a Pope who had occupied the papal throne only thirty-six days. Whatever may have been the motives, however, that impelled many members of the Sacred College in their self-inflicted error, the result was so unexpected and extraor-

dinary that devout Catholics may be excused for regarding them as involuntary agents of the Holy Ghost. It is certain that a marvelous transformation took place in the physical resources of Leo XIII. Every one of his fellow members in the conclave, with the exception of Cardinal Gregalia, was to precede him to the grave, and he was to occupy the papal chair longer than any of his predecessors, except the venerable Pope whom he succeeded. Up to almost the last day, moreover, of that memorable quarter of a century his intellect remained unimpaired. How singularly adapted were his intellectual gifts to the difficult task imposed upon him was to be proved by the event. Judgment, foresight, sagacity, knowledge, address, and tact were all at his command. Like a veteran, wary and accomplished pilot, he seized the helm of the papacy, saved it from the shipwreck that seemed impending, and steered it through stormy seas into an unshored-for haven.

We must look back and mark the amazing change in the prospects of the papacy which twenty-five years have witnessed, in order to measure the work accomplished by this extraordinary man, who, when he set his hand to it, was already close to the scriptural limit of threescore years and ten. The moral strength of the Pope has now become so great in Italy that it has been at times an open question whether he or the Piedmontese ruler were the more firmly rooted in the peninsula. In Germany, Bismarck long ago understood that pilgrimage to Canossa which had haunted would never be made, and at the present hour the Catholic Church, through the Christal party of the Centre, holds in its own power in the Reichstag, and can dictate terms to a Protestant Emperor. In Bavaria and Austria the Old Catholic schism, once menacing, is virtually defunct. In Russian Poland the attempt to substitute the official Orthodox Church for Catholicism was long ago abandoned, and the Russian Catholic hierarchy is unshakably established. In Spain Catholicism has no longer anything to fear from revolutionists, and, thanks mainly to its support, the Bourbon dynasty has retained possession of the throne. In France the Combes ministry, by its attitude against the teaching religious orders, and by its present encouragement of the agitation against the renegade, betrays a conviction that there is not room in France for both Catholicism and Republicanism of the radical type, and, in the judgment of some shrewd outsiders, there is but little doubt as to which of the two must ultimately go. In England, the growth of Catholicism has been so pronounced, and has been accompanied by such increase of tolerance on the part of public opinion, that the expediency of suppressing the anti-Catholic declaration in the King's oath has been seriously mooted. In the United States the number of Roman Catholics has been tremendously augmented, and their expansion is so far from exciting misgiving in the Protestant population that an attempt made to increase the number of bishops of the west would be treated with derision. The outcome of the extraordinary changes which have taken place during the long pontificate of Leo XIII., and which, in large measure, must be credited to his personality, is a revival of spiritual influence throughout the Western World, for which we can only find a parallel by referring to a period preceding the Reformation, in the period, indeed, when Wycliffe was so justly honored in England or those in Bohemia.

In the spiritual fabric of which the Pope who has just died must be recognized as the chief architect, likely long to survive him? Unquestionably it possesses many elements of durability. The Church of Rome has ever to be regarded by conservative statesmen and political economists as a barrier against socialism, and by Christians of all sects as a bulwark against apostasy. Among those not born within its pale there are many wise men who acknowledge that if it did not already exist, it would be necessary to invent it. That during the pontificate of Leo XIII. the papacy has been a heartening agent, that its vast and rapidly increasing powers have seldom been misused, but have, upon the whole, been exercised for social amelioration and the commonweal, is unlikely to be disputed by the impartial reviewer of the nineteenth century. That the personal qualities of the next Pope may have a certain effect on the policy of the Vatican, and may promote or temporarily check the progress of Catholicism, no reasonable person will deny. We, nevertheless, incline to the opinion that, whoever may succeed him in the papal chair, the work performed by Leo XIII. will remain substantially intact.

## Mr. John Bigelow on the United States Supreme Court

Transvaal. Americans will be glad that the address on the United States Supreme Court delivered in London by Mr. Joseph Hodges Choate was reproduced in the *North American Review* not only for its own sake, but because it has elicited a remarkable article from the veteran journalist and diplomatist, Mr. John Bigelow—an article which appeared on July 10 more than four months of the Standard. Mr. Vinton, who is now eighty-six years old, the article in question proves that his mind has

lost one of its former locality and penetration, but that both his reasoning power and his gifts of expression remain unimpaired. Mr. Bigelow takes Mr. Choate's assertion that the Federal judiciary has steadily refrained from exercising any political power which belongs exclusively to Congress and the President, and so it has been brought into no collision with the other departments. Mr. Choate added that the Federal judiciary would not even indulge in discussions, or express opinions upon purely political questions, and he quoted with approval the refusal of the United States Supreme Court to comply with a request by President Washington for the opinions of the judges on the construction of the Treaty with France of 1778, and a similar refusal to consider and pass upon certain pension claims, on the ground that the power proposed to be exercised was "not a judicial power within the meaning of the Constitution."

How can Mr. Choate's assertion be reconciled with the part played by five judges of the United States Supreme Court in the Electoral Commission of 1877, when they showed themselves to be divided so strictly on partisan lines as were their fellow members of the commission, who had been chosen by the Senate and by the House of Representatives? That is the question which Mr. Bigelow presses home, and concerning which he urges Mr. Choate, as a jurist of eminent authority, to give a categorical answer. Mr. Choate is invited to explain where, and how the United States Supreme Court, or any of its members, ever acquired the right to participate in the deliberations of that commission, organized to discharge a duty expressly imposed by the Constitution exclusively upon the House of Representatives; and by what authority, sacred or profane, it usurped with its members of Congress, not only in the deliberate neglect, but in the deliberate violation, of their constitutional duties. Mr. Choate correctly declared in his address that the Supreme Court has original jurisdiction only in cases affecting ambassadors, public ministers, and consuls, and in those in which a State shall be a party; in all other matters the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is only appellate. He would scarcely pretend that the right of the Supreme Court to meddle with the counting of electoral votes for the Presidency comes under either of these categories. Mr. Choate went on to say in his address that the courts of the United States exercise no supervision over, or interference with, the President, or Congress, or the legislatures of the States. They have, he pointed out, no jurisdiction to pronounce any statute, either of a State or of the United States, void, because irreconcilable with the Constitution, except as they are called upon to adjudge the legal rights of parties as they come before them. In a word, "the Supreme Court will perform no duties except judicial duties." Was counting the electoral votes for President, asks Mr. Bigelow, any more than the counting of the votes received by a Member of Congress or an alderman, a judicial duty coming before the judges of the highest Federal tribunal? Were the members of the Supreme Court exercising no interference with the President or Congress "when they cooperated with members of the Senate and House of Representatives, and finally gave the casting vote which invested with the dignity and responsibilities of the Presidency a candidate whose few persons at this day believe to have been elected by the people?"

Considering, further, whether the power whereby the right of seven tribunals was created, and which it was intended to exercise, was a judicial power, Mr. Bigelow inquires by whom and by what was it conferred? Certainly not by the Constitution, and it is patent that no such judicial power could exist outside of the Constitution. As a matter of fact, were not the members of the right by seven tribunals appointed for no other purpose than to exercise political powers, to express opinions upon purely political questions? Were they selected for any other purpose than to help count the electoral votes of each of the several States to be united and to designate the candidate who, in their judgment, had the requisite majority or plurality? Why was each of the members of the tribunal, even the five from the Supreme Court, selected, and fear of them at least officially branded by Congress as partisans, if they were not expected to exert political power? If, as Mr. Choate says, it was the duty and boast of the Federal judiciary steadily to refrain from exercising any political power which belongs exclusively to the President or Congress, then how would he explain its usurpation of a power conferred explicitly and exclusively to Congress?

Mr. Bigelow points out that Mr. Justice Bradley, of New Jersey, the former chief justice, and the two Republican and two Democratic judges to constitute the fifth of the judicial quota of members of the electoral tribunal, admitted the assumption of political power by himself and his fellow justices in the opinion which he delivered in support of the Republican count of the Presidential electors in the contested States on the 9th of February, 1877. Justice Bradley said: "I assume that the powers of the commission are precisely those, and no other, which the two Houses of Congress possess in the matters submitted to our consideration." But what does the Constitution say shall be done when the power which it vests in Congress concerning the counting and declaring of electoral votes cannot, or, for any reason, are

not exercised? Mr. Bigelow reminds us that, according to the Constitution, from the moment it transpires that the two Houses cannot agree upon a candidate as a candidate for the majority of the electoral votes, the two joint Houses of Congress have the power to meet to have any question on an electoral commission, or any other tribunal, to decide by the selection of a President. Considered as a constitutional corporation for the selection of a President, Congress was absolutely *factus* *officio*. "If," says the Constitution, "no person have such majority, then from the persons having the next number, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately by ballot the President." Such being the plain injunction of our Federal organic law, Mr. Bigelow submits that, when Justice Bradley's tribunal met, the two Houses of Congress had no more to do in joint ballot with the election of the President of the United States than they have to do with the election of a successor to Leo XIII. Nay, the Lower House of Congress was allowed to meet with a power much larger than was ever enjoyed by the joint bodies. It might, under possible circumstances, have set aside both the candidates whose majority they had been quarrelling about, and thus have exercised a power which the Constitution had never given to the two Houses jointly. The Electoral Commission, by assuming to exercise the power improperly conferred upon it, was depriving the popular branch of the government of a privilege expressly guaranteed to that branch by the Constitution, and of a power in the exercise of which, while it was possible that the wishes of the people might have been grievously disappointed, the people would not have been humiliated by a flagrant violation of the Constitution.

Mr. Bigelow concedes that some friends of Mr. Choate's, not so good a lawyer as himself, may say on his behalf that the five good gentlemen taken from the bench of the Supreme Court for the Electoral Commission, did not constitute or represent the Supreme Court, but were only as many individuals chosen for their learning and judicial experience. Unfortunately for this theory, those five gentlemen constituted a majority of the Supreme Court, and enough, when seated and sitting in *habe*, to decide any question that could come before it; and it was precisely this judicial contingent that did deprive the nation of his choice for the Presidency in 1877. It is not, however, the choice of the great fraud whereof the American people were the victims in the year named, whereof Mr. Bigelow desires to raise, but the far more urgent and momentous question whether the United States Supreme Court was an innocent participant in that fraud as Mr. Choate's silence upon this question might lead his English audience and some of his American readers to suppose. If the court was innocent, Mr. Choate's address seems to require some explanation on that point, and if the court were not innocent, a serious modification. If Mr. Choate believes that the five justices of the Supreme Court were justified in performing the part they played in the Electoral Commission, it is surely incumbent on him to give the reasons for the faith that is in him. If, on the other hand, no such belief is entertained by him, can it be possible that he is willing that the crime of 1877 shall be stereotyped as a precedent into the history of the Republican party, the history of the American bar, and the history of the highest Federal tribunal? and that no record shall be made of Mr. Choate's having washed his hands and the hands of those for whom he is at liberty to speak, of any responsibility for a callous usurpation?

## The Cloud in the East

The question in Manchuria is one of high international politics and ought to be considered from the broadest possible point of view. It is easy to rush to war with figures and to print conclusions the very publication of which will instantly excite a warlike feeling. The statesman and least thoughtful solution for a difference of opinion is a fight with the other side, and it is naturally, therefore, the first to occur to certain classes of minds. The first suggestion of the Russian attitude toward Manchuria in such minds is that the United States and England must inevitably oppose the permanent occupation by Russia of Manchuria, and must insist on the maintenance of the open door. Indeed, a very cautious and official statement has been made from this country in support of the Kibinov petition. In this statement it is made to appear that the United States government will be very angry if the Tsar exercises his unappreciated right to refuse to receive the petition of certain private citizens of this country touching the character of Russian police administration. It is also suggested in this annual document, which does not bear the impress of Secretary Hay, that Russia has not been perfectly ingenuous and, in her seizure of Manchuria, has betrayed evidence of willingness to break her promise to aid in maintaining the open door. In a word, it is declared, and this is the well-known universal belief, that if Russia dominates any part of China, trade with that part of the



fashioned beside some of the more recent "impressionists," for which he long ago first opened the exhibition doors. It is hard for us to believe that "A Portrait of the Artist's Mother" (now in the Luxembourg) was "put in the cellar" at Burlington House when it was sent in for exhibition, and saved only by Bonall (R.A., and then popular portrait-painter) insisting upon its being hung. Bonall gave the committee their choice between hanging the picture and accepting his own resignation as one of their number—"for," said he, "it shall never be told of me that I served on a committee which refused such a work as that." The picture was eventually placed among the "black-and-white" exhibit, drawings, engravings, etc.

"The Girl in a White Dress" was rejected at the "Salon"—and so on. These pictures seem so little peculiar, so reasonable, to the men of to-day that it is hard for them to understand why there should have been such almost universal condemnation of them.

As to Whistler's achievement,—what he accomplished—it was, first, the reassertion of "true" in painting. "Values," which in the early effluve had been long forgotten, became his chief care; values and "arrangement." He cleared away a mass of tawdry illustrations which were passing current as pictures, but in which all the decorative qualities were lacking. It is impossible to speak of what Mr. Whistler represented without using technical terms. His work was not intended for the public's admiration. All painters will understand, however, the above sentences and realize how much the master has done for them.

Then, Whistler has undoubtedly taught us the use of monochromatic schemes of decoration; and more than any other person he was responsible for rousing our Western attention to the lovely art of China and Japan, which was always considered as more or less "grotesque" before his time.

In writing, Whistler takes his place in the very first rank. Indeed, he and Rembrandt stand shoulder to shoulder in front of all the rest. It is too early to predict what posterity will do for him in the way of appreciating his painting. So far he is distinctly what Sir John called him twenty years ago, "a painter for painters," and the public neither comprehends nor greatly likes his work.

Although he was in no way a spendthrift, he would make every sort of sacrifice to his art. Had he been given more opportunity, there seems no reason to doubt that he would have made other rooms even more beautiful than the famous "Peacock" dining-room of the Leyland mansion in London. But, frankly, the public did not care for his work enough to buy much of it from him at anything like a fair price, so that he was obliged to limit himself to comparatively small surfaces, oval pictures, over which collectors will soon begin to wrangle, we dare say, now that the clever hand which created them can work no more, and the big, kind heart which gave this man the courage to fight through fifty years against "la belle humaine" is cold and still.

Is Whistler perhaps the greatest of our modern masters has just left us. We did not treat him very gently while he was here—more than in art!

Pearse to his ash! The world is better for his having lived in it, the richer by his noble work.

## Tobacco

DR. WILEY of the Agricultural Department in Washington, who has been experimenting for some months past to ascertain the effects of various foods and food-preservatives upon the human system, is credited with purposing, when he finishes his present series of experiments, to ascertain the effects of tobacco, to determine the effect of various sorts and forms of tobacco upon users. His plan, as the papers report it, is to take men who are regular smokers or chewers, ascertain their physical condition as to digestion, heart action, and the like, while consuming their customary rations; then cut off their supply, and observe how it affects them; then perhaps start them again in the tobacco habit, giving them a little at a time, and gradually increasing the allowance until they reach the limit of their capacities.

Foosibly Dr. Wiley's experiments will extend into an attempt to compare the effects of different grades or species of tobacco, foreign and domestic; but as to that positive information is not yet furnished. The experiments will be interesting of course, especially in the immediate subjects of them, whose craving, it appears, are to be appeased, glutted, restricted, and dispersed by turns without regard to their feelings.

That conclusions of practical importance will be reached seems doubtful because personal idiosyncrasy has so much to do with regulating the habits of every tobacco user, and is so difficult an element to measure. A great many thoughtful and intelligent men who smoke don't know whether it does them good or harm. They notice bad effects when they smoke too much. They know that having once acquired the habit of smoking, it betrays them when in good health to have their allowance of tobacco cut off. But whether they would be able and better men and do better

work without tobacco than with it is matter of doubt with them. To some more tobacco is so much fuel which stimulates their wits and senses to enable them to run their mental machinery at a better speed than they can get without it. Others, by devoting a large part of their strength to the consumption of tobacco, are able to get along with very little other outlet for their energies. It is the busy man's stimulant, and the lazy man's helper.

It is matter of common observation that when grown up, and intelligent smokers find that their capacity for tobacco has been overtaxed or become impaired they smoke less, or stop entirely. The habit is easier to regulate than the Irish habit, since we constantly see persons prevail to carry their liquor has been abundantly demonstrated. Young boys who get the cigarette habit often show extremely bad effects of it, and the same cause probably does very bad results in some adults, who have delicate nerves or other weak spots. But, as a rule, the users of tobacco succeed or profit well in regulating their consumption of it according to the limits of their capacity.

It does not make smokers wretched and vain fellows as rum often does. Indeed, is so far so it soothes irritation and induces contentment, it makes for domestic happiness. Some great men, workers of supremely active minds—as Gladstone, Charles A. Dana, and Roosevelt—have not been smokers. Others have. Bonall was a constant smoker, General Grant smoked all the time when his mind was most keenly occupied. De Witte, the famous Russian Minister of Finance, has been described as smoking cigarettes incessantly over his work. Most artists smoke; tobacco seems to stimulate the imagination. Most writers smoke, though Mr. Howells doesn't, and Dr. Holmes finally abjured tobacco and denounced it as a thief of time. Tennyson's clay pipes and Rip Stevenson's liag's bear tell of the tie between tobacco and poetry. Stevenson's liag's bear tell of the tie between tobacco and poetry. Stevenson's liag's bear tell of the tie between tobacco and poetry. Stevenson's liag's bear tell of the tie between tobacco and poetry.

Among the smokers there is that prodigious worker Mr. Morgan, an earnest consumer of long black cigars much vaunted in the newspapers. How about Mr. Harriman, Mr. George Gould, Mr. Cassatt, Mr. Belmont? We guess they all smoke a good deal—and they dare—and somehow we guess Mr. Rockefeller doesn't and never did. He doesn't have to, and probably nowadays tobacco is a world disagree with him. In the Wall Street district there is a pretty large and solid steady consumption of pretty good cigars. The tension is high there. Nerves need steady, and there is no part of the country, not even Park Row, where imaginations are more active.

Maybe the world would be happier if beverages did not intoxicate, though we are not so conclusively certain of that as many good people are. But would it be happier without tobacco? Perhaps we shall know better when Dr. Wiley has finished his experiments. Meanwhile we don't think it would. Charles Lindbergh once said that he would think tobacco was the root of all evil if it were not for what he knew of the Romans, who didn't have it. It is a new thing, comparatively, and is spite of its abuse, and of the men who bring lighted cigars into public conveyances, and of persons who know no better than to smoke when they are driving or walking with ladies, and of all other persons who smoke at the wrong time or in the wrong place, and of the high price of good cigars, and the badness of all cigarettes, for our part we like the world better since it added wooden Indians to its population.

## A Massachusetts Labor Commission

As announced by the Massachusetts Legislature, Governor Bates has lately appointed a commission to investigate labor problems. Beyond limiting the commission to five persons, and providing that one should be an employer of labor and one a representative of labor, the Legislature imposed no restrictions on the Governor. He has selected Carroll B. Wright, president of the legislative department of Clark University, who is to be chairman; Royal B. Adams, treasurer of the American Waltham Watch Company; Davis Rich Dewey, economist and statistician, and a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; William M. Osgood, a Boston lawyer, and a leading Democrat; and Henry Bierling, a printer employed in the office of one of the Boston newspapers, who is prominently engaged in the work of the typographical unions.

The commission will take up the existing law bearing on the relations of capital and labor, with a view to perfecting it; and will also consider the questions of employers' liability for injury to employees, the conduct of strikes and lockouts, the treatment of labor troubles by injunction, blacklisting, disability and pension funds, industrial partnerships for the purpose of regulating wages, and schemes of industrial courts. All these matters were before the Legislature in the form of bills and petitions at the recent session, and all go in this commission for investigation and recommendation. The creation of this commission is the first official attempt in Massachusetts at a broader scientific treatment of the whole subject of labor.



*Rising from the Take-off—Advantage of the Grip over Side-Saddle Position*



*Clearing the Bars*



*Landing hastily without Forging Ahead on the Hunter's Withers as in the Side-Saddle*



*The Finish of the Jump*

## THE EXPERT HORSEMANSHIP OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN

*Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., who is one of the best horsewomen in this country, always rides astride, on the theory that she is not only safer in the hunting field, but more comfortable and better able to stand long distances. Her costume consists of high riding-boots, a low-trimmed, and a long coat that falls below the knees and is practically a divided skirt.*







### THE ACTING POPE DURING THE INTERREGNUM

*Cardinal Gregorio, the Dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, acts as the temporary representative of the papal power until a successor to Leo XIII. is elected. At the death of the Pope, the supreme power of the Church of Rome passes immediately under the control of the College of Cardinals until a new Pope shall have been decided upon. Cardinal Gregorio has been mentioned in Rome as a possible successor to Leo XIII.*

# The Pope as a Politician

By Sydney Brooks

London, July 26, 1923.

THOSE who know Europe best have the most respect for the realities of the papal power. Those, conversely, who affect to regard that power as resting on "superstition" or who look upon it as a mere "interesting relic" know neither Europe nor the world. To leave the Vatican out of account is to miss the greatest and most pervasive influence that plays upon the politics of the world. Supreme and inflexible in all matters of faith and morals for the devout Catholic, the Pope exercises over the tangible affairs of kings and statesmen a dominion hardly less supreme and considerably more extensive. He teaches the consciences, not only of those who believe in him—a large section of mankind, no doubt, but still far from being the whole of it; he touches the politics of the entire world. His spiritual empire is absolute and unquestioned, but it is confined to professing Catholics; his temporal empire, while no less absolute nor unquestioned, has no limits. It embraces the entire earth and every nook

and cranny of it. In a sense, it seems almost to transcend the bounds of space and time. Emperors and presidents, kings and dictators, monarchies and republics, civilization and heathendom, all come within its scope. Wherever there is a Roman Catholic, there is the Pope. The smallest atom of the mighty organization that looks to him as its head exercises, whether it chooses, the privilege and, if need be, the support of the entire organization. Nothing can happen anywhere that in the least affects Roman Catholics without directly concerning the papacy. Its diplomacy, therefore, is of our world-wide and microscopic. Temporal interests, German "interests," Russian "interests," even the "interests" of the British Empire, are as nothing. No chancellor or foreign office in the world has anything like the range of the Pope's authority.

The network of the papal power has a mesh wherever men are living. The Vatican is, in this sense, the centre of the earth." So, I believe, wrote Mr. Justin McCarthy some years ago, and his words are literally true. Napoleon is at the height of his splendor and his power never waned a tittle of the constant and asserted authority of Leo XIII.

Along what lines did the late Pope administer his jurisdiction? What was his policy? To answer that fully would require an examination into the political history of every civilized country and almost every uncivilized one for the last century of a century. At one time or another, during the long pontificate of Pope Leo the Thirteenth had negotiations to conduct and questions to settle with every European nation, with China, with Japan, with the United States, with Canada, with pretty nearly all the South American Republics, and with large sections of Africa. Most of these questions arose on the eternal difficulty of the schools and the political status of the Church; others were of a purely secular nature; others again took rather the form of a general policy. The first and most of all were of course the expansion development wherever development was possible. The second object of a better and more secure name may be spoken of generally as a labor and varied appeal to him. It appealed to his humanitarian; to his keen and reflective interest in social economy; about to his religious ideas. He watched with an unrelenting vigilance the growth of popular infidelity, the final triumph of the hands of faith; and he was inclined to find in modern life, "It is a sad and gloomy picture," he said, "a society has had sight of, and mistaking religious principles, that it sees itself now shaken to the foundations. To restore these principles and to

give them back their strength of influence over the human race, is the only means of re-establishing society on a sound basis, and of guaranteeing peace, order, and prosperity. It is the mission of the Church to preach and spread these principles and these doctrines throughout the whole world." Christ-like, serious, unambitious, and most other "isms" he brushed aside. The Church appeared to him the only adequate agent of regeneration, the only one whose final results, if slow, would be permanent. He did, indeed, in his famous encyclical of 1891, pronounce solemnly not only as a politician, but as a deeply religious man and as a Pope whose policy was as bold and broad, though in another and better way, as Gregory VII's or Innocent III's, it was to the Church he looked as the ultimate savior of society. From first to last he was the working man's Pope.

I think a third object of Leo's diplomacy may be found in his persistent acknowledgment of facts, and in the way he encouraged others to acknowledge them also. In other words, though a reformer by instinct, and a practical one, his policy was in the best sense conservative. Two remarkable instances of this may be given. It is not too much to say that but for Leo's sagacity and forbearance there would today be no republic in France, and an Alphonse would not wriggle the throne of Spain. His recognition of the Third Republic was an act of peculiar courage. An immense majority of French Catholics identified monarchy with religion. The Comte de Mun organized a great Catholic party, the policy of which was to be frankly anti-Republican. The republic itself was and still is bitterly anti-clerical and anti-papal. The Church was immediately attacked and discredited. Gauchat picked out evolutionism as the enemy of all others for the republic to be on its guard against. The change to a constitutional Pope to create a turmoil that could only have ended in a violent civil war and in the overthrow of the republic—which, one must always remember, only came into existence by default, stepping in through the gap of royalist feuds—was not promising. But Leo the Thirteenth held his hand. In spite of immense pressure he declined to take up the Bonapartist challenge. Instead, he formally and frankly recognized the new régime. By special letters to the French clergy, by a public encyclical, and by a still more public interview in the *Petit Journal*, he made it clear that the policy he recommended in French Catholicism was not subversion, but acquiescence. "Accept the republic," he wrote, "that is to say, the power constituted and existing among you; respect it and be submitted to it, as representing the power that comes from God." To the revolution then taken he adhered without wavering. Even the Panama scandals failed to shake him. Only a statesman of singular prudence, moderation and humanity could have acted as he did. The condition of France today, of hope, contentment and prosperity we are now witnessing, are tribute enough to the soundness of his judgment.

In Spain, too, the papal influence has been an inestimable weapon of purification. But for the love of peace that dictated every move of Leo's diplomacy, the Spanish clergy to-day would be Catholics to a man.

He had but to lift his hand and Carlism would have risen from a sentimental cult to a fighting cause. Here, again, the temptation must have been strong. Man for man, or, rather, system for system, the Pope would naturally prefer a Catholicism to an Alphonse. Nevertheless, the Pope not only turned his back on Carlism, but pointedly recalled the Spanish clergy to the support of the existing régime. He took it publicly under his protection, with the result that Alphonse XIII. to-day seated on the throne not indeed secure, but infinitely more secure than it would be had Leo XIII. refrained from checking the Pretender.



Pope Leo in his Pontifical Robes



## THE LAUNCHING OF THE "ERSATZ KAISER" AT KIEL

The recent launching of the German cruiser "Ersatz Kaiser" at Kiel, was one of the most spectacular events of the gathering of the German fleet in Kiel harbor. The German Emperor was present in person, and with his suite and invited guests, gave added social importance to the event. The picture was sent by our special correspondent at Kiel. It was taken at the moment when the officers of the German fleet were saluting the Emperor, just before the ship was sent into the water.

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

WHI that has read *Eleanor* can ever forget Mrs. Ward's impressive and moving picture of the Pope in St. Peter's. Rome? In all contemporary writing there is no more memorable or touching portrait of Leo XIII. in his highest Pontifical moment. The description is instinct with noble feeling, religious fervor, and reverential awe. One is caught by her mood and vision and made to see and feel what she saw and felt—the roar that came up the vast church, passionate, undecipherable, as the "white-robed, triple-crowned Pope" enters. "There—there he is—the old man! Caught in a great shaft of sunlight striking from the south to north, across the church, and just touching the chapel of the holy sacrament—the Pope emerges. The white figure, high above the crowd, swings from side to side. The hand upraised gives the benediction. Fragile, spiritual as is the apparatus, the shadow, reflexes, substitutes, spiritualize it still more. It hovers like a dream above the vast multitude—surely no living man"—but thought, history, faith, inkling shape; the passion of many hearts revealed. I'll rudder the rear towards the Tribunes. . .

"The Pope and his cortège disappeared behind the Confession, behind the High Altar, and presently, could be seen dimly in the farthest distance, against the apex, and under the chair of St. Peter, the chair of Leo XIII. and the white shadow, motionless, erect, within it, amid a court of cardinals and diplomats. . .

"One more movement, however, there was,—very different from the great movement of the entry yet beautiful. The mass is over, and a temporary platform has been erected between the confession and the nave. The Pope has been placed upon it, and is about to chant the Apostolic Benediction. The quivering voices rise into the ceiling above the silence of St. Peter's. Fifty thousand people hold every moment, strain their eyes to listen. Ah! how weak it is! Surely the effect is but a pretence, for fear so pathetic, so agonizing, the Pope shows a long sigh—the sigh of weakness. . .

"Ah! precious! sets a woman, in a transport of pity—then more attempts the chant, sinks again—and sings. Nothing more to be said. Fragile, motionless, low beneath the Papal crown, a child, because he is weak and old, and the burden of his office is great, but in singing, keeps a perfect poise, dignity, courage. He sings in the end and so Peter's white is a terrible thing straight lips close as though with a great thought. The singing, the words drop like suspended rain, and open doors. . .

"That he guards from the choir, the Pope's eyes close away. He opens his eyes, the choir, the Pope's eyes close away. Whether that the singer's eyes, and the choir's eyes close away. . .

himself, clinging to the chair; he lifts the skeleton fingers of his partly gloved hand; his look searches the crowd."

A few weeks ago I noted the success of Mr. Kinsley Pyle's one-act play, adapted from Kipling's "The Man Who Was," which was presented on the occasion of the poet laureate's dramatic production, "Flooded Field." Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Max Beerbohm have equally distinguished themselves, Mr. Tree in the impersonation of Amelia Linnsson, and the irrepressible Max in his caricature of the dramatist as the Man of the Moment and the author as the Man who Was. There has been a growing tendency

to speak of Kipling in the past tense, and nothing stops the truth or starts a lie in the public mind faster than the caricature of a trenchant wit. But there is never kindness in Mr. Beerbohm's art; it is pure fun, born of the moment's fancy, and I have never known any of his victims refuse to join the jest. He knows that he laughs best who laughs last, and that "what is excellent, as God lives, is permanent."

The vulgar see the tower, then invest the scene.

Mr. Kipling seems to be in the way of getting dramatized at last. One of London's successes during the past season has been "The Light that Failed," which after several legislative efforts on the part of aspiring and ambitious dramatists, was finally adapted to the stage successfully by Constance Fleming. It is this same capable dramatist, by the way, who is now at work on Mrs. Ward's *Lady Row's Daughter*. We are promised a New York production of both these plays next autumn. Miss Fleming is, by all accounts, exceptionally clever at play building, but, undoubtedly, great part of "The Light that Failed" is due to the acting of Mr. Forbes Robertson and his charming young wife, and the problem of fitting the part of Julie Herbin to an actress who will hold the soul into it will not be easily solved.

A statement made in all seriousness recently by an eminent writer on a young woman's paper that "As compensation for plainness it has been noticed that plain women nearly always talk well," has driven a poet to devising this:

He sat low, and her voice was June,  
A live wit, a very plain.  
"But what of that?" "No doubt," said he,  
"She'll be true the most brilliantly."

And he married her. But oh!  
Alas! he did her but of use.  
His wit all such poor fellow: That  
He had no more to trouble at.

A woman's plainness, as to talk well, or ill—as she sees fit, but that the plainness of the "new" thought which has been going to make a woman's plainness in the women's clubs, plainness is evidently a thing which cannot be compensated for—even in verse.



Kipling and the Man Who Was. By Max Beerbohm



Photo by South from life by Reiss

Photo from Frederick Reppel

### JAMES M'NEILL WHISTLER

*The artist James McNeill Whistler died at his home, Chryse Walk, London, on July 17. In spite of his wonderful genius as a painter, he was known and ridiculed all his life as an eccentric. A sympathetic appreciation of Whistler, the man and artist, is given by a close personal friend of his on page 1253 of this issue of the Weekly*



**A GOAL**

Continued on Page 10



Drawn by George Gibbs

## IN SIGHT



The Post-office on Board a big Liner—An important Feature of the Life Between-decks.

## Housekeeping on an Ocean Liner

THE PART OF THE SHIP THAT PASSENGERS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO VISIT.—WHERE THE "BETWEEN-DECKS" WORK IS DONE.—SOME OF THE CURIOUS AND INTERESTING PLANS FOR OCEAN HOUSEKEEPING.—FURNISHING THE SUPPLIES FOR A WEEK'S HOME LIVING ON THE TRIP TO EUROPE.

By Franklin Matthews

**J**'UST as the battleship, in the broadest sense, is a floating steel fort with engines under it to move it from place to place in the shortest possible time, so is the average liner a floating hotel with machinery in it to move it from one side of the ocean to the other with the greatest possible speed consistent with safety. Every great ocean steamship leaving New York for Europe carries from \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of food and drink supplies. The leader of the ship is usually loaded for the return voyage as well, for two-thirds of the perishable food is purchased on the American side. This is especially true of meats, flour, and sugar. Liquors are bought on the European side, because they are cheaper there. The lines give bonds not to sell any liquors when in port on the American side, and thus the duty is saved on this class of goods. Inasmuch as the drink-stores are not perishable, the profit to the company on their sale is large and certain.

A day or two before a great steamship sails the general passenger agent sends an estimate of the probable number of passengers that the vessel will carry to the port steward. The port steward has already received, usually from three houses, an estimate of prices. He then makes his requisitions, and early on the morning on which the vessel sails the trucks come lumbering down to the pier, and in a few hours the goods are stored on board. The ship has taken on by this time from 3000 to 3500 tons of coal, about 500 tons of water, 20 tons of live, several thousands tons of cargo, and, at the last minute, the passengers and their baggage are stowed away.

the whistle blows, and the vessel backs out slowly, with the aid of spurring tugs, puces a moment in midstream, and then starts for Europe.

Most of the port stewards of the great lines spend from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 a year for supplies in New York alone. Here are some of the items of what the supplies include: Fully 50,000 pounds of fresh meat, two thirds of which consists of beef. There are generally 10,000 pounds of poultry—chickens, ducks, squabs, geese, and other fowls on board. The meat supplies include calves' heads, kidneys of various kinds, sweetbreads, ox tails, sucking pigs, and, indeed, every kind of delicacy that the butcher can furnish. Not overlooked are kosher meats for Jewish passengers, and large supplies of salt and canned meats of all descriptions. In fresh vegetables there are 200 bunches of asparagus, 500 heads of cauliflower, 400 bunches of beets, 15 barrels of onions, 600 barrels of potatoes, besides radishes, tomatoes, leeks, cabbages, beans, and egg plants and other supplies in season.

The items of fruits is large. Fully 25 barrels of cooking apples and 20 barrels of eating apples are supplied. About 50 bunches of bananas are stored away. When in season, 500 pounds of grapes, 40 boxes of oranges, 250 pineapples, and 500 quarts of strawberries are used. Then comes a great variety of canned and dried fruits, with all sorts of jams and jellies and marmalade. Fully 10,000 pounds of butter are consumed on a voyage. There are different grades of butter, according to the classification of passengers. At least 350 barrels of flour are carried and about 2000 pounds of



The First-Class Galley on an Atlantic Steamship, where the Food for nearly Four Hundred Passengers is prepared. There are separate kitchens for the intermediate passengers, for the steerage, and for the crew.



crackers. About 2000 pounds of cherries are used, and 500 gallons of condensed milk and 600 gallons of fresh milk, with about 200 quarts of cream. In fish about 6000 pounds of various kinds, fresh and dried, are eaten. Fully 10,000 pounds of sugar, 2000 pounds of coffee, 1200 pounds of tea, are consumed. No less than 200 bottles of olives and 1500 bottles of various kinds of sauces—tomato, mushroom, walnut, anchovy paste, and the like—are needed to fill up the larder. Something like 150 gallons of vinegar and 1500 bottles of various kinds of spices go down on the list, with 2500 pounds of salt.

All the ice-cream used on board is made in the United States, and carried to Europe for the incoming as well as the outgoing voyage. Ice-cream, American fashion, is not made in Europe for general sale, and every large steamer takes about seven quarts of it when the vessel starts out from New York. The liquor supplies for a liner include about 2500 bottles of champagne, 2000 bottles of claret, burgundies, and American wines, 1500 bottles of white wine, hock, and sherry, 2000 bottles of whiskies, 2000 bottles of ale and porter, 4000 bottles of beer, 5000 bottles of mineral waters. About 8000 cigars of various kinds and the same number of packages of cigarettes are included in the bar outfit.

All this amount of supplies is based, of course, upon a full passenger list, say from 400 to 500 first-class passengers, 200 second-class passengers, and from 800 to 1200 stowage passengers, with a crew of say 400 persons. In addition to the ordinary supplies, the government requires emergency supplies to be carried, so as to provide food for fully a month in case of accident. These supplies are chiefly canned or dried goods, and consist of peas, beans, barley, flour, canned meats, coffee, tea, and sugar. They are rarely used, and, after being carried for a few months, it is often necessary to condemn them and get new ones in.

The element of waste on an ocean liner is enormous. It is safe to say that there is not a port steward who does not wish that food, like the liquors, could be sold by the cask. At present the first-class passengers are fed in the style of the most expensive of American hotels, and far beyond the needs or desires of the ordinary passenger. If such one should pay for what he eats, according to a scale of prices, the line would conserve what is now largely wasted. However, it is altogether unlikely, in the present stage of competition, that any such change will be brought about. The liners will go on supplying food on an extravagant basis, and there will be no limit in the luxury of the table.

The domestic economy of a great liner includes other important items than food. The great supply of liners of all kinds requires a system of laundry work that involves a heavy cost each year. In the plan of the ship room for jackets and linens, as well as for the kitchen and adjacent storage places, must be supplied. The ice-manufacturing plant, the cold-storage and dynamo rooms, all occupy spaces convenient of access, and almost as next to the passengers as the culinary arrangements and linen repositories.

Far back in the ship, usually behind the stowage, is the post-office. This is a busy little caddy-hole. The clerk has his time occupied nearly all the while. In some of the boats there is a well-equipped gymnasium, where active and athletically inclined passengers may, if they choose, keep themselves in good physical condition during the voyage. This department is furnished with the usual apparatus, and is well patrolled on all of the liner's trips. There is also a hospital—or sick-bay, as it is called. Quarters for the crew take up a noticeable amount of space. With all these housekeeping requirements it is easy to see why the spaces of the hold are often encroached upon to supply the needs of the passengers.



The Gymnasium

Where athletic passengers may keep in training during the trip.



The Pantry on one of the great Ocean Greyhounds.

The waiters are cleaning the silver table service used in the first-class.



### A SUMMER SPECTACLE AT MANHATTAN BEACH

The photograph shows a panoramic view of the ballet which precedes the mimic destruction of the old city of Pompeii in the spectacle "Last Days of Pompeii" at Manhattan Beach. The ballet is followed by choruses and arabesque feats. The buildings shown in the picture are connected by a passageway with a device, under the stage, so that at a given signal, the eruption of Vesuvius, they are automatically destroyed.



### IN "PEGGY FROM PARIS"

*The latest portrait of Miss Helen Hall, who will take a principal part in George Ade's "Peggy from Paris," to be produced by Henry W. Savage at Wallack's Theatre early next season.*



An Experimental Electric Car travelling at 100 Miles an Hour  
The car was propelled along the top rail, the axle rests upon horizontal wheels preventing the car from derailing.



Inside a Mono-rail Car  
The passengers are to sit on either side of the central propulsion, which covers the propelling wheels running on the top rail.

## One Hundred and Ten Miles an Hour by Rail

THE FIRST MONO-RAILROAD TO BE BUILT FOR PRACTICAL USE WHICH WILL CARRY PASSENGERS AT OVER ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR WITH GREATER SAFETY AND COMFORT THAN THE EXPRESS TRAINS OF TO-DAY.

**T**HERE is at last in sight a railway that will carry passengers 110 miles an hour regularly, and the credit for making it practicable belongs to Great Britain. There have been models of high-velocity railway-trains made in different countries, and a mile or two of track have been constructed for experimental uses, but Mr. F. H. Bahr, an English engineer, deserves the credit for putting the thing into practical use.

The railway is to be built at once between Manchester and Liverpool, a distance of 34½ miles. Only through trains will be used, and the running time will be less than twenty minutes.

The system is of the so-called mono-rail type, that is, the engine and cars rest upon one rail which is about half-way from the floor to the top of the car. By arranging the seats back to back like a jangling-car, the construction is such that each of the carriages straddles the rail, and extends to trucks on either side below the floor. On these trucks are set wheels which lie horizontally and run on the outside of two other rails. They thus act as steadiers, and admit of very high velocity with safety, and make abrupt curves possible. The plan is to run an engine and one car every ten minutes, and the probability is that in time for a radius of 100 miles around a large city people can get in and out each day to their business within an hour. Mr. Bahr has the support of expert engineers all over England. Many of them appeared before the House of Commons committee at the time when the sanction of the government was secured for the building of this little road, and they testified to the safety and practicability of the whole scheme.

Engineers are agreed that average speeds of over seventy miles an hour are impossible on the curves found an existing railways.

The construction of a special mono-rail track would enable very high speeds to be reached with perfect safety and would do away with that "mixture of speeds" which renders the problem of dealing with express, slow, and goods traffic one of ever-increasing difficulty to the railway companies. The mono-rail tracks would be laid alongside the existing two-rail ground tracks or the cars could be run overhead if so desired. A view is given above of a mono-rail electric car moving at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. It has been practically established that the limit of size and power in locomotives and in rail-construction has been reached according to the present railway methods. Electricity has helped materially in grades, not only making a great saving in the construction of road beds, but in opening country of certain topographical eccentricity which will never be available for steam-power generated in a locomotive hauling a train. The combination of electricity and the mono-rail system makes these much steeper grades and sharper curves possible, but at the same time it practically eliminates the danger of derailment. It looks, therefore, as if there were a chance that passengers might be able to travel with at least the same safety as to-day, at double the rate of the present fastest express train by the mono-rail system.

If this is so, another step has been made in the great work of preventing congestion in the life of modern cities. Many men in this country travel an hour by rail each way each day to and from their offices. Fifty miles is about the limit now. Extend this limit to 110 miles, and the opportunity for life practically in the country with daily business work in the centre of a city becomes possible.



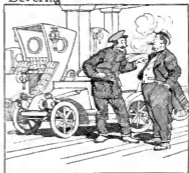
A Steam Train of Mono-rail Type now in Operation at Ballinacorney in Ireland  
The railway, which is about three miles long is situated by steam with rail the last century track between Manchester and Liverpool will be by steam. The engine and carriages are along in passenger tracks across the steel rail which is raised above other feet from the ground. The steel rail is used

# The WHEELS of PROGRESS

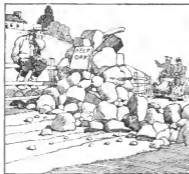
How Hiram Duckworthy Stopped Them  
By Albert Levering



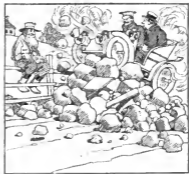
Agent: "For land sake? He, what is trouble do you think'd the like to?"  
Hiram: "I'll bet, Hiram, I'm glad to get up to this here reason, but business is good and all!"



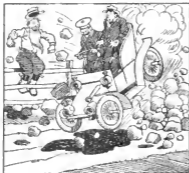
Hiram: "Yes, it's about what I want for— Well, I've heard so much about motor-cars, I'd like to see it go."  
Agent: "It's a go on, I'll give that machine a try that will surely give satisfaction. Jump on."



Agent: "Now what's your opinion of that little fellow?"  
Hiram: "I should call it surely impossible to be reversed."



Agent: "All right—we'll go."  
Hiram: "Well, of all the ways!"



Hiram: "They've done it, by hooky."



Agent (dead): "Ah! You are satisfied? Hiram! That's correct. Thank you."

# Correspondence

## A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST'S VIEW

July 25, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Since the WEEKLY is likely to comment on the visit of some ten thousand Christian Scientists to Mrs. Eddy at Concord, New Hampshire, I venture to hope that the personal note of that great gathering will not escape the recorder. That note was one of gratitude and love, there were men and women who had definite blessings to record, as the result of applying Mrs. Eddy's teachings to every-day affairs. There was a noble restraint over their demeanor, which was very generally noticed by the townspeople of Concord and others, but nothing could stifle their gratitude and no one would have wished to do so.

There was no fulsome flattery, but it is more than probable that in the minds of many of the visitors there was a recollection of the unkindly criticisms and denunciations which their personal headmaster had undergone in these past. This recollection was one of the many factors in drawing out their love.

I am, sir,  
W. D. McCrackan.

## DR. MILBURN'S BOOKS

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, June 22, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—It was the request of the late William H. Milburn (popularly known as the "Bill of the Evening," and for many years chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C.) that his private library be sent to Professor John H. Woods, of this city, his lifelong friend, and through him, after he had made a personal selection, the balance of the books were to be given to the public library recently presented to the city by Andrew Carnegie.

The number of volumes in the collection is between 1200 and 1500. The list includes biographies, reference books, books of travel, and many other volumes, but Dr. Milburn collected in his extensive travels. The gift is greatly appreciated by the library board, and indeed by the citizens generally, and it is certainly most fitting that here where Dr. Milburn lived and received his education, and where he spent so many of his vacations, these books should be preserved as a perpetual memorial of his career. The unpublished manuscripts and private papers of the deceased were given into the keeping of Oliver Milburn, a nephew.

I am, sir,  
WALLACE ROCKMAN.

## SHALL THE PRESIDENT COME FIRST?

PHILADELPHIA, July 20, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Among the many news to which your pen is put, can you not find the time to give for some criticism of the custom among our people, both official and non-official, of always playing second fiddle in the other fellow. In spite of our wonderful growth in power, wealth, and population, and our recognition among the nations of the world as of the mightiest, the will of which I write, increases and does not abate. I complain particularly of the abased and humiliating habit at all banquets in which toasts are drunk whether given here or abroad, while the principal guests use of some other country, to always toast the monarch of the other country before our own Chief Magistrate. The reason for this I cannot understand. The people of no other nation do this. To them their own is always number one and never number two, whether it be at home or abroad, and why we should not do likewise, passes my understanding. I have been paying particular attention to the different banquets given abroad by our ambassadors, ministers, admirals, and those who are not in official life, as reported from time to time in the daily newspapers, and, without exception, the other fellow gives the preference, while our President was made to follow immediately after him. Note in the reports of the reception in the Prince of Wales by Admiral Cotton on the *Reverence*, an American ship, and hence American territory, where the toast was the "King and the President." Our band played "God Save the King" as the Prince departed, while the band on the English vessel tried to play the "Star-Spangled Banner," but could not do with any satisfaction, to the listeners. This was the case at the dinner given to the officers while in Germany and in England, where, in each instance, the guests always toasted the "Emperor and the President," or the "King and the President," according to the country in which it was being given, the next toast was our country to their guests, the "President and the Emperor," or the "President and the King," but the other fellow first and ourselves second. I can recall but two instances in this country at banquets given by our first, and they were given in New York in which our own figured being the "President and Emperor William." If you will take the time to look over the reports of the several banquets given yearly by the different foreign societies whose members have their habitates in this country, you will see the difference between their conduct in this regard and that of our own people. It is the ruler country in their mother-country who leads, and not that of their adopted country. This may seem a trifling matter, and possibly not worth your consideration, but it seems to me that there is now too much lack-splitting and toadyism abroad. Our evidence of our de-

generacy officially is to be seen in the conduct of our ambassadors and ministers in court dresses rivaling Solomon in all his glory. Shade of Franklin what does it all mean?

I am, sir,  
GEORGE H. FRANCIS.

## THE AMERICAN SOLDIER AND HIS FOOD

Fort Thomas, Kentucky, July 21, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Having just read an article in your magazine of June 20, 1905, headed "An American Soldier and His Food," by J. E. Jenks, and having the advantage of years of the most practical service that the lines have afforded, my surprise at the differences between the author's account and the reality of experience prompts me to submit these few remarks: not to criticize or deny, which my position would warrant, but to outline this difference so as to give a more correct impression.

A general statement is made that the soldier of to-day, unlike his predecessor of the civil war, need no longer depend upon the uncertainties of the forage. If the author is confining this remark to the United States proper, then I see it as he does; but if he means to say that in a strange country away from railroad lines the case is then I must say that I have not found it so late as 1868-9, and can even see that it might yet be necessary to depend on forage on occasion.

It would probably prove uninteresting to cite instances where men have lived on nothing but what they could scrape, until soundly from lack of proper food and others were ruined in health. It would also be tiresome to dwell on the fact that from three to fifteen days' rations having been issued to each man, he was expected to cook his own food, and divide his ration-supply as he saw fit, but him through the entire period, and have nearly all being hungry and tired and feeling that they needed something to sustain them, and this three days' allowance in no many meals and this fifteen days' allowance in six days, and what did they live on during the balance of the ration period? Why, on whatever they could forage, of course.

I do not wish to reflect on the ration system of our country, and agree with Mr. Jenks that we have the finest in the world; but from the necessities of an unimpaired world, and the masses of produce were trudging in the rear of an advancing column, ready to distribute whenever the demand might be made. This is not so, for even in the garrisons at home food is issued at regular intervals during the month, and if properly managed, sufficient of its kind to satisfy the demand, but with very little ammunition ten days' rations are often disposed of in eight, seven, and even six days, and then who is to pay? The commissary department will certainly not issue again until the next regular day he issues more. So you see the soldier would not have had doughn't at home under the most favorable conditions, how much more liable is it to happen in the field where the odds are against the management in all things, such as abnormal appetites, demands for more food, poor fuel and cooking outfit, unfavorable surroundings, and increased wear-tire.

It is true that the soldier of to-day has many advantages over the soldier of years ago, yet the nature of the remark that the soldier of the civil war period soundly had a hard time of it, seems to imply that the soldier of to-day would have an easy time in the field. From what I have seen, and judging from the opinions expressed by veterans of the civil war and Indian campaigns, I believe that though at some the difference is great, yet in the field it would be modified.

It is true that railroads cover nearly every country, but will not the enemy destroy these roads as soon as it cannot take advantage of them, and would we in the enemy's country not be compelled to revert to the wayside for our rations, and "eat raw," just as they had to in '61? or perhaps in this advanced age to the "auto-wagon."

An officer offering ten dollars for a "pitiful cracker" does not seem very bad. I have seen privates in 1860 drawing sixteen dollars per month for it all, one pound of chewing tobacco, and were not able to buy it then.

Yes, except as used in the "emergency ration," molasses, and sugar as mentioned are not articles of the ration, and while it seems when the will to speak of new inventions of men, but the yet it is quite a different thing to diet on the article, put up especially for army use.

Mr. Jenks also speaks of satisfying the craving and ensuing demand for sweets in the Philippines, as though the government made it a point to give each man boxes of candy and sugar, and seems to classify candy and boxes as "extras" belonging to the ration. This is a mistake. True, the commissary had good candy for sale, and when the men could not buy enough, a certain amount was at times of pressing need distributed among them, but each man's name was noted and opposite, the value of tobacco so received, which he paid for from the first pay money that he received thereafter, to his company commander, who had purchased these goods to relieve the men.

Candy and tobacco are no more parts of a soldier's ration than champagne or ginger ale. If a soldier is willing and has the money to pay for them he can get them; but if not, he does without.

I am, sir,  
OTTO F. GRONKE.

Co. "D," Third Infantry, Fort Thomas, Ky.

An Artist's Work-Tower



The finished work shop of M. André Coudanier at Amsterdam, near of France, which he built up in a few weeks and afterwards he lived in it and made in his work during the summer months.

Midsummer Fiction

THE August number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is a beautifully illustrated volume devoted chiefly to fiction. There are also complete short stories and sixteen pages of illustration in color and tint. Among the short-story writers represented are Margaret Deland, Robert W. Chambers, Mary E. Wilkins, Marie von Vorst, James Branch Cabell, Christopher S. John, Ellsworth Kelly, and Marie Vanvald Day.

Perhaps the most notable of the many exquisitely colored illustrations in the number are Rex paintings by Howard Pyle and four pictures of child life by Sarah Millwell. Two striking pictures in color are by T. Smalley, Henry Hunt, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and H. Reinisch.

There is only one serial feature in the August number. This is the first installment of a three-part novelette by Alton Brown, which promises to be the author's greatest work.

Among the interesting special articles are: "How Remarkable Distilled," a hitherto secret bit of diplomatic history by the late M. de Bismarck, former Paris correspondent of the London Times; an important and interesting paper on the use of "Foreign Words in the English Speech" by Brander Matthews; a valuable scientific paper on "Photographing the Moon," by Professor G. W. Ellsby, and an historical sketch of the new almost forgotten "Republic of Vermont," by Mayo W. Herrick.

The number is bound in special cover of white, blue, and gold, and is altogether one of the most attractive and readable issues ever published.

A Millionaire's Ferry-boat

A boat which serves virtually as a private yacht for the millionaires of Wall Street who have summer homes above the Jersey coast, runs daily between New York and Atlantic Highlands. The boats are elaborately equipped, and one may hire a private afternoon for the season, with a special piazza of his own. The competition for these private afternoons has been so keen that many of the rich men who patronize the line have had to enter their applications for years in advance. The boat which leaves the Metropolis in the early afternoon is especially popular with the great men of the financial district, who leave

their offices in the middle of the afternoon for these ferries along the Atlantic coast, and one may see on her decks, almost any afternoon, such magnates as the Hon. Cornelius M. Bliss, Jacob H. Schiff, George F. Baker, W. F. Havemeyer, Isaac Seligman, and John A. McCall.

A Matter of Taste

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the playwright, tells an amusing anecdote of a certain well-known Western editor, who was very exacting in his literary standards. A member of his staff handed him some "copy" on one occasion, which was handed back in a few moments with the bulk of it cut out by the editor's ruthless blue pencil. The reporter eyed his mutilated manuscript with a discontented countenance.

"There's no doubt about it," he observed contently to the editor, "I don't write as well as I used to."

"That isn't it," rejoined his chief; "you write just the same, but your taste's improved."

ALFRED T. MITCHELL—MR. W. H. BROWN'S SUCCESSOR AS EDITOR of HARPER'S WEEKLY for children's reading. It makes the right, better the good, gives all sets, pure, well edited, and is the best ready for children.—[Ed.]

MANY BEVERAGES

are so easily improved by the added element imparted by the use of BROWN'S EARLY BEER. It contains PURE BEER. It is prepared from the softest of water, and is the best ready for children.—[Ed.]

THE CHANTILLY DRESS.

THE last meeting of Chantilly was a particularly brilliant one, as there was the presence of a number of well-known artists, and the color of the "Chantilly Dress" was the subject of much conversation.—[Ed.]

A WELL-APPROVED house is generally complete without furniture. See the new Low Price Catalogue, New York Telephone Company, 150 West Street, 111 West 20th Street.—[Ed.]

SHIRAZI serves and a clear, active brain over from the use of F. HANSEN'S, the English Anger's Bitters.—[Ed.]

You may talk about your Chantillys, but I know of none so fine as those in CLOAK'S JERSEY. EXTRA. Size 1.—[Ed.]

There are many in white may appear not by taking BROWN'S EARLY BEER.—[Ed.]

ADVERTISEMENTS

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Shaving—and Saving  
Shaving with greater comfort, luxury, convenience.  
Saving in time, temper and money. A single stick affords over 300 shaves. No cup required. Only the shaving stick and brush.

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Sold in all our class cities and by John W. LAMAR & SON, Baltimore, Md.

TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Arriving G. A. H. National Form Payment.

On account of the National Government of the Grand Army of the Republic of San Francisco, August 17th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company offers a personally conducted tour to the Pacific Coast at remarkably low rates.

It will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other points on the Pennsylvania Railroad west of Pittsburg, Thursday, August 6. By an entire day will be spent in the Grand Canyon at Arizon, two days at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Del Norte, and San Jose. Three days will be spent in San Francisco during the excursion. A day will be spent in Fort and on the entire trip, and a complete tour directly to destination via railings and Chicago, and arriving Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York August 31.

Round-trip rates covering all expenses for twenty days, except three days spent in San Francisco, \$215; two in one berth, \$200 each. Round-trip rates, including all expenses in Los Angeles, including transportation, meals, and sleeping, and while in Grand Canyon and Pasadena, and transportation only through California, and returning to the East by October 15, via any direct route, including sleeping car, \$115; two in one berth, \$100 each. Return by via Portland. All additional will be charged. Note from Pittsburg will be five dollars less in each case.

For full information apply to Ticket Agents, or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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**BOKER'S BITTERS**

Anti-dyspeptic. A tonic, an aperient, and a diaphoretic in mild degree.



# A DAWN IN THE DESERT

By Joseph A. Altsheiler  
Drawings by George Gibbs

A Story in Two Parts.—Part II



**H**ARLEY remained there a long time, gazing into the illustrious desert, which seemed to him so truly a grave. At last he went in, but as he passed through the lower hall of the hotel he heard the strident voice of the landlord rebuking Hill, the waiter, for laziness and neglect.

"Half them dishes ain't washed up yet," he said.  
Bill made no reply, but Harley saw him lean over a pile of dirty dishes. The correspondent sighed and went up to his room. When he awoke the next day the sun was high in the sky, hanging like a ball of copper over the burning desert. After breakfast he sought the landlord.

"Mr. Keyes," he said, "I want to hire your man, Bill, for this afternoon and evening. He's taken a foolish notion that he'd like to fix up like a gentleman and wear Jimmy Grayson, and I've taken an equally foolish notion that I'd like to have him do it."

Keyes stared at the correspondent.  
"Wa'n't you Eastern people are pow'ful cur'us," he said. "You kain't fix up Bill like a gentleman; you might put gentleman's clothes on him, but he'd be the same dirty, cringing fellow without the spirit of a curio in him."  
"It's my notion," said Harley, briefly, "and I'm willing to pay for it."

"A man like a crank any time he pleases if he's got the price to pay for it."  
Harley named a sum for a half day of Hill's services that Keyes promptly accepted, and the bargain was closed.

There's a Mexican fellow around here that I fix ring in in Hill's place," he said.  
Barton came to Harley an hour later, when he was sitting comfortably on the veranda, his eyes shaded from the sun, and plumped himself down in the next chair.

"See here, Harley!" he exclaimed, "what is this I hear about you and you all fellows, the one whom I never knew to do a cranky thing before? They tell me you are going to dress that smoking dirty waiter, Bill, in good clothes, and take him up on the platform to-night with Jimmy Grayson."  
"They tell you the exact truth," said Harley, his eye on a bare red hill in the desert.

"Why?"  
"Just a freak idea of mine; I wish to break the monotony."

Barton snapped his fingers incredulously.  
"Do you see any hayseed about me?" he asked. "I know you don't do things that way. There's something queer in this,—you, queer."

"Harley did not take his eyes off the distant red hill, but he replied, gravely:  
"Yes, there is something queer, one of the queerest things I ever met in my life. How long have you been working on the New York papers?"

"Eight years."  
"Then you remember the Great Davonport Mystery?"

"Of course; that was too big a sensation to forget, even in this day of sensation—the brilliant fellow who went all to pieces and then dropped off the face of the earth, so to speak. Wasn't there a nasty scandal, bedevilled?"

"Yes, his wife, you know—another man—Davonport got a drink to drink at a terrible rate—the same imaginative quality that made him a great orator, pushed him to the very depths of dissipation, I suppose."  
"I remember," exclaimed Barton, with increasing interest.

"Then he was to speak in the Madison Square Garden—enormous crowd there, all his political enemies, too, looking for at least a part of what came—I was present at the reporter's table—what a scene! He broke down, not an idea, and what was worse of all, his enemies howled! I was present at the reporter's table, and I struck by lightning—and he so young, too—he couldn't have been much more than thirty."  
"It was all just as you say," said Harley.

"But, what has all this to do with this fool thing you are planning?"

"A bit."  
Barton wheeled in his chair and stared at Harley. But Harley was still looking at the bare red hill out in the desert, and his hat brim was bow down over his eyes.

"You don't mean—"  
"Yes, I do mean. Now, Barton, old man, don't say a word, but just do as I tell you, and make the other fellows do the same. You promise?"

"Yes, I promise," replied Barton, and said no more, but he was the victim of a drowsing curiosity.  
After the twilight Harley took the waiter up to his room, the man weakly protesting, but obeying the stronger will of the correspondent as a dog obeys his master. Harley loved him to shave off the hideous beard, and when it was gone he was surprised to observe how little the features had changed, how the old, bald elastic outlines reappeared. Then he produced from his valise what he called his "Sunday suit," a bag black frock-coat, vest, and light trousers that he wore sometimes when he came to the larger towns in the West.

"Harry," he said, "I'm a big man, too, and this will fit you well enough for to-night. Not a word now! Throw off those old things of yours and get into this suit at once."

The man glanced timidly at Harley, but he seemed afraid to speak, and after a moment's hesitation put on the clothes. Apparently the good garments, of a cut that belonged to the present, exercised an effect upon him as he straightened up and looked at himself in the dusty glass on the wall. A faint gleam of a spirit long gone appeared in his eyes, and he threw back his shoulders. Harley, looking at him, was surprised. The man, now that he did not stoop, stood more than six feet high. His smoothly shaven face was broad and open, and the hair beginning to thin at the temples, retreated slightly from the brow. Harley was more than surprised, he was startled.

"Strange that two men with the same gift should look so much alike," he murmured.

The waiter did not notice him, but was still staring at himself in the glass, as if all the old memories were busy. Harley looked again at the man, the tall, erect figure, the smooth, massive features, the hair rather long, slightly tinged with gray and brushed back from the forehead, the black string tie and the long black coat, buttoned tightly about the broad chest.

"How like!" he murmured.  
The waiter turned away and glanced at the window.  
"Come, Harry," said Harley, briskly, "the crowd has gathered, and it's time to go. Don't you be nervous; it's pitch-dark everywhere except at the very edge of the speaker's platform, and nobody will see you."

He put his hand firmly upon the man's arm, and together the two went out of the house and toward the improvised stage in the open from which Jimmy Grayson was to speak.

Black night enfolded the desert, as the moon was not yet risen. The crowd had gathered already, although the candidate's train was not due until 8:30, and that was fifteen minutes away. It was a typical Southwestern crowd, drawn from a circle of a hundred miles,—prosperous cattlemen, cowboys, mining prospectors and wanderers, all quiet, orderly and waiting, ready to applaud every sentence that their hero, Jimmy Grayson, might utter. Closely packed, they formed a wide black ring around the speaker's stand.

Harley, with his hand still on the waiter's arm, pushed his way through the crowd toward the platform, which was almost wholly in the dark, except at the table beside which Jimmy Grayson would stand, where two lanterns flickered. He and the waiter climbed upon the platform where Barton and his comrades were already seated at the table placed for the correspondents.

"Pretty dusky for writing, eh, Barton?" said Harley.  
"Oh, it's all right," replied Barton, coolly. "Long practice is a good thing, and there ain't a fellow here who couldn't write in the dark."

He looked up and by the flickering light he caught a glimpse of



the waiter. He started and was about to utter an exclamation, but he remembered his promise and was silent.

"But here, Harry, and you can hear well," whispered Harley, "take a chair in the farthest and darkest corner of the stage. The big man sat down obediently and Harley sat near him. These passed and the crowd standing there in the darkness thrilled with expectation. In a few minutes Jimmy Grayson, their idol, would be there, and they would hear the golden notes of his voice.

The multitude now began to give forth all the familiar sounds of a great political gathering. There was a noise of moving feet, of long breaths, of men making comparisons and recalling other speeches. In the distance horns stamped and rattled their bits.

Harley, despite the dark, was watching Bill, the waiter, and he was so close that he could see. When the multitude first began to talk and show expectation the man suddenly raised his head, and a fire that had long seemed dead began to kindle in his eyes. Harley, watching him, said nothing, but despite his habitual calm a strange excitement rose in his breast at what he saw.

The old familiar sights and sounds, this block of life projected from the past, went on, and the soul of Bill, the waiter, continued to expand. The fire in his eyes grew brighter, his figure grew more and more his head higher and higher. Harley had seen wild animals in their cages suddenly lift their heads and send the air as if forgotten wisps of the wild, free jungle, had suddenly come back to them. He thought again of this, as he looked now at Bill, the waiter.

The expectation of the crowd mounted higher, and the shuffling noises, the hum, and the occasional cheers increased. "Now is the favorable moment; he ought to appear," murmured Bill, the waiter. Harley heard him, but said nothing.

A whistle came from the desert, then a race, and the train pulled into the station. Harley heard the noise of men leaving it, and then dark figures for which the crowd made way rushed upon the stage beside him. One that stumbled over him was Blaisdell of the *Exile*.

"Where's Mr. Grayson?" asked Harley. "Why, there's the 'dewy to pay'?" exclaimed Blaisdell. "Mr. Grayson has been gagged out on the bench like for a little speech he thought he'd make the connection all right and get back in time, but he didn't. Two of the fellows are with him, and the rest of us are here. Where's the chairman of this meeting? I've got a telegram for him, explaining and apologizing, but Mr. Grayson, I'm sure, is all broken up over it. You know how honest he is in these matters. He knows that least of these men have come a hundred miles to hear him!"

Harley snatched the telegram out of the astonished man's hand.

"I'm the chairman," he cried, "as at least I'm going to be. Listen how the people are yelling and cheering and calling for Grayson! They think he's here on the stage with us, and he isn't! I never be last! Jimmy Grayson himself or double! Just when you wait half a minute and you'll hear him at his best. Now, Billy, do exactly what I say and don't ask a question; you don't know just how much depends on it. Get right in the crowd this instant and raise that famous old hat, carry the war-whoop the boys used to raise when Harry Davenport 'Bare-throated,' the greatest, the only heaven-born orator New York ever knew!"

He pushed Blaisdell directly at the platform and disappeared among the figures. The long drawn, high pitched cry that rose in him came on wave and burst in a final reality, it tated it. Led by Blaisdell of the *Exile*, the hat-throwers poured now from hundreds of throats, rose and swelled in volume again and again until it echoed far out on the desert.

But Harley scarcely heard it. At the first note of the old familiar cheer he turned his eyes upon Bill, the waiter. The man had

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been sitting in a sort of daze, but the correspondent saw him leap to his feet at the sound, his eyes flashing and his chest heaving. He ran to him and seized him by both shoulders.

"Come!" he cried in compelling tones. "It's you they want! They've found you out at last! They know that you are Harry Davenport, the great orator! Don't you hear the old cry never raised for anybody but you?"

"I believe you're right," the man said under his breath, but not so low that Harley did not hear.

In a moment the strong arms of Harley pushed him down to the edge of the stage, and then the applause doubled. Harley raised his hand, and instantly there was silence.

"Gentlemen," cried Harley, at the top of his voice, "I desire to introduce to you the speaker of the evening!"

And then he addressed under his breath, but sharply:

"Now give it to 'em, Harry! You know how to do it! You've lived here and you know how they feel. You feel the same way yourself! Flick into the corporations and the trusts and the monopolies, and you can sprinkle free silver almost, but I'm against it, but it doesn't matter!"

Again the cheers swelled, roared, and then died, to be followed by the strange breathless silence that only a crowd can create.

The tall figure, standing there in the more than twilight dusk, wavered for a few moments, but Harley had no doubts. He knew that the hour had come at last. He saw Davenport's figure straighten and stiffen, and his broad chest heave again. Then the man began to speak in liquid golden notes, in a voice that penetrated, persuaded, and compelled.

The people had never seen Jimmy Grayson. They had worshipped him from afar, mad, in their minds, but built for him lofty ideals, but now he fulfilled, and received their highest hopes. No one could resist the beauty of his voice or the strength of his logic. Metaphors, tropes, similes, allegories, flowed from his tongue. He used phrases and illustrations familiar in their daily life, drawn from their own desert, from their own South-west. He seemed to have upon him the stamp of the way in which he shared their hopes, fears and joys, and cheered when he seemed to will it, and they were silent when he wished silence.

Now and then a man would whisper to another: "I knew that Jimmy Grayson was great, but I did not know that he was so great as this," and then he would look up again in awe there in the dusk at the edge of the stage, and swaying the people as he would.

Harley, sitting scarcely a yard away, watching every movement of Davenport, and every facial phase of his face, under full stream, he saw the dead and crushed soul spring into new life all the fresher and stronger because of its long rest, at

the touch of the old life, at the sound of the old familiar notes, the inspiration and stimulus of a great political thought that looked up to him for strength and leading. Harry Davenport's new daze had come in the desert after a long sleep, but he had taken for death, the golden voice that had failed him once was there again, stronger and deeper than ever, returning in a rushing flood. As he sat on the stage he had been in a sort of daze, — he was yet in some respects, — he thought that all these people had called for him and not for Jimmy Grayson, and the old audacity that roused him from the dead ashes was still ringing in his head. He expanded, body and mind alike with the sense of power and triumph. He was Harry Davenport, Harry Davenport, the great orator, who, at thirty, was without a peer, and could hold ten thousand in his spell, as the hypnotist holds his subject.

Harley, watching intently, saw every wrinkle, the last semblance of Bill, the waiter, slip from the man. Bill, the waiter, merely formed the ashes from which, phoenix-like, came the triumphant resurrection of Harry Davenport. Never again would that tall figure be bowed, and as once would Harry Davenport cringe before any man. If a man struck him he would do it at the risk of his own life.

The wind still moaned on the desert, and the night air grew chill, but no one noticed. There was but a single mind in all that vast assemblage of hard-riding, an-bearing men, the mind of Harry Davenport, and he absorbed the others into the image of his. He made them see what he saw, and he made them follow where he led. Hour after hour he spoke; all the silent thoughts of years came pouring forth, clothed in beautiful language, adorned with familiar and striking images, and spoken in tones like the swell of organ music. Now and then, when he paused for a moment, the volume of cheer would rise, and always blended with the old thrilling battle cry.

It was past midnight when Harry Davenport, tanned, sank exhausted in his chair. Then the cheering broke forth in a volume greater than ever, and above it rose the storm of men shouting "Hurrah! Hurrah! for Jimmy Grayson!" Davenport heard it and turned a startled look on Harley.

"Oh, Charles!" he exclaimed in an agonized voice, "what have I done?"

"Nothing except the work for which you were born. Come, Harry, your long purgatory is over; you go with us to-morrow."

The next day the Eastern train on the main line picked up Jimmy Grayson at the junction, and went on. But in the same coach with The Candidate sat a man wonderfully like him, pale and smoothly shaven, who was dressed in a suit of riches and his own. And always this man's mind, like his face, was turned toward the Northwest, and in his eyes was the distant roar of the world's greatest city.



Again the cheers swelled, roared, and then died.

**The Outlook for Catholicism**

By Rev. John Wynne, S. J.

The appointment of men, who were born and educated in this country, to some of the vacant bishoprics in the Philippines emphasizes a condition of the Catholic Church in the United States, which imports great progress, if not serious changes also, in the near future.

Until a comparatively recent date not only the members, but the clergy also, bishops and priests, of this Church, were recruited largely from other countries, who came as if into a vacuum country, so far, at least, as concerned the condition of Catholics and the relations at their hierarchy with the Holy See. Now, however, bishops will begin to go out to countries which were really foreign, even though they form part of our possessions. With American bishops of our possessions, our young clergy will soon follow, and in a short time will appear the power of the Church as a factor in the pacification of the islands, and in the gradual assimilation of the people to American ways and ideals.

Never before was the Catholic Church in this country capable of doing what it can now do for the spiritual, intellectual, and social benefit of its own members and of the country at large. As a spiritual power it is able to predict that this vast and well-organized force will exert a salutary influence against all that is sham or merely materialistic in religion, and inculcate a robust faith, proved by deeds more than by professions, in a personal God, the immortality of the soul, the moralness of human life, final reward or punishment, Christ's divinity and redemption, the visible communion of His followers, the authority of His head. Without any aggression or fanatical proscription, it will act as a safeguard against the delusion of spiritualism, the extravagance of Zionism and Christian Science, the spiritual paralysis of skepticism, the blight of atheism or agnosticism, personal or racial suicide, the materialism or commercialism that would make this world the sum of human destiny, and the gradual disintegration of the Christian Church. As a religious body Catholics will not have to deplore empty churches, a Continental Sunday, or a dearth of vocations to the ministry.

**The Church and Divorce**

The moral influence of the Church ought to be most apparent in the attitude of its members towards divorce. It has been suggested lately that all good citizens should ostracize remarried divorced persons. It will never be necessary for Catholics to do that. If they are consistent, their sentiments on lawful wedlock are so well known that those who have transgressed the Church's canon will not be likely to object to their company where they know it cannot be acceptable. No one questions the appalling evils of divorce in our land. While other churches are vainly seeking remedies in legislation and in public sentiment, the Catholic Church stands for the divine ordination of matrimony, and holds it round with all the solemnity of a sacrament. No divorced person attempting remarriage can be in good standing in this Church, which means that it is an respecter of persons, but stands for the integrity of the family and for the inviolability of the most sacred of human contracts.

**A Far-reaching Influence**

It is chiefly in social matters that the Catholic Church will show its influence. Under its fostering care come nearly one-half of the vast number of immigrants daily arriving in our ports; under the same care are the great majority of working-men who worship in any church; for so matter how prosperous some of its members may be, this

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Church never desists from seeing the laborer and the poor. These two facts speak volumes for the solution of the problems raised by socialism, anarchy, and the irritable relations of capital and labor. Respect for authority, regard for personal and proprietary rights, close union of pastor with people, and habitual submission to law inculcated in the Church, home, and school among so many employers and employed, must necessarily make for social tranquility and industrial peace. Catholic working men are numerous enough to influence the sentiment of all the labor unions in the United States. Catholic citizens are numerous enough, and they would readily find millions to supplement their number, to stop some source of social distress which makes employers more exacting and employees more and more impoverished—namely, the excessive taxation imposed to meet extravagant expenditures for official and public service. The private schools and charitable institutions which Catholics support, with results as favorable as those of the State, and often superior, for one-half and even one-third of the expense incurred by the State, are an object-lesson in civic economy which must ultimately assert itself in our sociology.

**The Decay of Prejudice**

There is one gratifying sign of the times which fortifies the assurance with which we make the foregoing predictions. Much of the old prejudice, intolerance, and apprehension which used to mark the attitude of too many of our fellow citizens towards the Catholic Church has given way to a proper appreciation of its position, confidence in its loyalty, and a sincere desire on the part of every intelligent American that all its forces should contribute to the public welfare. What statesmanlike officials and public-spirited citizens, may even representative churchmen of every denomination, fear, is not that the Catholic body should exert due influence on the fortunes of the country, but rather that Catholics should fail to recognize their power for good in the community, and through indifference or timidity desist from exercising their conservative, progressive, and beneficent activities.

**Some Anecdotes of Whistler**

It is told of Whistler that, upon a certain occasion, he appeared at a dinner party with no tie on. A friend of his remonstrated.

"For Heaven's sake, Whistler, you've forgotten your tie!"

"Not at all," he returned, "not at all! Why wear a tie? My shirt is cut from a grey white cloth, which is fastened by a gold stud. Everything simple, excellent. Why put another white on top of that! I'm much better dressed than you!"

**A Question of Ownership**

A certain Lady So-and-o, who admired Whistler's graces to the extent of purchasing one of his pictures, never was able to obtain possession of her property. One day she drove to the studio in her victoria. Mr. Whistler went out to the sidewalk to greet her.

"Mr. Whistler," she said, "two years ago I bought one of your pictures, a beautiful thing, and I have never been able to hang it on my walls. It has been loaned to one exhibition of another. Now to-day I have my carriage with me, and I would like to take it home with me. I am told it is in your possession."

"Dear lady," returned Whistler, "you ask the impossible. I will send it to you when I have it again, but it is not here. You have been misinformed." And so forth and so forth, to the same effect, and the lady drove off without her picture.

After she had departed, Whistler commenced to poke around the studio, and to

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the great astonishment of a friend who had been an involuntary listener to the above conversation, he brought forth a mirror.

"Here it is," he said. "She was right about one thing, it is beautiful! And it was beautiful."

"But the impudence of these people," he continued, "who think that, because they pay a few paltry hundred pounds, they own my pictures. Why, it merely secures them the privilege of having them in their houses now and then! The pictures are mine!"

#### Dinner versus Inspiration

Whistler's fondly in the matter of engagements was notorious. No one ever knew if he were coming or not to a dinner. But his point of view is explained in his answer to a friend of his, who knew that he had an engagement to dine with some artists in a distant part of London, and who felt that it was most impossible for Whistler to offend them. It was growing late, and yet Whistler was putting away, madly, intently.

"My dear fellow," he said to him at last, "it is frightfully late, and you have to dine with Lady Natch-Ome. Don't you think you'd better stop?"

"Stop?" fairly shrieked Whistler. "Stop, when everything is going so beautifully! Go and stuff myself with disgusting food when I can paint like this! Never! Never! Besides, they won't do anything until I get there—they never do!" And the entire speech is most characteristic of the man.

#### The Sneeze and His Ear

Whistler was unprepared to sit still when annoyed him—in fact, a sitting being was an ordeal that it required courage to face. It is said that one man annoyed him horribly by sneezing at the end of each sitting.

"How about that ear, Mr. Whistler? Don't forget to finish that!"

"At the last sitting, everything being done except this ear, Whistler said:

"Well, I think I am through. Now I'll sign it," which he did in a very solemn, important manner, as was his way.

"But my ear, Mr. Whistler! You aren't going to leave it that way?"

"Oh, you can put it in after you get home!"

#### The Incident of the Grocer's Shop

The morning he had an engagement at a banker's, where he was to receive a large sum of money for a set of stockings, a sum that he happened to need very much at that time. He was busy chatting and showing some of his things to an appreciative visitor, who happened to know the circumstances, and considerably reminded him that he had far to go and that the American would probably be in a hurry and would not wait.

"Yes," said Whistler, "but just look at this now," pulling forward another mirror. And so it went on, until his friend said:

"Whistler, you really must go! That man will never wait for you."

"What a nuisance you are!" he exclaimed, but he got ready and they started.

They were hurrying down the street at a great rate, when Whistler suddenly stopped the cab and made the driver go back to a certain spot—and they had to go backwards and forwards for quite a while before they found the exact place—in order to get a view of a certain little grocer's shop with his fruit and vegetables outside, striped awnings, etc.

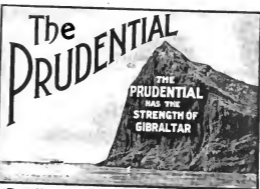
Whistler put up his hands for a frame, squinted and twisted. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Lovely! I'm going to do that, but I think I'll have him save the oranges over to the right corner, and that green, now."

"Let me see—"

"Whistler?" cried his friend, "do come along! That man will be here in New York before we get there!"

"What a nuisance you are!" declared Whistler, and was out of the rick at the way.

It was not a pose; the painter was so embarrassed by what he saw that banker and money were nothing to him at that moment. He eventually realized that very picture, and a most beautiful thing it was.



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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

August, 1903

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLVII

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## COMMENT

A "slump" in Wall Street may be either helpful or harmful to the public weal. Same reaction from unwarranted apprehensiveness is always a good thing, but when that reaction becomes a mania in the case itself, it is a bad thing—a very bad thing, doing injury to thousands of innocent persons, checking prosperity, and impairing in the minds of millions of American citizens the faith they should ever have in the durability of their country's institutions and methods. Such a slump we have just experienced upon a greater scale and with less real reason than ever before. That a marked depression must follow in time the wild inflation of values which began five years ago was inevitable and expected, but that it should reach such extremity in a time of good crops, active business, few mercantile failures, and of employment for all who want to work is little short of amazing. Whether it can be attributed justly in large part to the gigantic operations of our richest citizens in furtherance of an insatiable desire to pile yet more millions upon the uncounted and scarcely comprehensible number already within his grasp, probably only himself could tell. If such should prove to be the case, however, the game, while legitimate enough, judging from Wall Street standards, will sorely develop hazard to large accumulations of wealth within the control of avarice. Despite the recent exhibition of what seems to be almost limitless power on the part of one or a few, this is going to continue to be a free country, and, in one way or another, in their own good time, the people will surely relieve any oligarchy in existence or in process of formation, political, financial, or both, of the management, however indirect, of their affairs.

If, on the other hand, the recent happenings have been due to the stern determination of the less wicked to force the more wicked to the wall, the crusade may prove to have been as righteous as such a one could be expected to be. That many believe this to have been the case is evident from the total lack of sympathy manifested in connection with the failure of a firm of brokers closely associated with our most notorious and daring speculator. This firm and this gambler have certainly been very active in interfering with the management of large properties and in harnessing those responsible to the corners for the conduct of their affairs. Inasmuch as those interfering were in no sense producers, but only traders eager to scramble for profit upon the results of the labor of others at whoever's expense, their declared

motive of safeguarding the interests of those who obviously did not want their interests safeguarded, at least by them, did not insure the average citizen as genuine. In any event, they "saw a copper," and no tears were shed. As for the unfortunate who got caught in the tangle and suffered in consequence, the only solace seems to be in contemplation of the salutary lesson taught to those who have not yet learned that the time has passed when unscrupulous men can successfully break down what others have built up or "break in" to prosperous businesses to the detriment of the community. If, incidentally, the unfortunate aforesaid should also deduce from their present misery the conclusion that, after all, in the long run, it may be better not to buy what one cannot pay for and not to sell what one has not, much good may come from what seems to have been very bad.

We are told by some observers of the depression of securities that the phenomenon is merely the outcome of a "rich man's panic," and must not be regarded as an omen of an industrial crisis. We are invited to note that the earnings of railroads are as large as ever, and seem destined to increase, since the huge crops of grain which the Western farmers are now harvesting must be brought to market, and it is to be expected that the farmers will demand in exchange correspondingly large quantities of manufactured goods. There, too, is this year's cotton crop, from which also immense returns should be forthcoming. We are reminded that last year we exported nearly seven million bales, valued at \$290,000,000, and it is pointed out that the amount of cotton in sight this season—10,750,000 bales—is greater than was visible at the corresponding period last year. All this is perfectly true, and yet it is a mistake to suppose that the extraordinary scenes witnessed on the New York Stock Exchange have no bearing upon the relation of demand to supply in our great native industries. A drop of more than sixty points in New York Central, of upwards of fifty points in Pennsylvania Central, and corresponding shrinkages in the market value of other standard railway securities, cannot take place without affecting materially the power of corporations to obtain money for improvements by new issues of bonds or stock. Being, under such circumstances, restricted to loans procured for only a short term, and at high rates of interest, railway companies must needs minimize their output of money for improvements, and are not likely to transcend the programmes to which they are irreparably committed. This means, of course, that the demands for the products of iron and steel used by railways cannot be expected to go on increasing for the next twelve months at the rate observed during the last two years. The demand being thus threatened with curtailment, the supply must also be curtailed, if the risk of overproduction is to be avoided. It is to be hoped that a timely adjustment of supply to demand may be effected through the approach to concentration of the iron and steel industry exhibited in the United States Steel Corporation.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan no longer denies that in November, 1892, he and his friends in Nebraska voted, not for Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic nominee, but for the Populist candidate, Mr. Weaver, with the result that Mr. Harrison carried the State by a small plurality. That is to say, if Nebraska had happened to turn the scale, Mr. Bryan's defection would have deprived the Democracy of the Presidency. Mr. Bryan defends in the *Commoner* the course which he then pursued, by asserting that it was devised for strategic purposes. A strategy that gave the State to the Democracy's opponent seems to have been ill-conceived, or, at all events, ill-executed. We are perfectly willing to concede, however, that for the vote which Mr. Bryan cast in 1892 he had an em-

play, an edifying, and even a patriotic motive. We concede that of the moral and intellectual quality of the motive be must be the exclusive judge. Neither would we for a moment assert that he was disqualified for being the nominee of a Democratic national convention in 1896 because he had chosen to vote for a non-Democratic candidate in 1892. However "irregular" may have been the course pursued by Mr. Bryan in 1892, we hold that his credentials of regularity were perfected from the moment that he was permitted to take a seat as a delegate from Nebraska in the Democratic national convention which met at Chicago four years later. Not only do we concur with Mr. Bryan in holding that strayed sheep should be welcomed back to the fold, but we know of no reason why the warmest career in the fold and the best part of the fodder should not be allotted to a sheep that went astray. That is precisely what the Chicago convention of 1896 did in the case of Mr. Bryan. His fellow delegates did not invite him to take a back seat, but summoned him with effusion to "go up head." It was in the same spirit that the Democracy in the State of New York welcomed back with burrachs in 1852 the Barnburners who had bolted the nomination of Lewis Cass in 1848. Mr. Bryan has sometimes been credited with saying that he has no objection to the readmission of Democrats who voted against him in 1896 and 1900, but that he does not think they ought to presume to nominate a national convention. If Mr. Bryan really said this, which we doubt, he must, for the moment, have forgotten that he, the bolter of 1892, was allowed, only four years later, not only to re-enter a Democratic national convention, but to carry off the prize of the Presidential nomination. We hold that the precedent then established was a proper one, and we do not see how Mr. Bryan can object if it should next year be followed in the case of Mr. Cleveland or some other Gold Democrat who, for strategic or other reasons, declined to accept the candidate or the platform put forth at Chicago in 1896.

The Bookbinders' Union No. 4, which had announced the intention of ordering a strike in the Federal Printing Office, in the event of the reinstatement of Mr. Miller, the assistant foreman, has discovered that the government at Washington still lives, and that President Roosevelt, although friendly to organized labor, is not its slave. The leaders of the union now say that they will let the law take its course. How they could have prevented the law from taking its course is not clear to us. Whether Mr. Miller has or has not been guilty of any violation of Federal statutes remains to be determined by an official inquiry. All we know as yet is that no such violations have been brought home to him; that, nevertheless, the Washington Bookbinders' Union No. 4 ordered the Public Printer to discharge him, and that, in the teeth of the civil service act, the order was obeyed. The facts being brought to Mr. Roosevelt's attention by the civil service commissioners, the reinstatement of Miller was immediately commanded. We shall soon learn whether the Public Printer is to be disciplined for an indispensible breach of the civil service law. We take for granted that the official inquiry now proceeding will take cognizance not only of the charges brought by the Bookbinders' Union against Mr. Miller, but also the latter's charges against the union. Mr. Miller says that he gave offence by insisting that workmen in government employ should do a reasonable amount of work for fair wages. He asserts that hitherto it has cost the Federal government forty cents a volume to bind books which could have been bound by private firms for eight cents. In other words, the workmen in the Government Printing Office have been in the habit of regarding public employment as a private snip. Whatever may be the outcome of the official inquiry as regards the verification of the imputation made by either side to the controversy, one wholesome truth has either side to the controversy, namely, that, so long as Mr. Roosevelt is President, the Federal government will transact its own business, and will submit to no dictation at the hands of organized labor.

It was high time that the labor leaders should be made to understand that there are limits beyond which Mr. Roosevelt will not go. There is no doubt that he transcended his constitutional functions when he appointed the Anthracite Strike Commission, but in that matter he could plead that the public interest seemed to call for his interposition. The public interest does not require the violation of the civil service act

at the option of the Public Printer; neither should the taxpayers be forced to pay five times as much for binding as is paid by private employers. There seems to have been an impression current of late in labor circles that, owing to the proximity of a Presidential campaign, Mr. Roosevelt would not venture to resist the assumption by labor-unionists of a right to control the Federal government. Had the experiment tried in the printing-office proved successful, a like assertion of supremacy in other departments would have been quickly made, and we should have witnessed the construction of an *imperium in imperio*.

If before November the investigation of the Post-office Department should have been recognized as resolute and drastic, public opinion will credit the achievement to Mr. Roosevelt, and will not call upon Congress to institute an inquiry. That is why the President's well-wishers were sorry to see the *stag* applied to First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne and to Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow. Experience has shown that a policy of silence is not apt to be followed by a ruthless punishment of offenders. Fortunately for the Postal Service, it has not escaped Mr. Roosevelt's notice that the investigation has dragged during the last few weeks, and that a number of persons who are allowed to deserve dismissal for misconduct are permitted to remain in office. Neither is it likely to have escaped the President's attention that Hedges was removed by Postmaster-General Payne on minor charges affecting his *per diem* account, nothing being said of the grave accusation that he used his influence in Congress in favor of a war claim which was allowed at the last session. Now Mr. Rand, the confidential secretary of Postmaster-General Payne, is accused of being improperly interested in the same claim. From the curious reticence prestained on this subject in the case of Hedges, the inference is drawn that Rand will go scot-free. On Saturday, July 25, however, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow went to Ogyster Bay, in pursuance of a summons from the President, and it is hoped that on his return to Washington the department will apply itself with more energy to the operation of turning the rascals out.

If it be true, as Hedges asserts, that the mode of cheating the government exemplified in his *per diem* account is generally adopted by postal employees, it would follow that the department is honeycombed with fraud. It may be remembered that another charge brought against Hedges was that, when Superintendent of City Delivery, he induced a number of postal employees in Philadelphia to buy stock in a mining company of which he was president. It now appears that Thomas L. Hicks, who, at the time, was Postmaster of Philadelphia, co-operated with Hedges in obtaining the subscriptions, the pamphlet issued on the subject setting forth an endorsement of the company by Hicks. Hicks now pretends that he did nothing to induce employees to purchase stock, but he can scarcely mean to assert that his printed endorsement was utterly valueless in the eyes of his subordinates. Both Hicks and Hedges seem to imagine that the law forbidding such performances is a dead letter. It is true that the law slumbered on the statute-book during the McKinley administration; but it is by no means defunct, as some transgressors of it may discover to their cost.

The uncovering of fraud in the Post-office Department was followed by the exposure of a glove contract which had been entered into by the War Department, and in which Representative Littauer is accused of being interested; this, again, was followed by another glove contract, concluded by the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior, with which also Littauer's firm appears to have been connected. Now the Department of the Treasury is accused of gross and unlawful favoritism in the award of contracts. It seems that for some time special agents have been investigating a series of charges filed with the Secretary of the Treasury by the Charles McCaul Company of Philadelphia in support of a protest against the proposed award of a contract for the new post-office at Cleveland, Ohio, which will involve a total outlay of \$1,550,000, with a prospect of \$500,000 more. It is asserted upon high authority that Mr. Roosevelt, to whom

these charges have been made known, has decided to order a searching inquiry into the past and present management of the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury. We learn that when the bids were opened for the four-story granite building to be erected at Cleveland, it turned out that William Bradley & Sons had offered to erect the proposed granite structure for \$1,359,777. On precisely the same specifications the Charles McCaul Company bid \$1,357,292, being thus the lowest bidder by \$2485. Nevertheless, Secretary Shaw did not award the contract to the lowest bidder, as he was required to do by law, but, acting upon the information and advice furnished him by Supervising Architect Taylor, announced his determination to award a contract to William Bradley & Sons for a sandstone building at \$1,049,232, reserving the right to substitute granite at any time within eighteen months, upon an agreement to pay \$308,000 additional, the extra sum making up the exact amount of the original bid filed by the Charles McCaul Company for a granite building.

It is alleged in the charges that have been brought to the President's notice that Supervising Architect Taylor has never had any intention of erecting a sandstone building, but that the reference to sandstone in the contract given to Bradley & Sons was merely a device to avoid awarding the contract for a granite building to the lowest bidder. It is further charged that "Bradley & Sons" were not bona fide bidders, but mere shammas for John Pierce, who is known throughout the country as "Platt's man," and who is building the new general post-office in New York, the government building in Chicago, and the Federal building in Indianapolis. The Chicago contract provoked a good deal of unpleasant comment in Congress, and it was with the utmost difficulty that an investigation was averted. At that time Senator Platt of New York had the support of Senator Hanna, Senator Quay, and Senator Furness, but there is now some reason to hope that when spoilers fall out honest men will get their dues. Pierce's shammas, "Bradley & Sons," will naturally be backed by Senator Platt, but Senator Quay and Senator Furness are behind the Charles McCaul Company, and Senator Hanna, with an eye to his re-election, may deem it expedient to insist that the Cleveland structure shall be built of Ohio sandstone, in which event there would be but little profit in the transaction for Bradley & Sons. Fortunately for the taxpayers the President has decided to take a hand to the game.

By the time this number of the WEEKLY falls under the reader's eye, the Mayoralty campaign in New York city will have begun. The first gun will be fired by the Citizens' Union, in the shape of a campaign book intended to convince intelligent citizens that by Mayor Low the municipal administration has been conducted on business principles. It will be pointed out that, although \$145,000,000 have been added to the debt limit of the city, not more than \$43,000,000 thereof will have been applied by the present administration to projected improvements, which, by the way, include \$10,000,000 for the extension of the city's source of water-supply; \$10,000,000 for the new Brooklyn Bridge terminal and city building, the erection of which in City Hall Park is contemplated; \$5,000,000 for a branch of the subway, and \$5,000,000 for a new court-house. Attention will also be directed to the enormous loss to the immense value of the city's property. To say nothing of such assets as school furniture, books, horses, carriages, boats and other implements or materials, we may mention that Central Park alone is valued at \$300,000,000; the real estate belonging to the Croton Aqueduct system outside the city at \$100,000,000, and that of the Brooklyn water-system at \$25,000,000. The total value of the city's holdings is put at \$815,000,000. These figures invite comparison with those of the largest railway companies, and indicate the importance of the municipality, considered merely as a really-owning corporation. In view of the fact that the next administration will have the power to add \$100,000,000 to the city's debt, it seems incredible that the taxpayers will deliberately sanction a return to Tammany methods, that Tammany Hall looks forward to the outcome of the election with much less confidence than it evinced some months ago in evident from its exhibition of a willingness to take advice from Brooklyn and from the revival of the suggestion that Mr. E. M. Shepard will be re-nominated.

It is well known that Tammany Hall would not have nominated Mr. Shepard in 1901 unless it had believed itself to be in a desperate position. The Tammany leaders were well aware two years ago that Mr. Shepard would no more had himself to an improper use of official opportunities than would Mr. Low, but they hoped that, with the former's name at the head of their ticket, they might be able to fill the minor offices with their candidates. Nothing could be better for the metropolitan community than to have Mr. Shepard and Mr. Low again pitted against one another, for then, no matter which should win, the municipal treasury would be safeguarded against robbery. It now looks as if Mr. Shepard would prove to be the only nominee with whom Tammany Hall would have some prospect of success. Nobody believes that Mr. Coker could now poll for Mayor anything like the vote that he polled in the city last year for Governor. Mr. Shepard, it will be remembered, was beaten by Mr. Low in 1901 by less than 6000 in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx; by less than 28,000 in the borough of Brooklyn, and less than 770 in the borough of Richmond, while he beat Mr. Low in the borough of Queens by about 550. The question, obviously, is this. Is Mr. Low, as against Mr. Shepard, weaker by 32,000 votes to-day than he was two years ago? In other words, would 16,000 voters, who supported Mr. Low in 1901, now cast their ballots for Mr. Shepard? We are inclined to think that this question must be answered in the affirmative. Although we are by no means disposed to exaggerate the extent of the defection from the fusion movement imputed to German-Americans, we imagine that it considerably exceeds 16,000 votes. We doubt, however, whether Tammany Hall could win with any candidate except Mr. Shepard. Why, it may be asked, should a man of high character and great abilities accept a Tammany nomination for the Mayoralty, even if it carried with it a promise of success? We answer that if Mr. Shepard should be elected Mayor this year, he would be certain of securing the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1904 or 1908, and, if elected, he could count upon securing the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1908. That is a prize which might well dazzle the eyes of one who, even at the date last-mentioned, would still be in the prime of life. We add that, on good authority, it is alleged that two years ago Mr. Shepard received the promise of the Tammany nomination for Mayor in 1903 should he fail to be elected on the first trial.

Mr. Titus Sheard, of Little Falls, New York, who beat Mr. Roosevelt for the Speakership of the Albany Assembly nineteen years ago, and who recently made a visit to Oyster Bay, says in an interview that this President is much concerned about the political situation in his own State. This is not surprising when we recall the fact that Mr. Odell was elected Governor last year by less than 3000 plurality, or less than half as large a plurality as Mr. Roosevelt received when running for the same office in 1898. It should, at the same time, be noted that Mr. Odell polled more votes in 1902 than Mr. Roosevelt did in 1898, the figures being 665,150 against 664,707. Curious too, the Socialist-Labor party polled a larger vote by about 8000 against Roosevelt than it did against Odell. Next year, we presume, that Roosevelt will get nearly all of the Socialist-Labor vote in the State of New York, provided he is opposed by a conservative Democrat. A Socialist would be successful if he did not support the appointer of the anthracite-strike commission. Nevertheless, there is something ominous in the returns for 1900 and 1902. In 1896, Mr. McKinley obtained in the State of New York 819,238 votes, and four years later, 821,992. As in 1900, Mr. Bryan received 678,386 votes, it is tolerably clear that at least two-thirds of the McKinley plurality of 143,000 was cast by Gold Democrats. Mr. Roosevelt knows that he will not have a single supporter among the Gold Democrats of his native State, provided Mr. Bryan's friends shall prove unable to frame the platform, or dictate the candidate in the next Democratic national convention. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Mr. Roosevelt should have permitted Mr. Sheard to see that he felt uneasy about the outcome in New York of the 1904 election.

Mr. Sheard thinks that the Democrats will never again be able to roll up a vote in New York city equal to that given to Mr. Coker in 1902. We hold, on the contrary, that not only

some Democrats, but many Republicans, who refrained from voting last year are likely to cast their ballots for the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1894, provided he is not a Bryanite. There is no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt is popular in the Far West, but he is even less popular in his native State to-day than he was in 1893, when the islands of San Juan Hill and Las Gansinas were fresh. Mr. Sheard admitted that Judge Parker, who, it may be remembered, carried the State in 1897 by a plurality of 60,889—this, too, only twelve months after McKinley had swept the State with a plurality of 293,460—would make a stronger run in the up-State districts against Mr. Roosevelt than any other man the Democrats could put up. He thought, however, that Judge Parker's gain in those districts would be more than offset by Mr. Roosevelt's gain in New York city. We repeat that we can see no reason for assuming that Mr. Roosevelt is any stronger in the city of New York to-day than he was five years ago. On the contrary, we believe him to be materially weaker, notwithstanding the effect of the anthracite-strike commission on the labor vote.

Americans have taken so lively an interest during the last quarter of a century in Ireland's struggle for home rule that they have viewed with not a little satisfaction the passage of the Land Purchase bill by the House of Commons, and the prospect of its acceptance without further amendments by the House of Lords. It will be remembered that in June, 1886, Mr. Gladstone coupled his first Home Rule bill with a Land Purchase bill, thus recognizing that in Ireland the political question was inseparably associated with an agrarian problem. It will also be remembered that all of Mr. Gladstone's attempts to deal with the political question failed, and that the only political concession obtained by Ireland in a quarter of a century came from a Unionist government. We refer, of course, to the delegation of considerable powers of local self-government to county and district councils. The agrarian problem, on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone was permitted to try to solve—first, tentatively in 1870, and then more trenchantly in 1881. The establishment in the year last named of the principle of the three F's and the creation of land courts for the purpose of rent-revision, formed undoubtedly a landmark against rack-renting; but such measures did not go to the root of the matter, for while, on the one hand, they embittered the landlords by lowering rents, they still left the peasants in the status of tenants, liable to eviction under certain circumstances. On the contrary, the bill introduced by Mr. Wyndham, and, after some amendments, accepted by the Irish Parliamentary party, contemplates nothing less than the abolition of all Irish landlords, and the transformation of Irish tenants into peasant proprietors.

It is a mistake to imagine that anything of the kind was effected by the French Revolution. It is now well known that peasant proprietorship had become widespread in France under the *ancien régime*, and that the sole agrarian effect of the revolution was to place the lands of the clergy and of the outlawed nobles on sale to the highest bidder. Those peasants who had saved money could invest it in the lands thus put upon the market, if they chose; but otherwise their status was unchanged. The only true parallel to the agrarian revolution planned by Mr. Wyndham was effected by the ukase of Alexander II., which not only freed the Russian serfs, but made them collectively owners of the lands previously tilled by the commune. That is to say, the land previously owned by an individual proprietor, but cultivated by a given commune, became thenceforth the property of the peasants constituting that commune. The landowner was to be indemnified partly by a free gift from the Czar, and partly by payments to be made in instalments by the communal authorities. This, it will be observed, is practically the course to be pursued in Ireland. The Imperial government makes a free gift of sixty million dollars, and lends in addition \$500,000,000 to be used repaid by the peasants, converted, it is to be noted, into absolute owners of the fee, but into tenants of the government. It is obvious that this precaution is taken to prevent subdivision, which would result in the quick creation of a new and worse race of landlords.

When Cassius Marcellus Clay died the other day at his country-seat, Whitehall, there were but few living who could recall the admiration with which even slaveholders beheld the stand which he maintained for more than twenty years in the heart of the proslavery section of Kentucky. Clay, like John C. Calhoun, went to Yale College; but went home a convert to antislavery opinions, having been brought to abjure the sentiments of his family and fellow citizens by a speech which he heard delivered by Garrison. Of all the latter's disciples, Clay was the most illustrious, for he alone took his life in his hand when he presented the opinions of his master. Clay said, when he returned from New Haven to Kentucky, that he meant to give slavery a fight for its life, and there is no doubt that he kept his word. We do not remember how many duels he fought, how many assassins he killed or maimed, how many wounds he received, and how many scars he bore up to the day of his death. But this we do know, that nothing approaching the gallantry exhibited by Cassius Marcellus Clay for upwards of twenty years has ever been equalled or even approached in American history. It should be borne in mind that there was nobody to cheer him on. It redounds greatly to the credit of Kentucky slaveholders that eventually their admiration for unparalleled courage got the better of their detestation for antislavery principles, so that they permitted Cassius M. Clay to do and say what he would. For more than twenty years he was the only man south of the Ohio River who enjoyed absolute freedom of speech.

The Male Beauty Show at Vienna was an inglorious fiasco. Nobody but admiring relatives and friends would go to inspect the collection. It is painful to see our patriarchal brethren of the press draw a false moral from that spurned beauty. For the consolation of the ugly, the "deprived," as the Italians say, these undubitably handsome modelists tell us that beauty is only skin-deep, and that divers great men have been humely enough to stop the Strasburg clock:

What is the blooming tincture of the skin  
To peace of soul and harmony within?

What a sweet satisfaction and compensation it is to feel that those of us who are not handsome are full of other goodness or brains! But the real reason why the Vienna exhibition of Prince Charmings did not draw is that handsome men are so common, that a Congress of Handsome Men stirs no more interest than a Congress of Jerseymen would, whereas a Congress of Homely Men would "positively turn money from the door." The sobriety of men's dress marks their sense of their sufficient beauty. They know they need to adornment. The enthusiasts who introduced this summer a radiant coat, a sort of Japanese kimono, all fringe and picture, have found no welcome. Men are too splendid to wear splendid clothes.

What is the most virtuous place in the world? Ashbury Park fell from grace long ago. It was not worthy of Founder Bradley. Vineland, another Jersey isle of bliss amidst the beating of the sinful sea, is perfect no more. Chelsea is dead no longer. Manhattan was truly good only in the citizenship of Captain O'Reilly and Captain Chapman. But that earthly paradise can be found. It has been found. John Alexander Dowie, alias "Elijah the Restorer," has found it. In a discourse at Zion City, the other Sunday, he told this affecting anecdote: "A man said the other day that he was not swearing at a person, but at a piece of pipe. I said, 'You cannot swear at a water-pipe in Zion City. You cannot swear at anything.'" You cannot swear at all in Zion City. You cannot fire off crackers in Zion City on the Fourth of July. If there is any noise to be made there, Mr. Dowie will make it himself. Zion City is not only the Dowie capital, but it is the Capital of Virtue. It seems a pity that "reporters from the Devil's papers in Chicago" are not allowed to linger in that happy spot. Mr. Dowie says that if any of them dare to show themselves there, they will "be invited to leave very quickly; for they are impudent liars and spiritually lined descendants of the impudent thief." At least they might learn in Zion City not to swear. Besides, in "conversing" and accepting a famous epigram of Daniel O'Connell on Di-reck, Mr. Dowie shows himself to be an impudent borrower.

## The Omens of War in the Far East

AMERICANS will be keenly interested in the outcome of the war between Japan and Russia, concerning the imminence of which there is now but very little doubt among well-informed observers. We shall be interested, primarily, as purveyor of a large and constantly increasing quantity of commodities to Manchuria, which will be one of the scenes and one of the prizes of the contest; secondarily, as members of the white race, which, for the second time in seven centuries, will be pitted against the yellow race under imposing and pregnant circumstances. Which direction American sympathies will take depends upon the question whether commercial interests or ethnic interests are likely in the end to predominate. But considering the possible interplay of interests and affinities, we may pose to match the conditions under which the contest will take place.

We begin with the assumption that the war will be a duel between Japan and Russia. The assumption is favorable to the last-named power, because the cooperation of England would be far more beneficial to Japan than would that of France to Russia. That at the outset, at all events, the conflict will be a duel may be taken for granted, first, because the alliance between Japan and England binds the latter country to cooperation only in case the former should be attacked by two European powers at once; and, secondly, because France, owing to her present cordial relations with England, would not willingly enter upon a course which would necessarily convert England into an antagonist. Moreover, even if Russia should be beaten in the initial stages of a campaign, it is improbable that she would call upon France for support, inasmuch as she would thereby expose to Japan the assistance of England, and might thus bring France in the Far East. We are, therefore, quite justified in assuming that what we are likely to witness is a duel between the Mikado and the Czar. The latter's dominions stretch from the Baltic and the Vistula to Bering Straits, and the number of his subjects considerably exceeds a hundred millions. The Mikado's subjects are not half so numerous, and his possessions are, not only limited, but relatively so small that the population is seriously pressing on the means of subsistence. The fundamental cause of the approaching war is, in truth, the earth-hunger that compels the Japanese to attack Russia, which detour them from an outlet on the Asiatic mainland. As a result they must hence on look forward to prostrate starvation and ultimate extermination.

If we were to imagine that the outcome of wars is always determined by extent of territory and volume of population, we should be obliged to take the defeat of the Japanese for granted. But how, if we must accept such premises, could we explain the successful emergence of the Green Yeast War, or the repeated triumphs of the French Republic against European coalitions? The truth, of course, is that success in war—given equal bravery, equal training, and equal military skill on both sides—depends on the ability of a combatant to concentrate a larger force at an important strategic point, and at the right moment. To this end geographical propinquity, or command of the sea, or both, are useful, if not indispensable. From both points of view Japan will enter upon the contest with a marked advantage over her antagonist. Truly the narrow Strait of Shimozuki separates one of her most densely peopled islands from the Korean peninsula. Even if Russia should acquire a nominal command of the sea, it would be impracticable for her—with naval stations so remote from one another as are Vladivostok and Port Arthur, to prevent the landing or the reinforcing of a Japanese army in Korea. Nobody believes, however, that Russia will acquire control of the sea. That the Japanese navy is stronger than the Russian in Far Eastern waters is acknowledged by the Russians themselves. The latter, we are told, have no intention of provoking a naval conflict on a large scale, but will confine themselves to a use of their war-ships for defensive purposes. It follows that Japan can throw whatever force she likes into Korea, or, for that matter, into the Liaotung peninsula, on the flank of Dalny and Port Arthur; destroy the Manchurian branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and thus cut off the Russian troops from communication with their far-flung base, whereas the maritime communication with Japan will remain uninterrupted. It is needless to say that the Russian commanders are counting upon such a move on the part of the Mikado's generals, and admit that, owing to their weakness in sea power, they could not prevent it. Consequently, they have collected in Manchuria, and especially in the Liaotung peninsula, a large force of the best Russian soldiers, numbering, it is said, considerably more than one hundred thousand men, besides food supplies and material of war sufficient for at least a two years' struggle. The Russian generals assume, moreover, that they could win a brief war, if they believe themselves capable of beating their Japanese opponents with the greatest facility on land. They are probably wrong, however, in supposing that the Japanese will be discouraged by two or three initial defeats. The Mikado's subjects are so thoroughly alive to the knowledge that their national life or death will hinge upon the struggle—that they may be relied upon to fight with desper-

ation. They consider, moreover, it must be remembered, that the Liaotung peninsula is their rightful property, fairly gained in war, and that they were robbed of it by Russia when that power, acting in conjunction with France and Germany, compelled them to retrocede it to China in return for an additional money indemnity. The retrocession was, of course, a trick, for, secretly had it been made, when China was forced to leave Port Arthur and the adjacent territory in the Czar's hands.

If Russia succeed in retaining Manchuria at the cost of a long and exhausting war with Japan, she will undoubtedly prove to be a formal incorporation of that region with her empire. Once incorporated, it will become subject to the general customs laws of Russia, unless a special tariff regime shall be applied to the new acquisition. The right of importation will be managed by the St. Petersburg government to the United States. It is improbable that Manchuria would be exempt from the operation of a tariff applicable to the rest of Russia, or that such exemption, if granted for a moment, would be permanent. On the other hand, if Russia should be beaten by Japan, and expelled from Manchuria, that region would undoubtedly become a part of the Mikado's dominions, and, thereafter, American exporters would enjoy therein precisely the same facilities of access which they now have in the Japanese islands. There is no doubt that, at present, it is easier for the products of American factories to enter Japan than to enter Russia. This facility will last no longer, however, than the inability of Japanese manufacturers to compete with Western rivals. So far, then, as our commercial interests are concerned, they might be temporarily furthered by the triumph of Japan, but it is doubtful whether they would be promoted for any considerable period.

We now turn to the grave question of ethnical affinities, the question whether it is wise to connive by passivity at a victory of the yellow over the white race. The English people are already prepared to acquiesce in such connivance; indeed, Great Britain, as we have pointed out, has even to take, not merely a passive, but an active, part on the side of Japan, should the last-named country be assailed by more than a single power. It is obvious that by this agreement the English have entirely abandoned every semblance of sympathy on the score of race. Are Americans ready to follow their example? We do not mean, of course, to inquire whether, under any probable circumstances, we could be induced to render any assistance in the way of arms to the Japanese against the Russians. That question would be promptly answered in the negative. Are we even sure that we ought to wish the Japanese success? Have we weighed the consequences of a demonstration that Japan is stronger than Russia both on land and sea, so far as the Far East is concerned? Would not the probable effect of such a demonstration be the outmodation of the yellow race under the leadership of the Mikado? Should we not be likely to witness an expulsion of the discredited Manchus and the installation of a Japanese dynasty at Peking, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the active Chinese? Would not Japanese officers be able to prevent and example quickly to develop the vast latent resources of the Middle Kingdom, and to utilize them for military purposes? Is it not conceivable that, under such circumstances, the yellow race might be encouraged to attempt once more that conquest of Europe which was but half-performed by Attila in the fifth, and by the descendants of Genghis Khan in the thirteenth century? Would not the experiment be this time made under conditions far more auspicious? And is it not probable that the Moslem armies, drilled and offered by the Japanese, would find efficient white comrades just as the host of Attila included the Ostrogoths? If Englishmen are now disposed to side with the Japanese against their Aryan brethren, the subjects of the white Czar, is it likely that heretofore Germans or Frenchmen or Italians would prove less willing to sacrifice racial affinities to commercial interests? These are questions that we ought to ponder and decide before we too hastily determine to give even our sympathies to Japan in her impending war with Russia.

## The Future of the Catholic Church

When these lines meet the reader's eye it is possible that the successor of Leo XIII. will have been chosen, for some days will have elapsed since the doors of the Vatican were locked upon the cardinals. Many well-informed persons believe that the cardinal Mealy will be short one,—perhaps as short as that of 1878, when Cardinal Pecci was elected on the third ballot. At this distance it is idle to speculate on the outcome of the papal election. It may, of course, be expected that the decision of the Sacred College will be swayed by the wishes which have been exhibited on similar occasions during the last hundred years. Experience has shown, however, that even should a mistake be made it will have no permanent effect upon the fortunes of the Catholic Church.

If we except the odious record of Pharaonic rule in Egypt, which itself was repeatedly interrupted by the intrusion of foreign dynasties, the papacy has proved the most inflexible of human

institutions. It survived the transfer of the capital of the Roman Empire to Constantinople. It survived the Arian heresy which at one time infected all of the barbarian conquerors of the West except the Franks. It survived the kingdom of the heretic Ostrogoth Theodoric, the reconquest of Italy by the Byzantines, and the long dominations of the Lombards in the peninsula. The revival of the Roman Empire in the West under Charlemagne the Great strengthened, instead of extinguished, the papacy. It survived the collapse of the Carolingian Empire, the invasion of Italy by the Saracens, and the successive onslaughts of Magyars and Mongols upon Central Europe. With might but spiritual weapons at their disposal, the bishops of Rome withstood for centuries the tremendous military power of the emperors, and they brought to their knees such material representatives of imperial power as Henry IV, Barbarossa, and Frederick II. In the fourteenth century the papacy was threatened with the disruptive and disintegrating effect of transplantation and seclusion, yet it survived the Italian captivity of seventy years at Avignon and the subsequent rivalry of two popes, and, for a time, of three popes, for the affliction of Christendom. It succeeded in paying the homage aimed at it by Luther, by Zwingle, and by Calvin, for, although England and Scotland, Sweden and Denmark, the northern provinces of the Netherlands and a large part of Germany were imperially lost, Catholicism succeeded, by means of the Counter-Reformation, in regaining a firm hold on all the rest of Central and Western Europe. It was to witkinds triumphantly an even severer test of its vitality; for, although the French Revolution sought to destroy the Catholic Church property wherever French arms or influence could reach, by an occupation of the Eternal City, and by the imprisonment of Pope Pius VII, that pontiff lived to witness the downfall of the Napoleonic Empire, and the re-establishment of the States of the Church. In 1847 Pius IX. was compelled to flee from Rome to Gaeta, but he was presently restored, and continued to exercise the temporal powers for upwards of twenty years. To one familiar with the extraordinary history of the papacy, as every cardinal must be, there is nothing appalling or even formidable in the existing ascendancy of the civil power in Italy. The Bishop of Rome has less to fear from Victor Emmanuel III. than he had from Theodoric, from the Lombards, from the German Emperors, or from Napoleon I. There is, in the nature of things, no reason to suppose that the head of the House of Savoy, who has throughout a large part of Christendom public opinion sees in the Catholic Church a beneficent agency, and accepts the plea that for an effective exercise of his functions the Pope needs political independence. It may be said that seldom, if ever, have the spiritual functions of the papacy been more efficiently discharged than they were by Leo XIII., although he, like his predecessor, called himself a prisoner in the Vatican. The truth, of course, is that he never was a prisoner in any odious sense of the word, but his freedom from physical and moral restraint was due to no lack of power on the part of the Quirinal, but in the sagacious self-control exhibited by its three successive occupants, and to the excessive vigilance and deference with which the currents of opinion in Catholic Europe were watched and headed by Victor Emmanuel II., by Humbert I., and by the present ruler. What guarantee does the ignominy of the Vatican possess that the successor of Victor Emmanuel III. will not be an infidel or a degenerate? What assurance has he that an outbreak of spite or violence on the part of the civil power in Italy might not be coincident with such a state of disturbance in Europe as would preclude the hope of success from any Catholic or friendly power? To say that the exercise of the papal functions does not require political independence seems, from the view point of pious Catholics, to be unreasonable, because it neglects the experience of fifteen hundred years, to which no real exception is presented by the wisdom and self-restraint temporarily evinced by the House of Savoy, which itself is in a precarious condition.

Even to Protestant and secular onlookers, who contrast the increase of papal prestige during the last quarter of a century with the simultaneous decline of the Italian monarchy in popular esteem, the recovery of a portion at least of the temporal power has ceased to seem chimerical. Meanwhile, it is becoming more and more patent with every year that the retention of power by the Savoyard dynasty hinges on the maintenance of a respectful attitude toward the Catholic Church. Public opinion not only England, would not now permit Victor Emmanuel III. to do what his grandfather might have done with impunity. The slightest attempt at the present time to exert coercion upon the Vatican would provoke a widespread resentment that might be fatal to the stability of the Italian monarchy. It would then be said that

the House of Savoy had been tried in the balance and found wanting, that the coexistence of a King and a Pope in the same city had proved impracticable, and that the peace of Christendom demanded a renunciation of temporal sovereignty to the papacy. That is one of the events to which some Catholics look forward, and it is likely to take place, unless the prudence and discretion thus far shown by the Quirinal shall be continued for many generations.

In the mean time, there is ground for thinking that the disposition of civilized mankind to desire the upholding of Catholicism as a force coexistent with the commonwealth is likely to wax rather than to wane. From both a religious and an economic point of view the Catholic Church is coming to be regarded as the keel-ancher of society. Where else is there to be found a rare part against scepticism on the one hand and against socialism on the other? We are not among those who expect that the twentieth century will witness a reabsorption by Catholicism of many, if any, of the Protestant sects that seceded from it some four hundred years ago. It is quite possible that individual members of the High Church wing of the Anglican communion may be increasing in number so over to the Church of Rome. It is also possible that like apostolic conventions may take place in those Continental countries in which Episcopal hierarchies were established by the Lutherans. The Anglican and Lutheran bodies, however, will no doubt retain for a long period their separate organizations, and this may be predicted with an even closer approach to certainty of the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and other minor Protestant sects. But while an reunion on a considerable scale is probable, there will be evolved a tolerance, and even a sympathy, for Catholicism of which in Protestant countries there was not trace a hundred years ago.

Of the growth of such tolerance and sympathy we see everywhere impressive evidences. They are as visible in England, and even in Scotland, as they are in Prussia, Denmark, and Holland, and they are nowhere more conspicuous than they are in the United States. As we have formerly pointed out, an attempt at this time to raise the "No Popery" cry in England would simply provoke derision, and only a lunatic would try to revive to-day the anti-Catholic "Know Nothing" party that was for an hour so powerful half a century ago. The Catholic Church is now regarded by statesmen and political economists in Protestant countries as a useful if not indispensable conductor in the work of upholding the existing order. The intractableness of such an alliance was so clearly recognized by Karl Marx that he made the repudiation of Catholicism a cardinal tenet of the Socialist creed. His injunction has been heeded in both Germany and France; and, by a natural counter-movement, all the conservative forces of society are beginning to occupy a friendly position toward the Catholic Church. In view of this new alignment of forces, the papacy is justified in looking forward with equanimity, if not with confidence, to the possible vicissitudes of the twentieth century.

## General Wood's Promotion

THESE were reasons why President Roosevelt would have chosen Leonard Wood to be a major-general. We all recall how, when the Spanish war came on, Wood, an assistant surgeon in the army, and family physician to President McKinley, became colonel of Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders. The two men were already intimate friends, and worked together in extra harmony. When Wood was promoted to be brigadier-general of volunteers, Roosevelt succeeded him as colonel of the Rough Riders. Out of the army with which he developed the possibilities of that position, adding an astonishing military indorsement to a civil reputation already widely known, came his nomination to be Governor of New York. On that followed the Vice-Presidency. Naturally, therefore, President Roosevelt may feel that Wood, in his course and coworker in the Rough Rider enterprise, helped more than any other one man to bring him to the place he now holds and the powers he now administers. It is natural enough, then, that he should feel that he owes in General Wood any good turn he can do him.

But it so happens that General Wood was a great favorite of President McKinley, who saw him promoted to be successively brigadier-general and major-general of volunteers, appointed him brigadier-general in the regular army, and chose him to be the military ruler of Cuba. Assuming General Wood's services as an administrator to have been quite as valuable as his friends think, they were so amply rewarded by promotion, that until now President Roosevelt has had no opportunity to give him a substantial lift. With the retirement of General Miles and Duff and the change came, and the President has made his friend a major-general.

It is true that Generals Sumner and Wood, who have been promoted, were at the top of the list of the brigadier-generals. That Wood, but it does not make his appointment a good one. There are but six major-generals on the active list. Five of them, and



the present lieutenant-general also, will be retired before or during the year 1909, so that in six years General Wood, if he lives, will be senior major-general, and first in line of promotion to be lieutenant-general. He will not himself reach the retiring age until 1924, so that if his appointment is confirmed by the Senate, he may hope to serve for twenty-one years either as major-general or as a still higher grade.

Now we do not doubt that General Wood is an able man, with charm of manner and other ingratiating traits, but what has he done to deserve this high military rank, or to qualify himself for the duties which it involves? His service as an army surgeon made him so far familiar with military life and methods that when he was appointed colonel of volunteers he was doubtless much better qualified for the place than were most militia officers or civil appointees. But in the colored of volunteers is one thing, and to be a major-general in the regular army with twenty years to serve is very much another. A major-general is not alone a lieutenant-general—should be of proved abilities as a fighting man; but not for any considerable service as a fighting man has General Wood's successive promotions come. He certainly has not fought his way up; it is disputed whether he has even worked his way up. Men well qualified to form an opinion insist that by the favor of the late President he was passed rapidly over the heads of many officers whose qualifications were superior to his and their services much more distinguished. "Well, then," say the protestants, "turn about is fair play. General Wood was jumped over the heads of more deserving men. Why not now have a comparison of recent records? Why should not such officers as Franklin Bell, Tucker H. Sims, Joseph P. Sanger, Thomas H. Barry, E. J. McFarland, James S. Petrus, E. Nelson Hazard, Dr. L. La Garde, O. H. Ernst, W. M. Hark, O. W. Goethals, John Biddle, Crozier, Bereng, Eber, and Grebe, all of whom are in the staff corps, be considered now for promotion on their merits over the head of General Wood? Every one of them is a better soldier than he, and their careers do not begin to exhaust the list. Bell was better administrator than he, and did far more important administrative work in Cuba. Bell is incomparably his superior as a soldier. If it was fair to jump him over the heads of such men two or three years ago, why not jump some of them over his head now?"

In our opinion, the point so stated is well taken. General Wood was amply rewarded for his services by the late President. If President Roosevelt's relations with him are so peculiarly close that he could not bring himself to deny him this present promotion, the Senate ought to concern itself vigilantly in the matter, and devise to confirm the appointment unless it shall appear that there were better reasons for making it than the personal testimony of the appointing two successive Presidents.

There are highly important offices which the President might give to such a man as General Wood without exciting criticism of importance, but a major-generalship in the army is not one of them. That ought to go to an officer of thorough military training and distinguished record. That it should go to an officer whose career as a fighting man began no more than five years ago, and whose military record, though creditable, is brilliant only in its rewards, cannot but be exceedingly discouraging and demoralizing to the faithful officers of the army. It is a shock to discipline, and it comes, seriously enough, from a President whose interest in the army has been active and intelligent beyond what is common, and under whose administration and with his help great progress has been made in making the army an efficient machine. It was not characteristic of President Roosevelt to give a major-generalship to a man who had not earned it. We must conclude that in General Wood's case either the personal motives for making the appointment were so peculiarly strong as to overcome some sense of fitness, or that his opinion of the value of General Wood's services and of his military abilities is exceedingly high. The readily lies with the Senate, which should not fail, and, we think, will not fail, to examine carefully into General Wood's qualifications and military record, and decline to confirm the appointment if it shall prove to be impudent and undeserved.

### Women and Music

As cradles and industries German has recently compiled a list of almost 1000 women composers who have from time to time published music of their own composition. We have gone over Herr Ebel's list with scrupulous care and the keenest interest, and out of the 1000 names, garnered from several centuries and many nationalities, we have abstracted those of a dozen women composers who have achieved a certain measure of recognition in the practice of their art: of those other 988—and Herr Ebel has listed the names only of those whose work is definitely known and recorded—fame and the living world know nothing. Here is an extraordinary, a fascinating problem: How comes it that during four centuries—from the time, roughly speaking, of

Palestrina, in the present day,—only twelve women have made their mark upon the history of creative music, and that not one even of these twelve has accomplished anything approaching first-rate excellence? The fact is, of course, indisputable: musical history has known no feminine Bach, or Wagner, or Schubert, nor even a feminine Dvořák or Purcell. Women have wrought admirably, at times incomparably, in letters, and in painting they have worked to honorable ends; but what woman has written music that is to be mentioned in the same breath with the work of George Eliot, of Christina Rossetti, of the Brontës, of Rosa Bonheur, of Alice Meynell, and Flora MacLeod? Surely not Clara Schumann, nor Ingelborg von Bismarck, nor Angèle Holmb, nor the inimitably superior Chopinette, nor Liza Lehmann, nor those accomplished and earnest Americans, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang—to name those among the most eminent who came first to mind.

It has been urged, and doubtless will be urged again, that the woman composer has had, as yet, scarcely a fair chance to prove her mettle: but it must be conceded that she has had at least equal opportunities with her sisters in literature and art. Certainly there are no insurmountable obstacles in her path; for only the other day Miss Kibby Smyth composed the amazing feat of achieving the production of her music-drama, "Der Wald," on the urgent and ineluctable advice of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York—work to mention her previous creative work in Great Garden, London, and, before that, of an operatic stronghold in Berlin. One is, finally, then, confronted with the question: Is woman incapable of great creative achievement in this most sensitive, plastic, and emotional of the arts—the art of all others in which she would suppose, she might most bravely try to excel? Surely, there is everything to warrant the conviction that she is. Mr. Havivsek Ellis, a thoughtful and acute psychologist, endorses the view that Mr. G. P. Upton takes of the matter in his *Woman and Music*. Conceding, says Mr. Upton, that music is the most intense and potent medium for the expression of the emotions, and that women is emotional by nature, "is it not an exhibition of the problem that woman does not suddenly repudiate them, because she herself is emotional by temperament and nature, and cannot project herself outwardly? . . . The emotion is a part of herself, and is as natural to her as breathing. She lives in emotion, and acts from emotion; . . . but to treat emotions as if they were mathematics, to bind and measure and limit them within the rigid laws of harmony and counterpoint, and to express them with arbitrary signs, is a cold-blooded operation possible only to the sternest and most odorous nature of man."—All of which, to our mind, is exceedingly convincing and explanatory. Mr. W. B. Frazer, who is as subtle in criticism as he is accomplished in poetry, has written somewhere what seems to us a truly felicitous defect in woman's practice of the art:—"A sitting incoherence," he calls it,—"a stifling drying out of the sense, as most needs be when life is the master and not the slave of the singer." There is, we believe, the fatal disaffection; so long as woman's emotional relation to life is that of the slave rather than the master, so long will her creative work in that art which is pre-occupied, above all things, with emotional utterance, be inferior and ineffectual.

### Dublin University and the Irish Land Bill

UNTIL the very end of the committee stage it was all plain sailing for the Irish Land Purchase Bill, with a fair wind and a clear sky. Towards the close of the long debate, a storm suddenly arose; turmoil and strife took the place of peace and unity, and threats were bandied back and forward between the Tory promoters of the bill and their Irish allies. The cause of this sudden outbreak of bitterness was that venerable institution Trinity College, which has stood as a rock through more than three centuries of fierce turmoil in Ireland, and during all that period has consistently stood for a single principle, a single ideal. Founded by Queen Elizabeth on lands confiscated by her from the Irish "rebels" who resisted the Tudor policy of spoliation, Trinity College was further greatly enriched by the Stuarts, who pursued the same policy of confiscation; subsequent rights extended the same principle, until at the present day Trinity College is the owner and landlord of more than two hundred thousand acres of land, from which she draws a yearly revenue of about two hundred thousand dollars, the most considerable element of her wealth. It is perfectly evident that a holding like this forms an extremely important factor in the general redemption of Irish land, and the matter is complicated by many vexatious factors, such as political, legal, and religious.

For generations, Trinity College has been the stronghold of the English garrison, the Protestant ascendancy party of the Tory landlords, and at Trinity College their sons have received an education colored altogether by the narrowest parish spirit, and fitting them to carry out the policy of English and Protestant domination over the Irish Catholics, who for more than a century

had no civil rights at all, and whose form of worship was rigorously persecuted, the same price being set on a wolf and a Catholic priest. Trinity College has always been a hotbed of that class spirit and religious intolerance which have been responsible for so many of the evils of Ireland's history.

It is easily intelligible, therefore, that the Irish Nationalists cannot easily accept a proposition to levy further contributions on the resources of Ireland in the interests of Trinity College, especially when these proposals are open to the gravest objection on quite different grounds. The question arose in the following way: Trinity College does not deal directly with the cultivators of her lands, just as (twice a year) the landowners do not deal directly with the taxpayer. Each creates a class of middlemen, who pay a certain fixed amount, in return for the right to squeeze what they can from the wretched peasant who actually tills the soil. The Trinity College middlemen made an excellent thing of it for centuries; they found their business so profitable that they finally entered into a bargain in perpetuity, promising to pay a fixed sum to Trinity College until the crack of doom, and extracting as much more from the wretched peasant as the peasant could pay without dying of starvation. The middlemen thought they had done a shrewd thing and made an excellent bargain. And so they had, until the days of the land agitation came, bringing in their wake the land courts, which not only fixed the amount the middlemen could extract from the tenant, but further, on two subsequent occasions, when that amount, well the need of starvation began to have a new and illuminating meaning to the hitherto happy middleman, and took on a personal application which was dire and menacing to a degree. For he was held in the vice of the perpetual lease, and had to go on paying a fixed amount to Trinity College, while his own receipts, already greatly diminished, were threatened with further luminous diminutions.

The land-purchaser bill now enables the cultivators to redeem the land they have been tilling, and they will presently become full owners of the soil. But the middleman is still in the grip of Trinity College, and will have to buy his liberty at a pretty stiff price, amounting to practically every penny of the peasant's redemption. No one, however, seeks to compensate the wretched middleman, but the feelings of Trinity College are to be carefully safeguarded. To accomplish this, Mr. Wyndham has set aside twenty-five thousand dollars yearly to safeguard Trinity College against any possible loss which may be involved by the removal of the middleman, so that whoever suffers, Trinity College stands to win.

The twenty-five thousand dollars a year was secured in a way which added fuel to the flames. There is a general fund "for the development of Ireland," which is raised from Irish taxes. On this fund the Government has set aside twenty-five thousand dollars has been laid out, not for the development of Ireland at all, but for the promotion of sectarian education amid the narrowest and most bigoted traditions, in an institution which has always been anti-national in an exaggerated degree. It is, therefore, easy to see why the Irish members resisted both the matter and the manner of this grant, with a vehemence which threatened to break the Tory alliance in two.

## The Novelist in Politics

Ten MacMasters and McCarthys of the mid-twentieth century will record this as the age of novelists. The rising of the Third Estate has been chronicled so often enough. The Fourth Estate has celebrated itself more than once through the Fifth Estate now advances proudly in tally-ho and ten-thousand-dollar automobiles, to the sound of trumpets and typewriters. Nobody writes anything but novels. Nobody reads anything but novels. The world is the novelist. The schoolgirl and the sage, the captain of pantaloons and the strong man, are rejoicing in his strength and his gift secure—all ages, sexes, and sorts—pay willing homage and royalties to King Novel, and Grab Street is paved with gold.

Inevitably the novelist becomes the instructor and director of the public mind. He is literature, history, morals, the universal professor. He is the successor of our old friend the Moulter of Public Opinion. Since the summer of the intellectual throne, he is the real ruler of his age's consciousness.

This unofficial power of his might be dangerous and irresponsible. It is his duty to go into politics; to accept the office which stretches out supplicating hands to him; to be the actual, as well as the nominal, ruler. Fortunately, some American novelists have heard their political calling well. Mr. Booth Tarkington heard and obeyed. The Indiana Legislature was his trying-ground. He was "an

say. He was a good fellow. He was shrewd. He studied parliamentary law as diligently as if it were an Epithet out of which an historical novel were to be milked. His experience in disfigure fitted him for debate. In short, he took naturally the leadership which belonged, to a leading novelist, and his legislative bureau

are causing inconstancy among his brethren of the novel in Indiana. They yearn to follow where he has bravely led. Meanwhile he looks toward Washington, the House of Representatives, the Senate-Chamber, the White House. The world is all before him where to choose, and the Illinois long to choose him.

The good example soon bore fruit. Mr. Winston Churchill was elected a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, a body already consecrated to literature, dramatic literature, by the late Mr. Charles H. Hoyt. Only the other day Mr. Richard Harding Davis was "mentioned" as the fittest candidate for member of the General Court of Massachusetts from the town of Milton. Mr. Davis has waived away the promised honor in a modest letter. He has not left us, at all heart, is still true to New York. He will not give up his citizenship here. New York is a "pivotal" State. A novelist ambitious to be a pivotal politician will naturally settle in New York.

So Mr. Davis may yet take opportunity to study close at hand the Soldiers of Fortune in the Legislature. One after another, the novelists will take the position that belongs to them. The scholar in politics has not amounted to much. The novelist in politics has almost a closer frid and general favor. And novelists are never wearisome—in politics.

Mr. Roosevelt must be watching with eager sympathy this political progress of the novelists. While only a sporting writer and historian himself—and history is the maiden aunt of fiction—he may be said to be a character out of a novel, "Ivets and Spurs," perhaps, or "The Romance of a Rich Young Cowboy."

## The Artistic Temperament in Medicine

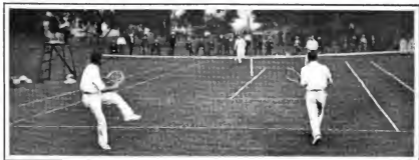
SOMEONE has recently raised the question as to whether the elderly doctor, with his queer, curt, stern manner, has really disappeared, or is merely superseded by a spirit of the new type who has learned to be polite among those of his patients from whom he may expect a good consideration for his services. Without going too deeply into particularities, it seems to me that the ethics of the profession have not merely improved, but have been actually regenerated. The artistic temperament can belong to a man of genius, but this is exceptionally the case, and nowhere more so than in the medical profession.

Of true geniuses in medicine there have been not a few, and by no means have all of these attained the distinction and received the honor of a Harvey or a Jenner, however worthy; but, like great men everywhere, they were characterized by that unconcern, that altruism, that lack of pretense, which demands no praise and has need of none. Such, by their modesty and sympathy for the weaknesses of mankind, have made the world a more habitable place and have set noble ideals for future generations.

False geniuses, like false prophets in general, have ever been plentiful among doctors, but it is needless to say that the profession, as a whole, has decried them and refused them recognition. Of such are the obstreperous and pretentious quacks who demand for themselves undeserved economies, and in matters involving standards of taste are absolutely incompetent. "Art for art's sake" forms no part of their creed, while selfishness and avarice produce the inevitable result—viz., a perfect lack of sympathy for the foibles of humanity and that disinterested to every mandate of conscience which only the absolutely bigoted and unscrupulous can obey.

The eccentric may be defined as an individual of average ability who derives his chief inspiration from his own self-glory. Consequently, he is entirely a self-centered person whose love of the conspicuous is manifest in long shaggy hair and English trousers of the greatest possible width and most impossible pattern. Whether known, but in any case the distinction, to his greatness is harmless enough, and so easily diagnosed as to be unworthy of serious attention.

The Old School seldom produced the scholar, and almost never produced the refined gentleman, and in this lies its chief distinctive mark and often abrupt in the point of insult, yet beneath it all lay the kindly spirit and the generosity beget by a life spent in the service of mankind. Some of us can remember the country doctor of long ago who, summoned at midnight to a severe case of pneumonia, let us say, would ride a dozen miles through mud and slush, upbraid his patient most unceremoniously, and then proceed to give the minutest directions to the attendants, with a have changed. The New School demands the best—now liberally understood in our universities, who can combine absolute firmness with unrequited politeness. The polished gentleman is coming into the ranks, and there is less occasion for the artistic temperament in medicine to-day than ever before. The entire question is one of encouragement in idiosyncrasy and of ignorance in matter of taste.



*George and R. D. Wrenn (on left) playing W. A. Larned and B. C. Wright in the Matches at Longwood*



*W. A. Larned, the National Champion, making a Fore-hand Stroke*



*H. S. Mahony, a Member of the English Team, who will compete in the International Matches*



*Edgewood F. and H. L. Doherty, the visiting English Champions, playing a Match Game*

### **THIS WEEK'S INTERNATIONAL TENNIS MATCHES**

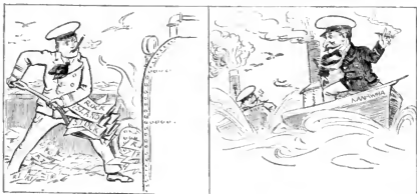
*The Doherty brothers, tennis champions of England, have come to America with H. S. Mahony, the first member of the team, to take part in the international tournament for the Duxbury Cup this week at Longwood, Massachusetts. They will play against the Wrenn brothers and W. A. Larned, who constitute the American team*

# Money to Burn

Snap Shots by our Artist, W. A. Rogers, of the Gordon Bennett Steam-Yacht Race off Newport



"Amoska" (H. H. Rogers) and "News" (W. D. Lunt) start, both confident. "Amoska" pulls ahead, and Lunt's yacht below with an idea of ...



Firing up with Rock Island stock, and ...

Forwards "News" gains, much to Rogers's dismay. Then ...

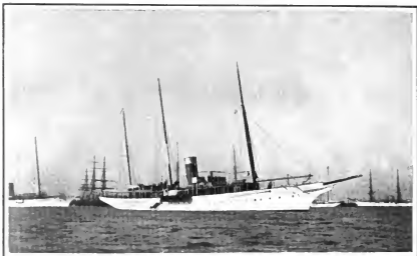


The Salt Stores buy and sell. Rogers tries Amalgamated Copper, common, but Lunt gains ahead with Rock Island, preferred.

Whereupon Rogers has a brilliant idea, and joins in Keweenaw, winning easily, "Amoska" still down.



*The "Kanawha" at the Finish Line*



*Mr. H. H. Rogers' "Kanawha," winner of the Lyellstrata Cup*



*The "Nema" crossing the Line at the Finish a mile and a half astern*

## THE "KANAWHA" WINS THE INTERNATIONAL CUP FOR STEAM-YACHTS

*The recent contest for the International Challenge Trophy, the Lyellstrata Cup, won by Mr. H. H. Rogers' "Kanawha," was the first race between steam-yachts that has been held in years. The race was over a triangular course of sixty miles off Newport. There were only two contestants—Mr. Rogers' "Kanawha" and Mr. W. B. Leeds' "Nema," two of the largest and fastest steam-yachts afloat. The "Kanawha" covered the course in 3 h. 3 m. 9 s., beating her rival by 4 m. 36 s.*

# England and Education

By Sydney Brooks

London, July 21, 1914.

"ENGLAND has a contempt for knowledge." That was the opinion which the late Bishop of London formed and expressed shortly before his death; and Dr. Pugh's law of "shoveled in" says that no man's experience could be thought wide enough to justify so grave and comprehensive an indictment, then his could. Like most English bishops, he began life as a schoolmaster; he was for many years a great teaching professor; he was also a historian who held his own with Froese, Lecky, Green, Freeman, and Gardiner; he had come into contact, more or less intimate, with thousands of young men; and from the high position to which he eventually climbed he looked abroad with keen, wide-seeing eyes. And that was the conclusion to which his busy and varied life had forced him—that the English despise knowledge, are intellectually lazy, trust for too completely to their "practical qualities," and betake themselves to scientific study "in a spirit of condescension."

There cannot be much question that the bishop was substantially right. Englishmen cannot, seemingly, be induced to regard education seriously. In Birmingham, they have made an earnest effort to build and run a thoroughly up-to-date technical university after the best American and German models. The proposal was put forward four or five years ago, just when the pressure of foreign competition was rousing the country to the necessity of scientific education. It was put forward in Birmingham, which in its godliness and public spirit is the Chicago of England. It was put forward also in the back-rooms of the most forceful personality in English public life, Mr. Chamberlain, in private and public letters, on the platform, and in personal interviews, expended the whole of his immense energy to get the project launched. Everything, therefore, was in his favor from the start. And yet, in spite of all this, the scheme might have fallen through altogether and it has not been for Mr. Carnegie, and even with Mr. Carnegie's help, the university is still considerably short of funds for building as well as teaching purposes. Could anything show more clearly that the English are not really in earnest about education, that it is still a cause to which they will pay life service, but for which they will not take off their coats?

The days seem to be gone forever when Englishmen honored themselves by endowing seats of learning. Many, perhaps most, of the great names of American industry are connected with the schools, colleges, and universities which their wise liberality has founded. But in England it is the rarest possible thing for a millionaire to redden education among the objects of his benevolence. To appeals from charitable and religious bodies his purse is always open, but the claims of education do not interest him. Even to Oxford and Cambridge, which are the pride of every Englishman, bequests and show his originality more freely than in remembering his Alma Mater in his will. It seems difficult to realize that Oxford can be in need of money; yet the fact is so. Money is wanted at Oxford for all the newer branches of study and for most of the old ones. The university knows as well as we that it is still superseded by a sufficient lecture course for a professor of physics was appointed by New College in 1900; he has to borrow rooms from his colleagues, a mineralogical reports that there is not at present any equipment for the study of the subject at Oxford. The department of mechanics is equally backward and it is a matter of recent official confession that "the scientific study of modern history cannot be presented in Oxford."

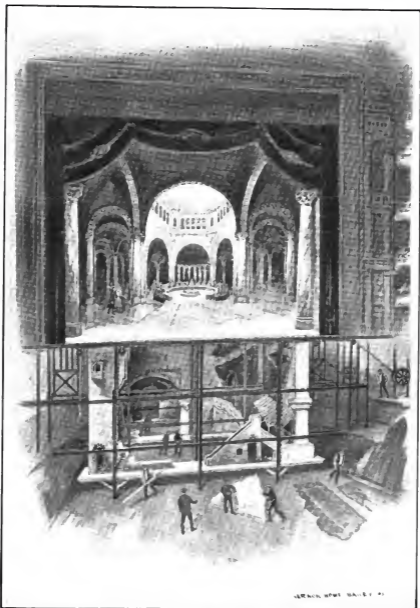
Nor does the State step into the gap left open by private indifference. It spends an enormous amount of money, but spends it unwisely. Education in England is free and compulsory, but the best English school school hardly reaches the standard of the average American or German public school. The whole system indeed is confused almost to the point of chaos—the universities based in an out-of-date curriculum, the middle schools on the basis-ground of theologians, secondary education starred or misapplied, and only such seminaries as Eton and Rugby to be pointed to as reflecting real credit on the country; and even they do far more to mould the characters than the needs of their pupils. Consider the Education Bill which has declined so passionately all through last year, and indeed right up to the moment of Mr. Chamberlain's "new departure." Hardly a man, in or out of the House, discussed it from the educational point of view. The debates raged round its alleged injustice to Dissenters, its alleged favoritism to the Church of England, and ended finally in what was neither more nor less than a sectarian brawl. Even now in many parts of the country there are Dissenters who are refusing to pay the new education rate, and prefer to sing hymns and chant psalms while the law-officers detain upon their goods. There will never be an educational system worthy of the name in England until Englishmen bring themselves to leave God out of the discussion.

Add to this sectarian narrowness the strong social conviction that education is something dangerous and confusing. If Englishmen are not in earnest about education, English women are even less so. It complicates the great servant problem; in fact it has already done so; the cook "has ideas above her station"; the housemaid no longer "knows her place"; the waiter is a great deal too "independent"; the "lower classes" are becoming "smooched." I do not say that this spirit counts for very much, but it certainly counts for something. It helps in thwart, if not to discourage, the energies of those who are honestly and ardently trying to better things. It creates an atmosphere that tells against the educational reformer. But in the long run it does not make very much difference whether the working class society "approves or disapproves of education. What is really serious is that the work of business should be equally sceptical. Manufacturing and commercial England is at least a generation behind both Germany and America in its recognition of the value of scientific instruction. Perhaps it would not be overstating the case to say that in no country is the educational system so divorced from, and of so little use to, the nation's business. After persistent and careful inquiry I have failed to discover a single instance in a single industry in which the application of science has first been made by Englishmen or in which Englishmen, after adopting a foreign invention or a foreign process, have afterwards improved on it. I am speaking of a period of our own times, and I think my statement will hold good for a period that covers the last thirty years.

On the other hand, instances abound where industries have been wrested from the English because their rivals have adopted really scientific methods. Take brewing for example. Thirty years ago our country exported no beer at all; to-day she sends abroad nearly as much as Great Britain, and of a far better quality. In electrical engineering, in the manufacture of chemicals, in the production of glass, or iron and steel, of pottery, of explosives, and of many other articles for which Britain used to be the industrial centre, this country is being rapidly left behind. The history of the oil and colors industry is but too instructive. The scientific production and manufacture from coal-tar was first discovered in England, and for a long while the industry was overwhelmingly in laboratory, the late Professor Baeyer. He developed the theory of oil and colors so enormously that the industry has now almost wholly shifted to Germany, although the English dyers are the No. 1 consumers. In all such things Germany is the ideal State. Nowhere else, not even in America, is academic life so closely and helpfully in touch with commerce.



Discussing the Education Bill in the English House of Commons



## TRANSFORMING THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK

Alterations which will cost not less than \$1,200,000, and which will revolutionize the scenic production here of Wagner's music-dramas, are now being made on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. By a series of large stages set in the floor an entire scene may be lowered, and its place taken by a scene already set below the stage. A new and adequate system of electric lighting will be installed, and the orchestra space will be enlarged by cutting away part of the stage, in order to accommodate the 120 men required for the proper performance of Wagner's works. This illustration shows the new stage as it will look when arranged for the first American production of Wagner's "Tristan." The stage is set for the last scene of the first act, showing the Sanctuary of the Holy Grail, while the space beneath it occupied by the opening scene of the second act, completely set on disappearing carriages, and ready to be raised into place without a moment's delay.

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

**A** TELLING cartoon on Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of preferential tariffs which appeared in a recent issue of the *Puff Blow Graphic* borrowed its illustration from Wec Macgregor's boyish passion for "tablet"—a confection dear to Scottish children. "C.B." may not, for the benefit of those who do not follow British politics closely, be Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a Scottish member of Parliament, and leader of the Liberals in the House of Commons. It argues a very wide acquaintance for a book, an acquaintance that goes beyond the usual reading circle, when a newspaper uses its salient humorous feature to point the moral of a political problem. Mr. Bell is a fortunate young man to have attained such distinguished recognition for his first book, but everybody agrees in admitting that he has merited it. His second book, as I have already noted, is in a different vein, but it is merely another medium for his individual and delightful humor to work in. Of *Etzel* a New York critic writes: "There is only one other story with which it could be compared—*The Dolly Dialogues*. Yet we should rather know Etzel than the flirtatious Dolly."

The publication of the late M. de Bliovita's autobiography, which was announced a long time ago, seems for some reason or other to have been deferred. Musing the curtail number of HARPER'S Magazine publishes a remarkable chapter in the diplomatic career of the late world-famous Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, in which he has left recorded the true facts concerning Bismarck's retirement. It illustrates admirably the adventurous and romantic side of a special correspondent's life, and affords necessary readers an insight into the extraordinary incidents and daring exercise of them which are essential to the knowledge of home and foreign affairs, accepted by readers as unthinkingly, so far as the methods in procure the product goes, as they partake of the breakfast served with the paper they read. In relating the Bismarck incident, M. de Bliovita confesses that he wrote it not only for the sake of retracing an episode with which he was not connected, but also to show the strange obstacles, the unexpected contradictions, and the involved difficulties that a journalist must confront.

In a recent number of *Le Renard*, a French magazine, we sense characteristic reminiscences of M. de Bliovita, many of which have already become the common property of the press, but which he recapitulates to demonstrate the fact that celebrity is the supreme emotion of great journalism, and that de Bliovita possessed this faculty in the highest degree. The rapidity with which he could grasp the whole significance of any given episode and dispatch the very soul of it, as it were, to the *Times*, recalls to the French writer a skill which appeared under the Second Empire at the Palais Royal. Two people were on the stage. Suddenly one of them begins to rush off.

"Where are you going to?" calls out his companion.

"I haven't the vaguest notion," replies the other. "But I've got to be there by a certain time."

The second stood for a moment dumfounded. Then he exclaimed, "I must be there before him, and disappeared as quickly."

In addition to his flair for the exact value of any political incident, and the aptness with which he could turn it over in his mind and review it from all sides, de Bliovita was gifted with an extraordinary memory. One example which M. Frédéric Lotie cites in his interesting article is new to me and as it may be to my readers. Mr. John Deane, then editor of the *Times*, having crossed to Paris in 1872, accompanied de Bliovita to Versailles, on the occasion when Thiers, in a wonderful speech, divulged the political programme. That very night Deane was returning to London.

"What a pity things are to the station, the former exclaimed; if we could only give it verbatim in to-morrow's paper, would be the biggest thing we have ever done." He spoke without the smallest thought of Bliovita's ever possible. But suddenly an idea flashed through de Bliovita's mind. He asked himself whether by a suppliant entreaty, the illusion of being permitted to hear Thiers speaking, and as a result that he could reconstruct the speech almost in its entirety. Instantly he rushed to the telegraph office, and having obtained permission to write in a room by himself, he alternately closed his eyes in order to see the words rising before him, and

opened them to commit what he recalled to paper. The next morning Mr. Deane, turning over the leaves of the *Times*, saw in its statement, two-and-a-half columns faithfully reproducing the salient features of yesterday's proceedings. The exactness of this performance of de Bliovita was equally great both in London and Paris.

I suppose that to the minds of those who were familiar with the close friendship of Stevenson and Henley, there came the remembrance of Henley's distasteful attack on his dead friend two years ago, when news of Henley's death reached on the other day. But it is the friendship of the two men that is now best to be remembered. In spite of the misunderstanding that estranged them, say one who has read Stevenson's letters and Henley's poems know that they loved each other in the end, and Henley's savage criticism, read aright, only betrays and accentuates the bitterness of his irreparably wounded affection. Henley's intellectual influence on Stevenson, it must not be forgotten, was certainly great, and of the two his personality was the more dominant and masterful. Although but a year Stevenson's senior, he had already found himself when Stevenson discovered him in the Edinburgh Infirmary, and we know that the man's gallant spirit in suffering had its bearing effect on Stevenson, who had not yet outlived his somewhat morbid and uncertain youth. The little devotion to *Forster* with a *Healey* tells the tale. And for the other side one has only to read Henley's words on his strange meeting with Stevenson to realize the fascination the young Scotsman had for him, the deep interest he took in his literary career, and the tokens of a strong affection. Henley and Stevenson may be said to belong to the same cult among the moderns. The naturalism which oracles proclaimed by Browning and still more clearly by Meredith had its most vigorous exponent in Henley. As a friend of sound critical judgment, speaking of Stevenson and Henley, wrote me lately: "His poetry is one of the most imaginative exhibitions of the religion of sex. He was a stout lover of the earth, a born fighter against odds, an ardent romantic. Little wonder that Stevenson felt that he and Henley could not help being friends. But Henley's masculinity ever dwelt on sentimentality and his stoical faith, while it met the want of a generous generation, represented, after all, a passing and transitional mood. Stevenson and Henley started out with the same ideals; but Stevenson's was the deeper and far more comprehensive character. In spiritual ways he outgrew Henley, and there was the break. But the point of it was ever alive in the life of the other. In Henley's own words:

"What is it ends  
With friends?"

man's heart; each had written himself unobtrusively into the life of the other. In Henley's own words:

Mr. Leonard Merrick, an English author who has written several clever novels, includes his latest piece of fiction *Conrad in Quest of his Youth*. As Mr. Joseph Conrad is a remarkable man, his book called *Youth*, we may shortly expect, says Merrick. If this autobiographical play on titles becomes popular, to see authors chasing their own tails in some such form as this: *Joseph in Search of his Cargo*; *Fame on the Road to the Eternal City*; *James on the Wings of the Dove*; *When Parier came to Paris*.

A rhymester in our English contemporary, *The Tatler*, has had his gorge aroused by observing that the practice of "foreshaking" in spelling seems to be coming into favor among certain English firms. He resorts in this wise to the design of satire which is certainly more effective than rage:

Forsooth spelling I abhor,  
And read not my old Bible  
Or stuff up my trowsers now  
That look stout at a sight.

The Yankee "thesaur" and seek  
At folk in its issue  
And my pencil will so much  
That I become profane.

A traveler with day wain - "I"  
Will make me slant my frame,  
His load less than mine in speed  
Hud look stout at a sight.

Now needs to be no pedagogue  
To teach this world how  
Could he but teach "thesaur" "thesaur"  
Be other than a rascal.



Wec Macgregor at Westminster  
writes on his Magazine "Am about to see what's good for  
books" as it was





### A HUNDRED-FOOT DIVE IN ARMY PRACTICE

*The soldier bicyclists of the Italian army are experts in the performance of exciting feats, one of their common diversions being to dive into the Tiber River on wheels from high points along the shore. The accompanying illustration shows one of the soldiers making a dive on his machine from a cliff 114 feet above the river.*



## WATCHING THE TRIAL

The Guests on one of the Steam Yachts of the New York Yacht Club

Copyright © 1914



Drawn by H. K. Wright

## RACES AT NEWPORT

Club Fleet following a Trial Race between the Cup Defenders

# The Roof-Dwellers of New York

THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEIR HOMES ON THE ROOFTOPS OF NEW YORK.—A ROOF DWELLING THAT TOPS TENNYSON'S SPire.—THE WARM-WEATHER REFUGEES.—AIRY PLAYGROUNDS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.—NEW-YORKERS' GENERAL ESCAPE TO THE ROOF IN SUMMER

By Theodore Waters

**T**HE roof-dwellers of New York? It has come to that in some quarters of this many-sided town. The congestion which but years ago to the construction of sky-scrapers is now so intensified that people have been forced out of the tops of high buildings and compelled to live on the roofs. Just as there is a large colony of unfortunates who spend

most of their lives in the tenements and subways of the Metropolis, so there is a still larger colony of more fortunate beings who spend the greater part of their lives on the housetops. There is enough of them to populate a city of the third class, and the circumstances of their lives are as varied as all view-points considered, as they possibly could be in such a city. There are the high and the lowly, the well-to-do and the poverty-stricken, those who live thus from choice and those who do so from compulsion; all manners and sorts of men, women, and children. They enjoy on the housetops and enjoy the pleasures of life: eat, drink, work, and play, and are happy in much that would be denied to them in the more prosaic life of the streets. Probably such a phase of human endeavor does not exist in any other city in the world.

People are compelled to live on the tops of houses for two reasons: One, the excessive value of the interior floor space, which makes it necessary for the superintendents and janitors of sky-scrapers to live above the rent-paying line; the other, unsanitary conditions, which drive the inmates of tenements up through the sculleries. People choose to live on the tops of houses for one reason: the intrinsic contrast between the light, the pure air, and the sunshine of the roof and the noxious conditions that too often exist in the noisome which in places are misnamed streets. But whether from necessity or choice, the movement upward is growing more and more pronounced.

Among one class of roof-dwellers the choice and the compulsion have gone hand in hand. That is among the superintendents of the highest buildings in town. Formerly these fortunate individuals and their families were compelled to live below the street-line. But the sky-scrapers monopolize in such a formidable engineering problem that every foot of available space below ground is required for machinery, so the owners have been compelled to build little houses for their superintendents on the roofs of the structures. Some of these domiciles are quite sumptuous in style. For instance, the family living on the roof of the Empire Building overlooking

the financial district have quite the most eerie dwelling in town. They live as far above the spire of Trinity as that spire is above the street-line. They might live on the foothills of some mountain chain and not have a more healthy abode. Their little house cannot be seen from the street, but it is far more commodious than the most simple apartment in town. Indeed, the apartment idea has been followed more or less closely in the construction of the little house. But, unlike other apartments, there are windows on every side. The immense roof of the office building constitutes the house area of this happy family, and like other home areas, it has the traditional garden, the vine, and the more or less life-like substitute for the fig-tree. The high parapet that runs completely around the coping of the roof prevents all possibility of accident to the younger inmates of the household, and the magnificent view is supplemented by the fact that objectionable neighbors are more rigorously excluded than if the great moat surrounding the building were filled with water.



*A City Roof-Garden*  
The home of the janitor of one of New York's high office buildings is situated on the roof. It has a well-arranged vegetable and flower garden.

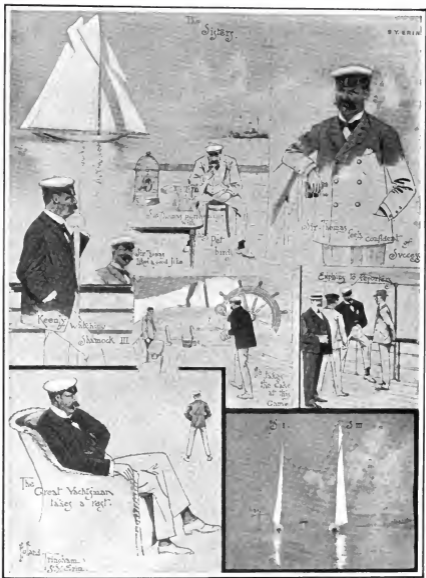
ing the needle and gaspings to their hearts' content. In some cases he is favored as their fellows. Those shop-workers who bring their parapets are nearly always high enough to keep the children from falling off.

Even the municipal authorities have begun to recognize the value of the rooftops. A number of the East Side schools now have recreation areas on the roof.

In short, a regular roodas on the roof takes place all over New York city every year. The theatres long ago recognized the advantage of having performances on the roof. Several hotels annually prunamently located on the roof of a skyscraper.



*"Hurling the Hoops" on the Roof of an East-Side School-house*  
Many of the East-Side schools in New York now have playgrounds on their roofs, which the children use for their games and sports. An East-Side baseball nine plays its road team on one of these rooftop playgrounds.



### SKETCHES OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Since the arrival of Sir Thomas on his third attempt to lift the International Cup, he has made his headquarters on board the steam-yacht "Erin," which was purchased "Shamrock III," on her trip across to America. Sir Thomas uses the "Erin" not only for many of the social functions he has given while over here, but for following the trial races of his two "Shamrocks." At all times the "Erin" is in touch with events on shore by wireless telegraphy. Our special artist on board the "Erin" has sketched Sir Thomas in a number of characteristic poses during a sail just outside the harbor of New York to watch a trial of the two yachts.



Miss Angie Weimers, Miss Rose Earle, and Miss Fern Ballentine  
 Three of the pretty chorus girls in "Punch, Judy & Co." at the Paradise Roof Garden, New York



The *Fairy of the Merrymaids*  
 F. M. H. from *the Merrymaids*, taken with an ordinary in perspective the measure of a Punch and Judy show which is about to  
 take place on the last evening of a twenty days. He includes in various words, in addition to the performance of his duties  
 as showman, one of which is to introduce, through his messages the stars, black babies for white on the "merrymaid" carriage

**A HOT-WEATHER EXTRAVAGANZA IN NEW YORK**



### MISS AUGUSTA GLOSE

*Miss Glose, who was the most conspicuous member of the "Liberty Bells" company during the past season, has been engaged to play one of the principal rôles in the series of operatic matinees to be produced in the early autumn at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, under the direction of Homer Lind*



Photo taken  
 West China's and Grand  
 Poo of Foreign Office

Illustration  
 by Frederick  
 McCann

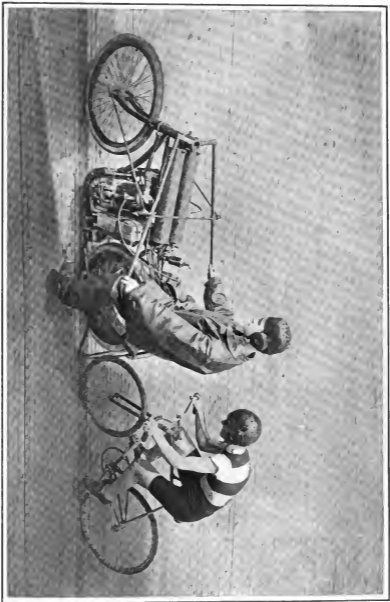
Illustration  
 by Frederick  
 McCann

Empress Dowager  
 of China

## THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA GIVING AN AUDIENCE

This representation of the remarkable old woman who controls the Chinese Empire was made a short time ago by the artist Frederick McCann, when the Empress, after a trip on the Lunan Railway, received M. Roulland, the manager, to thank him for his care in conducting the Imperial party





### MOTOR-CYCLING IN FOOTBALL COSTUME

The player in high-speed motor costume are beginning to adopt the protective head-dress advocated by football players, for enough work on the field. Prominent motor-cyclist say that with the head-dress on they can withstand the severest head-fernt tackle without injury, as there is a space in the top of the helmet which offers a pneumatic resistance to the jar

# Correspondence

MR. CLEVELAND'S CANDIDACY

TORONTO, CANADA, July 13, 1903

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—I will, with your permission, state a few of the reasons that have led me to the conclusion that Grover Cleveland is the only man for the candidacy of the Democratic party.

1. The Democratic party has long been divided into two irreconcilable factions on economic questions—just as the Republican party was over the greenbacks in the '70s, and silver in the '90s. Both times its controlling faction set down an hard on its weaker element as to eliminate it, and got up apparently stronger than before. A house divided against itself cannot stand. Until the Democratic party plants itself squarely and permanently on one or the other side of the rapidly crystallizing economic problems, it will be unable to secure the needed confidence and support of a majority of the voters—and the nomination of Mr. Cleveland at this time would fix its future status as that of no one else would.

2. Even if its factions could be induced to unite temporarily against their common enemy the party could not win without securing outside help. From whom can it be obtained? Not from Populists, for the most of these are disgusted with the results of the past abortive efforts of these two parties to swallow each other; nor from the Socialists, who are still in the impractical partisan stage. But Mr. Cleveland has been twice elected by the help of Republicans that preferred him to his Republican opponent—and it is an old saying that what has occurred may occur again. That the leading Republican financial magnates greatly fear him, Mr. Roosevelt is well known, but they will not support a Democrat unless that party commit itself unreservedly against the socialistic trend of the age and nominate a man they feel sure they will elect. Mr. Cleveland is probably the only Democrat in whom they have sufficient confidence to risk polling him into power.

3. It can be safely assumed that Mr. Cleveland would not accept the Democratic nomination unless secured of the support of the leading members in other parties of the corporate interests, the bank and big city class—which would insure an almost unlimited campaign fund, the spending of which would begin as soon as the decision to fight was reached—i.e., before the actual nomination.

4. The strictly legitimate purposes to which money can be put in a political campaign are very numerous, and the knowledge that the supporters of any candidate will put up the needed funds has a powerful influence on nominating conventions. Who are the leaders of the numbers of public speakers, writers, personal canvassers, workers required in practice, singers, harpists, challengers, and other is seen that tens of thousands would be beneficiaries of this fund, no matter how the election might turn.

5. Even those that dislike Mr. Cleveland personally admit that he has a host of admirers outside of his own party; and he is certainly the most dominant personality in it. Mr. Bryan is strong numbers of good people believe him to be as honest and courageous as Roosevelt, and regard him as "a pre-eminently safe man" for life into the new future, and, under such circumstances, an expediency to turn to and insist upon a "safe" man is very probably has more friends to-day than ever before, and it is almost certain that there is much less authority in the present opposition to him than there was at this stage of each of his previous campaigns.

For these and other reasons, it seems to me, that the conviction is likely to spread and deepen among Democrats that the best thing for them to do is to nominate Grover Cleveland on a platform of anti-socialistic tendencies in the old Democratic corner-stone and best which governs least. With any other candidate defeat and a crushing conservative platform, a national victory is within the range of possibilities. Such a campaign would be made certain, and a new lease of life given to the party.

I AM, SIR,  
ALBERT GRIFFIN.

LESLIE CHAMBERLAIN, July 17, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—It is manifest that you desire Mr. Cleveland to again be President, and are indirectly urging the Democrats to nominate him with leadership. It would be the only way you can accomplish your object, of making Mr. Cleveland President, is to urge his nomination by the Republican party.

Mr. Cleveland is popular with Republicans; they are grateful to him for past services; and if you turn your gaze on that party greater effect on the rank and file of the Republican party than it is producing among Democrats.

I AM, SIR,  
WILSON JACKSON.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

CHICAGO, July 2, 1903.

SIR.—I note the persistence with which you bring forward the name of Grover Cleveland as a possible nominee by the Democrats for President. Permit me to say that I have had some experience in politics, and having served a ten years' apprenticeship in the newspaper field, think I know how to find out things. I have traveled during the past year through all of the South and much of the West. I am frank, in plain language, and newspaper offices I have tried to learn the Democratic sentiment.

Result: Grover Cleveland has no following anywhere. A few men who held office under him would like to see him nominated if they thought he could be elected, but they concede there is no Shepard Gorman cannot be nominated. Cleveland is not satisfactory to the politicians of his party, to say nothing of the rank and file generally. If you would guide the party rightly, drop Grover and Gorman. New York is too small to dictate candidates, and any one favored by Wall Street will be defeated, if it is known.

I AM, SIR,  
FRANK M. SMITH.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

CANTON, Mass., July 12, 1903.

SIR.—In connection with the thousands of others who regard the "Journal of Civilization" as an oracle in political matters, I have read with interest your recent editorial discussion of the wisdom and probability of the renomination of Mr. Cleveland at the Democratic national convention of 1904. There are certain historical facts, which, in my mind, are pertinent to the issue of which you make no mention.

It will, of course, be readily admitted that the Democratic party was in high favor with the people in November, 1892. Must it not also be admitted that from then on its tide ebbed away? Not even Mr. Cleveland's incumbency of the Presidency prevented the majorities of tremendous size against the administration, and that honest currency, and before the Gorman tariff bill fiasco had called down upon his party associates the scornful denunciation of the President.

Stripped of its fine language, was the appeal of Mr. Bryan in 1896 anything more than this? "The tide is against us on the tariff issue; we must change our battle-cry to one with which all the people are not an assailer."

Nor should it be forgotten that in 1892 over a million votes went to Governor Weaver, and that those votes were cast for Mr. Bryan.

Now if the Democratic convention should name Mr. Bryan, it is certainly reasonable to suppose that Mr. Bryan would win their support. Neither Mr. Cleveland nor his friends could complain if he did, for he would be doing just as they did in 1896. We are Democrats, and before the astonishing and interesting spectacle of three parties, each with a singularly popular leader, one ultra-conservative, one fairly so, and one frankly radical.

With that combination Mr. Cleveland would unquestionably have Jersey in, to my mind, not so certain as you seem to think. As a popularity, together with the certain defection of those who believe as Mr. Bryan does, and the further fact that these States have been uniformly Republican since '92, their support of Mr. Cleveland is, to my mind, a very remote possibility.

Mr. Bryan would not probably make as good a showing in the electoral college as Weaver did in '92, but it is idle to suppose that seven million of his countrymen will not receive an immense vote, which, as in the previous case, would draw far more from Mr. Cleveland than from Mr. Roosevelt. I believe that the Democracy, candidate and adopt a platform at the next election, must choose a wings on both support, that any other course makes Mr. Roosevelt's election certain, or, at least, might throw the contest into the end, amount to the same thing.

In view of the probabilities it is quite fair to Mr. Cleveland to ask him to make the race. He will be sixty-seven years of age, in a peculiar degree, the respect and regard of his party's opposition as judged by himself has already attained to a place in the nation's heart usually accorded only to those who have passed away.

To drag him back into the arena, to subject him to the attacks, certain to be made, even by those now loud in his praise, instead of the peaceful arena of a long period of political torpor is better prospect of success than exist, is, to my mind, a species of cruelty.

Grover Cleveland deserves better of the American people than to be dragged from an enjoyable retirement to what is likely to be an ignominious defeat. The Democratic party has no right to demand such a sacrifice.

I AM, SIR,  
WILLIAM G. NARR.

A Whipping-post in Delaware



The whipping post is an attraction to-day in the State of Delaware, and especially so, because of the number of slaves who were sold by the State to the post. The whipping post is used by the State to punish runaway slaves who take the oath as an ally on they would a free fight or a living man's life.

Our Increasing Trade

RECENT developments with reference to additional facilities for trade with China lead interest to some figures showing the growth of our commerce with that country, presented by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics. Exports to China in the fiscal year 1903 aggregate about six hundred million dollars, against less than four billions in 1902. The total value of our exports to China in 1903 exceed those of any earlier year except 1902, when they were above the normal by reason of the light exports to that country in 1901, in which year importations were grossly interfered with by existing hostilities in the East.

Comparing this growth with that of our commerce with other parts of the world, it may be said that our total exports to Europe in 1903 aggregate a little over a billion dollars, against six hundred and sixty-two millions in 1902, having therefore increased less than sixty per cent. during that period. Those to Asia in 1903 aggregate about sixty million dollars, against sixteen millions in 1902, an increase of two hundred and seventy-five per cent. In Germany the total for the year is about thirty-one million dollars, against eleven millions in 1902; but this does not account for the commerce with the Hawaiian Islands, which is considered as a part of the domestic commerce of the United States and separately stated.

It is apparent from these figures that the growth in our exports to Asia has been more rapid than in any other section of the world except Africa, and the growth in the exports to China has been a very important factor in the growth of shipments to Asia.

The Clothes Angels Wear

THE following story is going the rounds among of a party recently given by a former Secretary of the Navy at the New York World's exhibition, "Last Days of Pompeii," at Manhattan Beach. In the party was a little girl who appeared to be enjoying the show immensely, and as an especially brilliant burst of rockets lighted the scene the little girl turned to her mother and inquired:

"Mamma, do you suppose the Lord is watching the fireworks?"  
"I guess He is, dearie," replied the fond parent. "Why do you ask?"

"And are the angels with Him?" continued the child.

"Yes, the angels are with Him."  
"Well, I hope the Lord's all right—but, Mamma, how do they keep their clothes from burning?"

Columbus and the Englishman

An Englishman while crossing the plains for the first time fell in with some Americans who were continually boasting of the greatness of their country, and proclaiming Columbus to be the greatest man the world had produced because he discovered it. The Englishman having looked out for days upon what seemed to be an endless prairie, exclaimed, "The blessed country is so big, I don't see how he could have missed it."

Apply to Mothers—Mrs. W. Colman's Sore Throat Cure is a perfect remedy for all children's troubles. It soothes the throat, and cures all throat troubles, and is the best remedy for croup. (Advt.)

IF YOU ARE LOOKING for a perfect remedy for all children's troubles, try Colman's Sore Throat Cure. It is a perfect remedy for all children's troubles, and is the best remedy for croup. (Advt.)

REMEMBER Telephone Number 2222 for Bell in our New York City. Class it over with American, the Original American Buzzer. At drugstore. (Advt.)

TRAVELING Tablets and the most up-to-date for travel. Class it over with American, the Original American Buzzer. At drugstore. (Advt.)

OUR latest grammars and dictionaries are the latest—Colman's Grammatical and Dictionary. It is the best on the market. (Advt.)

SPRINKLE and patch repairs will find Pines' Crag over Consumption an effective cure for consumption. (Advt.)

THE BROWN'S Compound Sore Throat Remedy. It is the best on the market. (Advt.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are 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.



BREAD MACHINE

For Home Use. It is the best on the market. (Advt.)

Scientific Bread Mach. Co. 2500 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Perfect Food Means Perfect Health



Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuits. Perfect Food. (Advt.)

LEADING HOTELS

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HOTEL EMPIRE

Brooklyn and 42d Street, New York City. A Family and Tourist Hotel. (Advt.)

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European Plan. Special Facilities for Banquets, Dinners, and After Theatrical Parties. (Advt.)

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BERKELEY HOTEL

European and American Plans. Convenient to large Theatres, and all places of interest. (Advt.)

MEMBER TOUR TO THE NORTH

Vacation Trip to Canada via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad presently conducted tour to Northern New York and Canada, leaving August 12, 1903. (Advt.)

The rate on the railway and boat fare for the entire tour is \$10.00. (Advt.)

Scientific Bread Mach. Co. 2500 Chestnut St., Philadelphia



# THE SHERIFF SWEETSTAKES

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD



"If I lay my hands on the progeny of a marine chef who did that—" The words drifted through the open door of "The Blue Pup Hotel," and simultaneously Bill Silters took his feet from the counter, and Ginsling Charlie came from behind the bar.

"Sarkin' wrong with Hotshot!" said Bill, as he made for the door.

"When Buckle Talfer gets to waller's in college words it's his," added the bartender, following close.

Before the hospitable entrance of the "Pup" stood a tall, keen-eyed boy in his early twenties. In one hand he held a plumed cavalry bridle, while the other slapped wistfully at his right hip-pocket. Facing him, his four white feet spread well apart, tail twitching, neck extended, and curled digested lip down back, exposing yellow gums and strong young teeth, stood as handsome a pinto as ever three feet.

"What's the matter with Hotshot?" demanded Bill.

"Matter?" Buckle's fingers continued to twitch about his revolver butt. "Matter! Why, that aged-child there hadn't more than human sense in his stabled head, there'd be no entry of mine in the Sheriff's Sweetstakes." See that?—he tossed the bridle into Bill's large red hands—"small the lot. I left the conformation with Injun Pete to mend the throat-latch neck."

Bill saluted obediently. "Huh!" he said, his eyes narrowing wickedly.

Charlie projected a long, lightly-colored nose over the shining steel bar,—the atmosphere became cordless.

"His owner nodded proudly, as he administered a falling whack of encouragement upon the cheek-shoulder of his pet. "Oh, I guess you turned up his nose, and no bit for years truly—then I guess you."

Bill Silters hitched his chaps. "Injun Pete has lived to a ripe and a rotten old age."

Buckle shot out a long, detaining arm to the sleek of his friend's belt. "Isn't Pete. He's got his crazy red in the world on Hotshot. He loves a horse, and is the only Indian that ever did let him alone."

"Who, then?"

"Buckle did not answer directly. "Didn't expect to get it till tomorrow—but just happened to see it was finished—just happened to put it on instead of the one I was using—and by the merest luck."

"Who do you think did it?" asked Bill, exasperated.

"Why is this end of town like a bloomin' cemetery, and why is there a hurling metropolis here Egberts?"

"That," said Ginsling Charlie, disgust occupying his countenance, "is what you call swell-er-better than I do. It's that messy-bastards-jeweled-by-blows-and-cracked travelling outfit of Zeke's."

"Yep," said Buckle, slowly, "and you'll notice that Mr. Crude and Selinger Knemilgrade and Ten-strike Galloway and Three-gun Prince are hunched, and that means, if there's a howling, under-stand me, that they're all dead—sixty-three million, the Sheriff ought to know where to look, or he's a mole. Now, he or who, they got to medicine that bit, I don't know yet, but that's the crowd, and it wasn't Pete. They went finished out, because the boys would be game for Teepee, and I bet they have an entry that can do him."

Bill slipped his nose. "Eight you me, Pardner, sure's preachin'! Mr. Crude is a riding of a wire-legged cayuse he calls Teepee, that nobody ever seen before—a yellow buckskin that twists his off hind feet when he walks. Gime all over, and get sein' blind. He'll enter that boss ind minute, and with Hotshot grizzly,—he'll tell the boys, an' run 'em out." Once again he stunted forward belligerently, but was again restrained, while Ginsling Charlie, who knew more of Buckle's elaborate methods, grinned with interest. "What-eh-ye-do!"

"Lead me a bit! All right, Bill, you sit here and keep your lungs screwed on that horse; anybody comes near, call me, I'm throwing! Then I'll ride down and show off. Guess they'll think their scheme took all right—that'll halt 'em. Let 'em sit in deep as they'll go."

He stripped into the house, quickly made the exchange, conducted his feelings with a long, strong dose of "Pina" set up by Charlie in honor of the superhuman perspicacity of Hotshot, and returned to his horse.

"All right, old man," he said, encouragingly, as the pony sidled away. "There's no dope about this. You just open that trap of yours and trust me." The Suspicious One thrust forward a tentative, quivering lip, lapped a pink tongue at his master's hand, bowed, shivered his tail, pushed Buckle's snout cheek affectionately with a velvet nose, and submitted to his badge of servitude. The boy swung himself into the saddle, dropping easily and loosely in his seat. The pony spun about on one hoof with the quickness of a cat. "You can back us to your last copper," he called back. "Hook your ponies and the 'Blue Pup' layout. It's as good as the bank."

Hotshot bucked cheerfully by way of showing no hard feeling, threw his head up to hear the curb rattle and feel the slap of leather on his neck, then settled to the quick, regular lisp of his lead, decouring the half-mile of straggling street that lay between the "Pup" and "Zeke's." The town was very much alive. The tiny, board houses, with their imposing "up-and-down" painted fronts, fairly shook with animation. Innumerable patient ponies stood about, occasionally squealing or administering a sidelong kick at a distant neighbor. Cowboys, ranchmen, Indians in German-town blankets, Mexicans in bobtailed jackets. Here and there a graysville, local-mounted, Mexicanite, a soft-footed Indian woman, or the cheerful, froxy Irish proprietress of "Eric's Best" or "Los Amigos." That Lynchville was only thirty miles from the Santa Fé railroad was made obvious by a man in store clothes, who held court with a nickel-in-the-slot machine, while another drove a thriving trade with an automatic poker-hand contrivance. The centre of attraction, however, lay below the town proper, where the shrieking whine of a hardy-guy caulked the air, and a pandemonium of voices raised a popular tune.

Buckle pulled up on the edge of the crowd—stood in one stirrup, letting the other leg hang across the saddle. In spite of his hot anger he burst into uncontrollable laughter. A battered and worn merry-go-round whirled slowly, propelled by a cog arrangement, operated in turn by a bedraggled, spotted mare, circling discontinuously at a distance. Seated on the dented and scolding wooden horses under the tattered tinsel canopy, a dozen or more cowboys were giving a dazzling exhibition of plain and fancy riding, each new effort being greeted by yells of joy from the dense throng of onlookers. "Go it, Jimmy!" "See Bill pick up the dice!" "Gooshy's gruggy!" "Will you see the side on Jimmy Peters' get!" "Hi, Crude, hang onto Mary—that's the only gal Injun Pete's got!" The wooden steeds showed down, the occupants of the tinsel saddles were dragged off by a volley of roaring citizens, determined to outdo their predecessors in deeds of valor.

Buckle watched Crude as he assisted Mary, only daughter of Pete, the harness-maker, to night, and no doubt was left in his mind as to the hand that had attempted to cheat Hotshot of his race. The girl glowered at Mr. Buckle's eyes, and turned hastily to her companion, who did not turn his head nor change his direction. A moment later the two picturesque figures disappeared in the crowd.

Selinger Knemilgrade swaggered indolently up, rolling a cigarette in one hand and as he came. "Hi," he said, softly, "the race has brought together everybody—is it not so. And how is the winner?"

"Oh, Hotshot's all right," said Buckle, endeavoring to hold his rising temper. "He's a sure thing for tomorrow. Better get your money on him. What are the odds now?"

"For the 'Sheriff'—he is the favorite, as you know. There are a few who back Teepee—also my friend Crude talks of letting Teepee run; but I tell him he can fool. For the two-year-old it is Roger's Irishman, to Cool, even money. Do you back the Jack Sweeney or The Only such-boy for the runs (throwing)? As between the two I will be glad to bet with you."

"All I've got," said Buckle, patting Hotshot's neck, "is on this

trump. If that show-footed bickskin wins, Loughville won't see me for six months."  
 "You have seen her, then?" The Spaniard raised an irritating eyebrow. "Good pony. Well, good luck to ye and the piece. Say this ye'd like to sell, I give ye—hundred freely."  
 "Thousands!" growled Buckie, scornfully.  
 Seigneur Krommgarde shrugged his shoulders. "Pretty horses thirty—forty dollars. Want to make 'em hot at all—no—four? I take six hundred on your horse at four to one—not yet? Odds will be higher to-morrow—no!—seven good. You find me here till—say meet o'clocks. Bye is risto."  
 Krommgarde ascended off puffing contentfully as he went.

The crowd, weary of the exploits of the courteser, became suddenly aware of the favorite, and promptly stampered to his side. "Fine shape," said O'Neill, running his hand freely down a trim foreleg.

"Going to win, bloomin' sure!" remarked Australian Jimmy, biting the strap of his quirt, meditatively. "That'll be his third, which'll put 'im what they calls in the Paris Baboon." "Horse o' Connoisseur"—which means 'ee the sort of 'ness you can't course any more, as 'ee always takes the stakes."  
 Buckie turned seriously in the area about him. "See here, Jim, and you, Duffy, and the rest of you—you know me, and you know Hotshot; and all I've got to say is, you trust an—" "College and thoroughbred"—you've called an—"we'll be w'is out. Don't be afraid to back us if you can find takers—no!—well, if you're letting with Crude, Krommgarde, and Company—just you have 'em put up the red with Billie Taylor. Wait for to-morrow—just wait developments."

Buckie checked softly and whirled Hotshot in a semi-circle, making him lift his feet to quickstep as if the ground were too hot. In so doing, his eye caught a flash of scarlet and black, as Injan Mary, astride of a red and white pinto, disappeared around the corner.

Buckie pulled up short. "Where did Mary come that course?" he demanded.

"Dunno," "Search me," came the unobscuring replies, till Cady, on the outside of the circle, called, "I saw that pony with 'Zake's' outfit last night. Guess 'Crude's' got his lumps on Mary—and a bad day for her." A crowd of "You bet" expressed the general sentiment. "Marked bloomin' like Hotshot," observed Australian Jim, jerking his thumb in the direction taken by the girl and her variegated mount. "Looks like the bloody markings of the countries is no bloody geography book."

Buckie whistled softly and whirled again. "Well, boys, I'll not be in the game to-night. I'll have to stick to the horse. Doesn't do to let the favorite snore around alone day before the race. No-king—we meet again at Philippi!"

"Isn't he aw the long talk, though?" remarked Jim admiringly. "Some of them days he'll swallow a bunch of those as he'll shake," said Duffy, judicially.

Hotshot made one more for the "Pop," which was now rapidly filling up, and drew up before the door. Buckie dismounted, threw the bridle over his arm, and called for Bill Silthiers. That worthy appeared with alacrity.

"Bill, are you with me?" was Buckie's sudden question.

"Sure," said Bill, extending a grizzly paw.

"Shake," They shook. "How about Hotshot?"

"Good un."

"Shake." They shook once more.

"Are you gear?" said Buckie, "for a little surprise party that'll make that red-tinted horse-finders all up and beg?"

"Shake," said Bill, "and not me winc."

"Your shake fears right by finish, and there's a lean-to shed business 'log side!"

"Yeh."

"Well, comes truly and his buckle here will stop with you—see, I'm going to have a talk with Injan Pete about the conduct of his only daughter. Pete is a friend of mine, and he's ailed her. I've got to see 'em necessary. May be going to have a bad fall that'll keep her from going out to-morrow. It's too bad she'll have to miss the race—but accidents will happen."

The view before the door of Bill Silthiers' shack was one of beauty and animation,



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The owner and Bill Slithers worked, rubbed, strove, and sent out bulletins of his condition

The whole of Lyachawa, reinforced as it was by the entire hunting population of a hundred miles in every direction, was gathered by the judge's stand, with its squatty bell-tower. Horses squaled, whinies, and the buzz of talk filled the air. The ropes that barred the crowd from the track sagged helplessly forward, while a half dozen pumehs severely backed their posture into the press hunker to inspire law and order in the minds of too enthusiastic on-lookers. The judge sat back and smoked meditatively on an elevated perch, while Ringhouse Latham took occasion to address the crowd on the commotion and color of the occasion, gloom being obviously *ster mney*. For not a hundred feet away stood the favorite for feet disposed in a pall of hot water, his horse, indeed; such blanket, compresses on his neck and throat, his lower wrapped in a white the frantic owner and Bill Slithers worked, rubbed, swore, and sent out bulletins of his condition. The odds on the favorite crested slowly down in spite of Buckle's assurance that he intended to ride to victory if Hotshot could so much as stand on one leg.

Correspondingly, Pease, the dark horse, and Teepee, the second favorite, came forward. At first it was said to be a slick game, to lower the odds, but it was noticed that there was plenty of money to take up the long shot on Pease. There were rumors exactly what the trouble was, or whom to hold responsible.

Through it all Buckle could not withdraw his entry, but persisted in his hopeful assertions of victory. Crude, Emmilgard, and Company, stalked about with blasé self-satisfaction. The rain throwing contest went unexpectedly to little Payton, who roared and threw his cattle with a dexterity that put the champions to blush.

The two-year-olds came in a nose and nose finish, while Green's Doloroso bolted into the crowd and threw himself in the ropes, breaking his forelegs.

Bill Slithers and Buckle, with anxious faces, continued to hunch where betting was highest. Teepee, a lean little bay, entered the post. Carby followed kicking viciously. The three came into line, Spot Cash at his shoulder, up, leaped into position. The cloth and blankets were stripped from the pony in Bill Slithers's hands, his white feet emerged.

"Even money on Hotshot—400 of Buckle's, and 400 of mine—*who wants it?*"

Crude held up a thin, flexible hand. "Take you."

There was a sudden outbreak of enthusiasm. Buckle's friends called Emmilgard, Crude, & Company plunged heavily.

The Sheriff Swoopstake was called. Teepee, a lean little bay, entered the post. Carby followed kicking viciously. There was a pause, and Crude's Pease, with little Galloway from the pony in Bill Slithers's hands, his white feet emerged.

"That ain't Hotshot!"

"Course not," said Bill, with a roar. "That's Zoko's screw-bald that Crude gave Injun Mary for doperin' Hotshot's bit—that's unerringly, sent his head from side to side, and with a sort of satisfaction, trotted toward a bunch of ponies by the judge's stand. "And here, ladies and gentlemen," Bill continued, "is Hotshot himself and his bunkie who wasn't taking no chumps!"

The door of the shack opened and Buckle stepped out, leading the highly maned Hotshot, his quarters hunched together, his tail flattened tight, in evident dislike of horses built for man. The sheer that went up was deafening. The pony laid back his side Teepee, prancing with impatience.

"I protest!" cried the voice of Emmilgard from the crowd. "A trick!"

"Yes," cried Gilding Charlie, "a trick—and a blamed good one. Better than medicine a bit, Seigmer. You better not say another word, you had. And you had Crude and Galloway and Prince can just take the medicine that's comin' to you—and it won't be a little bit, either! You needn't go to the horse win."

A roar of approval greeted the speech, which was cut short by a clung of the starting-bell. The horses shot forward, a platooning, scattered the dust in a headlong spurt; the others crowding up, gaining slowly.

Suddenly Pease strove, broke forth his stride for a moment, and leaped forward a full length, as if thrown by a catapult. He was neck and neck with Teepee, Spot Cash thundering close behind.

"Now for it, Hotshot! Show 'em!" Buckle's face was white with excitement. Never was the Derby run with greater tension gathered himself, and with steady, piston-rod legs, leaped his way the dull yellow flank of Pease—on, steady and unswerving, strain, no hint of weariness up,—by the yellow neck, grown brown and the laboring, tan muzzle flecked with foam, the bright eye a clear length, with the open track and the wide sweep of the plain before the rush of wind. Then growing closer, suddenly, leaped, quivering human body—a roar of frantic voices, that tore the air and echoed from the ground, that tore the air and echoed from the ground, that tore the air and echoed from the ground.

"Hold up, Hotshot!—hey—let up—hey—*you don't have to go round again!*" Buckle peated. Hotshot rose on his hind feet and sprang straight into the air, lighted on telfet, and bounded forward

again, shaking his dripping head by way of grotesque dash to his performance. Then he whirled obediently and offered himself to be revivified by the cheering men and made a dash, where for the moment order was not even in his head.

The Judges leaped from their frail chairs, and "Sheriff Swoopstak" in Rickie Tailor's "Hobnob," in the faintest time ever made on this planet.

That night a sickening band of despirited and utterly clotted-out gamblers laid down, "Zebra's" outfit removed itself with dispatch, but not without a great deal of loss. He had gained a certain in lajus Mary, who disappeared when he ran father finally out her hands and returned her from the chair where she had sat for twenty-four hours. But Pete, though he lost a dough, was not even lastly on the "Sheriff," which was considered by the boys as ample compensation for an injury.

Gathered in the long room of the "Blue Pop," the night wore away in joyous respect. Rickie astride of Hobsnot, who was becoming accustomed to the inside of man-houses, held forth with such eloquence and so many "college words," that Hobs was moved almost to tears.

The disappointed but persistent crowd had long been ringing early morning numbers, when Rickie, in a last throes of enthusiasm, dragged from his belt a folded paper.

"Didn't know I wrote some, boys, did you? Well, I do sometimes, and this is one, and it's for 'Hobsnot'—may be never see him?—long life and sound beds to him! And you ever there, Duffy, you tases, and we'll give the entire to sleep with it in the restless nights—and—here goes—and it's all of college words and some of ours."

Ring of your Cornish points,  
From the flowers and here;  
Ring of your Irish banners,  
From the Kilties and 'Flow;  
And praise, you men of the desert,  
Slow your feet back to college rooms.  
But I shall sing of the Western Home,  
The best of the barns at home.

It is by love, love, love,  
Willard, And praise and love,  
Love, love, love,  
Then, longer than that endure,  
Never a screw or better!  
To the love of the West, strong  
The sweeping love of the West, these  
Three lines keep the train aloft.

You may keep your trim high-steppers,  
Equilibrium, we'll see—

"I God Save the King!" roared Anstallian Jim.  
A fit for the horns of Flanders,  
And his brother, the Verbruce.

"What was he a percher on?" asked Duffy, sleepily.  
"I 'stead up!" growled Charlie, and pulled up by the collar.

There's just one horse in this grey old world  
That's steady and true and sane—  
The lean little, chest-bird Western Horse  
That's bred on the Western plain.

Then it's love, love, love,  
From the hills that we're born to;  
Love, love, love,  
The life of the west moon.

Through a valley of my own, through  
The three bright hills,  
The swinging love of the Western Home,  
Come steady and clear and strong.

Then boys, in love, you, my dear, and brother!  
You put me in love, my dear!  
Through love and cold and road and ill  
Through the winter snow and the death,  
The love of the West, strong  
The swinging love of the West, these  
Three lines keep the train aloft.

And love's love, you and I,  
The love of the West, strong  
The swinging love of the West, these  
Three lines keep the train aloft.

That's the way that followed was deafening.  
Belcher stamped, Mew, and in one last  
madest protest against publicity, planted a  
pair of firm heels against the boys with an  
exhaustive and directionless worthy of his  
master.

"There!" said Rickie, above the tumult  
of applause,—"Hobsnot," says the writer-  
water in his tin."

Men who Work Overtime

By John Z. Rogers

RECENTLY I have talked with a number of men who work hard in their various professions. The committee of a stock company I begin with, as he says a new play every week, I am always at the theatre every afternoon at about two o'clock, and am often unable to till half past six or even later, the new play has not begun to run smoothly. Similar long hours prevail, of course, even on Saturdays. On mornings are taken up with rehearsal for the play that is to be put on the next week. This, with the time I have to devote in studying my lines, takes about three hours a day. It is pretty hard, but after a talk, the other day, with a friend who had just come in from playing a night's stands, I congratulated myself on having a comparatively easy lot in life.

The Routine of a Clergyman

The ordinary weekly routine of a prominent out-of-town clergyman with whom I talked is as follows: All day Monday I take up with the regular routine of church work. Every night is the week there is a service. On Saturday prepare my sermon. During the month or quarter comes the conference and other meetings at which I am expected to be present. The church conducts an employment bureau, a free dispensary, a kindergarten, and other enterprises, all of which I visit once or twice a week. This, by the way, does not include meetings of educational, fraternal, and other organizations for which I often have to prepare addresses; nor the calls on the clergyman's hundreds of my congregation. Last year month or more was employed in marrying eighty-two couples, attending nearly one hundred funerals, and making about one thousand calls.

What Schoolteachers Say

I have a friend who is a schoolteacher, and he says that he earns every cent of his salary. "I average about twelve hours' work a day," said he, "and during my vacation I devote about half my time to special reading in connection with future school work. The introduction of supplementary work in the schools, the shifting up of special subjects one or two hours a week, require extra reading and studying."

To many the newspaper reporter appears to lead a life of pleasure. But the reporter we see on the stage—the "journalist" with the not-book—is never seen in real life. Here is what one of the reporters on a big morning paper told me, and so I have been through the same experience. I know it is substantially true, in order to save time at half past eleven. I get to the office papers half an hour before the noon assignments are given out. Soon after twelve I am sent out on a story. If it is not very important or is not far away, I may have two or three to look after. Under ordinary circumstances I return to the office before six and write my report. As soon as it is finished and I have my dinner, I start out on report assignments, returning as soon as possible, for the earlier one writes his copy in the news "space" he is paid for in the paper. No one can tell in advance when a news story will break out, and I always keep a pencil grip at the office.

Men of Wealth

Even the wealthier work overtime, and most of them pay the penalty, sooner or later, in one way or another. It is said that George Gould is at his desk at eight o'clock every morning when he is in the city. The prominent Russell Sage has it when he strolls an hour for a drive. John D. Rockefeller has already bartered his stomach for his wealth by working long hours.

A prominent physician recently said to me: "I'm in a generation ago the world was said, 'Look out for your stomach!' Now it is, 'Look out for your nervous system.' An eight-hour session for professional men and men who work with their brains ought certainly to be seriously considered."

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CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS	
Loans and Discounts . . . . .	\$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks . . . . .	1,809,133.54
Banking Houses and Lots . . . .	1,524,799.95
Bonds, Stocks, etc. . . . .	1,024,125.36
Cash and c's 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 . . . . .	\$1,349,710.76
	\$36,565,818.54

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opera, particularly in "Furial" and "Siegfried".

The entire electrical system of the stage has also been altered, and a new switch-board costing over \$10,000 is to be installed. The operator will stand beside the prompter, with his chin just over the stage, so that he can keep constantly in touch with the action. With a moving backward and forward of three little wheels, somewhat in the manner of a ship-pilot steering his boat, he will control all the electrical effects on the stage. The interior of the house will also be redecorated and the proscenium rebuilt. The architects who are carrying on the work, Messrs. Stein, Cohen, and Roth, have had the assistance of Herr Lautenbacher, Director of the Regener's Opera House in Munich, so that New York will benefit by the experience of one of the foremost of European opera-houses.

### Reminiscences of General Clay

It was the peculiarity of the late Cassius M. Clay's career that he was a fire-acting anti-slavery man and a Southerner. He need no haughty and threatening manner in attacking slavery and slaveholders as the most violent had employed in his defence. In one of his earliest outbursts he made it plain to his opponents that an odd and foreign-sounding accent had appeared among them. "This is not the first time I have heard the cry of abolition. It has no terrors to my ear. Bowie-knives, and bolted pistols, and the imprecations of sudden death have not driven me from my country's cause. My blood, and the blood of all whom I hold most dear, is ready when she calls for the sacrifice." Clay suited his actions to his words. He constantly wore a Bowie-knife in his belt, and when he made a political speech there was always a brace of pistols in the mouth of his carpet bag, which he ostentatiously placed at his feet. He went prepared to die, his opponents make their choice of argument. He was adopted the Northern view of slavery, he strictly adhered to the Kentucky view of a home and good breeding. He made it of his daily life to argue with the reasonable, to refer his differences with "gentleness" to the great unknown god of death, and to crush every outburst and kick every coward that crossed his path.

### Remaking an Opera-House

ALTERATIONS which will probably give New York city, within a few months, the finest and most completely equipped opera-house in America, are now being carried on in the Metropolitan Opera House. We print on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY an illustration showing the changes that are being made in the structure of the stage, with a view, especially, to the more elaborate production of Wagner's music-dramas.

The space under the stage has been excavated to a depth equal to the height of the stage itself, so that entire scenes can be built up underneath it on disappearing carriages, and raised into place with the least possible delay. This will effectively do away with all noise on the stage between the acts. In the case of the drop-scenes, which have hitherto required a very complicated rigging-left with innumerable ropes and pulleys and the services of two or three men, the arrangement has been so simplified that the drop-scenes are now contributed by weights, and slide up and down with the minimum of effort.

For the first production in America of Wagner's "Parsifal" right huge scene-rollers are being put up, which will be used to represent moving while the landscape changes as they move the scenes sideways on the rollers, the first one containing large foreground objects, such as trees, bushes, rocks, etc. attached to a transparent net and moving at a very rapid rate. The second two sets contain the objects in the middle ground, attached to less transparent nets, each moving at a slower rate, while the last set of rollers carries the background of sky, mountains, or other distant objects, moving at an extremely slow rate, so that the total effect is that the landscape seen from a moving train. These moving landscapes play a very important part in several of the Wagner

### Editing under Fire

Clay derived an audience larger than any that could come within the hearing of his deep voice, and therefore he established, at Lexington, in 1843, an anti-slavery weekly journal which he called *The True American*. It was very violent and personal; but it was doubtless pleasing to his anti-slavery readers in Kentucky. He continued his attacks upon slavery and its champions in Kentucky as if the power were all on his side. His physical and moral courage were marvellous. As in every case where an anti-slavery agitator raised his head in the South, "a number of the respectable citizens" assembled; it was resolved that *The True American* was "a dangerous and pernicious" organ to our community, and the safety of our homes and families. The usual committee was sent to demand the discontinuance of his paper. "The list of the 'respectable citizens' in 'assessing, pinning, and highway-robbers.' To their demands he replied: 'I treat them with the burning contempt of a brave heart and a loyal will.' Your advice with regard to my personal safety is worthy of the source whence it emanated, and meets with the same contempt from me which the purposes of your mission excite. The best way to conclude an cowardly association that I, M. Clay know his rights and how to defend them." Although he had previously made elaborate preparations in general, his office against violence, he had not sufficiently recovered from a serious illness to defend his rights. His press was seized and sent away to Cincinnati. This was a serious check to Clay's growing power. Nevertheless, he continued the publication of his paper in Cincinnati, and even edited it in Lexington, as before. Clay's fearless independence of party shows that he was never a party-sucker. History will not go wrong in honoring him as the Fighting Garrison of the South.



## The Discovery of a Stock Exchange

It is well understood that the average Indian is addicted to the playing of games of chance, but to find these primitive people carrying on a financial market—a stock exchange—similar in all respects to Wall Street or to London's famous Lombard Street institution—was left to Professor Harlan J. Smith, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York city, a prominent authority on the life and habits of the Indians of the northwest coast of America.

One day while Professor Smith and several companions were dining for publication remains on the northern shore of Vancouver Island they noticed an unusually large number of canoes passing the beach on the way to a nearby village. A friendly native informed the party that the canoe carried Indians from distant villages on the way to a "potlatch" about to be given by a wealthy Indian who lived a mile or two distant.

"We had heard of the 'potlatch,'" says Professor Smith, "and we knew that it was one of the most interesting ceremonies practiced on the northwest coast, so we immediately resolved to be present when it took place. Before we had been long on the scene we found that we were, as one of us remarked, 'looking upon the pit of an Indian stock-exchange.' There, grating upon the beach, were the canoes of the interested; there, standing with lofty pride before his dwelling, was the richest man in town—the Mogun or Rockefeller of his tribe; there, in the rich man's house, was piled, as in a vault, the specie in which he dealt—blankets, hooped against the wall in thousands, and each representing a value of almost one dollar.

### The "Potlatch"

"When an Indian wishes to hold a 'potlatch' the fact is heralded far and wide, and immediately his house becomes a focus-point for the chiefs and their families for miles about. Not only do those Indians come who desire to make investments, but the general public, and even invited. Those non-investors are necessary witnesses, as there are no ledger accounts kept in the India Northwest. The 'pit' sometimes consists of four great logs on the sand in the form of a square; sometimes of a platform composed of long poles laid on the tops of two great tree-trunks standing upright in the sand. In the latter instance blankets by the hundreds are piled upon these poles in view of every one, and are counted out aloud and thrown down to the horsemen.

"The money-lender, as the rich man might be termed, does not himself do the talking. That would be beneath his dignity, or possibly beyond his power. He hires a public orator, who stands upon the platform and beranges the multitude in approved native style. The orator we heard stood high above us, among the blankets, and told of the vast wealth of his employer, and of his generosity and goodness.

### Blankets as Investments

"When he was through with his speech he began to toss down the blankets to those who wished to borrow, enumerating each one in a loud voice, so that each bidder saw and the extent of his obligation might be inflexibly impressed on the minds of all with in hearing.

"After all the blankets had been thrown down in piles, those who borrow all gathered them up, folded them neatly, and took them away in canoes to manipulate them just as any broker in Wall Street might manipulate his securities, against the time one year hence when their most needs return them with interest added. Of course the expression 'return them' is figurative. The Indian looks upon the blankets as mere currency—money. He would not think of wearing one as an article of clothing, and then putting it back again as part of his securities. Therefore he does not, in the time one year hence, expect to deliver the identical blankets he borrowed. He may afford a dozen different 'potlatches', and manipulate the market until his holdings run into hundreds of blankets."



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## COMMENT

THE successor of Pope Leo XIII, Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, was chosen on the seventh ballot by the Conclave, on Tuesday, the 4th inst., and announced at once that he would assume the name of Pius X. The new Pope is a Venetian by birth, having been born at Rioni in the province of Venice, on June 2, 1835. He is therefore sixty-eight years old. For the greater part of his life he has been a parish priest in or near his birthplace. Finally becoming Bishop, his character, education, and ability soon made him conspicuous, and in 1893, at the age of fifty-eight, he was made a Cardinal and also Patriarch of Venice. His declaration in favor of the union of church and state in Italy, made in 1894, will now become an important factor in the new regime of the occupant of St. Peter's chair. For those who can remember back to 1878, the difference of the attitude of the civilized world, both Catholic and Protestant, to-day and at the time of Leo XIII's election is a remarkable illustration of the change of feeling that has spread throughout Europe and America, and we wish all others cannot fail to add our satisfaction that such a change has taken place.

There seems to be no doubt that the improper connection of Representative I. N. Littauer with the Lyon glove contract, secured from the War Department, has been confirmed by the official inquiry, and that he will have a chance of defending his conduct in a court of justice. Although such influential members of the bar as Justice Millburn and Mr. Lasterbosch appeared for him before the War Department, their services seem to have been unavailing. It is alleged on authority usually trustworthy that Judge Advocate-General Davis has reported that the evidence submitted establishes a *prima facie* case against Littauer, and that consequently it will be the duty of the Secretary of War to demand repayment of the money from the contractor and his bondsmen, and in the event of a refusal on their part to return the money voluntarily received, to send the papers to the Department of Justice. It should be kept in mind that in the present proceeding it is not Littauer, but the contractor, that is primarily concerned. Should it be admitted, however, or, in default of such admission, be proved in a court of justice, that Littauer was improperly connected with the glove contract, he can be dealt with later for a violation of the Federal statute. We are told

that Littauer's counsel informed the Secretary of War that the glove-contract scandal had worried their client so much that he had lost some flesh, and desired to go to Europe for his health. It looks as if his presence would be needed in this country, where the taxpayers are a good deal worried to find a Federal lawbreaker accused of deliberate and systematic violation of a Federal statute.

An examination of the seven indictments returned on Thursday, July 30, by the Washington Federal Grand Jury, involving nine postal officials and others, reveals the details of the scheme for botching the Federal Treasury device and carried out by Machen, formerly Superintendent of the Free Delivery Department. It seems that Machen gave Major Cupper, of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, a contract for painting, at the rate of twenty-five cents for posts, fifty-nine cents for letter-boxes, and one dollar for parcel-boxes. The prices paid by Cupper for the work were five cents, fifteen cents, and twenty-five cents respectively. It is true he furnished the paint, which, however, could not have cost over a few cents for any of the boxes. It is evident that the government was made to pay about four times what it cost to do the work. It appears that Machen evaded the law which prohibits advertising for bids, on the pretext that aluminum paint was to be used, which could not be procured by painters generally. The "rake-off" in this instance went to a go-between named Long, who promptly transferred a part of his receipts to Machen.

In another case of a similar type Machen is charged with entering into a conspiracy with one Maurice Runkel, of New York, in connection with a contract for furnishing leather book-covers for delivery carriers—covers that the carriers did not need and will not use. According to Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol, no fewer than 40,000 of these leather book-covers were ordered for some 18,000 letter-carriers, most of which covers remain to this day in bins in one of the buildings of the Post-office Department. On January 30, 1903, Runkel delivered to Machen a sum of \$12,521.75, which was accepted by that official. In the Crawford case Machen approved a bill of \$15,500 for 5000 satchels at \$3.10 each. Crawford, having received a warrant for the amount, sent soon afterwards a check for \$5411.35 to a go-between named Lauren at Toledo, Ohio, who subsequently forwarded a draft for part of the money "payable to the order of A. W. Machen." Crawford and Machen seem to have found the satchel business quite lucrative. It will have been observed that among the indictments found on Thursday, July 30, one against Heath was not included. It is said that Heath will now be able to escape punishment, being able to plead the statute of limitations. All the more is it the duty of the government to expose his delinquencies, if malfeasance in office can be brought home to him. Let him be forced to plead the statute of limitations, which will be construed as tantamount to an admission of guilt. We assume that had an indictment been found against him on July 30, he would have been forced to resign the post of secretary to the Republican National Committee, which he still retains. We are glad to learn from Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol that the investigation of the Post-office scandal is by no means ended. He at least is doing everything in his power to relieve the present administration from responsibility for the bribery and corruption which have disgraced the Post-office Department and disgusted the country.

Secretary Shaw, in an open letter, finds it easy to discontinue with regard to the contract for the new post-office at Cleveland, Ohio, that the award to William Bradley & Sons for a sandstone building is above criticism. The Bradleys' make the lowest bid for a sandstone building, and, of course,

not the contract. This is an evasion of the point, however. The protest filed by the McCaul Company rested exclusively on the assertion that there is no intention on the part of the supervising architect of the Treasury, or on the part of Contractor Pierce, who used the Bradley firm as a dummy, to erect a sandstone building at Cleveland; but that, on the contrary, the Treasury Department has definitely decided to put up a granite structure. In one of his letters to the McCaul Company the Secretary of the Treasury practically admits that a sandstone building will not be erected at Cleveland, but says that the additional appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars required for the substitution of granite will have to be secured from Congress without his aid. His aid may not be necessary, it being understood that Senator Hanna has undertaken to secure the appropriation. It is evident from the papers in the case that Pierce, or rather his dummy, Bradley & Sons, will have acquired the contract by a trick, provided the material used is granite. The contract could not have been fairly awarded to the Bradleys on the granite specifications, and they did not even attempt to conform to the requirements imposed on all bidders on the sandstone specifications. One of those requirements was that all sandstone bidders should own a quarry that has been open for at least three years, and from the stone of which at least three important public buildings shall have been erected.

A similar evasion has been practiced in Chicago in favor of the same contractor, who is widely known as "Platt's man." In that city bids were requested for the new Federal building on two sets of specifications, one set calling for good materials, and the other for the very cheapest and most unsuitable materials. It turned out that Pierce's bid on the good materials was too high, but that on the cheap materials it was much the lowest. Accordingly, the contract was awarded to him on his bid for the cheap materials, but subsequently the Treasury Department decided that the good materials should be used at a cost approaching one million dollars over Pierce's original bid. This extra expenditure of one million dollars was authorized by a secret contract, and was never made the subject of competition. In San Francisco also, within the last few months, according to reports submitted to Secretary Shaw by special agents of the Treasury, concessions have unlawfully been made to contractors involving the saving by them of many thousands of dollars, and a corresponding loss to the government in work and materials. In a work, not only the Post-office Department, but the Department of the Treasury, requires investigation. The turn of the Department of the Interior, with its Indian Bureau above contracts, will come next.

Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, having been chosen leader of the Democratic minority in the United States Senate, naturally possesses a great deal of influence in his party. Under the circumstances, it was to be expected that on his return from Europe he should be requested to indicate his views regarding the political situation and the various candidates proposed for the Democratic nomination to the Presidency. Interviews with the Senator are always pleasurable, but unprofitable. His manner is friendly, and even confidential, but his utterances are vague and unsubstantial. In a long interview which he gave to a newspaper correspondent on August 1 he said a great deal, but nothing to the point, with the exception of a remark touching the paramount issues of next year. These, he thought, should be a reformation of the tariff, economy in Federal expenditures, and honesty in public places. Whether, however, the post-office scandals would seriously injure the Republican party in 1904 he would not pretend to say. Much would depend upon the time that might elapse between the conclusion of the investigation and the Presidential campaign. Much also would depend on the extent to which the people should be convinced of the sincerity and thoroughness of the government inquiry. To the question whether, in his opinion, the Democratic party was in "good shape" for the struggle of next year, he replied with some hesitation that it seemed to be getting away from a number of false ideas that the party has been "chasing around after for some time."

All this was characteristic of the Senator's known caution and natural desire not to commit himself. So, too, was his

reference to candidates. It was too early to talk about them, he said. The national convention is almost a year away. For the present it is the party that must be considered, not the men. Interrogated respecting the course which the Democrats were likely to pursue in the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, he said, after a long pause, that in his judgment it would be the business of the Republicans, commanding as they will majorities in both Houses, to frame legislation; that is to say, the function of Democratic legislators will be an obsequent and a critical one. Asked what he thought about the regulating of trusts, he said that some of them seemed to be recultivating themselves out of existence, and recalled a remark made by Mr. Bryce, the author of the *American Commonwealth*, that "they all have incorporated within them the seed of death." As to the management of the next Presidential campaign, he declared that under no circumstances would he accept the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, but should confine himself to heading the Democratic forces in Maryland. To the question whether his position would be affected by his old quarrel with Mr. Cleveland should the latter be nominated for the Presidency, the Senator answered that Mr. Cleveland and he had never quarreled, but only differed. About Chief-Judge Parker he would say nothing, and, as to his own candidacy, declared that he was only a soldier in the ranks. On the whole, it was a typical Gorman interview—conciliatory and cryptic.

Chief-Judge Parker himself replied the other day to an indiscreet inquiry whether he expected to be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency that he should remain upon the Bench. What other answer could be made? Did the interviewer expect him to announce that "Barkis is willin'?" It would be obviously unworthy of a man in his high judicial position to thrust himself forward as a candidate for any political office, and it rebounded greatly to his credit that during his recent visit to Georgia, for the purpose of delivering an address on an interesting legal subject, he should have studiously eschewed the use of electioneering arts. There was a time when Southern statesmen would have respected such an exhibition of professional dignity and self-restraint, and would have seen in such qualities so many guarantees of fitness for the great office of Chief Magistrate. Since, however, it is our business to chronicle facts as we find them, we must recognize that of late many leading Democrats in Georgia have seemed inclined to favor Mr. Gorman rather than Chief-Judge Parker, and Representative Bankhead of Alabama has said that the Senator can have the delegation from his State. We do not doubt that the Southern States would like to see a distinguished Southerner installed in the White House. Before the civil war they would have been even more glad to witness that phenomenon, but in these days the Democratic organizers of victory in the South were not rainbow-chasers, but aimed at the attainable. We doubt whether the time has come when it would be expedient for the Democracy to nominate a native of one of the former slave States.

For that reason we do not consider Senator Gorman's nomination probable; neither do we believe that Senator Cockrell of Missouri has ever sanctioned the use of his name. The senior Senator from Missouri is too experienced and too wise to sacrifice the substance to the shadow. He knows that his candidacy for the Presidency would eliminate him from the canvass for reelection to the Senate in 1904. He is now the head of the Democratic minority in the Committee on Appropriations, which means that if his party should ever again control of the Senate, he would be almost certain to become the chairman of the committee. That position, now held by Senator Allison, is one of tremendous power. There are those, indeed, who consider the occupant of it more influential in legislation than the President of the United States. Another Missourian who has been mentioned for the Presidential nomination is Mr. Joseph Wingeat Folk, the Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, who has waged such a memorable battle against legislative corruption and has done so much to redress the fair name of his State. We earnestly hope that his fellow Democrats will nominate him for Governor this year, in which event he may be considered certain of an election. Even then, however, it would be injudicious to make him the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, for the reason that



Missouri would under any circumstances be carried by the Democracy in a Presidential year.

It may be remembered that the Northern Securities Company is the defendant in three suits. One of these, brought by the State of Washington, is now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States, which has original jurisdiction, because the State of Washington alleges that the company, chartered in New Jersey, is performing in the State of Washington actions illegal under the law of that State. No decision has been rendered in this case. The second case is a suit of the United States against the company, under the Sherman act, in the United States Circuit Court at St. Paul, Minnesota, the three judges of which recently concurred in a decision adverse to the company; an appeal from this decision will be heard by the United States Supreme Court in December next. The third case was a suit by the State of Minnesota against the company in the United States District Court at St. Paul. Here the charge was that the merger of railroads, alleged to have been practically effected by the Northern Securities Company, violated acts of the Minnesota Legislature forbidding the consolidation of parallel and competing lines of railway.

With these facts in mind it becomes interesting to study the present situation. In the decision which was rendered on August 1, Judge Lochren dismissed the State's bill of complaint, declaring that the Northern Securities Company is not a railroad corporation, nor a lessee, purchaser, or manager of railroads, and that it has not effected a consolidation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific lines, but merely holds stock therein. To the plaintiff's contention that it will be for the interest of the Northern Securities Company to restrain trade by suppressing competition between the two railroad companies, wherein it holds a majority of the stock, and by coercing or persuading the two boards of directors, whom it has the power to elect, it will cause them to commit penal offenses, Judge Lochren answers that he rejects the doctrine that any person can lawfully be held to have committed, or to be purchasing or about to commit, a highly penal offense merely because it can be shown that his pecuniary interests will be thereby advanced, and that he has the power, either directly by himself or indirectly through persuasion or coercion of his agents, to compass the commission of the offense. Now it will be observed that although Judge Lochren simply decided that the company did not violate a Minnesota statute, yet the reasons given for the decision controvert the position taken by the three judges composing the United States Circuit Court when they declared that the company had violated the Sherman Anti-Trust law. For the Circuit Court held that the Northern Securities Company is in effect a railroad company and an illegal combination in restraint of trade, whereas Judge Lochren sees that it is neither a railroad company nor a combination in restraint of trade. In his opinion Judge Lochren reviews the Supreme Court decisions on the Sherman Anti-Trust law, which were made by the judges of the Circuit Court the basis of their decision, yet he arrives at a precisely contrary conclusion. The discovery that Federal judges can take opposite views of the legal significance of the same state of facts will encourage those who hope to see the decision of the United States Circuit Court reversed by the higher Federal tribunal.

It is said that Judge George Gray, of Delaware, was influenced by a letter of President Roosevelt to accept the invitation to become the fifth member of the Board of Arbitration selected by mine-owners and mine-workers to end the Alabama coal strike. It is expected that he will be chosen chairman of the Board, and that the striking miners will return to work forthwith, their representatives having given a promise to that effect in case the judge should consent to act as a member of the Board. The only condition attached by Judge Gray to his acceptance of the invitation was that the Board should conclude its work by September 1, soon after which the United States Circuit Court, over which he presides, will convene. It is a pity that the Conciliation Board now sitting in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania could not agree upon Judge Gray for umpire. Had they done so, we should not have witnessed the prolonged delay in the settlement of the questions at issue,—a delay which is causing

many of the miners to express dissatisfaction with the award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission. It must be said in justice to the workers that they would only have been too glad to accept Judge Gray for umpire. It will be interesting to note the impression made by the distinguished Delaware jurist in Alabama. He will be as careful not to swerve from the path of judicial duty and dignity as was Chief-Judge Parker, but it may be that in his capacity of private citizen Northern Democrats may find him a more congenial man. It may be well, too, for Democratic leaders at the South to bear in mind that Judge Gray has acquired a hold upon the labor vote probably stronger than Mr. Roosevelt's, and that he has gained it by the faithful performance of the duty which he undertook.

Moreover, Judge Gray is, perhaps, the only native of a former slave-State who would have a reasonable chance of carrying the doubtful States at the North, by reason of the trust reposed in him by working-men, who have it in their power to turn the scale, not only in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana, but even in Ohio, Illinois, and, possibly, in Pennsylvania. Perhaps Representative Baskin, when he sees Judge Gray, will reconsider his inclination to give the Alabama delegation to Mr. Gorham. Who knows, however, that Alabama may not have a candidate of her own? The San Antonio (Texas) Express advocates the nomination of Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, as the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency. It may be remembered that in 1900 he was supported by the Democrats, Republicans, and Populists in the Legislature of his State, and was unanimously elected Senator. He is now serving his fifth term in the Upper House of the Federal legislature. Although he has just passed his seventy-ninth birthday, he is not too old to be an efficient and influential Senator, and therefore not too old to be a President. We have his own authority for saying, however, that he would decline the nomination should it be offered to him; for in an interesting interview he pointed out that on grounds of political expediency the nominee of the Democracy ought to come from a Northern State.

The question has been asked whether American or foreign capitalists, before making the loan of thirty-five million dollars authorized by the Cuban Congress, will not inquire of our government whether the proposed loan conforms to the conditions laid down in the so-called Platt Amendment, which was incorporated in the Insular Constitution. The amendment prescribes, it will be remembered, that no money shall be borrowed by Cuba from foreigners unless an adequate provision for interest and sinking-fund can be made without encroaching upon the revenues needed to meet the current expenses of the insular government. It is true that this covenant has not yet been embodied in a treaty, but our State Department would undoubtedly regard it as binding, because its insertion in the Cuban Constitution was made a condition precedent to our cession of the island. Our deduction from these premises is that capitalists who are invited to make the loan will undoubtedly, in either a formal or informal way, request our State Department to say whether in its opinion the Cuban government has properly provided for repayment. If the reply be in the negative, the loan, of course, will not be made. But how if it be in the affirmative? Will such a reply be construed as a moral guarantee of the loan? We certainly should not be placed in the position of endorsers of Cuban securities. Congress has never authorized the Executive to give any such endorsement. Suppose, however, the opinion expressed by our State Department that the loan was adequately provided for should ultimately prove ill-founded; would we permit foreign credence to do in the case of Cuba what we allowed them to do in the case of Venezuela, namely, seize the debtor's principal custom-houses, and apply the revenues thereof, or part of them, to the payment of the debt? That would be a state of things which the American people would never tolerate, and that is why, from the outset, we have expressed regret at the acquiescence of our State Department in the blockade of Venezuela, and the proposed sequestration on a part of her customs revenues.

The question whether the Platt Amendment is not already made obligatory by insertion in the Cuban Constitution, and

whether a rearmament of it in a treaty would not be superfluous, would have been pressed upon us had the reports of an insurrection in the province of Santiago been confirmed. It now turns out that the acts of a few brigades, who were quickly suppressed by the rural guards, were magnified into a rebellion said to have been organized by ex-soldiers of the "army of liberation." It may as well be understood that no serious insurrection will be suffered to get under way in Cuba, because the armed forces of the United States would be employed betimes to quell the disturbers of the peace. It is easy to show that such an intervention would promote the best interests of the independent insular government. A railroad traversing a mining district in the province of Santiago is controlled by British capitalists. This railroad would almost certainly be damaged if the ex-Cuban soldiers were permitted to start a rebellion. Thereupon Great Britain would have in the case of Cuba exactly the same right to protect the interests of her subjects and to demand reparation for injuries which we have allowed her to assert in the case of Venezuela. To avert such an unwelcome situation, we must nip rebellion in the bud, and we are fortunately authorized to do so by the terms of the Platt Amendment.

It seems to be settled that the owners of cotton-factories will request the Fifty-eighth Congress to investigate the recent corner in raw cotton, and to enact laws for the purpose of averting a similar condition of affairs in the future. It appears that in order to produce cotton fabrics at a fair profit, the manufacturer must secure his cotton at a price approximating forty dollars a bale. At the hour when we write, the price is not far from sixty dollars, which is prohibitive. Organized labor in New England has forced wages up to the maximum; and even in the South, where operatives are organized imperfectly, if at all, wages have been kept up by the demand for skilled workers. When to labor thus rendered costly is added the present high price of raw cotton, the manufacture of certain cotton fabrics has to be abandoned, for the reason that the finished product will not sell for more than the net cost of production. Of the ten million spindles in the United States only four million are now running, and the number is continually decreasing. Of course, cotton will be cheaper after September 15, when the new crop will be on the market. Texas alone expects to produce 3,500,000 bales this year, and, according to government reports, the cotton crop of the whole South is likely to reach 12,000,000 bales. The mills now closed will undoubtedly, no doubt, be reopened; but meanwhile an immense amount of money will have been lost by operatives through the enforced suspension of work.

The notion, however, that a remedy can be found for this state of things by trammelling the cotton exchanges with laws intended to prevent speculation in cotton is fallacious. The remedy would prove worse than the disease. Congress has no power to forbid a man to buy an article that he thinks will advance in price, and, of course, his purchase helps to advance the price. It may be asserted that trading in "futures" could be prohibited on the ground that they tend to check interstate commerce. Cotton-buyers might profit by the abolition of traffic in futures, but cotton-growers would lose by it. This is the lesson of experience. The German government prohibited the trading in futures, and the result was that farmers had to carry over their crops when they needed money, or sell in the autumn, when every one else would be selling and prices would be low. Capitalists would like nothing better than to buy the whole crop under such circumstances and hold it until the spring, when they would advance the prices disproportionately. The attempt to meddle with the cotton exchanges by restrictive legislation would almost certainly be followed by corresponding interference with the produce exchanges and the stock exchanges, and then the whole community would suffer by the repudiation of the principle that the law should leave prices to be settled by the interplay of supply and demand.

A political incident that has excited more comment than it really deserves was the so-called annihilation of Populists which took place on July 28 at Denver. The so-called Middle-of-the-Road Populists, who nominated Barker for President in 1900, and the Fusion Populists who gave Mr. Bryan their support that year, as they had given it to him

in 1896, decided to reunite and to put forth a common platform. They have agreed upon four demands. In the first place, they want government-made fiat money. In the second place, they insist that railroads and telegraphs shall be owned by the government, and operated at the cost of service. In the third place, they lean toward Henry George by holding that private ownership in land shall be confined to those who use it, and that land should not be made the subject of speculation. Fourthly and lastly, they announce that American foreign commerce must be transacted in American ships; but, as they are firmly opposed to a subsidy, they must mean to accomplish their aim by such discrimination against foreign ships as would practically debar them from our seaports. This reunion of Populists might have some significance if their numbers were still formidable. In 1900, however, the Middle-of-the-Road Populists cost less than 51,000 votes, and all the rest of the party, which in 1892 gave Weaver twenty-two electoral votes, had become indistinguishably merged in the Democracy. It is not impossible that Mr. Bryan, who, it is remembered, voted for Weaver delegates in Colorado in 1892, might revive the old strength of the party to a considerable extent if he would accept a Populist nomination for the Presidency in 1904. But Mr. Bryan has a future before him within the Democratic ranks, and it is most unlikely that he would again become a bolter.

In almost every instance of recent labor agitation the hazy discernment of right as against wrong seems to be fostered by hazy thinking. There is the recent Murphy case, in which the defendant tried to get clear of a charge of stealing by claiming that as the money was in the hands of the union by the processes of extortion, it couldn't be stolen,—and that therefore the alleged stealing was in reality no stealing at all. Then there is the Chicago labor agitator who calls for the establishment of a "neutral police" to serve in case of labor riots. And there are only two cases of muddled thought out of scores. They do to go with the conclusion of certain politicians that as various irregularities in the Post-office Department cannot be punished because the statute of limitations intervenes, therefore the moral obliquity is condoned. All this is clearly enough doubtful ethics, and indicates the necessity of the rebuilding of moral standards. But it also shows how men can reason crookedly and make themselves believe that they are logical.

Some statistics with reference to the absences of Presidents were recently compiled for the Philadelphia Press. It appears that George Washington during the eight years of his Presidency was absent from the Federal capital, which was first New York and afterwards Philadelphia, only 181 days in all. It must be remembered, however, that the journey to and from Mount Vernon was then a long and fatiguing one. John Adams, during whose four years' term the capital was moved from Philadelphia to Washington, was absent 355 days, most of which he spent on his farm at Quincy, Massachusetts. Thomas Jefferson was away from Washington no fewer than 796 days during his eight years of office. Madison's record was 637 days, which is surprising when we call to mind that the war of 1812 occurred during his administration. Monroe took advantage of the "era of good feeling" to be away 708 days out of his two terms. Andrew Jackson had troubles enough to detain him in Washington—it will be remembered that he was censured by the Senate,—nevertheless, he was absent 502 days. During the last half of the nineteenth century the Chief Magistrates deemed it expedient to spend a larger part of their time at the seat of Federal government. Thus, President Polk was absent but 137 days, Fillmore but 60, Pierce but 67, and Buchanan only 57 days. Grant seldom left Washington, except for a sojourn at Long Branch in the hot weather. Hayes and Arthur, if they travelled at all, endeavored to avoid public notice. Mr. Cleveland, during his first term, it may be remembered, spent even his summers in a suburb of Washington. It was President Harrison who first—if we except Andrew Johnson—"swinging round the circle"—undertook a systematic tour of the country for political purposes, which President McKinley and President Roosevelt have followed. It is obvious that whatever ground there may have been for objecting to a President's absence from the Federal capital is minimized in these days of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones.

## The Outcome of the New Mississippi Constitution

It is well known that in Mississippi the colored population considerably outnumbers the white. It is a well known fact that Mississippi was the first of the Southern States to venture to qualify the suffrage by means of a new State Constitution. As that Constitution was adopted thirteen years ago, time enough has elapsed to permit of definite conclusions regarding its practical results. The importance of learning what those results are will be recognized by all intelligent and fair-minded citizens at the North as well as at the South. We therefore desire to lay out and give a authoritative discussion of the subject by Hon. Frank Johnston, which has been reprinted from publications of the Mississippi Historical Society. We avail ourselves of the notes collected by Mr. Johnston, first, to recall precisely what the Mississippi State Constitution of 1890 provided, and then to set forth the working of the qualifications of the franchise.

The State Constitution adopted by the convention which met at Jackson on August 12, 1890, provided that hereafter an elector must have resided in Mississippi for two years, and in the election precinct where he should desire to vote for one year; that all taxes, including a poll-tax of two dollars, for the year preceding the election at which an elector offers to vote, must have been paid on or before the first day of September of that year; and that an elector must have been registered at least four months previously to the election at which he offers to vote. Another and much-debated qualification of the suffrage was that a voter must "be able to read any section of the Constitution of the State; or he shall be able to understand the same when read to him, or give a reasonable interpretation thereof." The condition of residence in the election precinct for one year manifestly excludes a large class of voters who are thriftings, have no steady employment, and are constantly moving from place to place. The exacting of registration four months previously to the election excludes voters who take little or no interest in public affairs. The provision with reference to the poll-tax, as construed by the Supreme Court of Mississippi, makes the payment of that tax entirely voluntary when the larger class of voters who own no property subject to taxation. Their property cannot be taken for the poll-tax, and no criminal proceedings are allowed for the collection thereof, the only consequence of the failure to pay this tax being the loss of the franchise, so long as the delinquent continues. We add that an voter can be arbitrarily excluded from registration when it is read to him, or give a reasonable interpretation of it. The question of a voter's right to the franchise is not finally decided by the registrar, for a voter may appeal from that decision to the courts.

In the course of the memorable debate on the Mississippi Constitution of 1890, which took place in the United States Senate during the Fifty-first Congress, few criticisms on the new organic law of the State were made by Republican Senators. It was alleged by them that the whole scheme was devised for the purpose of disfranchising the negroes; that the "understanding" clause was a subterfuge, and was intended to enable the registrar, who was to decide upon the qualification of the voters, to discriminate against the negro; that there was an appeal from the decision of the registrar, and that his decision, however arbitrary and unjust, were final; that the basis of the legislative apportionment was unfair, and discriminated against the counties with large negro populations; and, lastly, that the Constitution had not been submitted to the people of the State for ratification. Senator George, who defended the work of the Mississippi convention of 1890, had no difficulty in showing that, as we have said, the State Constitution itself gave citizens an appeal against a registrar's disfranchising decision; that the legislative apportionment was not unfair, because it was based upon the voting, and not upon the total population, of counties and districts, and exhibited few glaring inequalities than those which marked legislative apportionments in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, and other Northern States; and, finally, that, with one exception, it had been the uniform practice of Mississippi that a constitutional convention could adopt and enact a Constitution without submitting it to the people for ratification. The State Constitution of 1817, that of 1832, and that of 1865, as well as that of 1890, had been thus adopted. Moreover, this question had been raised before the legal tribunals of the State, and the present Constitution had been held to be valid by the Supreme Court of Mississippi. It was, of course, to the main accusation leveled at the effect of the educational qualification of the suffrage on the negro voters of the State and the purpose of the constitutional convention is limiting the franchise that Senator George mainly addressed himself.

Every provision in the Mississippi Constitution applies equally and without any discrimination whatever, to both the white and the negro races. Any assumption, therefore, that the purpose of the framers of that Constitution was ulterior and dishonest, is gratuitous, and cannot be sustained. For this assertion we have the authority of the highest Federal tribunal. The question of

the validity of the franchise provisions of the Mississippi Constitution was presented to the Supreme Court of the United States for decision in the case of *Williams vs. Mississippi*, a case which had been decided by the Supreme Court of the State in 1890, and had been carried on the part of *Williams* by writ of error to the United States Supreme Court. The last-named tribunal held, all of the judges concurring, that the provisions of the Constitution did not violate the terms of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, and that their enactment was clearly within the constitutional powers of the State. The United States Supreme Court expressly declared that the provisions of the Mississippi Constitution relating to the suffrage did not discriminate between the black and the white races, but applied to both races impartially and alike. Thus was the work of the Mississippi constitutional convention irreversibly upheld.

Now let us look at the results. Mr. Johnston, who writes with admirable moderation, disabuses any expectation on the part of those who framed the franchise article of the Mississippi Constitution that the political phase of the racial problem had found its final solution in the adoption of the limitations which were placed upon the suffrage. It was believed, however, that such measures as were adopted would alleviate the situation then existing in Mississippi, by improving the electoral body; that they would tend to give the administration of public affairs to the white race by constitutional and honest methods; and that they would prove effective in securing these objects for many years to come. It was then the opinion of the leading men of the State, and there is to-day an agreement of opinion in Mississippi, to the effect that the number of negroes who are being qualified to meet the educational conditions of the suffrage through the school facilities afforded by the State, will continue to increase, and that it may be only a question of time when there will again be a majority of qualified negro voters in the State. It is impossible at this time to speculate intelligently with reference to the course that it may hereafter be needful to pursue. No one can forecast the final outcome of the sociological, economical, and political conditions that flow or may flow from the unprecedented situation in which the two races find themselves in Mississippi and generally in the Southern States. It is already coming to be recognized, however, at the North, that, while negro suffrage concerns the South more deeply and directly than any other section of the Union, yet its comprehensive and far-reaching effects extend to the entire nation. There are several Northern States in which the negroes hold the balance of political power. We repeat that here the negro problem may be sitting quietly at the North as well as at the South, it is impossible to predict; meanwhile, we would direct attention to the fact that in Mississippi the requirements of the existing situation have been met with wisdom and that the blessings of good government have been secured in the people of that State for the present and for many years to come. In Mississippi the two races now dwell together in harmonious relations. Every vocation, trade, and calling in life is open to the negroes. The honest and industrious among them are prosperous. Their children are being educated at the public expense, their indigent and insane, their blind, deaf, and dumb are cared for by the State. In a word, the white race in Mississippi has conceded, and is willing to continue to concede, to the black man every civil right that the white man enjoys, but it is not willing that the black man should assume political supremacy in the State. That would be, not figuratively, but literally, to surrender the territory of the State to the colored race.

Mr. Johnston expresses not only the hope, but the belief, that, happily for the Republic, the Northern people have reached a stage of public opinion where they recognize the fact that the negro problem concerns the South pre-eminently, and that it is the wiser course to leave Northern statesmen undisturbed in a task more difficult than ever before was imposed upon a people. The future is obscure, but Southern statesmen can be relied upon with confidence to meet with courage and justice whatever destiny may await them. They will preserve their civilization and maintain social order for themselves and their descendants.

## Diverse Views of Mr. Chamberlain's Proposal

It is a timely and a vital subject to which the August number of the *Northern Review* allots its first three articles, by Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to impose duties on foreign products in order to give a preference to similar commodities from the colonies is certain to rivet the attention of the British nation for many months to come, and has an obvious bearing on the interests of the United States. The suggested imperial Zollverein is discussed from three points of view. The Rt. Hon. Sir John E. M. P., who is a Conservative and who, it may be remembered, has been Solicitor-General, Under-Secretary for India, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Deputy Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, and Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, sets forth his reasons for believing that

the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme would place a crushing burden on the people of the United Kingdom. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, formerly an Indian Administrator, a globe-trotter, and an interesting writer on Asiatic subjects, has undertaken to prove that Mr. Chamberlain's project would conserve the British Empire, evidently assuming that this is the capital, not to say unique, object of the British people, the desire to keep the breath in their nostrils being thrust aside as immaterial. The probable effect of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, should it ever be carried out, on the trade of the United States, is examined by Mr. H. Loomis Nelson, Professor of Political Science in Williams College, well known to intelligent Americans by his books on "Our Unjust Tariff Law" and "The Money We Need." We purpose here very briefly to indicate what he said on this momentous topic from the various standpoint assumed, and, incidentally, to express our own opinion.

In a singularly cogent article, Sir John E. Gorst points out that the United Kingdom can expect no adequate compensation for the loss which she will incur by imposing a duty on food products in order to give a preference to like colonial commodities. Her export of manufactures will not be increased in commensurate proportions. The market for manufactures in which the Colonies could handicap foreign countries in favor of Great Britain by discriminating tariffs is not large. The market is limited to those imports from foreign countries which British trade could supply, and has been estimated at no more than twenty millions sterling. The experiment made in Canada by the concession of a preference of 33 1/3 per cent. to British manufactures does not warrant the belief that Britain could monopolize the whole of the Canadian market; but, whatever its value, the portion which she secures will be all she is to get in return for the tax on food. Compared with the total British export trade of 220 millions sterling, it is insignificant. But, in these matters on the other side to be lost or jeopardized? As a matter of fact, the exports of Great Britain to foreign countries are twice as great as those to her own possessions. It is obvious that the former trade may be injured. Countries which already have hostile tariffs, may, by increasing those tariffs cause a further diminution in the demand for British manufactures. Whether such retaliation would or would not be encountered, it is certain that, if wages are raised in any British industries as a consequence of colonial preference, the cost of production will be thereby increased, and the commodities will, in consequence, be handicapped in their competition in the general markets of the world. Should the gain in exports to the colonies be more than balanced by the loss in exports to foreign countries, it is plain that the British industries which manufacture for external trade would suffer; workmen would have to be discharged; their resultant competition in the general labor market would tend still further to lower wages; and the ultimate result of Great Britain's experiment in commercial policy might be discrimination of wages, as well as an increase in the price of food. That a preferential treatment of the colonies will be inevitably followed by an increase in the price of bread Mr. Chamberlain himself admits. With this admission in his mind, Sir John E. Gorst is determined to make the British voter understand that, if Mr. Chamberlain's proposal were adopted, Great Britain would be embarking on a contest in which her very life would be at stake. It would be an attempt to place upon the back of the British people a burden which they cannot, in their present condition bear. It is Sir John E. Gorst's conviction that, if they are deluded by the oracles of false prophets, in attempting to undertake it, they will be crushed to the ground.

In a lucid exposition of the bearing of Mr. Chamberlain's imperial tariff plan on the United States, Professor H. L. Nelson demonstrates that the hope of founding imperial patriotism on reciprocal commercial advantages rests upon an unsubstantial economic basis. He would not deny that, if a considerable preference should be given to the colonies, British mother country might eventually supply a very large part of the mother country's demand for food products. Whether, however, the British manufacturer would get any equivalent return for the concession depends entirely upon the course which the United States on their part might elect to pursue. It has been estimated that their twenty per cent. preference in 1902 furnished of the total amount of food supplies imported by Great Britain could, in the course of time, and under favorable conditions, be increased to eighty per cent. Professor Nelson considers the estimate quite within the range of probability when the fact is borne in mind that Canada now has more uncultivated agricultural lands than we possess. Whether, however, the British manufacturer shall get any adequate return for the proposed concession depends entirely upon the question whether the United States shall decide to leave their tariff as it is, so far as Canada is concerned. Canada's prosperity strongly inclines her to become our customer, and, as experience has shown, notwithstanding the preference of 33 1/3 per cent. granted to British manufactures, we are still her principal purveyors. Nor is there any doubt that, if we should enter into reciprocal tariff relations with her, Canada would quickly come to depend upon the United States for most of her imports of manu-

factured articles. In other words, we can at any moment outbid Mr. Chamberlain for Canada's trade. What the British Colonial Secretary proposes is to take advantage for political purposes of an artificial trade condition which we ourselves have created, by withholding reciprocity from Canada. The advantage contemplated by Mr. Chamberlain would be compassed at the expense of the English consumer, and of the United States farmer and manufacturer. Professor Nelson's conclusion is that the power rests with us to protect the American farmer from artificial and injurious competition in England; to enlarge the market for American manufactures, and, at the same time, to promote such friendly international relations as would do more for the welfare of mankind than possibly could be accomplished by Mr. Chamberlain's proposed employment of a tariff war against the outside world for the purpose of fighting loyalty to the British Empire.

Mr. A. H. Colquhoun seems to think that he will prove his case if he succeeds in convincing the reader that the stability of the British Empire, by which he means the permanent adherence of the self-governing colonies, can be assured only by the species of heism embodied in the preferential tariff proposed by Mr. Chamberlain. He avouches Mr. Chamberlain's plan because he is convinced that a new policy is needed to revivify the British Empire, a new bond to bind it closer together. He admits, indeed, that, even if England should lose all her self-governing colonies, she would still have an Empire, because she would retain India, the Crown Colonies, her world-wide trade and her maritine navy. Why, then, is he willing to risk as much, in order to connect Canada, Australia, and South Africa a little more tightly with the mother country? The only reason that he can assign is that he looks to the self-governing colonies as nurseries of the English-speaking race, as the heritage of England's children, who will, he thinks, be immeasurably the losers if the falls which drives them from the overcrowded island of Great Britain should forbid them to live in white man's countries under the British flag. Does Mr. Colquhoun regard the Australian Commonwealth, the Dominion of Canada, and the South-African Colonies as better entitled to be described as nurseries of the English-speaking race than are the United States? Does he deem those British emigrants immeasurably the losers who have chosen to live under the Stars and Stripes rather than under the British flag? Does he not perceive the inherent fallacy of the sole argument by which he seeks to persuade the British proletariat to pay an extra cent or two for a loaf of bread, the argument, namely, that otherwise, the self-governing colonies may, like the United States, become independent republics? If that is all that is meant by a dismemberment of the British Empire, what terrors can the prospect have for the British artisan? Is he likely to face starvation or even extreme privation for himself and his family in order to prevent the sentimental difference between the practically autonomous Australian Commonwealth and the avowed independence of the United States? The question answers itself.

## Mr. Washington and the Negro Problem

In Boston, on July 30, an attempt was made by a number of negroes to break up a meeting of colored citizens, which Booker T. Washington had been invited to address. He himself protested on the following day that the colored citizens of Boston, considered as a whole, should not be held responsible for the unwise acts of a few rioters. Nine-tenths of the colored people in that city, he said, stand by him and support him in his work, and they were never more hearty in their approval than they are to-day. At Tuskegee, Alabama, where the Normal and Industrial Institute, presided over by Mr. Washington, is situated, a resolution was unanimously adopted on July 31 by the Alabama Colored Baptist Convention severely condemning the hostile demonstration made by negroes in Boston on the preceding night, and endorsing Principal Washington as a worthy, conscientious, and safe leader, deserving the confidence and respect of his race. The question will naturally arise, What has Booker Washington done that any men of his color should try to interrupt meetings at which he is expected to appear? The answer is obvious enough. He has not advised his colored friends in fight for their political rights. On the contrary, he has counseled them to leave politics alone, and to cultivate the virtues of industry and thrift.

In other words, he would have them prove themselves deserving of the franchise, before they insist upon exercising it. This is what constitutes his affair in the eyes of professional negro agitators, who make a living by fomenting antagonism between the black and the white races. The negroes who seek to become delegates to Republican national conventions have heretofore posed as the official champions of their race, and have found it profitable to do so. Their recapture would be gone if Booker T. Washington could have his way. The negroes who manipulate the colored vote in those Northern States, where it sometimes suffices to elect the whole, are disposed to repudiate the teacher who tells young colored men to go to technical schools and learn how to

man a living, instead of clamoring for the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment. From their point of view Booker T. Washington is a betrayer of the black man's cause.

That the free negro will never be self-supporting until, in pursuance of Mr. Washington's idea, he has been trained in habits of industry and thrift, is tolerably clear from the experience of a colony of colored people founded in Canada more than half a century ago. This colony was started in 1849 by the Rev. William King, an English evangelist, in Boston, Kent County, Province of Ontario. Here a tract of some nine thousand acres of fertile land was set aside by the Canadian government for the use of fugitive slaves who had been assisted to escape from the Southern States by the "underground railroad." The land was sold in farms of from forty to one hundred acres at the price of \$1 50 per acre, and the colonists, who, at one date numbered 1200, had unlimited time in which to pay for their holdings. As money could be made from the start by cutting the fine timber that stood on the land, the colony began under auspicious conditions. How has it prospered? Very few of the negro colonists or their descendants now remain on the farms, and, with one exception, those who are still there are renters. The rest mortgaged their lands, and even the standing crops, and squandered the proceeds of the transaction, and in many cases abandoned their farms rather than take the trouble to till them. They proved incapable of steady work, and were destitute of foresight, their power of provision being limited, apparently, to a day or a week. When oil was discovered on the tract occupied by the colony, the negroes sold their rights at once for trivial sums rather than wait for a development of the subterranean wealth. The one exception proves the rule. This man came to the colony from British Guiana in 1872. He is a school-teacher, and during his vacations worked on his farm. He concurs with Booker Washington in thinking that the negroes in the Southern States of the Union should be trained in the habits of industry and economy, in order to acquire the foundation on which close fellowship may properly be reared.

One of the most interesting contributions to a study of the negro question was made the other day by a Southern white citizen in a letter to the New York Sun. Referring to the prediction uttered by Justice Brewer in his Milwaukee address that there would be a popular uprising against lynchings and a remedy applied to them, the writer prayed Heaven to speed the day when such a remedy might be found. He suggested, however, that Justice Brewer had missed the crux of the question, so far as the South was concerned; for, however deplorable lynchings are, the conditions which cause them in the South are so serious that punishment by lynching is insignificant in comparison. What are those conditions? They are these: no white woman in the negro belt dare traverse the public highway alone; while, on the other hand, any negro woman can go from the Potomac to Texas alone, on foot, unmolested, in absolute safety. The white farmer's wife sits at home in fear and trembling, even though her husband may be working in a neighboring field. This insecurity has had a disastrous effect on agricultural prosperity; because of it thousands and thousands of farmers have left the rural districts for the towns and cities. The writer in the Sun declares that if Justice Brewer and his "popular uprising" will find a remedy to stop the assaults upon white women, so that they can have the freedom of the highway, or enjoy peace and safety in their homes, thousands upon thousands of families will go back into the old farms, and the waste places of the black belt will once more blossom as the rose. It is offering no remedy to say that, if the negro assaultant of a white woman is caught, he can be punished by law.

As General Fitzhugh Lee pointed out the other day, it is asking too much of the poor victims to require her to go in a court-house, and there, before a curious crowd, go into details of her sufferings and humiliation. To a modest woman suicide were preferable. In the judgment of white women at the South, the vital question is not how shall lynching be stopped, but how shall white women be protected? It is a question, moreover, which the North is bound to help the South in solving. As the North took the negroes from their white owners after the civil war, and organized them into so-called "loyal negroes," and started them along lines adverse primarily to the Southern whites, and indirectly to the blacks themselves, destroying the influence of the former masters and teaching the negroes to look to the North for teaching and guidance, it now believes the North to undo its work, if it can, and to make the negroes understand that white women shall not be assaulted, and that, if negro teachers, and preachers, and negro colleges fail to stop the atrocious crime, the North will withdraw its countenance from them, or co-operate in a movement to coerce negroes into a repression of their brutal instincts.

## The Evolution of Racial Type in America

There is hardly a more fatuous individual anywhere than the man with a brand-new theory of his own conceiving. Wonderful is

the ingenuity he will practice in finding plausible evidence to confirm his fixed idea, and marvellous the power his eyes acquire of seeing right through a very mountain of facts which refute it. Eminent men are not exempt from subjection to this faculty. Theologians, politicians, scientists, philosophers, and the teachers of men generally are prone to fall into it. Professor Starr of the University of Chicago is the latest notable example. According to newspaper reports of a lecture which he recently delivered there, he believes that the American people are fast developing an Indian. He has held the theory for some time, and announces that he has now confirmed it by personal observation. He examined the descendants of a small colony of Germans who came to the United States years ago, settling in Pennsylvania, and found that the fourth and fifth generations had developed marked Indian characteristics, such as black eyes and darker colored skin.

"The change must take place inevitably," said Professor Starr, "through the influence of the potent American climate and environment."

In this case, the mountain of refuting fact which the theoretician sees is represented by the whole American race outside of the present-day colony of Teutonic Pennsylvanians, and, possibly, a few other seeming instances. Nor, apparently, does the worthy scholar care to observe that during the last four centuries there has been a certain admixture of Indian blood into that of the white invaders of the American continent, and that this may account, in a measure, for the traits he has observed. No, dear professor, your theory that the American people are fast developing the Indian type, and will go on approaching it more and more, cannot be taken seriously. It is too obvious that, even if there were an undoubted tendency of this kind, it could only develop in the wilderness and in the primitive conditions which produced the Indian savage; and the difference between our civilization and these conditions need not be insisted upon.

A distinct racial type, as marked, almost, as that of any European people, has certainly been evolved in the United States; but it does not bear any particular resemblance to the Indian type. It is not difficult to designate an American man or woman in Europe; and Americans abroad are recognized not only on account of their clothes and speech and external manner, but by that something distinctive in face and form and temperament which we call race. It is true that there are certain superficial differences between Eastern and Western Americans, between Northerners and Southerners; but it is a curious thing that, in a country of such length and breadth and of such diverse climatic conditions, in a country peopled by descendants of so many branches of the Caucasian family, no national racial type that is fairly uniform and predominant should have been produced in a few generations, and should be able to assimilate to itself the vast horde of foreign elements which is continually being absorbed into it.

## Money in Fact and Fiction

There are strange times in the accumulation of fortunes—stranger than any fiction could ever have made them. Think of it for a moment! Andrew Carnegie, a canny little Scotch boy, came to this unknown land a few decades ago barefooted, and last year offered to settle the Venezuelan indebtedness to Germany, England, France, and Italy and the South-American republic by loaning Venezuela the entire sum of these international debts. And yet a fortune so huge as to permit of such offers is as nothing to the power of another man. Mr. Rockefeller, personally a quiet American citizen from Cleveland, a simple liar with few habits of luxury, could easily buy half a dozen of the independent kingdoms of Europe; could without feeling it in any great extent in his pocketbook take up the debts of all the empires of Central and South America.

Again, in 1844, Alexander Dumas published a book called *The Count of Monte Cristo*, the basis of which is the fabulous wealth of an individual. The count finds a rare full of almost priceless jewels. He says, "I must live; he spends money everywhere; he comes to Paris with a satchel from his Italian bankers giving him unlimited credit on a Paris bank. There is no limit on what he can draw from M. Danglers. It is entirely unprecedented. Nothing like it was ever known before. He draws five millions of francs, and ruins the banker, and still no complaint from his Roman house. His rights wrongs; he sues more lives; he punishes the guilty by the use of aniline dye on their heads. And then he is by the name Maximilian on the island of Monte Cristo with his bride and sons away. As Maximilian sees his ship disappear on the horizon, he feels Monte Cristo's will leaving him his whole fortune. This fortune, Dumas suggests is two or three places, was one hundred million francs—\$20,000,000. It is the greatest private fortune the Frenchman could receive of in 1844 and is considerably less than the fortune of John D. Rockefeller in 1863.

So you might run on, if it did not tire the reader to conceive more. But, most remarkable of all, this one individual made his unprecedented wealth with his own brain.

## The American City

SOME recent statistics have emphasized the fact that, among our centres of urban population, Philadelphia is pre-eminently the American city. This is not so surprising when we call to mind that it had more native Americans to start with. Not only in 1790, when the first census was taken, but for at least two decades afterwards, Philadelphia contained more inhabitants than any other American town. As early as 1810, the population of Philadelphia was 111,210. According to the census of 1900, Philadelphia contained 1,293,697, of whom 908,257 were native and 285,240 foreign-born. In not a single ward of the city are there more foreigners than natives. Of the 710,200 persons of foreign parentage living in Philadelphia, some have both parents foreign; others, either father or mother foreign. Of these individuals both of whose parents were born in the same foreign country, 231,500 claim Ireland as the birthplace of their parents; 150,250, Germany; 53,020, England; 44,320, Russia; and 27,690, Italy.

It will be observed that Philadelphia receives a far smaller fraction of the immigration from Italy and Russian Poland than does New York city. It is further to be noted that, of the native-born population of Philadelphia (908,257), 844,548 were born in Pennsylvania; 20,978 in New Jersey; 23,184 in Maryland; 21,683 in New York; 20,698 in Virginia; and 16,255 in Delaware. Comparatively few residents of Philadelphia were born in England or the Western States. That is to say, Philadelphia does not exercise upon those sections of our country the magnetic attraction exerted by New York. On the other hand, it is significant that of the foreign-born males, twenty-one years and over, less than ten per cent. are unable to speak English. This shows that the assimilation is performed in Philadelphia with exceptional energy and rapidity. In New York, an immediate acquirement of the English language is by no means necessary, if an immigrant confines himself to the quarters occupied by the Italians or by the Polish Jews.

Of foreign-born residents in Philadelphia, only 65,384 are naturalized. It follows that the political influence of the so-called "foreign vote" is insignificant. Of the population of voting age, not more than 18 per cent. is of foreign birth, and even of those voters, four-fifths have been in the United States more than ten years, and nearly one-half more than twenty years. All the more shame to Philadelphia that corruption and fraud should be deeply rooted in the government. The American city ought to exhibit a far better municipal record than New York, though, as a matter of fact, the latter city has elected two reform Mayors in the last decade. This, although New York contained, according to the last census, 1,270,080 inhabitants of foreign birth. We cannot avoid the inference that Philadelphians are relatively lacking in civic virtues.

## The Army Officer's Wife

ONE of the most delicate problems with which the military authorities have to deal is the army officer's wife. In the navy, where the duty separates the officer from his family, there are none of the trying considerations induced by garrison life in the army. One of the features of this social factor is the appointment to commissions of men who have served in the callous border, and there is always the terror that an army officer, no matter whence he comes, shall bring with him a wife who is not up to the service standard. The mere suggestion of anything which will add to this problem is calculated to throw the military establishment into ethical hysteria; yet one officer, Captain T. Bentley Mott, of the Artillery corps, in a certain plan he has proposed, has approached this subject with fearlessness and defiance and met the issue with candor.

He has suggested that army commissions be opened to the older non-commissioned officers, partly as a reward to that class and an inducement to have good soldiers remain in the service, and partly in order to obtain junior army officers of experience and ability. Among other things he anticipates the objection which may be raised on the ground that these old soldiers are likely to be "impossibly" married. But he says there are no social deficiencies of men promoted after fifteen years of service in the ranks which are not offset every day in the problems presented by men who have been coming into army commissions by way of West Point and the ranks. He says that four years spent at the military academy, or a less time at a military post as an enlisted man, do not alter the origin, tastes, or social peculiarities of people who come from all classes of our democratic life, and he believes that a short time as a commissioned officer will harmonize "those affinities natural to all aggregations of individuals." He adds: "The same would happen to the soldier commissioned after fifteen or twenty years of service, whether married or single; his official-social position would be shortly fixed by exactly those

forces which to-day determine the place of all officers, whether they come from West Point or the ranks. As for his wife, if in a matter vitally affecting the efficiency of our army we must consider that question, there is no reason to suppose that she would greatly differ from the women whom many officers now marry, or that her troubles or other people's concerning her would be a matter of real importance to the service."

It is a long time since any officer has been so straightforward and emphatic in treating of a subject which most army people have spoken of in nothing above a bated breath.

## On Book Criticisms

BOOK criticism has become a very prevalent vice. Every one does it—even the football-game reporter. Naturally, even as for all things universally manufactured, many methods have been invented. The very easiest is to write the review without reading the book. Doubtless this method has been in vogue longer than we realize, but certainly some two years ago an established critic as Mr. Andrew Lang dealt with his book by saying: "I have not read ——. Being repelled by the exceedingly ugly design on the covers, I did not open them." The covers in this instance chance to have been designed by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and one can fancy the amazed disgust which those drawings at first excited. It must have equalled the popular feeling about Blake. In England, where the fault of the average man is that of taking himself and his business too seriously, Mr. Lang's airy repudiation of anything verging upon a sense of responsibility must have amounted almost to a witicism. In this country it would be found to have a less potent charm, because so actively in the manner of the young girl just out of school, who feels that nothing matters now, so long as she has amusement enough. Here this method lacks novelty.

An equally interesting way of dealing with an author in that adopted recently by a reviewer in one of our own best reviews, in dealing with a book of serious art criticism. The reviewer says simply: "We are obliged to confess, that lacking the required knowledge . . . and sympathy, it may be . . . much of . . . book is incomprehensible to us." This way is rapid and straightforward, and might even be serviceable as a self-protection if only the author's name were signed, but, alas! it is not. Otherwise we might set down on the tablets of memory "Mr. ——" of the staff of ———, knows nothing of art and admits it; skip his art criticisms henceforth." But only to know that an unknown reviewer knows nothing of art and says so is waste knowledge.

A third method of book criticism is to rely entirely upon the interest of one's personality. This is a method readily learned and made in vogue. A well-known contributor who makes it his business to know all English books deals thus with Miss Keat's last volume: "It must be my fault, but I can't read the book with any pleasure. Her stories are to me tiresome and unattractive. I mention this not because it is of the slightest consequence whether I like Miss Keat's stories or whether I do not, but simply because of the fact that while to many they seem exceptionally good, I cannot read them." The value of this sort of book reviewing must rest entirely upon our reverence for the reviewer. Robert Louis Stevenson, by a chance sentence, has taught many a mortal in delight in the chapters of *Mansons Agonistes*. How many of us would have really loved Coleridge, outside *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*, but for Peter, or known one Gray without Arnold's help! Symonds, Peter, Arnold, Swinburne, Salustiana, have, by criticism, opened many fields for exploration; their book criticisms are still books of criticism.

## The Rhodes Scholarship

THE trustees of the will of Cecil Rhodes have announced that the first election of Rhodes scholars in this country will be held between February and May next year, and the appointees will commence their residence in October, 1904.

In each State and Territory a committee of college officers will make one appointment from the candidates between sixteen and twenty-five years old, who qualify by passing the prescribed examinations. These examinations—which are not competitive—are based on requirements for "preparations"—the entrance examinations for Oxford—and are tests in arithmetic, algebra and geometry, Greek and Latin grammar, Latin prose composition, and Greek and Latin authors. Scholars must also have reached the end of their second year in some recognized degree-granting university or college.

This last requirement does not fit in particularly well with the other, as Sophomores in good standing in our colleges have usually forgotten enough of what they knew when they entered college to meet the reposing of an entrance examination a matter of some difficulty.



### AT FULL GALLOP ON THE ROAD TO ARDSLEY

On the last trip of the public coach "Pioneer" to Ardsley, a record was set made, with Alfred G. Vanderbilt on the box. During the race the coach starts every morning from the "Waldorf" and the route are loaded with the advice of President Roosevelt's wife and their guests. One photographer caught a snap shot of the coach near Ardsley on the last trip, with the coachmen and team at full gallop.



*The Lion which will pose for the Artists in the new Lion-room at Bronx Park*



*Mr. Hornaday, the Director of the Zoo at the Bronx, viewing the new Lion Model-room with a Party of Artists*

**THE NEW MODEL-ROOM, WHERE ARTISTS SKETCH ANIMALS FROM LIFE, AT THE BRONX "ZOO," NEW YORK**





### THE NEW POPE, PIUS X

*The Papal Conclave last week elected Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto to the throne of St. Peter on the seventh ballot, the new Pontiff taking the name of Pius X. Giuseppe Sarto was born in 1835, in the province of Venice, and is said to have been Pope Leo's choice for his successor. He was for many years a parish priest in the province of Venice, and afterwards a bishop. In 1893 he was made a cardinal, and given the title of Patriarch of Venice.*

# The London Season

By Sydney Brooks

London, July 20, 1923.

"I HAVE the judicial temperament," said Mr. Dooley. "I hate sunbaths, I have the London temperament. I enjoy boating. The capacity to do nothing and to get real pleasure out of the pasture is one of the qualifications of the London-lover. Without it a man will find himself, scarcely knowing how or why, in a perpetual inward conflict with the atmosphere of this easy-going metropolis. Business here is business simply. It is not the whole of life nor even a creditable fraction of it. In fact, there are moods in which one is tempted to dismiss it as a mere side issue, an impediment and unpleasant interruption of the real pursuits of life. It becomes almost a form of asceticism. Offered the choice between the usual "bustle" and sitting under the trees in Hyde Park on a bright July morning and watching the daily promenade and the riders in the flow, it takes an effort never felt in New York to conclude that "bustle" is the

straight and narrow path. There is always something picturesque and delightful going on that one can easily convince one's self ought not to be missed. Perhaps no city offers so many temptations to just loaf about or give in the practice so much the air of an educational tonic. It knocks ten per cent. off one's income simply to live within reach of the inexhaustible variety of the London streets. Numbers no one person's eye's self so satisfactorily as here that a day spent in rummaging among old book-stores or in print-shops or old furniture and silver-ware-shops is a day profitably spent. No one ever knows London. There is always something left for the stranger to discover on his own account, and a plunge out of the main thoroughfares into a labyrinth of winding alleys and narrow, silent, seamy-looking streets is bound to yield something to the investigator, be it an old inn with a wondrous cellar of poet, or some unexpected church of historic memories smothered away in a corner, or an old curiosity-shop with all the riches of Siberia and Chippendale behind its depressing frontage, or a Georgian mansion tucked almost out of sight by upstairs encroachments, or even, with luck, some relic of Roman London.

But the Park is the real playground of the million or so Londoners who live to kill time. Every morning between 10 and 12:30, every afternoon between 4 and 7, and every Sunday morning in the breathing space between church and lunch, you may see in Hyde Park between Manship Gate and the French Embassy something, though not very much, of the wealth and beauty of London: something, too, though here again not very much, of its society. A fine summer morning brings out very early two or three hundred riders in the flow and two or three thousand people to promenade up and down, to sit on the chairs a select gathering any more than the New York Horse Show, if you will, it is still fairly correct to say that "everybody" goes there, real world, and within a yard of him or her somebody who looks like an escaped inmate from a Bloomsbury boarding-house—and who probably is. But this great concourse, idling up and down or talking and laughing under the trees—a brilliant splash of color with worth seeing, and an amusement very well worth taking if an immense suggestion of leisure, easy elegance, natural enjoyment. I wish I could say as much for the riding. You will, of

course, see in the Row some superb seats, but the average is not a particularly high one, least of all among the women. The English seat is more effective than graceful, and so far as mere form goes Central Park could give a handsome lead to Boston Row. What is really remarkable about the Row is the enormous number of riders who reach a high standard of horsemanship without quite reaching the top notch of excellence. The turnout in New York, and I think, too, in Vienna, is better in quality, but in comparison almost infinitesimal in bulk. In the matter of quantity London scores overwhelmingly, and most of the riders in the Row have this extra attraction that they are well known. Quite a percentage of social and political London horses itself up for the day's labor by a preliminary canter in the Row.

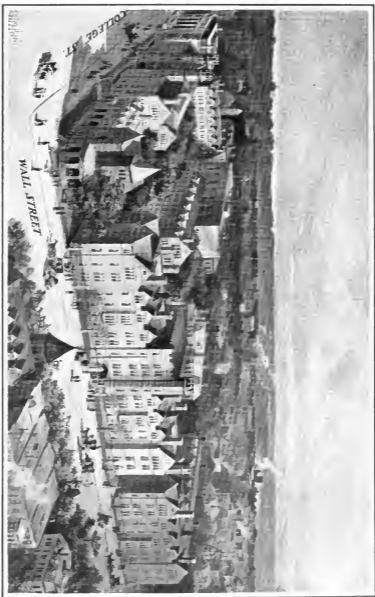
The same general criticisms may be passed on the afternoon show. I have never more perfectly appointed settings in Central Park, but never so many good ones; a few finer teams, but never so vast a gathering of sound horseflesh. Where

New York has its first-class tens, London has its second-class hundreds, with the result that the sight, if less satisfying in one way, is infinitely more impressive in another. But the Park after the show is a little too public to be really representative of the best. The place to see the pick of social London is Harlington or Ranelagh. The Ranelagh Club is the direct descendant of the famous Kit-Cat Club founded precisely two hundred years ago. The clubhouse is a fine old eighteenth-century mansion, once the home of Thomson, the poet, and stands in a park of some 200 acres at Putney, on the banks of the Thames, some forty minutes' drive from Piccadilly Circus. There is provision for pretty well every form of sport, but it is on its polo and horse shows that Ranelagh depends for its chief attraction. It would be hard to beat the setting anywhere. You turn out of the heat and dust and dreariness of a main thoroughfare into a long, winding, shady drive, the river on one side, a stretch of exquisite English park on the other. It is the perfection of all a country club should be—highly laid-out grounds, "mist sauce" lawns, an infinity of flower-beds, gignets, spreading chess tables, and a superbly equipped club, and a

staff of stewards such as one can only find in England.—Add to all this the fact that during the season London is the world's center for opera, for concerts, for pictures, for nearly every form of art. Add, again, that it is the capital of the kingdoms and the empire, the home of royalty, and the scene of the thousand and one festivities, ceremonies, and fetes that always go with a court. Add once more that every phase of amusement, theatres, music-halls, and all that is going full blast during these three months. Add, finally, so that of all the people on earth the English are the greatest entertainers, publicly and privately. A Londoner need not have a very big circle of acquaintances to find himself two or three deep women who is fairly in the swim will walk through a dinner and four or five at-loses night after night, week after week, with a provision that is quite startling. All this on the top of lunch-ess, garden parties, teas, and the bazars and other semi-public functions that claim the time and presence and activity of all prominent English women, makes up a round which it almost brings on vertigo even to think of. It is a strenuous life. If you like, in fact, there is so much to do and so little time to do it in that afternoon calls have dropped from the fractional twenty minutes to an actual ten, and even threaten a future five.



"Of all the People on Earth the English are the greatest Entertainers"



Open Ground

January 4

From January to St. Anthony Hall

History of Society G

Democracy of Government A

University

January 12

## THE PLAN OF THE NEW AND PROPOSED BUILDINGS AT YALE

With the recent gift of Frederick Vanderbilt to Yale University, the students of the Sheffield Scientific School will have for the first time a building of their own which are owned by the college. Heretofore the college dormitories have not been open to them. Of the buildings shown in the drawing, St. Anthony Hall and the Historical Society building have been standing some years. River House and the Hall is nearly finished, and one of the large dormitories given by Mr. Vanderbilt is under way. The others will be built on soon as the necessary funds can be secured.

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

**T**HE choice of Miss Fay Davis to cast the role of Julie Le Breton in the dramatic version of *Lady Rose's Daughter* is a happy one, and has evidently been made with deliberate purpose and fine discrimination. I have already said in these columns that to fit the part of Julie would be a problem not easy to solve. Other actresses might be found who could better fit the part in physical appearance, but the charm of Julie is the charm of mind, of "soul," as the French would say, and it is this charm that is pre-eminent in Miss Davis's work in the theatre. She is an actress of fine intelligence, and though American by birth and education, her reputation on the stage has been won in London, where, until a year ago, she was closely identified with Mr. George Alexander's triumphs at the St. James's Theatre since 1863. So that her stay in the English metropolis has doubtless enabled her to imbibe that mental attitude and atmosphere which characterize the milieu of *Lady Rose's Daughter*. The dramatization was wisely assigned to the capable pen of a practised dramatist, and is now, I understand, in the hands of Mr. Charles Frohman, who promises to present the play in New York this autumn. The dramatist is Miss Constance Fletcher, better known as George Fleming, the author of several novels and plays, notably her latest success, "The Light that Failed," which Mr. Forbes Robertson is bringing to New York in November.

So much has been made of the resemblance between the career of Julie Le Breton and that of her confessed prototype, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, that no excuse is necessary for the lengthy extract which I give below from a weighty review of Miss Wormeley's recent translation of the *Letters of Julie, de Lespinasse*, of the French original, and of a later work in French by Eugène Assolant, entitled *Madame de Lespinasse et la Marquise du Defand, suivi de documents inédits sur Mademoiselle de Lespinasse* (1877). The article appears in the latest issue of the *Edinburgh Review*, and for the first time presents a critical and comparative study of the subject which argues that the charge of plagiarism is one which cannot be seriously maintained from any sensible point of view for a moment. In the imaginative exercise of history and the application of biographical facts to fiction, the writer even goes so far as to express admiration for Mrs. Ward's daring innovation. "To take historical characters—figures in the society of a particular age and country—and place them in another land and another time and under other names—in other words, to dress them in modern fiction—is a new and ingenious device, but one which has aroused some criticism." Naturally, for there never was a departure from accepted literary forms or conventional devices of art which did not stir up a hornet's nest among the family connections of the gods. To be sure, Mrs. Ward's device has its dangers, and only in the hands of so dextrous and delicate an artist as the author of *Lady Rose's Daughter* could these dangers be successfully avoided, and "it is, however, little more than a literary pastime," says this writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "to trace the resemblances between the actual events in the life of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse kept so closely, as has generally been stated, to her historical precedents. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was a family connection of Madame du Defand, and while Julie Le Breton could claim near kinship with Lady Henry, and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and Julie Le Breton entered upon their adventures with their respective misadventures under quite different auspices, while Madame du Defand usually discovered the young man's defection. In many respects, therefore, it is little more than a fiction. Lady Henry is a clever and haughty tempered old lady, of whom plenty were to be found in London in

the eighteenth as they are in the twentieth century. But she bears but a faint resemblance to Madame du Defand. Where is the faithful Wriart and Horace Waldpe with his curious devotion to his blind friend? Nor is the company which assembled at Madame du Defand's little salon in the convent of Saint Joseph and in Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's modest apartments in Rue Saint-Benoislike at all like the people with whom Mrs. Humphry Ward fills Lady Henry's drawing-room in the West End of London. Points of character have unquestionably been gathered from real traits in Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; her tact, her talent for intrigue are reproduced in the ways of Julie Le Breton, and the unassuming love of Mrs. Humphry Ward's heroine du Wriartlike is obviously founded on the passion of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse for de Gumbert; while in the respectful affection of Dr. Meredith, the eminent editor, for Julie Le Breton we see a faint resemblance to the steady and helpful regard of M. d'Alenfort for Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The novelty and ingenuity of Mrs. Humphry Ward's plan necessarily gives to *Lady Rose's Daughter* a freshness of treatment which has added much to its popularity as a story, but historically her thoughtful work is of slight importance. Julie Le Breton neither explains nor alters our view of the Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

This, it seems to me, settles the question.

For some time Mr. John Lane has received a good deal of clever advertisement gratis from the literary gossip columns of the press through the exploitation of what seems to be another of those admit "fake" stories about a forthcoming publication. We have all heard of the manuscript in a red box which was left on Mr. Lane's doorstep, and which was fostered by him when the author apparently refused to come forth and claim his own. The author was given to certain date to reveal himself. Failing to do so, Mr. Lane announced that he would publish the book at his own risk and on his own responsibility, as he was convinced of the merits of the work. Indeed, he has succeeded to some extent in working up the imagination of his readers in expectation of something wonderful—the end which he has most sedulously aimed at. Now we have it on a show of authority that the author is a West of England clergyman who has been seeking an introduction into literary life through a brother of the cloth not far from the banks of the Tay in bonnie Scotland. The same red box has been the inside of more than one newspaper office in London, but his comments were more than sufficient for certain publication. More than one publisher's reader, while declining it, recognized its literary merit, and advised its publication. It is understood, moreover, that the editorial agent of the author had an interview with Mr. John Lane concerning the founding some time before the first day of July, but so far the secret has been well kept.



The New Journalism or Stronach Youth  
 First Gentleman "I think I shall subscribe. If the next is another one it shall be mine."  
 Second Gentleman "Oh yes, quite all right. But I hope it won't be too early for you and the girls to drop down."

*The Man Chase*, by Mr. Meredith Nicholson, is well deserving of the recognition it is gaining. It is not only one of the very best American novels we have had from a new writer in recent years. It approaches more nearly that artistic blending of the romantic and the real in our everyday life which is achieved by a very few writers of modern fiction. One notes, also, with pride and pleasure in the growing movement of our fiction toward a national literature, that *The Man Chase* relates the particular life it portrays to the national life at large, and makes itself felt as an important part of the whole country. Mr. Nicholson is evidently conscious of this significant fact. "It seems to me," he wrote the other day, "that our fiction, where it expresses honestly some phase of our life and really catches and holds an atmosphere, serves to knit us together to make a real national unit of us." Though a first novel, *The Man Chase* gives its author a place at a bound among our foremost young novelists.



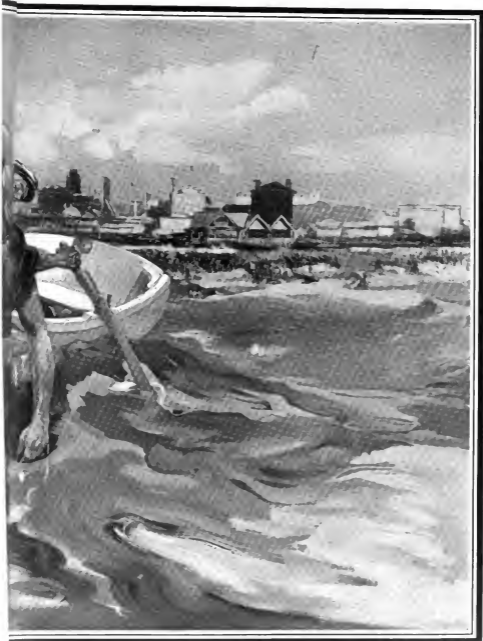
**MR. ALEXANDER WINTON AND HIS NEW RACING-CAR**

Winton, who was captain of the American team in the international contest for the Gordon Bennett Cup, has recently purchased a seven-cylinder racing-car, which was designed and constructed in a workshop of his own in the town of Winton, Ontario. The car is a development of the American type, and the superior quality of the gasoline which he used, Winton was unable to justify. His new automobile that he will abandon racing, and drive himself in the future to manufacturing.



BEYOND THE

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Drawn by G. Wright

## LIFE-LINES



Farnis's January Caricature of Gladstone

# The Pen- Humorists of England

By  
Arthur William à Beckett



John Burns  
By Harry Farnis

THE change of the centuries has ushered in a change in English caricature. Tristram, the finest of draughtsmen, in what he himself termed once (in a speech at the Royal Academy "Comic Art," from 1851 to 1901, laid down his pencil, or rather his pen, two years ago. Since his day much has happened. The paper which monopolized the best of his work has left his loss. Even now he is remembered by the world that dines away from the table immortalized by Thackeray as "the Mahogany Tree" in Bourgeois Street. By the way, that festive board was (and possibly still is) of plain deal, and owes its value to the letters carved in the wood by the admitted wits of yesterday and the probable humorists of tomorrow. John Tenniel's colleagues, at any rate of the present generation, will declare his loss irreparable and continue to regret his loss in spite of his eighty years—too early resignation. And as yet the public are in sympathy with them. The admirable artist who has succeeded him was his fellow worker in the same field of labor for more than a quarter of a century, and has not changed his methods; and the "second in command" has a style full of beauty, but he is not John Tenniel. John Tenniel was peerless in the last century—he is peerless in this. If world fame that the box of caricature is dying out in England. Twenty or thirty years ago there were scores of so-called comic papers. Today the number has dwindled to literally ten or three. One of the brightest periodicals of modern times, *Punch*—a paper that in its day numbered such humorists as Byron, Prouser, Harry Leigh, Arthur Skelton, and Tom Hood—has gone the way of the majority, and this after it had passed into the hands of Sir George Newnes, one of the richest and most successful of our publishers of periodicals. The same late label *Goodman*—a very clever if not a very witty weekly. And what remains? A journal that relies as much upon its past prestige as its present ability, a weekly that has even far, better days, and *John Bull*. I give the name of the editor and staff of *John Bull*, the national representative is a gentleman of infinite jest, and has nothing in common with the early brute in top-boots who usually appears either as a fool or a bully.



Alfred Harcourt  
Max Beerholm's caricature of the English journalist

Where can one find British caricature nowadays? Very rarely represented in the pages of the "comic papers." No doubt there are plenty of pretty girls, smart-looking fellows, elegant apartments, but the legends give the point to the pictures. The only seldom humorous in the sense that Lewis's *Illustrations of England and Rome*, and there is scarcely a sketch that will not cause a hearty laugh. Every detail is worked out by an artist who was not only a draughtsman, but a keen humorist.

Du Maurier and Charles Keene belonged to the same school, but, at the moment, the blocks in the lighter periodicals with the legends changed might serve as illustrations in a serial novel running through the pages of a ladies' paper. Perhaps the greatest caricaturist of the day is as well known, on the Western side of the Atlantic as on the Eastern, and, strange to say, has the style of another Anglo-American cartoonist—I refer, of course, to Mr. Harry Farnis, whose work often conjures up memories of poor Matt Morgan. Of the last named I would like to write a few lines of valediction: During the last few months have appeared a series of articles in a leading London magazine, by the editor of a representative English comic paper, accusing Morgan of plagiarism. As the dead artist was a friend of mine—he worked with me on a paper six and thirty years ago—I declare that he was far too rapid with his pencil ever to waste his time in taking tracings.

Another admirable caricaturist in the true sense of the word is Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, whose drawings in the *Westminster Gazette* are always full of humor. Another evening paper—one published by a gentleman whose name and fame is as familiar in New York as in London—possesses an artist of great promise in Mr. Halkett. This gentleman occasionally contributes to what may be termed by sneerers and others "professional" comic papers. Mr. Leslie Ward of *Vanity Fair*, although he cannot make us forget poor Charles Pelegrin, is perfect in serio-comic portraiture, in quite a different school, but with equally excellent effect. Mr. Max Beerholm (half brother of Mr. Beerholm Tree, of His Majesty's Theatre) contributes impressions of personalities to *John Bull*. Of an earlier generation are Meares, E. T. Reed and Phil May—so the first legitimate in likeness, the last familiar in technique. I have already spoken of the veteran Sambourne and Mr. Bernard Partridge—both artists of well-merited celebrity and high repute. And where are the rest? No doubt if I were put to it I could give scores of names, every one of which would meet with popular approval. But are they caricaturists? I venture to think not. As I have already said, I have pretty pictures, full of charming objects, both minute and inanimate, but they lack the comedy of Du Maurier and Charles Keene and the broad farce of John Lewis. Unquestionably, Mr. Raven Hill is very frequently happy in suggesting comic incidents, and his method is above reproach, but to me there is something lacking in nearly all the creations of our modern comic artists. No doubt the demand will some day create the necessary supply. For the moment the English seem to take their caricatures—like their other pleasures—sandy.



"The Old Leader"  
George R. Halkett's caricature of  
Sir Vernon Harcourt, M.P.





*In a First-class Hotel*  
 Chambermaid "What do you want the kitchen for?"  
 Mr. Briggs "I want to wash myself."



"I'm glad she's got a few days for their possession, but I don't take much interest in it myself."



Victor "Some of your answers, I suppose?"  
 Florence "None just! No. My answer is all dead."



"Then for Brown, who I've seen in a hall at Robinson's." "Many women there?"  
 Brown "No, only their mothers."



Distinguished amateur talks has been cast for the part of Sir Toby Belch.  
 "I suppose I shall want a little padding?"  
 Cassamere "Certainly. (Showing effort, bring down a full-size stomach."

**SOME CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES BY PHIL MAY**

Phil May, the well-known illustrator who died last week in London, made a specialty of types. In describing his method of work, he used to tell of his search for individuals who embodied striking and characteristic varieties of human nature. "A quaint old Sydney clergyman whom I knew," he said, "figured very usefully, not so long ago, in an allegorical and up-to-date presentation of 'The Temptation of St. Anthony.'" Herewith are reproduced some of the artist's best and most representative sketches



**George V. Hobart's Burlesque, "Lifting the Cup," at the Crystal Gardens**

*In Mr. Hobart's show Sir Thomas Lipson's third attempt to hit the "America's" Cup is made the subject of a lively medley of songs, dances, and topical hits. The crews of "Kiliana" and "Shamrock III," are welcoming Sir Thomas on board his steam-race "Gran," the girls representing the crew.*



*There is no more common error than the belief that the actress just drifts into success.*



*His great ambition is to be taken seriously. A comedienne is—to laugh, and sometimes that hurts.*

**A Musical Comedy Star at Home**

*Miss Fawn Tompkins, who is playing the leading role in "The Showmen" at the Casino Theatre, is to be starred in it soon in the first musical comedy to come from the pen of Clyde Fitch—"The Infant Prodigy." Miss Tompkins has been on the stage since her Eleventh year, when she made her first conspicuous success as "Gabriel" in "Aurora." Within seven years she has made a notable record for herself in the Weber & Fields parodies as a mimic of unassuming folk and humor.*



### **"LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER" ON THE STAGE**

*Miss Fay Davis, who was leading woman with William Faversham last season in "Imprudent," has been engaged to play the part of Julie Le Breton in George Fleming's dramatization of "Lady Rose's Daughter," which Charles Frohman will produce during the coming season. George Fleming is the pen name of Miss Constance Fitcher, the daughter of an English clergyman, whose stage version of "The Light that Failed" is soon to be brought to America.*



### GERMAN TORPEDO-BOATS IN PRACTICE

Six torpedo-boats of the smallest class are apprehended in each of the practice-maneuvers of the German navy for the purpose of training officers and men for actual service. The maneuver illustrated in the photograph is designed to test the skill of the navigators in managing their vessels at close quarters. The trial is a difficult and dangerous one, as the torpedo-boats are never more than 100 feet apart.

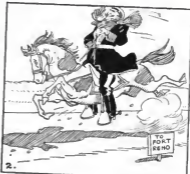
# The Retirement of a General

Or How the Horse whiled away the weary Miles

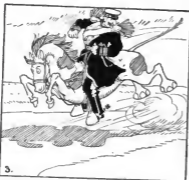
By Albert Levering



General Miles: "Well, well! So I'm old enough to quit, eh? I'll show you there's still something in the old man yet. What do you think of that?"



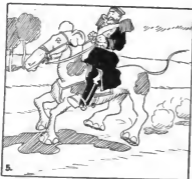
Gen. M.: "Seems to be a good outfit. Guess I'll go in and break a few records."



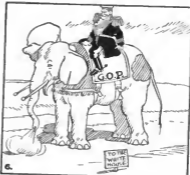
Gen. M.: "I declare! I failed to notice that he has five toes on his hind feet."



Gen. M.: "And as I live, he has them on his fore feet! Seems, if anything, to rather outdo me in movement. Good thing."



Gen. M.: "Huh, Huh! Well, in spite of your automorphic, we're broken old horses."



Gen. M.: "Who would have thought it! Well, I rather fancy his general appearance."

# Correspondence

## TAMMANY AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

CHICAGO, ILL., July 10, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Must it be inferred from your comic cartoon of this week's issue that the Democratic party of the nation is as unwary because certain ward-heads in the city of New York are charged with leasing dock privileges to themselves? Is it not a common error of the provincial New York papers to confound the Tammany organization with the Democratic party? Is there not deliberate design in the persistence in this error, or rather misrepresentation?

I am, sir,

WARREN DEMOCRAT.

[It is not a common error to confound the Tammany organization with the Democratic party, but it is a common occurrence for the Tammany organization to exert a powerful influence in the choice of a Democratic candidate for President. That being the case, Tammany must be reckoned with, for we should always bear in mind that as a political organization it has no equal in this country.—EDITOR.]

WARM!

ATLANTA, Ga., July 4, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—In a letter this day written to a gentleman in New York who is very much interested in the negro question I used the following language:

"If you will read two articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY, one in the issue of June 26, the other July 4, about what they call the 'New Negro Crisis' you will see a curious case of how close a conscientious seeker after truth can get to it and yet utterly miss it. The reason they fail to hit on the truth is because they are not in touch with the problem they are studying. They are blundering in the dark. Children play a game of hiding the switch. When a searcher gets close to the hidden switch he is told that he is getting 'warm.' I have often watched a 'warm' seeker, and felt strongly moved to add a hint when I see him come within an ace of uttering the hidden subject of his search and yet miss it utterly for want of just a little help. I feel that way about HARPER'S. The writer was evidently sympathetic and wants to see the truth. If he understood the negro he would see it. As it is, he has missed it entirely, although he had his hands almost on it."

I send you this hint in order that you may feel encouraged to keep up your search. You have almost found what you were looking for, but your "miss" is as good as a mile.

I am, sir,

HOOPER ALEXANDER.

## AS TO LYNCHINGS BEFORE THE WAR

BIRMINGHAM, July 14, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—You say that negroes never committed the lynching crime in the South before the war. "Old Harry," a negro, was hanged at Romney, Virginia (now West Virginia), nearly a hundred years ago for outrage upon a little girl. He intended to kill the child, and threw stones and brim on her mail so she could not be seen. She was found, though, and she did not die.

At Abingdon, Virginia, in slavery days, one of Colonel Preston's blacks was hanged for attempting the same offense. He hid in a lady's room at night, but some car happened to look through the door and saw his eyes shining from behind the bed. Nature does not change, and it is not true that lust did not use to tempt the black men of the South.

W. W. STRICKLEY.

[Yes, here are two examples in a hundred years.—EDITOR.]

## THE EVILS OF COEDUCATION

July 25, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I have read the recent article in your paper upon the evils of coeducation. I have also read many articles in many papers written by learned men and by some women upon the evils of the higher education for women, one and all declaring that the modern educated woman did not marry so readily as her ancestors as readily as her great-grandmother. I do not deny this. I wish to ask of these writers, through the medium of your paper, ten questions. Have they any daughters? Do they wish them to marry, at sixteen or eighteen, the average young man prospects of that age, and in the next twenty years rear a family of ten children? American fathers are so proud and fond of their for the intellectual life which the daughters of studious educated men inherit equally with the sons? Would they like to see all the staid physical discomfort—to state it mildly—to many plain and little recreation, with no time or place for mental culture. The American man may like the Chinaman, reverence his mother for such a life of self-sacrifice, he may also, like the Chinaman, expect his wife to follow in the same line as a matter of

course; but can he, like the Chinaman, contemplate with untroubled serenity the same fate for his talented young daughter?

No? He will hold to the historic masculine point of view that women were created for the purpose of assisting in populating the earth and for nothing else; but he will except his own daughter. He will prefer her to become first a cultivated interesting woman and a wife and mother afterward—if her life can be as untroubled and more happy and interesting to her individual self.

American girls owe to the pride and indulgent love of their hard-working fathers, as well as to their own and their mother's ambition, their happy student days and their intellectual resources in the trials and disillusion of later life. These things are among the best—the very best—things in the life of a woman which the husbands of this world can neither give nor take away.

I am, sir,

W. Y. R.

[THE WEEKLY does not disapprove the higher education for girls. If it is a question of coeducation or an education, give the girls coeducation. If it is a question of coeducation or separate education, the preference for separate education seems to be gaining.—EDITOR.]

## THE BIRTH-RATE AND THE USEFUL LIFE

New York, July 15, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—In HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 15th inst. the question of an apparent decrease in the birth-rate is discussed in its general aspects, attention being called to Mrs. Margaret Hildland's article in the *New York American Review* for July.

One would imagine, from the prevalent sentiment of the article, that on this subject, that a doubtful child is not as great a desideratum of married couples, the end and evidence of the greatest conjugal bliss. The conditions of living, as you say, determine to a very large extent the number of offspring in families of native (American) stock, and where the girl's growth up as competent wage-earner there is induced a feeling of independence that modifies the natural inclination to seek for the fulfillment of life's mission in marriage.

One phase of the question that is too often overlooked is the element of quality rather than quantity in the production of offspring. It needs but a stroll through any highly congested neighborhood in this city to find that children are multiplied fast enough to suit the needs of the country at large, and too fast to obtain from their parents adequate maintenance and support.

Is it not better for a young married couple to so direct their mental and physical energies and resources that the three or four children that will ultimately make their cost and contribution to the world's betterment shall have distinctive qualities of mind and heart,—an appetite for culture, an irrevocable attachment to the pure and noble in life and thought, an active imagination, and a sound physical body? It would seem to me that such a quality of life is thus wisely obtained and secretly developed oestrogen to be fruitless as far as the common welfare of man is concerned.

I am, sir,

JOHN F. FARLEY.

[Three or four children seem to be all the average couple can rear to advantage nowadays. Practically the race-aside problem is how to induce competent parents to raise three or four children instead of one or two.—EDITOR.]

## FOR MORE POPULAR MUSIC

New York, June 15, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Is it not time that musical conductors, concert-managers, and others who compose musical programs for public audiences depart a bit from old-time methods?

Would not a really popular musical program be interesting and valuable? It would be especially so now. The popular musical taste seems to me to be changing. People who a decade ago would scorn to recognize any "popular" air of the day now appreciate the light and catchy music that song writers and composers contribute to musical literature. Most unlearned people who either all heavy or all light. If like both kinds from Mr. Dooley to "The Star-spangled Banner" and "My Old Kentucky Home," and the Jewel Song from "Faust."

It would like to hear suggestions from the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY regarding a popular musical program that will be all that the music implies.

I am, sir,

C. STEWART VALE.

[We should welcome any suggestions from our readers concerning the question which interests our correspondent. We doubt if the audiences of the Boston Symphony Orchestra or the Philharmonic Society would take kindly to performances by those organizations of "Mr. Dooley" or "My Old Kentucky Home," or that Mr. Dooley's public would welcome a Brahms symphony on one of his programs. But we should be glad to leave the question open for a discussion by those of our readers who have views on the subject.—EDITOR.]







"Tell the driver to put the horses in the barn."

He waved his hand toward a low building in the rear of his residence, and then he invited the Candidate and the correspondents to enter. He looked cautiously, but with reverence, at the Candidate.

"You are really Jimmy Grayson," he said. "I'd know you offhand by your gait, which I guess has been printed in every newspaper in the United States. I bow it's a powerful honor to me to see you here."

"And it's a tremendous honor for me to see you in take us," said Jimmy Grayson, with his usual easy grace.

But Harley was looking at Simpson with a gaze so full of interest that the old man had laid upon Grayson. The accent and inflection of their host were of a region far distant from Nebraska, but Harley, who was born near that wild country, knew the long, low, narrow type of face, with the high cheek bones and the watchful black eyes. Moreover, there was something directly and personally familiar in the figure before him.

Under any circumstances, the manner of the old man would have drawn the attention of Harley, whose naturally keen observation had been sharpened by the training of his profession. The old man seemed abstracted. His fingers moved absently on the stock of his rifle, and Harley inferred at once that he had something of unusual weight on his mind.

"Ma an' the ol' woman has been settin' late," said Simpson. "When you get of you don't sleep much. But I'll be a long time. Mr. Grayson, before that fits you."

He led the way into a room, better furnished than Harley had expected to see. A real fire crackled on the hearth, and the arrangement of the room showed some evidences of lightness and taste. An old woman was bent over the fire, but she rose when the men entered, and turned upon them a face which Harley knew at once to be that of one who had been frightened by something. Her eyes were red, as if she had been weeping. Harley looked from courtly, and apologized so gravely for the intrusion that an ordinary person would have been glad to be intruded upon in such a manner. The woman said nothing, but stared stargazed at her guests. The old man came to her relief.

"This is Marthy, my wife, her folks," said Simpson. "Mr. Marthy, this is Mr. Grayson, the greatest man in this here United States, and the other is one of the newspaper fellows that travels with him."

Jimmy Grayson bowed to the woman courtly, and apologized so gravely for the intrusion that an ordinary person would have been glad to be intruded upon in such a manner. The woman said nothing, but stared stargazed at her guests. The old man came to her relief.

"Marthy ain't used to visitors, least of all a man like you, Mr. Grayson, and in kind of spots here he said, 'You see Marthy as we lives here all by ourselves.'"

"The woman started and looked at him."

"All by ourselves," repeated the man firmly; "but we'll do the best we kin."

"Daniel," suddenly exclaimed the old woman in high, shrill tones, "why don't you put down your gun? Mr. Grayson'll think you've a-gone to shoot him, or something."


The old man laughed, but the ever-watchful Harley saw that the laugh was not spontaneous.

"I 'lar to gracious!" he said; "I s'ems forgot I had old Doolyere. You see, Mr. Grayson, when I heard the dogs barkin', set I to myself 'It's robbers, afore'; and before I k'ize the window open, I seeers old Doolyere off the books, and then if it had a few robbers, it wouldn't a-been healthy for you."

"I'm sure of that, Mr. Simpson," said Jimmy Grayson; "you don't look like a man who would allow himself to be run over."

"As I wouldn't!" said the old man, with sudden, fierce emphasis. But he put the rifle on the books over the fireplace. Such books as there were not usual in Nebraska; but Jimmy Grayson was too polite to say anything, and Harley was still watching every movement of the old man. The driver returned at this moment from the stable, and, reporting that he had led the horses, took his place with the others at the fire.

"I 'see you-uns would like to eat a little," said the old man, laughing in the same



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The old man ate mechanically, while his attention was riveted on Jimmy Grayson

as usual you kin." "Merthy, tote in uthis' from the kitchen as quick as you kin."

The old woman raised her startled, frightened eyes, and for a moment her glance met Harley's. It seemed to him to be full of ecstasy; the whole atmosphere of the place was to him tense, strained, and tragic; why, he did not know, but he shook himself and decided that it was only the result of weariness, the long ride, and the night in the storm. Nevertheless, the feeling did not depart, because he stilled that it should go.

"No, we thank you," Jimmy Grayson was saying; "we are not hungry; but we should like very much to go to bed."

"It's just with you," said Simpson. "Merthy, I'll show the gentlemen to their room, and you kin stay here till I come back."

The old woman did not speak, but stood in a crouched attitude looking at Grayson and then at Harley and then at the driver; it seemed to the correspondent that she did not dare trust her voice, and he saw fear still lurking in her eyes.

"Come along, gentlemen," said Simpson, taking from the table a small lamp, that had been lighted at their entrance, and leading the way.

Harley looked back once at the door, and the woman's eyes met his in a look that was like one last despairing appeal. But there was nothing tangible, nothing that he could not say was the result of an overwrought fancy.

It was a small and bare room, with only a single bed, in which the old man took them. "It's the best I've got," he said, apologetically. "Mr. Grayson, you an' the newspaper man kin sleep in the bed, an' tather feller, I reckon, kin curl up on the floor."

"It is good enough for anybody," said Jimmy Grayson, reluctantly. As a matter of fact, both he and Harley had known what it was to fare worse.

"Good night," the man said, and left them rather hastily. Harley thought; but the others took no notice, and were soon in sound slumber, because the Candidate, because he had the rare power of going to sleep wherever there was a chance, and the driver, because he was indifferent and tired.

But Harley lay awake. An hour ago his dream of heaven was a bed, and now, the bed attained, sleep would not come near. Out of the stillness, after a while, he heard the gentle moving of feet below, and he sat up on the bed, all his suspicions confirmed. Something unusual was going on in this lone house! And it had been going on even before he and the Candidate came!

He listened to the moving feet for a few moments. Then the noise ceased, but Harley knew that there was no further chance of sleep for him, with his nerves on edge, and likely to remain there. He lay back on the edge of the bed, trying to accustom his eyes to the darkness, and presently he heard a sound, the most chilling that a man can hear. It was the sound of a woman,

alone and in the dark, between midnight and morning, crying gently, but crying deeply, uncontrolably, and from her chest.

Harley's resolve was taken at once. He slipped on his clothes and went to the door. His eyes were used now to the dark, and there was a window that shed a half-light.

He stopped with his hand on the bolt, because he heard the low, wailing note more plainly, and he was sure that it came from another room across the narrow hall. He turned the bolt, but the door refused to open. There was an key on the inside! They had been locked in, and for a purpose!

Harley was fully aroused—on edge with excitement, but able to restrain it, and to think clearly. There was an old grate in the room, apparently used but seldom, and leaning against the wall beside it an iron poker. Tiptoeing, he obtained the poker, and returned to the door. The lock was a flimsy affair, and, inserting the point of the poker under the latch, he easily pried it off, and put it gently on the floor.

Then he stepped out into the dusky hall and listened. The woman was yet crying, monotonously, but with such a note of woe that Harley was shaken. He had thought in his own room that it was the old woman who wept thus; but now in the hall he knew it to be a younger and fresher voice.

He saw farther down another door, and he knew that it led to the room from which came the sounds of grief. He approached it cautiously, still holding the poker in his hands, and noticed that there was no key in the lock. The woman, wherever she might be, was locked in, as he and his comrades had been; but the empty keyhole gave him an idea. He blew through it, making a sort of whistling sound with his puckered lips. The crying ceased, all save an occasional low, half-mothered sob, as if the woman were making a supreme effort to control her feelings.

Then Harley put his lips to the keyhole again, and whispered: "What is the matter? It is a friend who asks." There was no reply, only a tense silence, even the occasional sobs ceasing. Then, after a few moments of waiting, Harley whispered, "Don't be alarmed; I am about to force the door."

The door was of flimsy pine, and it gave quickly to the poker's leverage. Then, his useful weapon still in hand, Harley stepped into the room, where he heard a deep-drawn sigh that expressed mingled emotions.

There was a window at the end of the room, and the moonlight shone clearly through, clothing with its full radiance a tall slim girl, who had risen from a chair, and who stood trembling before Harley, fully dressed, although her long hair hung down her back and her eyes were red with weeping.

She was handsome, but not with the broad face of the West. Here was another type, a type that Harley knew well. The cheek bones were a little high, the features delicate, the figure slender,

and there was on her cheeks a rosy bloom that never grew under the cutting winds of the Great Plains.

Harley knew at once that she was the daughter of the old couple below stairs.

"Do not be afraid of me," he said, gently. "I know that you are in great trouble, but I will help you. I, too, am from Kentucky. I was born there, and I used to live there, though not in the mountains, as you did."

The appeal and terror in her eyes changed to momentary surprise. "What do you know of me?" she exclaimed.

"Very little of you, but much of your father. Years ago I was at his house in the Kentucky Mountains. He was the leader in the Simpson-Eversley feud. I know him to-night, but I have said nothing. Now, tell me, what is the matter?"

His voice was soothing—that of a strong man who would protect, and the girl yielded to its influence. Briefly she told the story. Many men had been killed in the feud, and the few Eversleys who were left had been scattered far in the mountains. Then old Daniel Simpson said that he would come out on the Great Plains, more than a thousand miles, and they had come.

"There was one of the Eversleys—Hesley Eversley—he was young and handsome. People said he was not bad. He, too, came to Nebraska. He found out where we lived; he—has been here."

"Ah!" said Harley. He felt that they were coming to the gist of the matter.

The girl, with a sudden passionate cry, threw herself upon her knees. "He is here now! He is here now!" she cried. "He is in the cellar, bound and gagged, and my father is going to kill him! But I love him! He came here to-night, and my father caught us together, and struck him down. But we meant nothing wrong. I declare before God that we did not! We were getting ready to run away together and to be married at Speedwell!"

Harley shuddered. The impending tragedy was more terrible than he had feared.

"You can do nothing!" exclaimed the girl. "My father is armed. He will have no interference! He cares nothing for what may come after! He thinks—"

She could not say it all; but Harley knew well that what she would say was, "He thinks that he has been robbed of his honor by a mortal enemy."

"Can you stay quietly in this room until morning?" he asked. "I know it is hard to wait under such circumstances, but you must do it for the sake of Hesley Eversley."

"And will you save him?"

"He shall be saved."

"I will wait," she said.

Harley slipped noiselessly out, and closing the door behind him, went to his room, where he at once awakened the candidate.

Jimmy Grayson listened with intense attention to Harley's story. When the tale was over, he and Harley whispered together long and earnestly, and Jimmy Grayson frequently nodded his head in assent. Then they awoke the driver, a heavy man, but with a keen Western mind that at once became alert at the news of danger.

"Yes, I got my bearings now," he said in reply to a question of Harley's. "I asked the old fellow about it when I came up from the stable, and Speedwell is straight north from here. I can take one of the horses and hit the town before daylight. I know everybody there."

"But how about the dogs?" asked Jimmy Grayson. "Can you get past them?"

"No trouble there at all. After we came, the old fellow locked 'em up in a stall in the stable and left 'em there. I guess he didn't want to look to us as if he was too suspicious."

"Then go, and God go with you!" said Jimmy Grayson, with deep feeling.

"He will do his part," he said; "now for ours."

He did not sleep a wink, and Harley could not think of it. The flush of dawn appeared in the East at last, and then they heard a faint step in the hall outside, and the gentle turning of a key in a lock. A half hour later there was a loud knock on their door, and old Daniel Simpson had them rise and get ready for the road.

"It is chiefly in your hands now," said Harley, in a low tone to Jimmy Grayson.

They entered the dining-room where the

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breakfast snatched on the table, and Simpson and his wife were waiting.

"What's your driver?" asked Simpson.  
"He has gone down to the stable to feed and care for his horses," replied the Candidate, easily.

"Then he waited," said the old man, hospitably. "We've got corn-bread and ham and eggs and coffee, and I guess you kin make good."

The three sat at the table, while Mrs. Simpson served them. Jimmy Grayson did most of the talking, and it was addressed in a very confidential manner to old Daniel Simpson. He fairly radiated with the quiet called personal magnetism, and soon the old man ate mechanically, while his attention was riveted on Jimmy Grayson.

The old man sank into his chair, but his look wandered to the door. It seemed to him that light sounds came from the other part of the house, and the old man, too, appeared for a moment to be listening; but Jimmy Grayson at once began a story, and Simpson's attention came back.

"This is a story of the mountains of eastern Kentucky," began the Candidate, "and it is a love story, a very pretty one, I think."

Simpson moved in his chair, and a sudden wondering look appeared in his eyes at the words "eastern Kentucky," but Jimmy Grayson took no notice, and continued:

"This," he said, "is the love story of two people who were young then, but who are old now. The youth and the girl belonged to families that were at war with each other, and a marriage between them would have been considered by all their relations a mortal sin. They were compelled to meet in secret, but the girl was frightened for him, because she loved him. She told him that he must go away—that if her father and brothers heard of his meetings, they would kill him. He listened to her gently and tenderly. He would not go away; he was not afraid."

"No, I was not afraid," breathed the old man, softly. The old woman straightened herself up, until she stood erect. There was a delicate flush on her face, and her eyes were luminous.

"The youth did what I would have done, and what you would have done, Mr. Simpson," continued Jimmy Grayson, "he overbore all resistance on the part of the girl, who in her heart was willing to be overborne. One dark night he stole her from her father's house and carried her away on his horse."

"How well I remember it!" exclaimed the old man, with eyes a-gleam. "I had Marty on the horse behind me, and my rifle on the pommel of the saddle before me."

"Before morning they were married," continued Jimmy Grayson. "Then he took her to a house of his own that he had built, and he sent word that if any man came to do him harm, he would meet a rifle-bullet. And that youth and that girl are still living, though both are old now; but neither has ever, for a moment, regretted that night."

"You speak the truth!" exclaimed the old man, striking his fist upon the table while his eyes flashed with exultant fire. "We've never been sorry for a moment for what we did, Mr. Simpson."

"Marty had risen to his feet, and a signal look passed between him and the Candidate."

"And then," said Jimmy Grayson, "why do you deny to Henry Forester the right to do what you did, and what you still glory in after all these years? Mr. Simpson, shake hands with your son-in-law. He and his bride are waiting in the doorway."

The old man sprang up, his daughter and a youth, a handsome couple, stood at the entrance. Behind them were three or four men, one the driver, and another in clerical garb, evidently a minister.

"They were married in my study parlor, while we sat at breakfast," said Jimmy Grayson. "Mr. Simpson, your son-in-law is still offering you his hand."

The bewildered look left the old man's eyes, and he took the outstretched hand in a hearty grasp.

"Henry," he said, "you've won."

## A Revolution in Nature

By Louis Bell

THE structure of matter has been a favorite subject of speculation ever since the days of Lucretius, and it is little wonder that any idea, however small, to his economic supremacy is eagerly clutched at. Thus it happens that there has recently been built up about the really remarkable phenomena of radium and its allies a new hypothesis, sufficiently startling in itself, and resisted in terms so striking, to arouse even the most attention of the newspaper-reading public. It is somewhat difficult to formulate the doctrines which Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge are promulgating, for they are, so far, rather nebulous, partly from lack of data, partly from their intricate speculative character.

## Atoms within Atoms

In a general way, the new hypothesis implies the breaking up of what has previously been regarded as the ultimate particles of matter into electrons, so-called, and also further suggests that this breaking up is continuous, and that the electrons, when combined into other forms as a natural sequence. We are thus confronted by the idea of what we know as matter being in perpetual change, dissolving into electrons and re-forming into matter constantly, and in cycles long as geological time in some instances, shorter than human history in others. Until the rise of this interesting speculation the generally received unit of matter was the electron atom, the smallest, uniform subdivision of an element which is capable of preserving its identity in spite of all chemical and physical changes. Now this atom, Lodge and his followers hold, can be crumbled into electrically charged dust, as you would crumble a bit of dry earth between your fingers, and, indeed, is continually sifting away, perhaps to gather elsewhere into another kind of atom-bump.

Each so-called atom, then, is made up of some hundreds, or thousands, of electrons, always the same average number, for the average atom of any given kind, but with perpetual tendency of electrons to drift away from the atoms somewhat, as the particles we snuff evaporate from a piece of camphor. In the case of radium, the electrons are supposed to stream away so fast that the oldest radium must have been spontaneously formed within a few thousand years. As to the relation of the electrons in the atom, opinion seems to favor a definite structure of some kind, with appearance in favor of orbital movements, so that the atom may be looked upon as a microcosm of the solar system, or perhaps of Nature's rings, described by Maxwell as a "flight of circles." And, finally, there is a strong disposition to regard the electrons as themselves simply particles of electricity, whatever that may mean.

## Radium as Fuel

Such are the principal tenets of the new faith of which Crookes and Lodge are high priests. It is, to put it mildly, somewhat sensational to think of atoms built up of whirling particles of electricity, and perpetually undergoing destruction and re-organization, the old elements dissolving and forming new ones, unstable to the end of time. Some recent additions to the creed are even more startling. For instance, since radium keeps its temperature above its surroundings, it can be computed on the electron hypothesis that enormous energy must be stored in the radium atom and spontaneously given off. The intensity of the emanation of one hundred horse-power hours per gram. At this rate a last line could cross the Atlantic on the energy stored in four pounds of radium, could its output be controlled, one pound of radium being capable of doing 1,322,000 times the work of one pound of coal.

The present status of these doctrines is, however, very far from general acceptance, and most conservative physicists regard them as not yet constituting even a well-defined working hypothesis, but rather as a brilliant and daring speculation which may lead to important discoveries, but is based not on a very slender foundation of ascertained fact.

Honors for a Musician

HAROLD BAUER, the pianist, who will make a concert tour of America during the coming season, has recently had conferred upon him the decoration of Officer of the



Harold Bauer

French Academy, and the Institute of Isabelle's Cathedral of Aptin and St.-Quentin of Portugal. Mr. Bauer has been playing in England and on the Continent, and is now making a concert tour in Brazil.

Is the Englishman Deteriorating?

A RECENT investigator has compiled some statistics which would seem to indicate a rather alarming physical deterioration in the British people. The figures, based upon the recruiting and medical reports of the army, show, for example, that while in 1863 the proportion of men in the army under the feet five inches in height was 100 in a thousand, the following year it had risen to 115 in a thousand; in 1871 to 117; in 1878 to 132. The proportion of men measuring less than thirty-three inches around the chest was, in 1869, seventeen in 1000; in 1878 it was twenty-three. In 1871, 450-4 per 1000 recruits were under 120 pounds in weight; in 1888 the proportion had increased to 301 per 1000. In addition to this, there has been a general decrease in the birth-rate from 52.5 per 1000, in 1876, to 39.4 in 1891.

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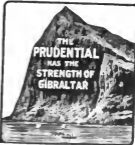
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLVII

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## COMMENT

We refer elsewhere to the mortifying episode connected with the retirement of Lieutenant-General Miles from the command of the army. What effect, if any, it will have upon Presidential aspirations is not now apparent. That it may induce the egotistical general to think he has a chance is wholly probable; indeed, we dare say that, in the bottom of his heart, he regards the circumstance equally as most fortuitous and helpful to his political ambition. But so sleep need be lost over this phase of the situation. The Admiral Dewey fiasco has settled the hero-President idea for some time to come. President Roosevelt is the man concerned. From the viewpoint of his ambition it is the worst blunder yet—on short-sighted, unnecessary, and inexcusable as it is almost past comprehension. In the issue of this journal of July 5, 1902, we used these words:

The fact is that the President lacks what he needs most—the daily advice of a sagacious politician. No member of the cabinet satisfies these requirements. The Secretary of State is not sufficiently practical, the Secretary of War is far too aggressive by temperament, and each lacks the experience essential to wise counsel.

There seems to be no urgent reason for revising this judgment of more than a year ago.

Sorely had Representative Lucius N. Littauer announced that he regarded as a complete exoneration of himself Secretary Root's comment on Colonel Garlington's report concerning the glove and gannet contracts, when a new order was issued by the Secretary directing Colonel Garlington to continue the investigation. It is to be hoped that Colonel Garlington, in the course of his renewed inquiry, will examine Edmund R. Lyon, of New York, with reference to the dealings which he (Lyon) had with Littauer during the years when that Representative's firm was furnishing gloves and gannets to the Federal government. Lyon's testimony should be relevant and interesting, in view of the fact that, in proceedings before a referee in bankruptcy in New York, he declared under oath that Littauer's firm had a share in the con-

tracts secured by Lyon from the War Department. Timothy Keck has also sworn that, after meeting Representative Littauer in New York City, he (Keck) refrained from bidding for certain government glove contracts, and was paid so much a pair to keep out of the competition. A facsimile letter has been published in which Lyon acknowledges the payment of \$1500 to Brothers Keck in consideration of their withholding bids. It would be worth while to learn whether this money was furnished by Lyon himself, who has never been a rich man, or by his bondsmen on the government glove contracts, who were Littauer's brother and brother-in-law. If there are in existence any other documents that would throw light on the true inwardness of Representative Littauer's connection with government glove contracts, it is to be wished that they will now be exhibited to Colonel Garlington. The President has declared, we are informed, that Littauer need expect no mercy if that Federal lawmaker has violated the Federal law forbidding a Representative to be interested in government contracts.

The week ending August 8 witnessed another serious depression of "gilt-edged" securities on the New York Stock Exchange. Not only industrialists that have never failed to pay dividends, but the most prosperous railways touched a level lower than they reached in the panic of May, 1901. In the foreign or internal commerce of the country there is nothing to justify such a phenomenal shrinkage of prices. We have previously shown that our aggregate foreign trade is greater than it ever has been before, and that even the volume of our exports has been exceeded but once, namely, in 1901. If we turn to our internal traffic, we find that during the first half of the current year the trade on the Great Lakes has exceeded that of the corresponding period in 1901 and 1902. The river and canal traffic also has increased, and the shortage of cars at certain points shows that railway equipment is already inadequate to the demands upon it, although at the hour when we write, the movement of this year's principal crops can scarcely be said to have begun. It appears that wheat receipts at eight interior markets for the crop year ending June 30, 1903, were 236,675,668 bushels, against 221,786,287 bushels in 1902, and 217,658,745 bushels in 1901. The shipments of grain from Buffalo by rail in the first twenty-six weeks of 1903 were 44,452,990 bushels, against 37,259,404 bushels, and 39,098,624 bushels in the corresponding periods of 1902 and 1901, respectively. The freight tonnage via the Sault Ste. Marie Canal was 11,944,504 tons in 1903, against 11,484,591 tons in 1902, and 6,767,120 tons in 1901. New Orleans shipped 21,914,545 bushels of grain, including flour reduced to bushels, in the first six months of 1903, and only 5,954,109 bushels in the corresponding part of 1902. Galveston's figures were 9,713,131 bushels and 1,178,786 bushels, respectively, for the two half-years named.

It is evident, therefore, there is no evidence of a general recession in commercial activities corresponding to the extraordinary decline in speculative values. We add that in July railway earnings, usually regarded as the most authentic indexes of prosperity, showed a gain of fourteen per cent. over those of July a year ago; indeed, the figures are the best ever reported for that month. Moreover, although there have been a few failures on the New York Stock Exchange during the last fortnight, the number of business failures is actually less than it was a year or two years ago. Bradstreet's Commercial Agency reports that the number of business failures throughout the country in the week ending August 6 was 161, against 169 in the like week of 1902, and 185 in 1901. Dun & Company, in their weekly review of trade, announce that, with the ex-

ception of cotton-mills, manufacturing plants are well employed. Industrial conditions generally are as favorable as they were a year ago, and in many lines there has been an increase in transactions. In view of such facts the continuance of national prosperity seems assured for at least another twelvemonth, and unless the state of things on the Stock Exchange continues to be abnormal, there will be a revival of speculative activity in the autumn.

A question of much more importance just now than any other issue to the inhabitants of the Borough of Manhattan is whether the subterranean electric railway under Broadway between Forty-second Street and Union Square is to be a shallow subway or a deep-bore tunnel. That is to say, shall the Broadway branch retain the level of the main underground road constructed by Contractor McDonald, or shall it follow a much lower course, conforming to the examples of London, Chicago, and Boston? In the British metropolis tunnels have been driven without tearing up streets, digging ditches, or interfering with business in any way. Huge elevators are used to take a trainload to the surface quickly. In Chicago a tunnel fourteen miles in length and from twenty-seven to sixty-five feet below the surface has been in process of excavation under the business district for several years. Not only has the work caused no public annoyance, but it has gone on without the knowledge even of the newspaper reporters. In Boston, tunnelling was carried on along Tremont Street and the whole line of the subway without seriously incommoding traffic or in any way restricting the use of the streets.

To turn a crowded section of Broadway, nearly a mile and a half in length, into an open ditch, and to keep it in that condition for a considerable period, is a prospect that naturally provokes outcry on the part of the shopkeepers, hotel-keepers, and theatre-owners whose interests will be affected. They have had an opportunity of witnessing in Fourth Avenue and a part of Forty-second Street the ruinous effect of an open ditch on traffic, and they are justified in thinking that the losses thereby incurred may never be made good. The driftings, eddyings, and veerings of trade are not always easy to account for, but any one can understand why retail traffic during the last year has deserted Forty-second Street between Fourth Avenue and Broadway. It is also a matter of observation that traffic, once diverted from a particular locality, is seldom regained. On the whole, the owners and occupiers of the buildings fronting that part of Broadway which is threatened with excavation have ample ground for the protest which they are about to address to the Rapid Transit Commission. It should be borne in mind that the Interborough Company and the contractors employed by it have no authority in the premises. It is for the Rapid Transit Commission to say whether a shallow or a deep tunnel shall be run under Broadway from Forty-second Street to Union Square. The reason why an open ditch is favored by the Interborough Company is plain enough; it would cost less, and would enable the builders to make more money. The pretense assigned for its adherence to the system followed on Fourth Avenue are two, and they are equally ridiculous. According to the Interborough Company, there are questions connected with gas and sewer pipes which would make the work extremely hazardous in a deep tunnel. The truth, of course, is that one of the principal grounds for preferring a deep tunnel over an open cut is that the former saves the labor and expense of taking care of the water and gas mains, the wire conduits, and the underground trolley system. The other pretended objection is that no rapid-transit system can be served properly with a deep tunnel, because people would be averse to climbing down long flights of stairs. In London, as we have said, people are not expected to go down or up stairs, but are lowered or lifted in large and quick elevators.

From time to time we have directed attention to attempts of local labor-unions to punish members for serving in the State militia. Should labor-unions generally proclaim the principle that membership in their associations is incompatible with the defence of the commonwealth, they will be rightly regarded as public enemies. There is no doubt that the national government may call for the service under arms of every

able-bodied man on the soil of the United States. It is equally patent that a conscript will for a time prove relatively useless if, owing to his previous refusal to serve in the militia of his State, he is entirely untrained. The maintenance of militia is, in truth, an essential element of the system of national defence. He who eliminates that element paralyzes the whole system to a considerable extent. No lover of his country would subject a fellow citizen to industrial and social disabilities for having made himself familiar with military duties. The pretext that militiamen are sometimes used to put down strikes, when strikers are violent, might be with equal propriety invoked for the abolition of the regular army.

It will be a bad day for labor-unions when the question, Can a labor-unionist be a patriotic American citizen? has to be answered in the negative. It seems that in the United States socialism and militia service are already looked upon in some localities as irreconcilable. One Charles Sternens, a member of the Massachusetts militia, and also a member of the Socialist Town Committee of Clinton in that State, was called upon by his colleagues to resign his membership of the committee, on the ground that his action in joining the militia was in violation of the aim of the Socialist movement, which stands for the emancipation of the human race from capitalist exploitation, and opposes the spirit of militarism "now fostered by the capitalist class for the purpose of enslaving the workers." The militia being part of the equipment of capitalist society, no Socialist should join it. Mr. Sternens, finding himself compelled to choose between Socialism and what he believed to be his duty to his country, decided to relinquish his position on a Socialist committee, and to remain a member of the State militia. It must not be inferred that all Socialists consider their doctrines incompatible with the duty of bearing arms in defence of the State. Neither in France nor in Germany has any such position been taken, nor has it received any countenance in the platform adopted by either of the large Socialist organizations in this country. What the Socialists in Clinton did was to follow the example set by labor-unionists in a New York community and elsewhere. By whomsoever committed, the attempt to punish men for joining the militia is a reasonable act, which ought to be dealt with in courts of justice.

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff has published over his signature some interesting comments on Mr. Arnold White's suggestion that Hebrew capitalists in the United States and England should subscribe money for the purpose of creating within the boundaries of Russia a new and larger "pale" for the benefit of the Jewish population, which is now leading a miserable existence in the existing pale. This was the only solution of the Jewish problem in Russia which Mr. White could propound after a series of confidential conversations with Mr. De Plehve, Count Lamsdorf, and other important officials at St. Petersburg. According to Mr. Schiff, this is not the first of Mr. Arnold White's suggestions to Hebrew capitalists. He made another some years ago, which was adopted, but the results were unsatisfactory. It seems that, when the late Baron Hirsch became interested in the Russian Jewish problem, he sent Mr. Arnold White to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of seeing what could be done to raise the status of the Russian Jews, through technical and agricultural education, to be provided by funds which the Baron would undertake to furnish.

Mr. White, who is said to have received a handsome honorarium for his services, reported on his return to England that, in order to carry out the Baron's designs, it would be well if a considerable sum of money were deposited with the Russian government for the prosecution of the Baron's educational plan, simultaneously with the presentation of a petition to the government for permission to carry the plan into effect. Baron Hirsch made the suggested deposit, but the permission sought for was refused, and the money deposited was cashly appropriated, not to the Jews at all, but to the building of Christian churches. Under the circumstances, Mr. Schiff does not look with unqualified approval on Mr. White's renewed suggestion that Hebrew money should be given to Russia. Mr. Schiff is obviously right in asserting that it is not the business of Americans or of Englishmen, whether they go to churches or to synagogues, to solve the Jewish question in Russia. It is

Russia's business to solve it for herself. There will always be a Jewish question in Russia just so long as the Czar's government, instead of endeavoring to raise the status of its Jewish subjects, assists in breaking them down morally and physically through the application of exceptional laws, thus creating the conditions which have brought about the horrors of Kishinef. Mr. Schiff holds that no additional pales, formed with the aid of Anglo-Saxon funds, are needed. What is wanted is the uplifting of Russian Jews through equal protection under the laws of the land they live in. If the Czar would abolish all exceptional laws, and permit his Jewish subjects to dwell within his vast territories wherever an opportunity of earning a livelihood offers itself to honest effort, instead of compelling them to drag out a miserable existence within a narrow district, there would no longer remain any Jewish question in Russia.

We believe Mr. Joseph Rogers Choate to have been entirely serious when, speaking in London on the 4th of July, he expressed the hope that one day there would be a statue of Washington in the city of London and a statue of Queen Victoria in Washington. The *Saturday Review*, however, has deemed it needful to explain that the American ambassador was merely perpetrating a joke, and that there is no occasion for the Loyalists of the Province of Ontario to work themselves into a fury of indignation and sign a petition to the authorities of Westminster Abbey protesting against what they describe as a proposal to "erect a monument to George Washington in Great Britain's historic edifice." The Ontario Loyalists declare that the erection of a statue to Washington in the British metropolis would be regarded in Canada as a condemnation of the sentiment of loyalty to Great Britain. They opine that a statue to Sir John Macdonald would be more appropriate. The *Saturday Review* would be no furious as are the Ontario Loyalists if the project to which the latter take exception were really on foot. "We might just as well," says the *Review*, "put up a statue to one of the Cape rebels whom we have just disfranchised, or to one of the Irish boys '98,"—Wolfe Tone, for instance. The *Review* thinks, indeed, that statues to the Irishmen of '98 would be more justifiable, because "the Irish certainly had infinitely more just grounds for rebellion than had the Yankees." It goes on to say that the Dutch in South Africa were a different race, and owned the country before the Britishers, "whereas the Americans, people of our own blood, owed their country solely to us." We do not understand in what sense our Revolutionary forefathers can be said to have owed their country to the Britishers, of whom they chose to assert their independence. What help did the settlers in New England and in Virginia, or, for that matter, in any of the American colonies, receive from the mother country?

American manufactures were stifled, and American commerce was paralyzed, by acts of Parliament and by regulations of the British Board of Trade. The colonies had the slave trade forced upon them against their will. As for the alleged help given by England to the colonies against the French, by far the most efficient work in the way of self-defense was performed by the colonists. The colonists took Louisburg and helped to take Havana, both of which places were ultimately retroceded to promote the interests of the mother country or of the Hanoverian dynasty. Yet, even at this late day, the *Saturday Review* has the assurance to assert that our Revolutionary forefathers owed their country solely to the Britishers. It may be, after all, as the *Saturday Review* maintains, that Mr. Choate merely intended to perpetrate a joke; but, if so, it was a sly one, well calculated to puncture shams, and to uncover the real sentiment with which Americans are regarded by a good many Englishmen. We imagine that a good many years are likely to elapse before the statues mentioned are interchanged.

American citizens will remember that under Mr. Cleveland's second administration they only escaped a Federal income tax by a decision of the United States Supreme Court that the tax was unconstitutional; that the decision was rendered by five judges against four; and, moreover, that one of the majority changed his mind while the case was pending.

We are not in this country any more averse to an income tax than Frenchmen have long shown themselves to be, and particularly under the Third Republic. The cabinet headed by M. Léon Bourgeois was practically asept because it proposed to introduce an income tax, although ostensibly it resigned on another ground. No other ministry under the existing régime has ventured to make such a proposal until now; but M. Rouvier, the present Minister of Finance, and a man of undisputed eminence as a financier and an economist, has found it impracticable to make both ends meet except by imposing an income tax in a modified form. His plan is to convert a large proportion of the indirect taxation which already exists into direct taxes upon revenues. He designs, in other words, to abolish the tax on the value of furniture and the tax on doors and windows, which imposts, taken together, bring in an annual revenue of \$32,000,000, and to substitute a direct graduated income tax. Under his scheme, incomes of 500 francs or less a year are exempt, and incomes between 500 francs and 1000 francs would pay at a rate 85 per cent. smaller than that which is applied to incomes of 20,000 francs. Taxpayers who have several children would pay at a lower rate than that normally applicable to their incomes.

In the case also of the tax on rents, which is to be at the rate of 4 per cent., reductions are to be made in proportion to the size of the taxpayer's family. Whether this bill can be passed by the present Chamber of Deputies is uncertain. The Socialists welcome it, but many of the Radical supporters of the Combes cabinet persist in opposing it, and the anti-Ministerialists, notwithstanding the respect in which they are inclined to regard any proposal coming from M. Rouvier, will be strongly tempted to seize the opportunity of overthrowing a government whose antilegal policy has made it an object of detestation. Even if the income tax should run the gauntlet of the Chamber of Deputies, it is doubtful whether such a measure would be sanctioned by the Senate, where the Socialists are few, and where the old-fashioned Republicans preponderate. The hatred of an income tax is traditional with French Republicans, and there is no doubt that the imperialist pretenses require, for the collection of such an impost levied themselves to the gratification of party spite and the exercise of petty tyranny.

The *Norik American Review* has published recently an interesting article on the Panama Canal question from a Colombian view-point by Mr. Raúl Pérez, the son of a distinguished Colombian Liberal, and the grandson of a former President of Colombia. The article, we repeat, is interesting, but it is by no means convincing. Thus the writer points out that an article of the Salazar-Wise contract, which became a law of Colombia in 1878, and is still in force, forbids the French concessionaires to transfer or mortgage their rights for any consideration to any foreign nation or government.

This article he pronounces enough to invalidate the Herrán-Hay treaty. It should scarcely be necessary to reply that the power which enacts a law can repeal it, and that the Colombian Congress, by sanctioning the sale of the French company's rights to the United States, will have done *facto* what the law just quoted. We add that the article by Mr. Pérez is full of inconsistencies. For example, when he is contending that ten million dollars is too small a compensation for the right to complete the Panama Canal, he says that Panama is bone of the bone and blood of the blood of Colombia, and has always been her cherished hope. On the other hand, when he wants to refute the assertion that Colombia would be foolish to reject the Herrán-Hay treaty, because the completion of the waterway would be for her a great economical boon, he insists that every country in the world would be a gainer rather than Colombia. It must be borne in mind, he says, that the isthmus is a strip of land utterly detached from the remainder of Colombia, and separated by an immense tract of low, marshy land, which is covered with virgin forests, where not a single road exists, and into which but few explorers have penetrated. The only section of Colombian territory that could possibly derive

advantage from the canal would be, Señor Pérez asserts, a strip of land some three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide on the Pacific coast of the republic. If all this be true, it is obvious that the Bogota government will be overpaid by a bonus of ten million dollars, to say nothing of the rentals to be ultimately forthcoming, for its ratification of a transfer of franchises already granted to the French company.

After a careful reading of his article, we incline to think that Señor Pérez would waive his objections to the amount of the bonus provided he felt sure that the sum would go to the right persons. If the money is paid now, it will be distributed among the partisans of the dictator Marroquin, and among the religious orders by whom he is supported. It is naturally galling to a Liberal and the descendant of Liberals to see the price of the only salable asset which Colombia possesses pass into the hands of his political enemies, by whom he has been deposed, imprisoned, and exiled. He can scarcely expect the United States, however, to defer the acquisition of a right to complete the Panama Canal until the Liberals shall have recovered power at Bogota and put themselves in a position to receive the purchase-money.

One of the silliest stories circulated at a season proverbially silly is the report that Judge Parker's visit to Georgia was politically a failure, because an alleged lack of personal magnetism chilled the Southern leaders, who were prepared to acclaim his candidacy with enthusiasm. Those who circulated the story failed to perceive that they are imputing to representative Southern Democrats a fundamental unfitness for leadership. The Southern Democrats had their fill of personal magnetism in 1896 and 1900. If they considered personal magnetism the chief desideratum in a President, they would vote for Mr. Roosevelt, who keeps the comradery on tradition and dispenses it without regard to sex, color, or previous condition of servitude. The Democratic leaders at the South believe now, as they believed in 1856 and 1876, that it is of vital moment to their section to install a Democratic administration at Washington. If they had considered personal magnetism indispensable, they would never have given their support to James Buchanan, who was an iceberg, nor to Samuel J. Tilden, who was a mummy. Unless the South, as its enemies pretend, has lost the breed of statesmen, its action in the next Democratic convention will be shaped with an eye single to the triumph of great policies and to the right settlement of momentous issues. It will leave those who are capable of being hypnotized by personal magnetism to flock with Mr. Bryan in a hopeless minority of the convention, or to bolt the Democratic party altogether and whomp it up for Mr. Roosevelt.

Politics means business at the South, to an extent which Northern men, happily for themselves, can hardly realize. In that section, the civil war, the reconstruction amendments, and the infamous carpet-bag régime have driven home to every white man the dreadful consequences that may follow political defeat. Always, in truth, as we have elsewhere said, Southerners have shown themselves keenly alive to the seriousness of the questions mooted in political campaigns. When they have fixed upon a candidate, it is because they have had faith that he could win, or had, at least, a fair chance of winning; not because he was a half-fellow-well-met, who had a talking trick of grinning and extending a glad hand. If they nominated James Buchanan in 1856, it was because they rightly believed that he could carry Pennsylvania, which State was deemed indispensable to their success. If they nominated Samuel J. Tilden in 1876, it was because they had confidence that he could carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, and their confidence was not misplaced. For whenever the Southern Democrats shall vote in the next Democratic national convention—whether it be Mr. Cleveland, Judge Parker, Judge Gray, or some other candidate not yet conspicuous—it will be on a ground identical with that on which their course has always been based, except in 1868 and 1900, namely, the conviction that he has a prospect of regaining those pivotal States at the North which are essential to the triumph of their party. They insult the South who imagine

that its leaders in 1904 can be influenced by any motive less reasonable and less sober.

Coincident with the closing of the National Teachers' Convention in Boston came the just-ended Emerson centennial (from July 13 to 31) in both Concord and Boston. There were thirty lectures in all, besides certain afternoon extemporaneous reminiscences and a few Sunday sermons. Among the latter was Charles Malley's eloquent and subtle exposition of Emerson's poem titled "Bacchus," which he made of purely spiritual import, and which was given in the Concord Unitarian Church. The morning lectures were given in Concord in the Town Hall, where Emerson had himself lectured a hundred times, trying his literary wares upon his townsmen before offering them to Boston, New York, and London audiences; and the evening lectures in Huntington Hall, Boston. No phase of Emerson's quality was left untouched. His Puritanism, his treatment of nature, his message, his personality, his poetry, his Orientalism, his wit and humor, his relation to Germany and to Carlyle—all, and much besides—were presented in a body of papers notable for careful study and acquaintance with those themes. Among the speakers were Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Professor Kuno Franke, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, President Jacob Gould Schurman, Frank B. Sanborn, Rev. H. Heber Newton, and Joel Weston. The audiences were eminently select, if not very large, and their attention and well-regulated applause evinced a keen critical understanding. The whole series of exercises was good to the very end, and anything just like it will hardly be seen again in this generation.

Phil May is dead at thirty-nine—a serious loss to a world so lately bereaved of Henley and Whistler. Whistler had lived his life fairly out, and Henley at fifty-four had expressed himself reasonably fully, but from May twenty or thirty years more of work seemed fairly due, and it was work of a sort and quality that the world never sees enough of. Most people know good drawing when they get it,—know, that is, that it is good; some people know how good it is, and a few know why it is good. Most people know Phil May's drawings were good; everybody that liked fun liked the fun in them; a few care less in them than what Whistler saw when he said, "Black and white art is summed up in two words—Phil May." He put his lines in the right place to express what he had in mind. That is about all there is in drawing, but it is difficult. Some men can place their lines pretty well, but have nothing very interesting in their minds, and others—like Thackeray—have such interesting minds that their pictures succeed in spite of defects in technique. Phil May had highly interesting and amusing things to communicate, and a surpassing gift of pictorial discourse. What du Maurier did for English polite life, May did for English low life. He was a great economist of lines, wasted none, and got his effects with the least possible ink shed. His style of drawing he perfected during a three years' engagement to draw for the Sydney (Australia) *Bulletin*, the presses of which could successfully print only the simplest and clearest pictures. As will be recalled, he succeeded du Maurier on the staff of *Punch*, and was also a contributor to the *Graphic*. The Pope died, and now there is a new Pope in Rome, but there will be no new Phil May to take the vacant place at *Punch's* table.

Radium, discovered in 1898, was valued at five million dollars a pound. Its estimated value has since been reduced to \$2,721,555 90 a pound, which is a very material reduction, but the price is still high. We read with interest that a Buffalo man, Mr. Stephen T. Loekwood, expects to engage in the manufacture, or extraction, of this interesting substance, and hopes to lower the price still further. His hopes, as recorded in the papers, are based on the possession of certain deposits of carnotite in Utah, from which he has been able to extract radium, and which he believes can be induced to give its radium up somewhat easier than the pitchblende from which the radium so far obtained has been extracted. We hope he will succeed. Radium is the most interesting substance out, and, dear though it is, a very little of it goes a great way, and lasts, apparently, forever. We want more of it, for, unlike liquid air, it seems really to be of use for something besides amusement and speculation.

## President Roosevelt and General Miles

Was President Roosevelt justified in withholding from Lieutenant-General Miles the recognition to which his long and gallant service fairly entitled him because during the past few years General Miles has disagreed with and sought to harass the administration, particularly in its peace-worthy endeavors to reduce chaos to order in the Philippines?

That the President did deliberately administer a snub of the odious sort to the old soldier does not admit of doubt. The announcement of his retirement was supplemented by this curt phrase:

Lieutenant-General Miles will proceed to his home. The travel enjoined is necessary for the public service.

That is to say, an allowance for mileage on the journey homeward from the seat of government seems up the whole recognition that, in Mr. Roosevelt's opinion, General Miles's career deserves. The record itself need not be told at length; it is familiar to all as one of the most notable in our military history. Nelson A. Miles fought through the most stupendous civil war known to history, entering the service as a captain and leaving it as a major-general; was wounded and commended at the battle of Fair Oaks; commended in the Seven Days' battles; wounded and commended at Fredericksburg; again wounded and commended at Chancellorsville; actively engaged at Gettysburg; then in the Shenandoah campaign; in the terrible campaign of the Wilderness; in the Richmond campaign, and in the decisive campaign that closed at Appomattox. Of his services against the Indians, which began in 1870, and did not end until there ceased to be an Indian question, it is superfluous to speak, because they are fresh in the memory.

When General Schofield was retired eight years ago the announcement of the War Department contained very handsome expressions of praise and appreciation. Similar tokens of recognition have later fallen to General Otis, General Merritt, and, as might perhaps have been expected as inevitable, "The War Department, by direction of the President, thanks General Wood and the officials, civil and military, serving under him upon the completion of a work so difficult, so important, and so well done."

It is silly, therefore, to plead that a suitable expression would have been contrary to custom. Just the reverse is true, as, of course, the President was well aware. The snub, as we have said, is proven to have been deliberate. Why was it administered?

Because General Miles has been a thorn in the flesh of the administration. He has interfered seriously with the good work of the War Department; he has made accusations over and over again that may or may not have been susceptible of proof, but were certainly unbecoming one in his position; he injected himself into the Sampson-Sheley controversy in a manner so unbecoming for one to bring forth a stinging and well-deserved rebuke from Secretary Root; he has been consistently belligerent and non-cooperating and generally a nuisance, apparently paying to the galleries with some ulterior—probably political—purpose in his mind.

It is not to be wondered at that this course of action has been as irritating to the President and Secretary Root as it has been harmful to the service. But was the offense sufficiently aggravated to justify the President in wholly ignoring General Miles's really splendid past, and merely pointing to the door? Would Lincoln have done it? Would Cleveland or McKinley? Would any President grown to that degree of personal resentment which his great effort demands?

Obviously the country thinks not. Obviously also the whole people—if the unanimous voice of the press means anything—feel hurt, mortified, and ashamed, not so much on account of the old soldier who has been rebuffed, or cheated himself maybe, out of his just dues as an account of their President, who has disappointed and humiliated himself.

## The Outlook for Presidential Candidates

The launching of the Gorman boom for the Presidency has promptly followed the Senator's return from Europe. There is a report that several Democrats of national reputation have flocked upon Mr. Gorman as the standard-bearer of their party in 1904. We are told that among those who are quietly advocating the nomination of the distinguished Marylander are Mr. J. K. Jones of Arkansas, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Senator W. J. Stone of Missouri, and, what is even more interesting, Mr. J. K. F. Hall, Chairman of the State Democratic Committee in Pennsylvania. No next step is to be taken, we understand, at the Democratic convention to be held at Harrisburg in September; but, unless the present plan is changed, Pennsylvania's delegation to the Democratic national convention will endeavor to make Mr. Gorman the nominee of the party for the Presidency.

Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, allowed himself to be interviewed the other day, and expressed the opinion that

Mr. Gorman, would be the "logical" nominee of the Democracy, because he stands forth as the representative of the belief that nothing is of more vital importance to the South and to the country at large than the limitation of negro suffrage. He pointed out that Mr. Gorman lost his seat in the Senate through the negro vote; and recovered it, owing to legislation in Maryland by which negro suffrage was restricted. Mr. Thomas's book, however, has encountered obstruction even in Alabama, where the *Montgomery Advertiser*, a well-edited paper, contends that the nomination of the Maryland Senator would be a source of weakness rather than of strength. It asserts that Mr. Gorman and Gormanism turned Maryland into a Republican State, although it used to be an unprejudiced a Democratic stronghold as Alabama. It is not denied that national issues had something to do with the result, but the charge is made that Mr. Gorman and his political methods split the Democratic party in his State, and brought it to defeat. The *Montgomery Advertiser* thinks that Maryland would be more likely to go Democratic this autumn, if the Senate had remained in Europe. It is pronounced absurd, however, to say that, if Maryland had gone Democratic this year, Mr. Gorman would be indicated as the next nominee of the Democracy for President. We are reminded that Maryland is normally Democratic, as party leaders all over the country know. It never has been, and is not now, the keystone to the arch of Democratic victory. It stands in no such relation to the success of the Democracy as does New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, or even New Hampshire, or even Kentucky or Tennessee, or every Maryland. It is, indeed, the belief of the *Montgomery Advertiser* that any other Democrat, likely to be put forward by the national convention of his party, would get more votes in Maryland itself than would Mr. Gorman.

We believe it to be true that the Democracy, in selecting a candidate for the Presidency, would do well to keep its eyes fixed upon the States which proved pivotal in 1876, 1884 and 1892, when it was victorious. At the same time, while disposed to question Mr. Gorman's availability, we cheerfully concede that no one is better qualified to point out the measures and policies upon which the Democratic party can be most effectively defeated. While the Democratic party should put forward in 1904 a candidate capable, or believed to be capable, of drawing votes from the Republicans and of carrying the States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana, it might do wisely to heed Senator Gorman's counsel with reference to a programme, and to make, first, tariff revision, and, secondly, honesty and economy in public administration, the chief planks in its platform. As leader of the Democratic minority in the Senate, Mr. Gorman will, we ought to play, a great part in shaping the course of the national Democratic campaign throughout. It will be observed that Senator Gorman has not said a word about the limitation of negro suffrage, which, according to Senator Morgan of Alabama, and Representative Livingston of Georgia, will be, or ought to be, the principal issue in the next campaign. Mr. Livingston, it will be remembered, is the senior Democratic member of the committee on Appropriations, and one of the leaders of the Democratic minority in the House.

He has learned a platform for the party which is received with a good deal of commendation by his colleagues from the South. He holds that, during the next session of Congress, the Democrats should begin the Presidential campaign by pressing on the Republicans the three following demands: first, the enactment of an elastic currency law; secondly, the abolishment or reduction of rates in tariff schedules protecting trust-made goods; thirdly, that the Republicans shall either uphold or repudiate the President's "negro policy." We are not sure that the time has come to lay great stress upon the third demand. In Mr. Livingston quite sure that he is able to define Mr. Roosevelt's "negro policy." So far as the President has yet gone, it is possible for his friends to say that he has appointed fewer negroes to Federal office than have his recent predecessors; that he is not the first President to receive a negro as a guest in the White House, and that his own kind has him to respect the Constitution and the laws, including the Fifteenth Amendment, so long as they stand unamended. In view of the position lately taken by the United States Supreme Court with reference to the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment, we do not see that such practical good could be at this time accomplished by an agitation for the repeal of that amendment, and we are inclined to think that the agitation would be harmful. At present, the negro question is not of politics, and to force it back again might prove a serious mistake; it might stop the growing tendency among sober-minded Republicans to regard the Reconstruction legislation with misgiving and regret, and to countenance the attempt to certain Southern States to minimize its harmful effects by their new State Constitutions.

We are sorry to see that Mr. Bryan has again given public expression to the ill-trodden view which he seems to regard the revival of Mr. Cleveland's popularity. Speaking the other day in Ohio, where the campaign for the governorship has begun, he so far forgot himself as to describe the man three nominated and twice elected by the Democracy to the Presidency, as a "boon-steerer." The application of such an epithet to his predecessor by

one who himself has been twice honored by the Democracy, has offended not only the sense of justice but the sense of decency in many Democrats, who hitherto have been conspicuous in the Bryan wing of the party. It has driven out of the Bryan camp, for instance, Mr. E. V. Brewster, who has been a leader of the Bryan forces in Brooklyn in two Presidential campaigns. Mr. Brewster now declares that the next nominee of the Democracy ought to be, and will be, Grover Cleveland. Johnson, he thinks, is not to be considered, and neither is Gorman nor Parker. He insists that, if the party hopes to win, it must get back to the solid Cleveland principles—those of Jefferson. The epithet applied by Mr. Bryan to Mr. Cleveland would scarcely have been uttered under any circumstances by a dignified and self-respecting man, and, even in the mouth of the most reckless of stump-speakers, it could only be justified if Mr. Cleveland during his second administration, had grossly and defiantly broken promises made by him during the preceding campaign. As we have previously shown, not one of the political intentions declared by Mr. Cleveland in 1892 was discovered by him during his second term of office. It was no fault of his that the Wilson tariff bill was transformed almost beyond recognition after it reached the Senate, nor was it his fault that the income tax was pronounced unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. To try to make Mr. Cleveland responsible for the panic of 1893 is ridiculous. Mr. Cleveland had been in the White House only a few months when that panic occurred.

When he went into office, the condition of the Federal finances was such that the Treasury officials were obliged to rake up the subsidiary silver in their vaults in order to show a favorable balance. In the last days of Harrison's term, Secretary Foster had recognized the necessity for a governmental loan, and had proposed to issue one; but Republican politicians thought it would be a shrewd trick to throw, if they could, the discredit for the disordered finances on the shoulders of the Cleveland administration. No doubt, the panic of 1893, while due largely to overproduction, may in part also be imputed to vicious financial legislation. The silver dilution of the currency caused by the legislation of 1878 and 1890 helped to bring on the crisis. But, what had Mr. Cleveland to do with legislation in either of those years? The silver law of 1890 will always be known by the name of its author, John Sherman; and the silver law of 1878 was forced through a Democratic House by Mr. Blaine, and through a Republican Senate by Mr. Allison. The truth is, that Mr. Cleveland has never swerved from his principles, or broken faith with the people, who twice raised him to exalted office, and the eyes of the Democracy are now wide open to the fact.

Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama, to whom we have already referred, is always interesting, and sometimes startling. In his latest interview, he made the surprising assertion that his opinion, Mr. Roosevelt would not be nominated for the Presidency in 1904, but that the Republican nominee would be Senator Foraker, who acted as the President's next friend in the more or less avowed contest with Senator Hanna, which preceded the recent Republican convention in Ohio. This is a prediction which will be heard with interest at Oyster Bay. There are, as yet, so distinct indications of opposition to Mr. Roosevelt in any part of the country, except among the White Republicans in certain Southern States. Steps have already been taken to secure an anti-Roosevelt delegation from Texas to the next national Republican convention. No doubt, the movement will extend to other Southern States, but, as a counter-movement will be made by the colored Republicans, the outcome will be simply the despatch of contending delegations to the convention. There will be nothing new or important in such a phenomenon. Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated. If he is supported by the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois.

Whether he secure the support is likely to depend at the last moment on the delegation from the Empire Commonwealth. It is now generally recognized that Governor Gillet has renounced the hope, if he ever entertained it, of competing with Mr. Platt for the leadership of the Republican party in the State, and it follows that the Senator will again control the New York delegation to the Republican national convention. Should he make up his mind to throw Mr. Roosevelt over, it is probable that Senator Quay would again co-operate with the outside of Senator Foraker, and it is extremely improbable that, outside of Senator Foraker and Senator Beveridge, they would encounter much opposition from Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, or any State of the Central West. This we see that Senator Platt, controlling, as he seems certain to control, the New York delegation, will have his hand upon the friendly to the President with his colleague from the latter's visit to Wall Street, and that, if the President had friends in "go into liquidation." This means, if it means anything, that Mr. Roosevelt not only has friends in Wall Street, but a number of them as to constitute a preponderant element. If there were consistently, could not save the President from "going into liquidation." Nobody knows better than Mr. Platt whether it helps a candidate for the Presidency, not only in the country at

large, but in the city of New York itself, to be regarded as a favorite of Wall Street. He knows that in 1884 Mr. Blaine's largest attendance at a banquet offered by some New York capitalists, including the late Jay Gould, cost him more votes than the Burehard speech about "rum, bonapartism and rebellion." Would Senator Platt talk about Mr. Roosevelt's friends in Wall Street, if he sincerely desired the President to be nominated and elected in 1904?

## Pope Pius X. and the Civil Power

It is universally acknowledged that, from a religious point of view, a felicitous choice was made by the conclave, when Cardinal Joseph Sarto was elected Pope. We are reminded of the traditions of the primitive Church when we read of the exemplary piety and the single-hearted devotion with which he, who will henceforth be known as Pius X., discharged the duties of parish priest, of Bishop of Mantua, and of Patriarch of Venice. He is spiritually qualified to be the shepherd of his flock. But how will he deal with the difficult and delicate problems involved in the relations of the papacy to the civil power in many countries, and what position will he take with reference to the intellectual and social movements of the time? The question could be more easily answered if Cardinal Sarto had held any of the great offices at the Pontifical Court, or in the diplomatic service, and thus been associated with the formulation or the enforcement of the papal policies. As a matter of fact, he has never held any of the great posts in the Curia; he has never lived in Rome; he has never acted as Nuncio, as Legate or as Ablegate. He is not a member of any of the great religious orders. From the day of his ordination up to the present hour, he has been a member of the secular clergy, and, what is no less noteworthy, his functions of priest and bishop have been performed in a province lying outside of the former States of the Church. As regards acquaintance with the men who for many years have helped to shape the treatment of the questions affecting the interests of the Church, which have arisen in Germany, in France, in Spain, in England, Ireland, and the United States, and, above all, in Italy, the new Pontiff is almost a stranger in the Vatican. Such shortcomings from the papal court has been accused to no grave a disability that, according to a current saying, the Roman cardinals—a term applied to those members of the Sacred College, who have the management of Papal politics—would rather give the tiara to a foreigner than to a provincial. They broke the rule, however, in this instance, as they broke it in 1878, when they raised a Cambrige to the papacy. The latest departure from custom took place under interesting circumstances, for the report is confirmed that at one time during the conclave, when Cardinal Rampolla had received upwards of thirty votes, and it seemed probable that he would be quickly chosen Pope by the process of "accession," a veto was interposed by one of the Austrian Cardinals, in obedience to an order of the Viennese government. Should the subsequent election of Cardinal Sarto be looked upon as a defeat of the Rampolla party, or was he their second or third choice? If this question could be answered we should have some light upon the course which Pius X. is likely to pursue, and we shall have even a clearer indication when the appointment of Papal Secretary of State is definitely made. At the hour when we write, that post is said to have been successively offered to Cardinal Agliardi and to Cardinal Sottili, and to have been declined by both, and the belief prevails that it will be tendered to Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, a brother of the leading opponent of Cardinal Rampolla.

Although surprising transformations have been wrought at times in cardinals by their elevation to the papal throne, they, like other men, are moulded to a large extent by environment and habits, and it is from a knowledge of their past that we can best forecast their future. Pius X. was born, and has spent all his life, in what was once Venetian territory. It is scarcely conceivable, therefore, that he should regard the Hapsburg power with sympathy, or that he should fail to look with some kindness on the House of Savoy, in which Venetians see their liberator. He has learned, moreover, by long experience to accommodate himself to the disturbed relations of church and state in Italy, for since 1866 he has been a stipendiary of the Italian government. He knows that he could not have become Patriarch of Venice against the will of King Humbert I., and as the occupant of that post, he recognized that he owed a duty to the secular sovereign as well as to the head of the Church. It was in violation of an order of Leo XIII. that he welcomed King Humbert on the latter's visit to Venice. His intercourse with the ex-Queen Margherita is known to have been extremely cordial, and his relations with her son, the present ruler of Italy, have been amicable. For these positive reasons, and on the negative ground that he has had no personal connection with Viennese politics, his election to the papal chair is not so satisfactory to the Italian monarchy as would have been that of any of his colleagues, with the exception of Cardinal Capovetro. His past, in a word, seen in a word, seems to offer guarantees that the new Pope will show himself a Liberal rather than a Reaction-



ary in his dealings with the civil power in Italy. But there is, as we have said, no certainty that such calculations will not be upset, for the Pope may prove unable to resist the pressure of his new environment, and his predispositions may be effaced by a sense of tremendous responsibility. There is less reason to attribute Liberalism to Cardinal Natta than there was to ascribe it to Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti in 1846 or to Cardinal Fieschi in 1878; yet in both of the former cases expectation was ultimately disappointed.

Having been himself a member of the secular clergy, the new Pope, it might be presumed, would not react with special bitterness against the educational religious orders from France. Nevertheless, if Cardinal Vincenzo Vannucelli is appointed Secretary of State, there will be some ground for apprehending a change in the papal policy toward the French Republic. It will be observed that Premier Combes, speaking at Marseilles, on Sunday, August 9, uttered a species of warning when he criticized the attitude of the higher ranks of the clergy, which, he said, had made common cause with the congregations expelled from France, and had sought to stir up a religious civil war. He added that, if the situation continued, the French government would be obliged to consider the advisability of modifying the existing relations between the Church and the state. This means, of course, that whether the Combes cabinet will renounce or carry out the projected abolition of the concordat depends upon the course that will be taken by the new pope. The Vatican is, therefore, one of the gravest questions by which Fiza X. is confronted. There is only one question more momentous in its bearing on the relations of the papacy to the civil power, and that is whether the new Pope will rescind the order issued by Pius IX., and reaffirmed by Leo XIII., the order whereby all faithful Catholics in Italy were prohibited from taking part in Parliamentary elections. That order has had a serious effect upon the fortunes of the Italian monarchy. The result of it has been that the number of persons actually voting at a Parliamentary election has usually constituted only about fifty per cent. of the number registered. As the abstentions have taken place almost wholly in the rural districts, there has been a growing tendency to give a preponderance of political power to the urban proletariat, and to the Socialist representatives in the Chamber of Deputies. The consequence has been that, whereas under Minghetti, the ministers used to be chosen from the Right, power passed, first to the Moderate Liberals under Depretis, then to the Radicals under Crispi, while it has now gravitated to the extreme left. It will never again be possible for a Conservative, or even for a Moderate, party to obtain Parliamentary ascendancy until faithful Catholics are permitted by the Pope to vote. We deem it very doubtful, however, whether an injunction upon which so much stress was laid by his predecessors will be recalled by Pius X. Even if he were personally inclined to such a step, the pressure to which he will be subjected by almost all the cardinals is likely to prove irresistible. If the injunction had never been issued, the fact that individual Catholics took part in Parliamentary elections might have been construed as simply an admission of what nobody denies, to wit, the existence of the Italian monarchy as a government *de facto*. But Pius IX. and Leo XIII., having held that voting would be tantamount to a recognition of the Italian monarchy as a government *de jure*, it is hard to see how their successors could recede from that position without seeking to rescind the papacy to acquiescence in the scheme of the states of the Church.

A government which has cause to regret the elevation of Cardinal Natta with anxiety is that of Alfonso XIII. Ever since the Bourbon monarchy was restored at Madrid in the person of the present ruler's father, it has been upheld by the Vatican against Carlistism on the one hand and Republicanism on the other, both of which have adherents in the army. In considerable sections of Spain the parish priests are Carlists to a man, and nothing but the rigorous discipline maintained by the bishops in obedience to orders from Rome has kept them ostensibly faithful to the Alfonso dynasty. For the ex-Royal, Queen Christine, the late Pionit had the highest regard, and he was the godfather of her son. The new Pope not only has no ties of the kind, but he has long been on the most friendly terms with Don Carlos, who is a resident of Veazir. It remains to be seen, however, whether the occupant of the papal throne will remember the friendships of Cardinal Natta. Here again much significance will be attributed to the selection of a Secretary of State. Everybody knows what Cardinal Rampulla's policy toward Italy, France, Germany, and Spain, has ably and earnestly forestalled his successor's with any approach to confidence.

So far as the United States are concerned, we are mainly interested in learning what the attitude of the Vatican under its new master will be toward the Liberal element in American Catholicism, pronounced by Archbishop Ireland, and toward the theory question of the Irish in the Philippines. Had Pius X. been a Franciscan, or a member of any of the orders which possess large estates in the Philippine Archipelago, we might have experienced much difficulty in reaching a solution of the problem. With one who, throughout his adult life, has belonged to the secular clergy,

It should prove easier to arrive at an accommodation. What our government has resolved upon is this, that the friars, who, rightly or wrongly, are odious to the natives, shall leave the Philippines—possibly if they will, finally if they must. We are perfectly willing to pay at a fair valuation for any property the title in which they can make good. Under the circumstances, it might have been supposed that the problem could be quietly dealt with, but it still remains for Pius X. to solve. As regards the position that is likely to be taken by the new Pope with reference to the views of Archbishop Ireland, only those who are familiar with the writings of Cardinal Natta can foretell how he will act.

## Curiosities of Our Political History

At the first glance it might be supposed that nothing more interesting and drastic could be found than the voluminous collected Executive Rescripts of the United States. This is a list of the Presidents and their cabinets compiled and published by Mr. Robert Brent Mosher, chief of the Bureau of Appointments in the Department of State, Washington. An inspection of the book will disclose answers to many questions that might puzzle persons repelled to be conversant with our political history. For example, did a Vice-President ever fail to be chosen by the electors? Did the same man ever serve as Vice-President under two successive Presidents? Was the office of Vice-President ever resigned? Did the same man ever hold simultaneously two or more cabinet offices? Did the same man ever hold simultaneously a seat in the cabinet and a place on the bench? These are but a few of the inquiries to which replies could not easily be given offhand, but concerning which information is obtainable in the work before us.

It is well known that at the first election of a President under the Constitution all the Presidential electors voted for George Washington, but less than half of them for John Adams. If all the non-Adams electors had concentrated their suffrages upon a single candidate, the latter would have been Vice-President. As a matter of fact, their votes were scattered among ten candidates, including two from Massachusetts (John Hancock and Benjamin Lincoln); two from New York (John Jay and George Clinton); one from Connecticut, one from Maryland, one from North Carolina, and three from Georgia. Only one of these, George Clinton, was to be elected again subsequently in the electoral college. As a matter of fact, his votes were scattered among five candidates, including two from Massachusetts (John Hancock and Benjamin Lincoln); one from New York (John Jay and George Clinton); one from Connecticut, one from Maryland, one from North Carolina, and three from Georgia. Only one of these, George Clinton, was to be elected again subsequently in the electoral college. As a matter of fact, his votes were scattered among five candidates, including two from Massachusetts (John Hancock and Benjamin Lincoln); one from New York (John Jay and George Clinton); one from Connecticut, one from Maryland, one from North Carolina, and three from Georgia. Only one of these, George Clinton, was to be elected again subsequently in the electoral college. As a matter of fact, his votes were scattered among five candidates, including two from Massachusetts (John Hancock and Benjamin Lincoln); one from New York (John Jay and George Clinton); one from Connecticut, one from Maryland, one from North Carolina, and three from Georgia. Only one of these, George Clinton, was to be elected again subsequently in the electoral college.

Few persons recall the fact that, notwithstanding Washington's refusal to accept a third term, he received two electoral votes, one from North Carolina and one from Virginia, in 1793. At the same election, when John Adams beat Jefferson by three electoral votes, and consequently, became President, fifteen votes were cast by Virginia for Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, and thirty for Aaron Burr, not one of them, seriously enough, being from New York. Neither John Jay nor George Clinton got a vote this time from his native State, but the former had five, and the latter seven, supporters in the electoral college. The first dismissal of a cabinet officer occurred under the administration of John Adams. Timothy Pickens, of Pennsylvania, was a hold-over from Washington's administration in the office of Secretary of State. His resignation was requested on May 12, 1800, but he declined to resign, and was dismissed on May 12 of the same year. Charles Lee, of Virginia, was both Attorney-General and Secretary of State from May 12 to June 8, 1800. Benjamin Stoddert, of Maryland, was both Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy from June 1 to June 12, 1800. Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, was not only Secretary of the Treasury, but also Secretary of War, from January 1, 1801, to the close of John Adams's administration; moreover, on January 31, 1801, while holding the two offices just named, he was "authorized and requested" by the President "to exercise the office of Secretary of State so far as to fill the seal of the United States in the enclosed commission to the present Secretary of State, John Marshall, of Virginia, to be Chief Justice of the United States, and to certify in your own name as executing the office of Secretary of State *pro hoc vice*." John Marshall was both Chief Justice of the United States and Secretary of State from February 4 to March 2, 1801. It is well known that, at the fourth election for the Presidency, Jefferson and Burr received an equal number of electoral votes, and there being, consequently, no choice, the House of Representatives proceeded on February 11, 1801, to choose a President, voting by States, and each State casting but one vote. It is a remark-

able fact that Chief-Justice Marshall remained Secretary of State for one day after Jefferson's inauguration, for the special purpose of counterbalancing some "sea letters" which were to be used immediately. Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, another Federalist, was permitted by Jefferson to serve as Secretary of the Treasury from March 4 to May 6, 1801. Willard another Federalist, Benjamin Stoddert, was allowed to retain the post of Secretary of the Navy until March 31, 1801, and Joseph Halloway, of Georgia, another of Adams's appointees, was suffered to exercise the functions of Postmaster-General until November 2, 1801, when he resigned. Even Jefferson, who might have been expected to set his face against general offices, authorized Henry Dearborn, of Massachusetts, to be both Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy from April 1 to July 17, 1801.

It will be remembered that, before the enactment of the Twelfth Amendment, rendered necessary by the tie between Jefferson and Burr in the electoral college, the Constitution provided that the electors should vote by ballot for two persons, without specifying which was desired for President and which for Vice-President. The person having the greatest number of votes should be President; if such number should be a majority of the whole number of electors. The person having the next greatest number of votes was to be Vice-President, whether such number constituted a majority or not. The Twelfth Amendment, on the other hand, provided that a majority of the electors should be required to choose a Vice-President as well as a President, and if no person should have a majority of the votes for Vice-President, then the Senate should choose the Vice-President from the two highest numbers on the list, but a majority of the whole number of Senators should be necessary to a choice. The Twelfth Amendment further provided that no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President should be eligible to that of Vice-President of the United States. It follows that if Chester A. Arthur had been born in Canada instead of in Vermont, he would have been ineligible to the Vice-Presidency, and his election to that office in 1880 would have been constitutionally null and void. Was the power of the Senate to elect a President in the emergency named ever exercised? Yes, in the winter of 1850-51, when Martin Van Buren was elected President, but R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky, received but 147 votes for Vice-President, while 148 were needed to elect. The Senate proceeded to choose Mr. Johnson Vice-President.

George Clinton was Vice-President under two successive Presidents, to wit, Jefferson and Madison. The only other man who attained this distinction was John C. Calhoun, who was Vice-President not only under John Quincy Adams, but under Andrew Jackson. Calhoun is the only man who ever resigned the Vice-Presidency. His resignation of the office was forwarded to the Secretary of State on December 28, 1832, the reason assigned being his acceptance of a seat in the Federal Senate to which he had been elected by the Legislature of South Carolina.

## The Profit of Longevity

"FINALLY, he had the great advantage of living long." Thus does Mr. Bryce, in his recent volume of biographical studies, conclude his analysis of the career of one of the leading British statesmen of the nineteenth century.

To enumerate longevity among the causes of success in public life is scarcely in harmony with the prevailing sentiment. The doors of opportunity are popularly supposed to be closed to every man who cannot show a certificate of being less than fifty years of age, and there are even those who seem to believe that the fortieth birthday is the high-water mark of influence. It is admitted, of course, that there are certain compensations for gray hairs, but these are mainly of a private and social nature. The mighty men of this commonwealth—of any commonwealth—must be sought, it is declared, among those who have not yet passed their meridian. Such is the theory. How far it corresponds with facts may be estimated by any one who will take a list of United States Senators—certainly the most powerful group of public men in America—and count the number of septuagenarians.

What, then, are the actual advantages which the older man possesses over the younger, given equal ability? In the first place, the mere possession of the years brings a certain automatic increase of reputation to a strong man. Take, for instance, the case of Grover Cleveland. It is now nearly twenty years since he was first elected President. That is to say, when our present-day men of thirty-five were at school Mr. Cleveland held the highest office in the nation. Whatever opinions may be held respecting that his statesmanship it seems a great deal, as affecting his influence, that he has occupied a foremost place in the public eye during that time. To a voter of forty a politician of forty may be acceptable on account of his platform or his speeches or what not, but

the crowd can never carry quite the same weight of authority as the man who started in the competition with a prestige already accumulated. It is natural for us to imagine the older man as of better stature, for he has been so presented to us from the first; whereas it is hard to realize that any one can be really great who was a boy when we were.

In some instances the authority of an old statesman is heightened by the fulfillment of his predictions and the confirmation of his policies. This accession of credit is especially deserving of notice when it involves the reversal of a popular misjudgment. There is no man who gains such a firm hold upon public confidence as he who has had strength of character to withstand a wave of excited feeling, and whose wisdom has been vindicated by the course of later events. It is not often—for on a large scale the relation of cause and effect takes a long while to work itself out—that such a justification comes within the limits of a single lifetime, but when the courageous and independent politician is fortunate enough to survive not only the taunts of his opponents, but the popularity of their schemes, he receives an admiration proportionate to the former denunciation. One of the most conspicuous instances of this advantage of longevity was seen in the career of John Bright, who, for opposing the Crimean war, not only lost his seat in Parliament, but was reviled in the newspapers and spat upon in the streets, but who lived to hear that war generally condemned and to receive in consequence such esteem and trust as would never have been his if he had let himself be carried along with the stream.

It must be understood, in all this, that the statements of experience whose force we are considering is no fool's. To the old man who has lost his vigor or who is out of touch with young life—its ideals, its point of view, its manner of speech—there is no salvation in the mere lengthening out of years. A collection of diaries is not in itself equivalent to a treasury of wisdom, and a changing world familiarity with precedents may sometimes be dangerous lore. But in every country there is, and always will be, a career for the man to whom the years have brought maturity and knowledge without taking from him freshness of spirit and quickness of adaptation.

## Automobiles and Exercise

On the whole the automobile is the most amusing toy now in the market. Almost persons who have got tired of navigating Long Island Sound and sailing up and down the Atlantic coast in yachts, find novelty and pleasure in yachting on wheels. Most of them seem to go through the same experience. Beginning with a modest little motor-wagon, run by electricity perhaps, they duly aspire and acquire, advancing from car to car, each time a bigger one with more horse-power and greater speed capacity, until they have to send horses to pasture and carriages to be stored to make room in their stables for the collection of dirt waggons.

There is no doubt that the machines are interesting, and that the testing of their capacities to cover distance has great fascination. But with many owners they are still a lark, and in so far as they are a fad they will in time lose part of their attractiveness. And as a fad automobilizing has some drawbacks. It is told, with diagrams and pictures to help, that a good many automobilists are getting uncomfortably fat, and it is a matter of observation that the livers of others are not working so smoothly as their owners and their owner's associates could wish. Can it be that automobilizing is defective as a sport in that it fails to give its votaries due physical exercise? It looks that way. Golf, though it may come to be tiresome, is an exceedingly salutary exercise. Horseshoe riding and polo-playing jolt the liver in a fashion that is highly advantageous to that organ. Walking and tennis keep down fat, and are plainly wholesome for persons who still, but automobilizing, though it is a true recreation is that it engages and entertains the mind, seems to be a bit too easy on the body. That is a serious defect in a sport, for our older men especially cultivate sports, not so much as a hill-time, as to keep the body in such condition as will best sustain the urgent activities of the mind. If the automobile can't keep its owner "in condition," it won't have all the stable interest, nor leave the golf-course bare of players. It will not perish, of course, but persons who just now find in it their sole recreation will have to supplement it with exercises that exercise.

Man is intended to work both with his mind and his body. When human ingenuity succeeds in making any difficult thing—like transportation or maintenance—so easy that it is no trouble, that perplexing difficulty ceases to be some measure to perform its office in helping people healthy, and some other difficulty has to be substituted for it. If we could live without trouble we should have to invent suitable forms of trouble to keep us from degenerating, and that is precisely what folks do whose lives have been made too easy, and who are wise enough to realize it.



### A RACE BETWEEN AN AUTO AND A BALLOON

An experiment has shown a hot balloon and a hot automobile was lately run in Austria for the purpose of determining the relative advantages of the two means of communication. The race proved satisfactorily until the auto came to grief in fording an arm of the Danube River. The water proved to be deeper than it was supposed to be, and the machine was wrecked, the balloon, meanwhile, continuing on its way. Our illustration shows the auto being hauled across the river by a team of men.



*As the Surf-boat approaches the drowning Person a Buoy is thrown as a temporary Help until the Guard can get to him*



*One of the Life guards sweeps the board and swims to the drowning Man, while two Assistants follow and help get him into the Boat*

### **SNAP SHOTS OF THE ATLANTIC COAST LIFE-SAVERS**

*At each of the important summer resorts along the Atlantic coast there is a trained corps of Lifesavers who patrol the beach in squads. At Atlantic City, the corps consists of fifty-eight men, and from two to three lives have been saved daily so far this season. An important branch of the coast-guard service is the Volunteer Lifesaving Corps of the State of New York, which has 465 stations and 7300 members. It has a record of 4729 lives saved in nine years.*



*At first sight of the Auto, the poor Impaler was to leave the Road*



*As it came nearer, there was a Howl of Uncertainty*



*On second Thought, he decided to have a good look at the Machine*



*With the good American that, upon your account a change. Alas! there was no real Danger*

## **SNAP SHOTS BY CINEMATOGRAF—TRAINING A THOROUGHBRED TO MEET AN AUTOMOBILE**

Last week our special photographer took several trips in an automobile around New York and in New Jersey, to get a pictorial record by cinematograph of horses from an auto going at high speed. In most cases, the horse paid little or no attention to the passing auto. The photographs here reproduced show how a thoroughbred, accustomed to automobiles, started by with no more than a show of nervousness. Other pictures in this material series will be published in forthcoming issues of *The Weekly*.

# Women in English Politics

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, August 13, 1915.

POLITICS and society in England are inseparable. You may see the truth of this almost any afternoon on the terraces of the House of Commons. The terraces is a fine embankment, some hundreds of yards in length, washed by the Thames; it is on the terrace, at the invitation of an M.P. is one of the choicest diversions of fashionable London. Hundreds of tables are scattered about it, and each is a centre of brightness and gaiety. Brilliant women in brilliant gowns, attended by an immaculately groomed M.P.—the House of Commons is the best-dressed assembly in the world—the gliding Thames in front of one, with its ceaseless flow of life, and behind one the gray walls of Parliament, waiters who look like legislators sitting in and out, the afternoon sun lending its golden touch, strawberries and cream, cigars and cigarettes, talk and laughter—who wouldn't be an M.P.? In its way it is almost as picturesque and elegant a scene as any in London. Everybody who in anybody finds his or her way to the terrace sooner or later. It looks like a garden-party, and so it is, a garden-party of picked men and women. I remember when Mr. Chamberlain had finally got clear of his early Radicalism and was beginning to be taken up by society, it used to be thrown in his face that he never appeared on the terrace without a cohort of adoring duchesses. He is still one of its most prominent patrons, as well as one of its most popular. But, indeed, no member of either House can long resist the terrace.

After the stuffy, mephitic atmosphere of the interior it is a wholesome change to the freshness of the river's brink; after hours of wrangling in committee, what can be pleasanter than a twenty-minute chat with a clever, witty woman? You wouldn't think to look at the flush and easy animation of the scene that Westminster—simply existed to form a background for it. But you would be wrong. There comes the midday tinkle of innumerable electric bells; it is the sign that a division is being taken in the House. Instantly the terrace lounge is turned into the politician. Cigars and cigarettes are thrown away, and with hasty grumble and apology, honorable members make a rush for the lobbies. The terrace is left without, manless, and a stranger, the days and hours of its meetings, it carefully arranged things proof of its intimacy with the "week-end." That was another riot. There were at the time some democratic protests, and so-called an unjust, and had no effect beyond, perhaps, giving an agitation saw their country houses guests. Society would as House meet on Saturday. The week-end is one of the most lively, and nothing but a revolution because the government, in this case, affected or really felt indignation because overthrow it. Those who its other proposals, did not suggest a Saturday sitting, and most opposition of society—its protest against what they called "the domination got its way, a social cataclysm would have been the re-

sult. The week-end is society's and human nature's answer to the intolerance of the London Sunday. One might defend it on hygienic grounds, but it is altogether so charming a custom and English country houses are so spacious and restful in their hospitality that no defence is needed. There have, I know, been hostile pictures conjured up of the catastrophes that a mail the nation through these week-end migrations. Some Sunday, it is said, when the queen is at her lowest and the telegraph office closed, France or tyranny may declare war, fall upon the English coast, and sink the empire at its heart by a descent upon London. And beyond a few clerks and doorknopers and spasmogogers they will find no one in the government office to receive their threats, the ministers and responsible officials will be idling in the country, playing golf or inspecting antiquities or chatting under the garden trees. It is a terrifying prospect, no doubt, but England seems ready to run the risk. In other countries society adapts itself to political exigencies. Here the business of legislation is arranged to suit the convenience of society.

English women are not only keen, but intelligent politicians. They read the debates, they study questions, they follow the by-elections, and wade through columns of campaign literature. And being in constant and intimate contact with the makers of English politics, their information is always of the best. Readers of *Lady Rose's Daughter* will remember how naturally Mrs. Humphrey Ward made her heroine move through the world of statesmen and diplomats, and how cleverly she gave the impression of a salon that was behind the scenes of all that was worth knowing. There are many women and many salons like that in London—women who have learned the inside of politics as a part of their social education, and salons where they turn their knowledge to admirable use. They are still an unquestionable power in politics. They make and unmake men, they make the last great art of politics, they pull strings with a frankness and audacity that a mere man can but marvel at from afar.

The English woman who is also a politician . . . does the work of political canvassing to perfection

beyond Westminster, and much of the easy-goingness and moderation of English politics is due to the fact that the leaders on both sides are continually moving outside the House and dining at the same table. I do not suppose it has ever occurred to an American Democrat that unity in his party might be promoted if the wives of the more prominent leaders would ask the wives and women-kind of the rank and file to occasional at-home in Washington. Yet this is precisely the experiment that is now being tried in London by the wives of leading Liberals. That again proves the closeness of the relationship between politics and society.

But the English woman who is also a politician does not by any means confine her activities to the drawing-room. She sits on political committees, forms political leagues, makes political speeches, and does the work of political canvassing during election-time to perfection. Already Mr. Chamberlain's scheme has brought into being three large and vigorous associations, composed entirely into being three large and vigorous associations, composed is known all over the world as one of the best organized and most influential electioneering agencies in existence. It is, at any rate, a singular token of the political capacity and enthusiasm of English women. Perhaps it may be objected that their activity, after all, does not amount to much. That may be so. But there is still left over an ample sphere in which they may ply their arts.





### THE NEW MANHATTAN EYE-BAR BRIDGE

*The new bridge over the East River, between the foot of Pike Street, Manhattan, and Brooklyn, is planned on unconventional lines. According to the plans of the Bridge Commissioner, the superstructure of the main spans is to be suspended from link, or eye-bar, cables, having fixed connections at the tops of the towers and at the anchorages. This will do away with the trusses that are used on most bridges for stiffening, and at the same time will give ample strength to the structure. The Elevated trains will run on tracks above the trolleys. The promenade will be on the outside of the roadway, while the driveway will occupy the centre of the bridge. An unusual feature will be a large hall built inside of each anchorage, to be devoted to public use under the direction of the city officials.*

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

"I LOVED a love one," wrote Charles Lamb in the most pathetic of all his poems, "The Old Familiar Façe."

I loved a love one, fallen among women:  
Thou, ere her death on me, I must not see—  
All are, ere they die, the old familiar façe.

These haunting lines of Elia gain fresh significance from an article in the September number of STARKER'S MAGAZINE entitled "Charles Lamb's One Romance." For the first time the brief correspondence which passed between Lamb and the famous Drury Lane actress and singer, Miss Frances Maria Kelly, when the gentle Elia entertained the hope of a household over which she should preside, is given and also a facsimile of Lamb's letter (now in the collection of John Hollingshead, Esq.) in which he made Miss Kelly an offer of marriage. "It is truly a sweet assumed character I have learned to love you," we find him writing to the lady of his dream, "but simply as F. M. Kelly I love you better than them all. Can you quit these absurdities of existence, and come and be a reality to me? can you leave off harassing yourself to please a thankless multitude, who know nothing of you, and begin at last to live to yourself and your friends?" The same day a letter came in reply informing him that "an early and deeply rooted attachment has fixed my heart on one from whom no worldly prospect can well induce me to withdraw it."

With instant courtesy and even the dignity Lamb hastened to assure her that "Your injunctious shall be obeyed to a title," and then with wonderful delicacy sought to regain the old footing and put her at ease by a return to his customary good-natured banter. Altogether this romantic disclosure and contribution to Elia's life is an interesting and valuable a literary human document as has been made in some time.

"I loved a love one," Who was the lady of Charles Lamb's one romance? the reader may ask upon reading Mr. Hollingshead's story of the correspondence of marital consideration between Lamb and the lady of Drury Lane. This correspondence occurred in the July of 1818. In February of the same year Lamb wrote a letter to the editor of the *Examiner* on "Miss Kelly at Bath," in which he says: "This lady has long ranked among the most considerable of our London performers. . . . She has been winning her patient way from the humblest degradation to the eminence which she has now attained, on the self-same boards which supported her first in the desecrated professions of chorist-singer." Comparing her acting with that of Mrs. Jordan, he goes on to say of Miss Kelly: "This latter lady's is the joy of a freed spirit, resembling in its career, as a bird that has been fettered, her swiftness, if I may use the expression, seemed avowed out of the fire, relics which a good spirit had stretched up as a sign post; her documents are visitors and not intruders; she is not in them by allegorist, and when she does ordinary traveilian." In another letter later in the same year he speaks of her as framed "not to loose or turn out even in just, noble sliverity." In another letter he writes of her as "a lovely Ys or Vu; to yield or refuse assent with a private life. We have heard too, of some virtuous which she is in the practice of; but they are of a description which repay themselves, and with them neither we nor the public have anything to do."

For the rest, the following bibliographical note, which I quote from the latest edition of *The Marlow Portrait Gallery* will suffice: "Of all these loving friends of Charles Lamb and friend—only one may remain, 'cher' [sic], *Posthume, Posthume, Posthume*, the memory of the best of reason and flow of soul of long-past years. This is Frances Maria Kelly, 'the most unprobable of actresses and unexampled of women,' now in the ninety-third year of her age (1882). It was in December, 1790, that she made her first appearance on the boards of Drury Lane, in the operatic spectacle 'Bluebird,' by her uncle, Michael Kelly. It is worthy of note that, on the very same evening, the great Edmund Kean,

then a mere lad, the senior of Miss Kelly by three years only, first braved a London audience. It is, of course, not within my province to trace, however cursorily, the dramatic career of this eminent actress, who, in her day, was the worthy associate of Sarah Siddons, Joha Kemble, Liston, Farrow, Edmund Kean, Misses, Dandridge, and Marcandry; but she claims a remembrance as one of the most intimate and beloved friends of Lamb—the subject of one—"To Miss Kelly"—and, as I suspect, another—"To a Celebrated Female Performer in the 'Hindoo Boy'"—of his sonnets—and the "Barbara S." of the *Essays of Elia*. It is pleasing to learn that in November, 1802, this venerable and respected actress became the recipient, through the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, of a grant from the crown of £100 per annum." Miss Kelly, I may add, died a month after this note was printed, on December 9, 1862. She was born at Brighton, December 15, 1790.

"We are in the midst of an immense interest in Charles Lamb," writes Clement Shorter in a recent "Literary Letter" in the *Observer*, and his evidence he adduces half a dozen late Lamb publications. From one of these—an India paper edition of some 500 pages of the best of Lamb's work, published by the firm of George Newman—and reproduce the accompanying portrait of Elia by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan, as being an interesting study of the gentle humorist and essayist. It will strongly recall Maellor's etching signed, "Yours ratherish unwell, Chas Lamb," and his own quaint characterization of his friend, "Brahm the singer"—a compound of the Jew, the Gentleman, and the Angel."

There is a reference to the poet Keats in Mrs. Nancy Huston Keats's romance of southern Kentucky, *Road and Road*, which helps to bridge the literary chasm between the England and America of a hundred years ago, and touches our fancy pleasantly. One of the characters has copied a poem to please me, and with whom he is in love. I saw the poem for the first time an hour or so ago at Mr. Audubon's. It is new, and has never been printed. It was written by the young English poet, John Keats, to his brother, George Keats, who is a partner of Mr. Audubon in the mill on the river. The poem came in a letter which has just been received. I have copied a part of it, and a few words from the letter also. "A Prophecy" are given, and the following extract from the letter: "If I had a prayer to make for any great good . . . it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet." But the Muse is not thus easily propitiated. This recalls the fact that a number of letters written by Keats to his brother George in America appeared in the *New York World* in 1877; I think it was. Their authenticity was questioned by some, but they bear the stamp of Keats's mind. Keats wrote from the fine old country town of Winchester. Here is one delightful passage:

"Monday.—This is a grand day for Winchester; they elect the mayor. It was, indeed, high time the place had some sort of excitement. There was nothing going on—all asleep. Not an old maid's sedan returning from a card party, and if any old women have got tipsy they have not exposed themselves in the dice streets where they are excessively maiden-lady like—the dice streets always fresh from the flames; the knockers have a very staid, serious air, almost awful, quietness about them. There is some of your lady Brillstone tapping and ringing here; so thou dosting dapper footmen; no opera-trotter tattlers; but a modest lifting up of the knocker by a set of little, well-fingered that keep through the gray mittens, and a ding-dong thereto."

"The great beauty of poetry is that it makes everything, every place, interesting. The polistine Venice and the abbotine Winchester are equally interesting. Some time since I began a poem called 'The Eye of St. Mark,' quite in the spirit of town quietude, called 'The Eye of St. Mark,' quite in the spirit of walking about a country town in a coolish evening. I have not yet whether I shall ever finish it. I will give it as far as I have got—at the present."



Charles Lamb  
Drawn by Edmund J. Sullivan





*A "Through-in" during the Contest between the Santa Barbara and Riverside Players*



*View from the Goal during the Contest between the Santa Barbara and Riverside Teams*

### **POLO ON THE PACIFIC COAST**

*Santa Barbara, California, has recently been the scene of a tournament of sports, the first of a series of annual events of the sort to be held during the summer on the Pacific coast. The tournament included tennis and golf matches, yachting and racing events, and some exciting polo matches, photographs of which are reproduced herewith.*





Done by artist Johnson

## AT THE YACHT-RACES

Watching the Finish of the Cup Races from the Deck of the Steamer "Monmouth," chartered for this Occasion by the Members of the New York Yacht Club

# This Week's Yacht-Races

## Is Jockeying at the Start in the International Races Unfair and Against the Best Interests of Yachting?

A DISCUSSION BY EXPERTS OF AN IMPORTANT PHASE OF THE SPORT.—MR THOMAS LIPTON'S VIEW.—THE FEELING OF "DEFENDER" BY "VALKYRIE III." IN THE "AMERICA'S" CUP CONTENT OF 1885.—THE DIFFERENCE IN OTHER BRANCHES OF SPORT.—UNFAIR ADVANTAGES.

By Sir Thomas Lipton

I HAVE to thank you for giving me the opportunity of penning the article herewith, and of offering an opinion thereon. In Great Britain there is no trouble respecting the starting of yacht-races with the on-gun start, and provided the sailing-masters adhere strictly to the racing rules, there should be no danger of a foul at the start. The "jockeying" at the start of the races is quite legitimate if carried out fairly, and the start often

shows the best seamanship, which in itself is as much to be desired as the possession of the fastest boat. To secure the windward berth at the start of a race requires skill and judgment, and an advantage gained by these qualities must not be looked upon as an unfair advantage.

To arrange the position of the boats in a start by lottery would, in my opinion, be detrimental to good sport and fine seamanship.

By William Everett Hicks

WHILE the rules governing all other races have received substantial revision in recent years, the method of starting the international races for the America's Cup is as antiquated as ever, and the permitting and encouraging of jockeying before the start continues to menace the cordial sporting relations between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. The most distressing scandal that has ever been connected with international sporting contests grew out of the jockeying before the start in 1853 by the *Yolgairie* and the *Defender*. There is not a Cup race in which the series and indeed the whole future of the contests are not impelled by the present method of starting, which violates the basic principle of all sporting contests—equality in the start.

As conducted to-day the Cup contests are the only races that encourage jockeying before the start. In all other lines of sport every effort is made to prevent one competitor from gaining an advantage over another before the start; in other words, to make the start as nearly equal as possible. It remains for the yachtmen managing the Cup races to lay down the principle that what is discouraged, repudiated as un-sportsmanlike, in every other branch of competition should be encouraged and lauded in these great yacht-races. One would think in contests so momentous as these, upon whose result two continents hang with feverish expectancy, everything would be done to remove all grounds for possible friction and misunderstanding. On the contrary, just the opposite is the case. The skipper who can "outmaneuver"—that is, outjockey—his rival and gain the greatest advantage at the start is hailed as a "clever seaman," and, no matter though his tactics meet with the hearty disgust of the committee and the onlookers, so long as he avoids an actual collision he is permitted to profit by the advantage he has gained by methods that would promptly subject him to a fine if employed in any degree in other kinds of races.

However, we have become accustomed to this trickery in manœuvring before the start in the Cup contests. We are told it is "part of the race," and that the greatest of all races would not be a real race if it were sought to make the start as nearly fair as human fallibility would permit.

So, on the dictum of leading yachtmen, we have come to believe that it is the most skillful skipper who gains for himself the most advantage at the start—

that is, who obtains the most unequal start. One has but to think of the Cup-race rules applied to "arbitrary heat competitions to test the absurdity of them. What a roar of disapproval would go up if, instead of positions being allotted to the crews, each boat should be privileged to "maneuver" for position before the final signal-gun, crowding competitors out of the way, threatening collisions, and performing similar tricks to demonstrate their "watermanship." Or, in a trotting race, how long would public approval give its sanction to races between valuable horses if the drivers were permitted to jockey before the start, impelling their own lives and those of the competing animals?

The argument that yachts are in an open sea where there is plenty of room does not touch the point at all, for the reason that the weight of the boats, the uncertainty of the wind, the buffeting of the waves, the immense spread of rigging, the impossibility of changing direction as close as possible into the wind reduce the margin of safety to a point where it loses all force as an argument

for the continuance of the present system. The fact is, so keen is the desire to get the windward jockeying, and it remains now to ascertain what is gained by this manœuvring. The yachts are matched to see how fast they will sail a certain distance after the starting-line has been crossed. What they do before the start has nothing to do with the race. It is simply preliminary, and its purpose is merely to enable the boats to get the most equal start, as far as possible, should they be out of an advantage. That duty is vital, is primary.

I think I have shown that the principles of true sport are violated in this before-the-start jockeying, and it remains now to ascertain what is gained by this manœuvring. The yachts are matched to see how fast they will sail a certain distance after the starting-line has been crossed. What they do before the start has nothing to do with the race. It is simply preliminary, and its purpose is merely to enable the boats to get the most equal start, as far as possible, should they be out of an advantage. That duty is vital, is primary.

The remedy for the evils that attend the present method of starting the Cup races lies in the allotment of positions before the start, either by the committee or by lot. The choice of position could be given to the yachts alternately, and in the odd race the choice could be determined by lot. The committee, for instance, would announce on the first day that the *Shamrock* had the choice of position. On that day Captain Barr of the *Reliance* would be compelled to bear that in mind, and instead of trying to crowd the *Shamrock* out of her position would be forced to give way. If the *Shamrock* won that day the committee might decide she had won the right to retain the choice of position the following day, or it might be decided to give the *Reliance* the choice on the second day. Then if the *Reliance* had the choice the *Shamrock* would have to give way. This plan would absolutely do away

with the crowding, the pinching, the blanketing, and all other mischievous features which now mar the beginning of every race. It would not mean that the yacht to which the choice had not been given could not cross the line ahead of her rival; it would simply mean that if she did so she should not in any way interfere with the other boat's starting. Nor would this allotment of position deprive the contestants from taking the position of advantage after the start, any more than the outside horse is debarred from taking the "poke" after the race is on. No time sportsman will object to the blanketing of one yacht by another after the race is on, but there is something contemptible in the blanketing of an opponent before crossing the starting-line, for then it looks like and is an attempt to steal an advantage from an adversary and get a better start.

That is the difference between jockeying before and after the start. After the start it is simply one of the elements of the contest; before the start it is the obtaining of an advantage before the contest is on. It is like shooting in a duel before the word "fire" has been given.



Sir Thomas Lipton  
A map shot on board the steam-yacht "Erie."



### A FOUL DUE TO JOCKEYING AT THE START OF AN INTERNATIONAL RACE

*In the international races of 1895, between the "Defender" and Lord Dunraven's "Vallure III," the jockeying before the start by the two boats, in the race of September 20, was the cause of the fouling of "Defender" by the challenger in crossing the line. The reader is referred to opinions on this phase of yachting on the opposite page.*



*"Yes, I have a good deal of work to do at home in preparing my specialties"*



*"I get my ideas in shape, and my wife takes down my dictation in shorthand"*



*"She is an expert at the typewriter, too"*



*"Then we often go over the musical accompaniments together"*



*"Of course you know we've just been married"*

### **A POPULAR FUN-MAKER AT HOME**

*Marshall P. Wilder, the well-known entertainer and monologist, is shown in the photographs at work in his study preparing his specialties for the coming season, with the aid of his wife, who assists him as stenographer and typewriter*



**MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN**

*Miss Crosman will be seen early next September in a revival of "As You Like It," at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, and in several of the large cities for a brief tour, before entering upon an important engagement in a new play which has been especially written for her*



### PRAYING FOR THE NEW POPE IN AN ITALIAN HARVEST FIELD

*It is the custom in Italy during the harvest-time for the peasants to offer prayers in the fields for the prosperity of the crops. This year the peasants all over Italy united their supplications for a plentiful harvest with prayers for Pope Leo XIII. and for the new Pope. One drove into the field a cart on which it erected an altar. A priest, assisted by one of the peasant children, celebrates a mass, during which the peasants, ranged in a double row behind the cart, kneel and pray.*





**THE LATEST PAINTING AT THE  
WHITE HOUSE**

*The illustration is from a new portrait of Quentin Roosevelt, the President's youngest son, painted by Mr. Walter Knapp. The picture is one of a series of portraits of the Roosevelt children which Mr. Knapp has been commissioned to paint.*

# Correspondence

## CONCERNING MUSICAL PROGRAMMES

New York, August 12, 1903

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been interested in reading in the WEEKLY the remarks of a correspondent and your own comment concerning the "popular" nature of our concert programmes. In this connection I wish to offer a few remarks against so-called popular programmes as they are compiled in New York City. As to what does or does not constitute popular music, there might be some difference of opinion. So far as I can see popular music seems to be the kind which the banisterer thinks the public likes. I have attended a great many concerts in New York City, both indoors and out-of-doors, and it seems to me that the programmes, in many instances, are pretty nearly as incongruous and mistaken as they can well be. Coon songs are admittedly popular, but let us leave them to the organ-grinders, whose capacity for expression is limited. Don't let us gather together a fairly good orchestra, containing, in many instances, some excellent soloists, and force them to produce such songs when there are shelves full of the music of the masters, which the public invariably appreciates, according to my observation, whenever it is their privilege to listen to it.

I have seen audiences at the Battery Park free concerts show the greatest enthusiasm over the Tchaikovsky overture or a magnificent march of Meyerbeer's. Of course, in the case of private concerts, if the manager believes that the people will not pay for anything but coon songs, it is his privilege to treat just that sort of music; but in the case of the concerts in the public parks, which are paid for by the taxpayers of New York, I earnestly protest against programmes which sell the music that is worth hearing, and include compositions, by the banisterer, which, without doubt, are most banal, colorless, stupid and so-called musical compositions that have ever been produced in the history of music.

If we cannot have music of the best kind, which, in my observation, people do enjoy and do appreciate when they are given enough of it to make an impression upon them, let us at least omit the banisterer's fatuous blatherings.

I am, sir,

PAUL HALIFAX.

New York, August 11, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just been reading the letter from Mr. C. Stewart Yale, published in your current issue, under the heading "For More Popular Music." As far as I can make out from Mr. Yale's communication, he would have concert-givers make up their programmes with a view to capturing the interest both of the Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms, and those who find great joy in "Mr. Dooley" and "My Old Kentucky Home." It seems to me that the suggestion contained in your editorial comment on Mr. Yale's letter points the way for a possible rejoinder. Surely this is a case of every man to his taste. And has Mr. Yale neglected on the probable disastrous consequences that would follow the placing upon one programme of, say, "Mr. Dooley" and "Bernard Shtrauss"? For Strauss would assuredly frighten away the lovers of "Mr. Dooley" and "Mr. Dooley," in his turn, would effectively repel the admirers of the composer of "Tim Hattenbarren pocketbook." For Strauss would assuredly frighten away the lovers of "Mr. Dooley" and "Mr. Dooley," in his turn, would effectively repel the admirers of the composer of "Tim Hattenbarren pocketbook." for Strauss would assuredly frighten away the lovers of "Mr. Dooley" and "Mr. Dooley," in his turn, would effectively repel the admirers of the composer of "Tim Hattenbarren pocketbook." Clearly, it is not better for Mr. Yale to go for his popular music to places where it is ridiculous, and let the Stravauses and the Brahmsians browse undisturbed among the masterpieces?

I am, sir,  
JAMES HALE OGDEN.

BROOKLYN, August 12, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—A correspondent of yours who advocated the introduction of more "popular" music in our various concerts observed to me in a trade song, "to me made especially sensitive by a recent shock. Feeling very strongly the want of some good music the other evening, I sought out the best concert of hand-picked De Koven between (Liszt and Wagner, and Mendelssohn with "Hiawatha" and some melodies resulted in what was to me a most successful evening.

I believe that your correspondent will find no one to agree with him. The haughty critics will not, the trained music-lovers will not; the latter wants nothing but rag-time. Away with music from the Mill! The former, among whom I proudly stand, do not get on with "Nancy Brown" and "My Old Kentucky Home," but we go to some café to hear them, and we delight in them all; while we listen. And when we tired up and go forth to hear music of real worth in the things of the café have no place—neither the food nor the drink nor the so-called popular music.

The two things are incompatible. One would not introduce a hardly-gurly into the cathedral.

I am, sir,  
JOHN RUTLAND.

## TEACHING RELIGIOUS ORDERS

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., August 3, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—At the present time there seems to be active competition among periodicals as to which can do the most to conciliate that class of our citizens which professes the Roman Catholic faith. This may have its advantages as a business procedure, but there is a limit to the length to which periodicals should go, certain ones taking liberties with the truth on suppressing corrections when made. It is hardly necessary to say that a leading journal like yours has no sympathy with such as these.

In an editorial of your July 15 issue you say, "On the other hand, Cardinal Gotti is a mathematician and a physicist; he would, therefore, be an ideal candidate in the eyes of St. George Mivart and those Catholic scientists who desire to reconcile religion and science."

St. George Mivart has been dead several years. Before his decease he was expelled from the Roman Church on account of his scientific belief. He took a paring shop at his former church in *The North American Review* for April, 1900.

In an editorial of your issue of August 1 you say, "In France the Combes ministry, by its crusade against the teaching religious orders, and by its present encouragement of the agitation against the concordat, betrays a conviction that there is not room in France for both Catholicism and Republicanism of the radical type, and in the judgment of some shrewd onlookers, there is but little doubt as to in which of the two must ultimately go."

That the Combes party may succeed in overturning the present form of government in France is not impossible, and the efforts of the religious congregations in France have long been directed toward that end, but that the sympathy of Americans should not be with that the French Republic would seem inconceivable, even though that the French Republic should follow our example and separate Church from State.

What the feelings of the people of France are is clearly shown by the fact that Brittany, which has been represented by a certain class of newspapers in this country as on the verge of revolt on behalf of the religious orders, has just elected an anti-clerical deputy!

By speaking of the "teaching religious orders" you unwittingly convey a very erroneous impression.

Some of these orders taught and very many did not. Some of them engaged exclusively in the manufacture and sale of liquor. Others were employed in manufacture of various commodities, and as wages and taxes were not paid by the orders, the products of these manufacturers came into unfair competition with those of the largely of aliens, certain vantage-points in which the French Republic was violently attacked. The situation became impossible in France, so it would here or anywhere else. That the French Republic might, to a certain extent, control the congregations living within its borders, a law was passed to compel all religious congregations in France to declare their public their constitutions and regulations. Such congregations as objected this has remained as in France; such as refused to obey the law were told to go. These are the facts of the case.

It would be a hardship if free America should free discussion be barred from public prints to an extent that any class of religion should be supplied with misinformation only, as to important happenings, and thus be deprived of means to form an intelligent opinion. Great journals like yours feel it their duty to see that such a consummation is avoided.

I am, sir,  
ARTHUR ALDRAM PATTEN.

## TOBACCO

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., August 3, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your half-playful editorial on tobacco on page 1254 leaves me of your readers wishing you had dealt with the economic side also of the question. There is much light yet to be thrown—let us hope Dr. Wiley will throw it—on the physiological effects of tobacco which may correct assumptions on both sides of the question. I can hardly think any one will maintain that the utmost benefits claimed for the habit as practised by adults and in moderation can equal the grave injury done by it to those of immature development, not to speak of the general relation of that as a people which is not so something to give us pause, every year we spend probably 700 to 1000 millions of dollars enormous amount of cash! The habit is becoming well-nigh universal. Almost all boys—some of them hardly more than infants—smoke, and it is seen to be, in popular estimate, the sign of manhood, and some there will be practically no one free from the liberally riveting upon themselves chains which will weigh so hard to break! We think it is a great thing that we spend a few hundred millions yearly on our schools; yet how pitifully we pay the quired taste two or three times over.

Tell us what you think of the economic side of the tobacco question.

I am, sir,  
H. D. C.

**A Mix-up of Remedies**

Mr. JOHN W. RAMSONE, the comedian, is, physically, of quite ample proportions, a fact which has caused him considerable anxiety. Not long ago he came across an especially persuasive advertisement describing the virtues of a certain remedy for corpulence. Mr. Ramsone went for a bottle, and was amazed to find, in three weeks' time, that he had lost eleven pounds. Overjoyed, he wrote a letter to the firm testifying to the efficacy of their treatment, and authorized them to publish it. A few days later he received a reply thanking him for his kindness, but adding: "We have concluded that we will not publish your letter, however, upon reference to our books, we find that by a stupid error on the part of one of our clerks you were sent the 'Royal Remedy for Epileptic Fits.' We are delighted and surprised to learn that it reduced your weight."

**ADVICE TO MARRIAGES.**—Mrs. W. RAMSONE'S SARCASMIC SCRYER should always be used for children's ailments. It soothes the nerves, restores the system, gives the child a good night's rest, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. —(Adv.)

**NO SUBSTITUTES.**  
Not even the best tea, coffee, cocoa, or chocolate can be substituted for the original. The only genuine and healthful smoking. It is the only one of its kind, and is the only one that is not harmful to the system. It is the only one that is not harmful to the system. It is the only one that is not harmful to the system. —(Adv.)

**TELEPHONE SERVICE.**—Your home will save space and money. Low rates. Reliable service. New York Telephone Company, 15 Broadway, 111 West 53rd Street. —(Adv.)

**YOUR LIPS BETTER, BUT BETTER, ARE BETTER, WHEN YOUR SKIN IS BETTER.**—Use the best. —(Adv.)

**PEE HAD A HEAVY DREAM, AND WAS DISTURBED WITH A BATH OF COOL WATER.**—Use the best. —(Adv.)

**THE BROWN'S COMBINATION STRENGTHENING DENTAL FILLER FOR THE TEETH.**—Use the best. —(Adv.)

**FOR RESULTS AND SAVING MONEY, USE PEAR'S EYE AND CONJUNCTIVITIS WITHOUT OPERATION.**—(Adv.)

**SKIN DISEASES.**  
That are so annoying and humiliating can be safely relieved and generally cured by the use of Hydrozone. This scientific remedy, being non-poisonous, is safe for the most delicate skin. It is the only one of its kind, and is the only one that is not harmful to the system. It is the only one that is not harmful to the system. —(Adv.)

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**Pears'**

Why is Pears' Soap—the best in the world, the soap with no free alkali in it—sold for 15 cents a cake?

It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

Sold all over the world.



**We Could brew beer for half our cost**

We could cut down half on materials.

We could save what we spend on cleanliness.

We could cease filtering our air.

We could send out the beer without aging it for months—hur the beer would then cause biliousness.

We could save what it costs to sterilize every bottle—an expensive process.

**Yet You would pay the same**

Common beer—brewed without all our precautions—costs you no less than Schlitz Beer.

When you can get a pure beer—a healthful beer—'t is just the price of a poor beer, isn't it wise to ask for Schlitz?

Ask for the brewery bottling.

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

PREVENTS HEAT, CHAFING, AND SUNBURN, STRENGTHENS SKIN.

**Elements of Navigation**  
By W. J. HENDERSON

It is a very clear and concise statement of essential facts concerning the handling of a ship at sea, and contains information that is indispensable to every one connected with the navigation of a vessel.—Army and Navy Journal, New York.

With Diagrams. \$1.00

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**Eczema**  
Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Itch, Acne or other skin troubles, promptly relieved and cured by

**Hydrozone**

This scientific germicide, which is harmless, combats by killing disease germs. Used and endorsed by the medical profession everywhere. Sold by leading druggists. If not at your, send 25 cents for a trial bottle. The genuine bears my signature. Accept no substitutes. Address

Prof. Charles E. Squire, 100 West 11th St., New York.

WHEN YOU HAVE Eczema or Itch, use Hydrozone.

**MORPHINE** and other medicinal preparations.

The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Inc., Dept. 57, Lebanon, Ohio

# THE THIRD DEGREE

By Joseph A. Altsheler



THE Candidates and his company were due that night at Grayville, a bleak Colorado town, dwelling snugly in the shadow of high mountains, and hopeful of a great future, based upon the mass within its limits, and the great potential country beyond, as any of its inhabitants, asked or unasked, would readily have told you. Hence there was joy in the train, from Jimmy Grayson down, because the next day was to be Sunday, a period of rest, an epoch to be made, nothing to write, but just rest, sleeping, eating, idling, loathing, talking—whatever one chose to do. Only those who have been on arduous campaigns can appreciate the luxury of such a day now and then, cutting like a sweep of green grass, across the long and dusty road.

"They tell me that Grayville has one of the best hotels in the mountains," said Burton to Harley, his leather correspondent. "That you can get a dinner in a dozen courses, if you want it, and every course good; that it has real porcelain-lined bathtub, and beds sure to cure the worst case of insomnia on earth. Do you think this improbable, this extravagant, but most fascinating tale can be true, Harley?"

"I live in hope," replied Harley.

"Jimmy Grayson has been here before," interrupted Hobart, of the New York Leader, "and he says it's true, every word of it; that you can get a dinner for a thing, that settles it; and here is a copy of the Grayville dinner; it has to be a pretty good town that can publish as smart a daily as this."

He handed a sheet to Burton, who laughed.

"There speaks the great detective," he said. "You know, Harley, how Hobart is always arguing from the effect back to the cause."

Hobart, in fact, was not a political writer, but a "murder mystery" man, and the best of his kind in New York, but the regular staff correspondent of his paper, the Leader, being ill, he had been sent in his place. Hobart was a Harvard graduate and a poet, with a taste for poetry, but he had a peculiar mind, and upon which a murder mystery acted as an irritant—he could not rest unless he had solved it—and his paper always put him on the boards. Now, he was restless and discontented, the tour seemed to him the mere reporting of speeches and obvious incidents called for the very edge of a fine intellect.

"Grayville, with all its advantages as a place of rest, is sure to be like the other mountain towns," he said, somewhat solemnly, "the same houses, the same streets, the same people, I might add, nothing out of the way."

Harley had taken the paper from Burton's hands and was reading it.

"At any rate, if Grayville is not unusual, it is to have an unusual time," he interrupted.

"How so?"

"It is to hear Jimmy Grayson speak Monday, and it is going to hang a man Tuesday. See, the two events get equal advance space. Two columns each, on the front page."

He handed the paper to Hobart, who looked at it a little while, and then dropped it with an air of increasing discontent.

"That may mean something to the natives," he said. "It may be an indication to them that their place is becoming important—a metropolis in which things happen—but it is nothing to me. This hanging case is stale and commonplace; it is perfectly clear; another witness; no doubt about his guilt, plenty of witnesses (witness; just out only five minutes; whole thing as bald and flat as this plain through which we are running.)"

He tapped with his finger on the door's ear-window, and his whole expression was so gloomy that the others could not restrain a laugh.

"Cheer up, old man," said Burton. "Four more bones and we are in Grayville; just think of that wonderful load, with its new wonderful beds and its new wonderful kitchen."

The hotel was all that they ridley expected, but the town down brought a beautiful Sunday, disclosing a pretty little frontier city with its green, dignified valley on one side and the fringing mountains, like a protecting wall, on the other. Harley

stepped into, and after breakfast came out upon the veranda to enjoy the luxury of a rocking-chair, with the soft October air around him, and the majesty of the mountains before him. But there was a persistent inquiring spirit abroad which would not let him rest, and this spirit belonged to Hobart, the "mystery" man.

Harley had not been enjoying the swinging case of the rocking chair five minutes before Hobart, the light of interest in his eyes, pruned upon him.

"Harley, old man," he exclaimed, "this is the first place we've struck in which Jimmy Grayson is not the overwhelming attraction."

"The hanging, I suppose?" said Harley, carelessly.

"Of course. What else could there be? It occurred to me last night, when I was reading the paper, that I might seize up a fracture or two in the case, and I was out of my bed early this morning to try. It was a fool's hope, I'll admit, but anything was better than nothing, and I've had my reward. I've had my reward, old man!"

He chuckled outright in his glee. Harley smiled. Hobart always interested and amused him. The instinctive way in which he unobtrusively rose to a "case" showed his natural genius for that sort of thing.

"I haven't seen Boyd yet," continued Hobart, excitedly, "but I've found out this much already: There are people in Grayville who believe Boyd innocent. It is true the people in Grayville murdered man—had been quarrelling in Grayville, and Boyd was at it with the slaty with the blood-stained knife in his hand, but that doesn't settle it."

Harley could not restrain an incredulous laugh. "It seems to me these two circumstances, without the other proof, are pretty convincing," he said.

Hobart flushed. "You just wait until I finish," he said, somewhat defiantly. "Now, I have learned, was a good-hearted, generous young fellow. The quarrel amounted to very little, and probably had been patched up before they reached their shack."

"That is a view which the jury evidently could not take."

"Of course; in the eyes of superior people."

"Now don't you try to be satirical—it's not your specialty. I mean to finish the tale. If you read the paper, you will recall that on the night when the murder occurred, was only a short distance from the mountain road, and there were three witnesses, Bill Metzger, a disolute cowboy who was pooling, and who, although Woodford's death, ran to the cabin and found Boyd, whose stained knife in hand, bending over the murdered man; Ed

Thorp, a tramp miner, who heard the same cry and who came up two or three minutes later, and finally Tim Williams, a town idler, who was on the mountain-side, hunting. The other two heard him he arrived, Boyd was still dazed and muttering to himself, as if overpowered by the horror of his crime."

"If that isn't conclusive then nothing is," said Harley, derisively.

"It is not conclusive; there was no real motive for Boyd to do such a thing."

"To whom? Did the knife belong?"

"It was a long-handled knife that the two used at the cabin."

"There you are! Proof no proof!"

"Now, you keep silent, Harley, and come with me, like a good fellow, and see Boyd in the jail. If you don't, I swear I'll poster the life out of you for a week."

Harley rose reluctantly, as he knew that Hobart would keep his word. He believed it the idlest of errands, but the jail was only a short distance away, and the business would not take long. On the way, Hobart talked to him about the three witnesses, Metzger, who reached the valley on the day of the murder, had been riding in from a town until a short time before the departure of Boyd and Woodford for their cabin.

They reached the jail, a conspicuous stone building in the center of the town, and were shown into the condemned man's cell. The jailer announced them with the statement:

"Tim, here's two newspaper fellows from the East wants to see you."

The prisoner was lying on a pallet in the corner of his cell,

and he raised himself on his elbow when Harley and Robert entered.

"You are writers for the papers?" he said.

"Yes, clean from New York; they are with Jimmy Grayson," the latter answered for them.

"I don't know as I've got anything to say to you," continued the man. "I ain't got no picture to give you, an' I had one I wouldn't give it. I don't want any language to be written up in the paper, with pictures an' things too, but I please the people in the East. If I've got to die, I'd rather do it quiet and peaceful, among the boys I know. I ain't no free circus."

"We did not come to visit you or to be for another purpose," Harley hastened to say.

He was surprised at the youth of the prisoner, who obviously was not over twenty-one, a spare boy, with good features, and a look half defiant, half appealing.

"Well, what did you come for, then?" asked the boy.

Harley was unable to answer this question, and he looked at Robert as if to indicate the one who would reply. The mystery man did not seek to evade his responsibility in the least, and promptly said:—

"Mr. Boyd, I think you will acquit us of any intention to intrude upon you. It was the best of motives that brought us to you, I have always had an interest in cases of this sort, and when I heard of yours in the train, coming here, I received an impression that there has been strengthening on my arrival in Grayville. I believe you are innocent."

The boy looked up. A sudden flash of gratitude, almost of hope, appeared in his eyes.

"I am!" he cried. "God knows I didn't kill Bill Wofford. He was my partner and we were like brothers. We did quarrel that morning—I don't deny it—and we both had been liquorish; but I'd never lay attack him a blow of any kind, least of all a foul one."

"Was it not true that you were found with the bloody knife in your hand, standing over his yet warm body?" asked Robert.

"It's so, but it was somebody else that used the knife. Bill went on ahead, and when I came into place I saw him on the floor an' the knife in 'im. I was struck all a heap, but I did what anybody else would a-done—I pulled the knife out. And then the fellows come in on me. I was rushed into a trial right away. Of course I couldn't tell a straight tale; the horror of it was still in my brain, and the effect of the liquor too. I got all mixed up—but before God, gentlemen, I didn't do it!"

His tone was strong with sincerity, and his expression was rather that of grief than remorse. Harley, who had had a long experience with all kinds of men in all kinds of situations, did not believe that he was either led or guilty. Robert spoke his thoughts aloud.

"I don't think you are guilty," he said.

"Everybody believes I am," said Boyd, with pathetic resignation; "and I am to be hanged for it. So what does it matter now?"

"I am going to look for the guilty man," said Robert, decidedly.

Boyd shook his head and lay back on his pallet. The others, with a few words of hope, withdrew, and when they were outside Harley said:

"Robert, were you not wrong to sow the seed of hope in that man's mind when there is no hope?"

"There is hope," replied Robert. "I have a plan. Don't ask me anything about it—it's vague yet—but I may work it."

Harley glanced at him, and seeing that he was intense and eager, he had his mind concentrated upon this single problem, resolved to leave him to his own course; so he spent most of the day, a wonderful October Sunday, in furious illness, in a rocking-chair on the piazza of the hotel, but gravely being a small price, he knew everything that was going on within it, for means of a sort of signal telegraph that the two corresponded squires. He was, for instance, that Robert was all the time with one or the other of the three witnesses, Metzger, Thorpe, and Williams, for the

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Cash and C's on other Banks . . . .	9,386,664.23
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moment the most important persons in Grayville by reason of their conspicuous connection with the great case.

When Hobart returned, the edge of the sea was behind the high mountains, but he took no notice of Harley, walking past him without a word, and leaving himself somewhere in the interior of the hotel. Harley learned subsequently that he went directly to Jimmy Grayson's room, and remained there at least half an hour, in close conference with the Candidate himself.

The next day was a beach in the great campaign. Owing to train connections, which are not tridies in the Far West, it was necessary, in order to complete the schedule, to spend an idle day at some place, and Grayville had been selected as the most comfortable and therefore the most suitable. And so the luxurious rest of the group was continued for twenty-four hours for all—save Hobart.

Harley had never before seen the "mystery" man so eager and so full of suppressed excitement. He frequently passed his comrades, but he rarely spoke to them, or even noticed them; his mind was concentrated now upon a great affair in which they would be of no avail. Harley learned, however, that he was still much in the company of the three witnesses, although he asked him no questions. Late in the afternoon he saw him alone and walking rapidly towards the hotel, it seemed to Harley that Hobart's head was borne somewhat high and in a manner exultantly, as if he were overcoming obstacles, and he was about to ask him again in regard to his progress, but Hobart came more speedily without a word and went into the hotel. Harley learned later that he held a second secret conference with Jimmy Grayson.

In the evening everybody went to the Opera-house to hear the Candidate, but on the way Hobart said casually to Harley: "Old man, I don't think I'll sit in front tonight. I wish you would let me have your seats afterwards." "Of course," replied Harley, as he passed down the aisle and found his chair at the correspondent's table on the stage.

There Harley watched the fine Western audience come into the theatre and find seats, with some noise, but no disorder, a noise arising as what Jimmy Grayson would say, the other correspondents entered one by one—all except Hobart, and took their times he saw him near the main entrance of the building. Once by casual inquiry, learned that it was Metzger the cowboy. A man, naturally, was Thorpe, the tramp miner, and yet another, a tall third witness.

Kidnapping the three witnesses would attend Jimmy Grayson's meeting, which was natural, however, as everybody in Grayville took upon himself the task of instructing them as to the methods,

the manner, and the greatness of the Candidate. He had done such a thing himself, upon occasion, the Western interest in Jimmy Grayson being so great that often appeals were made to the correspondents for information about him more detailed than the newspapers gave.

Harley studied the faces of the three witnesses as attentively as the distance and the light would admit, but they remained near the door, evidently intending to stand there back to the wall, a plan sometimes adopted by those who any wish to slip out quietly before a speech is finished. Harley, the trained observer, saw that Hobart, without their knowledge, was abdicating them as the shepherd greatly makes his sheep converge upon a common spot.

The correspondent could draw an inference from the faces of the three men, which were all of usual Western type, without anything special to distinguish them, and his attention turned to the audience. He had received an intimation that Jimmy Grayson would deliver that evening a speech of unusual edge and weight. He would indict the other party in the most direct and forcible manner, pointing out that his aims were moral as well as political, but that a day of reckoning would come, when those who profited by such evil courses must pay the forfeit; it was a part of the law of nature which was also the law of retribution.

The Candidate was a little late, and the Opera-house was filled in the last seat, with many people standing in the aisles and about the doors. Harley, standing again at the rear and rows of seats, saw the three witnesses almost together, and just to the right of the main entrance, where they leaned against the wall facing the stage. Hobart flattered about them, holding them in occasional talk, and Harley was just about to look again, and with increasing attention, but at that instant the great audience, with a common impulse and a kind of rushing sound like the slide of an avalanche, rose to its feet. The Candidate, coming from the wings, had just appeared upon the stage, and the welcome was spontaneous and overwhelming, that evening, when he first appeared before the footlights, that his face looked tense and eager, as if he felt that a great task which he must assume lay just before him.

He wasted no time, but went at once to the heart of his subject, the crime of a great party, the wicked ways by which it had attained its wicked ends, and from the opening sentence he had his great audience with him, heart and soul.

The indictment was terrible; it was a masterly way he summed up the charges and the proof, as a general miracle his forceful statements, could see them all marching in unison like the battalions and brigades, toward the common point, the exposed centre of the enemy.

Again and again, at the pauses between sentences, the cheers of the audience rose and ceased, and then Harley would glance over



"I don't want my honcin' to be all wrote up in the papers," he said

door toward the door; there, always, he saw Hobart with the three witnesses, gathered under his wing, as it were, all looking reply and intently at Jimmy Grayson.

The Candidate by and by seemed to concentrate his attention upon the four men at the door, and spoke directly to them. Harley saw one of the group move as if about to leave, but the hand of Hobart fell upon his arm and he stayed. Harley, too, was conscious presently of an unusual effect having the quality of serendipity. The lights seemed to go down in the whole Opera House, except near the door. Jimmy Grayson and the correspondents were in a semi-darkness; but Hobart and his three new friends beside the door stood in a light that was almost dazzling through contrast. The three witnesses now seemed to be fixed in that spot, and their eyes never wandered from Jimmy Grayson's face.

Familiar as he was with the Candidate's oratorical powers Harley was surprised at his strength of invective that evening. He had proved the guilt, the awe-befitting guilt of the opposition party, and by his describing the punishment, a punishment sure to come, although many might deem it impossible.

But there would be a day of judgment; justice might sleep for a while, but she must awake at last, and the longer vengeance was delayed, the more terrible it became. Then was the guilty.

The audience was deeply impressed by the eloquence of Jimmy Grayson, receiving so well with their own views. Harley saw a look of awe appear upon the faces of many, and the house, save for the voice of Jimmy Grayson, was as still as death. Harley felt the effect himself, and the weird, unreal quality that he observed about the scene.

Once when he went over to make some notes he noticed that the words written a half hour before were scarcely visible, but when he glanced at the opposite end of the theatre there stood Hobart and the three witnesses, gathered about him in the very heart of a dazzling light that showed every changing look on the faces of the four. Harley's gaze lingered upon them, and again he tried to find something peculiar, something distinctive in at least one of the three witnesses, but as before he failed; they were to him just ordinary Westerners following with rapid attention every word and gesture of Jimmy Grayson.

The Candidate went on with his story of the consequences; the crime had been committed; the profits had been reaped and enjoyed, but sinning against justice, awake at last, was at hand; it was time for the wicked to tremble, the price must be repaid, doubly, trebly, fivefold. Now he pronounced the guilty party, the opposition, which he treated as an individual; he compared it to a man of his kind hidden his crime from the world; others might be suspected of it, others might be punished for it, but he could never forget that he himself was guilty; though he walked before the world innocent, the sense of it would always be there, it would not leave him night or day; every moment even before the full exposure it would be inflicting its punishment upon him; it would be useless to seek escape to think of it, because the longer the guilty victim struggled the more crushing his punishment would be. The correspondents forgot to write, and like the audience, hung upon every word and gesture of Jimmy Grayson, as he made his great denunciatory speech; they felt that he was stirred by something unusual, that some great and extraordinary motive was impelling him, and they followed eagerly when he led them.

Harley now the look of awe on the faces of the audience grew and deepened. With their overwhelming admiration of Jimmy Grayson they seemed to have conceived too a sudden fear of him. His long, accusing finger was shaken in their faces, he was not alone denouncing a guilty man, but he was seeking out their own hidden sins, and presently he would point at them his revealing finger.

Hobart stood with the three witnesses beside the door, still in the dazzling light. Harley was sure that not one of the four had moved in the last half hour, and Jimmy Grayson still held them all with his gaze.



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Harley suddenly saw something like a flash of light, a signal glances, as it were, pass between him and Hobart, and the next instant the voice of the Candidate awoke into greater and more accusing volume.

"Now you behold the guilty man," said Jimmy Grayson. "I have shown him to you. He stands in the world full of pride and power, but he knows that justice is passing him, and that it will overtake him; he trembles, he cowers, he fies, but the avenging footsteps are behind him, and the sound of those rings in his frightened ears like a death-knell to his soul. A wall runs across his way. He can flee no farther, he turns back to the wall, raises his leader's averted eyes, and there before him looms a and a terrible voice proclaims, 'thou art the guilty man!'"

The form of Jimmy Grayson swelled and towered, his hand was raised, the long forefinger pointed directly at the four who stood in the dazzling light, and the hall resounded with the tremendous echoes of his cry: "Thou art the guilty man!"

As if lifted by a common impulse, the great audience rose with an indistinguishable sound, and faced about, following Jimmy Grayson's long, accusing finger. The man Williams threw his arm before his face, as if to protect himself, and, with a frantic cry, "Yes, I did it!" fell in a faint on the floor.

They were all on a train in Wyoming, four days later, and Harley was reading from a copy of the Grayville *Avant* an account of Boyd's release and the avowal that the people had given him.

"How did you trace the crime to Williams, Hobart asked Harley.

"I didn't trace it," it was Jimmy Grayson who brought it out by giving him 'the third degree,'" replied Hobart, though there was a quiet tone of satisfied pride in his voice. "You know that in New York when they expose a man at Police Headquarters to some such supreme test they call it giving him 'the third degree,' and that's what we did here.

It seems that Williams was in the saloon when Boyd and his partner quarrelled, and he knew they had a lot of gold from the claim in their eskin. His object was robbery. When he saw Wilford go on ahead he followed him quickly to the cabin, and killed him with the knife which lay on a table. He expected to have time to get the gold before Boyd came, but Boyd arrived then Williams, cunning and bold enough, came back as he were a chance passer-by and had been killed by Metzger and Thorpe. The other two were as innocent as you or I.

"I could not make up my mind which of the three was guilty, and I induced Jimmy Grayson to help me. It was right in line with his speech—no harm done even if the test had failed—and then the man who snatched the lights at the Opera-House, a friend of Boyd's, helped me with the stage effects. Jimmy Grayson, of course, knew nothing about that. I borrowed the idea. I have read somewhere that Aaron Burr let just such a device once convicted a guilty man who was present in court as a witness when another was being tried for the crime."

"Well, you have saved his life to an innocent man," said Harley.

"And I have set a guilty one free." And then, after a moment's pause, Hobart added, with a little shiver:

"But I wouldn't go through such an ordeal again at any price. When Jimmy Grayson thundered out 'Thou art the guilty man' it was all I could do to keep from crying, 'Yes, I am, I am!'"

### Musical Vandalism

Erwan MacDowell, the American composer, was talking not long ago with a friend who had just come from a concert given by the students of a conservatory of music—affairs which are usually avoided by the musically indolent.

"I have just heard," remarked the friend, "one of the girls, a little girl of eight, play your 'To A Wild Rose' beautifully."

The composer sighed dejectedly.

"I suppose," he said, "she pulled it up by the roots!"



Roller-Skating on a Tight-Rope

A master feat of skill that is being performed at one of New York's pleasure resorts consists in what the posters call "an aerial skate for life." The performer, with a pair of roller-skates attached to his feet, is carried to a platform raised fifty feet above the ground, from which two parallel cables extend downward at a sharp incline, terminating two sturdy handles attached to the platform he mounts the cables, placing



The Performer about to begin his Aerial Skate

the wheels of his skates firmly on the wires. At a given signal he releases his hold on the handles and slides down the inclined cables at terrific speed. As he nears the bottom he throws a somersault and lands in a net placed at the end of the structure. A false move at the start of his downward flight would mean a serious mishap, and the exhibition is watched with keen suspense by interested crowds.

Interesting Facts about Our Exports

The fact that the exports of the United States in the fiscal year just ended are greater than those in any preceding year except 1903 lends special interest to a statement presented by the Department of Commerce and Labor, which shows the relative growth of the export trade of the principal countries of the world for a term of years, and compares that of the United States with other countries. The table in question shows some facts of especial interest to Americans, one of these important facts is that the United States, which occupied fourth place in the list of exporting countries in 1870, now shows a larger total in the fiscal year which represents the latest available year than does any other country of the world.

The United Kingdom, France, and Germany showed in 1870 a larger total of domestic exports than did the United States, the figures being for that year: United Kingdom, 371 millions; Germany, 552 millions; France, 541 millions; and from the United States, 377 million dollars. By 1900 the domestic exports of the United States exceeded those of France in Germany, but were still below those of the United Kingdom, the figures for that year being: United Kingdom, 1045 millions; Germany, 867 millions; France, 689 millions, and the United States, 824 millions. In 1900 the United States occupied a similar relation, the figures for that year being: United Kingdom, 1292 millions; Germany, 762 millions; France, 724 millions; and the United States, 845 million less. In 1902, the latest available year for which the figures of the United Kingdom, Germany, and France are available, the figures of domestic exports stood: United Kingdom, 1379 millions; Germany, 1113 millions; France, 818 millions; while those of the United States for the twelve months ending June 30, 1903, are 1392 millions, stated in round terms, the precise figures as announced by the Bureau of Statistics being \$1,392,087,872.

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For **SEPTEMBER**

## Charles Lamb's Love Letters

A notable article embodying some hitherto unpublished letters of Charles Lamb and of the lady whom he wished to marry. The letters are printed in full and tell for the first time the story of the great essayist's one romance.

## Travel

Mr. Zangwill contributes a delightfully poetic paper telling of a wandering trip through Italy. His paper is illustrated by Louis Loeb, who accompanied Mr. Zangwill on his journey.

## Alice Brown's Serial

The second part of Miss Brown's remarkable story appears in the September Magazine—a dramatic and moving instalment of this most unusual novel. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.

## An Indian Composer

Miss Natalie Curtis, a niece of the late George William Curtis, tells of a remarkable Indian in the far Southwest, who both composes the music and writes the words for songs, one of which is reproduced in part.

## Short Stories

There are eight short stories in the September Magazine. Among the authors represented, in addition to Mrs. Deland, are Robert W. Chambers, Alfred Ollivant, Norman Duncan, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Sewell Ford, and May Harris.

## A Paris School Colony

Stoddard Dewey tells of a "fresh air" colony conducted by the municipal government of the Tenth Arrondissement of Paris. His article is accompanied by six charming drawings by the famous French artist M. Boutet de Monvel.

## English

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale, has written an intensely interesting and important paper dealing with "The Standard of Pronunciation in English"—a paper that comes to some radical conclusions.

## An Old Chester Tale

Margaret Deland's "Old Chester" story in the September Magazine is entitled "The Note." It is a story involving a question of honor—another story in which Dr. Lavendar proves himself the master of a difficult situation.

## Science

Professor Allan Macfadyen, of London, contributes an important scientific article on "The Effects of Low Temperature." He takes up the question of the effects of low temperature on animal life.

## Pictures in Color

The pictures in color and tint in the September Magazine include paintings by W. T. Smedley, Louis Loeb, and M. Boutet de Monvel. All are dainty and effective.



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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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## COMMENT

A report that an extraordinary session of the Fifty-eighth Congress would be convened in October became current after a conference had been held at Oyster Bay between President Roosevelt and the Republican members of the subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Finance. The reason given for the alleged intention to make the date earlier than Monday, November 9, was that while the session is to be called primarily for the enactment of the legislation needed to render operative the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty, the administration also desires to bring forward as speedily as possible a bill providing for a more elastic currency system than at present exists. Still another motive for the change of date was said to be the wish to bring about an adjournment of the regular session of Congress before the meeting of the national conventions of the two principal parties. According to Senator Aldrich, a currency bill has not yet been drafted, nor will be until influential Democrats, as well as Republicans, in both the Senate and House of Representatives have been consulted, the hope being that a non-partisan measure may be evolved. Should the bill be confined to a simple provision that the money received by the Federal government in payment of customs duties shall, instead of being stored up in the Federal Treasury, be deposited in the national banks, government bonds being given as security therefor, it could probably be passed, though not without a prolonged debate in both Houses.

An attempt to make any bonds except those of the United States government receivable as security for deposits of government money would be almost certain to fail. That such an attempt will be made, either by the framers of the bill or in the form of amendments, is probable enough, and the resultant discussion is likely to occupy Congress for an indefinite period. Whether an adjournment can be compassed before the meeting of the national conventions is extremely doubtful. Senator Gorman, the leader of the Democratic minority in the Senate, can prevent such an adjournment if he chooses, and from a strategic point of view it may be expedient for him to do so. The announcement of a purpose to convene Congress in October has provoked widespread resentment on the part of Representatives, who point out that their political interests require them to be present in their

respective districts in the month preceding election day, and it now seems probable that Mr. Roosevelt will heed the protests and revert to his original intention of calling the extra session on November 9. Whether Congress, beginning to sit on November 9, will have time to finish urgent business and adjourn before the meeting of the national conventions depends partly, of course, upon the dates at which the last-named bodies shall convene. That is a question for the Republican national committee to settle. The Democrats in 1904 will invite their opponents to fire first. They will not hold their own national convention until after they know definitely when the Republicans will nominate and what platform they will put forward.

There are those who think that the later the national conventions are called, and the shorter the ensuing campaign, the better. Chief-Judge Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals, has recently expressed an opinion to this effect. He pointed out, what is perfectly true, that much less time is now needed for the exposition of campaign issues than was the case in the days before steam and electricity were applied to transportation and intercommunication. It certainly is no longer necessary or expedient, as at one time it was supposed to be, to nominate candidates two years, or even a year, ahead. Of late years an interval of from four to five months between nominations and elections has usually been deemed sufficient. Whether the campaign period should be still further abbreviated is by no means as clear to all political observers as it is to Judge Parker. If the purpose of an election were merely to take a census of public sentiment with reference to particular candidates and programmes, national conventions might not need to be called more than two or three weeks before election day. Each political party, however, has a twofold aim: it desires, first, to produce a change in public sentiment by making converts from the ranks of its opponent, and, in the second place, so to intensify the loyalty of its own adherents as to bring all of them to the ballot-box.

Some expert politicians held that every Presidential election is carried by the floating vote,—by which we do not mean the purchasable votes, the proportions of which are much exaggerated in the popular belief. What we have in mind is the suffrages of those who do not belong, by conviction or habit, to any one political party, but who vote in each Presidential year for the party or the candidate most likely, in their opinion, to promote the welfare of the country. Other politicians, equally experienced, have asserted that the party destined to win in a Presidential contest is the party which succeeds in bringing to the ballot-box the largest percentage of its own vote. The truth is that both factors are important, and in order to make them operative a good deal of time is obviously needed. It is by long and patient argument that clear-headed and high-minded men are converted; and it is only through the creation of enthusiasm that a party's own vote can be brought out. Five months will scarcely be regarded as an excessive amount of time to spend in enlightening voters and in arousing a fervent interest in political questions, when we bear in mind that only once in four years have the American people an opportunity of taking part in the executive government of their country; that, although nominally sovereign, they are sovereign but for a day, and that their sovereignty is restricted to the single act of depositing a ballot. Here we may point out that one reason why Senator Gorman may desire to keep Congress in session until after the national conventions have been held is that campaign speeches may then be made for or against candidates and platforms in the Sen-

ate and House of Representatives, and circulated gratuitously in the *Congressional Record*.

It is but a straw, yet it is worth marking, as showing how the political wind is blowing in the Southern States. We refer to the poll of some five hundred prominent Democrats of Tennessee, just made by Mr. Frank M. Thompson, Chairman of the State Democratic Committee. The poll was made for the purpose of ascertaining their choice of candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1904. The result was that out of 502 representative Democrats in Tennessee, no fewer than 384 expressed a preference for Chief-Judge Parker of New York. Ex-Senator David R. Hill received two votes, ex-President Cleveland nine, Senator Gorman twelve, and William J. Bryan 155. The weakness of Senator Gorman is not more surprising than the persistent strength exhibited by Mr. Bryan. We have repeatedly expressed the opinion that it is a mistake to assume, as some Eastern newspapers have done, that Mr. Bryan has been eliminated as a political factor even in the Southern States. That he holds his own in the West, Senator Newlands of Nevada testifies. In a recent interview the Senator says that although Bryan will not be a candidate for the Presidential nomination this year, he is still the strongest man in the West,—the only Democrat, indeed, who can hold Mr. Roosevelt in check in that section. In the trans-Mississippi States his leadership is undisputed, and his influence would be of material help to a Democratic candidate.

We have warned some of our Democratic friends in the East that they have undertaken too large a contract in proposing to read Mr. Bryan out of the party, and we have expressed the opinion that nobody can eliminate Mr. Bryan except Mr. Bryan himself. He injures himself, as well as his party, when he picks out for special vilification a man so universally respected as is ex-President Cleveland. We regret to see also that he seems inclined to oppose Judge Parker, although it is certain that the latter voted for the Democratic nominee in 1896 and 1900. Does Mr. Bryan really desire the Democratic party to be beaten unless it can win under his own leadership? Does he not see that if hereafter he can be justly accused of opposing or even of only giving lukewarm support to the nominee of his party in 1904, he will forfeit the chance of securing the nomination at some future time? Had Henry Clay walked in his tent in 1840, would he have obtained a third nomination for the Presidency in 1844? Nothing is more probable than that Mr. Bryan's claim would one day be recognized, should he now evince a conciliatory and self-sacrificing spirit, and by his energy and devotion contribute powerfully to the triumph of the Democratic nominee next year. Mr. Bryan is still a young man. He has, in the natural course of things, many years of activity and usefulness before him; and no man in American history has had a more splendid opportunity of benefiting his party and his country since Henry Clay, though passed over in 1840 in favor of William Henry Harrison, forgot his griefs, seized the Whig standard, and bore it to victory.

Judge George Gray, who himself is discharging the function of umpire in a labor dispute in Alabama, has complied with the request to appoint a seventh member of the Anthracite Conciliation Board, which is considering the controversies between operators and miners in Pennsylvania. He has designated Mr. Carroll D. Wright for the purpose. Mr. Wright, who is now sixty-three years old, has long taken an active part in the discussion of labor questions. For some fifteen years he was Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics. In 1885 he was appointed by President Cleveland the first Commissioner of Labor, and he was reappointed to that office by President McKinley in 1900. In 1903 he was one of the commissioners who investigated the railroad strike in the West. When the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission was nominated last year, Mr. Wright was made the recorder of that body, and subsequently was appointed a member. So far as the miners are concerned, the selection of Mr. Wright as umpire seems to give satisfaction. The officials of the miners' union in the Wyoming region say that while the umpire may not decide in their favor on many of the questions in dispute, they will be glad to see the questions settled one way or another. One of the individual operators has

expressed the opinion that the miners will be disappointed in Mr. Wright, as in fairness he will be bound to decide in favor of the operators on many points. Whatever his decision may be, the prevailing, though not universal, belief is that it will be accepted by the mine-workers.

One of the grievances of the miners is the computation by some companies of the ten-per-cent. increase on the net, instead of the gross, earnings of the men; another and more serious grievance is the alleged discrimination against former strikers. The firm of Cox & Co. agreed to take back all the striking miners except those who were under indictment for crime at the time when the strike was settled. A majority of the men who were accused of misdemeanors during the strike have been acquitted, or have had their cases ignored by the Grand Jury. It is computed, however, that three-fourths of them are still idle. This enforced idleness, the mine-workers contend, is a violation of the findings of the Anthracite Strike Commission. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, when the strike ended, announced a willingness to abide by the decision of the commission. It is alleged, however, that in collieries controlled by them about 150 miners, many of whom took an active part in the strike, are still unemployed. The most vital question, however, in dispute between the miners and their employers relates to the right asserted by the companies to discharge men for any cause except membership in a labor-union. Should the umpire rule against the miners on this point, it is possible that the settlement effected by the strike commission may be imperilled. Mr. William Dettrey, president of the Hazleton mining district, has announced that if a verdict adverse to the miners is rendered by the conciliation board on the "right to discharge" question, he will resign his place on the board of conciliation. It is to be hoped that hereafter the conciliation board will be able to sit as often as three days a week, so that the business before it may be expedited.

A very important order was issued on August 10 by Postmaster-General Payne, the effect of which will be to make practically every railroad train in the United States a mail-train, and thus to place all railroads throughout their length under the protection of the United States government. It will be remembered that during Mr. Cleveland's second administration strikers were prevented by United States troops from interfering with a railway on the ground that they were obstructing the carriage of the United States mails. At that time, however, only certain passenger-trains were employed for the purpose, and there might be considerable intervals during the day or night when no mails would be transported over a given section of a road. Under the new order issued by the Postmaster-General, any train, passenger or freight, will be empowered to carry the mails, and the United States will hold itself responsible for their delivery. When the contemplated arrangements have been made, and the plans of the Post-office Department have been carried fully into effect, there will be very few trains on any railroad which will not be either regular or "special" mail-trains. In the event of interference on the part of strikers with any one of these "specials," the United States will accord it the same protection by Federal troops that has in times past been given to regular mail-trains. The *modus operandi* will be the following: the trainmen on all trains will be commissioned as employees of the postal service, and the Federal government will pay them a stipend for their services. It is expected that at the coming session of Congress the Postmaster-General will ask for a special appropriation to meet the cost of this innovation. Nobody doubts that the railway companies will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of securing almost absolute immunity from mob violence. Some labor leaders, on the other hand, regard the Postmaster-General's plan with marked disapprobation. They speak with disgust of the "underground methods employed to battle with an improbable contingency." The contingency is not regarded as improbable by railway companies or by employees of the postal service in Washington.

The attempt to carry out the recent decision of the American Federation of Labor to organize the unskilled negro laborers of the South into labor-unions is encountering a great deal of resistance on the part of the white race in Mississippi and



Louisiana. Organizer Leonard has been driven out of Vicksburg, and it is reported that the Federation will appeal to President Roosevelt to interpose and secure to him protection in that town. The New Orleans States, which has been a strong sympathizer with union labor, declares that the organization of negroes into labor-unions ought not to be tolerated by the whites. It predicts that consistency on the part of white unions in encouraging such organizations will bring about the ruin of labor-unionism in the Southern States. It expresses the conviction that the most insidious and dangerous movement made toward the amalgamation of the white and black races in this country is the disposition of the Federation of Labor to organize negro unions. There is, in the judgment of the New Orleans States, but a step between industrial fraternity and social equality, and a very short step at that. It denounces the experiment undertaken by the Federation as not only a foolish, but a perilous one.

Although the beginning of the Mayoralty campaign in the city of New York is now close at hand, it is still impossible to give positive answers to the questions, Will Mayor Low be the fusion candidate? and, Whom will Tammany Hall nominate? Mr. Hermann Ridder, of the German-American Reform Association, persists in saying that under no circumstances will that organization again support Mr. Low. Mr. Jacob A. Cantor, who was elected President of the Borough of Manhattan on the fusion ticket, seems disposed to return to Tammany Hall, but Mr. John C. Sheehan and Mr. William Hepburn Russell assert that the Greater New York Democracy will continue to support Mr. Low, should he be renominated, though both declare that it would be expedient this year for the friends of good government to unite upon a Democrat. They point out that anti-Tammany Democrats are naturally averse to placing the control of the municipal administration in Republican hands in a Presidential year, thus helping to give the electoral vote of the State to a Republican candidate for the Presidency. The only Democratic names suggested on the fusionist side are those of District-Attorney Jerome and ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle. It is no objection to the latter that last year he attended the Democratic State convention as a Tammany delegate. It will be remembered that a number of distinguished gentlemen who have never been connected with Tammany Hall were invited to attend that convention for the good of the party.

Mr. Jerome's chances of securing the nomination would be better if it were certain that he retained the popularity which he possessed two years ago. He was undoubtedly a tower of strength to the fusionists in the last campaign. Now, however, he is alleged to have offended the labor-unionists by the vigorous part which he has taken in the prosecution of walking delegates accused of blackmailing employers and embezzling the funds of their unions. We do not think so much of the great majority of labor-unionists as to believe that Mr. Jerome has lost ground in their esteem by the energetic discharge of his official duty. A rumor is still current that Mr. Murphy, the present head of Tammany Hall, will, during the Mayoralty campaign, be indicted for complicity in a violation of law alleged to have been committed by the Dock Board appointed by Mayor Van Wyck. Another incident, which has had a sobering effect upon the Tammany plant, is Mr. Hermann Ridder's announcement that it must not be imagined, because he is opposed to Mayor Low, that he will support a "yaller-dog" ticket put forward by Tammany Hall. He has explained that by "yaller dog" he means anybody who, however reputable personally, has at any time been known as one of Mr. Croker's particular friends or favorites. He has added that this definition bars out Representative George B. McClellan. There are indications that Mr. Hugh McLaughlin means to demand the nomination of Mr. Bird S. Coles, on the ground that the vote cast for him, when he ran for the Governorship in 1902, shows conclusively that he could be elected Mayor. There is absolutely nothing to be said for Mr. Coles that cannot be urged with ten times greater emphasis on behalf of Mr. Edward M. Shepard, who, moreover, deserves a nomination, because he consented to lead a forlorn hope in 1901.

Before the Cuban Senate adjourned, it ratified a treaty by which the United States ceded to Cuba whatever title to the

Isla de Pines may have acquired from Spain by the Treaty of Paris; and also the treaty by which Cuba leases permanently to the United States sites for naval stations at Bahia Honda on the north coast and at Guantanamo on the south coast of the island. We covenant, it should be noted, to pay the Cuban government a yearly rent of two thousand dollars for the naval stations, and also to repay it for the sums advanced in expropriating private landowners on the sites leased. The general treaty explicitly embodying the terms agreed upon in the Platt Amendment which had to be made a part of the Cuban Constitution before we would consent to the evacuation of the island was not acted upon by the Cuban Congress. The failure to ratify the general treaty may prove to have been a mistake from a financial point of view, for it would probably have tended to give a fixity to Cuban values highly desirable at the present time, when the Havana government desires to effect a loan of thirty-five million dollars in the United States or Europe.

The latest news received from Bogota is more favorable to the ratification of the canal treaty. In the first place, it turns out that the extra session of the Colombian Congress, called for the specific purpose of discussing the treaty, does not, as has been mistakenly assumed, on July 30, but may be prolonged until the regular session begins next year on the day fixed by statute. In the second place, President Marroquin on July 16 sent to the Congress a message advocating a ratification of the treaty, and throwing the responsibility for the consequences of its rejection exclusively upon the Congress. What those consequences might be he intimated by pointing out that an acceptance of the treaty would gratify the State of Panama. It is an obvious inference that a rejection of the document would be resented by that State. Recent intelligence from the isthmus confirms the belief that a failure to ratify the treaty would be quickly followed by a revolt of the States of Panama and Cuzco (which, between them, comprehend the whole Pacific coast of Colombia) and the establishment of an independent republic. According to one report, the engineers of the movement have so far matured their plans as to select peripatetic officers for the proposed new commonwealth. That the Colombian government would be able to avert the uprising is improbable, for it seems that, with the exception of fewer than 100 men, the Colombian troops were long since transferred from the isthmus to the vicinity of Bogota, and their transportation back to the isthmus would take several weeks.

Labor legislation in Australia is held responsible—by some persons, at least—for a surprisingly declining birth-rate. In newly settled communities we do not look for small families. But the Sydney correspondent of a London newspaper asserts that the Australian birth-rate is only a trifle larger than that of France, and that it exhibits an alarming tendency to become smaller still. And he has evolved the theory that the phenomenon is due to the increasing reticence of Australian women to accept the burdens of maternity, induced by the growing love of pleasure which is fostered by the numerous holidays and lessened hours of labor insisted upon by the unions. The sequences of his logic are clear, if not convincing. Unions, short hours, holidays, entertainments of pleasure, resentment with obstacles to enjoyment, disinclination to maternity, declining birth-rate, race suicide, extinction,—they fit together like the blocks in a mosaic and make a striking picture. They also make a fine puzzle for the sociologists.

The friends of the South at the North have watched with interest the primary election that has just taken place in Mississippi, just as they watched with anxiety the effort to stamp out poisons in Alabama. At the Mississippi primary, Major Varderman received the highest number of votes, but not enough to make him the official candidate of the Democratic party for the Governorship. A second primary, therefore, will be needed, to decide between him and Mr. F. A. Critt, who received the next highest number of votes. The State Constitution of Mississippi, as we have lately pointed out, prescribes an educational qualification for the suffrage. The enemies of the South at the North have maintained that this educational qualification was devised in order to disfranchise the blacks, a charge hitherto disproved by the willingness of the State to expend large sums of money for the

purpose of lifting the negroes to the required educational level. Major Vardaman has done his best to furnish ammunition to the enemies of the South at the North by opposing the further expenditure of money on the negro for educational purposes. Mr. Critt, on the other hand, insists that the State must continue to afford the negro an opportunity to improve his condition through education. Mr. Critt will undoubtedly be successful in the second primary, as he will be earnestly supported by Senator McLaurin, who is the most influential man in Mississippi, and who the other day was re-nominated unanimously for the United States Senate. No one knows better than Senator McLaurin the vital importance of attesting the good faith of his State in prescribing an educational qualification. Should that qualification be twisted into discrimination against the black race in Mississippi, and, if Judge Jones's resolute purpose to exterminate peonage in Alabama had been thwarted, the drift of public opinion at the North toward a toleration of the non-enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution might be seriously checked. The true friends of the South are not those who applaud everything that hothouse in that section are inclined to do in their exasperation of President Roosevelt's negro policy.

Attorney Folk is recognized as a candidate for Governor of Missouri, not by his own motion, but because he has commended himself to the people, who rejoice to have found one man who is not afraid. He is not without rivals, however. There is one Reed, who has announced himself, seeing that nobody seemed moved to announce him, and whose candidacy promises rare fun, judging from its introduction. Mr. Reed made a speech the other day in exhibition of himself, and the Missouri newspapers report him as saying little or nothing of the political condition of the State, but as gleefully asserting of Missouri that "countless rivulets whisper the music of content in woody dells, and all her valleys shake with the liquid laughter of myriad springs." Mr. Folk at about the same time made a speech from which the rivulets and the dells were conspicuously absent, but he made up for that omission with the remark that "the honor of the State has been peddled around to seekers of bribes for official influence." There is not so much of poetry in this as in Mr. Reed's "blue-grass that lifts the borders of winter's smoky shroud and prophesies that vernal suns again will shine," but it impresses one as being more appropriate, when we recall the story of the baking-powder trust and of the weeping Lieutenant-Governor's consequent confession. Then again, Mr. Folk rings out with, "Every citizen must march under either the flag of decency or the banner of iniquity," while Mr. Reed is soothing with the assurance that "over all are skies painted by magic's matchless brush, with wondrous changing shades of softest blue, through which the flood of yellow sunlight falls like drifting waves of powdered gold." We read in a St. Louis newspaper that although there have been nineteen boodle convictions during the last twenty months, not a boodler has as yet reached prison. Mr. Reed's allusion to "the drifting waves of powdered gold" may be interpreted as a delicate and recondit allusion to that lamentable fact, as it is seen from the point of view of the dominant political machine, but plain people better like the plain words of Attorney Folk that the corruptionists are "intrenched behind millions of dirty money." The nor too long—if he goes on as he has begun with his roseate skin and his verdant suns; but it will pin its faith to the man who pounds the public plunderers.

President Roosevelt's latest prescription for improving humanity includes courage, patriotism, and common sense as indispensable ingredients in the make-up of a valuable citizen. Count Tolstoi is not with him. The Count is strongly opposed to patriotism, and declares, as lately reported, that it is an evil thing which creates armies, produces wars, divides the human race, and is in its very essence anti-Christian. There is little use of arguing with or about Tolstoi, whose views are highly individual and are not intended to fit in with the prevailing policies, but his denunciation of patriotism seems too sweeping to tally even with his own opinions. We do not doubt that he is a sincere patriot himself, and loves his country and is earnestly solicitous for the welfare of his Russian fellow creatures. That is the essence of patriotism, and he

has given signal expression to it in *War and Peace*. The sort of patriotism that constantly schemes for the aggrandizement and enrichment of one's own country at any cost to any or all other countries, and at any cost of truth and fair dealing, is not a virtue, is not sound politics, is not good morals. To be sure, it exists; aye, abounds; but sometimes it is the last refuge of a scoundrel, sometimes the chosen standpoint of promoter, sensation-monger or contractor. It cloaks an evil purpose with an honored name. Tolstoi justly accuses Lincoln of patriotism, and therefore holds Garrison to have been the greater man. Lincoln can stand his censor, but his praise is pretty hard on Garrison. Practically in sixty-nine cases out of a hundred the alternative to loving one's own country is loving no country. It is not loving all mankind, as Tolstoi would have. The best lover of his kind and country at home is apt to be the best lover of mankind at large.

As the day of the reopening of the schools approaches, schoolboys will read with warm commendation the remarks of Dr. Goldwin Smith, communicated to the *World* on his eightieth birthday. "Having set out with a very weak constitution," he said, "I believe I owe my attainment of old age to my not being overworked at school as a child. At the two schools at which I was, one of which was Eton, work was light." No right-minded schoolboy wants to prejudice his chances of longevity by working too hard at school. And he seldom does it. School-teachers say that it is necessary to keep watch of some girls and see that they don't work too hard, but that almost every boy has a saving grace of laziness about him, which enables him to keep his health in the face of the most attractive opportunities of gathering in book-learning. Dr. Smith is not a very confident optimist about the future of the United States. He apprehends serious disturbances as a consequence of the war between labor and capital. He thinks our collection of multimillionaires is getting too big, and does not see any effectual means of stopping it, except, perhaps, by a social revolution if the evil becomes great enough to warrant it. He complains that log-rolling monopolies control our government; that divorce has made our marriages precarious and imperilled the purity of our social life, and that our universities are suffering from athletic mania. But these, after all, are only the passing observations of a looker-on. He would not risk a prediction as to where we are coming out.

The famous Yale class of '63 celebrated its fiftieth anniversary last June, and one of its members, Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, of New York, made a speech, which has lately been published in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*. Mr. Lewis is well known and honored hereabout. He talked about old times and the changes in work in colleges and out. Discussing whether colleges ought to develop the strong points of a one-sided man, or aim rather to strengthen him where he was deficient, he argued for the latter. He asked for men; for reasonably complete men. "If I could sum up in one word," he said, "the lesson of the hour, it would be a call to the generations of Yale never to subordinate manhood to work. It remains no less true to-day than of old and forever that 'in this universe there is nothing great but man, and that in man there is nothing great but mind.'" Mr. Lewis hit the right experts enough, money enough, enough organization and enough opportunity. If we don't subordinate manhood to work, we shall get along. What is to settle the labor problem, against that mob, the lynching problem? Manhood. Up lists, and the mobs. There is no other effectual barrier against tyranny.

As the *WEEKLY* goes to press this week the country is getting ready to be excited over the races for the *America's Cup*. At this writing, on the eve of the first race, there is lively interest, but not yet excitement. We all expect our boat to win an usual, and we can't be excited about it until Sir Thomas accidents, is going to win in spite of time allowance, no American observer admits doubt. The general sentiment is that Mr. Iselin's boat is a prodigy, and that the new *Shamrock*, though good, is not good enough.

## Are the Republicans Sure to Elect the Next President?

We have yet to read a Republican newspaper or meet a Republican politician that fails to express absolute confidence as to the success of the Republican nominee for the Presidency in 1904. The unanimity with which the confidence exhibited is, so far as the party is concerned, *affords*, of course, no guarantee of its justification. The Republicans do not feel to-day a whit more certain of electing the next President than the Democrats did in 1880; than the Whigs did in 1843; or than the Democrats in 1847. In 1875 the Democrats could point to the fact that Martin Van Buren three years before had secured 176 electoral votes against 754; and that the minority had been divided among the candidates of four factions, a union of which seemed impossible. Such a union was arranged at the last moment, however, and in 1840 William Henry Harrison obtained 234 electoral votes against 60 cast for Van Buren. This was a victory even more overwhelming than that which Andrew Jackson had gained in 1828, and, naturally, therefore, the Whigs in 1843 contented upon electing Henry Clay in the following year. Nevertheless, Clay was beaten, receiving only 145 electoral votes against 770 cast for James K. Polk. Under the circumstances mentioned as these were, their having carried to a victorious conclusion the war with Mexico, the Democrats felt warranted in the belief that nobody could beat their candidate, Lewis Cass, in 1848. Nevertheless, their candidate was defeated through the loss of the State of New York. The conviction that the Republicans will be more fortunate in 1904 than were the Democrats and Whigs at the three elections named, is based upon several assumptions: first, that the existing prosperity, the credit for which is claimed by the Republican party, will continue until November of next year; secondly, that a reunion of the Democratic party, as it existed in 1884-92, cannot be effected; thirdly, that Mr. Roosevelt, should be the candidate of the Republican party, will prove as strong as was Mr. McKinley in the pivotal States. Let us see whether these assumptions are well founded.

It is certain that in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, scores of thousands of voters have lost money through the extraordinary drop in the value of high-class securities which has taken place on the Stock Exchange. It is perfectly true that this extraordinary shrinkage of value cannot be imputed to an industrial crisis, and that the scores of thousands of voters who have suffered by the shrinkage must ascribe their losses to some other cause. Rightly or wrongly, most of the sufferers attribute the shrinkage of values on the Stock Exchange to Mr. Roosevelt's programme of warfare against the trusts, a programme the concrete results of which are visible in the suit brought by the Attorney-General of the United States against the Northern Securities Company, and in the executive legislation enacted by Congress, which may be turned to account by the Bureau of Corporations in the new Department of Commerce. There is probably not a voter in the three pivotal States just named who, if during the last year and a half he has lost money through the shrinkage of values on the Stock Exchange, does not hold Mr. Roosevelt responsible, directly or indirectly, for his misfortune. From one point of view, this is unreasonable, for Mr. Roosevelt, of course, did not foresee the financial effect of his aggressive denunciations against concentrated capital. We are not here concerned, however, with the question whether, as a matter of right, Mr. Roosevelt ought to be more or less popular in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut than Mr. McKinley was in 1900. We simply assert that, as a matter of fact, he is very much less popular in those particular States, and, so far as we can observe, is growing less popular every day.

Mr. McKinley himself was materially weaker in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut in 1900 than he had been in 1896. This is a fact often overlooked, although of political significance in elections. In 1896 Mr. McKinley's plurality in New York was 268,669; in New Jersey it was 87,402; in Connecticut it was 52,545. In 1900, although, meanwhile, he had carried the war with Spain to a triumphant close, his plurality dwindled in New York to 143,696; in New Jersey to 56,999; and in Connecticut to 28,576. That is to say, within four years his plurality was cut down by about 45 per cent. in New York, by upwards of 50 per cent. in New Jersey, and by nearly 50 per cent. in Connecticut. With the tide of opinion ebbing at such a rate, Mr. McKinley himself might have found it difficult to carry New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut in 1904, even if no prejudice existed against a third term. Nor are these the only doubtful States in which Mr. McKinley's plurality fell off materially between 1896 and 1900. In the former year he carried Maryland by 32,224; in the latter year by only 12,141. In 1896 he actually carried Kentucky by 282 plurality; he lost that State four years later by 7975. Not only in Connecticut, but in all the other New England States, Mr. McKinley's strength declined rapidly in the four years following his first election. The figures are startling on this point. In 1896 his plurality in Massachusetts was 175,285; in Maine, 45,777; in Vermont, 46,490; in

New Hampshire, 36,794; and in Rhode Island, 22,978. In 1900 Mr. McKinley's plurality had shrivelled to 81,860 in Massachusetts; 28,415 in Maine; 28,719 in Vermont; 19,314 in New Hampshire; and 13,777 in Rhode Island. Last year the Democrats actually carried Rhode Island, and they are not without hope of electing their State electors in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, if not also in Maine.

Now what reason have we to suppose that Mr. Roosevelt would run as well in November, 1904, as did Mr. McKinley in 1900? It may be admitted that he is as strong as was his predecessor in most of the States west of the Mississippi, and in some, perhaps, a little stronger. He may sweep them all, and yet be defeated if he is beaten in all the former slave-holding States and in the Northern States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana. It is undeniable that Mr. Roosevelt has irremediably offended the white race in all the former slave-holding States, and, moreover, he has a far smaller chance than had Mr. McKinley of carrying Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky. His Democratic opponent should be able to count on large accessions of white Republican votes in every one of these border commonwealths. As for the relative popularity of Mr. Roosevelt in New Jersey and Connecticut, we have as yet no means of judging, except as far as these States must be held likely to be influenced by the sectional passions which affect their electoral colleges in the State of New York. Mr. Roosevelt has had an opportunity of showing how popular he is in New York, which is his native State. In November, 1898, with all the laurels of San Juan fresh upon his brow, he cut down McKinley's stupendous plurality of two years before from 208,409 votes to less than 18,000. In other words, a change of 1900 votes from one side to the other that year would have nipped Mr. Roosevelt's political prospects in the bud, and it is notorious that more than that number of votes were abstracted from the Democratic candidate by Mr. Croker's refusal to renominate Judge Daly. It seems to be certain that Mr. Roosevelt is to-day much weaker in his native State than he was in 1898. He still appears to have Mr. Platt behind him, as he certainly had seven years ago, but has made little or no gains of veteran politicians, who control many Republican votes in certain agricultural districts. As for his popularity in the city of New York, we know that, when he was nominated for Mayor, he ran far behind the normal Republican vote, and was beaten not only by Abram S. Hewitt, but by Henry George. Should Mayor Low be re-elected this year, he might undoubtedly render considerable assistance to Mr. Roosevelt in 1904; but should a Democratic Mayor be chosen, Mr. Roosevelt can hardly expect to escape defeat in his native commonwealth. If he is beaten in his native State, he is almost certain to lose New Jersey and Connecticut also, provided his opponent is a man calculated to heal the dissensions in the Democratic party. The Democrat who could effect such a unifying work in the East might as well give up success in Indiana, especially if the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency should be selected from the last-named State.

Thus far we have taken for granted that there will be no industrial crisis, but that the prices of our agricultural and manufactured products will undergo no sensible decline before November, 1904. We have also taken for granted that Mr. Roosevelt will be enthusiastically supported by the Grand Army of the Republic, and loyally upheld by the engineers of the Republic's machines in such indispensable States as Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin. It remains to be seen whether the veterans and sons of veterans composing the Grand Army of the Republic will completely condone and quickly forget the treatment of their illustrious comrade, Lieutenant-General Miller; and whether the expert wire-pullers who opposed with the utmost vehemence the selection of Mr. Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency will work themselves to the bone in order to keep him four years longer in the White House.

## Recent Comments on Lynching and the New Negro Crime

WHEREAS lynching, as a matter of fact, tends to repress the new negro crime, by which, of course, we mean the assault of a white woman by a negro, and whether the deterrent effect being admitted, it should on that account be tolerated by public opinion, are questions that have been recently discussed in an illuminating way by three eminent jurists and by Mr. John Temple Graves, of Atlanta, Georgia, who speaks from a thorough knowledge of the Southern country, which he suffered most from the new crime. Chief-Justice Love of Delaware, speaking at Charleston, New York, defended the course pursued in the White case by the courts of his State, which, it will be remembered, refused the request of white citizens that the negro reviser and murderer should be speedily tried. Any court, he said, that would listen to a mob and suffer it to prescribe judicial methods or even to determine, or procedure should be abolished as a mockery of justice

Justice. Chief-Justice Love added that the more brutal the crime, the more degraded the criminal, the more widespread and intense the public sense of outrage, the more imperative it is that courts of justice should give a calm, just, and fair hearing, and that the guilt be established, otherwise men may be punished for a crime they did not commit. This sounds plausible, and may even seem conclusive to those who fail to ask themselves how it happens that in New Jersey and in England, where the judicial punishment of criminals is exceptionally expeditious and certain, lynching is seldom or never heard of. As regards the notorious fact that in many of the United States negro murderers have through legal technicalities escaped the death penalty, Judge Woodward of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, also speaking at Chautauque, asserted that the technical rules made use of by the guilty to delay the day of execution are the very rules which guarantee in the instant, the preservation of their rights, even in the face of popular clamor. This assertion also has a specious appearance till we puncture it with the question, Are innocent persons any more likely to suffer unjust punishments in England and New Jersey than they are in New York? Judge Woodward goes on to denounce as "foolish" the attempt to determine the efficiency of the criminal law by a reference to the time which elapses between the commission of the crime and the final action of the jury. If this be folly, it is a folly of which Englishmen and Jerseymen are proud.

The Hon. David J. Brewer, a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, takes a different view of the matter. Judge Brewer begins by admitting that men would disgrace their manhood if they were not wrought to terrible excitement by the rape of white women by negroes, and he is willing to concede that a few lynchings had put a stop to the atrocious outrage, society might have condoned such breaches of its law. On the strength, however, of reports which he accepts, he assumes that lynching does not act as a deterrent. We shall see presently that, according to Mr. John Temple Graves, lynching does have a deterrent though inadequate effect, in the Southern States at all events. Proceeding to consider the method by which the epidemic of lynching may be stayed, Justice Brewer disagrees with Chief-Justice Love of Delaware, and with Judge Woodward of New York. He insists that the way to stop lynching is to establish a greater amount of public confidence in the summary and inevitable punishment of the criminal by courts of law. He recognizes that in many of our States men are afraid of the law's delay and the uncertainty of its results. If, on the other hand, all men felt sure that criminals would be promptly tried and punished, the inducement to lynch would be to a large extent removed. Justice Brewer went on to demonstrate that the establishment of public confidence is entirely practicable. Some years ago, addressing the American Bar Association, he advocated going away with appeals in criminal cases, and he still believes in the wisdom of that expedient. He recalls the fact that for nearly a hundred years there was no appeal from a conviction in criminal cases in our Federal courts; and no review, except in a few instances, wherein by two judges sitting together, a question of law was certified to the United States Supreme Court. Judge Brewer further reminded his auditors that in England it has long been the rule that there shall be no appeal in criminal cases, although a question of law is so reserved, and he is sure that, while he was minister to England during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, only two cases were so reserved. How are one doubt, however, he asks, that justice is fully administered by the English courts?

We pass to the subject addressed on "The Mob Spirit of the South," delivered at Chautauque by Mr. John Temple Graves, of Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Graves, of course, did not deny that lynching is a violation, or rather repudiation, of the law, but he maintained it to be justified by the crime that provoked it. He said, "The problem of preventing lynching, but the larger and deeper question, how shall we root out the crime which always has provoked and always will provoke lynching?" The answer which the mob returns to this vital question is well known, and, according to Mr. Graves, the knowledge of the state of things at the South, he insists that in repression of rape. He asserts, not that the lyncher exterminates a sheer, cold, patent fact," he says, "the mob stands forth to-day South and such a criminal of crime as the white women of the land precipitate the annihilation of the negro race."

Mr. Graves considered at some length the various remedies that have been proposed for the new negro crime, and then suggested not, he holds, be adequate to eliminate lynching, because adequate as an efficient deterrent of the new negro crime. Ne-

grees, he said, are not afraid of death coming in a foreseeable, regular, and ceremonious way. They passionately love display, and the spectacular elements of a trial and execution, wherein the criminal plays the star part, appeals to their imaginations. On the other hand, the negro is awed by strange dangers and is intimidated by startling penalties. The negro is a thing of the senses, and for the black race and all similar races the desire of the senses must be restrained by the terror of the senses. Mr. Graves further argued that religion would not solve the problem, because we cannot expect the Christ spirit to become all-pervasive until the millennium dawns. Education, he contended, complicates the problem. The census showed, he said, that the criminal record of the negro was worse in the South since efforts have been made to educate him than it had been before. Every year of enlightenment appears to increase the negro's aggressive bitterness against the iron walls of a prejudice that has never yielded, and will never yield. Time aggravates the problem by giving increasing numbers to the negro, and politics complicates it, because at epochs of fierce civic conflict the passions and prejudices of faction may be moved to partisan alignment with the deep and lurking dangers of the race question. Mr. Graves thinks that even the repeal of the constitutional amendments and the firm establishment of the negro's inferiority in law and society, though desirable, would no longer suffice, so long as survivors of the present generation of blacks shall exist. For the negro would continue to remain in juxtaposition with the white woman, and he has been taught to dream with which amalgamation is regarded by the white race.

What remedies or palliatives would Mr. Graves himself suggest? (Observation has convinced him that a far more efficient deterrent of the new negro crime than is to be found in the death penalty would be a statute imposing amputation for the offense. There is no doubt that castration might be described as "cruel and unusual"—so is the crime for which it would be inflicted. Mr. Graves is convinced that such a penalty, if invariably enforced by statute, would fulfill the purpose of intimidating crime, as well as that of rendering impossible a repetition thereof by the criminal. He madly has adopted this lesson in the Southern States the mob in its restraining influence upon the brutal appetites of the mob. He offers as evidence two counties of Georgia, where this method of punishment has been employed by mobs, and where no subsequent assault of a white woman by a negro has ever occurred. Mr. Graves seems, indeed, to doubt whether the time is ripe for first propounded by the late Dr. William A. Hammond, the courts might, without a relapse into barbarity, adopt the lesson taught in Georgia, and enforce the law in new and startling terror for the suppression of the blackest and foulest of human crimes.

In Mr. Graves' judgment, however, there is only one logical, inevitable, and drastic solution of the race problem which confronts white men at the South. That solution is geographical separation. How the blacks shall be induced to emigrate, and whether they shall go, Mr. Graves does not pretend to say. He evidently believes, however, that success will be found, when white men throughout the nation are once agreed as to the imperative importance of the end in view. It is indisputably true that we are morally bound to provide the blacks with homes elsewhere, if we are resolved to tolerate them no longer in proximity to ourselves. Millions some of the vast and thinly populated tracts in her north-western settlements. It would, he doubts, be far more difficult and far more costly to transplant a large fraction of the negroes than it was to move the Indians from the Gulf States in the Indian Territory. To dislodge such a project, however, as entirely impracticable is equivalent to an admission that the race problem is insoluble, or to a denial that any such problem exists.

## Durbin of Indiana

THE public interest shown in Governor Durbin of Indiana excites surprise in some quarters. He has done nothing, say some astounded observers, except to get out the State troops to quell riot, and express himself in favor of a fair trial for criminals. Any Governor might do as much as that.

To be sure, every Governor ought to do as much as Governor have not done, and do it just as promptly. But all Governors forgotten the terrorism of the coal-strike days under the next supervision of Governor Shreve. They have read daily in the papers about lynchings and the violent acts of strikers, and about the hostility of the labor-unions to the National Guard, and about the sight of a State official doing his duty promptly and with vigor in

a crisis of public disorder has come to be a spectacle of the liveliest interest.

Joseph Folk, of St. Louis, promoter of hoodlums, and Governor Durbin of Indiana, suppresser of mob violence, both represent the vigorous enforcement of the laws. They have both become conspicuous because they have shown a vigorous disposition to do their duty, and because such duties as they have performed have been far too commonly shirked.

Outside of Indiana the people of the country don't know much about Governor Durbin. Most of them merely know him as an upholder of the law against mobs. That is enough for them. There is no way in which a level-headed Governor can make himself a national reputation so quickly as by showing himself the enemy of unauthoritative persons who, in hot blood or cold, attempt to defy the law, or take it into their own hands and administer it to suit themselves.

### The Pursuit of Happiness

The London Telegraph reports that one Dr. Paul Valentin is starting a school of happiness in that metropolis. The scheme sounds promising. The particulars of it include a course of lectures and the publication of a periodical to be called *The Normal Life*. The reputation of Dr. Valentin as a promoter of happiness has not penetrated as far as this, but the special educational work to which he seems to have set himself is worth doing, and if he is up to his job there would seem to be possibilities of a considerable success in his enterprise. For one sees a great many persons here, alone, and there are probably still more of them in London, who want very much and try very hard to be happy, but don't seem to know how to go about it. And what makes their case the more interesting is that many of them are persons who seem to have the means of happiness in abundant measure.

We are used to feel—to put it crudely—that folks who have health and money ought to be happy. And so they should. A sufficient income promotes comfort, and that contributes to cheerfulness of spirit; and to have health, of course, seems to feel well, and that is a long step towards feeling good. But how far do we have to look to find persons with health to squander and more money than they know how to spend, making strenuous efforts to attain happiness, and merely achieving impaired health? If you have health and money you can usually buy pleasure, but enjoyment is a different article; and even when you have got enjoyment, happiness may still elude you. Pleasure pulls, and sometimes demoralizes; enjoyment easily yields to weariness; but you don't get tired of being happy, and you may be ever so tired and be happy still.

Happiness is a state of satisfaction. One reason why it is so elusive may be because we human creatures are a complication of body, mind, and spirit, and require for our complete satisfaction a particularly nice adjustment of blessings and of conduct. If we indulge the body too much, the other two partners become suspicious; if we overmaterialize the mind, the body may break down; and if we bestow all our attention on mind and body, the spirit, ignored, takes a sure vengeance on us for our neglect. It is so difficult as to measure and direct our efforts as to appease all the demands of our triplicate natures, that the simpler way is to regard happiness as a by-product, give over all direct attempts to acquire a constant supply of it, and simply accept however much of it may come while we go about our business with such intelligence as we can. We can usually keep our bodies in fair repair if we are too lazy or too self-indulgent; if we have to exert our brains our minds, and bodies too, find occupation that is usually wholesome; and the discipline of work, done as it usually is, for others as well as for ourselves, helps to satisfy the exactions of the spirit.

It is another of common observation that people who are fully occupied at reasonably congenial tasks are usually happier than idler people, and work is very commonly prescribed as a panacea for discontent. But the remedy must fit the individual case. Work undertaken simply to make the worker happier may not yield that result. An idle millionaire may not find relief in stoneware-making, or even in a business the natural object of which is to make more money. The business may be more draining to him, and he may not care for mere money. The work must not only engage and exercise the mind, but in some way it must satisfy the spirit. To treat something and to work for it is a very likely basis for happiness. Folks who have all the material things that they want, and can think of nothing that seems reasonably attainable that they care to work for, are in a way to lead dull lives and run short of entertainments. We are in the habit of insisting upon them the high expediency of tending to and making fit their business to work for others. That is a good plan, if they can accept it; but the acceptance of it seems to involve some realization of human brotherhood, and that in turn seems to involve some acceptance of religion, which again in turn can hardly flourish without some belief in the immortality of the soul. One man believes vividly that his soul is immortal, or can achieve immortality,

and that his immediate future condition is closely related to his conduct in this life, he has a motive for effort irrespective of worldly ambition or the satisfaction of his material wants. For his soul's sake, if for nothing else, he may struggle, and fit his string, the gradual certainties, at least, will hardly fall off.

That an intelligent, civilized man should find a permanent measure of positive happiness without some basis of religion to support him does not accord with expectation. If the London professor tries to conduct a school of happiness without including a certain amount of religious instruction, his work will necessarily be superficial, and fall of the best results. He may teach manners. He may teach the greedy the folly of overeating, and the bibulous the folly of overdrinking. He may teach husbands to be civil to their wives, and vice versa. He may lay stress on the importance of keeping expenditures well within incomes, on the need of work for the able, and of alms for the selfish. All that is important, and may be helpful. But the spirits of thinking people have got to be satisfied in some way if they are to be happy. Nature gives us cravings,—hunger and thirst to insure due care for the body, mental aspirations to insure activity of the mind, spiritual aspirations to insure something else. If the mind rages we grow dull, and can't have much fun. Neither can we be happy if the cravings of the spirit find no response.

### Lord Curzon and India

Lord Curzon is to remain in India as viceroy for five years more, and this although a second term for a governor-general of India is even more of a novelty than for a President of the United States. India is to be reconstituted on his decision to accept the offer of Mr. Balfour's cabinet; yet one cannot overlook the fact that his own career may be somewhat adversely affected. We are accustomed to think of Lord Curzon in connection with India, owing in part to the fact that Lady Curzon has been very conspicuous at the viceregal festivities, and in part to the great estimation durbar, that we are tempted to forget that, as Lord George Curzon, the present viceroy really won his spurs as a rising Conservative M.P., and had already gone so far as to be an evident candidate for the reversion of the Tory premiership.

Now that Mr. Chamberlain is practically out of the running, the two most probable Tory promoters of the future are Mr. Wyndham and Lord Curzon; and while both were in Parliament together, there is no doubt that the latter was the more considerable figure. It is true, of course, that the governor-general of India is in many ways a much more considerable personage than the chief secretary for Ireland; the one governs a territory of nearly three million square miles, with a truly oriental splendor, while the other has only some thirty thousand square miles to look after, with a large parliamentary party to help him; the one is responsible for a population of three hundred millions, while the other has in his charge less than four and a half millions. Yet the importance of India is inversely as the square of its distance from England, and India sends no members to the Parliament at Westminster. There can be no question that Mr. Wyndham, by his Irish policy of conciliation, has not only added an element of stability to the United Kingdom, but has further palpably kept his party in power since the beginning of the year, in spite of Mr. Balfour's Education Bill and Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy. This is a claim which his party cannot but recognize when the time comes to appoint a successor to Mr. Balfour. Further, another five years in the trying climate of India may make further inroads on the viceroy's already delicate health, making political life an impossibility for him on his return. It is doubtful whether his stay will do very much for India, not because he lacks will or ability, but because the ratio of population to sustenance makes very great amelioration well-nigh hopeless.

### Secretary Root's Retirement

There seems to be no doubt that Secretary Root is determined to resign the headship of the War Department. It is well known that during his tenure of that office he has discharged not merely the functions of a Secretary of War, but also that of a Minister of the Colonies. He has undertaken not only to reorganize the regular army, now adjustable to a scale of one hundred thousand men, but also to formulate and administer laws for some ten millions of human beings, the inhabitants of the Philippines. Either one of these tasks would tax the resources of a first-rate intellect. The fact that Mr. Root has performed them both with an efficiency that, on the whole, must be recognized as admirable, has placed him in the front rank of American statesmen. Time will show whether the new staff system will act, in practice, give too much power to the Adjutant-General. But certainly, in that respect, it may be said that it constitutes a great improvement on the preceding state of things.



**The President Reviewing the Fleet from the Bridge of the "Mayflower"**

*As the "Mayflower" passed through the line of war vessels to receive the salutes of the fleet, President Roosevelt and his party of honor stood on the bridge of the yacht, and acknowledged the welcome of each ship in turn.*



Dressing Ship on the "Kearsarge"



The "Texas" Firing Her Salute

**THE GREAT NAVAL PARADE OFF OYSTER BAY**

*On August 17 President Roosevelt reviewed the most powerful fleet of American war-ships ever assembled before a President. There were four battleships, six cruisers, and ten torpedo-boat destroyers, ranged in four lines. The government yacht "Mayflower," carrying the President, ran down through the fleet and received the Presidential salute of twenty-one guns from each warship.*



### The Torpedo-Boat Collision

One of the features of the maneuvers incidental to the parade was a quick formation in straight-ahead line of five boats of the torpedo division. Just as they came under the "Barry's" steering gear was sprung, causing her to ram the "Decatur." The prompt action of the officers and men of the first averted a serious disaster.

Sir Thomas Linton    Admiral Dewey

Major-General Chaffin



Secretary of the Navy Moody

The President

Mr. C. O'Brien Jones

Mrs. Roosevelt

### The President's Party on Board the "Mayflower"

## THE GREAT NAVAL PARADE OFF OYSTER BAY

After the review was over, the President received aboard his official yacht the "Mayflower," Rear-Admiral's Barber Smith, Coghlan, and Wile, together with the officers of the fleet and its naval attaches to several of the foreign legations. Later in the day, in the course of a visit which he made to the "Keatinge," Mr. Roosevelt took occasion in a speech to pay high tribute to Admiral Dewey and the officers and men of the "Olympia" in recognition of the Manila Bay victory.



*Mr. T. M. Hunter, one of the English Players*



*Mr. N. F. Hunter, of the Oxford-Cambridge Team*



*Mr. J. L. Low, Captain of the Visiting Team*



*Mr. L. H. Conklin, of Princeton*



*Mr. P. H. Jennings, another of the Yale Players*

## THE INTERCOLLEGIATE GOLF MATCHES

A team of golfers from Oxford and Cambridge has come to this country to play a series of matches with representative American players. In the first of their matches, held at Myopia, Massachusetts, with the Intercollegiate Golf Association, the visitors won by a score of 0 to 7. The English team is made up of picked players from the two universities; the American collegiate team is represented by three men from Princeton, five from Yale, and three from Harvard. The photographs are snap shots of the captains and some of the best players on the teams taken in one of their matches.

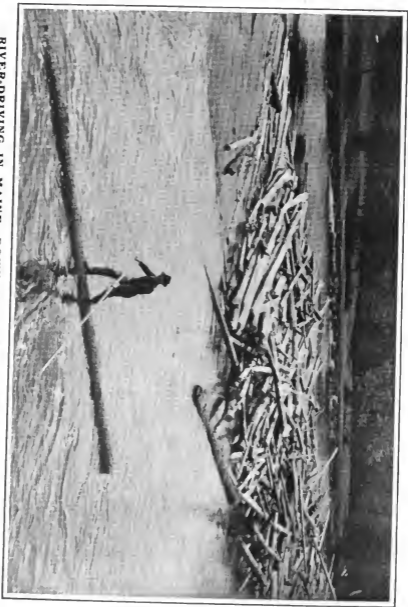




### CHAMPIONSHIP DIVING AT HIGHGATE, ENGLAND

*At an international aquatic contest which was recently held at Highgate, England, a display of daring feats of diving was given in connection with swimming and life-saving exhibitions. The photograph shows the competitors in the championship high-diving contest performing a perilous feat from the top of the exhibition stand, twenty-eight feet above the water.*





## RIVER-DRIVING IN MAINE—DOWN STREAM ON THE TRUNK OF A TREE

The life of the river-drivers in the lumber regions of Maine is an exciting and picturesque one. For logs which are floated down the streams from the timber regions to a sawmill, they are driven by a current of water which has a greater commercial value than the logs themselves. The river-drivers, however, are not content with floating the logs down the stream, but they are constantly watching the logs and the river-drivers consist in guiding the log down the stream, about as every one knows, by means of a pole, which is stuck in the log, and the driver sits on a log, using it as a seat, while his spiked shoes give him a firm grip on the log.

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

IN the issue of the WEEKLY following upon the death of Phil May there appeared a brief appreciation of the gifted and lamented young artist, and a page of his characteristic sketches. On this page appears one of the last of his full-page humorous character studies—a brilliant example of his art—drawn just a few days before he died. Phil May had achieved a world-wide reputation, and his taking off will be deeply regretted, and his premature death in especially a serious loss to Punch. When Mr. Mauser died, nearly seven years ago, Phil May took his place as chief among Punch's artists. It was in February, 1910, and Phil May was invited to occupy a seat at Punch's table, an honor reserved for very few. To draw for Punch is a very different and far less notable thing than to share the privilege of sitting at Punch's famous weekly dinners. Very few artists indeed had penetrated into this charmed circle. It was the London sketch which first gave Phil May the scope and canvas necessary for the exhibition of his original work in humorous character, if I mistake not, under the able editorship of Mr. Clement Shorter. His knowledge of London types was remarkable, one of his most characteristic books being *Gutter-Jargon*, humorous studies of the street-by life of the metropolis. He had Dickens' passion for exploring the East End—indeed, there was much in common between the two minds. "I am never tired of reading Dickens," he has often said, "I never find a dull page in his books. I think my favorite is *Oliver Twist*, and after that *David Copperfield*." And then he went on to speak of Dickens' "wonderful genius for characterization," and added, "he had the observant faculty as few men ever have. He spoke as truly of himself. He studied and made sketches in London, but he worked best out of the city. He was an indefatigable worker when the fit was on him, but he was Bohemian in his mode of life, and was seldom caught at it. He had ideas and plans, but work which never saw the light."

The late Mr. R. L. Farjeon was one of those prolific writers of popular novels, but the international copyright act, who, in common with several other English novelists, notably Mr. David Christie Murray, saw their work enjoy a wide circulation in cheap paper covers without any reward for their labors. Mr. Farjeon was a first-rate sensationalist in fiction; he was strong in plot which he cared for more than for character. As in the case of Mr. Murray, his later books showed a falling off, although *Pride of Ruze*, published not long ago, was a striking study of the dignified pertinacity and adaptability of the Jew in England. Mr. Benjamin Leopold Farjeon was, I believe, of Jewish extraction. He was fortunate in obtaining the praise and friendship of Dickens, whose memory he revered. It was with difficulty Mr. Farjeon could be induced in his later years to leave his home, but I recall the name of Dickens acting like a magnet on the occasion of a Dickens dinner some years ago at the Whitefriars Club in London, when Mr. Farjeon presided. Mrs. Farjeon, who survives her husband, is the daughter of our famous actor, Mr. Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Farjeon had a great fondness for the theatre, and was himself something of a playwright.

I have not read the *Love Letters of Margaret Fuller*, recently published, but I have read the observation which she made when Goethe, a Jew, had crossed. It is to be found in her characteristic effect: "I understand more and more of the character of the court in a literary way, since the affections and ideal hopes are so unproductive." And now Time has had a strange revenge on the writer of these sentences, by taking out these love letters and "turning the whole to account in a literary way."

A few weeks ago I quoted some passages in these columns from a correspondence between the Brownings in the days of their early acquaintance, on Carlyle's strong dislike of poetry. I have just

heard of a new story on the same theme which is told by Professor Goldwin Smith. It appears that Professor Smith was once a visitor with Carlyle at Lady Ashburton's house when Teagson was one of the circle at "The Grange." Teagson was asked to read one of his own poems aloud, but, to the surprise and disappointment of his gentle hostess and the public good, and, we may add, in courteous consideration of his hostess, crossed the room, and invited Carlyle to take a stroll in the grounds. The Sage accepted the invitation, and, during the stroll, the poet brought off his reading.

Years ago Mr. Hall Caine wrote one of his strongest pieces of fiction in *The Roadside*. The scene was laid principally in Iceland, and although it is many years since I read the story the permanent effect of its background stays in my memory. Yet the novelist had not been to Iceland for his "local color." Now we read in a morning paper that Mr. Hall Caine has confessed that his next novel will deal with life and customs in Iceland, and he is going there for six months to study the region and the local color. This is how a sarcastic poet views it:

From that far land he is to  
draw,  
The chill wind of the North  
Comes freshening with the Sun,  
and so:

The Summer forth forth  
To Iceland's firth, left behind,  
sits not his present plan;  
The proper study of mankind  
Is now no longer "Man"

He sees the Northern Lights flash  
and

About the midnight sky:  
For him the golden gyron mist:  
Their boiling springs on high:  
O'er modern things he is ac-  
cused of being old.

His artistic course he takes,  
In quest of local color and  
The fund of Icelandic makes.

Though other things he will not  
see,

Those mentioned are enough  
To suit the purposes of his  
Fictionist's art:  
Others will follow, for we know  
A chapter of the book  
To save the Saga of the Snow  
From turning out a "fool."

Here is a link to the biography. It occurs in an introduction which Mr. Andrew Lang has written for a new cheap English edition of Dumas's *Three Musketeers*, just published: "There is no real biography of Dumas. Nobody has collected and sifted all his correspondence, tracked his every movement, and pursued him through newspapers and legal documents. Letters and other papers, if they had been preserved, should be as abundant in the case of Dumas as they are scanty in the case of Molière. But they are left to the dust of unsearched offices, and it is curious that in France so little has been systematically written about her most popular, if not her greatest, novelist."

There is a lively account of the return of the Chinese court to Peking in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Mrs. Archibald Little, which makes entertaining reading. For example: of the Emperor we learn that she is of "the type so well known in every land where society exists. Were she an English mother she would, one feels at once, marry all her daughters to eldest sons, irrespective of how many of them were lianatics or confirmed dipsomaniacs." But this about the Emperor is especially amusing. It appears that at a party his Imperial Highness earnestly kissed a little American girl of five years. "How had the very ideas of such a thing ever been suggested to him?" asks Mrs. Little, who is an authority on Chinese life and manners. "No Chinese man thought of the whole length and breadth of the vast Chinese Empire over his wife or child, unless he has been taught to do so by a foreigner. No child-lifting mother ever kissed her child. The nearest she gets to it is when she says to her child, 'Come up to bed,' and, as it were, smothering it in her arms. The Emperor's conduct was evidently against the practice, so that directly he saw this foreign little girl he took her up and kissed her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and indeed repulsive process."



Phil May's last Cartoon, illustrating the line from Shakespeare, "A Twice-told Tale"



**SCULPTURE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR—MR. BELA L. PRATT'S  
"LIGHT AND DARKNESS"**

*Mr. Bela L. Pratt, the Boston sculptor, is preparing some notable statuary groups for the St. Louis Exposition. The groups are to surmount three of the towers of the Electrical Building, the principal design of each to be three allegorical figures representing "Light and Darkness." "Light," the central figure, will hold a star which is to be lighted at night with electricity, and which will be the largest single electric light ever used in an architectural decoration. Mr. Pratt first became known through the sculptural groups which he designed for the Chicago Exposition. His afterwards executed important commissions for the Congressional Library in Washington and the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.*



## THE WAR GAME C

A series of attacks upon the defences of Portland, Maine, are being made this week to simulate a possible German submarine force's entrance into the harbor at Portland. The squadron is commanded by Rear-Admiral J. S. ... Department of the East. It is expected that the games will yield valuable information.



Drawn by George L. ...

## THE MAINE COAST

North Atlantic Squadron in the army and navy war games, the object being to effect an entrenchment, while the defence works are in charge of General Adm. R. Chaffee, commanding the inspecting the practical working of the coast-defence works and their impregnability to attack



A View of the Saratoga Track from the Grand Stand at the Start of one of the big Races—The Horses on their Way to the Post

## Saratoga in Full Swing

A SUMMER CAPITAL OF CHANCE—SARATOGA'S REMARKABLE EVOLUTION—ITS TEMPORARY DECLINE AS A FASHIONABLE SUMMER RESORT—WHAT MR. WHITNEY AND OTHERS HAVE DONE TO REHABILITATE IT—"THE NEWMARKET OF AMERICA"—SARATOGA AS IT IS TO-DAY.

NATURE intended Saratoga for a great sanitarium. Man has made it the world's summer capital of chance. Nature placed here fifty-two mineral springs, each different from the other, for the healing of the ills of the nation.

Man built great hotels, broad boulevards, a race-course, and half a dozen temples for the gambling votaries of the Goodson of Fortune, and Saratoga became the Mecca of the fashionable, frivolous, and fortune-wishing cosmopolites of the world.

If one could imagine a composite picture of Carlsbad in the early morning; of Brighton, as it was a quarter of a century ago, from 10 o'clock in the morning until noon; of Newmarket in the early afternoon; of Hyde Park during the hours when fashionable London goes on parade; of the boulevards of Paris and the casino at Monte Carlo in the evening, he would get a fairly accurate picture of the Saratoga of to-day.

This garden spot of the great North Country, nestling in the fertile valley between the Kayaderosawas and the Hudson, has passed through various stages of an evolution more wonderful, in some respects, than that of which Darwin dreamed. Fifty years ago Saratoga was the most fashionable summer resort in the United States, and the world's greatest spa. Everybody who made any pretense to social distinction made it his business to celebrate the Fourth of July in Saratoga, and remain there until the first of September.

But the descendants of Longfellow's Skeleton in Armor, or somebody else, rediscovered Newport and the thousand and one other summer resorts that are now scattered over the United States. The great army of the soldiers of fortune, with their camp-followers, straggled down on Saratoga, and the fashionable folk fled before the invaders. Palaces were built above the cliffs at Newport, cottages were erected by the sea at Narragansett and Bar Harbor, men and women of fashion peopled them, and Saratoga became the summer home of the demi-monde and the knights of the roulette wheel and the deal box. The race-course fell into the hands of the Guttenberg confederacy and, from a dividend-paying enterprise, it became an earner of deficits. Saratoga was in

the winter of her discontent, in the throes of unprofitable speculations.

Then, after the village had purged itself, of its own volition, of that which contaminated it, the Hon. William C. Whitney, August Belmont, the brothers Hitchcock, H. K. Knapp, and a few others gave to Saratoga its renaissance. They acquired control of the race-track and made it the "Newmarket of America." They put racing on a higher plane than it was even when the Lorillards and the Jeromes and John Hunter and William E. Travis were in the saddle. The old stables and pits were enriched, new stables, each worth a fortune, were hung up, and the racing at the Saratoga course to-day is better than it ever was, even in the halcyon days of the long ago.

With the new birth of the town came new people, and in these August days of the new century, Saratoga shares with Newport the distinction of being the most fashionable resort in the United States. An August day in Saratoga is worth living. For the invalid there is health in every breeze, and there is nature's medicine in the waters of every spring. No matter how late Saratoga may go to bed, she is up and doing by nine in the morning. There is the spring-water cocktail before breakfast, and after breakfast the music of superb orchestras until noon. Then luncheon and away to the track for an afternoon of racing. The races over, there is the drive to the Lake just before sunset, with a fish dinner by the lakeside or a dinner at the club on the return.

When the night shadows have settled over the town, the ball-rooms of the great hotels are lighted, the music of the orchestras flows out into the night, and the dance is on. After the dance the supper, and the day in Saratoga is done. It has been a day of elbow-touching, as they used to sing in "Pinafore," of "Rus-sian, French, and Prussian and, perhaps, an Englishman." The diamond king of South Africa will find himself sitting in the club-stand beside an Indian Maharajah, who will have a lord-sardier of Paris on his right, a German noble in front, and a Russian aristocrat behind him, while all will be looking at fashionable New York in the boxes that border the stand.



Mr. J. B. Huggins' "Watchdog," the Winner of the Saratoga Handicap



"Stalwart," with Jersey Burns up





*Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.'s, "Forkhunter" being trained by his Jessey Green*



*The First Schooling of a Steeplechaser*



*A difficult Test in High-jumping*



*A recent Steeplechase Race at Saratoga—Mr. Hitchcock's "Forkhunter" winning*

## **RACING DURING THE SEASON AT SARATOGA**

*Through the activities of Mr W. C. Whitney and his associates, Saratoga has again taken first place in the United States as a centre of horseracing, and is now, during the season, the Mecca for horsemen from all over the country. If its development continues as it has begun, Saratoga promises to become within the next few years the centre of turf interests in the world. The reader is referred to the article on the opposite page for an interesting description of Saratoga as it is to-day.*



**"A Son of Rest," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre**

*In Broadway and Curtis' new musical farce, "A Son of Rest," Mr. Nat M. Wells appears in the leading role of "Having Grabb," an outrageous wonderer with a talent for singing and dancing, who becomes involved in a series of adventures becoming to his reputation as the Harpe Thief of New York.*



**"Vivian's Pappas," at the Garrick Theatre**

*Mrs. Rice and Warr, who had the chief parts last season in "Are You a Mason," opened the season at the Garrick Theatre last week with Mr. Leo Thielmeier's new farce. The central figure in the plot is a New York show girl, who mistakes the affections of a family by mistakingly sending a telephone message to a certain place instead of to the house of the same name. Warr, Thielmeier, Johnson as love, chorus girls, and a salacious party are matched in delightful roles to provide the material for the plot.*

**THE FIRST NEW PLAYS OF THE SEASON**



### MISS CLARA BLANDICK

*Miss Blandick played the part of "Glory Quayle" in Lihler & Co's recent revival of "The Christian" at the Academy of Music, New York, and afterwards during its brief run in Boston. Later in the season she is to be leading woman for Kyle Belton, and will appear with him in a dramatisation of Mr. E. W. Hornung's "The Amateur Crackman"*



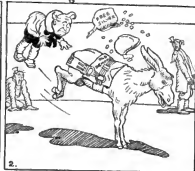
SKETCHES IN IRELAND, COUNTY GALWAY—PEOPLE WHO WILL BE BENEFITED BY THE IRISH LAND BILL

# ASININITY

Temerous Willy Bryan, The Funny Clowns, and the Trick Donkey  
 Drawn By Albert Levesing



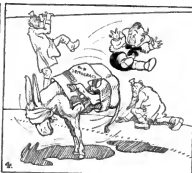
The summer of ... 1896



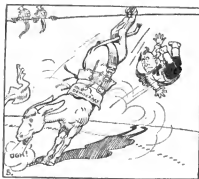
The fall ... 1901



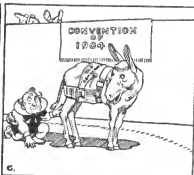
From fall of '91 to ...



Summer of 1900, and find ...



... Fall?



Now, {The Art of Invention} I wonder?

# Correspondence

## THE NEGRO CRIMINAL.

MANASSAS, VIRGINIA, August 4, 1901.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—The recent discussion of the negro question averted to have precipitated two or three clear conclusions out of what has long been a mist of generalities. Your designation of the outrage and murder of white people as "the new negro crime" was itself no slight contribution to definite thinking on this subject. For are so few as to be negligible. This narrowing down of the class who are to be held responsible for the unhappy events which follow the commission of this unspeakable crime is an instance of the sharper analysis which promises to result from the present discussion. It is indisputably classed together. Any reasoning which seeks to explain either the crimes or the progress of the race without taking into the account racial stratification and lines of cleavage is sure to prove unconvincing.

It scarcely admits of doubt, for example, that the restlessness and sense of oppression which so appeal to sentimental reformers are characteristic not of the black but of the colored people propitiously called—that is, of those who have in their veins an admixture of white blood. For many of them have inherited not only the physical traits of their white parentage, but mental and moral peculiarities as well. Booker Washington is not a traitor, such as humor and sympathy. Not that the negro mind lacks these. But there is a well-marked difference in the quality.

Professor Du Bois in his rather hysterical book is raising the cry not of black people, as he says, but of white people. He is classed as negro-hater, whose aim is to bring into fierce the gallery of education in the South. Among an assembly of some two hundred negroes there was scarcely a single black face. The thought never to have been a suggestive and helpful phenomenon. His Providence—with a potent stubbornness—shall we not rather say in the world, is willing to bring good out of this evil. The criminal negro belongs to a class as definitely marked, classified not merely by blood. Not yet will I take any franchise on the other account for his condoning the franchise well to discuss the bearing of these things on the question. But I am surprised that what is manifestly the principal influence in been definitely mentioned. Let a few words on that point be my ready reply.

It may be that in some quarters there are signs and not the vigorous denial. My own observation is limited, but it leads to three doubt upon the affirmation. Groups of negroes in isolated neighborhoods have now a little more liberal behavior than they had before freedom came to them. But the influence in the most unfavorable locations is probably sufficient even to secure their final extinction. As for the growth of new negroes and negroes, that has without doubt made fast of a real, typical negro it is a matter of such complete indifference to me as to seem laughable were it not so serious.

We are the criminal negro to a more subtle and far-reaching influence than either of them. It is the fruit of a lack of discipline under a discipline that was made habit effective. In slavery the African race is such that they profit by a rather rough mass-standard of discipline in slavery days. That it was effective and was largely withdrawn, when the actual power of over-looked their leisure, was the unimpeachable conduct of mill-churning not merely the law of force, but the law of love as well. There is hardly a more significant fact in history than that these slaves did not rise up to fight for their own freedom.

Emancipation broke the link that bound white and black to freedom. The black was anxious to test the quality of his new goods, were also relieved at having no longer the responsibility

of caring for a dependent race. Both, as is now painfully evident, were lost for the white people neglected what before they had been careful about, the training of the negroes. There was now nothing to bring the two races together. The children no longer played with each other and had formed life-long attack-motives.

The negroes of a younger generation made matters worse, and constantly widened the breach, by the impudent assertion of "rights" for which they only cared as a means of annoying the white neighbors, and the worst of them soon began to make lives of their liberty. They no longer learned to obey. No white man had the right to make them do as their parents, ex-slaves, they considered beneath them, and so would not obey them, but not only go to school enough to make them conceited, but not enough to impress upon them the mental and moral discipline that might with negroes, this growing up of ignorant an entire generation who were never taught to "aim," as the black "nannies" used to say, is a more than adequate explanation of the criminality which from time to time horrifies the world.

This in outline is the history of the rapist. His naturally strong passions have been pampered by idleness and the absolute absence of restraint. He has been a drunkard and gambler all his life.

He is probably addicted to cocaine or some other vice drug, ex-slave. He is not of the same class with the grocer, the politician, and colleges, or with the steady, working people which are a majority of his own generation. To visit hatred and persecution on them on his account is rank injustice. Sometimes he is a vulgar social climber offered the vicious tendencies of both white and black and adds Caucasian kenosis to African brutality. Superfluous political privileges and mistaken encouragement regarding race only increase his boldness and confirm him in his set resolution to try nobody and to gratify his vicious instincts, cost what it may. One of these instincts is a thirst for publicity. An insatiable desire to draw public attention and to figure in the newspapers than would ever be helped by one not familiar with modern operations of the African mind.

In view of such considerations as those above set out, it is not surprising that the proportion of criminal negroes to the whole negro population is decidedly larger at the North than in the South.

Now, I might add, does it surprise us in this quarter that the more disciplined of all crimes unaverted and distract white men in the North as well as in the South. It is to be feared that the crime. Every encouragement should be given to the creation of B. Council and Booker Washington, who are striving to furnish discipline. The ennobling quality of work, the necessity of self-control and obedience to law, the cultivation of a friendly spirit are preaching with might and main. Industrial training is not in itself to be the salvation of the negro. It has its value, which willingness to work at all. That means the subduing of his vicious and idle nature. Slavery in its day supplied a superb discipline for that. For it required both work and obedience. But did note a substitute may be found. For of all the negro's discipline, I am, sir,

GEORGE B. WINTON.

[As the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Mr. Winton speaks in this interesting letter not only with serious purpose and in the spirit of an upright man, but also with a Southerner's mind and the point of view that an intelligent Southerner takes. We publish the letter willingly as a valuable contribution to the perhaps the most important question in America to-day.—EDITOR.]

## THE SITUATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

MANASSAS, VIRGINIA, July 15, 1901.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—My January 10 edition of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* has just come to my notice. After a two years' residence in the Philip-  
pine Islands, what Mr. Sydney says about dumping  
junk and institutions upon the Filipinos agrees in my quite  
entirely with the present condition of affairs in the islands.

Having been in close relations with America and native officials, both in the cities and the country, I am of the firm conviction that a greater consciousness of laws and centralization of management is needed.

While it is a good omen for a still better understanding that the American people are, at least, satisfied that the Filipinos are prepared for self-government, it cannot expect he will be prepared to enforce and obeyed.

I am, sir,

W. J. K.

The Mare

NEW-STRAND from our mothers, up hill and  
down valley.

We rained and we ran,  
The length of the pulchre to one wild rally.  
Then round the fence-leader in rambling  
rally.

Filly and colt upon,—  
Till at length to the gate we came.

Even, free-finned, superb,  
Who hared me forth with a oar wing of herb.

Who piped me afar with a cooing name,  
And when I resisted

Laughingly wrestled  
My strength and my pride and my will away,

Vaulting my shoulder in Titan play;  
Then with pat and pall

Petted me, harnessed me,  
With dress and love

Fretted me, charmed me,  
An even power, bebind, above,

Insuper, masterful,  
Till he took me from my own

And leashed me unto his heart's desire, his  
will my law alone.

Harsh-bearer, privilege proud,  
I arch my neck and lord the crowd;

Or, one will his voice's rise and fall,  
Spung at my taper's ringing call.

Soon from the smothering seas we pass,  
The white road margins torn of grass,

And I guess his wish, foreknowing it will,  
Fetlock-deep in the meadow swell

To plunge and race together away  
Where the hills shall treble my bugled  
neigh.

Galloping, galloping, bridle-free,  
Oh, to throw my forelimbs higher each mi-  
nute.

To bite the earth with my hoofs, to spin it,  
A ball, behind me, lugging, smiting.

Battling the rhythmic, pulse-delighting  
Song of the Four Hoofs out in glee.

Enough! cries the rider. Enough the rein.  
But my old wild passion is loose again.

This looms on my lips in swirls of wine,  
Lightning forks through these veins of mine.

And my head shall toss and my mouth shall  
chafe.

Eye the drawn rein checks me, steady and  
soft.

Yet must I needs obey  
My governor, my God,

Onimpotent in his nod,  
He hath taken me from mine own and made  
me walk his wiser way.

So rounds our path to the mansion gate,  
Where I see my gentle lady wait.

She will know what game we played,  
By my shining harness, my pointed ear.

My breast of knotted power,  
And will measure the leagues we made;

And when she comes at my head so near,  
Calling me softly, "O Cloee, Star White,"

And offers me delicate morsels, fower  
of golden grain or leaf to bite,

On her spreading palm for tokens,—  
Let the house dog plead with appealing paws,  
Let the goldfinch trill through his cage's  
grate.

I only stand and look  
And quiver with love unspoken.

Now I have gulliped him to her,  
The parting they defer.

It's a sloping path at wax of day  
He leads me away.

To the pasture brook,  
Wherein I mark through the light that dim  
My long drooped head, my rush-brown limbs.

Livens with spore contained,  
And never a spore fringed.

Saddle and harness and bit that slung  
To the brepet string.

Naked I fall to my foot of green.  
Am ye at your tables so meth-ild and  
supple and grave and clean?

WILLIAM A. LEAHY.

Figures About Steel

IMPORTATIONS of iron and steel into the United States in the fiscal year 1903 are larger than in any preceding year since 1891, and with that single exception are larger than at any time within the past twenty years.

Only seven earlier years in the history of the country have the importations of iron and steel been as large as those of the fiscal year just ended. The total value of iron and steel imported in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903, is \$51,617,231, against \$27,140,247 in 1902, \$17,874,793 in 1901, and \$12,100,440 in 1900. Running back through the import records from 1860 down to 1902, the only years in which the value of iron and steel imports exceeded those of 1903 are 1872, when the total was \$35,500,109; 1873, \$39,308,421; 1880, \$32,714,008; 1881, \$30,003,477; 1882, \$27,070,607; 1883, \$28,435,048; and 1901, \$25,544,373. These large importations of iron and steel have occurred, it will be seen, in periods of exceptional business activity, but as no former occasion have such large importations been made in the face of so great home productions of iron and steel, it 1903, when the importations were two million dollars greater than in the year just ended, the total home production of pig iron was one and a half million tons, while that of 1902 was over seventeen million tons, or double that of 1901. In the period from 1880 to 1903, when the importations of iron and steel were larger than those of 1903, pig-iron production averaged only about four million tons per annum, or less than one-fourth the annual production of the present times; and in 1872 and 1873, when the importations slightly exceeded those of 1903, the pig-iron production averaged only two and a half million tons annually, against seventeen millions at the present time.

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# THE IRON KHIVA

HAMLIN-GARLAND

**F**OR countless generations a gruff brown people had dwelt high on the top of a mesa—far in the desert. Their houses rose like native forms of sandstone ledges on the crest of the rocky hills—seemed indeed a part of the cliffs themselves.

To join the old women climbing the steep path laden with water-bottles of goatskin, to mingle with the girls chattering on the roofs was to forget modern America. A sensitive nature facing such scenes abhorred of Egypt before the Anglo-Saxon glider-trotter had vulgarized it, plantation. Therefore, while the great Mississippi Valley was being exterminated these simple folk lived apart.

They were on the maps of Arizona, but of this they had no knowledge and no care. Some of them were not even curious to know the white man who coveted the mysterious land beyond the mesas, deeply resenting the prying curiosity and the noisy intrusion of the occasional cowboy who rode across the desert to see some of their solemn rites with amulets and crabs.

The white men grew in power just beyond the horizon line, but they asked no favors of him. They planted their corn in the sand where the floods ran; they guarded their hardy melons, and gathered my people—chanting devout prayers and year as contentedly on to the dories that preside over the clouds and the fruitful north, which an officious government built for them, nor for the little white man.

They were a gentle folk,—small and round nosed brown of flesh, right habitually took their babies to their arms—and it was curious for copper—their curving infants on their knees, waiting turned all preoccupied notions of desert durezza.

They had their own governors, their sages, their physicians, joy and sorrow that visit other human beings in greater lands, down they looked down upon the sapphire mist which covered it tall, curling like herks.

Troc, pretensions except over them from time to time—and for some devotional remission on their part and rebuked their superior to that of their neighbors, the Time; and their tradition pleased—they put a ward of fervent thoughts into their songs that "the men of iron" name no more.

But this new white man—this horseman who wore a wide hat—of song, and the worship of a new kind of deity—this restless head, declares American came in larger numbers year by year, right.

Ultimately he built an Iron Khiva near the foot of the trail, and view this house—and bring their children, and leave them to learn the white man's ways.

"We do not care to learn the white man's way," replied the

head men of the village. "We have our own ways, which are suited to us and to our desert, ways we have come to love. We are afraid to change. Always we have lived in this manner on this same rock, in the midst of this sand. Always we have worn this fashion of garments—we did not ask you to come—we do not ask you to stay nor to teach our children. We are glad to welcome you as visitors—we do not want you as our masters."

"We have come to teach you a new religion," said the missionary.

"We do not need a new religion. Why should we change? Our religion is good. We understand it. Our fathers gave it to us. Yours is well for you—we do not ask you to change to ours. We are willing you should go your way—why do you insist on our accepting yours?"

Then the houses of the men in black coats grew very stern, and they said:

"If you do not do as we say and send your children to our Iron House to learn our religion, we will bring bluecoated warriors here and make you do so!"

Then the little house people retreated to their rock and said: "The Iron men of the olden time have come again in a new guise—the rocks, they prayed and sang that this curse might pass by and leave them in peace once more."

Nevertheless, there were stout hearts among them, men who said: "Let us die in defence of our homes! If we depart from the ways we despise us."

These bold ones pushed deep into the inner rooms of their khivas, and uncovered broken spears, and war-clubs long unused—the old men sang songs mourning their arrows, while the ground—and children raising their laughter creep about in coveys like sword grass—drinking, they knew not what.

Then the white men withdrew, and for a time the Pueblos rejoiced. The peaceful life of their forefathers came back upon them. The men again rode singing to the purple plain at midday, the old women grumbling and muttering together went down to the spring for water. The dirt potters resumed their art—the girls, the sound of the grinding of corn was heard in every dwelling. But there were those who had been away across the plain and still did know when these disturbing invaders came—they were again! They are like the snows of winter, better and out to be turned aside with words."

## II

One day they came again—these fierce, impossible white men—preceded by warriors in line, who rode big horses—horses ten times as large as a burro, and they were all a grin like wildcats, and they camped near the Iron Khiva, and the war-chief sat word then.

All right it was agreed that six old men should go down—old men and old women will never fight. They were to be for long. They carry on into the East to torture our time," they said. "If our old women will never fight, they will not be for long."

So while all the villagers sat on their homesteads to watch in silence and dread, the aged ones wrinkled, gray, and half-blind, they went and way down toward the peace grove in which the



white lodges of the warriors gathered, with mauling axes led by the chief priest of the Antelope Clan. The high priest stood in silence before the war-chief of the lodges who came to meet them. Speaking through a Tinia interpreter, he said:

"The Great Father, our chief, has come to tell you this. You must do as this man says," and he pointed to the man in black. "He is now your chief. He has come to gather your children into that Iron House and teach them the white man's ways. If you don't—if you make war—then I will go against you with my warriors and my guns that go boom, boom, boom a hundred times, and I will destroy you. These are the commands of my chief."

When the old man opened with this direful message, despair seized upon the people. "Evil times are again upon us," they cried. "Surely these are the iron men more terrible than before."

They debated voluminously all night long, and at last decided to fight—but in the early morning a terrible noise was heard below on the plain, and when they ran to behold the warriors in blue were rushing to and fro on their horses, shouting, firing off their appalling weapons. It was plain they were doing a war-dance out of weakness and strength, and so terrible did they seem that the hearts of the small people became as wax. "We can do nothing against such men, they are demons, they hold the thunder in the palms of their hands. Let us submit, perhaps they will grow weary of the hunt and send and go home again, and they will lead for their wives and children and leave us. We will wait."

Others said: "Let us send our children—what will it matter? We can watch over them, they will be near us, and we can see that they do not forget our teachings. Our religion will not vanish out of their minds."

So the old man went again to the war-chief, and, with bowed head and trembling voice, said: "We yield. You are mighty in war, and we are poor and weak. Our children shall go to the Iron House."

Thus the war-chief gave them his hand and smiled, and said: "I do not make war with pleasure. I am glad you have submitted to the commands of my great chief. Live in peace!"

III

For two years the children went almost daily to the Iron House, and they came to love some of those who taught them—a white woman with a gentle smile, and the man in the black coat who told the children that the religion of their fathers was wicked and foolish—him they hated and bitterly despised. He was unmerciful and fearful of noise. He shouted so loud the children were aghast—they had no breath to make reply when he addressed them.

But to even this creature they became accustomed, and the life of the village was not greatly disturbed. True, the children began to speak in a strange tongue and fell into foolish ways which did little harm—they were, in fact, amusing, and, besides, when the outbreaks came by and wished to buy beads and blankets, these skilled children could speak their barbarous tongue—and once young Kigeli took his son who had mastered this hissing language, and went afar to trade, and brought back many things of value. He had been to the house of the Little Father, and the fort.

In short, the Pawlitan were getting reconciled to the Iron House and the white people, and several years went by so peacefully, with so little change in their life and thought, that not the most far-seeing eye might the children cease to have in a passionate and storming with excitement.

A stranger had arrived at the Iron House, accompanied by a tall old man who claimed authority over them—the man who lived in the big white man's house—and they had said to the teacher we want six children to take away with us into the East.

This was incredible to the people of the chief, and they murmured. "You were mistaken, you did not understand. They would not come to tear our children from our arms."

But the little ones were whispering with fear and would not go back to the plain.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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September, 1903

LEO XIII, HIS WORK AND INFLUENCE

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They moaned and wept all night—and at sunrise the old men went down to the Iron House, and said:

"Our little ones came home last night, crying. They said you had threatened to carry them away into the East; what does this mean?"

Then the strange men said:—This is true. We want six of your children to take away to school. We will not hurt them. They will live in a big house, they will have warm clothing, they will want for nothing. We are your friends. We want to teach your children the ways of the white man.

Passionately the grandmothers responded:—We do not want to hear of these things. Our children are happy here, their hearts will break if you take them away. We will not submit to this. We will fight and die together.

Then the old white man who had been speaking became furious. His voice was sharp and fierce.

"If you don't give up the children I will take them. You are all fools—your religion is wicked, and you are not fit to teach your children. My religion, my God, is the only God that is true and righteous, and I will take your children in order that you may be taught the true path and become as white men."

Then the old men withdrew hurriedly, their lips set in a grim line. Their return, their report, from every heart. It was true therefore these merciless men of the East were planning to carry their children into captivity. Briefly the word passed, the goats were driven into their corrals, the water bags were filled, the storehouses were replenished. "We will not go down to the plain; our children shall go no more to the Iron House. If they take them, we will be when all our warriors are dead."

So it was that when the agent and the mission aries climbed the mesa, path they came upon a barricade of rocks, and men with bows and war arrows—standing guard. They made little talk—they merely said, "Go your ways, white men, and leave us alone. Go look to your own sons and daughters, and we will take care of ours, the world is wide to the East, go back to it."

The agent said: "If you do not send your children down to school I will call my warriors, and I will kill every man with a war-club in his hand."

To this young Koy-eh, the war-chief, said: "We will die in defence of our home and our children. We were willing that our children should go down to the Iron House—till now—now when you threaten to steal them and carry them afar into captivity where we can never see them again, we resist. We will fight! Of what value is life without our children? Your great war-club will not ask this hard thing of us. If he does then he has our answer."

Then with dark faces the white men went away and sent a messenger across the desert, and three days later the sentinel of the highest rock saw the bluecoat warriors coming again. Raising

a wild song the war-song of the clan, the cliff people hastily renewed their defenses. They piled great rocks from the ledges, and set them where they could be toppled on the heads of the invaders. They built the barricades higher. They burnished their arrows and ground their specks. Every man and boy stood ready to fight and die in defence of their right to life, and liberty, and their rocky home.

IV

But now, again, the timid prevailed, they said: "See this tall, white man, his weapons are most marvelous. He can strike where he is, in safety, and send his missiles against our unprotected babies. He is too great. Let us make our peace with him."

No at last, for a third time, the elders went down to talk with the conquerors, and said: "What can we do to make our peace with you?"

Then the tall, old man said: "If you will give us two of your brightest sons to go away into the East we will ask no more, but your other children must return to the Iron House each day as before."

The elders with drew, and the news flew about the pueblo, and every mother looked at her handsome son in angry terror, and the men assembled in furious debate. The party ended out with great bitterness of clamor.

"Let us fight and die! We are tired of being chased like wolves." But at last up rose old Horro, and said: "I have a son— you know him. He is a good son, and he has quick feet and a ready tongue. He is not a lawyer. He is beloved of his teachers. Now, in order that we may be left in peace, I will give my son."

His short and passionate speech was received with expressions of astonishment as well as approval, for the old youth— and Horro a proud father— "What will the mother say?" thought all the men who sat in the council.

The gray old Apache chief priest and sage, rose slowly, and said: "I have no son— I have no son— I have no son!"

But him I will dedicate, though he is a part of my heart. Because if the white man rages against us he will slaughter everybody."

White yet they were in discussion some listening but kept away and scattered the word among the women and children. "Lelo and Sakoni are to be found and sent among the white men." There was weeping in the houses as though a plague had smitten them again—and the mothers of the boys made passionate protestations against the sacrifice of their sons—all in no purpose. The war-chief came to tell them to make ready. "In the morning we must take the boys to their captors."

But when the morning came they could not be found in their accustomed places, they had fled upon the desert to the west. Then, while the best trackers searched for their footprints, the fathers of the tribe went down and told the white chief. He said: "I do not believe it, it is your deceiving me."

"Come and see," said Horro, and led the way round the mesa



"Go back to the white natives who sent you"

to the point where the trailers were slowly tracing the course of the fugitives.

"They are running," said young Klee. "They are badly scared."

"Perhaps they go to Oriskany," said one of the priests.

"We have sent runners to all the villages. No, they are heading for the great desert."

They followed them out beyond all hope of water—out into the desolate sand—where the sun flamed like a flood of fire and only the sparse shrubs and grasses—and at last, sharp eyes detected two dark flecks on the side of a dome of yellow sand.

"There they are!" cried Klee, the trailer. The stern, old white man spurred his horse—the soldier chief did the same—but Klee outran them all. He tripped the sand dune at a swift trot, but there halted and stood immovably gazing seaward.

At last he came slowly down the slope and, meeting the white man, the agent, and the soldier, he said, with a smile, accusing face, and with bitter scorn:

"There they are; go get them; my work is done!"

With wonder in their looks the pursuers rode to the top of the hill and stood for a moment looking; then the lean hand of old Horro lifted and pointed to a little hollow.

"There they lie—exhausted!"

But Klee turned and said, "They are not sleeping—they are dead! I feel it."

With a sudden hoarse cry the father plunged down the hill, and fell above the body of his son.

When the white man came to him they perceived that the bodies of the boys lay in the dark stains of their own blood as in a basket. They were dead, slain by their own hands.

The old Horro rose and said, "White man, this is your work. Go back to your home. Is not your throat slaked? Delish up the blood of my son and go back to the white soldiers who sent you. Leave us with our dead!"

In silence, with faces ashen and heads hanging, the war-chief and stern, old white man rode back to their camp, leaving the heroic father and grandeur alone in the desert.

That night the great mesa was a hill of woe, a place of lamentation. Horro and Supla were like men stricken by a sudden blow. The old grandeur wept till his cry became a wail, but Horro, as the greatness of his loss came to him, grew violent.

Mounting his horse he rode fiercely up and down the steeps. "Now, will you fight, coward, praise dogs? Send word to all the villages—annihilate our warriors—no more talk now, let us battle!"

But when the morning came, behind the tents of the white soldiers were taken down, and when the elders went forth to parley, the soldier-chief said:

"You need not send your children away. If they come down here to the Iron House that is enough. I am a just man; I will not fight you to take your children away. I go to see the Great Father, and to plead against this man and his ways."

"And so our sons died not in vain," said Supla to Horro, as they met on the mesa top.

"Aye, but they are dead!" said Horro, fiercely. "The going of the white man will not bring them back."

And the stricken mothers sat with haggard faces and unseeing eyes, they lack no comfort in the knowledge that the hapless white man had fled with the bluecoated warriors.

## The Sugar We Use

More than five billion pounds of sugar, valued at over 100 million dollars, were brought into the United States in the fiscal year just ended. This is a larger importation of sugar than in any preceding year in the history of the country. The total number of pounds of sugar brought into America during the year was, as shown by the records of the Department of Commerce and Labor, 5,287,077,004, while in no earlier year in the history of the country has the importation of sugar ever reached five billion pounds.

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year was that of 1907, when the total was 4,919,906,733 pounds. Adding to the existing importation of 1903, 600 million pounds as the domestic production, would give a total sugar supply of 5,517 million pounds for the year, or sufficient to furnish an average of seventy-two pounds for each individual in the United States, estimating the present population at eighty million.

The record of sugar importations for the year differs materially in certain respects from that of earlier years. The total importation of beet sugar during the year was only 87 million pounds, against 255 million in the fiscal year 1902, and 203 million in the fiscal year 1901. Cane sugar, of course, composed the remainder, and the cane-sugar importations of the fiscal year, exclusive of that brought from Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands, amounted to 497 million pounds, against 205 million in the fiscal year 1902, and 290 million in 1901. From Porto Rico the total sugar brought into the United States amounted to 226,142,500 pounds, valued at \$7,406,579, and from the Hawaiian Islands 774,823,420 pounds, valued at \$25,310,654. Thus the total quantity of sugar supplied by Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands amounted to one billion pounds, or about one-fifth of the total brought into the country, its value being nearly thirty-three million dollars.—It would seem that, as a nation, we are fast of sweetmeats.

## Experiments with a War Balloon



A new type of war balloon has lately been experimented with by the military branch of the Spanish army. The photograph reproduced above shows the balloon at the beginning of its ascent on its first trial.

## About our Foreign Commerce

Our foreign commerce of the United States in the fiscal year just ended is, according to official reports, larger than in any preceding year in its history. The total of imports and exports, as shown by the Department of Commerce through its Bureau of Statistics, is, for the year 1903, \$2,445,810,417, against \$2,319,937,156 in the year prior to 1903. The total of imports is larger than in any preceding year, and the total of exports exceeds that of any preceding year save 1901. The imports here for the first time crossed the million-dollar line, the record being \$1,023,819,127; while the exports for the second time crossed the 1400-million line, with a total of \$1,419,591,290, or practically 1429 millions. The single year in which the value of exports exceeded those of 1903 was the fiscal year 1901, when the total was \$1,457,704,901. The imports of 1903 exceeded those of 1903 by about 109 million dollars; the exports, therefore, have increased 18.4 per cent. during the decade, and the exports by 67.5 per cent. during the same period. Comparing the figures of 1903 with those of several periods of earlier dates, it may be said that the imports of 1903 were 203 millions; those for 1893, 213 millions; for

1873, 522 millions; for 1883, 325 millions; for 1893, 306 millions, and for 1903, 182½ millions. The exports of 1893 were 203 millions; those for 1903, 204 millions; for 1873, 522 millions; for 1883, 825 millions; for 1893, 847 millions; those for 1903 were within a fraction of 1420 millions.

The imports of 1903, therefore, are less than four times those of 1853, while the exports for 1903 are practically seven times those of 1853.

**Mr. Edison's Ideas on Radium**

THOMAS A. EDISON has evolved and announced a theory which he believes solves the problem that has been puzzling scientists ever since the discovery made by Madame Curie of the peculiar properties of radium and the kindred substances uranium and thorium. The phenomenon presented by these substances, as is generally known, is their apparent property of giving off actinic rays of peculiar chemical properties, somewhat similar to the Roentgen rays, without any apparent loss of energy or bulk, based on these observed phenomena several new theories of matter have been put forward, all of which accept as a fact the apparent origin of the energy within the substances themselves.

Mr. Edison's theory eliminates this contradiction of accepted natural laws, and indicates the possibility that the energy radiated by radium is merely reflected, as it were, from some unknown source.

**Undiscovered Light**

"I have made extensive experiments with the Roentgen ray and with radium," said Mr. Edison in a representative issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, "and have come to the conclusion that these new substances are not the sources of energy, but are rendered fluorescent by the action of some hitherto undetected ether vibration or ray. Just as the Roentgen ray and the Hertzian wave remain undiminished for centuries after the phenomena of sound, light, and heat were well understood, so it is not only possible but extremely probable that there are other rays in the immense gamut from sound to ultra-violet which we have not yet discovered. In my own experiments I have found that the ordinary electric arc when raised to an extremely high temperature gives off a ray which renders opaque of lithium highly fluorescent. In the same way the Roentgen ray renders platinum barium-cyanide, tungstate of calcium, and cupropotassium of potassium highly fluorescent—that is, the X ray sets up in these substances a condition of activity which results in the emission from them of actinic rays and a small amount of heat.

**A New Kind of Vibration**

"My theory of radio-activity is that the rays which the new elements emit are set up in the same way, the substances being rendered fluorescent by some form of ether vibration which is undoubtedly all-pervading but has not yet been isolated or measured, and which may have some extra-planetary origin. To accept any other theory is to declare one's self in perpetual motion, in seeking something for nothing.

"It is not at all strange that only two or three substances have yet been found which exhibit this phenomenon, as there are only three substances known which are rendered fluorescent by the Roentgen ray. It is a peculiar coincidence, moreover, that the only one of the known fluorescent substances that is ever found in its natural state, tungstate of calcium, is always more or less closely associated with pitchblende, which all the radium as far made has been extracted.

"I believe this theory is capable of proof, but I shall be content to let some other prove it. I am through for all time with experiments in radio-activity. Two of my assistants have been named for life by their close association with the Roentgen rays, and I myself have one eye badly out of focus and am suffering from severe stomach disturbances from the same cause. The new dark room laboratory which I have just completed for such experiments will remain unused or be converted to some other use."

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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## COMMENT

THE Nebraska Republicans, who met in State convention at Lincoln on August 18, not only endorsed the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1904, but also put forward Mr. John L. Webster as their candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Webster is one of the leading citizens of Omaha, and for years has had a large practice at the Nebraska bar, but outside of the State he is only known as an unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate. No doubt the example of Nebraska will be followed in other States, and we shall witness the competition of many "favorite sons" for the Vice-Presidential nomination on the Republican ticket. The platform adopted at Lincoln deserves notice for several reasons. In the first place, it reveals no trace of the Iowa idea, but proclaims adherence to the protective policy of the Republican party. Moreover, although Nebraska, being an inland State, would not be presumed to take much interest in the subject, it demands Federal legislation for the purpose of securing American-built, American-owned, and American-manned ships in which to carry American products to all the world. Especially emphatic was the reason given for endorsing Mr. Roosevelt. He deserves endorsement, we are told, because he has "carried into full and complete execution in a masterly way" Mr. McKinley's "magnificent policy."

Has this generous phrase any meaning, and if so, what? The principal features of Mr. McKinley's policy are well known, or should be. As the last speech that he delivered shows, he was firmly resolved to carry out the policy of reciprocity contemplated by certain clauses of the Dingley Act, and commercial treaties to that end had been negotiated during his administration, but had not been confirmed by the Senate. They remain unconfirmed in this day; nor is Mr. Roosevelt known to have made the slightest effort to bring about reciprocity with any foreign country except Cuba. Another characteristic feature of Mr. McKinley's policy was his determination to avoid war if possible. It is well known that for nearly a year after he entered the White House the prospect of intervention on our part between Spain and Cuba was less promising than it had been toward the close of the Cleveland administration. No close observer of the events that took place between March 4, 1897, and April 18, 1898, can doubt that Mr. McKinley was driven into hostilities much against his will by the destruction of the

Maine, and, even after that catastrophe, his closest friend, Senator Hanna, declared in Wall Street that there would be no war. Neither was Mr. McKinley one of those statesmen who regard the maxim "in time of peace prepare for war" as applicable to the United States. He, on the contrary, like Thomas Jefferson, was inclined to think that active and incessant preparation for war is apt to beget a bellicose temper. How can anybody pretend that in this respect Mr. Roosevelt has carried out his predecessor's "magnificent policy"? Concerning the expediency of putting the country in a condition to fight, and of going about with a chip on the shoulder, Mr. Roosevelt may be right or he may be wrong, but he certainly is not following in McKinley's footsteps.

That in another particular Mr. Roosevelt has departed widely from the policy of his predecessor is the almost unanimous opinion of white citizens in the Southern States. From the day when he entered the White House until the hour of his death, Mr. McKinley strove earnestly and skillfully to allay race enmity and sectional discord. He was successful to a remarkable extent. No Republican President or Republican statesman had ever come so near to gaining the confidence and good-will of the Southern whites. It is needless to point out the difference in the situation to-day. It is doubtful whether any Republican, with the possible exception of Theodore Roosevelt, has ever been more disliked in the Southern States than is Theodore Roosevelt. We do not for a moment suppose that the President deliberately set himself to revive race hatred and sectional dissension; we believe him to have stumbled into the nets which have caused this unfortunate result, through inadvertence, or a certain "freshness," or inability to read correctly the signs of the times. He failed, at all events, to recognize with sufficient promptitude what his Secretary of War at once detected,—the fact, namely, that of recent years public opinion in the Northern States themselves has been undergoing a profound change touching the wisdom and expediency of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments and of the whole policy built thereon. Thus we see that Mr. McKinley's "magnificent policy" there was not a single prominent feature that is conspicuously distinguishable in the Roosevelt administration. One thing, indeed, he has been careful to do, and we suspect that it is in this which has aroused Nebraska Republicans to enthusiastic admiration,—he has kept just as many of his predecessor's appointees in office as possible. Only when crime has been brought home to them has he withdrawn from them his support.

Whether Mr. Roosevelt has or has not carried out his predecessor's "magnificent policy," we repeat, what we have often said during the last year, that he has no formidable rival for the Republican nomination. If the national convention were to be held next month he would unquestionably be made the Republican nominee. Whether his prospect of a nomination will be materially clouded during the next nine months depends mainly upon himself. His enemies inside or outside the party are relatively powerless to injure him. Assuredly this may be said of Mr. Louis F. Parn, whom Mr. Roosevelt, when Governor of New York, declined to reappoint Insurance Commissioner. Evidently the wish is father to the thought when Mr. Parn says of the President that he is now one of the most unpopular men in the State of New York, and that if he had to go before the people to-morrow, he would be defeated in the State by at least one hundred thousand. Mr. Parn, who has lately been on his travels, alleges also that if Mr. Roosevelt has any strength in the Middle West, he (Parn) failed to find it. Our belief that Mr. Roosevelt

will prove far from strong in his native State is not based on Mr. Payne's prediction, but on the indisputable fact that in November, 1898, he was chosen Governor by less than 18,000 plurality, although Mr. McKinley, two years before, had carried the State by upwards of 268,000.

Neither do we think that Mr. Roosevelt will be irremediably discredited because, at Lockport, New York, on August 19, ex-Governor David B. Hill chose to describe him as a victim of megalomania. It is true that the ex-Governor coined a new word—*egomania*—for the malady imputed to Mr. Roosevelt, but his description of it is indistinguishable from the symptoms of megalomania, which are well known and unmistakable. Nobody will believe Mr. Roosevelt to be suffering from that exalted and incurable disease on the strength of a slur uttered by a political opponent. We must have proofs more relevant than this, and only Mr. Roosevelt himself can furnish them. It will be for him to show by his own acts and words, or by a sagacious abstention from utterance or action, that he is calumniated when he is assailed among those whom Mr. Hill denigrates as "spectacularists." According to the coinage of this epithet, those who deserve it assert the staid kind of self-evident propositions, which have become moss-covered from age, with all the emphasis pertaining to oracles. Mr. Hill went on to say of "spectacularists" that, with superficial acquirements, they snatch at every opportunity to air their shallow learning, and resemble the man described in Proverbs as "wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason." We seem to detect a sting at the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission in the assertion that "spectacularists" "meddle with everything, whether within or without their official jurisdiction." This must seem to Mr. Roosevelt the most unkindest out of all, coming as it does from the man who caused a New York State convention to demand that the Federal government should take possession of the anthracite-coal regions of Pennsylvania by virtue of a so-called right of eminent domain. Mr. Hill seems to have seen a great light on this subject recently, for he now says that the fixing of the prices of products, the number of hours which a man shall labor, and the compensation which he shall receive are "largely matters to be regulated by private contract rather than by law."

Before leaving for England, where he is to serve as one of the commissioners who will determine the Alaska boundary, Mr. Elihu Root confirmed the report that he would resign the post of Secretary of War during the coming winter. His approaching departure from the cabinet has naturally caused some gossip regarding his political plans. It is reported that President Roosevelt would like Mr. Root to accept the Republican nomination for the Governorship of New York next year. Nobody knows better than Mr. Root that Mr. Roosevelt does not have it in his power to tender the nomination for that office. Nobody can secure it against the will of Mr. Thomas C. Platt, and it is well known that the Senator, who had long encountered Mr. Root's opposition in local politics, viewed with disapproval the latter's appointment to the War Department. We do not believe that Mr. Root would accept a nomination for the Governorship of New York if Mr. Platt would concede it to him. He would scarcely look upon it as promotion, if it be true that he could have had the nomination for the Vice-Presidency in 1900. At a banquet given the other day in Washington by the new general staff of the army in honor of the Secretary of War, it was asserted by Postmaster-General Payne that the Vice-Presidency was offered in 1900 to Secretary Root by President McKinley. Mr. Payne proceeded to read a letter, written at the time by Mr. Root to the chairman of the Republican national convention, setting forth his reasons for declining the honor. We find it hard to believe that a man so sagacious as was President McKinley would have gone out of his way to offend by forcing upon them as unwelcome friends in the convention, as the course pursued with reference to Mr. Roosevelt showed, no man could have been nominated for the Vice-Presidency against the will of Mr. Platt and of the formidable combination which he had organized.

A curious blunder, on the part of an eminent lawyer, was made by Mr. Root on the eve of his departure for Europe.

Asked what he had to say about the suggestion that he should be nominated in 1904 for Vice-President on the Roosevelt ticket, he replied that the Federal Constitution forbids the taking of both President and Vice-President from the same State. The Constitution does nothing of the kind; nor did it before the third section of the second article was superseded by the Twelfth Amendment. The third section of the second article, by which the election of a President and a Vice-President was originally governed, provided that "the electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for two persons, of which one, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves." That provision would, of course, have prevented each of the Presidential electors of New York in 1800 from voting for both George Clinton and Aaron Burr. But one New York elector might have voted for Burr and Jefferson, and another for Clinton and Jefferson; and every one of the Presidential electors in all the other States might have voted for Clinton and Burr, in which event both the President and Vice-President would have been New-Yorkers, the choice between them being determined by the question whether a larger number of the New York electors gave each one vote to Clinton or to Burr. Of course, if Burr and Clinton had received the same number of votes, the election would have gone to the House of Representatives. After the failure of the electoral college to choose a President in 1800, the Twelfth Amendment of the Federal Constitution was adopted, whereby the third section of the second article was superseded, and it was provided that "the electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves." It is obvious that this provision would simply prevent the Presidential electors of New York from voting for both Roosevelt and Root. It would not stop the Presidential electors in any other State from doing so. Of course, however, constitutional law is one thing, and expediency another. It is most improbable that any political party would wantonly provoke widespread sectional hostility by taking its candidates for both the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency from the same State. Mr. Root was, therefore, quite right in opining that he and Mr. Roosevelt would never be nominated on the same ticket, but it is odd that a lawyer who had more than any other man to do with framing the existing State Constitution of New York should make a mistake with reference to the Federal organic law.

There has been of late a good deal of talk about the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. It is now believed that National Democratic Committeeman James S. Onffey has made up his mind to give the Pennsylvania delegation in the Democratic national convention to Senator Gorman. The belief is founded on the fact that in Potterville on August 18 he persuaded the Schuylkill County convention to reconsider its intention of putting forward Judge George Gray of Delaware, although the delegates were unanimously in favor of that course. Colonel Henry Watterson, who has been spending his summer vacation in the city of New York, has expressed the opinion that the contest for the nomination will be among Gorman, Parker, and Gray. He does not like Mr. Cleveland, and believes that the ex-President is not seriously advocated. He says that talk of a fourth nomination and a third election is too wild to be considered by sensible people, and will not be considered by any nominating convention. That remains to be seen. Mr. Cleveland has made a good many new precedents in his time. For one thing, he has taken possession of the White House—a thing no other Democrat has been able to do since the civil war. Ex-Senator James Smith, Jr., the Democratic leader of New Jersey, is commonly looked upon as a pretty shrewd man, and, when he was in the Senate, used to be a warm friend of Senator Gorman's. He now says in a published letter to Hon. Henry Staff Little, of Trenton, that Mr. Cleveland "is the only man they [the Democrats] can elect at this time." No well-informed man has ever doubted that Mr. Cleveland can have the New Jersey delegation to the next Democratic national convention, if he desires or will accept it.

In the same letter Senator Smith mentioned that he had conferred with Mr. Charles F. Murphy, and a number of other New York Democrats, all of whom agreed with him that the

only thing for the Democracy to do was to nominate Mr. Cleveland. The Senator added that he was sure New York State would be in line for the ex-President at the convention, and so would all the Eastern and Middle States. Whether Mr. Bryan and his friends could or could not beat Mr. Cleveland through the application of the two-thirds rule, the Senator did not venture to predict. Mr. Charles F. Murphy has since explained that he did not say in so many words that he favored Mr. Cleveland, or that Tammany Hall was committed to the ex-President. This was a prudent disclaimer. The avowed support of Tammany Hall would do Mr. Cleveland no good. It was against its vehement opposition that he secured the nomination for the Presidency in 1894 and 1892. There are wisecracks who insinuate a doubt of Senator Smith's sincerity, and who suspect the real purpose of those who are pushing Mr. Cleveland to the front is to shield from the fire of factional antagonisms the candidacy of Gorman, Parker, and Olney. It is barely possible that some of Mr. Cleveland's boozers may have such an end in view. We would not advise them, however, to put much reliance on such tactics. The plan was tried in 1891; but, when the false friends of Mr. Cleveland thought the time had come to push him aside and disclose their real candidate, the people would not let him go. The ex-President is set of the stuff whereof a stalking-horse is made. If he goes to the front, he is likely to stay there, as some of the over-statured politicians found out in 1892. In that year Mr. David B. Hill had the New York delegation—he had taken the precaution to secure it at an exceptionally early date—but Mr. Cleveland had the national convention. We advise those who do not seriously want Mr. Cleveland not to loom him. As for the supposed opposition to a third term, we do not believe that there exists in the popular mind the faintest objection to three terms, provided they are not consecutive. We have always thought that, if General Grant had been nominated in 1880, he would have been elected over any man that the Democrats could have put up that year except Samuel J. Tilden. We add that, between the hour at which we write and the assembling of their national convention, avowed Democrats are likely to bethink themselves of the old adage: Find out what your opponents don't want you to do, and do it. Nobody who keeps his eyes and ears open can fail to have observed that the one Democrat whom Republican politicians, including President Roosevelt himself, are afraid of is Grover Cleveland.

It is certain that Mr. Roosevelt can command the labor-unionist vote in 1904. If not, it is obvious that he will be a much less available candidate for the Republicans than hitherto he has been assumed to be. Until very recently the question would have been answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative. But there has been a change in the situation. It is reported, indeed, that even now Mr. Mitchell will say in his forthcoming book on "Unionism in the United States," that Mr. Roosevelt placed labor-unions under profound obligations by his appointment of the Anthracite Coal-Striker Commission, because he thereby established a precedent of which organized labor may one day have urgent need. Mr. Mitchell, however, has more capacity for gratitude and foresight than have most of the walking delegates. Other unionist leaders are apt to forget favors received if a subsequent demand, however unreasonable, is rejected. In Chicago, on August 10, members of the Engineers' Union announced upon learning the President's intention to see that non-unionists should not be discriminated against in government departments, that a national movement would be started to defeat him for re-nomination and for election should the fight in the nominating convention prove unsuccessful. Mr. Neil C. McCallum, business agent of the local engineers' organization, proposes to start the movement in Illinois, and predicts that the rule laid down by Mr. Roosevelt will defeat him in the next Presidential campaign. We should see the irony of destiny exemplified if one of the President's most creditable acts should undo all that he has striven to accomplish by his unconstitutional intervention in the anthracite coal strike, and by his headlong warfare against corporations.

Not only was Mr. Roosevelt justified in reinstating the assistant foreman in the bookbinding of the Government Printing Office, who had been dismissed in compliance with the demand of a trades-union, but it is hard to see how he could

have escaped impeachment if he had failed to perform his sworn duty in the premises. Under the Constitution of the United States, every citizen possesses equal rights, and the United States Supreme Court has held that among these rights is that of eligibility to public office or to government employment. If a government employe must be dismissed at the behest of a labor-union, it is obvious that the Constitution has been supplanted by the resolution of bodies unknown to the Federal organic law, or to the statutes enacted under it, and that an *imperium in imperio* has been already installed. Not only has Mr. Roosevelt done his duty in the matter of the government employe, Miller, but he has directed other departments of the Federal government to ascertain whether attempts have been made by labor-unions to exercise any control over government employes. The responsive reports made by the Secretary of War and the acting Secretary of the Navy show that in several instances labor organizations have endeavored to dictate to government officials. It is high time that labor-unionists who were unduly cleft by Mr. Roosevelt's intervention in the anthracite coal strike should be made to understand that there are limits beyond which a President cannot and dare not go. He is bound to enforce the Constitution and the laws, among which is a statute making it a punishable offence to entice workmen from any arsenal or armory. Another Federal statute provides for the punishment of any workman who obstinately refuses to perform the work allotted to him. This law is obviously applicable to any labor-unionist who refuses to work side by side with a non-unionist. There are some of the statutes that Mr. Roosevelt has sworn to enforce.

The announcement of Mr. Roosevelt's resolve to perform his duty by declining to discriminate against non-unionists in government employment is not the only violent blow which labor-unionists have recently experienced. An opinion which, from their point of view, is highly offensive, was handed down on August 17 in the United States Circuit Court by Judge Rogers of Arkansas in the labor-injunction case of *Royer et al. vs. the Western Union Telegraph Company*. The plaintiffs in this case allege that they had been discharged from the service of the Western Union Company solely because they were members in a St. Louis lodge of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America; that a conspiracy existed between the St. Louis officials of the Western Union Company to discharge all members of the aforesaid union and to break it up; that, finally, the Western Union maintained a so-called blacklist on which have been placed the names of the members discharged, and that this list has been furnished to other employes, with the result that the black-listed persons have been prevented from obtaining other employment. The United States Circuit Court, sitting as a court of equity, was requested to prevent the Western Union Company from discharging any employe because of his being a member of a labor-union; to prevent the St. Louis officers of the Western Union from conspiring to that end; to forbid interference of any kind with the Telegraphers' Union; and to prohibit the Western Union Company from maintaining a blacklist, and from placing therein the names of men who might be discharged because of being members of a union.

The court rejected every request of the plaintiffs, and sustained the defendant company on every point. Judge Rogers held that the Western Union Company had a perfect right to discharge employes, not under contractual relations with the company, for any cause, or without assigning any cause whatever. He held, further, that there could be no such thing as a conspiracy to commit a lawful act such as he had ordered the discharge of the company's employes because of being members of a union to be. He decided, finally, that the Western Union Company had a perfect right to maintain a list upon which might be placed the name of a discharged employe, and the cause of discharge, and that this list might be given to others, provided, of course, its contents were truthful. He added that, as the bill of the plaintiffs alleged that the Commercial Telegraphers' Union was formed for moral and proper purposes, there should exist no objection upon the part of an employe to have his discharge based upon the mere fact that he was a member of such a union. If there was nothing discreditable about such a union how could it discredit a man to be known to belong to it? Evidently

Judge Rogers is not seeking unionists' votes; in other words, he is not thinking of quitting the bench in order to run for a political office.

In Mr. Roosevelt as certain to command in 1904 the enthusiastic support of the Grand Army of the Republic as he seemed to be a few months ago! This question can no longer be answered promptly in the affirmative. The determination to promote General Wood to a Major-Generalship over the heads of distinguished soldiers of the civil war, and to compel the Senate to confirm the unwelcome nomination by holding back the promotion of thirty or forty veteran colonels to the rank of brigadier-generals is viewed with indignation, not only by the great majority of officers in the regular army, but by representative men in the Grand Army of the Republic, who dread the effect of such a gross exhibition of favoritism. The fact that General Wood's brief term of service under the colors in Cuba, supplemented by Mr. Roosevelt's personal friendship, was to outweigh the wounds gained by thirty or forty veteran colonels in the war of the rebellion, would have sufficed to provoke sharp criticism, but the rankling sense of injustice has been immeasurably deepened and broadened by the treatment of Lieutenant-General Miles. In San Francisco, however, at the national encampment of the Grand Army veterans, General Miles was greeted with homage and affection that no doubt consoled him for the humiliation to which he had been subjected by the War Lord of Sagamore Hill. We have repeatedly expressed the opinion that General Miles is a much better soldier than politician, but we are willing to admit that he may be quite as adept in politics as was General Zachary Taylor, who, we believe, had never voted in his life, but who, nevertheless, was elected President in 1848. Nobody ever dreamed of putting forward Taylor for the Whig nomination, except Thurlow Weed, and he did not suggest it until just before the national convention. In view of that precedent, anything is possible, and we certainly shall not deny that, if General Miles, who is a native of Massachusetts, should be nominated and elected Governor by the Democracy in that State, he would stand a fair chance of securing the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

It begins to look doubtful whether a serious attempt to carry a currency bill through the Fifty-eighth Congress will be made, either in the special session or in the first regular session. It is said that even the subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Finance is itself far from agreeing as to a measure for the relief of the existing stringency in the New York money-market, and other leading Republicans in the Senate and in the House are still more widely apart. Mr. Roosevelt's notion that a non-partisan measure might be framed for which the support of Democratic as well as Republican leaders could be secured beforehand, as well as of things, impenetrable. On the eve of a Presidential contest, it would be absurd for Mr. Gorman, the leader of the Democratic minority in the Senate, to assume toward the Republican administration the attitude of an ally rather than that of a critic. Such unanimity could scarcely be looked for from a politician, even if the urgent need of more currency were acknowledged all over the country. As a matter of fact, the demand for additions to the circulating medium comes almost exclusively from New York and two or three other commercial centres in the East. As ex-Senator Carter of Montana has lately told Mr. Roosevelt, the West is not clamoring for money, but, on the contrary, is able to lend to New York. There will be but little if any basis this year for the old story that the New York banks are drained of their currency in order to move the Western crops.

Nor is it only the difficulty of reaching an agreement on the part of Republicans themselves that renders the expert managers of the party doubtful about the expediency of enacting a new currency law before the opening of the Presidential campaign. In the first place, they do not want to be accused of legislating in the interest of Wall Street; in the second place, they fear that their admission that the surplus customs revenue ought to be put out of the Treasury vaults and put back into the pockets of the people would give their opponents a compelling argument for the reduction of the tariff. Touching this point, ex-Governor Hill, in his speech

at Lockport, unmasked one of the Democratic batteries. After reminding his auditors that the principal feature of all the currency bills proposed by Republicans was the lending of the Treasury surplus to national banks on "approved" securities, he proceeded to point out what opportunities for favoritism and what facilities for the accumulation of riches would necessarily be afforded by such a measure. He added that since the Republicans acknowledged the surplus customs revenue to be an evil, it is obvious that what the country needs is not a palliative, but a remedy that would go to the root of the disease. If millions upon millions of unneeded dollars have been accumulated in the Federal Treasury as the outcome of superfluous taxation, it would seem to be the part of wisdom, instead of continuing such taxation and thus creating from year to year a still larger fund to loan exclusively to national banks—to abolish forthwith all unnecessary taxes, and henceforth to leave the money of the people in their own pockets.

Mr. Pulitzer's generous donation of \$2,000,000 to Columbia University for the establishment of a School of Journalism has attracted much attention, and seems to have met with the approval of everybody but the *Evening Post*, which never approves anything. That the spirit actuating the gift is wholly commendable, goes without saying. Mr. Pulitzer is to-day the most vivid personality in American journalism, and he owes his fame and fortune to the quick response of the public to the manifestation of his tireless energy and undoubted genius. It is fitting that he should show personal recognition of this fact by turning back into the channel of his own success some portion of that which he has received for the benefit of the people through the uplifting of his profession. That, as we understand it, is the purpose underlying the experiment and why the making of it, the striving at least to render a genuine service, should encounter objection from anybody, except of course the *Evening Post*, is hardly comprehensible.

Of the practicality of the plan much has been said and more will be. People who delight in the usual naturalized question the possibility of doing what never has been done, but such may be dismissed with a nod of compassion in these good days of original development. Some think that the application to the regular course of a university will do for a young man all the knowledge he needs for success in his chosen calling. Others, mainly members of the cult, revert to the familiar fallacy that journalists are "born not made." All of this and like comment upon the project, which the *World* prints daily in many columns with the exclusiveness characteristic of its recognized enterprise, makes very interesting reading. When the returns are all in from the many millions who have always known how a newspaper should be made, and just the man to make it, if he had the chance, we shall have an abundance of material from which to deduce conclusions for the enlightenment of our own more modest readers. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that the man who seems to have most adequately grasped the spirit of the effort is Samuel Bowles, and he who has made the most sensible suggestion, that of actually running a daily paper in the city of New York, is William Dean Howells. One fact is certain: if, in the imparting of instruction, the whole genus of successful journalists is to be run from, say, Horace White to Arthur Brisbane, we shall not miss a single teacher. We shall also advise the present workers on the daily press to do the same, meanwhile continuing to grind out copy and accept the traditional curses of their superiors with equally traditional equanimity, having in mind all the time that, while journalists are not born, they are self-made, not taught—a fact which, if disputed, may easily be demonstrated by pointing the finger of pride at Joseph Pulitzer.

The annual report of the British Lunacy Commissioners shows a very serious increase of insanity in England and Wales. In 1850, 1 in 536 of the population was reported as insane. Last year the proportion was 1 in 293. The increase is almost all among pauper lunatics, and part of it may be accounted for by the belief that a more accurate census of the insane is taken now than was had fifty years ago. But that does not dispose of the present annual increase.

The number of English people who went crazy in 1902 was 22,581, which was 3251 more than in 1901. That is an enormous increase, with which the Boer war may have had something to do. Heredity accounts for twenty-five per cent. of the insanity in women, and nineteen per cent. of the insane men. Other attributed causes of the increase are the strain of modern education, and early marriages among the poor, and late marriages among the upper classes; but the most important cause of all is alcohol. The same story comes from England as from France and Belgium. There has been a gradual increase in spirit-drinking, with very bad results. New and stringent methods have lately been devised to check it. How effective they will prove, and what effect, if any, they will have on lunacy statistics, it is not yet possible to judge, but the fact is recognised that the overconsumption of stimulants in England is far too serious an evil to be left to mend itself.

There are occasional signs of anxiety for fear that Mr. John D. Rockefeller will get all the money there is. Mr. Rockefeller has not lately seen fit to publish his estimate of the value of his possessions, but sanguine guessers rate him nowadays as pretty nearly a billionaire, and the most conservative computers believe he has more than half a billion. It would be impossible to say what is the total wealth of the United States, but the assessed valuation of the several States for 1902 amounted to about thirty-five billions. Even if Mr. Rockefeller has a whole billion, there is something left for the rest of us. But his fortune, they tell us, is probably increasing by as much as fifty millions a year, and is not likely to double within ten years. Already his financial power is enormous, so that he could influence stock values very materially if he chose, and, at times, make or unmake ordinary millionaires by mere whispers at the telephone. Malice is not attributed to him, nor is he felt to be a mischief-maker, but the feeling is that his business abilities are so surpassing, and his business judgment so unapproachably sound, that he can't help seeing and improving chances to make millions more. To discuss him is as little of an impertinence as to discuss the comet. He is a force, sixty-four years old, moving through the earth's atmosphere, and believed to be rapidly increasing in weight and velocity. Persons who fear they are in his orbit and may be pinched may find some relief in considering that even though his fortune increases very rapidly, its growth may be fed by the increase of wealth in the country. If wealth in general stops increasing, and Mr. Rockefeller's wealth keeps on increasing, then the pinch may be felt.

Not that he is our only rich citizen. Mr. Carnegie, too, is prepotently solvent, and some money that came down from the last generation not only stays in the families that inherited it, but has lately increased in volume. We used to say, only twenty years ago, that it was three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. No one says that now. A youth with a taste for wheat, or other such speculative disposition, may make family riches seem unstable, but, as a rule, the fortunes that have been made long enough to cool seem to be, as Wall Street would say, very firmly held, and vastly more likely to grow than to dwindle. There are no shirt sleeves in sight for Mr. Rockefeller's descendants, or Mr. Astor's, or Commodore Vanderbilt's, or Mr. Gould's, except such as are displayed incident to sport. But so man's wealth, not even Mr. Carnegie's, excites so much consideration as Mr. Rockefeller's. No other capitalist is credited with so much business sagacity as he, no other millionaire is thought to have so limitless a capacity for accumulation. We do not think of him as a man with ordinary human desires, but rather as the incarnation of the money-making instinct. And so far as can be judged from report, he has begotten a remarkable son who has inherited his points of view, as well as much of his ability, and has learned his method. The younger John Rockefeller takes life seriously, and labors hard to do some good and make some money. When in the course of nature the father's career terminates, the son seems likely to go on where the parent left off, and keep the great snowball rolling up. A very important part of the son's education pursued under the father's eye has been directed to qualify him to give away

money. He gives well—they both do—but with great care, for they are conscientious men and hate waste, but the general belief is that they give at the spirit while their store increases through the long-bole; and because much less care is necessary in acquiring money than in dispensing it, they are very far from making headway against accumulation. It is a very interesting case,—the most interesting of the kind in history. How it will work out no prophet predicts with confidence. Perhaps the Messrs. Rockefeller will announce, some time or other, that the financial game has come to be so easy for them that they can't lose money adequately, or even avoid making more without loss of self-respect, and that they have not time to give enough away. And then, perhaps, they may suggest an income tax.

An American yachtsman who spent a season abroad with his boat makes some interesting criticisms upon two British institutions, the parcel post, and the postal telegraph. He says the parcel post has so weakened the British express companies, that they are less comprehensive in the details of their usefulness than ours. The weight limit of a parcel that the post-office will carry is twelve pounds. When a heavier package is to be sent, it often takes strategy and forethought to get it carried. Our voyager had been visiting at a small place not far from London, and wanted to send a trunk to Southampton. It weighed fifty pounds and couldn't go by mail, and there was no express company to take it. He had to send a man to take it to London, buy a ticket to Southampton, and check it to that place. Aboard his boat at Southampton he expected a telegram, and asked to have it sent out to him. It didn't come. He went ashore finally and found it. Why had it not been sent? The telegraph itself said the government made no provision for delivering telegrams aboard yachts, and that if she had sent it out at her own cost, and it had not been accepted and paid for, she would have been personally out of pocket. Another telegram, slightly misdirected but intended for our man, had been forwarded to a man of similar name who had gone to Genoa. The American asked to see a copy of it. No; it was against the rules to show copies. So he had to telegraph to Genoa to have the message returned, which was done, though it took time. He does not like the red-tape system in telegraphy and expressage. It works fairly well in cases of plain sailing, but in anything like an emergency it is impersonal and therefore ineffective.

Dowie still proclaims that he is coming to New York this fall with three thousand of his adherents to bring Gotham, and especially Wall Street, to a sense of its sinfulness. Why should the respectable doctor come so far, when Chicago, at his door, offers so inviting a field for his energies? Some one to preach the gospel of live and let live seems a need of the most urgent exigency in Chicago. The restaurant waiters and cooks are trying again, at this writing, to starve out the consumers of restaurant food. Everybody who works in Chicago seems bent on doing everybody who pays. Our Mr. Sam Parks, the extorter, who seems now to be happily started on his way to jail, is a Chicago product. In that city he learned the arts that have brought him renown, and tribulation to us. The greatest good Dr. Dowie can do New York is to convert Chicago to reasonableness and industry, that her example may be helpful instead of harmful, and her exported organizers may be leaders in work instead of manufacturers of illness.

A great victory has been won; a land victory; greater even, in many eyes, than the maritime triumphs of *Reliance*. A quadruped won it; the great and memorable mare, Lou Dillon, on the Resville track on August 24. She beat the record by two seconds and a quarter, and trotted a mile in two minutes. Great is Lou Dillon! Sound the bugle; let the tocsin be heard! In 1829, Flora Troup trotted in 2:19 $\frac{1}{2}$ . It has taken forty-four years to gain the two seconds. However, men have wondered and disputed whether it could be done. Mr. Besmer is said to have figured out mathematically that the two-minute trotting horse was impossible. She is here; she is young, and she seems to have it in her to put the record lower still. But two minutes is low enough. It was for that that we here all have been waiting. Let us hope that the spirits of departed horsemen have got wind of what has been done.

## The Relation of New York State and Municipal Politics to the Presidential Contest

MR. DANIEL M. CAMPAN, of Detroit, the Michigan member of the Democratic National Committee, said the other day in an interview that almost all Democrats the country over are looking to the Mayorality campaign in New York city with intense interest. There has seldom been a time since the organization of our Federal Government under the present Constitution when far-sighted politicians failed to watch with attention, if not anxiety, municipal elections in the city of New York, on account of the important, if not decisive, bearing of those contests on the State elections, and even on the competition of parties for the Presidency of the United States. In the third Presidential election, which was the first to be contested, John Adams would have been defeated had he not managed to secure the electoral votes of New York. As it was, he beat Thomas Jefferson by three electoral votes, and no more. In the fourth Presidential election, which was the second to be contested, Jefferson and Burr would have been beaten by Adams and C. C. Pinckney had not the former pair of candidates managed to carry New York. As it was, they only outstripped their Federalist competitors by from eight to nine electoral votes. The fifth Presidential election was practically uncontested, Jefferson and George Clinton obtaining 102 electoral votes against 14 cast for C. C. Pinckney and Rufus King. Almost the same thing may be said of the sixth Presidential election, when Madison secured 142 electoral votes against 47 thrown for C. C. Pinckney. In the seventh electoral contest, De Witt Clinton, who carried New York, would have beaten Madison had he also gained Pennsylvania, which he might reasonably expect to win, having on his ticket Jared Ingersoll of that State for Vice-President. It is well known that in 1816 James Monroe got all the electoral votes but thirty-four, and four years later, all of them but one. Of course no State could play a pivotal part on either of these occasions. In 1824, on the other hand, if the whole electoral vote of New York had gone to William H. Crawford, as he had ground for hoping it would go, he and not Adams would have been Andrew Jackson's principal competitor in the House of Representatives. There was practically no contest in 1828 or 1832, Jackson having a walkover in both years. Neither would the loss of New York by Van Buren in 1836 have deprived him of the Presidency. William Henry Harrison, also, would have been successful in 1840, no matter what course New York might have taken. There were land-slides on both of these occasions. There is no doubt, on the other hand, that in 1844 James K. Polk would have been defeated had he lost the thirty-six electoral votes of New York. So, too, in 1848, it was New York that gave the Presidency to Zachary Taylor. In 1852 there was another walk-over, Franklin Pierce obtaining more than six times as many electoral votes as did James Buchanan. In 1856 the opposition of New York did not beat James Buchanan, who would have been elected without even the electoral votes of his native State, Pennsylvania. The returns for 1860 show that if the electoral votes divided between Breckinridge, Bell, and Douglas had been concerned, Douglas had carried New York, he would have beaten Abraham Lincoln. In 1864 McClellan's opposition to Lincoln was insignificant, as he obtained less than a tenth of the electoral votes. Grant, New York. It is well known that in 1872 Grant's opposition of Horace Greeley, died before the electoral colleges met, but New York could have played no important part in that one-sided contest. Everybody knows that R. B. Hayes would have entered the White House without being obliged to resort to an electoral commission could he have carried New York in 1876. Again, in 1880, the success of James A. Garfield was brought about by the State of New York. It is well known that in 1884 Grover Cleveland would have been defeated by James G. Blaine, had he not the former carried New York by less than 1200 plurality. In 1888 Benjamin Harrison was chosen President because he had managed to win the State of New York. In 1892, on the other hand, Grover Cleveland could have fulfilled the prediction of the prophecy that he would be elected nevertheless, have gained the Presidency by a considerable majority had he played so preponderant a role that even New York's support would not have made Mr. Bryan President.

Thus it appears that at nine Presidential elections the result was determined, or almost had been determined, by the electoral votes of the State of New York in one State in the Union run this occasion, when the electoral vote of that almost all of those nine proved decisive, the course pursued by the Empire Commonwealth to a very large extent by the City of New York. It was determined there of the Freed men in the city which secured to Tilden the Governorship of the State of New York in 1874, and the electoral votes of the State for the Presidency in 1876. In 1884 there is no need to defeat Mr. Cleveland by his presence at the Jay Gould banquet, and by the outbreak about "Hum, Romanism, and Re-

bellion," of which Burchard, one of his professed adherents, was guilty. In 1888 it was largely the votes cast in what is now the City of Greater New York that enabled Harrison to carry the State.

Perhaps, however, there has never been a stronger proof of the influence exercised by the State on the City of New York than the contrast presented by the majorities obtained by Mr. McKinley in 1896 and 1900 respectively. In 1896 Mr. McKinley's popular vote all over the country was 7,106,770. His plurality over Mr. Bryan was 603,854. In 1900, Mr. McKinley's total popular vote was 7,207,923, and his plurality over Mr. Bryan was 840,790. We would, naturally, therefore, expect Mr. McKinley to have beaten Mr. Bryan in New York much more decisively in 1900 than he had beaten him in 1896. What are the facts? In 1896 Mr. McKinley's plurality over Mr. Bryan in the State of New York was 268,489; in 1900, it had dwindled to 143,698. How are we to account for such an astonishing reduction? In 1896, a Republican, William L. Strong, was Mayor of New York, and all the influence of the municipal administration was employed on behalf of the Republican candidate for the Presidency. In 1900, on the other hand, a Democrat, Robert A. Van Wyck, was Mayor of the City of New York, and we cannot believe it to have been a mere coincidence that 125,000. That the whole power of the municipal administration, however, was not exerted by Mayor Van Wyck on behalf of Mr. Bryan is evident from the fact that in 1896 his brother had come within less than 18,000 votes of beating Mr. Roosevelt for the Governorship. It may be asked how we account for the fact that although Mr. Seth Low, a Republican, was Mayor of the City of New York in 1902, Mr. O'Leary carried the State that year by less than 8000 plurality. We answer that the influence of the fusion municipal government was that year not exerted vigorously, if at all, on behalf of the Republican candidate for Governor.

In view of Mr. Roosevelt's notorious weakness in his native State—a weakness indubitably demonstrated in 1898—there is not an atom of doubt in the mind of well-informed persons that if a Democrat should be installed in the Mayorality of the City of New York on January 1, 1904, and if the Democrats should put forward such a candidate as ex-President Cleveland, or Chief-Judge Parker, or Judge George Gray, they would be almost certain to carry the Empire Commonwealth in November of next year. Moreover, the same tidal wave of opinion which would sweep over the State of New York would be likely to involve its neighbors, Connecticut and New Jersey. This would inevitably be the result in New Jersey if ex-President Cleveland were the nominee.

When, therefore, we consider the actual conditions in the City and State of New York, and recall the historical relations of that municipality and that Commonwealth to political battles in the country at large, we can easily account for the intense interest evinced by Mr. Daniel M. Campan, Democratic National Committeeman for Michigan, and by other watchers on the Democratic Zion, in the outcome of the New York Mayorality election. Before these words reach the reader's eye the municipal situation will have been clarified to a certain extent, for the conferees of the fusion forces,—the Republicans, the Greater New York Democracy, the Citizens' Union, and other allied bodies,—are to meet in September 1.

## The Marquis of Salisbury

THAT a descendant of Elizabeth's Cecil should have been three times Prime Minister of England was no republic in all but name. If proof were needed, of the resilience of Anglo-Saxon institutions, Lord Salisbury was Mr. Gladstone's utmost and most dangerous opponent. In him was personified and perhaps exaggerated the cautious deliberation characteristic of the English race. He helped largely to teach his countrymen to pause before discarding the results of tested experience for the most attractive theories which have never proved their promises by their fruits. On such domestic questions as primogeniture, land legislation, and the erection of an Irish parliament, the strength of his character was most conspicuous. Even in 1830, he breathed the air of stateroom from his earliest youth. It was in his blood. His father was twice a cabinet minister. A second son, Lord Robert Cecil, was trained for public life at Eton and Oxford. He took his degree in 1849. As a lad at college he took an active part in the debates of the Oxford Union Society. Unlike Mr. Gladstone, who conscientiously honed the political compass from Turin to home-ward, Lord Salisbury remained in the last day of his life the consistent opponent of government by counting noses. From the records of the Oxford Union Society it is known that he supported a motion to provide England with a stronger government than the Liberals were able to give her. He moved also a resolution deprecating, and in another debate he gave expression to a strong condemnation of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, and made an emphatic protest against the disestablishment of the English Church. These speeches were vigorously controverted, veh-



ment in tone, enactive in attack, didactic in statement—qualities which remained with him to the last.

After leaving Oxford the young Lord Robert Cecil started on his travels, which extended to so distant a portion of the empire as New Zealand, where he stayed for some months, came late close touch with a form of democracy that was strenuous, if not triumphant, and bore at the expense of the personal freedom of the peremptory condition of life which are generally obscured from the heir of a great English name, and from the mastery of great possessions.

In 1853 he entered the House of Commons as a Member for Stamford, and watched the country drift into the Crimean war, as on the Eastern front the little crowd shogled like the head of the Tsar Nicholas stretched in the direction of Constantinople. His marriage in 1857 to Georgina Caroline, eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Hall Alderson, Baron of the Exchequer, was displeasing to his father, and as a consequence he at this time acquired further experience of the conditions of other men's lives by the narrowness of his income. He attended his late by sharpening his pen. In the *Saturday Review* he contributed many of the bitter criticisms which gave to that journal influence and character, now entirely lost. No man can regret that Lord Salisbury should have passed through a period of struggle. Under a cold and cynical public manner he covered the public mind with a veil of mystery and felt the latest interest in all that related to what Carlyle called "The condition of the people question," but he would not allow his sympathies and real interest on their behalf to be utilized for his own political advantage.

One feature—perhaps the most conspicuous—in Lord Salisbury's character was his aloofness. To him the political world was a laboratory. He had no a priori hostility or sympathy for any measure that commended itself to his judgment as practically adapted to accomplish the end in view. The measure that did commend themselves to his judgment, however, attained that position from causes beyond the ordinary ken. In foreign affairs he was long associated in the public mind with Lord Beaconsfield, although the belief prevailed in many minds that as early as 1876 the two men were pulling opposite ways. Disraeli, in obedience to his Senile instincts, was bent upon dragging England into a war for the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. Twenty years later the public learned from Lord Salisbury's own lips that they had been "getting their money on the wrong horse," a confirmation of the popular conviction that Lord Salisbury and his leader were antipathetic from the first. Lord Salisbury was never a Turcophile Tory. His experience, however, abroad was first gained when he was selected to represent her Majesty's government at the conference of Constantinople in 1876. Lord Salisbury's appointment was publicly announced by Disraeli at the Guildhall banquet. The speech in which the announcement was made contained the famous reference to the resources of England as a country which would have no need to inquire whether she could enter into a second or third campaign. The English plenipotentiary's policy at the conference was that of trying, by all possible means in his power, to induce Turkey to open her eyes to the danger which surrounded her, to awake from her infatuation, and to give to the populations who had suffered so much from Turkish misgovernment some measure of liberty and safety for life and honor. Lord Salisbury's mission was abortive because he was a good man handicapped by principle, and a minister who did not really represent the nation.

The Russo-Turkish war then took place, and after Russia had succeeded in getting to the gates of Constantinople, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, in June, 1879, left for Berlin, where the congress, under the presidency of Bismarck, snatched the fruits of victory from the Russian army. At this conference Bismarck took the measure of the English Foreign Secretary, and uttered his celebrated epigram about the "lath painted to look like iron." Mr. Balfour accompanied his uncle to the Berlin conference, and first obtained his initiation into European politics.

Here Lord Salisbury and his chief returned to England, and how "Peace with Honor" became the watchword of the Tory party, is now a tale that is told. The cool judgment of the impartial historian is unable to record a favorable verdict on the Tory policy of that period. Russia was exasperated for generations. England was not strengthened, and her reputation as a belligerent, a rhetorician, and a gadfly was established in the archives of the Russian Foreign Office. Russia, however, was rescued by Mr. Gladstone in the passionate pilgrimage of the Melchior campaign. In one long denunciation of Mr. Disraeli's policy in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, among the Christian populations of the East, the tribes of the northwest Indian frontier, and the Boers of the Transvaal, Mr. Gladstone found no good thing. He pledged himself that if returned to power he would undo all that was done by his predecessors. He was returned to power, and he kept his word. Lord Salisbury had his revenge. After Beaconsfield's death he succeeded by seniority to the command of the Tory party, and to him, more than to any man in Parliament, belongs the credit of victory in the intellectual struggle with Mr. Gladstone on the home-rule question. It is scarcely too much to say that the master of "Glean, and

forms, and jaws" was the only man in the front rank who was intellectually capable of coming to close quarters with Mr. Gladstone on the subject of Irish autonomy. There were many others who believed themselves to be the redoubtable antagonists of the "Grand Old Man," but none of them carried weight with the country.

His last term of office, from Lord Rosebery's resignation in 1895 to his own retirement in July, 1905, included the Boer-Italian boundary incident, the Boer war, and the troubles in China. His course in all these matters is fresh in the memory of readers. That the Venezuela incident came to a harmless, though important, solution has been credited largely to his prudent self-restraint. At that time and until 1901 he was his own Foreign Secretary. Whether another man in his place could have avoided the calamities which came upon the Boers or carried it through at a low price is matter for future historians to discuss. He warned off all interference and saw the task through.

With all his abilities he neither understood nor was understood by the main body of his countrymen. He distrusted democracy, openly derided the House of Commons, remained aloof from his supporters, and even in the Foreign Office was unknown to the majority of his subordinates. During the latter years of his life the profound melancholy and dejection of his public utterances irritated his adherents and offended the pride of the English people. The chatty statesman that is the mark of aristocratic government was almost entirely absent from Lord Salisbury's character. He winced under attack, and allowed his suffering to be known. Still, his faults were those of a great man. He was exempt from the follies of the demagogue or the wiles of the self-seeker, and belonged to a type that is vanishing.

The English people were proud of a man they scarcely understood, and did not wholly like. He belonged to the old order of things. The personal habits of prominent men no longer excite the attention of the world. Lord Salisbury's habitual pessimism, which increased during the closing years of his life, may undoubtedly be attributed to ill health, partially produced by want of exercise. Those who have been guests at Hatfield, especially when no house-party engaged the attention and occupied the time of their host, can tell how the complete absorption of Lord Salisbury in his work precluded the conditions of healthier existence. His great bulk incapacitated him for personal exercise. He weighed 280 pounds. He was endowed, moreover, with an appetite on a large scale that was voraciously healthy, and he would pass from his desk to the table and from the table to the desk after a full meal without a minute's intermission. Dyspepsia, low spirits, and pessimism are first cousins. Lord Salisbury's pessimism may be regarded as partly the product of his ill health, and partly the result of his life. When in office he devoted the whole of his time to his public work; even the resources of the laboratory, which he more than dabbled in electrical and chemical experiments, were disregarded. He never could see that he owed it to himself no less than to his country to take proper exercise, for exercise was the one thing he could not endure. He used his strength to cross the street, and although in former years he might be seen walking across the park on his way from Arlington Street to the House of Lords, even this short walk was discontinued in later years. His natural pessimism was latterly increased by solitude for Lady Salisbury's health. He owed to her much of his success. They were married while he was still a struggling man, and the felicity of their domestic life, though less in the public eye than that of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, was no less conspicuous as one of the elements combining to form Lord Salisbury's attractive personality.

## King Edward in Austria

KING EDWARD'S visit to Maribor means a good deal more than a course of waters and a well-earned holiday for an overworked monarch. It is already bringing about the happiest results in the political world, and the influence of the English statesman-king will presently be seen in the storm-center of Europe, the Balkan peninsula. All the prearrangements and tergiversations of the Sultan are based on the hope that, at the last hour, he may be able to stir up strife among the European powers which seek to coerce him into conceding decent government to his Christian subjects; and most of all he counts on England, his ally in 1878 and his dynasty's ally in the Crimean war, to obstruct and neutralize every effort made by Russia and Austria in the path of reform. Abdul Hamid is sire of Germany, and with the Kaiser's friendship and the good-will of England could continue in the path of anarchy for years.

But here he counts without his host. The great English statesman who has just passed away used to say that, in backing Turkey against Russia, England had put her money on the wrong horse. Not only is King Edward VII. of the same mind, but he is drawn towards Russia by the strongest ties of blood and kinship. His visit to Austria, therefore, and his extremely cordial meeting with the veteran King Emperor Franz Josef, taken in conjunction with his coming visit to his nephew, Nicholas II. of Russia, will

demonstrate to all the world, and not least to the hermit-dog at the Yikhi Kiok, that England leads her hearty good-will to the reform programme of the Landsort-Göteborgsköns understanding, and is anxious to atone, to the full extent of her power, for the part played by the English jingoes in 1878, in thrusting already free Macedonia back once more under the iron heel of the Turkish tyrant.

It is impossible not to notice that the visits of King Edward, first to Portugal and Italy, then to France and Austria, and later to Russia, have a tendency to mark the isolation of Germany from the general trend and the more humane purposes of European politics. Yet we cannot but admit that Germany has invited the isolation by the willfulness and rashness of her action, against in the maladjusted policy in the Far East or the expedition against Venezuela, or, even more markedly, by the Kaiser's fraternizations with Abdal Hamid, the assassin of the Armenians, the Bulgarians, the Macedonians. All Germany yearns for the better ideals that provided the iron despotism of Bismarck, her practical isolation will make for the well-being of the human race; and it is as a step towards this isolation that King Edward's visit to Austria is most significant.

### What a Journalist Should Know

If your journalist knows everything, so much the better, but there is no such to know nowadays, that it is admitted that no one may say longer aspire, as Bacon did, to make all knowledge his own. Mr. Pulitzer is not to spend money in the hope of giving young men such special training as may best fit them to become journalists. What is especially desirable that they should know?

There are two chief branches of the newspaper business: making the paper, and selling it. We take it for granted that the new school of Journalism will concern itself with the editorial side. Its graduates must have learned how to write. First, they must be able to tell their stories and express their opinions; secondly, they must learn to have stories to tell and opinions to express.

It is hard to imagine a better school of story-telling than every good newspaper keeps for its young reporters. It sends them out to observe and inquire; they write down what they see or learn, their reports are read and revised by editors of experience, and for so much of them as is printed the reporter is paid. Opportunity, instruction, and reward come close on one another's heels. Talent, energy, and ability are quickly recognized, and promptly rewarded. The rudiments of good writing are taught in a school, and most good schools will call for special pains nowadays to teach them. But that rote writing and calligraphic penmanship of mind which are not common, nor likely to be so, it is the result of practice and instruction, but natural talent has to turn out more than a reasonable proportion of excellent writers.

But a very important help to good writing is to have something to say and to know what it is. There the schools may help. Opinions are not of much use unless they are based on knowledge. The more accurate knowledge any observer has, the more opinions he is likely to have, and the better worth printing his opinions will be. The able reporters who get the best assignments are those who are qualified by knowledge, talent, and experience to handle them. The successful interviewer must himself know at least enough about the subject on which he wants his man to talk, to ask intelligent questions and to take in what is told him. The able correspondent gathers the information within his reach, adds to it what he knew before, sifts it through his own mind, and his paper gets the product. As for the editorial writer, he should know a little about a great many subjects and a good deal about a few subjects. He should be able, with the help of his books of reference, to deal with any item of news that comes in, and with some special line, or lines, which he should deal with authority.

The modern method of teaching law is to set students to dig their law out of the reported cases. Medical students in like manner are sent to the dissecting-rooms to see for themselves. Text-books are used in the schools of both these professions, but the aim is to teach method even more than facts, and to supplement text-books by practical work. Whether the School of Journalism will attempt to publish a newspaper remains to be seen, but at least it may teach its young men how to study their profession. A good journalist must be a continuing student. He must study every day; study to get his facts, study to state them—clearly and concisely; study—if he comes to be an editorial writer—to make sound deductions from them. He must from the habit speak the truth, and he must take very particular pains not to print anything that he is not sure of. Next important to having knowledge that is constructive with the demands on it, is to keep one's statements within such knowledge as one has, or can acquire for the occasion. If the students of Mr. Pulitzer's school learn by taking a considerable step towards proficiency in their profession,

For the rest, we suppose that besides instruction and practice in the writing of English, they will be able to do as full as possible of modern American and European history, and will be taught the rudiments of law and of finance. Religious instruction is not likely to be given them, and yet as religion is a subject of constant and lively interest to a large proportion of the newspaper-reading public, a newspaper man can hardly afford not to know it. Sport it will not be worth while to teach, as plenty of good beginning journalists will study it out of hours. Nor is it likely that the school will try to impart the important qualification called the nose for news. That must pre-exist, or must grow naturally, as noses do.

The amount of technical knowledge which a beginner in journalism requires is so small, and the amount of general knowledge that he can use is so limitless, that it is not surprising that some critics have said that the proposed school is not worth founding, because all that is important in its work may be done elsewhere. Against their opinion is to be weighed the complaint of some newspaper editors that too much educational work is forced upon them. Moreover, Mr. Pulitzer's opinion that there is a place for his school goes for a good deal. He ought to know. He has made newspapers, and has dealt with a great variety of newspaper men, and nobody denies that he knows his business.

### The Operatic Prospect

ACCESSORS to Mr. Heinrich Corried's announcements, New York is to have this winter a most exceptional and brilliant opera season. If nothing were promised us by Mr. Corried but the production of "Parafal" we should still have a unique and memorable experience to anticipate. But there is still more in store for us. New scenery and costumes are promised for a number of the operas on Mr. Corried's list—and it will be noted with especial gratification that the shabby and inadequate accounting which "Der fliegende Holländer" has had to suffer in the past is to be bettered at large expense. Nor is this all. We are to have an orchestra increased in size and efficiency, and two of the best conductors in Europe to direct it—Felix Mottl and the admirable Hertz, together with Vigna, who comes with an excellent reputation earned at La Scala and in Monte Carlo and Berlin. Calvé is to return, and Sembrich, and Termini, and Placido Domingo are to be well rewarded. Van Rosy, Scotti, and Campanelli are to be well rewarded. An experienced and authoritative stage-manager has been secured, and there is no doubt that the mechanical management of the performances will be accomplished with intelligence and skill.

But there are, to our mind, some curious deficiencies in Mr. Corried's scheme, despite its general and notable excellence. We need scarcely repeat what we said last winter at the time of Mr. Corried's election to the directorship of the Metropolitan; that he is very nearly the ideal man for the post; and we believe that he is making every effort to provide the most justly balanced and intelligently organized performances that the Metropolitan has ever seen. It is precisely because we feel so confident of his integrity and the sincerity of his aims, that we are impelled quite frankly to remark upon the several unacceptable features which seem to us to mar his programme. How, for example, are we to explain the absence from Mr. Corried's company of Mont Nordica, who is to-day an unequalled representative of certain rôles? True, we are to have Mikka Termini—an exquisite *Jodit*, an unapproachable *Elizabeth*. But she is not the *Briandine* that Nordica is,—in either "Walküre," "Siegfried," or "Götterdämmerung"; nor is she the equal of the American singer in certain lesser parts. Why, too, is that other accomplished American, Emma Kraus, omitted from the roster? But even more serious is the defective constitution of the French department. With the exception of Caruso—who is incompetent in interpretation, but the conventional rôles of the French and Italian repertoires—and one of the men engaged by Mr. Corried is of the first rank; we shall have it seems to content ourselves with such singers as Kraus, Burgstaller, Dippel, Solera (a possibility), and a newcomer, Naville, who may or may not justify his reputation. Why was not Jean de Reszke engaged? Diverse views, it is explained, could not be reconciled. But surely we are entitled, in view of the success upon which Mr. Corried is planning his operations, to the best that the market holds, despite its costliness. And what of the novelties announced—such eminently unimportant works (always, of course, excepting "Parafal") as "Les Dragons de Villars," "La Dame Blanche," "La Gioconda,"—which is neither novel nor consequential. Why are we not to hear a few, or even one, of the works which all Europe has been discussing—such things as Richard Strauss's "Fruensøth," Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande," Chabrier's "Lohé?"

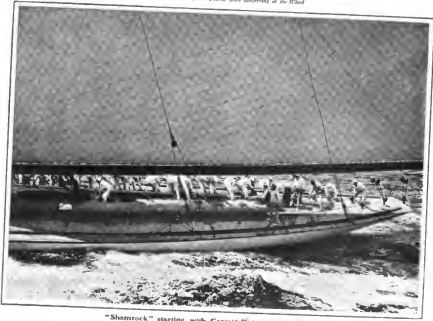
In entire friendliness we recommend these points to Mr. Corried's consideration. They are, we think he will admit, reasonably taken; for we cannot but feel that in an enterprise so generously and so heedfully planned, there should be less serious defects of preparation.

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"Reliance" working to Windward  
 Mr. Eaton and Captain Charles Dorr assisting at the Wheel



"Shamrock" starting, with Captain Wings at the Wheel

**STRIVING FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP**

On the quarter-deck of the great single-stickers during the races

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

IN an interview with *Toddy* published in the London *Daily Chronicle* recently the Russian novelist asked his visitor if he had read *Franklin et in Biblia*. Upon receiving a reply to the negative, *Toddy* urged him to get it. "There was a man who read his Bible for some purpose," *Franklin* himself has told us of the great advantage he derived in after-years from the close study of the Bible enforced upon him in his boyhood. It is a fact to be deplored that the Bible is not read and studied nowadays as in bygone days. The tenacity of the educational programme both in Great Britain and America is to neglect the study of the Bible and to relegate it to the theological seminary. A reader of Miss Lafayette Melan's recent novel, *Zerkel*—a Biblical romance of the times of Ahab and Elijah—wrote to the author the other day in admiration of her portrait of the notorious queen, and added that it had interested her so much she intended reading the original history again in the Bible—she was quite sure where, but she hesitated it was in the Book of Ruth! I am afraid that this is by no means an isolated or exceptional example of the increasing general ignorance of the Bible. Even in the press Scriptural allusions are rarely made, although some journalists compared the brutal treatment of the late Queen Drags to that meted out to Zerkel of old—to the confusion of certain of their readers, as I happen to know. In England the practice is kept up with more frequency. And yet one wonders if a reference like the following, relating to the Persian massacres (Italics are mine) which appears in the issue of the *Spectator* that has just come into my hands is intelligible to most of its readers.

The Government tried at first to smother the potpourri section, but finding this dangerous, we sentenced one to be thrown away from a cannon and another to turn his head into a bomb. It is not stated that he smothered his bomb.

The neglect of Shakespeare, especially on the stage, in this country, is often emphasized with a dagger of reproach pointed at the way they honor the Bard of Avon in England. Yet even there they are not easy in their consciences, for only yesterday I read in a prominent London journal: "We preserve Shakespeare's house as a place of pilgrimage—chiefly for the use of American pilgrims—and buy sets of his works for our bookshelves and leave them there. We seldom go to see his plays presented, and when we do honor a Shakespeare play we regard the visit as a penalty we are paying in culture, and most of us hope that the mounting, extravagant dresses, and pretty incidental music will make our burden bearable." And yet in the English papers which make with the same mast I find some items of news which indicate a lively evidence of interest in the great dramatist. I learn that Mr. Sidney Lee in addition to his pretty quarrel with Miss Marie Corelli over the *Healey Street* episode in *Stratford* has written a preface to an anthology *In Praise of Shakespeare*, compiled by Mrs. E. Hughes, which aims at showing that the poet's reputation has never, since his own time, been seriously affected by the changes of fashion in literature. Then there is an announcement that one of the largest publishing firms in London is about to issue a certain quarto Shakespeare, for which these publishers, who evidently have short introductions and footnotes. In the correspondence column of the same paper my eye lights on an interesting letter from the eminent of a number of Shakespeares in the parish registers of Epsom, Bedfordshire, between 1523 and 1634. "The register," says the writer, "was astonished as I was at the finding of these five, and has no name of one on any tombstone in his parish churchyard. But the great William S would have approved of the *London* four—mother, and who had not of his next day with a bag of it, and sought a two-penny roach, the biggest that has been taken

near Hampton for a long while." Again, I read the statement in another paper that the British Empire Shakespeare Society has come into flourishing existence and claims attention. Sir Henry Irving, who has done so much for Shakespeare, is president of the Society; the Lord Bishop of Ripon is vice-president, Alexander Forbes-Robertson, and Lewis Waller are vice-presidents. The aim of the Society is to encourage the rising generation "not only to study Shakespeare's works, but to live them." Lectures, readings, and presentations of the plays are part of the Society's programme. The Society already numbers one thousand members. I could see on this side show a like boast in one day's casual reading of the newspapers?

Weimar, the home of Goethe and Schiller, had recently unveiled a statue of Shakespeare. The statue is the work of Ulm Lenzing, the sculptor of the famous Lenzing monument at Berlin. A German correspondent thus describes the statue: "The roll is one hand of the poet, the fresh blooming rose in the other, are symbolical, as are also the laurel-crowned sword at his feet and the fool's rap on the skull—allegories alike of his earnestness and of his humor, of his deep sense of comedy and of tragedy."



The new Statue of Shakespeare at Weimar

The *Memoirs of George Eliza*, edited by Lord Monson and George Leveson Gower (William Heinemann: London), affords a glimpse of army and society life in the England and India of a hundred years ago. Captain Eliza was in the Twelfth Regiment of Foot, and though he saw no actual service of any account, his career was as typical of the army officer in India that the historic worth of these memoirs is as valuable as their human interest is rich and entertaining. "The first of these memoirs," Lord Monson tells us "was found in the library of Hurton Hall by my relative, Mr. George Leveson Gower, to whom I am also indebted for his assistance in preparing this volume for publication; and as they seemed by me to present a faithful and interesting picture of life in society and in the army at the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth century, I decided on publishing them." Eliza was very intimate with the Duke of Wellington in his early days when he was Colonel Arthur Wellesley, Maria Edgeworth, the novelist, was a cousin of the captain; and the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, was a long acquaintance in those days of military dandies. Miss Edgeworth. It appears, read the autograph of these memoirs. "Your affectionate letter and entertaining history," she writes in one of her letters, "pleased and interested all this family very much, my dear Cousin; and I thank you for the trouble you took in writing it to me." The letters of Miss Edgeworth are taken up for the most part with matters of family genealogy, but this passage, written in 1811, is of literary interest:

"As you are so good to take an interest about my works, let me beg that you will take the trouble to deny my being the author of the 'Shalsh Girl' or of 'Tales of Real Life,' which I hear somebody has published in the name of Mrs. or Miss Edgeworth. There is also a person who takes the name of Theodosia Edgeworth, and published the 'Shipwreck.' I know nothing of it or of him. All our works are published by Johnson.

"I read you an Epigram of my father's upon recent fashionable Scotch marriages and divorces. It was the day of *Green's Green*." The lines have been attributed in England to Sheridan, and have been sent as Sheridan's by different people back from England to Ireland. My father thinks it a high honor to have anything of his writing attributed to so accomplished and witty a writer:

"To raise Scotland boys and girls are carried  
From their fair hills, and to be married  
Soon when green the valleys round them ran  
To rattle bells to get the best of them.  
The folks of Scotland, with their blue and  
Black, are not far from their own."



### THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

*Lord Salisbury, who died at Hatfield House, England, on August 23, was the head of the famous House of Cecil, which has been so closely identified with the high politics of Great Britain for more than three centuries. He first came into international prominence in 1878, when he and Disraeli represented Great Britain at the Congress of Berlin. In 1895 he became Prime Minister of England, and held the post at various times until his retirement from public life a year ago.*

# Sport in England

By Sydney Brooks



Shooting Grouse driven to a "blind" on an English Moor

LONDON, August 21, 1921.

THERE are some dates that you simply must know to hold your own in England. August 12 is one of them—the "Glorious Twelfth" when grouse-shooting begins. September 1 is the second; it marks the opening of the partridge-shooting season. October 1 is more important in later intelligently in the dominating conversational topic of the next six or seven months. Without them you will be socially lost.

The "Twelfth" has this further significance. It marks the official close of the London season. Actually the season winds up two or three weeks before. This year, owing to the King's visit to Ireland, it came to an unusually early end. For nearly a month the Park, which is the best and about the only public gauge of London's "emptiness,"—which can alone tell you whether the fifty thousand who count have fed, and only the five millions who do not count remain,—has been practically deserted. And yet while Parliament is still sitting and the light burns from the great tower at Westminster, the season is still officially in being. You see how the advantage of being governed by rich men. I suppose half the grouse moors in the kingdom belong to members of either the Upper or the Lower House. There is, in consequence, an immense pressure put upon legislators to get through their work and wind up the session before the "Twelfth." Bills are rushed through or ruthlessly dropped, private members are gagged and crumpled into silence, and the government grooves every wheel to bring the parliamentary machine up to its topmost speed. When Englishmen finally settle down to work they work quickly, and the machine somehow never fails to respond to the call. With the smell of the leather already in their nostrils, and the pop of the guns clicking in their ears, honorable members display the most unaccounted activity. A foreigner who did not know the motive power at work might really mistake the British House of Commons, during these momentous days that precede the "Twelfth" for a business-like assembly. There is such earnestness, such speed, such relentless refusal to be led away from the straight and narrow path. It always merits with its reward. No crisis is imaginable that would persuade the House to all beyond the "Twelfth." It never fails to get itself prosecuted in time to pick up and catch the night express for Scotland and the moors. And with its prerogative the London season that for weeks has been spluttering is finally stamped out.

And about this, too. The piquancy of Mr. Henry James has discovered and sung the praises of London in August, and there is at least one ambassador who prefers it to all other months. London in August, he declares, is the only season of the year when he can be really quiet and feel himself the master of his time. But ministers with a lesser gift for abstraction or fewer demands on their leisure, as they wander through an empty Belgrave or a swing a few they know, find it something less than Paradise. Like everything else, your club is given over to the decorator, and though it is the good rule of London for clubs to stand together

and help one another over these distasteful August cleanings by opening their doors to the horseless cars, somehow you do not care to accept the invitation more than once. It is not your club but someone else's; you are waited on by unfamiliar stewards; you have no local habitation, and the chair you instinctively gravitate to you always find to be the favorite seat of an original member. The only people who can and do enjoy London in August are home-painters and Americans and the London County Council. Social London is in the hands of the first, picturesque London the prey of the third. The sidewalks are littered with holders and pulls and brushes, and pleasantly tinted with splashes of paint; the roads are "up" and raking of tar; and every other person you meet is poring over a Bauedeker. No that, in spite of Mr. Henry James and the Ambassador, I think a pretty good case could be made and why we should not spend August in London.

At any rate a good many people seem to feel this way about it. Go any morning or evening just before the "Twelfth" to one of the great London stations and watch the crowds starting for the north. It is a sight which will show you a new side of the grouse—its economic value. Vast armies—vast, that is, as Englishmen reckon vastness in land—have been made prosperous by the grouse; the grouse employs thousands; the grouse has led to the building of railroads and steamship lines; the grouse for the time being is the alpha and omega of the social programme. At the London termini you will discover that sport and politics, sport and society, are in England pretty well synonymous. Nearly every one you see crowding into the trains that are bound for the Scotch and Yorkshire moors is a man or woman of mark—lawyers, legislators, and society leaders, the pick of English life. It knocks on the head one's notions of English stolidity and reserve. Every one in tweeds and every one is laughing and excited; troops of footmen, with gun-cases and of lady's maids with the usual impudently hostile round; the great holiday has begun. They do not precisely look the sort of people who are inclined to rough it; but if you accompany them to the moors, you will find them all, men and women alike, to be possessed of a wonderful staying power.

Almost all shooting in England has been rechristened within the last forty years. The development along really scientific lines of "driving" and the immense amount of attention that has been devoted to the rearing of partridges and pheasants are the cause of the revolution. Games of course are wild, and no attempt, so far as I know, has been made to head rear them on any large scale. But the introduction of driving has altogether changed the methods of shooting them. In Scotland alone, where the birds will sink to the nature of the ground, are they now walked up to with dogs. In England, on the Yorkshire, Durham and Lancashire moors, the man who is content to patter about behind a pointer or setter and kick up a few birds at a time, is already a rarity and threatens in time to disappear altogether. The same may be said, too, of partridges and pheasants. Formerly all through England they are now driven to the guns, with great slaughter. At a famous shoot in Suffolk, a few years ago, eight guns in four days killed 5387½ brace of grouse; but that of course was altogether exceptional. Two hundred brace is a fair average day's sport. The moors are rented in accordance with the number of brace they usually afford and the house accommodation they provide. Bargains are rare though. I know one compact five-acre moor in Yorkshire which rents regularly for £125 a very moderate price. The larger and better stocked ones average about \$4 or \$5 rental per brace.

# THE NEW NATIONAL GUARD

THE NATIONAL GUARD AS IT WAS IN THE OLD DAYS—HOW A SENIORITY GUARD DUTY IN THE SEVENTIES—THE REGULARS AND THE GUARDMEN—HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED IN THE NATIONAL GUARD—THE DISCIPLINE AND EQUIPMENT OF TO-DAY—THE FASHION OF THE "TEN SOLDIER"—THE NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK THE EQUAL TO-DAY OF ANY MILITARY ORGANIZATION OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

## By Franklin Matthews

**T**HE National Guard colonel of twenty-five years' experience sat on a camp-stool outside his tent and smiled as he watched a sentry patrolling his beat.

"Remember when you used to do that?" asked a friend.

"That's just what I was thinking of," was the reply. "How times have changed! 'Way back in '77 I was put on guard duty in front of the armory in Fourteenth Street. Riot duty we were out on. An orderly came to our quarters and said in the captain's, 'Bill, the colonel wants you to put a guard out in front of the armory.' 'You tell him to go to Hullyhoon,' was the answer. The orderly went back and then one of the lieutenants said to the captain, 'Bill, guess we had better let him have a man.' 'All right,' said the captain. 'Here, Jim, you go on guard duty.' 'I can't do that,' said Jim; 'don't you know you and I are going out to breakfast together?' 'That's so,' said the captain, and then they selected me.

"I wasn't even a member of the company, but I was doing duty with them, expecting to get in. If I had shot a man it would have been marvellous. Well, I walked up and down for an hour or two, and then I went into the armory and asked when I would get my breakfast. They told me not to mind about a little thing like that, and I got mad and said I'd buy it myself. So I went around the corner, got my mackerel in a corner in a restaurant, had a good feed, and when I got ready went back again.

"I walked up and down there for three days, off and on. When I got tired I'd go inside and rest. When any of the shop-girls came along I would walk a block or two with them. I'd go off post at any time to get my meals. On the third day I got tired and sang out to the company quarters that I wanted to be relieved. They sent another man down, and I went across town to a relative's, had a bath and a shave, and came back when I got ready. That was guard duty in time of riot twenty-five years ago. Now when I punish a man for the slightest infraction of duty, I often wonder what he would say if he knew."

"Fancy a regular doing that?" was the friend's comment.

"That's all right," said the colonel, "but you and most people have an idea that regulars are so vastly superior to National Guardsmen that it is ridiculous to compare them. I tell you it isn't so. We're up against an entirely different game from the

regulars, and, what's more, we do our work as well as if not better than they would do it. What is the watchword with the National Guard? 'I'll tell you. It's battle. A summons comes in the night. The bugler doesn't stand outside his tent and lool, lool, and then there you have your men. No, it's a grand hustle all over town, and in four hours you've got your men at a railroad station and off you go.

"What's the watchword with the regulars? It's deliberation. Don't be in a hurry, don't get excited, in the morning of every move they make. Why, I remember we got word in the Spanish war to move to a certain camp preparatory to going to the front. In ten minutes I had the officers before me. 'How soon can you move?' I asked. 'Half an hour,' was the answer. I went and reported to the regular army officer in command. I said, 'We could go this afternoon, but we'll be ready early to-morrow morning.' 'Let's see,' said the colonel. 'This is Monday. Don't upset the commissary. You send word back that you will be ready to start a week from Wednesday.' There you are.

"I tell you our game is different. A regular in service has a definite enemy. In war that enemy wears a uniform. You know where he is, what he looks like, and you know what to do when you see him. In our work the man that walks along the street in a parade may use a stick of dynamite on you the next minute, and you never know when to shoot. However, shooting is a good thing sometimes. If a man had his legs shot on a freighter in Buffalo in 1902 I almost believe we'd be there yet. The guardsman was smart enough to get a clean gas and a full cartridge-clip, and no one ever found out who did that shooting, although there are hundreds of men to-day who could tell it. In these days, however, a guardsman doesn't need to hide it if he shoots a man when obeying orders. Yes, times have changed in the National Guard, and the highest ambition nowadays is not to have an armory as a club-house and have a big ball once a year, but to do your work so that a regular couldn't do it any better.

"Curious how that ambition in beat the regulars affects a man. Why, I knew a guardsman so affected with desire to emulate the regulars that he went over to Governors Island and had his clothes made up with as many little knicks in them that the regulars used as he could have. Even had red stitching put in some



A Cavalry Brigade of National Guardsmen Surprising a Relief Train



Infantry Drill—Skirmish Line Advancing in Open Order

of the serum. He was an artilleryman. He never chewed tobacco, but when he went on duty he wanted to be so like a regular that he put a tremendous chew in his mouth. 'What battery of the regulars did you need to serve in?' asked his commanding officer, and when he came off duty he disappeared for three days. I don't say he was—well, anyhow, let us say he was indisposed from joy.

"Yes, we'll stick up against the regulars in any way you want us to. It's been a long, hard fight, but the National Guard of the State of New York is in such a state of discipline, is so thoroughly equipped, has such excellent sanitary regulations, that no man in the world is in better shape. Take the matter of food. I remember when the best "one-day's ration" was a \$5 bill in your pocket. When we got to Buffalo in 1932 we had been eighteen hours without food. They said we were going to camp on a farm. A great cheer went up when we heard the news. We could see the fresh eggs, the butter, and chickens and nice capitaines all being cooked for us. Solddiering wasn't so bad, after all. We were going into a land of milk and honey. Well, that farm was a swamp, filled with railroad cinders, and there was nothing but grain elevators and mosquitoes in sight. We had no food for nearly forty-eight hours more.

"One of the officers went into Buffalo, got an order on a wholesale grocery house, had to hire a furniture van to haul the supplies out to camp. The boys pulled the van into camp with a great shout. Well, there were no cooking utensils. I remember my company got a big wash-bowls and we made a stew. Every one took a head in the cooking. We noticed a peculiar steam on top of the stew, but the steam from that stew was so grand that we didn't care about the looks, and we just skimmed the steam off and let her simmer. And how we did eat it! When we got through some one looked in the boiler, and there were the remains of a bar of soap that we had neglected to remove. But there never was a better stew in the world than that, soup and all.

"Well, what happens nowadays? Every company has its portable stove, its cooks, and every man has his little knife and fork and spoon and plate attached. And then there are meat-knives and big knives and everything needed to go along, and it's all packed up snug and fine, and no guardsman ever goes hungry. He even carries condensed rations, good for one day's supply. He doesn't need the \$5 bill in his pocket any more. He's as well equipped as any regular could be, and his commissary is in just as good a condition. We are sending out the men from their camps on marches of one or two days, making them take care of themselves as they go along. Regulars couldn't do my better.

"As to the health of men in the field, well, nothing is neglected. I remember, just to show the difference, a 'lung mill' in the camp at Peekskill ten years ago in the night. We all tumbled out—of course, in those days the tip had been sent around word to expect— I was coming back to camp one of the general officers, and was trying to get out of the way of a battery that was making a short cut, stumbled in the dark over the ropes of a tent, fell badly, cut himself terribly on the tent-poles, and was one of the worst-looking objects in the world. We got the doctor as soon as possible. He had crude appliances and no helpers. I left my command to assist the doctor, and I'm a captain! I had a nasty brownish lump to give us light; an acetone gas as in those days. It was a disagreeable job getting the man up, and it was a marvelous piece of work, considering our meagre equipment.

"What is the situation now? We have men enlisted in every company as a hospital outfit. Why, sometimes you can't keep

out of their clutches. Let a man have a headache. They will actually seize him, bundle him off to a hospital, and not let him go. Let a man suggest that he has a pain. These Red Cross fellows pounce on him, even want him to make him think he really is sick; then they cuddle him and turn him out with great pride the next day a well man. Let a man fall in the ranks or get hurt. Does a captain leave his men and go to assist the soldier doctor or captain doctor? Not much. Nobody pays any attention to the stricken man. The hospital gang is there on the jump, and we go right along. Why, we need to have to borrow an ambulance whenever we went out. Do we do it nowadays? I guess not. We even have the harness for the horses all ready. And the medicine chest is a marvelous thing. Let a man complain of a brown taste in the mouth. He goes to the doctor—he wouldn't think of such a thing at home. 'Give him Number 31,' or whatever it is, says the doctor, and the pills or the powder—or liquids—are doled out.

"And the camp inspections? Twice a day they are made. Every officer knows how to pitch a camp nowadays. 'Wood and water' is the trick to learn. Get your water from the highest point up stream, and let the camp drainage go into the stream the farthest point possible below.

"Talk about discipline! The enlisted man to-day uses the third person in addressing his officers. He comes up to the captain and says, 'I have the first sergeant's permission to speak to the captain.' If you're the captain, you would have said in the old days: 'Why, I'm the captain. You lunkhead, don't you know that?' Not you say, 'Well, what is it?' This custom of using the third person runs through all the ranks. There's no familiarity with officers. You don't hear a captain called 'Bill' by his men any more. Every man in the guard is able to repeat, just as he would in secret society's ritual, the duties of a sentry. I remember asking a lot of officers once to repeat that formula. They couldn't do it. Two weeks later every man had it. Then they made every one of their subordinates learn the same thing, and so it spread until to-day an enlisted man of a few months who cannot recite that thing off isn't fit to be in the guard. The great point is that the elementary things are now thoroughly understood by the private as well as by the officer.

"One of the greatest helps in the advancement of the National Guard of the State has been the banishment of the ornamental officer, the man who had to wear a uniform on show occasions and who knew nothing of military duty, but even enough to wear a sword properly. Ready-made uniforms and all that are gone. Why, when I joined the National Guard of New York there were no less than 13 major generals and eighteen brigadier generals, to my sorrow, of a lot of superfluous small fry. The Governor's staff was filled with men who strolled around at official receptions in a gorgeous uniform, and couldn't have done a right-about-face if they had tried. Our Governor's staff, it is true, was never over-loaded with those men like the staffs of so many Governors of States. We never had from 150 to 200 civilians on the Governor's staff, like the Governor of Illinois has. Why, not at St. Louis in April last the staff of the Illinois Governor resembled a regiment of cavalry made up of war recruits.

"What is the situation in New York State now? There is just one major general and only four brigadiers, but the Governor's staff there are only two civilians, although the Governor is entitled to appoint four. The rest of the staff is made up of men detailed from the various military organizations of the State, and they are trained men. They know how to wear military clothes on social occasions, and they also know how to perform real military





**Engineer Corps.—Building a Pontoon Bridge**



**BRINGING UP**



Drawn by J. N. Marquand

P THE GUN



The Signal Corps at Heliograph Practice

duties when it is required. Governor Hisek is entitled to the credit of shooting off these useless officers. He signed the bill making the change, and Governor Roosevelt put the law into effect. Governor O'Neil has carried out the purpose of it with the utmost strictness, leaving vacant two places which he might fill with civilians.

"Now all this has had a tremendous effect in the matter of discipline and of preserving the military esprit de corps with the guard. Not doing it on a strict business basis with us, and, as I said before, the guardsman is striving not so much to do his work as well as a regular, but better than a regular. Let me illustrate. If there is anything that a regular likes to get out of it is dress parade. He sees so much of it that when he is excused from it he is like a boy who gets let out of school early, and inwardly he feels like giving a whoop. How is it with a guardsman? 'What? Not parade?' he says. 'What do we come here for?' He wants to parade. He doesn't hear the toot and bling-bong of the band every night in the year. He likes to feel the vanity that comes from wearing a uniform on a show occasion.

"To hark back to discipline, let me give you another striking instance of the great improvement that has gone on. The old National Guardsman used to regard it as a misfortune to have to saluting his officers all the time. Why should he salute Bill or Jim or any of his friends who just happened to be an officer and was no better than he? He didn't do it, that's all. Now he understands that saluting is a military privilege of the highest kind.

"It is harder on the officer than on himself. The officer must re-

ply to a hundred salutes where he has to give one. I never bother with a man who doesn't salute me. I just say to him, 'What are you under arrest for?' You know a man under arrest is never allowed to salute. 'Me under arrest?' he says. 'I'm not under arrest.' 'Why don't you salute?' I ask. Invariably the hand goes up, and that man never forgets. He begins to understand that it is a privilege to salute, and he shows his officers every time they pass him that he knows what his duty is, and that he expects to have his superiors respond and recognize it.

"The National Guard of New York, as a result of all this improvement, is to-day in a state of efficiency that makes it able to bear comparison with any military organization of its size in the world. The people of the State do not realize it. The day of the 'tin soldier' has gone. With the new York bill in operation the regular-army officers will find the State soldiers ready for any kind of work at any time, and that they will stand the closest comparison with the regulars."

Landing Naval Reserves under Fire





The chorus of autograph girls who have come to "Peggy's" hotel to beg for her signature



"Captain Alonso Plummer" (Mr. George Richard), the father of "Peggy," and his daughter "Lutie" (Miss Guelma Baker) have come to the Paragon Theatre, in Chicago, to call on "Mlle. Fleurette Caravelle." "Captain Plummer" is figuring up his various expenses since leaving Hickory Creek

### "PEGGY FROM PARIS"

Mr. George Ad's musical comedy, "Peggy from Paris," opens in New York next week at Wallack's Theatre. "It is intended to be," says Mr. Ad, "a satire dealing more or less lightly with the strictly American habit of paying homage to the foreign artist." "Peggy Plummer," the daughter of "Captain Alonso Plummer," of Hickory Creek, goes to Paris to study for the operatic stage. She returns to America as "Mlle. Fleurette Caravelle," a successful prima donna, without informing her friends at home of her real identity, and a series of amusing adventures and complications results



**MISS CORINNE PARKER**

*Miss Parker played leading roles in Richard Mansfield's company for several seasons until a serious illness interrupted her work. She has now recovered, and will be seen in an important part during the coming season. A novel of New York stage life which has just come from her pen will probably be published in book form this autumn.*



An Insurgent Camp in the Mountains



A Band of Bulgarian Revolutionaries

## THE TROUBLES IN THE BALKANS

*The insurgents who are causing the disturbances in the Balkans are formed into bands, practically independent of one another and composed of men who have left their homes and organized in the mountains. From their camps in the difficult districts they are descending on their enemies, the Turks, burning villages and taking the officials captive.*



# ONCE MORE The VERSATILE WILLIAM

Drawn by Albert Leveing

## VANDERBILT ROUSES THE GERMANS TO MORE SATIRE.

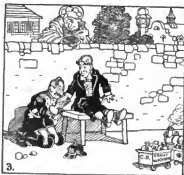
From "Vanderbilt's Chatting on the Unconventional Hamper" Part 10. Copyright, 1934, by W. W. Norton.



Mother Germania: "Ah! Now I wonder not as to not dot boy William has founded new nation, no?"



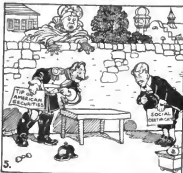
Mother Germania: "So! But must be some more territory not I see a good trade way, already."



Mother Germania: "Check! look at dot, now! End all for our business reasons for his all world, no?"



Mother Germania: "So! a picture! Now what dot a reward boy? I wonder as a situation in Tallish?"



Mother Germania: "Um! look's alike! He picks out of me at all?"



Mother Germania: "Such a ungratefulness! End dot not only a common American millionaire, no?"

# Correspondence

THE "WEEKLY" IN THE SOUTH

THE NEW ARMY RIFLE

RECORDED: MAR., AUGUST 18, 1902

NEW ORLEANS PROGRESSIVE COLOON, NEW ORLEANS, JULY 18, 1902.  
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—Editorials which have appeared recently in HARPER'S WEEKLY with reference to the race question in the South and in the country at large have attracted a great deal of favorable comment here, and I want to congratulate you upon them.

It occurs to me that in the week of the great Southern edition of your publication to be issued in September next, that it is almost a duty not to show in your editorial columns an appreciation of the reception this special number has received editorially at the hands of many of the most conservative and able papers of the South—just as ably edited as HARPER'S WEEKLY and just as particular about the matter that goes upon the editorial page to express their views.

This publication has been given an extraordinary and unusual support by the people of Louisiana, Texas, and other Southern States, and the editorial recognition that it has received seems to demand recognition in the editorial columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY. However, as you are the director of what should go into those columns, you will please accept what I have to say merely in the light of a suggestion.

I am, sir,  
TOM RICHARDSON,  
Manager.

[That the editorials on the negro problem which have appeared in the WEEKLY have met with general approval in the South is in itself a subject for congratulation on our part, for in our ardent object of helping to advance the civilization, the morals, and the life of America, we cannot avoid taking up this important subject. And where the South feels that Northern opinion is apt to be biased, no better note could be struck than the one in this letter. We have noted with increasing satisfaction the general interest throughout the South in our number on the New South which is in issue in September. It shows not only the standing of the WEEKLY there, but it shows how the two sections of the country are coming closer and closer together.—EDITOR.]

## WHAT THE KAISER THINKS OF THE "WEEKLY"

BREITEN, AUGUST 10, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—Perhaps no American abroad has enjoyed fame and fortune longer than Dr. Sylvester, who, as court dentist to Kaiser Wilhelm, occupies a coveted post in Berlin.

His home, near the Brandenburger Thor, is rich in objects as in associations, together with his genial personality, has enrolled a long list of friends for him, from the number of the famous and powerful. His cordial welcome to Americans is ever-ready; his hospitality is proverbial.

A party of his countrymen had gathered at his invitation to an informal dinner last winter, just as the first snow upon the horizon threatened a warlike outbreak over Venezuela. Conversation turned thereon, and as if to stifle conviction some facetious remarks were made. This suggested a joke, and the host gave the order, "Bring the last HARPER'S WEEKLY." He pointed to its last page, on which was a funny account from a wag's standpoint in partnership with a clever artist, of the chief actors and their parts in the international drama—the Kaiser, John Bull, Castro, and Teddy Roosevelt. Shots of laughter greeted the page till some guest said, "Only don't let the Kaiser see it."

"Oh, I showed it to him the other day, and no one laughed more over it than he!" exclaimed the host. "Whenever such fun is brought to his notice he seems to appreciate the joke and heartily enjoys it."

I am, sir,  
R. C. V.

## EMPHATICALLY ACKNOWLEDGED

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, JULY 20, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—Having read the article entitled "Leo XIII," which appeared in the July 25 issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, I am constrained my inclination of expressing to you my satisfaction and pleasure—in fact, I may say the unbounded delight—with which I perused that article. It is a source of edification that cannot fail to appeal to the hearts of all who may chance to read it. Whether or not you are the author of the essay I do not know, but say, as the editor is responsible for what appears in his paper, I must assert that I am impressed with the thought that the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY is endowed with a mind capable of un-biased reasoning and an unbiased expression of ideas—even those treating of the much-despised and scoffed-at Pope of Rome—thus indicating that he is possessed of that broad-minded freedom of thought which we lay Roman Catholics who may chance to read when we have the task of commenting upon the weekly's events.

Having heard and read so much against the Pope—as we Catholics do—I must say, having read the above-mentioned article (of which it signifies little, indeed, coming from me) that I hold the paper's WEEKLY in very high esteem, and think of the editor with respect and admiration.

I am, sir,  
FRANK C. DAVIS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—Army men are deeply interested in the new Springfield magazine rifle which is now being manufactured in the United States armory in Springfield, Massachusetts, to fill a special order for a small number. A great deal is claimed for the new weapon, and it is believed that it will be the most notable feature in its range, which is five miles. It is expected that after a trial of the new arm by the troops first equipped, a general order will be received to continue the manufacture and equip the entire army. The weapon has been recently tested, with remarkable results. The target used consisted of about twenty squares of white pine, one inch thick, which were mounted vertically one inch apart. Bullets shot from the improved cartridges of the new rifle at a distance of fifty-three feet from the nearest square showed a penetration of 6.3. According to a law deduced by ordnance experts, the fleshy part of a man's body, from front to back, offers the same resistance to a bullet as does a plank of white pine one inch thick. On this theory it is claimed that the new rifle will shoot a bullet through the bodies of fifty-five men formed in a straight column, all facing its muzzle, the nearest man being fifty-three feet away; at a distance of 500 yards it will now down twenty-three men; at 1000 yards, thirteen men; and at 1500 yards, at least, three men. The Krag-Jorgensen rifle now in use will now down forty-six men, as against the fifty-five of the new arm.

Although the new rifle has a carrying capacity of five miles, soldiers will not attempt to use it at that distance, 2000 yards being considered the greatest distance at which a soldier with sharp eyes, even when aided by a telescope, can see a human target with sufficient accuracy to aim.

The new bullet will have 43 grains of powder, as against 37.4 in the bullet now in use, the muzzle velocity of the weapon is 2500 feet per second, or 300 feet faster than the muzzle velocity of the Krag. The bullet of the new arm is equal to the old in diameter as well as in weight, but its greater charge of powder increases the weight of the entire cartridge grains. Nevertheless, the total weight of the new rifle with bayonet, scabbard, and 100 cartridges is one pound less than that of the old. This is the result of a clever arrangement of the new arm. It is six inches shorter over all than the old. With its new substitute for a bayonet and scabbard it weighs 9.47 pounds, while the Krag-Jorgensen with its present bayonet and scabbard in use weighs 10.64 pounds.

On the new arm the old-style bayonet is entirely discarded. Instead, the bayonet and cleaning rod are one and the same. By pressing a button under the muzzle the cleaning rod may be pulled out ten inches, where the button catch holds it in place as a pick or bayonet. The bayonet and its scabbard are then dispensed with as separate articles, such as a single down the older arm. The bayonet has a highly polished blade, and since the methods of warfare have become humane, and the demand for an intrenching tool with which the soldier may throw up breastworks has been growing more and more insistent. On account of this demand an intrenching tool is now being designed which will probably take the place of a bayonet in the soldier's belt.

A "mob cartridge" which is now being designed for the new weapon is a decided military novelty. It is designed to be effective up to 250 yards only, and instead of carrying one elongated bullet, it contains two pieces of round shot of the same diameter. It is intended for use in case of a mob or riot, when the elongated bullet would be too deadly, causing massacre of innocents as well as shooting down combatants.

Although the Krag was thought to be a superior weapon, the new arm is regarded as an arm much better than the Krag, as the Krag is better than the old Springfield rifle, and the officials in the United States armory predict its use in the entire army.

I am, sir,  
L. MARSH MELLIS.

## MUSICAL PROGRAMMES AGAIN

PERSEUS, PENNSYLVANIA, AUGUST 15, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—I have heard the same question concerning musical programmes in the past, and I propose by your correspondence in the issue of August 18, and I should like to give what seems to me the true answer to it.

In the first place, there are numerous concerts given of just the nature desired by our correspondents. Any of the "pop" type ought to fill his bill to a nicety. In all probability he will find better selections than the "Jewel Song" and worse harmony than "My Old Kentucky Home." "Mr. Dooley" will probably be inducted in a melody or given as an encore; and he will be treated to the "Star-spangled Banner" as a signature, with the crowd cheering vociferously all around, and go home imagining he has been enjoying music.

The great musical organizations, such as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, do frequently perform the "pop" type of music, but do not expect such an organization—whose work is to render the best music in the broadest sense and to educate the musical taste of a nation—to play the daily crop of ragtime as an incompensable as to expect the latest Dutch comedian monologues from the pulpit.

I am, sir,  
W. W. M.

**Lord Kelvin and the Teapot**

DOMESTIC science has of recent years adopted the phraseology of the laboratory and become the favorite field of chemists and economists. Twenty years ago, however, it was still a novelty to be treated so flippantly, perhaps, but with less seriousness than it receives to-day. It was something like joy, therefore, that a few students admitted to the scientific meetings of the Royal Scientific Society of Edinburgh heard the present Lord Kelvin announce Tea-Cosies as the subject of his paper for the evening.

In that black land where the afternoon cup of tea is the universal habit, the peddler of heat to slip over the teapot and arrest the dissipation of its heat in everywhere in use, Lord Kelvin had made an exhaustive study of radiation in proportion to the surface of the teapot, and wished to show that the surface of the teapot might be reduced to a size where the cozy would no longer keep it warm, but make it actually colder. The boy on the back seat listened eagerly. Here at last was a practical use for science. By manufacturing teapots of scientifically exact proportions, the cumbersome tea-cozy might be dispensed with and one's fortune made. Through endless formulae the lad tried to follow the course of the argument. At last Lord Kelvin reached his conclusion. "The proper size, in short, for the ideal teapot," he announced, "is approximately that of an ordinary garden pea."

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# LETTERS OF MARQUE

ISSUED UNDER SEAL OF THE KINGDOM  
OF BOHEMIA TO ESPER INDIAN, ESQ.

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

## The Adventure of the Gentleman's Visiting Card

**T**HIS card that had been thrust into my hand had pencilled upon it, "Call at 4020 Madison Avenue at a quarter before eight this evening." Below in, copper-plate, was engraved the name, Mr. Esper Indian.

It was one of those abominably springlike days that New York sometimes experiences at the latter end of March, days when negligee skirts and last summer's straw hats make a sporadic appearance, and beneficent weather prophets write letters to the afternoon papers about the sun-spots. Really, it was hot, and I was anxious to get out of the dust and glare; it would be cool at the club, and I intended dining there. The time was half past six, the height of the housewreck rush hours, and, as usual, there was a jam of vehicles and pedestrians at the Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street crossing. The subway contractors were still at work here, and the available street space was choked with their stagnant and temporary footwalks. The inevitable consequent was congestion; here were two of the principal thoroughfares of the city crossing each other at right angles, and with hardly enough room, at the point of intersection, for the traffic of men. The confusion grew worse as the policemen and signposts stationed at the crossing occasionally had their heads, every now and then, a new lock would form, and several minutes would elapse before the crowd could be broken. In all directions long lines of yellow electric cars stood stalled, the impatient passengers looking ahead to discover the cause of the trouble. A familiar enough experience in the modern New Yorker, yet it never fails to exasperate him afresh.

The impasse looked hopeless when I reached the scene. A truck loaded with bales of huperia was on the point of breaking down at the crossing, and it was a question of how to get it out of the way in the shortest possible time, consistent with the avoidance of the threatened catastrophe. Meanwhile, the jam of cars and trucks kept piling up until there was hardly space for a newboy to worm his way from one curb to another, and the crowd on the street corners began to grow restive.

Now, I detest being in the mob, and I was about to back my way out of the crowd and seek another route, even if a roundabout one. But just then the blockade was partially raised, an opening presented itself immediately in front of me, and I was forced forward willfully. Arrived at the other side of the street, I drew out of the press as quickly as possible, and it was then that I discovered Mr. Indian's card—dark rattle tightly clenched in my left hand. Impossible to conjecture how it had come there, but premeditation is at least conceivable. My own part in the transaction had been purely involuntary; the muscles of the palm had closed unconsciously upon the object presented to it, just as does a baby's. "Mr. Esper Indian—and who the deuce may he be?"

The club dining-room was full, but Jockley bid me and offered me a seat at his table. I thought Jockley, and as I explained politely that I was waiting for a friend, and should not dine until later.

"Well, then, have a cocktail while I am finishing my coffee," persisted the host, and I was obliged to comply.

"I had to leave rather earlier than usual," explained Jockley.

"Yes," I said, not caring in the least about Mr. Jockley's hours for meals.

"You see I'm doing the opening at the Globe to-night, and I must get my act early in the office before the theatre. And what do you think of that by way of an extra assignment?" He took a card from his pocket-book and tossed it over. It was another one of Mr. Esper Indian's calling cards, and pencilled in pencil, "Call at 4020 Madison Avenue at eight o'clock this evening."

Jockley was lighting his cigar and so did not observe my start of surprise. Have I said that Jockley was a newspaper man? One of the new school of sportsmen, a creature who would stick at nothing in the manufacture of a sensation. The Bear-Head is his pet, and he holds nothing else sacred in heaven and earth. He would sacrifice—but perhaps I'm unjust to Jockley; maybe it's

only his house and flourish that I detest. Furthermore, I'm a little afraid of him; I don't want to be written up.

"Esper Indian," I read aloud. "Don't know him."

"Ever heard the name?" asked Jockley.

I hesitated. "It's unfamiliar, certainly."

Jockley looked gloomy. "Nobody seems to know him," he said.

"And the name isn't to be found in the directory, telephone book, or social register?"

"Wonderful fellows, these newspaper men; I never should have thought of going for Mr. Indian like that."

"But why and wherefore?" I asked, cautiously.

"A mystery, my son. The card was shoved into my hand half an hour ago."

"Where?"

"At Twenty-third and Fourth. There were a lot of people around, and I haven't the most distant notion of who it was."

"What does it mean?"

Jockley shook his head.

"What will you do about it?"

"I will make the call, of course."

"Of course?"

"Yes, maybe he's a story thief, who knows. Besides, it's directly on my way to the Globe, and the curtain is not until eight-thirty. Tell you what, old man; come along with me and see the thing in a flash. Fate leads a card—Mr. Esper Indian's—and will give the second hand, what do you say?"

I declined firmly. God forbid that I should be featured, along with the other exhibits in the case, on the first page of to-morrow's *Planet*.

"See," he assented indifferently and pushed his chair back

at the crossing, and in fact, the room was entirely deserted. I looked at my watch; it was ten minutes after seven, and that gave me a quarter of an hour in which to think it over. Should I accept Mr. Indian's invitation to call?

So there were three of us—if not more. Rather absurd this

off at polo and thrashing a single-sticker to windward in a Cape-

Cod squall. But I she'd not say a word against the governor, God bless him! He gave me what I thought I wanted, and it wasn't his fault that an insignificant blood clot should beat him out on that one day of days—the corner is "R.P." It was never the Chicago crowd that could have done him in—I'm glad to remember that.

Well, there being only the two of us, it didn't matter so much:

it wasn't as though there were a lot of helpless women folk to consider. After the funeral and the settlement with the creditors there was left— I'm ashamed to say how little, and, anyway,



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distinctly; he seemed to be put out about something; he spoke impatiently, even angrily.

"But this is 4020 Madison Avenue, isn't it? Mr. Indiman—I was asked to call—Mr. Jerckley of the Planet."

"Must be some mistake, sir," came the answer. "This is No. 4028, but there's no Mr. Inkerman—"

"Indiman, not Inkerman—Mr. Epper Indiman. Look at the card."

"Never heard the name, sir."

"What? Well, then, who does live here?"

"Mr. Neell, sir. Mr. Ambrose Johnson Neell. But he's at a dinner and I couldn't disturb him."

"Humph!" I busy that Jerckley swore under his breath as he turned to go. Then the outer door was closed upon him.

It was a relief, of course, to be spared the infliction of Mr. Jerckley's society, but I could not but admit that the situation was developing some peculiarities. Elucidating the doubtful personality of Mr. Ambrose Johnson Neell, who was this Mr. Epper Indiman, whose identity had been so freely admitted to me, and so explicitly denied to Jerckley? The inference was obvious that Jerckley had failed to pass the first inspection test, and so had been turned down without further ceremony. This reflection rather annoyed me; I forgot about the invisibility to which I was being subjected in the long wait, and began to be curious about the game itself. What next?

At a quarter after eight, and then, again, at half after, there were inquiries at the door for Mr. Indiman. To each caller the answer was returned that Mr. Indiman was known at No. 4020 Madison Avenue and that Mr. Ambrose Johnson Neell could not be disturbed at his dinner.

There was no caller at the next quarter, and none again at nine o'clock. The series had, therefore, come to an end, and I remained the sole survivor—of what for what?

I knew just my nerves had been somewhat weakened by two days' fast, or else it was the effect of Jerckley's cocktail on an otherwise empty stomach. What ever the cause, I and slowly became conscious that I was passing into a state of high mental tension; I wanted to scream but impatiently upon the air, Jerckley would have put it that I was within an ace of flying off the handle.

A sudden click of ringing metal startled my ears. It should have been the bustling knock, and it was, but not after the fashion that might have been expected. As though by magic, the bell-ringing, I felt as if I were upon a boat outboard of the situation, in my life.

In the center of the room stood a heavy table of some East-Indian wood—oak, I think, they call it. I could have sworn that there was nothing whatever upon this table when I entered the dining room; now I saw three objects lying there. I walked up and examined them. As they lay towards me, the first was a tin-bound volume of heavy white paper directed to me, Winston Thorp.

The letter was brief and brutal; it read:

Mr. Indiman presents his compliments to

Mr. Thorp and requests the honour of his company at dinner, Tuesday, June the thirtieth, at nine o'clock.

4020 Madison Avenue.

Dishonor, death and disaster—a curious trio to choose between. Yet to a man in my present position each of them appeared in its own way, and I'm not ashamed to confess it. Perhaps the choice I made may seem inevitable, but what if you had seen Hughman's face as I did, with the one light full upon it? It was the remembrance of that that made me hesitate; twice I drew my hand away and looked at the asseny and the pistol.

Through the open door came a ravish- ing odor, that of a fillet à la Chateaubriand; the purely animal instincts reasserted themselves, and I picked up the garden-hose and stuck it into the buttonhole of my dinner-jacket. I looked down at the table, and it seemed to me that the ten-thousand-dollar note and the pistol had disappeared. But what of that, what did anything matter now; I was going to dine!

I walked up stairs guided by that delicious, that heavenly odor and entered the dining room, in the rear, without the smallest hesitation. At one end of the table sat a man of distinguished appearance, and that entrancing fillet, displayed in an asseny silver center, shined before him; I could not take my eyes from it.

My host, for such he evidently was, rose and bowed with great politeness.

"You must pardon me," he said, "for sitting down, but, as my note said, I dine at nine. I will have the shell-fish and soup brought on."

"I should prefer to begin with the fillet," I said decidedly.

A servant brought me a plate; my hand trembled, but I succeeded in helping myself without spilling the precious sauce; I ate.

"There are three conditions of men who might be expected to accept the kind of invitation which has brought me the honor of your company," remarked my host as he lit our cigarettes near the Boston punch. "To particularize, the merely foolish prison, and the forced labor, as Homer would put it, and neither do I suffer business. At least one of the latter is not likely to bother me again."

"I found my desperate man in you, my dear Mr. Thorp; shall we drink to our better acquaintance?" I bowed, and we drank.

The precise nature of your substance does not concern me," he continued, airily. "It is sufficient that we are of the same mind in our attitude towards the world—to shake 'twixt Destiny and beer." Is it not?

"One may meet with many things on the highway of life—poverty, disease, sorrow, treachery. These are disagreeable, I admit, but they are positive; one may overcome or at least forget them. But supposing you stand confronting a blank wall, the nega-



I discovered Mr. Indiman's card deliberately tucked in my left hand.

tive of existence; the highway is clear indeed, but how interminable its vista, its straight, smooth, and intolerably level stretch. That road is mine.

"Yes; I have tried the by-path. Once I was shanghaied; twice I have been marooned and by my own men. That last amused me a little. I was the second man to arrive at Bordeaux in the Paris-Madrid race of 1903; during the Spanish-American war I acted as a spy for the United States government in Barcelona.

"I made the common mistake of confounding the unusual with the interesting. Roussier is a shy bird and not to be hunted with a brass band. Where is the brass of life, if not at one's elbow? At the furthest, she has only to turn the corner of the street. It is easier to look for prodigals in the abyss, but every straggler has its straws that float; I have determined to watch and follow them.

"I want a companion, and so I advertised after my own fashion. I selected you, tentatively, from the mob; later on I made the list more complete. But you have no business; either me."

He took a spray of orchid from the silver bowl in the centre of the table and handed it to me.

"I protested: 'I have my garden.'—'I looked at my buttonhole and it was gone. Mr. Indian smiled. 'Let me confound,' he said:

"You recall the abnormal tension of your nerves as you sat waiting in my room, merely the effect produced by a mixture of certain gases (traced on from a tag under my knee). Then the crash of a brass gong; it is what the scientists call 'massive stimulation,' resolving super-sensitization into partial hypnosis.

"Once I had you in the hypnotic condition, the rest was simple enough. I had only to suggest to your mind the three objects on the table and you saw them. The book-note, the revolver—they were as immaterial as the gauds that no longer adorn your buttonhole.

"I did not attempt to influence your choice among the three, as that would have destroyed the value of the test. I had only to hint, you accepted my invitation to dinner. Frankly now, I am curious—why?"

"That is very simple," I answered. "I had not eaten anything for two days, and I detested the odor of that exquisite diet. Not the slightest ethical significance in the choice, as you see."

Exper Indiana laughed. "I should have kept my pantry door closed. But it does not matter; I am satisfied. Shall we go into the library for coffee?"

Directly opposite the door of the latter apartment stood as usual holding an unfinished canvas. A remarkable portrait—how little I know about pictures, I could see that clearly enough. A three-quarter length of a woman wearing a dorsal corset and dressed in a magnificent costume of red velvet.

"Lily's 'Red Duchess,'" remarks my host, seriously. "You may have seen it in the *Herald* at Petersburg."

I looked at the picture again. Why should this masterpiece not have been properly mounted and glazed. The edges of the canvas were jagged and uneven as though it had been cut from its frame with a not very sharp knife. We set down our coffee and liquors.

As I awoke in the narrow quarters of my hall-bedroom I am inclined to believe that the occurrences of the preceding night were only the paroxysms of a disordered digestion, where had I eaten that Welsh rabbit? The morning paper had been thrown over the transom and, following my usual custom, I reached for it and began reading. Among the foreign dispatches I note this paragraph dated St. Petersburg:

"The famous portrait of the Duchess of Leinster, by Sir Peter Lely, better known as the 'Red Duchess,' has disappeared from the gallery of the *Herald*. It is now admitted that it must have been stolen, cut from its frame and carried away. The theft took place several months ago, but the secret has just become public property. The absence of the picture from the gallery framed picture had, of course, been noted, but it was understood that it had been removed

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school-bank and a long bamboo pencil at one end of which is a fire-pointed brush for writing; then think of some tiny children, — a half dozen probably—the boys' heads shaven, except for a circular bunch of hair neatly at the crown, the girls with long tassels of straight black hair hanging in front of each ear, all dressed in little flowing garments with sleeves like the wings of birds,—then children sitting behind other little tables, their brushes in hand, and writing, from the teacher's dictation, strange-shaped characters on coarse copy-books,—imagine this, and you have an ancient Japanese school in session, both teacher and pupils sitting upon the floor.

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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## COMMENT

The Democratic party has survived worse misfortunes than the outcome of the Democratic State convention of Ohio, held at Columbus on August 28. Not only was Mr. Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, nominated for Governor by acclamation, but the Kansas City platform was reaffirmed, and Mr. William J. Bryan was invited to speak on behalf of the Democratic ticket in the campaign now begun. We said that the Democratic State Committee having been placed in the hands of Mr. Johnson and his friends, they will handle the party machinery next year, and may be expected to control the delegation from Ohio to the Democratic national convention. Is it, then, impossible to find any ground for comfort or reassurance in the Ohio situation? On the contrary, there is reason to believe that the reaffirmation of the Kansas City platform was perfunctory, for, when the paragraph nominally reaffirming it proceeds to specify the principles and purposes to which the Ohio Democracy adheres, it utters not a word about the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. That the convention went on to nominate for United States Senator Mr. John H. Clarke, an eminent lawyer of Cleveland, who presided over the convention held by the Gold Democrats of Ohio in 1896, and stamped the State in opposition to Mr. Bryan.

Nevertheless, Mr. Bryan is expected to accept the invitation to speak in favor of Mr. Clarke. If he does so he will have thereby given conclusive proof that he is much less vindictive than he has been thought to be. If Mr. Bryan is willing to support a Gold Democrat for the post of United States Senator, why should he oppose the nomination of Judge George Gray for the Presidency? With how much less propriety could he refuse to support Chief Justice Parker of New York, who voted for the Democratic nominee in 1896 and 1901? We shall not be surprised to see Mr. Bryan assume a tolerant and non-vindictive attitude, since the Democratic State conventions in Ohio and Nebraska have demonstrated that he still retains a great deal of influence and must be reckoned with. We do not credit the report from Grand Island, Nebraska, where the State Populist convention was held,—a report attributed to Mr. M. F.

Harrington,—that if Mr. Bryan's friends should find themselves outnumbered in the Democratic national convention, they will bolt and nominate a third ticket, to be headed by Mr. Charles A. Towne, formerly of Minnesota, but now of New York city. That Mr. Bryan's friends will be outnumbered in the convention may be taken for granted, but we do not for a moment believe that they would bolt the nomination of such a man as Chief-Justice Parker, or Judge Gray, or Grover Cleveland. A delegate who declares beforehand that he will not submit to the will of the majority ought not to be permitted to vote in a national convention.

The Citizens' Union has taken a step calculated to increase the chance of electing a fusionist Mayor in the city of New York this year. That organization has announced that neither Mr. Low nor any other candidate for a city, county, or borough office shall go on its ticket unless he shall have declared in a public speech or in a signed letter that he will not, directly or indirectly, further the interests of any political party in the State and national elections of 1904. It was high time that such a promise of non-partisanship should be exacted. Democrats have not failed to note the eagerness evinced by President Roosevelt, Governor Odell, and Senator Platt to secure the re-election of Mr. Low, and they have recalled the fact that the letter presided at a Republican meeting held in the city of New York during the autumn of 1902. No greater mistake could be made, from the viewpoint of those who desire to secure good municipal government, than to suffer an impression to gain currency that their candidate for the Mayorship is so closely identified with a particular political party that he would be likely to use his official influence to promote its interests. Mr. M. Linn Bruce, the new president of the Republican County Committee, showed his sense by rejecting the proposal that his organization should send a committee to ask permission of Mr. Low to present his name at the fusion conference to be held on Tuesday, September 1. In a city like New York, which is normally Democratic by a large majority, the expediency of nominating a Republican for Mayor is at least disputable, and there is no doubt whatever that pledges of non-partisanship should be demanded and kept.

The Citizens' Union declares that it does not intend to allow the success which it may have achieved, or the influence which it may have gained, to be used by any political party to further partisan aims in the State or in the nation. It points out that if any political organization shows a willingness to promote the emancipation of a municipality from corrupt rule by adopting the principles of the Citizens' Union, such organization will deserve the thanks of all good citizens, and doubtless will receive at State and national elections the support of some who have not previously acted with it. To such gains an organization is pronounced fairly entitled. Such recognition is an indirect and inevitable result of public opinion. No party, however, should be suffered to secure nominations for municipal offices with a view directly to influence State or national elections. It will be remembered that in 1901 the Republican organization in the city of New York publicly advocated the non-partisan platform of the Citizens' Union, and the promise ought to have been made good. It was made good in the sense that official patronage was not used by Mayor Low to further the election of Mr. Odell to the Governorship in 1902, but it cannot be denied that the head of the fusionist municipal government estranged

some of his Democratic supporters by presiding over the meeting held by the friends of the Republican candidate. This exhibition of sympathy on Mr. Low's part was as fruitless as it was injudicious, for Mr. Cole, the Democratic nominee for the Governorship, swept the city of New York by an immense majority.

Had Mr. William C. Magelssen, the vice-consul of the United States at Beirut, been killed, as Mr. Leishman, our minister at Constantinople, reported him to have been, the despatch of Rear-Admiral Cotton's squadron to that Syrian seaport would have been justifiable. Even then, however, it might have been wise to have awaited a detailed account of the incident. It turns out that Mr. Magelssen was shot at, but not hit, and that a similar attack was made upon him some time ago, of which, however, no official notice was taken. On both occasions the assailant is alleged to have been actuated by jealousy. There seems to be no reason to assume that the Turkish authorities at Beirut are disposed to shield the offender, or that in that place or anywhere else in Syria Americans are in fear of their lives. Everybody knows that Americans, like all other foreigners, are exposed to danger in Macedonia, but that province of the Ottoman Empire is a thousand miles distant from Beirut. What possible assistance could a squadron on the Syrian seacoast render to Americans threatened with massacre in Salonica? According to the Rev. Louis Gaston Leary, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, who returned two weeks ago from Beirut, where he was a professor in a Protestant college, Americans are rarely molested in that town, and go out freely at night without finding it needful to carry any other weapon than a stick. Mr. Leary seems to think that Mr. Magelssen, who at one time was a cowboy in Dakota, is quite able to take care of himself, without the help of two or three broadsides. The more we read about this Magelssen affair, the more we are inclined to think that both Minister Leishman at Constantinople and President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay went off at half-cock. If Secretary Hay had been in Washington when the unfounded report cabled by Mr. Leishman reached the State Department, we doubt very much whether Rear-Admiral Cotton's squadron would have been ordered to Beirut before the news was confirmed. Senator Depew, for his part, thinks that a fleet ought to be sent to Beirut, because, some years ago, he (Depew) narrowly escaped capture by brigands in Macedonia. We are afraid that Senator Depew would not make a good Secretary of State.

The retirement from the War Department of Mr. Elihu Root directs attention to the extent to which Mr. McKinley's cabinet remains intact in the hands of his successor. There is no doubt that when Mr. Roosevelt became President he earnestly requested every member of his predecessor's cabinet to retain his portfolio. The act reflected credit on his sense of propriety. It was no doubt prompted by right feeling, but it was also expedient in a high degree. President Arthur tried for a time to pursue the same sagacious course, but he soon quarrelled with Mr. Blaine, and virtually compelled the latter to give way to Mr. Frothingham in the State Department. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Roosevelt's relations have been other than friendly with every one of the gentlemen whom he found installed in cabinet office. Nevertheless, four of them have departed. Mr. Gage has left the Treasury; Mr. Long has ceased to superintend the Navy; Mr. Charles Emory Smith is no longer Postmaster-General; and now Mr. Root has made room for John Taft in the War Office. Mr. Hay, Mr. Knox, Mr. Hitchcock, and Mr. Wilson remain, and, so far as we can judge, are likely to keep their offices until March 4, 1905. It will be observed that neither Mr. Gage, Mr. Long, nor Mr. Smith was an important political factor.

The really influential men in Mr. McKinley's last cabinet were Mr. Hay and Mr. Root. With their assistance Mr. Roosevelt has been able to avoid Presidential Arthur's fate, by which we mean that if the national convention of the Republican party were held next week, the present Chief Magistrate would unquestionably be nominated to succeed himself. Whether he will be nominated next June is, of course, a different question. He may do things in the interval that will render him highly undesirable or obviously unavailable. By

that time, moreover, the Democratic party may come to be regarded as so irremediably disorganized that any decent Republican would be certain to be elected, in which event Mr. Roosevelt's reputed popularity would be superfluous. From the view-point of his own fortunes, the most sensible thing that Mr. Roosevelt could do during the next nine months would be to preserve a discreet reticence, and practically leave the conduct of affairs, so far as this should be practicable, in the hands of Mr. Hay and of Judge Taft. The sooner the last-named gentleman returns to this country the better. An Assistant Secretary should not long be suffered to exercise control of a great office which, since our acquisition of the Philippines, combines the functions of a Minister of the Colonies with those of a Secretary of War.

The Democratic primary election for Governor held in Mississippi on August 27 resulted in the choice of Major Vandam, the radical and reactionary candidate, over Judge Critz, the favorite of conservative Democrats. It may be remembered that in the first primary, which was inconclusive, Major Vandam received about 39,000 votes; Judge Critz, some 34,000; and Senator Noel, upwards of 34,000. It was taken for granted that at the second primary almost all of Senator Noel's friends would support Judge Critz, and, accordingly, the betting in favor of the latter was two or three to one on the day preceding the second primary. Nevertheless, Major Vandam secured the nomination by a majority of about 2000, carrying even such large "white" counties as Amite, Lincoln, and Marshall, which in the first primary were carried by Critz. Especially was the change of feeling noticeable in those sections of the State which have received considerable numbers of immigrants from the North. It seems that, near the close of the campaign, a rumor became current in Mississippi that the hope had been expressed by Mr. Roosevelt that Major Vandam would be beaten. This rumor is said to have caused a decisive reaction against Judge Critz.

There is no doubt that the contest turned on the race issue. Major Vandam holds that the negro schools of the State ought to have no more of the school fund than would be proportionate to the share of the taxes paid by negroes. Judge Critz, on the other hand, maintains that it is the duty of Mississippi to promote the education of her negro citizens with all the means in her power, in order to qualify them for exercising the suffrage, thus proving that the educational qualification prescribed by the new State Constitution was not intended to disfranchise colored men. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely a chance that Major Vandam's school policy will ever be adopted. The State Constitution itself makes adequate provision for the support of the negro schools, and is clear to change the Constitution it would be necessary first for Major Vandam's friends to carry the Legislature, which they have at present no hope of doing. The first primary showed that the next Legislature will be almost solidly conservative, and can be trusted to thwart any movement looking to the degradation of the colored race. All that Major Vandam's victory means is that a majority of the people of Mississippi desired to express their disapproval of the programme of political and social equality for the negro which Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to favor.

It is certain that the Fifty-eighth Congress will be earnestly requested to restore the "post-exchange," commonly known as the canteen, in the United States army. The proposal will be vehemently denounced by many excellent persons, on the ground that a principle is at stake, and that it is unseemly for the United States government to sanction the sale of intoxicating beverages. There is reason to think, however, that some of the religious denominations which formerly demanded the abolition of the canteen have become enlightened as to the mischievous results of the proposed reform. Rev. S. H. Dexter, secretary of the Interdenominational Ministerial Alliance, has made a personal investigation of the state of things at Fort Sheridan since the canteen was abolished. He reports that pay-day means gloom from the post of almost half the command; that the soldiers are robbed by dive-burgers on all sides, and are imprisoned in the guard-house by the score for drunkenness. Another plea for the restoration of the canteen is made by General Fred. D. Grant, who himself is a total abstainer. In the annual report made by



him as Commander of the Department of Texas, he says that to close the doors of the soldiers' garrison-club, and send him out into the haunts of iniquity run by moral vultures is a wrong, not only to the soldier, but to the community in which a garrison is placed. It is well known that Secretary Root, in his last annual report, strongly recommended the re-establishment of the "post-exchange"; that the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States and the American Medical Association have declared that, in the interests of sanitation, morality, and discipline, the "post-exchange" should be re-established at the earliest possible date. The surgeon in charge of the Marine hospital has testified that, of 387 insane soldiers sent home during a certain period, twenty-five per cent. were made insane by drink. Nobody denies, of course, that even before the canteen was abolished some soldiers were made insane by alcohol, but the Adjutant-General's records show that, during the seven years when the "post-exchange" existed, the reduction of insanity in the regular army amounted to nearly thirty-two per cent. It is also a matter of record that desertions, which previously had averaged eleven per cent., fell to two per cent. after the "post-exchange" was established.

It is an interesting offer which was made by the British government to the Zionist Congress that has been sitting at Basel in Switzerland. Lord Lansdowne proposed to set apart a section of British East Africa for colonization by the Jews. The territory suggested for the purpose is a tract by the equatorial highlands which stretches for a distance of 200 miles along the Uganda Railway between Man and Nairobi. Sir Harry Johnston, formerly Special Commissioner for the Uganda protectorate, has described in an official report this region as admirably watered, fertile, and covered with forests. It is, we are told, relatively cool, and as healthful for Europeans as Great Britain. Lord Lansdowne said that if a Jewish colony should be established in this part of Uganda, complete control of its local affairs would be conceded to it, under a Jewish chief official, the British government retaining only general jurisdiction, and the right to reoccupy the land should the settlement prove unsuccessful. After a long debate, the Congress, by 225 votes to 177, adopted a resolution to appoint a committee of nine who should proceed to East Africa to examine the site proposed for a Jewish colony. The Russian delegates were among those who had opposed the project, and they left the hall by way of protest, but they were subsequently reconciled to the plan, after being convinced that the British offer had no political significance. The British Foreign Office has announced the intention of instructing the British Commissioner in the East-African protectorate to facilitate in every way the work of the committee. It remains to be seen whether the Jews can find a prosperous agricultural colony. The fact that in Russian Poland they are exclusively addicted to handicrafts and trade proves nothing on the point, for they are prohibited by law from engaging in farming. There is no doubt that agriculture was pursued by the Jews settled in the Crimea before the arrival of the Tartars in that peninsula. Those who take a pessimistic view of Lord Lansdowne's project assert that, while you may convert Jews to East Africa, you cannot make them stay there, and that they are likely to gravitate to the towns in Natal and the Cape Colony. However this may be, the experiment ought to be tried. Mr. Simon Wolf, who took an active part in persuading President Roosevelt to send a protest against the Kishinef massacre, has published a letter in which he intimates that Zionism will prove no remedy for Jewish suffering. Emigration to this side of the Atlantic he believes to be the only cure. He holds that only in the United States will the Jew ultimately find his Zion.

The American Bar Association, which has been sitting at Hot Springs, Virginia, will severely commend itself to sensible men by its adoption of the antitrust report of the committee on commercial law. The committee's report asserts that we cannot rely on natural forces, on the law of supply and demand, or on economic considerations to limit the growth of modern combinations of capital. The remedies proposed by the report are three: first, corporations may be taxed to death, or taxed, at all events, until their growth and extension are impeded. It is pointed out that in almost all of the States the franchise tax is so graded as to tax a small

corporation at a higher rate than a large one. The first one million dollars of subscribed capital is taxed at a higher rate than are subsequent millions. The committee of the American Bar Association would recommend a contrary course. It would levy no tax at all on the first one hundred thousand dollars of capital, and only a small tax on the first million, but it would raise the rate with each succeeding million. It is suggested, for instance, that a tax of ten per cent. should be imposed on the last hundred millions represented in the securities of the United States Steel Corporation.

The second of the remedies proposed is that any corporation engaged in inter-State commerce should be compelled by a United States statute to reduce its rates fifty per cent. to and from every point where competition has been prevented by combination, merger, common control, or agreement. The committee is quite right in saying that such a law would have a more prohibitive effect on combinations of capital like the Northern Securities Company than a hundred Sherman antitrust acts. But would not the remedy prove worse than the disease? Can a railroad be forced to do business at a loss? The third remedy advocated is a resort to State socialism on a great scale. The State itself, says the report, can enter the industrial field as a producer, and restore vitality to competition by becoming itself a competitor of the great trusts. The report was adopted, although it is evidently based on an unfounded assumption. It is not true that we cannot rely on natural forces or the law of supply and demand to limit the growth of modern combinations. Natural forces have never had free play in the United States since the civil war; and, under the Dingley tariff, they operate less freely than ever. If the tariff on trust products were removed, and the law against discrimination in transportation rates were strictly carried out, we should then see natural forces and the law of supply and demand in full and effective activity. The trusts may eliminate domestic competition to a certain extent, but in the absence of a high protective tariff they could not avert foreign competition. That is true, at all events, of almost all American products, though it has been maintained that petroleum and anthracite constitute exceptions.

On Thursday, August 27, the employees of the Government Printing Office in Washington were compelled to take an oath to support the Constitution and the government. If, hereafter, those who have taken this oath shall attempt to interfere with the conduct of the Government Printing Office, by demanding the discharge of a non-unionist employee, they will be themselves instantly dismissed for violating their oath of office. The necessity of the course pursued by the government will be obvious when we point out the purpose of the oath taken by the union printers. Every union printer and bookbinder solemnly swears that his fidelity to the union and his duty to the members thereof shall in no sense be limited by any allegiance that he may now or hereafter owe to "any other organization, social, political, or religious."

Colonel E. A. Garlington, Inspector-General of the Department of the East, has been ordered to make a more drastic investigation of the glove contracts, into which the War Department entered, and in which, it is alleged, the firm of Littauer Brothers was interested. He is directed to obtain the testimony of an important witness, which he has hitherto failed to secure. When this testimony is forthcoming, the Attorney-General will be requested to indicate the method to be followed in proceeding against the glove contractors and Representative Littauer to recover money due the government under the act of Congress requiring a repayment of all sums advanced, should it appear that a Member of Congress was interested in the same. Whether Secretary Hitchcock is prosecuting an inquiry into the connection of Representative Littauer with a glove contract entered into by the Department of the Interior, we do not know. For the present, we are willing to take for granted the Secretary's good intentions in the matter, because of the evident determination craved by him to expose the land frauds perpetrated upon Indians in the Indian Territory. Members of the Dawes Commission have been accused of complicity in these frauds, and, when they had the

assurance to write to Secretary Hitchcock and demand an investigation of the charges, they were quietly informed that an inquiry was already in progress.

It seems that members of the Dawes Commission, who, by virtue of their office, are supposed to be the guardians and protectors of the Indians, are stockholders and officers in the so-called Canadian Valley Land and Trust Company, the purpose of which is to buy Indian lands cheap and sell them dear. It seems that a few months ago the Trust Company rented the rooms previously occupied by the Dawes Commission, which, on its part, nominally moved its offices up-stairs in the same building. The members of the Dawes Commission kept their desks in the lower rooms, and stayed there themselves as officers of the Trust Company. The result of this trick is that the Indians are still going to the lower rooms, supposing them to be the offices of the Commission. They find the same desks and faces there, and proceed to sell and lease their lands to the very same men who are presumed to be running the Dawes Commission up-stairs. It seems that the inquiry into the rascality practiced by government officials in the Indian Territory has been going on for many months, and has been carried forward so secretly that so lately as four weeks ago Mr. Ryan, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, knew nothing about it. We note with satisfaction that, as a result of the investigation still in progress, a number of minor government officers have already been dismissed. There is reason to believe that the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior is an even worse sink of corruption than was the Post-office Department under Assistant Postmaster-General Heath. Almost every Federal official in the Indian Territory seems to have taken a hand in the game. The United States District Attorney, his assistant, and the United States Marshal, who ought to have been prosecuting the frauds, see themselves under charges. The very inspector sent by the Interior Department to investigate the scandals is himself accused by the Indian Rights Association of connivance with a company formed for the purpose of despoiling the Indians.

Since the last number of the WEEKLY went to press, we have heard a good deal about the prospects of the canal treaty at Bogota. It is reported that one of the strongest influences at work in that city to defeat the ratification of the treaty by Colombia emanates from British owners of the Suez Canal securities. It seems to be taken for granted in London that the traffic and revenue of the Suez Canal, which for years have been continuously increasing, will be materially cut down on the completion of the rival waterway. We deem it incredible that an interposition so detrimental to the interests of the United States can be countenanced by the British government, which, it will be remembered, during the Beaconsfield administration, bought the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal. Another unpleasant report is to the effect that the Colombian Congress, by its proposal of amendments to the treaty, is trying to gain time. The Bogota politicians are credited with the astute design of prolonging negotiations for about fourteen months from the present date, when, according to one theory, the franchise of the French company will expire. The \$40,000,000 which we have agreed to pay the French company for its franchise and plant would then become payable to Colombia. This theory is based upon the fact that the only concession to the French company about which there is no dispute will lapse on October 31, 1904. This concession was duly ratified by the Colombian Congress. In April, 1900, however, the executive power of Colombia, by which is meant President Marroquin and his cabinet, undertook, in consideration of \$200,000 in gold, to grant to the New Panama Canal Company an extension of the franchise for six years from October, 1904. As this extension was not ratified by the Colombian Congress, its validity is denied by the Colombian Liberals.

We have yet to learn what amendments of the treaty will be recommended by the Committee of Three appointed by the Colombian Congress to devise a plan which might avert the rejection of the treaty. Whether the Congress can lawfully ratify in advance the treaty, provided certain designated amendments shall be accepted by the United States Senate, is a constitutional question about which opinions differ. The

most interesting telegram bearing on the treaty comes from Panama. We are told that the spirit of revolution is gaining force on the isthmus, as the result of the repudiation of the canal treaty in its present form by the Congress at Bogota. Only vigorous action on the part of the Colombian government can prevent an outbreak, and it is doubtful whether such action is practicable. Such naval force as Colombia possesses in the Pacific is stationed at Panama, and is virtually controlled by the Americans, or pro-American Englishmen, who act as engineers, navigators, and gunners. They would be only too glad to aid in giving the isthmus an independent government. As we have previously pointed out, the permanent interests of the State of Panama have been repeatedly sacrificed to the greed of Bogota politicians, with the result that the inhabitants of the isthmus have twice asserted their independence.

We have formerly directed attention to the tremendous increase in the industrial and commercial resources of Hawaii and of Porto Rico since the products of those transmarine dependencies were admitted to the ports of the United States duty free. We have also pointed out how signally that section of our mercantile marine which is engaged in the coasting trade has profited by the increment in the exports and imports of those islands. How enormous is likely to be the development of the trade of the Philippines, when we treat them with the same equity that we show to our other insular possessions, may be inferred from the statistics published by the insular bureau of the War Department for the ten months ending April 30, 1903. It should be borne in mind that, during the period covered by these figures, the most adverse agricultural conditions have prevailed, and the insular economy has been in a chaotic condition. Nevertheless, we find that in the month of April, 1903, the total value of imports to and exports from the Philippines was \$6,733,778, as against \$3,845,673 in 1902, and \$3,867,262 in 1901. For the ten months ending April 30, 1903, the whole trade (export and import) of the Philippines amounted to \$33,703,235, while for the corresponding part of 1902 the amount was \$16,145,981, and in 1901 it was \$14,120,572. It should be noted that most of the gain credited to the ten months was due to the increase of exports for the month of April, the increase being particularly observable in hemp.

The value of the hemp exported in the ten months under review was \$17,506,500, against \$11,404,361 two years ago. The export of copra, also, has risen from \$2,382,900 in the ten months ending April 13, 1901, to \$5,686,186 in the corresponding period of the present year. The export of sugar, also, has increased by about a million dollars. On the other hand, the export of tobacco has declined. On the other side, the immediate change in this respect if the products of the Philippines were admitted free of duty; for there are several tracts in the islands where it is known that a leaf equal to the best Sumatra leaf for wrapping purposes can be grown. The imports of rice during the ten months ending April 30, 1903, reached the large valuation of seven million dollars. These figures, it is to be hoped, will be materially cut down hereafter through the home production of the staple, which is being vigorously stimulated by the Manila government. Aside from rice, the United States already supply over one-sixth of the commodities imported by the Filipinos. Almost all the wheat flour imported, for example, comes from the United States. We send to the Philippines, also, canned salmon, meat products, illuminating oils, machinery of different kinds, paper, cotton goods, and leather manufactures, principally boots and shoes. It is expected that the new currency will be substituted for the old Mexican silver on the 1st of September. There is no doubt that its introduction, by assuring stability of values, will impart a notable stimulus to the development of industry and commerce. It is not generally known that the Washington Bureau of Engraving and Printing is preparing for the Philippines a shipment of silver certificates amounting in the aggregate to five million silver pesos, equivalent to \$2,500,000 in gold. Under the law, these certificates may not be of a lower denomination than two pesos (silver dollars), but may be for any amount up to ten pesos. They are receivable for taxes and all public dues, and, when so received, may be reissued. It is satisfactory to learn

that the Filipinos take quickly to our money, and have confidence in it.

The business community has learned with relief that Secretary Shaw has forty million dollars deposited in the national banks for use in averting a money stringency during the crop-moving season. It seems not to be generally understood, however, where the Secretary got this money, and by what authority he is able to make it available to borrowers. Any public funds, except customs duties, may be deposited by collectors in the banks named as national depositories, but it has long been assumed that until those deposits have been transferred to the United States Treasury they cannot be removed therefrom except by authority of Congress. It has been supposed that the Secretary, with the help of the Attorney-General, had come to believe himself lawfully empowered to transfer back to the banks internal revenue money paid from them into the Treasury. We are informed, however, that this has not been done, but that the forty millions which the Secretary has in the banks has never been in the Treasury at all, but has been kept in the banks where it now is since the internal-revenue collectors put it there. The Secretary, it seems, foreseeing the need of this money, directed, some months ago, that one-half of the internal revenue collections should be retained in the banks in which the collectors deposited them.

It is held by defenders of the promotion of General Wood that he should have been promoted because he was at the top of the list of brigadier-generals. When General Young was made a major-general in January, 1891, he was promoted over the heads of Generals Wade and Merriam. General Chaffee, a month later, was promoted over Wade, Merriam, McArthur, and Ludlow. Next General McArthur, and, after him, General R. P. Hughes, were made major-generals over the heads of officers higher on the list. It is proper that the appointing power should have the privilege of making generals by selection and not by seniority, and Congress has passed a law permitting it. General Wood could have been passed over, and should have been, for he had had promotion enough.

It is evident that the Balkan insurrection has now passed into a new and more dangerous phase. There are not less than twelve thousand insurgents under arms in Macedonia, and some thousands more in the vilayet of Adrianople. Hundreds of volunteers are daily or nightly crossing the frontier of Bulgaria to join the combatants, and these bands are largely led by officers of the Bulgarian army. Servia is at last being drawn into the contest, and there is a popular clamor for war amongst King Peter's adherents. Finally, the Turkish armies are said to be on the verge of desperation, and ready to mutiny, as they have received no pay for months, and see no prospect of receiving any. The atrocities committed by both parties to the combat grow in fierceness and savagery; the Turks are said to give no quarter, killing the wounded, and, as of old, wreaking their vengeance on women and children. The neutrals, on their part, are using dynamite more extensively, and not only on railroads, but in the midst of crowded cities, where hundreds of innocent persons are certain to lose their lives. The whole country is in a state of war, and recalls with irresistible force the condition of affairs in the spring of 1877, just before Russia's declaration of war, a war which gave national existence to Servia and Bulgaria.

Japan and Russia have settled their differences in the Far East, and Russians and Japanese are equally confident of peace. The probable basis of agreement will be a delimitation of spheres of influence, Japan agreeing to Russia's practical occupation of Manchuria, while Russia acquiesces in the more extensive development and colonization of Korea by Japan, and the Korean sovereignty remaining theoretically intact, just as Chinese sovereignty does in Manchuria. Baron Hayashi recently declared that Japan placed full faith in the Tsar's pledge to complete the evacuation of Manchuria in October, though of course this evacuation will in no case apply to the line of the railroad or the ceded areas which protect it. He also affirms that any small causes of friction between Japan and Russia will soon be settled, and that

Japan seeks nothing fresh in Korea, beyond a recognition of the protectorate which she has exercised over the Hermit Kingdom since the China-Japanese war of 1895. The virtue of this understanding is, that it rests on the solid ground of utility on both sides. Russia absolutely requires an ice-free port for the six million square miles of her Siberian territory, already rapidly increasing in population; while Japan, a small country with an enormous population, about equal to that of the German Empire, will be forced at no distant date to choose between colonizing and starvation. Korea is the most natural field for Japanese colonies, and there is no valid reason why the dewets of the Korean Empire should not be made to blossom by thrifty and energetic settlers from Japan.

The Tsar's appointment of M. de Witté to be president of the Committee of Ministers in Russia is not, as has been asserted, the creation of a Premier, and no a departure from the traditions of autocracy and an approach to the constitutional forms of the Western world, nor is it a practical shelving of M. de Witté, and therefore a victory for M. de Plehve, the energetic, not to say drastic, Minister of the Interior. The Committee of Ministers is a purely executive body, as distinguished from the legislative Council of the Empire; and has always had, and always will have, a president, or chairman; so that no new office whatever has been created. M. de Witté succeeds M. Dourova, former Minister of the Interior, who, until his death a few weeks ago, was president of the Committee of Ministers. He is not shied from his old post at the Finance Ministry, for the decree appointing him chairman of the Committee of Ministers expressly declares that he shall continue to supervise the Department of Finance. Nor is the new appointment a victory for M. de Plehve. It gives a decided preponderance to M. de Witté, who, as chairman of the Committee, can make his influence felt in many ways, besides showing that he possesses the confidence of the Emperor in a high degree. M. de Witté has not been made Chancellor of the Empire, an office at present not in existence.

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* has been investigating the disease known as "Fourth of July tetanus," which newspaper readers recognize as top pistol lockjaw. It records four hundred and fifteen cases this year, of which ninety per cent. were caused by top pistols and most of the rest by cannon-crackers. The pistols that do the mischief are those that explode blank cartridges. Nearly all the victims were children, and in spite of antioxin and all the new lockjaw cures, ninety-eight per cent. of them died. The *Journal* attempted to discover whether there were tetanus microbes in the cartridges, and in some of them it found many, and in others none. It doesn't signify, however, whether there are microbes in the cartridges or not. The fact that the use of the top pistol is fatal to four hundred American children a year seems quite enough to support a demand for the infernal toy's suppression. The *Journal* suggests forming an association to secure general legislation, and also that municipalities take measures to stop the sale of blank cartridges and the apparatus for exploding them. It has done a public service in providing reliable statistics on which legislation can be based.

We all know now that *Rubiac* is a better boat than *Shamrock III*. (though at this writing they are still trying to sail a third race), and the feeling is that we shall keep the cup until a new yacht-designer is born to the British people. So far as appears Sir Thomas has done all that could be done with such means as were available to a British yachtsman. He has had money, energy, and zeal, all in sufficient volume, and has spent all freely. He has given his order to the likest of British designers, brought over a good boat, and seen her sailed so well as to make real races, but we keep the cup because we have a lighthouse. That is a good reason, and Sir Thomas seems disposed to regard it as conclusive. He has not indicated that he will make further attempts to upset it, and it may be a good while before another challenger sights Sandy Hook.



## British Comments on Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy

We indicated the other day the three different points of view from which the proposed British Zollverein was discussed in the *York Associates Review* for August. We now desire to direct attention to some important British and foreign comments which have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Fortnightly Review*. Among the persons eminently qualified to examine Mr. Chamberlain's project from a politico-economic and international or a sociological point of view may be mentioned Sir Robert Giffen, M. Yves Guyot, Professor Long, Hamilton, Dr. John Beattie Craiger, Mr. Benjamin Kidd, Lord Welby, the Rt. Hon. L. B. Courtney, and Mr. Edward Diney. The suggested return to protection is also considered by M. Mallman Barrie from the workman's point of view, and it is made the object of a searching investigation by the two able writers who contribute to the *Fortnightly* under the pen-names of "Caliban" and "Egiphtionians," and who, in this instance, arrive at opposite conclusions.

Sir Robert Giffen, the well-known statistician, described a year ago the hope of a British Zollverein as a dream, and argued that free trade within the empire was the ideal at which British and colonial statesmen should aim. Even then, however, he admitted that the ideal was very far from attainability, and careful readers of his former article will not therefore be surprised that he is inclined to support Mr. Chamberlain's proposal—not, indeed, on economic but on political grounds. The conclusion at which he arrives after a prolonged discussion of the projected preferential tariff is that while a system of reciprocal preferences holds out no promise of economic advantage to the weaker country, or even to the colonies, and results in a foolish thing to establish and maintain, bringing with it inevitable deceptions and misunderstandings, which might tend to disintegrate the empire rather than bind it together, yet there are good political reasons at this juncture for taking counsel with the colonies as to the practical issues of imperial union, and for arranging with them a good understanding on this topic. He adds that as the political question is much more important than the economic one, the former must be decisive of England's action. What he has in mind when he speaks of the political question is the obviously reasonable wish—called into activity by Germany's disposition to retaliate upon Canada for the latter's extension of a preference to British imports—that the commercial relations between the British Empire and foreign countries may be adjusted on the basis of imperial unity, giving foreign countries no opening for the attempts that have been made to distinguish between different parts of the empire, and to penalize any part for its delinquencies in matter of inter-imperial trade. In short, Sir Robert Giffen can see no really plausible objection to Great Britain's entering into a project for purely political reasons on common action with the colonies.

M. Yves Guyot, ex-Minister of the French Republic, who looks at Mr. Chamberlain's programme through the spectacles of a French free-trader, maintains that if England adopts a protectionist system she will encourage other nations to continue it in an aggravated form, and she will lose all the benefit which she gained from her policy of free exchange. There is a great deal to be said for that proposition, and it is a pity that M. Guyot should have undertaken to uphold it by an assertion that will not bear examination. He says that for more than half a century England has been bringing its economic system into harmony with the discoveries of science and the progress of industry, whereas the legislatures of other nations have followed a policy which runs counter to every effort made by inventors to lower the cost price of goods. M. Guyot ought to know that nowhere have the labors of inventors to lower the cost price of goods been so vigorously and successfully stimulated as in Great Britain and the United States. It is precisely in free-trading Great Britain that labor-saving devices meet with reluctant and tardy acceptance.

By Professor Lajo Bretonau the matter is considered from the viewpoint of a theoretical politico-economist. What, he asks, would be the result of the realization of Mr. Chamberlain's commercial programme? We are reminded that the majority of the goods which enter as the equivalent of the claims of British capitalists come from foreign countries. Now if these goods are subjected to an import tax it is obvious that, in proportion as this takes place, the profit upon British investments abroad will suffer a corresponding diminution. Does Chamberlain, asks Professor Bretonau, intend thereby to enrich English capital out of such foreign investments in investments in the British colonies? Up to the present time the British colonies have not been considered at all capable of employing the British capital which England has invested in non-British countries, and they are as yet lacking in products which could offer as an equivalent for the claims of British capitalists upon the foreigner. The execution of Chamberlain's project would mean a colossal reduction of the income drawn by English capitalists from abroad—an income amounting to a hundred millions sterling. With this diminution of the capitalist's income, his demand for home products would also lessen,

and those who have hitherto supplied these products would come to want. In view of these facts and deductions, Professor Bretonau is not surprised that the British middle classes should view with profound mistrust Mr. Chamberlain's patriotic pretensions.

Unexpectedly enough, the two rival experts in the philosophy of history, Dr. John Beattie Craiger and Mr. Benjamin Kidd, are thus taken both on the same side, and that Mr. Chamberlain's, Dr. Craiger, for his part, is no outright protectionist. He would have preferred protection for England's sake, primarily and mainly. He would have preferred protection for the United Kingdom specifically and independently, leaving preferential treatment, as between the mother country and the colonies, to be accorded on either side spontaneously and gratuitously, in pursuance of the example set by Canada, rather than with the slightest tinge of bargain or sale between the parties. He thinks, however, that if Mr. Chamberlain and colonial statesmen can see their way to construct a business scheme which shall draw the bonds of imperial unity tighter, and work without friction, the endeavor can be fraught with nothing but good. Mr. Benjamin Kidd describes as "hollow" the cry as to the danger to which the food of the British people would be exposed by Mr. Chamberlain's policy. He insists that no scheme of preferential tariffs would put the food of the British people in such jeopardy as that with which it is confronted now, when the United States and Germany are threatening to take work out of their hands, and, consequently, bread out of their mouths. The retaliation and tariff wars which would ensue if the United Kingdom is threatened should Mr. Chamberlain's programme be adopted, Mr. Kidd regards as "largely dressed-up logic." On the whole, he considers the project of a British Zollverein worthy of England's great traditions. He holds that to transform a world-wide empire of fragments and segments into a commonwealth with a common system of endeavor to uphold therein the standard of civilization for which Englishmen have fought and endured, and the standards of life for which British labor has struggled and suffered; to endeavor thereby to introduce some order and moral sense into "the gigantic anarchy of those tendencies in modern trade, production, and finance, of which the Charagnes and Foreign and Morogon of the future have become the emblematic figures." Mr. Kidd's opinion is a cause worth living for, worth fighting for, and worth enduring for.

In a loud and repeat article, Lord Welby, who is firmly opposed to a preferential tariff, recalls that in 1884 Mr. Chamberlain said: "I am sure that the price of food would not decline in consequence of a reduction in their purchasing value. The purchasing power of money would have a smaller purchasing power." Mr. Chamberlain went on in 1881 to say that a tax on food would mean more than this, for it would raise the price of every article produced in the United Kingdom, and would indubitably bring about "the most gigantic speculative trade which the United Kingdom is capable of." The British people, working under conditions of absolute freedom, have been able to secure. Lord Welby points out that the conditions have not changed in the interval. On the contrary, Great Britain's export trade, working under conditions of absolute freedom, has become more gigantic. If attacks on food mean a decline in wages in 1881, it would mean a decline now. Mr. Chamberlain was the president of the Board of Trade, with all the information before him which a British Minister of Commerce can command. He has now changed his mind; but, if his judgment in 1881 pronounced under all the advantages of the position then occupied by him, was hasty and insufficiently considered, what guarantee is there, asks Lord Welby, that it is sound now? Thoughtful men do not change their convictions easily, and, in the presence of such a change of front, prudent persons must have some doubts as to the capacity of the proponent of a preferential tariff. Mr. Chamberlain himself admits that he would tax the food of the British people. Lord Welby reminds us of what Burke said concerning the expediency of such a course: "Of all things," said Burke, "an indirect tampering with the trade in provisions is the most dangerous. My opinion is against the overruling of any sort of administration, and more especially against that sort of meddling on all meddling on the part of authority, the meddling with the substance of the people."

The Hon. L. B. Courtney, who, it may be remembered, was one of the Liberals who seceded when Mr. Gladstone introduced his first home-rule bill, and who has since been Vice-Speaker of the House of Commons, would describe the proposal of a preferential tariff as "Mr. Chamberlain's illusion." It is conceived that England's leadership in the world's industries is passing away, and that she has already ceased to be first in more than one commanding department. He holds, however, that there could be no greater madness than for a nation in such a position to abandon free trade. He deems it absolutely certain that any return to protection would only make England's position worse. He finds an analogy to the policy which he would prosecute. The British Premier likened the conduct of an international commerce in the management of a business, and suggested that, by abolishing every protective duty, England had thrown out every sand bag. What, asks Mr. Courtney, should we think of the accountants who, finding





### LAUNCHING THE LARGEST VESSEL IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

The armored cruiser "Pennsylvania," which was recently launched at Camp's shipyard in Philadelphia, is not only the largest ship in the United States Navy, but one of the most formidable war vessels afloat. She is 325 feet long, and is designed to have a speed of 22 knots an hour. A notable feature of her equipment is a water-tight armor belt over seven feet wide extending the entire length of the ship on both sides, and having a maximum thickness of six inches. By this means it is expected that the engines and machinery will be made absolutely secure from injury in an attack. The vessel's armament includes four 6-inch breech-loading rifles and fourteen 4-inch rapid-fire guns.

# Diversions of the Higher Journalist

## Reversible Proverbs

**I**N a world which seems not to be so full of ideas as once, the Higher Journalist sat waiting for the topics which refused to come forward for treatment, when an Unexpected Optimist, radiating inspiration from his joyous face, brightened the doorway. "I have got an idea for you," he said, and with these cheering words he sat down and referred to a memorandum in his hand, while the higher journalist went round his razor consciousness and plucked up his dejected spirits by their collars.

"And what is it?" he inquired, very gently, lest they should between them frighten the way.

"It might be called, New Teeth for Old Saws, or Rules that work Both Ways, or built a dozen other names; but it is simply this: tarring proverbs inside out, or t'other end, or upside down. There is any amount of amusement and instruction in this; and it is wonderful how it takes the cynicism and brutality and conceit of the proverbs, and renders them humane and modest and generous. For instance, the first one that came to me, quite by accident, was the saying, 'You cannot breed Zeas without having Quarrels.' In its old form, you cannot have Quarrels without breeding Eggs; it had struck me as mean, sneering, and hard. It denied the hopes of youth, the ideals of progress, the attributes of genius. But turn it round, and how full of promise and consolation is it! You at once get something for nothing; you have the gold brick in your hand. In the original form,

now worn bars of anything like originality, you had only the smacking wisdom of a man who bought experience; the cruel taunt of the disappointment which lures to see itself mirrored in the eyes of expectation; the denial of the impossible, which we must accomplish, unless the world is to stand still. But take it the other way, and there is the prophecy of all prosperity in it. You are going to market, suppose, with your basket of eggs, and an ever active, when an unavoidable accident dashes it to the ground. On the old terms, nothing but loss and ruin would have awaited you; at the best you would have had to return home, and poorly wail days and weeks till the industry which you have had toiled for nothing, you have had toiled for nothing. But now, the instant your eggs are broken, you have comfort. Your misery is lessened with a fairy wand, and the diabolical spilt unites into a breakfast-bowl of the first quality. Didn't you see how vast the scope of such a proverb is, how it overflows with suggestion? It is exactly in the line of the 'New Conceptions in Science,' which you were just praising, the other week. From the broken egg of hypothesis the omelette of fact eventuates. Under the old order of things you would have had to have the omelette first, and then find the eggs which produced it. You see—

"Yes," the higher journalist answered, with a cheerfulness which he had not known for many a week. "Have you any others?"

"I wouldn't mind you with one alone. Take this: *Poverty comes in at the Door when Love flies out of the Window.* How much more delightful and how much truer this is than what you cannot any longer call the right side of the saying! It did not do the door, or else all that the poets and romancers have told us of that smothering passion is the veriest taradiddle. If anything like that happened we may now be sure that it was not love, but self-interest—merely the blind blindness of the naked boy. In the light of the reverse statement we see the promise of endless twelvemonths composed entirely of honey for every married pair. His of youth; happiness for all the terms, and desire is a negligible quantity in the social process. Not until love flies out of the window does poverty come in at the door; until then, the such other's eyes, long after they are a bare cupboard through their need spectacles. Until love flies out of the window, poverty, according to my version, cannot come in at the door, poverty, impossibility: the only sort of impossibility that really exists."

The higher journalist nodded his head over his forehead as if to assure himself that this was not a dream of the land of all possible worlds, rather than a fact concerning a certain class of misery and woe in which he was accustomed. He thought that

he ought to put the unexpected optimist to the severest test, and he asked, "But how about such a proverb as 'Love laugh at Locksmiths?' Turn that about, and what do you have?"

"The vital truth of the saying! Locksmiths laugh at Love is the form expressing the delight which even the grimace of mankind experiences in the happiness of lovers. We are told that all the world loves a lover, and at sight of the pranks of the frolic spirit which makes nothing of bolts and bars, even the locksmith himself cannot restrain his smiles. Let us get away from an aspect of this invention of mine which seems to reduce it to a single phase of life. Let us take the saying, 'Spoil the red and spare the child.' However it may have been in Solomon's time, it is certainly the amended axiom which guides us in the nurture of youth in our own day and generation. Especially as in this country the red has been spoiling for the child, to the child's increasing advantage, for the last fifty years at least. Some of us know it, by experience and observation, before it began to spay the child, and we were none the better for our knowledge. In fact, the mischief it did in those old days is almost incalculable, and until the saying which justified its wrongdoing was practically reversed, the child remained a little less, to be accented forward on the path of righteousness and science."

The optimist continued, "It is not merely the sport of an idle fancy to turn these proverbs t'other end, and it is not merely a new meaning that the process creates; it is a new principle of conduct also which it discovers, and which may animate the discoverer to actions hitherto unattempted. Take, for instance, the proverb saying, 'They break if you break Owners, and reverse it so as to read, *Obey Owners if you break Orders, and you have it once an axiom appealing to an intelligence far above that of the mere eye-servant.* You suppose, and by your supposition you scientifically create, a kind of obedience which contradicts the real advantage of the master, and does not merely obey his lusty or decremented mandate. You remember how in the 'Rak Ballad'—"

Young Hogries, Sub-Lieutenant of Chancellors,

reversed concerning the instructions of his superior, Lieutenant-Colonel Justice Dubois, who had ordered him to land a furlough home in a night attack on the English coast:

If Charles my king said, "Go, my son, and die,"  
I'd go, of course—my duty would be done.  
As for Lieutenant-Colonel Justice Dubois,  
How know I that our ancestor would approve  
The order he has given me to-night?

Here you have the enlightened spirit applying itself to the literature of the day, and its own originality were always made to command what I have suggested, but it is the incultation of a noble altruism that the reversed proverb can be most useful to civilization. Suppose that instead of declaring "A Bird in the Bush is worth ten in the Hand," we held that *A Bird in the Bush is worth ten in the Hand!* We should then have a rule of conduct of the finest and highest morality. We should regard not only the equal right to another's caprice of the bird, as ourselves, but an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But I don't insist upon this point. All these things are secondary considerations. It is the subjectiveness of the reversible proverb that I would make attractive. If you have a long railroad journey before you, and you do not smoke, how agreeable it has the same thin instructive, to pass the time in your parlor-car chair quietly reversing all the proverbs you can think of! Or if you cannot get to sleep at night, and you do not know any poetry to recite, let me invite the *reversed* to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, when no suggestive topic offers itself, and still, something inspiring and edifying is expected of you as a higher journalist—" "Oh, come now!" the higher journalist interposed. "Don't be person!"



"We should also regard the interest of the bird"

of the instruction, just as it would be if it were a bird. It is the incultation of a noble altruism that the reversed proverb can be most useful to civilization. Suppose that instead of declaring "A Bird in the Bush is worth ten in the Hand," we held that *A Bird in the Bush is worth ten in the Hand!* We should then have a rule of conduct of the finest and highest morality. We should regard not only the equal right to another's caprice of the bird, as ourselves, but an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But I don't insist upon this point. All these things are secondary considerations. It is the subjectiveness of the reversible proverb that I would make attractive. If you have a long railroad journey before you, and you do not smoke, how agreeable it has the same thin instructive, to pass the time in your parlor-car chair quietly reversing all the proverbs you can think of! Or if you cannot get to sleep at night, and you do not know any poetry to recite, let me invite the *reversed* to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, when no suggestive topic offers itself, and still, something inspiring and edifying is expected of you as a higher journalist—" "Oh, come now!" the higher journalist interposed. "Don't be person!"





*Crossing the Rockies—Hard Going for the Auto*



*Worse than no road at all*



*A rough climb in the Sierras*



*Getting the Packard out of a Mudhole*

## **FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC IN AN AUTOMOBILE**

*The feat of crossing the continent from San Francisco to New York in an automobile has been successfully accomplished by Mr. E. T. Feltz and Mr. M. K. Krump, of Warren, Ohio. The trip was made in a Packard touring-car of about eight horse-power, and included the passage of the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains. Many portions of the route were found to be almost impassable, and at several points the machine was required to take grades never before attempted by automobilists. The entire journey from San Francisco to New York was made in a little over two months' time.*

# The Silly Season

By Sydney Brooks

London, August 26, 1925.

**I** EXPECTED as much. It has become one of the topics of the "silly season." For weeks the signs have been accumulating that this would inevitably be one that the floodgates would have to be opened, and the "great British public" invited to roar and trample through them. No editor could be counted on for long to resist so tempting a bait; it was dangled too enticingly before him. And now one of them, as he was bound to do, has succumbed, and if you pick up his paper and turn to its correspondence columns—four or five in number, day after day—you will find that what really interests England just now is not the new Chamberlain programme, or the Anglo-French rapprochement, or even the secrets of the Motor Car Act, but this absorbing and altogether vital question, "Is Cricket Declining?" It has immensely "caught on." Nothing within my memory has caught on quite so obviously since the same paper, years ago, propounded the problem, "Is Marriage a Failure?" That undoubtedly was a "star" topic; it will be long before even the silliest of silly seasons can hope to rival that.

You see, there is this horrible gap between the middle of August and the end of September to be filled up somehow. As a social machine, a social organization, London during this appalling period simply does not exist. There is no news. Society is dispersed all over the kingdom, all over the Continent—indeed all over the world. It is yachting, shooting, fishing, staking, and generally enjoying itself. It takes up the daily paper with an effort and throws it aside with a yawn. Politics too are moribund. A speculation or two about the new Pope, a blind guess as to what may really be the matter in the Balkans, a telegram from China—and there the whole thing drops. A great veil of impossibility is drawn over the nation. Nobody does anything worth doing, nobody does anything

even worth chronicling. The national life flows entirely in private channels where only ladies' papers have the courage and inclination to follow it. All cities, all countries, have, of course, during this six weeks' break, this periodic rest; but no where is it so complete as in London; nowhere is the hiatus so vivid, or so "latinate" as truthfully suggestive of a "phantasma or hideous dream." And of all the editors of the daily papers, they have to be writing and polishing something. There is no reason why they should, but the thing is so.

The paper must appear; even those who in the early years of a century house billiard-room resemble the lordship of its dominions would complain loudly still if it failed to come at all. And then of course, British conservatism, which is at least as strong an influence in British journalism as in the British House of Lords, demands that even during the dead season there shall be no alteration in the size or make-up or appearance of the leading papers. The editorials must be as lengthy and wearisome as usual, the news telegrams must appear in their prescribed place, the season must be made to fit the paper, it really brings undertakings fulfilled in various ways, but always fulfilled. Some journalists seize the chance to start a new scheme for army reform; others take up the Persian Gulf question; each in its own style is doubtless profound and certainly voluminous. But there is one dodge that all, with the exception of the *Times*, resort to. They start a silly-season topic.

If you don't know what a silly-season topic is you don't know England. That is no exaggeration. To an inquirer for a preview of the English character and the English intelligence I would confidently recommend the *Daily Telegraph* during its immersion in the topic of its choice. I mention the *Daily Telegraph* because it is still pre-eminently the paper of the average English Londoner, but almost any London daily will do. Any of the papers, of August the editor of each London morning journal writes about for a subject that will "fetch" the British public, all the correspondence columns, are so help him over the silly season. Such and such are not really done, but they must be of popular interest and able to provoke the average man or woman into discussion. They must, therefore, deal with matters of the simplest and most so-called scientific matters, if possible, of the heart as well as the head. It is not by any means everything that will fill the bill.

A hundred suggestions are put forward and talked over in the editor's room before the right one is adopted, but we will suppose the subject found—"The Decay of Honesty,"—Eng-

lish versus American Women," "Why Don't Young Men Marry?" "Should Women Work?" "Are We Impoverished?" "Are Women or Men the Happier?"—or something of that kind. A member of the paper's staff will write a letter to the editor on the subject. Another member will reply to him. Instantly from Clapham and Ilford and throbbing provincial bow-bolders there sets in a steady stream of letters—all genuine and argumentative and for the most part quite appealingly earnest. It is a curious phenomenon, such, I suppose, as no other country can show. For thousands of men and women these annual discussions would seem to be their one chance of really opening their hearts and minds to the world; and in very strange spots they make their appeal—England could ignore these debates. They are conducted too furiously and naturally to be other than intensely self-revealing, and the light they throw on the average collective temperament and intelligence and instinctive ways of looking at things is really of first-rate significance. You get the otherwise inarticulate masses, the ordinary expressionless man and woman, unfolding themselves to the best of their ability on the social problems that are the common property of civilization. That is always entertaining and always pathetic. It is done so sincerely, too, with so many signs of thought and care, that a "human document" of undeniably value is the result. Its value, of course, is rather reflex and unobscured than inherent and literary. I doubtably there is better reading than the *Daily Telegraph* while the silly season screams through its columns, but there is nothing that shows up certain aspects of the English characteristics and attitude toward life more clearly.

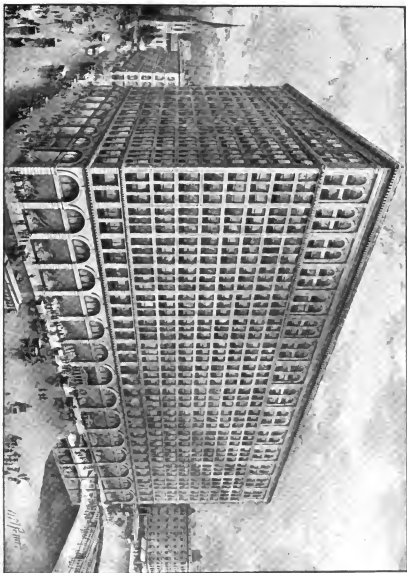
As for the question which promises to dominate all others this year—whether cricket is declining—my mind is as open as is Mr.

Balfour's on the merits of the Chamberlain policy. No one but an Englishman or his half-brother in Philadelphia can appreciate or really understand cricket. Any one who plays it, not from a sense of duty, but with positive enjoyment, may as well know the meaning of a snipe-jack at once; it is so unmitigatedly English. Where else but in this sleepy, time-ignoring island could a game in which it takes three whole days to decide a single match—which even then is no

question about cricket holding its own in England. It is played on a far bigger scale and with infinitely more zest than baseball in America. In every bit of waste-land in town or country, in the parks, on ten thousand specially dedicated cricket-grounds, you will find this inconspicuous pastime in full swing from May to October. There are hundreds upon hundreds of men over fifty who keep at it with the keenness of schoolboys, and no one born between Land's End and John o' Groats's ocean can young or old hold a bat. In the summer time all the schools, the colleges, for anything have three half holidays a week when cricket is compulsory, besides several hours of obligatory practice at the nets; and for any one who thinks of going in for schoolmastering there is no "Blue." Even persons find cricket a help to promotion. Indeed, a good many eccleziastics seem to think far more of the bowling career in Mr. Barrow's pews than of their souls. The young are asked about the new living to which he has just been presented, besides everybody's curiosity by replying, "Oh, well, they are rather weak in bowling, but it's a first-rate pitch." But what is most surprising is the quantity of people who profess to attend all their time watching cricket matches. To one it is of all games the most watchable. You sit at the best some two or three hundred yards from the scene of action; it is absolutely impossible to detect the smallest error of either the bowler's or the batter's performance, and hours may pass without a single incident that can arouse the faintest spark of interest. True, you occasionally see a big hit, a smart piece of fielding or an exciting finish, but taking it as a whole, it would sooner assist at a Chinese tea than an English cricket match. The capacity to enjoy it, like the capacity to enjoy Dickens, is some sixth sense which I most probably have been denied; and when I see the thousands who will crowd to see two trials of a "dovey" knocking a ball about for three days on end, it is with a feeling of helplessness and bewilderment. No, cricket is not declining. It should be, but it isn't.



A Cricket Match at Lords, London



## A \$3,100,000 DEPARTMENT STORE

The largest department store in the world is now being built for the Westmanaker establishment at Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Eighth and Ninth Streets. It is to be an all-Milnes store; eight-story store to be below ground, and the floor space will exceed that of any other retail store in existence. Almost other special features there will be a main-entrance for the first six of stories, for which extensive elevations are being prepared. It will take two years to complete the building, and the cost will be \$3,100,000.

Drawn by H. M. F.

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD is known to the world chiefly as a novelist, yet one of the most active aspects of her life is her philanthropic work among the Settlements of London. Especially is she interested in the raw material of young life that populates the congested slums of the East End, and the institution which lies nearest her heart and of which she is most proud is the Vocation School founded by her in Blossomway in conjunction with the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavistock Place. While the readers of England and America have been following with unobscured interest the fortunes of *Julia La Plante* in Lady How's *Daughters* during the summer months, the author has been quietly and unostentatiously preparing her schemes for the amelioration and gladdening of the joyless lives of the children in the neighbourhood of Blossomway. Most of the children in the Vocation School are drawn from the mean streets of the adjoining St. Pancras district. A visitor recently dropped in on Mrs. Ward and several interested friends who were gathered in a pleasant garden of the Settlement where the story-telling class was in session. Alice in Wonderland was being read to the children, and the visitor was just in time to hear the words, "I was a aslep," grumbled the Dormouse. "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"It all arose out of an article I read in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* a little more than a year ago," Mrs. Ward explained to the visitor when asked for the history of the school. "The article described the vocation schools of New York in an attractive way that made up our minds to try the experiment here. We succeeded in making arrangements before the summer vacation of last year, and the result was so entirely successful that, at the opening of our school here for the present vacation, it was quite inevitable."

"The children appreciated it?"

"So much so that we had fourteen hundred applications from children who wished to attend during this vacation, and, unfortunately, we can only accommodate one-half that number. Some of the bigger lads, who are able to earn a little as errand boys, and girls who ran about in the house, have some trouble in making arrangements to attend, but that does not keep them away. And now we will visit the class-rooms."

Room after room was visited, disclosing the various occupations of the children. Here a group of girls were busy making dolls' dresses, while near by was reading a story aloud to them. In another room was gathered the painting class, every child being furnished with a paint box and brushes. In the kitchen boys and girls were learning to cook. Not far from the kitchen was the class-room for manual training, where each boy spends one morning a week at a carpenter's bench well equipped with tools. Mrs. Ward said it was most gratifying the way in which every boy looked forward with the keenest pleasure to his turn at the bench. Equally popular are the swimming classes held at the Holborn green library, its tables beset with books that fascinate the youngsters; picture-books for the little ones, books of adventure for the boys, all Mr. Streat's "books for boys," and fairy-tale wood, its pictures, and its tiled fireplace has been designed to make an impression that will surely linger in the memory of the children who browse there.

As Mrs. Ward passed from one room to another with her visitor slighted ward was followed to with fond admiration, and her genuineness, from which issued the sound of a piano, and coming out into the garden again. Mrs. Ward spoke with enthusiasm of her plans for the future of the Vocation School, for as yet she only

views the institution as a promise of greater things to come. "What we hope to see sometime," she said, "is the organization of a London 'League of Play' for the capturing of the children's play-time. I should like to see evening play-centres established in every district of London, with superintendents of playgrounds in all the parks and many open spaces during the summer holidays. I regard this as the natural complement of the moral education the children are already receiving, and as of equal importance. There is reason to hope that one result of the success of our school here will be some action on the part of the new education authorities towards further experiments in vacation schools in other parts of London before very long."

Mr. Edwin A. Rawle, in an interesting brochure on *The Dooms of Exmoor*, has investigated the traditions upon which *Lorna Doone* is founded, and notwithstanding the fact that certain persons were recognized as descendants of the Doones down to comparatively recent years, he comes to the conclusion that the stories still locally current have no historical foundation. He traces the origin of the legends to the invasions of the Doones during the reign of Alfred the Great. "All that has been said by recent writers on the subject of the outlawed Doone family goes to prove that they were imaginary beings; whereas the history of our own country records beyond all doubt that the Doones were terrible realists. The sanguinary doings of those days doubtless left indelible impressions upon the contemporary inhabitants of West Somerset. Impressions which have been transmitted from generation to generation in tales of gigantic robbers who committed savage and murderous outrages upon the inoffensive and peaceable inhabitants of Exmoor."

Mr. Rawle adds an interesting fact which seems corroborated by the evidence he adduces, namely, that Mr. Blackmore got his clue for the conception of his great romance of the Doone Valley from a story entitled "The Dooms of Exmoor," which appeared in the *Litton Hour*. He is in error when he says that Mr. Blackmore wrote a tragic story called "Blain by the Doones," which has never been published on this side of the Mend. & Company some years ago under that title, and in England it was, if I mistake not, the initial story in a volume called *Tales from the Telling House*, which appeared about the same time.

Since mentioning Miss Edgeworth's name in these columns is our last issue, I learn that her little-known but delightful volume of stories, *The Parrot's Assistant*—a most unfortunally titled—has been issued in a good edition, from the charming pen of Mrs. E. B. Popham. The following pleasant reminiscence of Thackeray is worth recording from this introduction:

"Once when the present writer was a very little girl she suffered for a short time from some inflammation of the eyes, which prevented her from reading, or amusing herself in any way. Her father, who had just then returned from the East, in order to help her to pass the weary hours began telling her the story of the Parrot's Assistant, and when he had finished, and had boiled down the wicked thriver in oil, and when she asked him to tell it all over he said that he would try and find something else to amuse her, and looking about the room he took up a volume of *The Parrot's Assistant* which was lying on the table, and began to read aloud the story of 'The Little Merchants.' The story lasted two hours, and an odd, confused impression still remains in the writer's mind to this day of Naples, Vesuvius, pink and white sugar and a darkened room, of a lonely country house in Belgium, of a sleeping garden full of flowers outside the shutters, of the look of a big sofa covered with yellow velvet, and of her father's voice reading on and on. When she visited Naples in after-days she found herself looking about unconsciously for her early playfellows."



Mrs. Humphry Ward, with Mr. Passmore Edwards and Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, in the Garden of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, London



*A Group of wrecked Buildings in Port Antonio, Jamaica*



*In the Negro Colony at Kingston after the Hurricane*



*A Snap Shot taken near the Harbor, Port Antonio*



*What was left of a Jamaica Village after the Storm had passed*

### **SNAP SHOTS OF A HURRICANE'S HAVOC**

*The recent disastrous hurricane in the West Indies was felt with particular severity on the island of Jamaica. The storm caused a heavy loss of life and property damage to the amount of about \$10,000,000. In many parts of the island there was a total destruction of valuable crops, the rivers were flooded, and shipping along the coast was seriously affected. The photographs, taken just after the hurricane, give a graphic idea of the destructive effect of the storm.*





Drawn by W. C. G. Smith, 1913

## A DANGEROUS GAME

# The End of the Season at Coney

By Henry Harrison Lewis

IT was a little after the noon hour on a Saturday, and Surf Avenue and the Boardwalk were sprinkled with the ad- vanced guard of the great army, even then moving in force on the "Island." With the stroke of twelve the real business of the day had begun. As if by magic, the unusual quiet had disappeared before an avalanche of discordant notes from the half

dozen and making the discordant entry. The sidewalk filled with curious spectators and a number followed the elephant. Some one in the crowd, in front of the Egyptian dance exhibition, exclaimed: "Well, would you believe it, fellows! That's a baby-elfant Barker. It's gittin' those people to see the show. That's great, ain't it! Come on, let's go over."

"Ladies a-a-and gentlemen! Step up! Step in! We are giving to-day a fac-simile of that ancient and most gorgeous of Egyptian dances. Need I whop'er its name? Na! period, the thought. Your intelligence will inform you. Suffice it to say, that we show the real thing, and —here his voice sank to a stage whisper— "It is hot stuff, hot!"

Several men in the small crowd that had halted to listen to the Barker paid their ten cents admission and passed in- side. The Barker smiled his chest, gave an extra twitch to his cuffs and smiled, confidentially. He was about to resume his speech when the proprietor hurried around the corner.

"Git a move on yer," he muttered, huskily. "There's a big excursion just landed at the pier an' they'll be put here in a minute. Now's yer chance to hustle. If yous let 'em slip I'll have yer scalp, savvy?"

The Barker understood. His experience on the Island had covered eleven seasons, and until the present engagement he had been successful. Now the old order of things was changing. The "wide open" features with which he was so familiar were disappearing one by one, and the show he represented that day was the last of its kind. Small wonder that he glanced anxiously down the street and leered himself for a supreme effort.

There was a scurrying of feet, a peal of laughter, and round the corner came a mob of rollicking excursionists. The Barker's sibilant voice rang out as he enlarged on the fascinations of his entertainment. The crowd wavered in its passage. The proprietor eagerly beset them with both hands and hooks. Ten or three bought tickets, and the rest were about to follow, sheep-like, when an uncertain sound came from across the street where a trained-animal show had quartered itself.

Out upon the sidewalk in front of the gory-behaved building a baby-elfant stood waving its trunk and trumpeting furiously. Presently it began to back inside the long corridor, still waving its

trunk and making the discordant entry. The sidewalk filled with curious spectators and a number followed the elephant. Some one in the crowd, in front of the Egyptian dance exhibition, exclaimed: "Well, would you believe it, fellows! That's a baby-elfant Barker. It's gittin' those people to see the show. That's great, ain't it! Come on, let's go over."

The Barker pounded the air with his cane and launched forth into the effort of his life. The proprietor added his voice to the din for a moment, then rushed in- side and brought into view a couple of the alleged Egyptian dancers, but the curio-mania broke and scattered toward the other side of the street, leaving the dance exhibition without a spectator. The Barker looked at the furtive face of his "boss" and only left the little plat- form.

"I pass," he said. "I am going back to the woods. An elephant Barker is too much for me."

The Coney Island of 1903 is not the Coney Island of last year or the year be- fore. The same old beach is there, and the same indiscriminate collection of wooden buildings, and the same merry-go-rounds and cheap amusement enterprises, but the moral atmosphere is different. To-day there is just as much fun to the square inch of sand, but it is of a different kind. The immoral shows are gone, the tone of the variety halls is a little higher, and new features have come to lend a greater variety to the sport of the place.

It is in the latter change that the Coney Island of 1903 is unique. At just the time when it was needed, when the attrac- tions had grown a trifle monotonous, two young men came out of the West and, without any blowing of horns, erected as if in a night an amusement park which has not its counterpart anywhere else on earth. The thinking visitor, after he has seen the many features, after he has laughed at the better-skier, and watch- ed the Cinghese dancers, and made a trip to the moon, and another via the sub- marine route to the North Pole, will glance back after leaving the really picturesque entrance and marvel at the

inventive genius that has made all this possible.

Where you would not think of throwing a ball at a wooden doll in the city, you elbow your way through the crowd to be the first to try the game at Coney Island. You do this and more, too, be- cause you are at Coney Island, and the sole passport of your visit is to squeeze as much fun out of five hours as your temperament and your purse will permit.



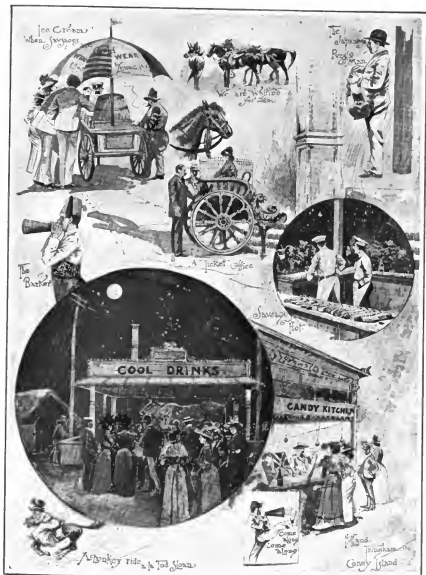
The "Shall-a-Lasp" Man at Coney, who Advertises the Toys of Shooting the Chute



The "Helter-Skelter"

One of the most popular features at the new Coney. The "Helter-Skelter" is a kind of winding toboggan slide with a bamboo surface, down which you slide at high speed without danger.





Drawn by Rolland Tringham

## AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW CONEY

Coney Island has taken a new lease of life. It has a new amusement park, including such attractions as a "liver-shiller," a submarine trip to the north pole, a trip to the moon, and a baby elephant who acts as a "barber" for one of the shows. The merry-go-rounds and amusement places of the old Coney Island are still there, but the tone of the variety halls is higher, and the musical shows are gone.



**"The Princess of Kensington"—Act II.**

The new comic opera by Captain Eust Hood and Edward German came to the Broadway Theatre last week from the Savoy, London, where it has just concluded a successful run. Captain Hood has heard the story of his libretto on "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," interweaving with it an element of modern burlesque.



**"My Wife's Husbands"—Act I.**

At the Madison Square Theatre Edna Milton Kelly and her wife Alma Fritz Kelly, are starred in Mr. Kelly's new farce, "My Wife's Husbands." Mrs. Kelly plays the part of "Gwendoline Weston," a dashing young widow with three divorced husbands all of whom she encounters successively at a dinner given in honor of her next husband to "Robert Kelly." Mr. Kelly, who is trying to locate a bill for the absence of dinner—out of the complications which result from the meeting of "Gwendoline," her husbands, and her former Mr. Kelly has made an hilarious but amusing comedy.

**EARLY AUTUMN THEATRICALS IN NEW YORK**



**MISS ISABEL IRVING**

*Miss Irving, who starred last season as "Virginia Carol" in Winston Churchill's dramatization of his novel, "The Crisis," will begin, late in September, a transcontinental tour in the same play under the management of James K. Hackett.*

# Russia's Black Sea Fleet

By Charles Johnston

**T**HE Russian fleet has returned to the harbor of Sevastopol, but the expedition in Inada is likely to remain with painful vividness in the mind of Abolil Hamid as a lively reminder of penalties to come. When we realize the power and quality of Russia's Black Sea force we shall understand how formidable a menace lay in its appearance off the Turkish coast, and what irresistible pressure was thus brought to bear against the Sultan. That part of the imperial Russian Navy which operates in the Black Sea is, as its backbone, eight formidable battle-ships, six of which are of the largest size, and which, as a class, are not only the most heavily armed, but also the most heavily armored ships in the world.

To begin with, we have the two battle-ships *Pravir* and *Potemkin*, and the *Tri Sestretina*, each of twelve thousand five hundred tons displacement, and easily able to do seventeen knots an hour. The former was launched within the last two years, and embodies the best results of modern knowledge. Of the latter, one of the first experts in England says, "*Tri Sestretina* is the heaviest ironclad in the Russian navy, and the most strongly protected ship in the world." The first half of this sentence is no longer true, as, since it was written, Russia has launched no less than five new first-class battle-ships, each with over a thousand tons greater displacement than the *Tri Sestretina*; they do not, however, belong to the Black Sea fleet. Each of the two battle-ships named has a primary battery of four twelve-inch guns; *Pravir* and *Potemkin* has a secondary battery of no less than sixteen six-inch quick-firing guns and twenty three-inch quick-firers, besides a number of smaller guns, each of course, torpedoes. *Tri Sestretina*, besides her primary battery of four twelve-inch guns, has a secondary battery of eight six-inch quick-firing guns, four four and seven-inch quick-firers, and fifty-two smaller quick-firers.

Then, after these two 12,500 ton ships, we have a group of four—*Georgi Pobedonostsev*, *Troisman*, *Elizaveta II.*, and *Sissop*, from ten thousand two hundred to ten thousand three hundred tons displacement each. The three last are sister ships, and have an armor belt of no less than eighteen inches in thickness. All four carry the astonishing number of six twelve-inch guns each, so their primary battery, arranged in pairs in disappearing carriages within a triangular turret, which is peculiarly Russian in design. The mechanism of these disappearing guns is interesting; the recoil of the shot drives home a hydraulic ram, which is then used to raise the gun again, after reloading. Besides these tremendous primary batteries of six twelve-inch guns each, these four ten-thousand-ton battle-ships have secondary batteries of seven six-inch guns and from fourteen to twenty-four smaller quick-firing guns.

Then we have two nine-thousand-ton battle-ships, the *Rostislav* and the *Dimitriy Sostolov*, the latter with four twelve-inch and four six-inch guns and twenty-two small-calibre quick-firers; the former with a primary battery of four ten-inch guns, the only guns of this caliber in the eight battle-ships of the Black Sea fleet, and also a secondary battery of eight six-inch quick-firing guns and twenty-six smaller quick-firers.

To these eight battle-ships must be added two recently completed protected cruisers, *Krugol* and *Ischokol*, each able to do twenty-four knots, or something better than the fastest six-day Atlantic liners, and carrying twelve six-inch and twelve three-inch quick-firing guns, besides smaller quick-firers. Also, of course, a full complement of torpedo boats, torpedo-boat destroyers, and small craft in general.

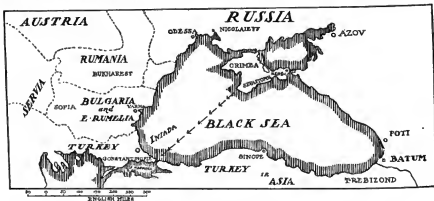
What work are these ships of the Black Sea fleet intended to accomplish? Evidently they were not called into existence to protect Russia against the navy of Turkey, for, generally speaking, Turkey has no navy. It seems equally evident that Russia's Black Sea fleet is not designed to meet the fleet of any other power. Its peculiar character: the proportion of eight battle-ships in two cruisers, the great number of twelve-inch guns, no less than thirty-six for the eight ships, and, finally, the immense thickness of the armor-belts, going up to eighteen inches, all point in the same direction; these ships are evidently designed to make an overwhelming attack on land forts, and the only forts within their range of activity are the Turkish forts on the Bosphorus, which guard the northern gateway to Constantinople.

Two of these forts stand at the mouth of the Bosphorus, overlooking the Black Sea, and they are connected, in pairs, along the banks of the Bosphorus, on the average about two miles apart, throughout the sixteen miles of the strait stretching to Constantinople. The construction of these forts was carried out under the supervision of German officers, whose services were kindly lent to Abolil Hamid by his friend Kaiser Wilhelm II., and they will probably be fought by German gunners, or at least by gunners trained in German methods. There, in a sentence, is the real barrier to a solution of the Italian problem, the answer to the oft-repeated question, "Why does not Russia intervene?"

The heavily armored and heavily armed battle-ships of the Russian Black Sea fleet are evidently designed to overcome this barrier when the time comes. Whether they will be able to overcome it, is only to be solved by actual trial. It is certain that every officer on board these battle-ships, every gunner, and every seaman is willing to make the attempt. But before facing such a tremendous hazard, Russia is determined to try every other expedient.



The North Gateway of Constantinople, guarded by Turkish Forts, against which Russia's Fleet is designed to Operate



The Problem for Russia's Black Sea Fleet, showing the Method of Naval Attack which Russia would have to follow in case of a War with Turkey

# The VERY OBJECTIONABLE CANAL

A Number Of Excellent Reasons Why It Yet Remains Above Ground  
By Albert Levering



1. *Y. Bull* "I say, old chap, not are you doing 'em? Dipping a double? I say, now, you can't do that, you know; it's not allowed—for diplomatic reasons."



2. *La Dame France* "Ah, Monsieur Sam wishes to build a ditch? I had I say, now, you can't do that, you know; it's not allowed—for diplomatic reasons. You call it thirty cent de chance—s'v'v'z pas?"



3. *Senor Columbus* "Barro! And not to in Senor Captain Le Dutch Sam prepare for to pay me—in a small price—let for to dig? Ha! Yes!"



4. *Senor Columbus* "I find not to not of a preference, Senor Sam. Besides, I think you have yet more."



5. *Senor Niemann* "Would be welcome Senor Le Captain Dutch Sam care to make another offer to Senor Niemann?"



6. *Jack Sam* (the "pulled") "And—I—am—satisfied—by—by—Yander!"

# Correspondence

## MORE RACE INCIDENTS

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 4, 1925.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—The negro criminal who outrages a white woman or child does so generally because negroes of that class think they have white neighbors in the South. White women are not attractive to negro men, still less are white children of the female sex. They are poor, washed-out creatures; the badly dressed and loudly performed leech of his own race is his ideal. The town in which I live, the county-seat of the largest slave-holding county in the State formerly, now has one-third negro population. The white people were nearly evenly divided between Union and Secesh. When the war was over a negro, to a crowd of his own color, shaking his fist and cursing, declared his intention to outrage every white woman he could. Within a short time a fireman girl of twelve, going to a spring for a bucket of water, in the suburbs, was a victim. The criminal was taken quietly from jail at night by a party made up of about equal numbers of ex-Federal and ex-Confederate soldiers, who had just quit fighting each other, and hanged on a rope stretched from trees on opposite sides of the street, so he was in the middle and in plain view. To their astonishment the negroes of the criminal class found they had as white hangers, and never has there been a second race crime there.

It is an important coal plant of the local system, and many negroes work in the mines. A white union once ordered a strike, to which the negroes paid no attention. White miners from another town, not even members of the United States, came in, patrolled the roads, and some of the negroes going to work. The negroes, born and raised in the county, some living on their own property, appealed to the men who had held their fathers as slaves. "You will not let us work, and if we need you put us in the penitentiary." The white business men got impatient against the white assailants of the negroes, and saw that the latter were allowed to work in peace.

A man a few years older than myself, my mother's wedding present from my father (but not a slave for life, but to be bought a trade and freed at twenty-one), who raised for me as a child, appealed to me for help to pay a lawyer to defend his son in a serious race of fighting another negro. Telling me of his happy issue out of all his troubles, he said, "I told my lawyer to get all the old slave-holders he could on the jury, and when they failed get their laws."

No people in the world will do as well by the negroes as those of the whites; but they will not allow negro governments, for they have Haiti and San Domingo under their own eyes as proofs of what it would end. And never while the world stands will the white men of the South consent that a white woman survive such an outrage, but will strive to rehearse the particulars of her misdeeds before the multitude in court.

If the whites of the North wish to do their best for the women and children who are the innocent sufferers let every one who writes or speaks confine himself or herself to the one remark, "When the crimes cease, the lynching and burnings will cease."

I am, sir,

GEORGE WILSON.

## APPRECIATED

LITTLETON, ENGLAND, July 21, 1925.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I want you to know how much pleasure the regular arrival of HARPER'S WEEKLY occasions in this household. I think you are to be congratulated. The paper again has the right to use its secondary title.

The editorial comments are particularly strong and healthy. They strike one as independent and discriminating, while fair and free from the scolding, raving spirit which has so weakened the influence of some of our journals otherwise powerful for good. The verdicts that go with the stronger merit help to make both the more palatable.

I am, sir,

ALEX. C. HURFARAY.

## THE KIPLING BACILLUS

CHARLESTONVILLE, VIRGINIA, August 11, 1925.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I have unshipped my wagon from my stall, wound up the traces, unfastened the harness- straps, unshookled the throat-latch, if I have turned him loose. Kipling is free.

Since Kipling began to write, or rather since, in a pirated newspaper story, I discovered him—and plumed myself mightily on it—comes of a cheap and yellow newspaper, were genuine in mind—I have been striving with might and main to discover the brand of ink that Kipling uses, in order that I might homily take a dip pre-emptively; and my fall was made plain to me, one day when man's poison, and asserted that books were most and poison too. "You," he added, "are doing what would tempt you possibly by your blind adoration of Kipling. Kipling reduces a thought to its bare weight in words. And many men enjoy him—and he has results; for neither they, nor you, are Kipling. Stevenson is what

you need, or Hemlett; they have not thought to the skinny cranium; they give some of the mostative significance, instead of braving it all to the reader. Kipling says, 'Fat Man,' Stevenson introduces you to the tailor's despair at the quantity of cloth required for his breeches."

Huismaster came to me with his words, and I saw myself the pitiful initiator—on chrome—without thickens. Now Kipling has thickens. He may be naked, but he is no derelict—a picture. He proceeds interludes: he is bluggy inside. Cut us trailers open and we bleed only pitious sad. A few of us catch the trick of expressing our hurried language—like the Emperor William's musk; but though we may have the manner, there is no meat behind the manner. It is a trick with us, and nothing else. We say, "Go to! let us be Kiplings!" But Kipling is not yet away by himself. He was not ordained to be triplets, nor even twins. He shares no height, we smooth fellows rarely help to his brilliancy a little. And how pleased we are with the reflection, till the evening dew falls and dims our shine, and we see it in no light of ours.

The words of my friend had sunk deep into that part of me which rodes within my skull; and sorrowfully, yet with determination, I went to my room to delubrate my idol. There are book-shelves at the head of my bed. Much thoughts are as vouchsafed in my mind, most notably between sleeping and waking; hence I have never been able to rest other than my bedroom as a study. And on the bookshelves rest shoes, on the lower rungs; riding posties; a reader, handy to reach at night; last-trunks and books; two bags for carrying notes on paper ribbons—like the Emperor William's musk; but though we may have the manner, there is no meat behind the manner. It is a trick with us, and nothing else. We say, "Go to! let us be Kiplings!" But Kipling is not yet away by himself. He was not ordained to be triplets, nor even twins. He shares no height, we smooth fellows rarely help to his brilliancy a little. And how pleased we are with the reflection, till the evening dew falls and dims our shine, and we see it in no light of ours.

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I am, sir,

KENNETH BROWN.

## MORE ABOUT MUSICAL PROGRAMMES

WEST POINT, New York, August 17, 1925.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Referring to the statement that the concert bands render selections of too weighty a character, as expressed by Mr. Yale, I would say that the bands and orchestras of the country are so numerous, and of so diversified a character, that all inferences may be omitted. He who desires the program minutely should attend a concert of high-grade players and expect to have his prejudices gratified. He would naturally seek music to his liking, and could be easily gratified by attending any of the operatic concerts on the East Side, where music of this character predominates.

It might be just as reasonable to say that the shelves of our libraries are filled with works of too deep a character to be acceptable to the average reader.

Music is refining and elevating. If Mr. Yale would study the works of the masters to the extent of paying careful attention to their rendition, he would find beauties that would gladden his innermost soul, and he would be able to discriminate between "Udeh Fantasies" and the sublime recitations of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Most of the prejudice against classical music is of a superficial nature. Some people not only do not, but will not, endeavor to understand or appreciate the truly beautiful in music or art.

Good books and good music have a mission to perform, and the lover of good literature can easily learn to appreciate the refinements of the grand orchestra and the classical traditions of the Kipling Orchestra.

The ten-time and the melody overture are on a par with the dime novel; one may read and one may listen—and forget, but the symphonies of Beethoven, the songs of Schubert and Mendelssohn, together with the outstanding works of Wagner and Meyerbeer, will continue to gladden the hearts of future generations when the "Patrol" and kindred productions are buried in the dust of oblivion.

I am, sir,

SAM FINKELSTEIN,  
U. S. M. A. Band.

The Cash Value of Ready Wit

A Bloodless Story of the Civil War

By A. J. Wright

READY WIT, much as it is admired, is not capitalized even by the modern promoter, and the instance wherein it has proven to be a quick asset are few and far between.

There was one instance, however, that deserves telling, in the long and arduous life of General Joseph H. Geiger, familiarly known as General Joe Geiger, who died recently at Columbus, Ohio, at an age so ripe in years that, like many that deserve it in their day, he had lived to see himself both famous and forgotten.

The incident which established the cash value of his quick wit occurred in New Orleans, at the time when General B. F. Butler had possession of pretty much everything there, Spanish and cotton included. If it had not been for General Geiger's timely presence there, the accumulated war claims, vast as they are, would probably be larger by some hundreds of thousands of dollars than they are to-day.

One evening away back in the seventies I was making a friendly call on the General, together with some newspaper men, when some one asked:

"How about that yarn they tell on you sed the cotton planter, General?"

The General tells his Story

He tried to pose the matter off as a joke, but, being pressed for an explanation, he finally proceeded in an inimitable way to tell the story which, odd as it is, I have never seen in print. So far as my facts are concerned, and without any attempt to repeat the wit and pathos with which he embellished it, the story is about as follows:

"I had been sent to New Orleans on a confidential errand and was detained there several days. General Butler not only had possession of the city, but had seized all the cotton, and all the planters and owners were scrambling to get it released. In the confusion, the innocent suffered with the guilty. In some manner the planter before mentioned, who was a former sympathizer, had learned of my presence in the city, and in their desperation came to me for help.

The Northern army had overrun his plantation with its usual disastrous results, and his cotton, already beyond reach, was the only thing between him and actual want. His proceeds were in the hands of General Butler, where, as I afterward learned, they had long been, with a mass of other similar claims, unexamined. As I was going to spend the following day with Butler I told my utterly dispirited friend to call the morning following when I would take the matter up with the General and do what I could for him.

The Appeal to General Butler

"When General Butler and I had completed our other business, I repeated the planter's tale of woe, very much as he had given it to me.

"We were surprised at the completeness and conclusiveness of the proofs, which, owing to the extraordinary circumstances, had received less attention than they deserved. General Butler saw at once that an injustice had been done in this case. He accordingly wrote out an order releasing the cotton and handing it to me, directing me to express his regrets to the owner in the expenses of my car, so serious an injustice had been done.

How the Planter took the News

"I was just out of bed next morning when there came a rap on my door. Opening it I let in our unfortunate friend. I did not wait to be asked, but walking across the room to my coat, I took the order from my pocket and handed it to him without comment. You should have seen the effect! He was not prepared for the surprise. Reading the order half aloud, and, as if not believing his own eyes, drawing it closer, he read it again, and gasping something like 'Great heaven!' whirled and went through the door without saying good-by or even thank you.

"I had been very much occupied dur-

ing the day, and the question of fee did not so much as enter my mind. You see, I had really done no work at all, either mental, physical, legal, or spiritual. I didn't even have to prey with the General.

"Next morning while making my toilet, I thought the matter over a little. I had decided finally to charge him \$25, when there came a rap on the door, in case the planter, no longer sad and dejected, but content beyond control.

The Fee that was a Windfall

"Walking straight to the center table, he pulled out of his pocket the largest roll of bills I had ever seen, and began peeling off five-hundred-dollar bills. He counted out four, and asked:

"How's that, General Geiger?"

"I looked at those four \$500 bills, and said, 'Well, I don't you think you had better make it twenty-five.'

"The fifth five-hundred-dollar bill was instantly laid on the pile, accompanied by the most profuse expressions of gratitude it was ever my pleasure to hear from a client."

**A TIPICK TO MOTHERS.**—Mrs. W. WILSON'S "NURSERY SONGS" should certainly be used for children teaching. It teaches the child, before the game plays all making him wild, and, to the best remedy for discipline.—(Advt.)

**THE MOTHER'S FRIEND,** when suitably applied, is Fisher's Fruit Beans. Children should use it as a tonic and adjuster to the system, or for the relief of the most distressing ailments. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight.—(Advt.)

**TRAVELER'S SERVICE** lightens the care of those making long trips, and prevents weary legs. New York Telephone Company, 25 Dry Dock, 111 West 20th Street.—(Advt.)

**You will never have the good** if you stick to CIGAR'S tobacco. EXTRA DRY CIGARETTES. It is made of the purest juice from grapes.—(Advt.)

**FRANCIS' medicine** is often successfully used by French Cures for Consumption. \$1.00 per bottle.—(Advt.)

**A native cure** and a health preserver—Anger's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At drug stores.—(Advt.)

**WELL-MAN'S** Tonic constitutes a healthy preparation and is the best of all other tonics or stimulants. It is the most reliable. The "Angostura" is a tonic and adjuster to the system, or for the relief of the most distressing ailments. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight.—(Advt.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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1870  
A. O.  
**ANGOSTURA**  
**BITTERS**  
IN ALL FANCY DRINKS

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Inspected from Distilled S.W.

AWARDS AT ALL THE  
PRINCIPAL INTERNATIONAL  
EXPOSITIONS.

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to His Majesty, the German  
Emperor and King of Prussia.

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By WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Abur Daniel," etc.

A new story of Northern Georgia. A young man of humble birth but astutely shrewd character is befriended by an old man who desires to atone for a past sin by so educating and training him that he may become his nearest substitute in the eyes of Providence. Hence the novel. From the first chapter in the last there is a continuous flow of anecdotes and humorous reminiscence.

Cloth, \$1.50

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By HENRY B. BOONE and

KENNETH BROWN

Authors of "Estimate Court House"

A vivid and entertaining picture of Virginia country life. The two story is cleverly managed, and captures the reader's interest from first to last. Scenes of law-hunting and other country sports are described with fidelity, yet with much dash and color.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

REVISED EDITION

Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle

Suggestions as to their Manufacture and Use

By H. P. WELLS

Author of "The American Fisherman,"  
"How to Catch Game Fish," "How to Prepare Game Fish"  
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

BOKER'S BITTERS

Anti-dyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer, and a stimulant in word and deed.

# LETTERS OF MARQUE

ISSUED UNDER SEAL OF THE KINGDOM  
OF BOHEMIA TO ESPER INDIMAN, ESQ.

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

## The Adventure of the "Red Duchess"

AT half after eight we sat down to dinner. Indiman, of course, took the head of the table, and opposite him propped up on the arms of an enormous "bishop's chair" of Finnish oak, was Lely's portrait of the "Red Duchess." What a glorious picture it was, in the masterly sweep of its lines, in the splendor of its incalculable coloring! The jagged edges of the canvas showed plainly where the vandal knife had passed, separating the painting from its frame. But the really big thing is always independent of its *odors*; one hardly noticed the mutilation and then immediately forgot about it.

I had been honored with a seat at the lady's right hand, and opposite me a fourth cover had been laid. Indiman noticed my look of inquiry.

"Only one of my fancies," he explained, smiling. "I always make provision for the unexpected guest. Who knows what surprising guests may be hovering around."

"We were hardly at the soup before a servant brought in a card. "Roger W. Blake" read Indiman aloud. "An honest enough sounding name. Is the gentleman in evening dress, Bolder?"

"No sir, I don't think so, sir."

"Hunt that is unfortunate. Still, if Madame la Duchesse will permit and you, Thorp, have no objection—good! ask Mr. Blake to do me the favor of joining us at dinner."

A few minutes later Mr. Roger Blake appeared at the door of the dining-room; he was a young man with a profusion of fair hair and a good deal of color, the latter brightened considerably by the somewhat embarrassing circumstances attending his introduction. But Indiman relieved the situation immediately, going forward and greeting the new guest with unaffected cordiality.

"Mr. Blake is it? You are very hearty, welcome I assure you. Let Bolder take your hat and stick; indeed I insist upon it. Allow me now to present you: Her Grace the Duchess of Laskshire, more generally known as Lely's 'Red Duchess'—Mr. Roger W. Blake, My friend, Mr. Thorp—Mr. Blake."

Evidently the young man was not overclear in his own mind as to how it had all happened, but there he was, sitting bolt upright in the vacant chair and drinking two glasses of wine in rapid succession to cover his confusion. A comedy, apparently, but to what purpose? Mr. Blake blushed painfully and made no reply to the polite compliments that I ventured; Indiman smiled benevolently upon both of us, and in the most natural possible manner, led the conversation to the subject of portrait painting. There was his best bet before him—the famous "Red Duchess"—and he talked well; I found myself listening with absorbed attention and even the shy Mr. Blake became oblivious of the lesser agencies of self-consciousness. So we went on until the polite course had been removed.

Our host rose to his feet, champagne glass in hand. "Gentlemen," he said, and we followed, example, Blake managing to upset a dejeuner of cherry in the process.

"In life and in art—the finest of her sex. I give you, gentlemen, 'La Duchesse Rouge.'"

The toast was drunk with becoming decorum; I was about to resume my seat when I saw that Mr. Blake had screwed himself up to a desperate decision, and that the climax of the comedy was at hand. He was quite pale and he stammered a little as he spoke.

"Very sorry I—I'm gone," he blurted out, "but you are Mr. Blake—Indiman?"

"I am, and not in the least sorry for it. Go on."

"It is my duty, sir, to place you under arrest for complicity in the theft of that picture," Mr. Blake threw back his coat and displayed a detective's shield attached to an aggressively red suspender brace.

Esper Indiman bowed ironically. "I presume that my presence at Police Headquarters is unnecessary," he inquired.

"Yes, sir, I have a copy in waiting outside, and we will start at once, if you please." Mr. Blake, under the stimulus of his pro-

fessional functions, but his embarrassed air and become scarcely businesslike and official. "This gentleman will have to accompany us," he continued, looking at me.

"The coffee, Bolder," called our host, "and never mind the sweets." I drank a demitasse and lit a cigarette. "Ready," assuring Indiman, and we descended to the coach, Mr. Blake bringing up the rear and carrying the precious picture enveloped in a silver table cover.

"What reward is offered, officer?" asked Indiman, as the carriage drove off.

"One hundred thousand dollars, sir. It will be a big thing for me if—"

"He stopped a trifle embarrassed."

"Ah, those italics!" quoted Indiman, musingly.

The chief of the detective bureau received us in his private room. He listened attentively to Blake's report, but seemed rather puzzled than gratified by its triumphant peroration. Now the young man felt that he had done a big thing, and this non-committal attitude of his superior chagrined him. He unrolled the covering in which the picture had been wrapped.

"There!" he said, half-resentfully.

The chief looked carefully at the picture and turned to Indiman. "The you desire to make any explanation, Mr. Indiman, as to how this picture happens to be in your possession?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "I bought it for a small sum a month ago on the lower Bowery. The dealer's name was Grepsire or Grepsky."

Young Mr. Blake sniffed laconically. A messenger handed a couple of telegrams to the chief. He read them with knitted brows and then touched a bell.

"Send in Oliver Stone," he ordered.

Mr. Stone immediately made his appearance. In his hand he carried a fat, square parcel which, in obedience to a further order, he proceeded to unwrap. I uttered an involuntary cry, for it was nothing less than a replica of the famous portrait of the "Red Duchess." A replica indeed! It would take an expert to decide which of the two was the copy; they were absolutely alike, even to the detail of the rough edges, the marks of the blunted knife.

This picture was discovered in an art-dealer's window on Fourth Avenue near Twenty-sixth Street," explained the chief of the detective bureau. "And now kindly listen to these despatches. The first from the Chief of Police of New Orleans:

"Lely portrait discovered in pawn-shop. Officer Smith goes North to-night to return property and claim reward."

"J. G. Bowers."

"The other from Pittsburg, is substantially the same language, reports the finding of the portrait of the 'Red Duchess' in a private gallery. This fourth picture is also on its way to New York for identification."

We all looked at each other. Blake the picture of puzzled anger and disappointment. "Which is the true picture?" asked the chief. "Mr. Indiman, I should be glad of your opinion."

Indiman, who had been examining the canvases held by Stone, answered quietly. "Neither of these and it is more than probable that the other two are also copies by the same hand. Wonderfully well done, too, but the study of portraiture is a hobby of mine, and I have even contemplated a monograph on the subject on more particularly, a handbook to the smaller galleries and private collections. I've had my share, too, of good finds—glorious sport the running of them down."

"But the 'Red Duchess'?" persisted the chief.

"Of course I know it perfectly. I won't bore you with technical explanations, but on the back of the stretcher is the address of the American art dealer from whom the original canvas was purchased. That should be enough."

It was as Indiman said; each of the canvas stretchers carried a



small gummed label, the address of a Fulton Street art supply shop.

"That settles the question," remarked the chief of detection. "I may say finally that I have this ruble from the Minister of Police at St. Petersburg, confiscated to me through the Russian Consul-General:

"Lily portrait recovered and replaced in the gallery at the Hermitage. Withdue published reward.

"(Signed)

SOMMERKA.

"A queer piece of business, but this appears to be the end of it," commented the chief. "Needless to say, gentlemen, that you are at liberty to depart. My apologies for the annoyance to which you have been subjected." We all bowed and withdrew to the anteroom. Blake, blushing red, came up to Indiana; he began to apologize, stammering pitifully, but Indiana cut him short.

"Call up the coach and offer the driver extra fare for the best time his horses can make to this address," he scribbled the house and street number on a leaf torn from his note-book and handed it to Blake. "Yes, you can come along if you like; it may be the leg thing yet."

As the carriage rolled along Indiana volunteered certain explanations.

"As I have already told you," he began, "I bought the picture from a small dealer in the Bowery. I happened to notice it in his window, and the 'Red Durban' being one of the half-dozen comparative peritons of the world, I was naturally interested. It was retained a fine copy, and I was pleased to get it so cheaply.

"Now there were two or three circumstances connected with my find that afterwards struck me as peculiar. In the first place it is well known that permission to copy any of the pictures at the Hermitage Gallery is very rarely given, and the authorities are particularly averse to having reproductions made of the Lily portrait. Secondly, why were the edges of the canvas so noticeably serrated, giving the picture the look of having been hastily cut away from its frame? And finally, where and when had this copy been made? For the label of the Fulton Street art dealer on the back bore the date 1903, and this was the second of February in the same year, (obviously impossible that the artist could have gone to Russia, painted the picture, and returned with it to New York in a little over a month.

"Two days later I was walking up Fourth Avenue, through the district affected by the curio and old-heralds dealers, and I discovered a replica of my 'Red Durban' hanging in a shop-window. In every respect identical, you understand; the two pictures were unquestionably the work of the same hand. Whose hand?

"In your encounter, Thorp, the name of Clive Richmond? Well, for a year or two he was the favorite painter of women's portraits here in New York, hailed as genius and all that. Then suddenly his work began to fall off in quality; his failures became egregious, and his clients left him. Shortly after, he disappeared; it was the common report that his misdoings had stirred his enemies, there were even hints at suicide. That was some four or five years ago, and whatever the secret may be it has been kept faithfully.

"At last I had ordered a portion of the problem: it was Clive Richmond! and no other who had painted my copy of the 'Red Durban.' How do I know? Well, with the expert, it is a matter purely technical, but more largely intuitive. How do you recognize a friend's face? How does the bank clerk detect the counterfeit bill?

"Now this second copy bore the same marks as the one in my possession. It was one of the canvas matted and jagged, the Fulton Street label on the back. What was this mystery?

"Mystery, yes, and I had it the shadow of a crime, of a human tragedy; who was to lift the veil? There was but one man, Clive Richmond, who could answer my question, and where was Clive Richmond? A week later I found still a third copy of my 'Durban' over on Sixth Avenue. I had left my purse at home that morning, and when I went back the next day to buy the picture it was gone—sold to a stranger. But I say that I had missed getting possession



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of the second picture through the same sort of contrivance? I never saw either of them again.

"I had written to a friend in Petersburg to make certain inquiries for me; his answer confirmed some of my suspicions. The 'Red Duchess' was not hanging in its accustomed place at the Hermitage; it was in process of renovation according to a statement made by the director of the gallery.

"That was enough for me. The portrait had been stolen and was probably in New York at this very moment. Where? Let me first find Olive Richmond, and I must be quick about it, for once the secret was out the detective would not be long in rounding up the various purchasers of these wonderfully accurate copies. This morning the cable brought the news, and at dinner-time Mr. Blake's card was presented to me. Quick work, Mr. Blake. I congratulate you.

"Here in the letter that I received just before we left my house, you remember that it had come in the evening mail and been overlooked. I will read it.

"Dear Indiana," it began. "There's more in art than can be squeezed out of a color tube, isn't there? But I have the secret now; it was given me by Lely himself—in his box. What a pity it is that I shan't have the chance to use it, but you and the cognoscant can fight it out together. You might busy me decently if you like; you ought to be willing to do that much, seeing that your critical pronouncements have been so amply vindicated. C. R.

"P. S.—My secret? But on second thought I will take it with me."

St. John's Park and the streets fronting upon it was once a fashionable quarter of the town. Now a hideous railway freight-station occupies the former park area, and the old-time residences, with their ornately wrought-iron stoop-railings and graceful fanlights, have been degraded by the bare bones of a tenement population. Only the quiet chapel of St. John has survived the slow process of contamination, a single nook rising above the sordid tide.

The cumb stopped before one of the most pretentious of the old-time houses, now almost one of the dirtiest and most dilapidated. We were directed to the upper story, Indiana leading the way.

A single attic chamber bearing the marks of the cruelest poverty, a store, an artist's easel, a tin pallet spread directly on the grimy floor, and upon it a man in the last stage of emaciation. He glanced up, and Indiana and waved his hand helplessly. He tried to speak, but his words died away in his throat; Indiana hurried by his side to catch the words.

"It is cold—shut store door—there's enough now to last me out."

Indiana went to the store where a little fire was smoldering; he shut the door, and the pallet spread directly on the grimy floor, and upon it a man in the last stage of emaciation. He glanced up, and Indiana and waved his hand helplessly. He tried to speak, but his words died away in his throat; Indiana hurried by his side to catch the words.

"You know well enough why I have come," he said, slowly. "I tell me the truth."

There was no audible response from the bloodless lips, but the dark eyes were full of ironic laughter. Then they closed again.

"Richmond?" said Indiana, sharply. "Richmond?"

I had been standing by the door, but now I came forward and joined Indiana. "Come," he said, briefly. "Come and taken his secret with him. Only that was the secret?"

We tried to argue it out on the way up-town, but with only indifferent success. Granted the promise that Richmond had actually stolen the "Red Duchess," what were his motives in multiply-

ing copies of the picture, a proceeding that must infallibly end in the detection of his crime? And the supreme question—what had finally become of the original?

My theory was simple enough. The man was mentally unbalanced, the result of knocking over his own father in art. He had stolen the picture, possessed with the idea that by study of it he should discover the secret of its power. He had made copies of the picture and sold them in order to supply himself with the necessities of life. At the end, knowing himself to be dying he had caused the original to be returned in the gallery at Petersburg, a contribution to the convalescent fund.

Indiana's argument was more subtle. "Granted," he said, "that the poor chap was mentally irresponsible, and that he actually did steal the picture. But you must take into account his colossal vanity, his monumental egotism. Richmond never admitted for a moment that he was a failure as an artist; there was a cabal against him, and that accounted for everything. This affair was simply his revenge upon his critics and detractors; he would turn out these reproductions of a masterpiece so perfect in their technique as not to be distinguished from their original, nor indeed from each other. So having set the artistic world by the ears he would enjoy his triumph, at first in secret, and afterwards openly."

"But what was the picture returned to the Hermitage?"

"One of these same copies—that was the supreme anticlimax."

"The original, then,—the 'Red Duchess'?"

"The fuel in the stove consisted of some strips of painted canvas," said Indiana, gravely. "I don't know, I can't be sure—they were almost recognized when I saw the door."

"An imperfect copy?" I hazarded.

"Some day we will take a trip to the Hermitage to make sure," answered Indiana. "Where garance is bliss, etc. What do you think, Blake?" he continued, turning to our companion.

"Is all the same to me, sir," answered Blake, a little ruefully. "It was a big thing right enough, but somehow I seem to have missed it all round."

"Well, good night, sir; if you'll kindly set me down at this corner."

Indiana and I enjoyed a small supper under Oscar's watchful eye; the night was fine and we started to walk home. Have I said that Indiana had proposed

that I should move my traps over to his house and take up my quarters there for an indefinite period? In exchange for services rendered as he put it, and somehow he made it possible for me to accept the invitation. It had been twenty-four hours now since I had first enjoyed the honor of Mr. Roger Indiana's acquaintance; the novelty of having enough to eat—seriously enough—was already beginning to wear off. Man is a wonderful creature; give him time and he will adjust himself to anything.

At the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street Indiana stopped suddenly and picked up a small object. It was a latch-key of the familiar Yale-lock pattern. I looked at it rather indifferently.

"Man, man!" said Indiana, with simulated despair. "Surely you are an incorrigibly prosaic person. A key—does it suggest to you no possibilities of mystery, of romance?"

"Oh, is that all? To-morrow we will go out and find a door upon which this little key will no longer be probably employed. You promise to enter that door with me?"

"I promise."

Here the "Adventure of the 'Red Duchess,'" ends, and that of the "House in the Woods of the Black" begins.



There was no audible response from the bloodless lips

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As *The Saturday Evening Post* states, the roots of an acre of five-year old Ginseng are worth \$24,000. In addition to this the same plants will have yielded 500 pounds of seed; at \$50 per pound, one-half the present market price, the seed would bring an additional \$24,000.

Read this Editorial from "The Saturday Evening Post," the conservative Philadelphia publication, issue of Aug. 22, 1903, telling of the enormous profits of Ginseng

## GINSENG FARMING

Little Gardens That Pay Big Dividends

UNDER scientific cultivation some rare discoveries have been made in regard to ginseng, root, struggling in hard soil or against rocks, and other impeding elements variously known, many of them closely resembling the human form. In fact the Chinese word *Jen-shen*, man-man-wort, as it has been translated by many people, even including some of the ginseng cultivators and dealers in America, that the Chinese demand for the root was based on the fancy that the development of the roots in the altitude of man was nature's indication that they are intended in minister to ailing humanity.

Recent discovery that the plant under cultivation frequently produces straight roots, bearing no likeness to the human body, and that these samples of ginseng, being richer in quality than the native kind, are bringing higher prices in China, have awakened a new inquiry into the secret of the Chinese people's eagerness to possess the plant.

Washington, "I have recently discovered in ginseng some remarkable element which has hitherto been unknown to occidental science. It does not seem reasonable that the Chinese and Japanese are so wise men, and in many ways deeply learned in the mysteries of nature, would for unnumbered centuries continue to use as one of their most highly prized therapeutic agents a vegetable which is a plant totally without medicinal value. From the humblest citizen up through all the grades of society, including many of the profoundest and eastern scholarship, big officials and even emperors, the inhabitants of China for ages have had an implicit faith in the power of ginseng to prevent and cure many of the ills of the body."

Thus far, scientific inquiry into the secret of ginseng has been a baffling study in chemistry. European chemists have been attempted to discover what it was in the plant that had made it for ages so highly prized at that their reactions failed to show that ginseng held the alchemical medicinal value. More recently official chemists in America have analyzed ginseng roots and found that they contain about 30 per cent of nitrogen, 40 per cent of lime, .50 per cent of phosphoric acid, .70 per cent of potash, the remainder being nothing but water. These chemists, therefore, confirmed their inability to understand why the Chinese should place such value upon it, eagerly buying it at ten dollars the pound, and giving for some of its distillations far more than their weight in gold.

As a result of these scientific decisions against ginseng as a medicine, new support was given the theory that the popularity of the roots in China was due to the superstition that their resemblance to the human form was an accent of their supposed power to cure. In the legends of the Chinese, the founder of the Celestial Empire traced reference in regard to ginseng was found. It was learned that the founder of the Chinese race, the son of a man living at Shanghai during the reign of Wen Ti, Emperor of the Six dynasty, who said to bear a voice as slight calling to him from the forest. For years, across the forest, he heard, came mysterious callings were repeated, but no explanation of their origin could be found until one day there was dug up a hundred feet from the man's home, a huge ginseng plant that closely resembled a human being. After that the voice ceased, and the man died of a tea brewed from the roots of that ginseng plant lived without pain to a patriarchal age. In further explanation of the ready Chinese market for ginseng, plants that had been found in the contemporaneous thought of China is the conviction that nothing save starvation can overcome a man acclimated with ginseng essence. It was also learned that the roots of these roots assumed human-like forms, the better price they commanded.

But all ingenious explanations of the value of ginseng in China are of no avail if the plant, for so stated, the discovery has been made this year that cultivated roots, many of

these bearing no resemblance to human forms, are selling at a higher rate in China than has ever before been obtained for the wild roots. In the present year, the Chinese market, according to the reports of the American consulates here, has brought to light the discovery that among the chemists who analyzed ginseng there was one who discovered in the root an alkaloid, the nature and value of which he was unable to determine. The name *jen-shenol* was proposed for this alkaloid.

At present, in medical dictionaries in the United States, ginseng is defined as "little more than a demulcent." Now that recent experiments show that the Chinese are buying the roots irrespective of their shape, more serious inquiry is to be made into possible medicinal qualities which have escaped previous analysis.

So alluring have been the promises of profit in ginseng farming that the subject has been taken up by official agriculturists in various parts of the United States. Many of the government seeds will be very valuable to farmers who contemplate embarking in the growing business.

As a result of the tests it is officially announced that, if all preparatory conditions be faithfully complied with, the gross returns from an acre of ginseng, after five years of growth may exceed \$10,000. Deductions of \$2000—which includes the original payment made for the plants, the amount expended on materials for constructing artificial shade and the cost of labor in planting, cultivating and harvesting—the net profit is five years from one acre planted at not over \$25,000, or \$2000 per annum. On this basis a farm of the ordinary size, 200 acres, would, if planted to ginseng, yield a net annual income of \$40,000, provided the market price of the roots should remain as at present. It is pointed out that though extensive cultivation would be profitable, the demand for ginseng in China is increasing. Sixty \$30,000 worth of the plant has been exported thus far from the United States and the market price is being rapidly advanced. Moreover, the plant in China has been fully exterminated, and the few districts in which it is still found have been set apart as the Emperor's private reserves.

The indications, therefore, to embark in ginseng cultivation, the best roots of which now readily bring from six to eight dollars the pound in America, are very great. Emphasis should be laid on the importance of first gaining a thorough knowledge of the plant's needs, for some of its habits of growth are anomalous.

In the East, the strange and important fact has been demonstrated that ginseng seed, although fully, normally matured, will not germinate until eighteen months has elapsed from the time of harvest, and that it will not germinate at all, even after eighteen months, if it is sowed in a dry time of the year. During all this period it must be preserved by stratification with wood shavings, moist and staidly altered. Moreover, the soil selected for planting must be perfectly adapted to the plant, a proper amount of shade must be provided, and other essential preliminaries looked into with painstaking care. It has been discovered through official channels that some individual experimenters throughout the country have failed to realize the prodigious gains possible in ginseng cultivation, simply because they were not equipped with proper knowledge of the plant's peculiarities. Scientific tests at experimental stations in several States have been satisfactory, and the officials have an opportunity in saying that, under proper care, the returns from ginseng farming may equal if not exceed the best that has been known.

Experiments showed that in cultivated plants there was a loss of only 2 per cent, while in the wild the ginseng roots transplanted was all per cent.

The roots were planted eight inches apart each way. With a gardener's dibble, holes were made to enable the roots to expand. This was an important factor in multiplying the yield of the crop.

A \$10 to \$25 garden will pay you a dividend the first year; in five years' time its annual yield will have aggregated thousands of dollars.

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gin their apprenticeship has been found great enough to induce the managers of great dailies to give it space, and it is not only tolerated but is found necessary to financial success. Few, while regarding such chronicles as banal, realize the worth of them. Few understand that the mounting of women's doings, even in trivial things, is hourly making for a development of mental and political status that will bring about a juster estimate of the value of women's work, and create a demand for a higher grade of it intellectually as well as materially.

Women journalists have had to wait their opportunity to do that which they may do when they know how, and to be content to do small things while waiting to do larger. The point that may be gained finally is as lofty as aim can make it, but the women who fill the more responsible posts must have served in varied capacities before they can achieve the end.

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Out of the five million self-supporting women in the United States (those in domestic service not counted), few comparatively have become journalists. Of those the majority give their training in the "preliminary" fashion of an older day. Many fall out of the ranks early, some never go beyond the "preparatory" stage, some advance and attain all the honors in the gift of the profession. That newspaper work claims the greater number is due to the fact that newspapers pay better than any other journal. An illustrious scientific magazine with which it would be an honor to be associated for literary reasons offers to an assistant (woman) editor but \$10 a week, and a daily paper pays \$30 for less responsible services; it is comprehensible that less fame and more money should be accepted.

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## COMMENT

SOME of the friends of Judge George Gray, of Delaware, were disappointed because of the omission to put forward his name as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in the Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania. The delegates from the anthracite-coal region would have applauded such a move. The managers of the convention, however, deemed it judicious to avoid any reference to national issues at this time. For two reasons. First, Pennsylvania—unlike Ohio, which Mr. Cleveland in 1892 came within a hair-breadth of carrying—has long been a Republican stronghold in Presidential elections. It was deemed expedient, therefore, that suggestions as to the construction of a platform and the designation of nominees for 1904 should be left to the States which Democrats are believed to have a chance of carrying. Then, again, Pennsylvania, unlike Ohio, is confronted with State issues of vital moment. It cannot justly be said that Ohio is misgoverned, whereas the assertion may be made with more truth of Pennsylvania than of any other State in the Union. We add that only minor State officials are to be chosen this year in Pennsylvania, whereas in Ohio not only is a Governor to be elected, but also a Legislature which will have the naming of a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Hanna.

Under the circumstances, Pennsylvania Democrats cannot be blamed for preferring to restrict their platform this year to demands for a free press, for ballot reform, and for decent home-rule in municipalities. Our incident, however, may be accepted as affording conclusive proof that the Democrats of Pennsylvania can be trusted to co-operate with the great majority of their brethren in the States on this side of the Mississippi in recognizing the national Democracy next

year on the traditional conservative lines. A proposal made in the platform committee to reaffirm the Kansas City platform was supported by only ten out of the fifty members. There is no doubt that the feeling in favor of Judge Gray is gaining strength in eastern Pennsylvania, as well as in his native State, notwithstanding his own declaration that he is not a candidate and that the movement in his behalf should not be renewed seriously. We learn from Dover that young Democrats all over Delaware are preparing to organize Gray clubs, with a view of assuring to him the Delaware delegation and of commending his nomination to the next national convention. In refusing to countenance such demonstrations on the part of his friends Judge Gray is taking exactly the position which a self-respecting and profoundly respected member of the Federal judiciary ought to take. From this point of view there is nothing to choose between him and Chief-Judge Parker of New York.

Mr. John H. Clarke, of Cleveland, Ohio, who was nominated for United States Senator by the Democratic State convention of Ohio, not only opposed Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900, but he is still defiantly unrepentant. Addressing a Senatorial convention at Napoleon, Ohio, on September 1, he said that he had no apologies to make for having denounced in the past the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. He was just as inflexibly determined, he said, to uphold the single gold standard as he ever was. The State Senatorial convention to which we have referred comprised delegates from five counties which hitherto have been controlled by Bryanites. Mr. Clarke told them frankly that if they desired a representative in the United States Senate who is without opinions of his own, and without sufficient independence to stand on his conclusions when he had reached them, they ought not to support him, for he was not that kind of a man. That a man who could make such a declaration would be cut off from any hope of receiving Mr. Bryan's support might have been inferred from some of the latter's former utterances. During the national campaigns of 1896 and 1900 Mr. Bryan denounced as traitors all the Democrats who refused to rally under the free-silver banner. Only a few weeks ago he announced that men who had deserted the Democratic party in the critical years named could only get back by an unconditional disavowal of their anti-free-silver opinions. We have always believed, however, that Mr. Bryan was much less of a fanatic and much more of a politician than he has seemed to some of his opponents. It is perfectly clear, of course, to Mr. Bryan, that for the present, at all events, the silver issue is dead, and that as regards many other questions of capital, and even urgent moment, he has very much more in common with a Gold Democrat than he has with a Republican.

This he now has the candor to admit. He said in an interview at Columbus, Ohio, on September 2, that while Clarke was grievously wrong in 1896, and while he (Bryan) would have preferred a man for United States Senator who had been with him on all the planks of the Kansas City platform, he nevertheless thought it better to support one who differed with him only on one point than by opposing him to encourage those who would elect a Republican. He went on to say that since 1896 the quantity of gold in the country had been immensely increased, and the arguments

advanced seven years ago in favor of a larger volume of metallic money had been vindicated. The fact that Mr. Bryan has decided to stump Ohio in favor of Mr. Clarke's election to a seat in the United States Senate must be accepted as a decisive proof that there is no longer any irreconcilable difference between Free Silver Democrats and Gold Democrats. By this act, which we do not hesitate to describe as far-seeing and politic, Mr. Bryan has done more than any other man could do at this juncture to help the Democratic party. Whether Mr. Bryan's support will enable Mayor Johnson to secure the Governorship is a different question. It is true, as is pointed out by the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, the principal Democratic newspaper in northern Ohio, that a good many Republicans in that State are suspected of a secret desire to see Senator Hanna defeated. On the other hand, it is not improbable that some Democrats who have long been and still are influential in Ohio would like to see Mr. Johnson beaten. Under the circumstances, the *Cleveland Plaindealer* thinks that both anti-Hanna Republicans and anti-Johnson Democrats will take to the woods, and that consequently a very tight aggregate vote will be polled. Another course is recommended by the *Philadelphia Record* to anti-Hanna Republicans and anti-Johnson Democrats. As the Democratic State convention has named a sound-money man for United States Senator, the election of an anti-Hanna Legislature and the simultaneous defeat of Johnson for Governor would be an ideal distribution of rewards and punishments.

Among the States which elect Governors this year, there are three in which the contest will be watched with interest because of their possible bearing on the next Presidential campaign. In Maryland not only is a Governor to be chosen, but also a Legislature which will name a successor to Senator McComas. The recent primaries have placed Senator McComas in control of the Republican machinery, notwithstanding the opposition of Congressman Mudd, ex-Senator Wellington, and ex-Governor Louwides. On the other hand, the Democratic party in the State has been reconstituted, and is skillfully directed by Senator Gorman. It will be remembered that Mr. McKinley swept Maryland in 1896, and also carried it in 1900, although his plurality in the latter year was less than half as large. The political change witnessed in Maryland on the former of these occasions was due partly, of course, to the split in the Democratic party on the free-silver issue, but partly also to the fact that recently the western section of the State has received many immigrants from the North, who have been attracted thither by its stores of iron, petroleum, and lumber. A like cause has produced a similar result in West Virginia. If Senator Gorman can succeed in stemming the tide that has been setting for some years against the Democracy in Maryland, he will not only return a Democrat to the United States Senate, but will be able to promise the electoral votes of Maryland to the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1904.

Turning from Maryland to Missouri, we observe that it is still uncertain whether the Democratic nomination for the Governorship will go to State's Attorney Folk, who is honored all over the country for his determination to release the good name of his State by sending the St. Louis bootleggers to the penitentiary. There are at least half a dozen other Democratic candidates for the Governorship, and it is possible, if not probable, that one of them will secure the nomination, for the managers of the State machine are avowedly or secretly hostile to Mr. Folk. The pressure of public opinion, nevertheless, may prove irresistible. There is a widespread impression that if Mr. Folk, having been rejected by the Democratic machine, should run on an independent ticket, he would be endorsed by the Republicans, and might carry the State. In Delaware the so-called "Regular" Republicans, who constitute, it is well known, a minority of the party, have announced that under no circumstances will they again support Governor Hunn, who vetoed the bill passed by the last Legislature repealing the Voters' Assistant law, which enables the purchaser of a voter to vote that the latter "stays home." As Governor Hunn has placed the election machinery in the hands of the Fusion or Adickes Republicans, who form a majority of the party, there is but little doubt that he can obtain a renomina-

tion if he wants it. In pursuance of a bargain made by the two United States Senators from Delaware, and sanctioned by Postmaster-General Payne, the Adickes Republicans are to control the Federal patronage in two out of the three counties. The Republicans bring thus divided, the Democrats of the State will make a strenuous effort to elect their candidate for Governor.

It appears that Secretary Shaw has deposited \$2,500,000 in national banks of St. Louis, and that smaller sums have been deposited in some smaller Western banks. We are not surprised to hear that the announcement that the Secretary was contemplating an increase of the deposits in national banks by nearly \$40,000,000 brought a deluge of applications to the Treasury Department. We are told that the only applications granted were those which had been on file for several months, and which, for the most part, were confined to agricultural districts. In a speech made by him at Chicago, on September 2, Mr. Shaw outlined a measure that, in his opinion, would impart the desired elasticity to our present currency system. He would by a new law permit national banks, with the consent of the Controller of the Currency, to issue a volume of circulating notes equal to fifty per cent. of their bond-secured circulation. The said additional notes would pay a tax of six per cent. and be retired, either by the banks at will or by direction of the Controller, on the deposit of an equal amount of lawful money with any subtreasury. The practical effect of the measure would be as follows: When money was worth more than six per cent., the additional notes would be issued; when money was worth less, the notes would be withdrawn. But what security would the public have for the redemption of the notes? According to Mr. Shaw, the Federal government could afford to underwrite them, because the proceeds of the six-per-cent. tax would provide an adequate insurance fund. But suppose a large number of banks which had issued an amount of additional notes equivalent to fifty per cent. of their bond-secured circulation should simultaneously become insolvent before the six-per-cent. tax had been collected for a single year. Would not the guarantee assumed by the Federal government impose in such a case a serious burden on the Federal Treasury? We do not believe that the Secretary's project has the slightest chance of becoming a law.

It begins to look as if the Federal courts would be quickly invited to pronounce on the constitutionality of the act of Congress by which the President, acting through the Bureau of Corporations in the new Department of Commerce and Labor, is empowered to exact from any industrial company the most minute information regarding its private affairs. We deem it extremely doubtful whether Mr. Roosevelt would have used the power mentioned during the coming twelve-month, but the question of constitutionality is likely to come up in another way. Mr. Beer, president of the Reading Company, and the presidents of other leading anthracite-coal companies, have neglected or refused to furnish the Census Office with the statistics demanded regarding the operation of the anthracite-coal mines since 1900 and at the present time. A law passed in 1898 provided a penalty of ten thousand dollars fine and one year's imprisonment for any officer of any corporation who should fail to produce the statistics required by the Census Office. The law has since been amended so as to postpone the date when the desired statistics must be "obtained" to July 1, 1904. The word "obtained" is believed to have been a clerical error for "published," but the presidents of the anthracite-coal companies may take advantage of the error, though it is more probable that they will plead unconstitutionality, if an attempt is made to arrest and punish them under the law of 1898.

The list of questions prepared by the special agents of the Census Office was delivered to the proper officers of the coal companies in January last. The interrogatories have been answered by the bituminous-coal companies, but replies have been withheld, as we have said, by leading companies in the anthracite region. When we look at the list of questions, we are not surprised that it should be regarded as what the lawyers call a "fishing excursion," upon the result of which prosecutions might be based by the Bureau of Corporations.

The Intersectories call for detailed information regarding the operating expenses of the various companies, the cost of the production of coal per ton, the freight charges of the several affiliated roads, the pay of the miners in the anthracite fields, their number and average daily wage, and, finally, the gross and net earnings and profits of the anthracite companies. The data collected by the Census Office would at once, no doubt, be accessible to the Bureau of Corporations, and, ultimately, would be published to the world. It is, in truth, an interesting question whether the Federal Constitution gives Congress the power to compel corporations to disclose their private business in the absence of any charge which would justify a court in making an order to that effect.

The London Times has published an editorial article on our post-office scandals, and deduces from the facts the conclusion that an administrative system wherein the civil service is made a part of the political machine, and is thus founded on political corruption, cannot be purged of personal dishonesty. The truth, of course, is that our Federal civil service has been to a very large extent divorced from the political machine, and that even those officers who are still bestowed for political services can easily be purged of dishonesty if the heads of the government for the time being desire to do so. If before November our Post-office Department is not thoroughly cleansed by Postmaster-General Payne, public opinion will require Congress to institute an investigation. We regret to say that we have seen no disposition evinced of late by the Post-office Department to press the prosecution of Machen; and though Beavers, a ringleader in the conspiracy to defraud, has been arrested and released on bail, nothing more has been heard of the minor offenders, who, we were informed two months ago, were to be dismissed, if not tried. The Postmaster-General's private secretary and other cronies of Perry S. Heath still embellish the public service, and the assistant in the law office of the department, who was suspended more than four months ago, has been neither discharged nor reinstated. He is drawing his pay regularly, however.

Meanwhile, the hour is rapidly approaching when many of the reputed criminals will go scot-free through the operation of the statute of limitations. Those who desire to screen the guilty persons are reckoning without their host if they assume that public attention has been diverted by the disclosure of malfeasance in other quarters. The unlawful connection of Lucius N. Littauer, a member of the Lower House of Congress, with a glove contract entered into by the War Department has been proved to the satisfaction of many observers, and, if no notice of the violation of a Federal statute is taken by the Attorney-General, the House of Representatives may be invited to say what it thinks about the matter. It is also believed that the Secretary of the Interior has in his possession conclusive proof that Federal officials have attempted to rob the Indians in Indian Territory of their lands, and we are confident that in this instance no attempt will be made to cover up iniquity. It by no means follows, however, that, because the American people have found out that fraud and corruption are not confined to any one executive department, they are likely to overlook the flagrant evidences of evil-doing in the Post-office. It is now a great many weeks since Postmaster-General Payne announced that the end of his investigation was "in sight." To us the end is by no means visible, although we have watched for it steadily and anxiously. But perhaps Postmaster-General Payne's notion of the proper way to "end" an investigation differs materially from ours. We ourselves had a court of justice and the penitentiary in view.

Although the time during which the Colombian Congress can set upon the Panama canal treaty does not expire until September 22, it is understood that no hope of securing a ratification of the agreement is entertained any longer by our State Department. Dr. Herran, the Colombian charge d'affaires at Washington, has been invited to explain his published criticisms on the activity of United States Minister Rumpé at Bogotá. Not only does our government assume entire responsibility for Minister Rumpé's assertion that no alteration of the canal treaty would be accepted on our part, but he has been instructed by telegraph to reiterate the statement. No concessions whatever will be made by President Roosevelt, nor will he indicate what, in his opinion,

would be the "reasonable time" prescribed by the Spooner act, after the lapse of which it will be his duty to begin negotiations with a view to the construction of an interoceanic waterway by the Nicaragua route. To this end it is reported that Secretary Hay has invited certain Senators and Representatives to a conference to be held in Washington after September 25. Those likely to be present at the conference are Senators Cullom, Spooner, and Morgan, and Representatives Hepburn and Hitt. Messrs. Cullom, Spooner, and Morgan are members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and Mr. Hitt is the chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Messrs. Morgan and Hepburn will represent the Isthmian Canal committee of their respective Houses.

It may be remembered that the Spooner act provides that the President must obtain for the United States by treaty, from Costa Rica and Nicaragua, perpetual control of the territory needed for the canal before beginning the work of construction. In general terms, the concession has already been granted by the two countries named in protocols signed to between them and the United States in December, 1900. The details of the agreements, however, including the amounts of the purchase money, will have to be settled in treaties, and the negotiations for that purpose may occupy a good deal of time. Meanwhile, it is probable that a revolution will break out in the states of Panama and Canal, having for its object the secession of those provinces from Colombia and the establishment of an independent republic. Our government, of course, will refrain most scrupulously from taking sides in such a quarrel; but, if the revolutionists should prove successful, and should offer to make the desired concession for a canal, our State Department could scarcely be expected to repel the overture. According to the latest news from the isthmus, the delegates of Panama to the Colombian Congress have abandoned their efforts to secure a ratification of the canal treaty, and are returning to Panama. On reaching their homes, they are expected to urge upon their state government the expediency of seceding from Colombia, and of taking up on its own account the negotiations with the United States for the construction of an interoceanic waterway.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie spoke of matters as to which he is an acknowledged expert in the address which he delivered on taking the chair at the conference of the Iron and Steel Institute held at Barron-in-Furness. Comparing the condition of the iron and steel trade thirty years ago with the present state of things, he pointed out that the work which used to require a week to do is now done in a day. Still more extraordinary is the contrast in respect of the cheapness of the product. Just before the present boom in the iron and steel industry, hundreds of thousands of tons of 4-inch steel billets were made and sold at the rate of three pounds for a penny. Mr. Carnegie expressed the conviction that the minimum of price had then been reached. In his opinion, there is every indication that, as our seasonal period shall follow another, the price of steel will become higher, owing to the growing dearth of raw materials. The cost of several of the raw materials used in the manufacture of steel is several dollars per ton higher to-day than it was a few years ago. The demand of the United States for iron and steel products is certain to go on increasing from year to year, and the demand of other countries will correspondingly increase. Mr. Carnegie is inclined to answer the question in the negative. Where is the iron ore to come from? No doubt the United States Steel Corporation is supplied with ore for sixty years ahead at its present rate of consumption; but, as Mr. Carnegie reminds us, sixty years is but a brief term in the life of a nation. The assertion will scarcely be disputed that upon new discoveries of iron ore depends the future of cheap steel-manufacturing, even on this side of the Atlantic. Large deposits of iron ore have been found in Utah and southern California, and it is believed that very large deposits exist in Mexico. But most of these sources of supply are at present inaccessible, and the cost of rendering them available will tend to increase the price of steel. So far as we can now judge, however, the world will always need steel, so substitute for it being in sight, and, therefore, the augmented price will be willingly paid. We have

said that the United States Steel Corporation has ore for sixty years ahead at the present rate of consumption. Mr. Carnegie, of course, does not assume that the present rate will not be exceeded. He believes, on the contrary, that, during the next half-century, the output of iron and steel products in the United States will go on increasing at a tremendous pace. The output in Great Britain, however, he expects to remain stationary, though it may be somewhat expanded if the search for new deposits of iron ore in Norway and Sweden should be successful.

The President laid down good doctrine in his Labor-day speech at the New York State Fair at Syracuse. He had an audience of ten thousand, and made them an excellent discourse devoted mainly to the relations that ought to obtain between the farmers and wage-workers on the one hand, and business men on the other, in their conduct as citizens. He declared that prosperity came to both from the same sources and under the same conditions, and that their interests, generally speaking, were identical, and he declared it to be "all essential to the continuance of our healthy national life that we should recognize this community of interest among our people." A healthy republican government, he held, must rest upon individuals, not upon classes or sections, and he found it to be a lesson of history many times repeated that the death knell of republicanism had rung as soon as the active power became lodged in the hands of those who sought not to do justice to all citizens alike, but to stand for one special class and its interests, as opposed to the interests of others. The line of cleavage between good and bad citizenship runs, declared the President in effect, not between employer and employed, not between class and class, but between the just and the unjust, the square and the crooked, the dutiful and the irresponsible, the law-abiding and the law-evading. On each side of that line are rich men and poor men, capitalists and wage-earners. On the same side of it are the unscrupulous wealthy man who exploits others in his own interest and the demagogue who wishes to attack all men of property. Men sincerely interested in the due protection of property and men sincerely interested in seeing that the just rights of labor are guaranteed should alike remember, said the speaker, not only that in the long run neither the wage-earner nor the capitalist can be helped in healthy fashion save by helping the other, but also that to require either side to obey the law and do its full duty toward the community is emphatically to that side's real interest.

The address, as will be seen from these brief extracts, ran very much to generals and very little to particulars. Legislation, said the President, to be permanently good for any class must also be good for the nation as a whole, and legislation that does injustice to any class is sure to work harm to the nation. So, "whatever is advisable in the way of remedial or corrective currency legislation—and nothing revolutionary is advisable under present conditions—must be undertaken from the standpoint of the business community as a whole; that is, of the American body politic as a whole. Whatever is done, we cannot afford to take any step backward, or cast any doubt upon the certain redemption in standard coin of every circulating note." This was as near to a particular as he came. But the speech was an excellent speech, sound, well put together and expressed, and perfectly suited to the occasion.

According to a Turkish official report, no attempt was made on the life of Vice-Consul Macabean in Beirut, but the noise heard was made by a rifle or fowling-piece discharged by a party of Turks who were celebrating a wedding. Turkish official reports are not to be received with blind confidence, but there is slight reason to suppose that American citizens are in any more danger in Smyrna, Salonica, or in any other Turkish port, than they are in Beirut. The one exception is Constantinople, where the Mohammedan population has been wrought to intense excitation by the outrages committed by Macedonian insurgents on railway trains and passenger-trains. It is conceivable that Moslem fanatics in the Ottoman capital might vent their rage upon all foreigners, and we would not underrate the gravity of the warning addressed by the Porte in the foreign embassies and legations. It is well known, however, that war-vessels would not be permitted

to traverse the Dardanelles, and, if a guard of marines should be needed by Mr. Leishman, our minister at Constantinople, they would have to be brought by land, or, possibly, a small steam-launch would be permitted to convey them.

It can hardly be doubted that a general conflagration in the Balkans has already begun; nor will it cease until the power of the Turk is finally broken, and the Asian hordes that have for four and a half centuries obsessed and tortured southeastern Europe are driven once more across the Bosphorus. It seems certain that Turkish troops have already crossed the frontier of Bulgaria; it is altogether certain that, both from Bulgaria and from Servia, armed bands have repeatedly invaded Turkish territory with the full knowledge and connivance of their governments. The atmosphere is electric, as it was in the early months of 1877, just before the Russian Emperor and the Russian nation declared for war. The difference is that, where there were only revolting provinces of the Moslem Empire then, there are now no less than four independent nations, all built up by Russia's victory, and all of whom will almost certainly be drawn into the struggle. Beginning at the west, unconquerable Montenegro can put into the field some thirty or forty thousand admirable soldiers, to whom Russia not long ago presented a million cartridges, and who are well supplied with field-artillery. To this Servia can add a hundred and fifty thousand well-trained troops, with a hundred and fifty thousand more as a first reserve, all efficient men who have passed through several years of training. Nor can it be doubted that a successful war would set the new King firmly on his throne as nothing else could, as it is certain that Servia would claim the north-western part of Macedonia and part of Albania as her share of the spoils. The total war strength of Bulgaria is about two hundred thousand, armed with Mänlicher repeating rifles, and with good field-artillery, and the strong fortress of Sofia to fall back upon, with its formidable defence of Nordenföldt quick-firing guns. Finally, there is Rumania, with an army of one hundred and seventy-five thousand men, brought by its Hohenzollern sovereign up to the Prussian standard of efficiency. All these are old enemies of the Turk, whose freedom was first formally affirmed in the San Stefano treaty of March, 1878. Add some fifty thousand insurgents in the three vilayets of Macedonia and in Adrianople, and we have a total of over seven hundred thousand men to oppose the four hundred thousand which is probably the utmost that Turkey can put into the field. And this without going beyond the recent confines of the Turkish Empire or calling on any European power to intervene.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is being made the British national scapegoat, the sacrificial victim in the outcry for army reform. Arnold White calls for the impeachment of the Foreign Secretary, as a punishment for his former sins at the War Office, a measure that takes us back to the times of the Stuarts, a bygone epoch of English history. Other critics go so far as to suggest that, should Lord Lansdowne elect to ignore the cry for his resignation, a monster petition should be presented to the King, praying for his removal, as a menace to the national safety, the more so that troublous times are palpably ahead for the Foreign Office, in view of the Balkan upheaval. One daily paper declares that Lord Lansdowne's presence at the Foreign Office is a grave source of danger to the country, and asserts that his failure in duty, which cost the nation so many lives and such an outlay of treasure, is the result of indolence and the sacrifice of the nation's safety to his own personal convenience, as has been avowed by the culprit, with a cynical disregard for the feelings of those who have suffered so cruelly. "The indictment against Lord Lansdowne," concludes this modern Junius, "has been proved to the hilt by his own evidence. He refuses to resign. The nation must extort his resignation, under circumstances that will inflict upon him indelible disgrace." This suggests two criticisms; first, that exactly the same outcry was raised against the War Office, and with infinitely better justification, during and after the Crimean war, and that the Prince Consort, of all people, was then chosen as the nation's scapegoat, with an entire absence of justice, as was afterwards admitted on all hands. The responsibility for War Office conditions lies, then, not only with Lord Lansdowne, but with every Secretary for War during the last half-century. Again, it is noticeable

that all the soldiers are unanimous in seeking to shift the blame from their own to the War Secretary's shoulders. But one has only to read General De Wet's history to see what countless blunders the soldiers made.

A new step is being taken in the tranquillization of the Far East. M. Lassar, the Russian Minister at Peking, has just announced to the Chinese Foreign Office that his government will complete the evacuation of the provinces of Nin-Chuang and Mukden in the first week of October; the departure of the Russian troops from the third and most northerly division of Manchuria to take place six months later. With the better understanding with Japan, now being reached at the St. Petersburg conferences, and the opening of two new Manchurian markets at Mukden, and Tso-Tung-Kao, on the Yalu River, this further stage in the evacuation marks the close of an acute and menacing stage of the Far Eastern question, and the opening of a period of peace and business activity. As was pointed out in the WEEKLY, when the question was first raised, the opening of Mukden to the world's commerce in its complete harmony with the interests and policy of Russia; the costly Manchurian railway must be made to pay, and the more freight it carries, to whatever nation it may belong, the better contented will the government authorities be. It is reported in Russia that Admiral Alexieff, the new Viceroy of the Far East, will make his headquarters either at Kharbin or at Mukden; but this in no wise conflicts with the Russian promise of evacuation, which does not, of course, apply to the ceded or leased areas. It will be well to keep this distinction in mind, as it was lost sight of last spring, and much confusion of thought and statement resulted.

The Alaska Boundary Commission duly convened on September 3, and printed volumes, embracing the case and the argument of the United States, on the one hand, and the Canadian Dominion, on the other, were submitted to the tribunal. The oral arguments will begin on September 15, and it has been tentatively decided to close the hearings a month later. After the oral arguments have been listened to, the members of the Joint Commission will confer with one another, and proceed to vote on the boundary question. If one commissioner on either side shall vote in favor of the position taken by the other side, the boundary dispute will be settled permanently under the terms of the treaty. If every member on each side refuses to yield, a deadlock will result, and the appointment of a commission will have been fruitless. The British argument maintains that there is no foundation for the American assertion that the negotiations which preceded the treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain contemplated the erection of a land barrier ten marine leagues in breadth from tidewater between the British and Russian possessions. The British argument repudiates our contention that England is entitled to none of the inlets, but, on the contrary, insists that the heads of all important inlets belong to her. We, on our part, hold, it is well known, that the eastern or inland boundary of the Alaskan territory acquired by us in 1867 is a line distant ten marine leagues, not from the coast of the ocean strictly so called, but from tidewater, and that the British government is not entitled to any port on tidal waters.

The arctic-exploration propensity seems again to have got the better of Lieutenant Peary. Before he came home the last time it was given out that that was his farewell quest for the pole, but when he arrived and had to report that the pole had not been lifted, it seemed not unlikely that he would go back for it if he could. It was announced on September 5 that the Navy Department had given him three years' leave of absence, beginning April 1, 1904, and that he hoped to start for the north about two months later. His plan is to get a strong wooden steamer with powerful engines, go to Cape Sabine, and having established a sub-base there, to take aboard a lot of Whale Sound Esquimaux, and then force his ship as far north as the north shore of Grant Land, and there winter. This may take two seasons, though he hopes to do it in one. From his winter quarters in Grant Land his purpose is to start north in due season over the ice-pack with a small pioneer party, followed by a much larger one. He will have about five hundred miles to go to reach the pole, and allows himself one

hundred days to go and return. Four ships have heretofore reached the north shore of Grant Land and returned, so that that feat is not impossible. Mr. Peary himself has made four journeys over the ice-pack in those regions as long as or longer than the distance from his proposed winter quarters to the pole, so that that part of his plan does not seem at all impracticable to him. The Whale Sound Esquimaux whom he counts on to help him he knows personally and individually. There are about two hundred in the tribe, he says, and he has entire confidence in their disposition and ability to help him. Twelve years of life and effort in the polar regions have given Lieutenant Peary a fuller experience of arctic exploration than any other explorer possesses. Provided his physical condition is still equal to the work, he seems to be better qualified to reach the pole than any other man. The feature of his plan which is the special point of his experience is the placing of his winter quarters just as far north as possible, thus reducing the length of the sledge journey. The money for his new expedition is to be furnished by the Peary Arctic Club.

The outlook for the lifting of the America's Cup is discouraging, and it looks at first sight as though there might be no more Cup races for some time to come. But there is no certainty of that. "There are gains for all our losses," the late Mr. Stoddard said, and consideration of the experiences of Sir Thomas Lipton tends to confirm in that opinion. There are certainly gains for challengers of the right sort even when they lose. A challenger becomes at one step a public character, the representative, self-appointed, of one great nation to another. An enormous publicity is bestowed upon him, which ripens speedily into fame if he gives it a fair chance. Now, to a man of aspiring spirit that is worth something. To be known of men is a condition which, though not desired by all persons, is so highly valued by very many as to be recognized as worth very great sacrifices of ease and, if necessary, of money. There never was a time when in politics, in society, and in trade advertising was so much appreciated as now, and the business of getting and conferring it was so big and so skillfully conducted. To win the America's Cup means fame for any Briton, to try for it means celebrity at least, and a good story for the trier, if he loses the sort of a good time that a well-mannered and right-spirited challenger is sure to command. Sir Thomas has had lots of fun, and made for himself a far-reaching reputation. There is nothing in his experience of large expenditure and successive defeats that seems likely to discourage future aspirants. The game seems worth the candle however it turns out.

Indeed, as between challenger and defender it is a question whether the challenger does not get rather the best of it. The defender keeps the Cup for us; but we had it before, so we are not very much ahead; and we expected him to win for us, so he is not very much ahead. We are apt to spend more of our strength in sympathy for the loser than in exulting with the victor. It would not be strange if it were true, as reported, that Mr. Iselin is disposed to let the defence of the Cup pass into other hands. The sport needs some kind of fillip to recommend it to defenders at least. It is suggested that the next race should be between real yachts instead of between racing-machines, and if any change in the conditions of the contest can bring that about it will be welcome.

By order of the Secretary of War, in accordance with a recommendation of Superintendent Mills, the West Point cadets have been permitted, since September 4, to use tobacco during relief from quarters within the barracks. That is to say, the restriction on smoking has been removed. It was a very irksome restriction, which brought many penalties on the cadets, and which could not be enforced. The average age of the cadets at West Point must be about twenty. They are old enough to smoke if they want to. Many schools forbid the use of tobacco, and some of them are actually able to prevent it, but no college that we know of now meddles with the tobacco question. The idea seems to be that boys ought not to be allowed to smoke until they are old enough to know better, which time should have come by the time they enter college. The West Point cadets are of college-boy age, and no good reason appears why in this matter of smoking they should not enjoy college-boy privileges.

## Will there be a new Know-Nothing Movement?

THE Native-American or "Know-Nothing" party, which was started in the early '40's as the outcome of a species of panic caused by the tremendous inflow of emigration to the United States which set in from Ireland after the famine of 1845, and from Germany after the revolution of 1848. In the State elections of 1855 that party swept most of New England, besides New York, Kentucky, and California, and gained some successes in other States. In 1856 they nominated Mr. Fillmore for the Presidency, and polled nearly 575,000 votes; but they secured the electoral vote of Maryland only, and this defeat was the deathblow of the Native-American organization. Nobody now denies that the Irish and Germans constituted valuable additions to our population, or that they were quickly assimilated, owing partly to racial affinity, partly to identity or kinship of language, and partly to the eagerness with which they sought the privileges of citizenship. The immigration with which we are now flooded from southern and eastern Europe is unquestionably less assimilable. The inhabitants of southern Italy and Sicily, of certain provinces of Austria-Hungary and of Russian Poland have nothing in common with ourselves, as regards race, language, institutions, customs, or habits of thought. That, under such circumstances, a much longer time will be needed for the assimilation of emigrants to our surroundings is indisputable. In the process of assimilation likely to prove so protracted, if not altogether impracticable, that immigration from southern and eastern Europe ought to be stopped altogether, or should it be checked and minimized as to political effects by an extension of the period required for naturalization and enfranchisement to fifteen and twenty years?

This is a question which is variously answered, but there is no doubt at all about the interest which it excites. In almost every Northern State from Maine to California working-men are evincing a desire, which may easily become a determination, to erect barriers against any further immigration from the sections of Europe to which we have referred, or, at all events, to withhold from immigrants political equality. As the naturalization law has left the definition of the qualifications for the suffrage to the several States, the new American party, should one be organized, will have to proceed upon the lines followed by the old "Know-Nothings," and aim primarily at a drastic reform of the Constitutions or statutes of the several States with reference to naturalization. It is by no means certain, however, that the withholding of the franchise would have an appreciable effect in checking immigration of an undesirable kind. It is a notorious fact that the great majority of Englishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians, and Frenchmen who come to this country for a money-getting purpose do not even wish to exercise the franchise in the United States, but pride themselves upon retaining allegiance to their native land. It is probable that the natives of southern and eastern Europe care even less about political privileges, and would be even more likely to content themselves with the opportunity of making a few dollars, which the United States afford, and with the perfect equality before the law of which they are here assured. Absolutely to stop or seriously to cripple immigration might require the direct intervention of Congress. Two measures to that end have been suggested. First, power might be lodged in our diplomatic and consular representatives to examine all prospective emigrants as to their physical, mental, and moral conditions, with a view to ascertaining whether they are anarchists or belong to anarchistic families; are possessed of sufficient education in their native tongue to become intelligent citizens; and have sufficient means to render them independent of State help. To such emigrants as should seem upon inquiry to be duly qualified, a consular general or diplomatic agent might be authorized to issue a certificate, to be inspected and taken up on the immigrant's arrival in this country. Secondly, in order to insure compliance with the condition just named, a Federal statute might provide that any steamship company bringing over an emigrant unprovided with the prescribed certificate should be subjected to a fine of not less than ten thousand dollars, and required to return the emigrant forthwith to his native country at its own expense.

Were a new Native-American party to be formed, however, for the purpose of securing such State and Federal legislation as shall bar out emigrants from southern and eastern Europe, it may be well for the American people to pause and seriously consider whether it is quite certain that the newcomers are an unprovoked evil, or whether, as a matter of fact, they do not promise more benefit than detriment. No greater mistake could be made than to assume that absolutely nothing can be said in their favor. It should, in the first place, be noted that at present in our Northern States Italians and Hungarians perform the hard manual labor, which fifty or forty or even thirty years ago used, for the most part, to be done by Irishmen, but which the latter have long ceased to do. It is perfectly true, as a champion of the vilified emigrants from southern and eastern Europe has lately pointed out, that these "balders" have become indispensable to the mill, the factory, and the railway, that they are indefatigable producers, and that, viewed collectively, they are adding immensely to the aggregate

of the national wealth. It is true of them, as it is true of the manual laborers in every country, that however lowly and looked down upon they form the foundation of the State. It is they who are lifting on their shoulders to a higher position of material well-being all the other immigrants who have preceded them from Colonial times. As this is an indubitable fact, it is for those who deny the value of the inflow of emigration from southern and eastern Europe to tell us where else we are to look for the indispensable supply of manual labor.

It is true that in mines and factories, and in railway construction or repair, the influx of emigrants from southern and eastern Europe is tending to lower the standard of wages? As a matter of fact, these emigrants demand and receive considerably higher wages than were paid for manual labor to native Americans before the tide of emigration from Europe set in during the fifth decade of the nineteenth century. This assertion will not be contradicted by anybody who recalls the pay that used to be given to day laborers for twelve hours' work fifty years ago, and who compares it with the two dollars per day of eight hours now exacted by the Italians employed on the New York Subway. Shall we be told that the purchasing power of money has been reduced in the interval? We answer that a dollar will buy more of all the necessities of life to-day, except rent, than it would ten of the decade preceding the civil war. Will it be alleged that the home life and social habits of the immigrants from southern and eastern Europe are introducing a defiling influence in the social and moral life of the American community? Statistics do not justify the accusation. It is not among the newcomers that the most defective and illegitimate children in the country are to be met; them that divorce are frequent. It is precisely the native-American element that, if statistics prove anything, stands in urgent need of moral regeneration. The United States census would indicate that the Anglo-Saxon factor in our population is decadent, for the average of six children per family exhibited a century ago has shrunk to two, say, to one, and, in a deplorable fraction of instances, to none at all. If it be true that race-antipathy is due to depending and demoralizing practices, it is not the newcomers from southern and eastern Europe who have most cause to dread reprobation. Will it be said that the emigrants from the sections of Europe to which we have referred are habitual lawbreakers, exceptionally prone to crimes of violence against the person? It would probably be easy to prove that ninety per cent. of the lawless participants in lynchings and burnings at the North or at the South are native Americans of Anglo-Saxon or Celtic lineage. As to the natives of the sections referred to for the suffrage, by reason of their impudently willingness to sell their votes, every observant person who has inhabited the rural sections of our Northern States will acknowledge that a large fraction of native Americans deserve to be disqualified on that score. Moreover, vote-selling is a transaction for which two parties are required—a briber as well as a bribee. The statistics have been reviewed that an aim cannot be set at all, and an ignorant Italian or Hungarian has been persuaded to sell his vote, the purchaser was a native American.

Such are some of the objections made to any attempt to discriminate by Federal or State legislation against the inflow of emigrants from southern and eastern Europe. Some of them may be granted or minimized, but we think that, viewed collectively, they warrant us in opining that the American people will long hesitate, and anxiously deliberate, before sanctioning a revival of the old Know-Nothing party.

## Judge George Gray on the Labor Question

In an interview which bears all the marks of authenticity, Judge George Gray, of Delaware, has discussed the actual and virtual relations of capital and labor in this country. It is well known that in some of our larger cities the position taken by the building trades has caused plans which contemplated the investment of large sums of money to be suspended or renounced, while even the anthracite region, where a settlement of the disputes between operators and miners was pronounced to have been effected by the Strike Commission, has seemed of late to be threatened with disturbances. In the existing friction between capital and labor it continues and even become aggravated, or may we hope to see it gradually diminished, and ultimately replaced by a friendly understanding? That is obviously a question of vast moment to the American people, and an man is better qualified to answer it than he who presided over the anthracite commission, and who has since put an end to the Bituminous-coal strike in Alabama. In the latter interview it is said that we have referred, Judge Gray not only sets forth reasons for believing that there is a promising outlook for industrial peace in the United States, but he also undertook the task of defending Mr. Roosevelt from the charge that, by an unconstitutional intervention in the anthracite strike, he committed a trespass on the rights of private property. We may say at once that the convictions expressed here on some grounds commended themselves strongly to the employers of labor, and that on other grounds they have received an enthusiastic welcome from President Gompers



of the American Federation of Labor. It must, at the same time, be admitted that neither on the one side nor on the other have his views met with unqualified approval; which is precisely what must have been expected by one who was determined to maintain in the discussion of heated questions the spirit and temper of an impartial judge.

The conclusion to which Judge Gray has been led by observation and reflection is that on this side of the Atlantic, at all events, a solution of the problem involved in the struggle between capital and labor will eventually be found. The solution will be reached by effort along the lines of common sense and of humanity. A long time, however, may be needed for the purpose. A change that is to be permanent will be slow. In the end, some system of arbitration will be derived and accepted as an alternative to the method of settling economical controversies by violence and the strong hand. In compulsory arbitration, such as exists in New Zealand, Judge Gray does not believe. He holds that compulsion tends to intensify rather than to mitigate bitterness, and that, as the paramount aim should be to promote a friendly feeling between employer and employed, compulsory arbitration is really a contradiction in terms. On the other hand, a distinct advocate has been made toward the generation of the right kind of reciprocal sentiment, when employer and employed have voluntarily agreed to arbitration. Thus, again, the personal contact that results from the settlement of labor questions by a voluntary appeal to arbitrators proves educational to both employer and employee.

Judge Gray's experience has taught him that both sides have something to learn. He points out that if this is true to-day, it will be more emphatically true to-morrow. As products or distributors of articles that are sold on an increasingly larger basis, the distance that separates the workman from his employer will tend to widen. Even as things are now, the two classes of men do not and cannot see each other as intimately as they did under former conditions. The human element in their relations approaches the vanishing-point. How is the reintroduction of this element to be compassed? Judge Gray has found that voluntary arbitration tends to bring employer and employed together, to bridge the chasm, broadening between them, by reviving the sense of human solidarity. The conciliating and healing effect of arbitration has been brought home to him by his discharge of an arbitrator's functions in two labor disputes. He recalls the fact that the arbitration in the anthracite region was conducted openly. The whole interested public looked on and listened, and the parties on each side, however embittered, being advised and advised by the presiding arbitrator, quickly recovered self-control and abandoned the prejudice by the knowledge that they were facing the tribunal on an equal opinion. The result was an orderly and intelligent, though strenuous, discussion, conducted with all the amenities that obtain in a high court of justice. It was Judge Gray's belief at the time, and he has seen no reason to retract it, that employer and employed parted each from the other with mutual respect and good-will, renewed, moreover, by the proceedings before an impartial tribunal, that there are two sides to every controversy, and that something can generally be said on both sides. Similar, said Judge Gray, had been the outcome of the arbitration in the Alabama bituminous strike. There, too, the hearings were public, and were conducted decorously and courteously, with the mutual understanding that, after each side should have defined and defended its position, both sides would cheerfully accept the decision reached by their chosen arbitrators. Here, again, Judge Gray was convinced that the opportunity afforded each side of hearing the other's case set forth clearly and effectively amid the clarifying atmosphere of a quasi-judicial tribunal, had a salutary educational effect on both miners and operators.

Judge Gray, for his part, is unshakably convinced that laborism, no matter how far it goes, is not the answer. He thinks that laborism, so far as his observation goes, they have a marked tendency to bring good men to the front. He was impressed, he tells us, by the fact that the men who represented the strikers in Alabama brought to the discussion which resulted in the strikes a remarkable spirit and a remarkable intelligence. The highly favorable impression made upon him by labor-minionists has led him to take a somewhat unexpected view concerning the expediency of employing non-union labor. It would be quite superfluous on our part to insist, question a capitalist's right in employ non-union labor; the question raised by Judge Gray is one of right, but of a far-distant right. He points out that when an attempt is made to solve a controversy between capital and labor by the displacement of labor-minionists and the substitution of non-union men, the inevitable result is bitterness and restlessness, the sanctifications of which may require to be suppressed by force. He maintains that, if aid in the police, the question for employers to consider is whether they will not have purchased peace at too great a price. His own advantage from a peaceful settlement with the old labor to which they are accustomed than by resorting to the rough and provocative

method of bringing in new labor at lower wages or under altered conditions. So long as human nature remains what it is, a hasty and defiant resort to force on the part of employers is apt to lead to retaliatory violence and devastation on the part of the employed. Troverson that view long-term experience taught both parties to labor occurred to the extremely wide measure has become acute and has been carried to the extreme where work was suspended, the wisest, cheap-est, and most edifying course is to refer the matters in dispute to impartial citizens who will reflect the common sense of the community.

From Judge Gray's comments on Mr. Roosevelt's intervention in the anthracite coal strike we infer that, if he were President, he would, under similar conditions, pursue exactly the same course. He unambiguously asserts that in October, 1902, the people of our Eastern States were confronted with a crisis more grave and more threatening than any that has occurred since the civil war. He means that the closing of the mines in the anthracite region, caused not only a cessation of the mines and the controllers of the great fraction of the American community a prolonged deprivation of one of the necessities of life, the continuance of which threatened not only the comfort and health, but the safety and good order of the nation.

Not for a moment would Judge Gray assert that Mr. Roosevelt had any constitutional power to interfere. It is pointed out, however, that his position as President of the United States and first citizen of the Republic gave him an influence and a capacity of leadership that enabled him to appeal, as no other man could, to the patriotism and good sense of the parties to the controversy, and so to subject them to the moral coercion of public opinion as to elicit from them an agreement to stop by arbitration a strife that had led directly consequences to a large section of the country. Judge Gray holds that, in setting an opportunity of public usefulness, Mr. Roosevelt did not perform the duty of a citizen, and that he ought to be not rebuked but applauded for doing properly rights. Mr. Roosevelt's intervention in the coal strike tended to conserve them. What rendered the situation in the anthracite region unique was that the operators controlled a natural monopoly of a product necessary to the comfort, and to the very existence, of a large portion of the people. A much farther precipitate an attack upon property rights in general. It is, indeed, pronounced idle to deny that economic and property, being an *in rem* right that it may properly be spoken of as a natural monopoly, is affected with a public interest, and therefore must be differentiated from ordinary kinds of private property. Such are the reasons that have moved Judge Gray to think and to declare that no American citizen has ever acted more wisely, courageously, and promptly in a national crisis than did Mr. Roosevelt in the anthracite-coal strike.

## Lancashire Ruined by Rise in Cotton

The cotton-spinning districts of England, with Lancashire at their head, are passing through a crisis ever more acute than that which is afflicting New England, and especially the great factories of Fall River, with their three-quarters of a million spindles and their armies of mill-hands. But while Fall River is grimly holding on, and doing its best to face conditions never almost than those of the civil war times, Lancashire sees a certain danger ahead, which she has dreaded for years, and which has now and again colored the fiscal policy of English ministries. Fall River, Lowell, New Bedford, and the other great mill cities of New England, are justified in believing that the arrival of the new cotton crop in October will see the collapse of the corner, and the termination of their work, even though they are at a loss to account for the great falling off in the demand for their products; but Lancashire and Old England are being harder hit, and look into the future with misgivings as grave as they are well-founded.

This danger is the rivalry of cotton-mills in India, and especially of the great capitalist interests concentrated in the hands of a group of Parsi millionaires, with the family of Sir Dinkar Mankaj Peti at their head. It must be remembered that England annually exports to India manufactured cottons to the value of over a hundred million dollars, about two-thirds of the entire exports of the United Kingdom to its greatest dependency. Against this tremendous import of cotton, Indian manufactures have valiantly struggled, though they have at present nearly two hundred cotton-mills in India, employing about a thousand hands each on the average, and totalling five million spindles. It is to be remembered, however, that the cotton-workers represent the entire population, numbering three hundred millions. On this vast demand, the prosperity of Lancashire has been built up, and the policy of success of British ministers, in preventing India from defending herself by a protective tariff has enriched England, while keeping India poor.

But certain causes may have the same effect as a protective tariff; for instance, the American civil war, by cutting off Mas-

cheater's supply of raw cotton from the plantations of the South, gave a tremendous impetus to the cotton mills of Bombay, and is having the same effect. For India has unlimited resources of her own, having ten million acres in cotton already, and ten million more ready for cotton, the moment the alienation of Lancashire's output makes it possible for the Bombay mills to pay. And this loss to Lancashire, affording an export trade of a hundred million dollars yearly, is likely to be permanent and irrevocable.

### The Austrian Emperor as Arbiter in the Balkans

THE recent visit of King Edward VII. to Vienna, the coming meeting between Tsar Nicholas and the Emperor Franz Josef, and the growing tension in the Balkans, all increase the probability that it will fall to the lot of Austria to decide the fate of Macedonia and restore peace and prosperity to that much-suffering land. To begin with, Austria has an open land approach to Turkey, through Croatia and Slavonia, on the one side of the frontier, and Bosnia and Herzegovina on the other; then Austria has had unequalled experience in dealing with many races and many languages; and, finally, Germany, the ally of Austria, undertaking the work of reclamation, is certainly wiser and does object to its being assumed by her rival, Russia. The willingness of Russia to give up this traditional task to Austria, for so long her rival in the East, makes an immense sacrifice, but a sacrifice which the Lamsb. and Goltchowski agreement proves that Russia is willing to make, in the interests of peace and the security of the oppressed Slavs in Macedonia. England, also, no longer openly hostile to Russia, the ally of the powers for restoring peace to eastern Europe; and France, the ally of Russia and the friend of England, will acquiesce in their decision.

When we consider the record of the Emperor Franz Josef, his status for this great task at once becomes evident. Throughout his reign, amid dangers from without and troubles and trials within his borders, and in the face of national shrinkage and decline, he has again and again exercised his personal initiative, always showing wisdom, force, and penetration. After the disaster of Magenta and Solferino, Franz Josef himself arranged with Napoleon III. the terms of the peace of Villafranca; and when dissolution threatened the empire in 1863 he convoked the German princes to a *Fürstentag* at Frankfurt, presiding at its sessions with splendid skill and tact, and, on the falling of his object through the hostility of the King of Prussia, who refused to have anything to do with the conference. He played a prominent part in the negotiations which followed Prussia's victory at Königgratz; and, immediately after, facing imminent danger at home, he arranged with Deák, the Hungarian statesman, the terms of agreement under which the Dual Monarchy has been governed ever since. Again, though born amid the traditions of absolutism, he has introduced, instead, and legally established, a constitutional system which made immense inroads on his prerogatives; and it cannot be doubted that he would long ago have made peace with his Slav subjects and been crowned King of Bohemia at Prague, as he had already been crowned apostolic king of Hungary at Budapest, but for the sulky opposition of the German element in his dominions, and their hardly veiled threat of secession to Prussia.

Finally, it is acknowledged, on all hands, that in Bosnia and Herzegovina, still Turkish territory in name, though intrusted to Austria twenty-five years ago by the Berlin Treaty, the deputies of Franz Josef have met with singular and admirable success. A like fate for Macedonia, though not the best, is yet the most practicable solution for the oppressed Christians of Macedonia.

### Loan Associations

THE United States League of Loan Building and Loan Associations has recently held its eleventh annual convention in Boston. One of the speakers, a Kentuckian, remarked that "there is a million in prospect for every man who knows how to save his earnings." Very true; but the men who haven't, and never will have, a million the other men who have a million or more, the relative amount of "know how" in the country is manifestly microscopic. Still, the growth of building and loan associations, most of which are individually modest in size, is proof of the increase of education along the line of building the earnings.

Eleven years ago, when this league was formed, most of the associations were just getting fairly established. Now they number 3,590, with a total membership of 1,530,767, and with assets of \$577,228,014, of which \$11,849,048 is an increase over last year. For the most part the membership is of working-men and working-women and of persons who receive small and moderate salaries. Nearly all the assets are in mortgages on real estate occupied as the homes of the members. By far the majority of these homes are modest and unpretentious. And they all represent small savings,

slowly accumulated, a few dollars a month, gradually wiping out the debt, and leaving the men finally the owners of his home.

We fancy that the Kentuckian who holds out the prospect of accumulating a million to each one of these home-buyers who is learning how to save his money through the association's training rather overstates the truth, if the truth is to be confined to mathematics. But many a man has got more than a million dollars' worth of good out of his membership, in the habit of economy he has formed, in the strengthening of his character, and in the home he has acquired. If any of the financial institutions of this country are patriotic, these building and loan associations are distinctly so.

### Another American Duchess

IT is announced that another American lady is to become a British duchess. The prospectively happy lady is John James Ker, Duke of Roxburgh, who is described as young, amiable, and in good order, a Scotch duke, who sits in House of Lords as Earl of Ross. The lady is the daughter of the late Ogden Gordon, of New York, and one of the two heirs of his abundant estate.

It is a growing fashion for American women in superfluously easy circumstances to marry dukes, and there is some lamented public curiosity as to the average pretentiousness of such ventures. No statistics are available to apprise this curiosity, but no doubt it is pleasant to be a duchess if you get a good duke, and so far as the average of the dukes recently Americanized has been high. There are now living in England two American Duchesses of Manchester and one Duchess of Marlborough, and all in good spirits, so far as known.

These alliances no longer excite much criticism in this country. England is not so far from home as it used to be, that makes a difference. No American lady has ever been suspected of marrying a duke against her will or to oblige any one but herself, and when the lady is willing how will or to oblige any one but herself, and when the lady is willing how will or to oblige any one but herself, and when the lady is willing how will or to oblige any one but herself, the opinion that it is a misuse of good Yankee money to maintain British dukedoms and peerages is not quite so confidently held as it used to be. The ruling class in England rules a good deal, and is an important squad of folk. When Henry Ward Beecher went to England, in civil-war times, he did not reach it, though the common people heard him gladly. But money never stops talking, and the language it uses is the one that all the upper classes everywhere understand and love, because it is the one they use also. It need not shout. It is quite enough if it trickles down through the generations whispering modestly of its source as the break of its spring.

### Mr. Pulitzer's Gifts to Education

MR. JOSEPH PULITZER'S interest in the higher education of aspiring young men was recently attested by his gift of \$2,000,000 for founding and endowing a School of Journalism in Columbia University. But it is not generally known that this interesting new departure in special training for a vocation of the highest importance in a free country is only an extension of Mr. Pulitzer's educational plans.

Fourteen years ago he notified the City Superintendent of Schools that he had arranged to "give assistance to poor boys of the public schools of this city in their desire and effort to obtain a collegiate education." His plan met with this obstacle at the start: The grammar-schools of New York did not prepare boys for college, and the city had then no high schools. But the College of the City of New York had a sub-Freshman or preparatory year, and the first winners of the scholarships had no other way to take it. It was then found that the curriculum of the preparatory year was not adapted to meet the entrance requirements of the higher colleges and universities. In 1893, therefore, Mr. Pulitzer gave \$100,000 to the building fund of Columbia University, in consideration of which the trustees agreed to provide free instruction for the holders of the Pulitzer scholarships during a three years' preparatory course in the Horace Mann School, ten being chosen and admitted each year, and also free tuition for the four years' course in Columbia in any of the schools except that of the Physicians and Surgeons.

The assistance given (\$250 a year to twelve boys) was not thought sufficient to destroy the impulse and the ambition for self-help which are at the bottom of the most worthy successes in this field, but was intended and thought to be enough to make a college course possible to many boys who could not take it without the aid. This judgment has been sustained by results. All of the winners of the scholarships have worked during their vacations, and as they became sufficiently advanced in their studies many have helped themselves by tutoring and other avocations. Up to the present time the total number of candidates for the scholarships has been 1501. The number awarded has been 147. The number graduated has been 35—34 from the College of the City of New York, 24 from Columbia, and one from the University of Wisconsin.



## THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH AT CLOSE RANGE TAKEN OF PROFESSOR LANGLEY'S AIRSHIP

At Wids Water, Virginia, where Professor Samuel P. Langley is experimenting with his new flying-machine, our photographer was enabled to take the first snap shot of the airship at close quarters. The picture shows the division of the machine, so far long, as it is being hoisted to the launching track on top of the house-tower from which the experiments are made. A is the "developed" collapsible camera under; B, the fusible engine; C, the control car in which the operator stands. The post and back wings, which are attached in pairs, measure, respectively, 100.20 feet and 87.12 feet.





*The Rowing-machine, used in Physical-culture Work*



*Students at Fencing Practice with the Physical Instructor*



*College Girls exercising in a new Physical-culture Invention, the "Rocking-horse"—used for Developing the Arm and Leg Muscles*

### **PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR COLLEGE GIRLS**

*Women college students throughout the country are becoming more and more alive to the benefits of physical training, and in many of the colleges a course in physical development, under the direction of a professional trainer, is a regular part of the curriculum. The photographs show some of the novel gymnastic exercises in use in the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard*





### A NEW PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

*One of Mr. Chase's most recent portraits is his painting of Henry Morton, Ph.D., Sc.D., LL.D., late President of the Stevens Institute of Technology. Dr. Morton, who had held the presidency of the Institute for over thirty years, was a scientist of wide and varied attainments. His illustrated lectures on astronomy, physics, and chemistry, given in Philadelphia during the seventies, were among the first to succeed in arousing intelligent public interest in scientific subjects. He was also a poet of no mean abilities, and as a student was one of the first to translate the famous Rosetta Stone in the British Museum.*

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

**M**R. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S position in England, where his name is linked with Hawthorne and Howells and Mary E. Wilkins, has evidently been strengthened by the recent publication of *The Mettle of the Pasture*. On this side, interest in Mr. Allen's work has been strong since the beginning.

Who that read *Vinte* and *Edna* upon its appearance can forget the freshness and vigor and fragrance that come up out of Kentucky to declare a new force and presence in our literature? What deep delight there was in the revelations of quiet beauty and gentle humanity in the unfolding of *A Kentucky Cavalier* in the pages of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*! I take an unshod joy in recalling over that unfortunate portion of my fellow readers who missed the leisurely grace and tranquil aim of the author's art in the surprised delight of its serial form, even as I sometimes hug the remembrance of the first sight of most of the chapters in *A Window in Thruway* before they were gathered in book form. (By the way, I have never seen it stated that *A Kentucky Cavalier* was the forerunner of that class of novel, since grown so prevalent and popular, known as *Nature Fiction*.) But in England, Mr. Allen's work came into critical and popular esteem with *The Choir Invisible* and *The Increasing Purpose* (as *The Reign of Love* is known there), which with *The Mettle of the Pasture* are considered by English critics as "epoch-making novels, which raise a perennial problem." As one of these critics puts it,

representatively for England: "The publication of a new novel by Mr. James Lane Allen is now a real event in the literary world. Of all the American novelists his work stands out most prominently for its style, its thought, its sincerity. That *The Mettle of the Pasture* has occasioned controversy, as did the two previous novels, was to be expected; like them, but in a more daring if not more vital way, it searches the spirit of man, it goes deeper than conversation and expediency, it probes the mettle of a man to the quick, and measures human conduct by the highest ideals of manhood. It is a censor to low ideals and a spur to excellence. And however we may be in agreement or disagreement with the story, we cannot deny the compelling power, the moving human interest, the lofty idealism and profound scientific truth, which lift it on a high and serious plane, and make it a book, as one has said, that 'leaves us thinking.' And only the novels that have greatness in their selves die out. As for the theme—'Does a woman care what a man may have done, if he be not found out? Is her ideal for him a profitable repression, not a spurious character'—the argument falls in line with some lines of Browning's which might have been writ against Mr. Allen's pages:

Love bids teach truth, reduce truth, and embrace  
Truth, though embracing truth, less crusheth truth.  
'Worship not love, but God!' the angels urge:  
That is love's grandeur.

I notice an interesting comparison in one of the English reviews of *The Mettle of the Pasture* between Mr. Barrie and Mr. Allen. "Mr. Allen's activity," says this critic, "places him side by side with Mr. J. M. Barrie among the supreme literary craftsmen of the age. But Mr. Allen has some qualities in which Mr. Barrie is deficient, and some deficiencies of which Mr. Barrie cannot be accused. Mr. Allen thinks deeper than Mr. Barrie—thinks out the problems of life with more courage, handles perplexities more freely." No one that has read *Tommy and Gertrude* will question this, with its bizarre, almost grotesque catastrophe made to serve as Nemesis demanded upon Tommy the sentimentalist, as strikingly in contrast with the grave, convincing tragedy of *Howan* in *The Mettle of the Pasture*. But it is difficult to perceive how the writer reached the following conclusion: "On the other hand, Mr. Barrie has humor, of which Mr. Allen has practically none—or, if he has any humor, it is of the sort that raises a gentle smile instead of compelling a hearty laugh." Not to speak of *A Kentucky Cavalier* and *Afternoon*, which live and move and have their being in humor, had the writer not been forced his comparison to this untenable conclusion read (to cite only one instance) the chapter

in *The Mettle of the Pasture* describing the meeting of Pansy and Mrs. Meredith—one of the most humorous situations that could well be conceived! The fact is that Mr. Barrie is, first of all, a humorist—a humorist of the most delicate and whimsical kind, whereas Mr. Allen is primarily and always concerned with the fundamental truth of life as it unfolds itself in the crises of character. The emphasis is misplaced: Mr. Barrie and Mr. Allen possess an individual gift of humor. But Mr. Barrie is a humorist; Mr. Allen is not; that makes the difference.

A strong Dickens revival seems to have set in on the English stage, and doubtless it will be felt on these shores. The greatest dramatic version of "Em'ly," taken from *David Copperfield*, is not the first to win success on the boards. As far back as 1869 a play called "Little Em'ly" was brought out at the Olympic Theatre in London. The London Lyceum Theatre, now in process of demolition, holds a record for first performances of Dickens plays. "Barstley Judge" was first given at that theatre in 1841, and later "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Chimes," and "The Cricket on the Hearth." "The Battle of Life" featured a special bill at the same theatre on Christmas, 1848. These and other adaptations in their strong and immediate appeal to the public imagination. For Dickens on the stage is not so much a literary or dramatic question as it is an illustration of that which goes to make so many poor book-plays successful, namely, the viewing of characters in the light of old friends and acquaintances, meeting them with a prediction of familiar affection. This is pre-eminently the case with Dickens, whose characters have probably met with more lifelike fidelity on the stage and with better acting and setting than any other author. Mr. E. N. Willard, I notice, is now to present "Em'ly" as a new adaptation from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, at the St. James in London. The strongest Dickens drama we have seen here in years was "The Only Way,"—perhaps because of all Dickens' novels *A Tale of Two Cities* is essentially the most dramatic in construction.



"David Copperfield" on the Stage

A scene from the dramatization of Dickens' novel as produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London

A friend in Paris to whom I had sent a copy of the August HARPER'S writes thanking me especially for the pleasure she derived from a story in it by Mr. Robert W. Chambers. "He has spirit," quoth my appreciative friend, "a sense of the unseen things that are the real things, and for such let us be duly thankful. They are as rare as sunny days in Paris this summer. They are certainly rare qualities, by which the tale of love and adventure is raised to the excellence of the kind of fiction he has succeeded so far. Take *The Mists of Paradise*, for instance, his new novel. The scene is France during the disastrous days of the Franco-Franconian war—Paris, the provinces, and *Paradise*, a village that remains loyal in its heart, like an idyll in landscape. The ingredients are secret service and political intrigue, love, war, and adventure. There is no dullness in starting the game. The story opens with the brisk announcement: "On the third day of August, 1870, I left Paris in search of John Bushkoff," and in the case of a clicking military telegraph instrument which keys curtly up to the straining-point, and records a scene in rapid dialogue to which only that superb master of word efficiency on the stage, William Gillette, could do dramatic justice. The third act introduces us to the brave, charming heroine, the Countess de Yassart, and already we are in the thick of the plot. Mr. Chambers certainly knows his business as a story-teller. Prodigious resources, he throws the reader into scene after scene rich in surprises and rapid in action, yet he knows the value of repose and can call a halt to the carnage and carnage of war to indulge the reader in those quieter scenes for the meeting and parting of lovers in which the old, old story of eros purposes and pining at native plays so humane if common, a part of the romance of romance. But underlying all this there is a sense of the unseen things that are the real things which imbues the story with reality—that vision of life which takes account of the soul of things and reckons with the dream as well as with the actual.





## THE NATIONAL SHOOTING MATCH AT SEA GIRT

In the recent regional shooting match for the Interstate Championship, held at Sea Girt, New Jersey, twenty-eight teams competed—the largest number ever before engaged in a Sea Girt meet. Teams from the west, the north, and the National Guard have entered in the contest, the men, including individuals and team matches with both rifles and small-arms of ranges varying from 200 to 700 yards.



TARGET-PRACTICE ON A MAN



OF-WAR—FINDING THE RANGE



*New York Housekeepers buying Supplies at One of the numerous Corner Grocery Stalls*

## New York City

**The Cheapest City in America to Live in on a Moderate Income**

By Spencer Thorne

**I**T is the general opinion in various sections of the country that the cost of living in New York city is much higher than anywhere else in America. This is erroneous, and is probably due to the fact that many people in New York spend large sums either in keeping homes or living in hotels. Many New Yorkers pay \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year, and even more, for rent of an apartment, and at that "live over a stove," as a rural visitor to the metropolis put it; and their annual expenditures for game, fruit and vegetables out of season would comfortably support an ordinary family. There are people who live in boarding-houses at a weekly expense of \$50 a week cash and more, and thousands of New Yorkers think nothing of paying a restaurant check of \$10 for a dinner for two without wine. It is these extravagances, if so they can be called, that are probably responsible for the fallacy that the cost of living here is high.

There is probably no place in the country where a family of moderate means can live well and have such a variety to enjoy at so small a cost as in New York. Codfish are cheaper along the Maine coast, and chickens cost less in the South; but as a rule in localities where the home product is cheap there is little variety in the market, and foreign products cost much more than they do in New York. I have kept house in New York, in a suburb of Boston, doing most of my marketing in the "Buh," and in a Maine village, and I have found that a family of moderate means, say with an income of from \$1500 to \$3000 a year, can live

better and cheaper in New York than in either of the other above-mentioned places.

Last fall, while in a Massachusetts city of nearly 100,000 people, I compared the prices of meat and poultry which a thrifty housewife paid with those which I paid in New York, and found a difference of fifty per cent, and even more. I never paid more than twelve and a half cents for fowl, while she paid eighteen cents. I have bought roasting chickens, so-called, for the same price, while the Massachusetts housewife paid twenty-two cents. She paid eighteen cents for a leg of mutton, and I never paid over twelve and a half cents, usually ten cents, often nine, and on one occasion seven. Rump steak cost her twenty-eight cents; there is no such cut here, but sirloin and porter-house are eighteen and twenty cents, respectively. She also paid more for eggs, butter, and milk, and much more for oranges, lemons, luscious, and similar fruit. And this was a city within an hour's ride from Boston.

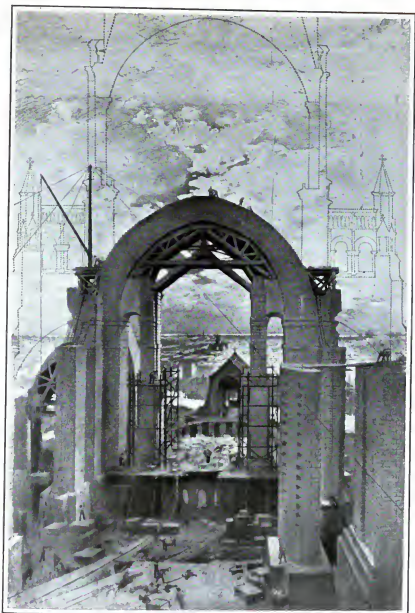
There are thousands of street hucksters in New York who sell all kinds of berries, fruits, and vegetables. They buy when the supply exceeds the regular demand, and their wares are as good as those purchased at stores or "glimy stands," and are much lower in price. In season I have bought excellent strawberries and blackberries from hucksters at six cents a box, though this was an unusually low price. The past summer they sold watermelons as low as fifteen cents each, and cantaloupes, when they were plenty, for two cents.



*Cantaloupes at Two Cents apiece*



*Selecting Fruit and Vegetables at a Street-Huckster's Stand*



Drawn by G. W. Friers

### BUILDING NEW YORK'S GREAT CATHEDRAL

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which is in course of construction on Morningside Heights, New York city, is making gradual progress toward completion. One of the most difficult problems the contractors have to deal with has been the moving of the immense pillars for the interior of the cathedral up the hill on which the building stands. The pillars are in four sections, weighing from forty to ninety tons each. As it was found that at least thirty horses would be required to move them, it was decided to use steam. With the aid of a steel cable and a traction-engine a huge track bearing the columns was hauled to the top of the hill. Several days were required to move each section.



**Edward Harrigan in "Under Cover"**

*Mr. Harrigan returns to his familiar field of musical farce in his new comedy, "Under Cover," in which he appeared this week at the Murray Hill Theatre. Mr. Harrigan plays the part of "Chevy Colmarin," a post-room operator and ward politician. With him in the cast are Mrs. Anne Yeomans and Dan Colyer.*



**"Three Little Maids"**

*The new musical comedy by Paul Ruben, which Charles Frohman and George Edwards have brought to Daly's Theatre from England, has made a decided success as it met with three or four nights. The story is of the adventures which befall the three young daughters of a country curate, who go to London to earn their living as waitresses in a hotel street-academy.*

**TWO NEW PLAYS OF THE EARLY SEASON**



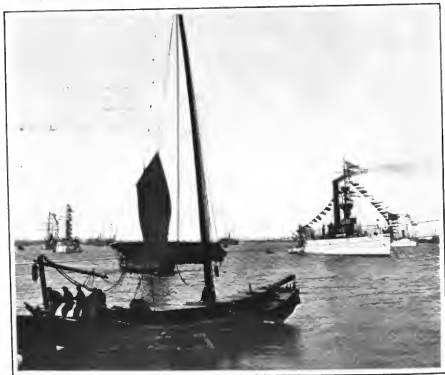
**MRS. FISKE AS "MARY OF MAGDALA"**

*Mrs. Fiske appears this week at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, in a brief revival of "Mary of Magdala," which ran for so many weeks last season at the same theatre. During her present anti-opium engagement she will be seen for the first time in New York in a few special performances of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler."*



**How Russia keeps her Hold on Manchuria.**

*The group shown in the photograph is a body of Russian soldiers from the garrison which Russia keeps constantly on duty in the port of Newchwang.*



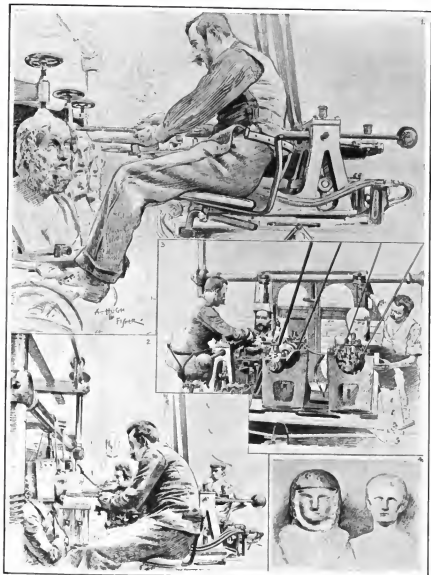
**Men-of-War in Port at Newchwang, China.**

*The two war-ships at the right are the United States gun-boat "Wilmington" and H. M. S. "Vandal". The two at the left are Russian men-of-war.*

**THE PRESENT SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST**

*The Chinese port of Newchwang, the principal commercial centre of Manchuria, is virtually a Russian town. It is administered by the Russian government, policed by Russian troops, and has a Russian commissioner of customs; although the United States and England still have a nominal share in the control of the port, and American and British men-of-war may be seen in the harbor at almost any time.*





### CARVING FROM LIFE BY MACHINERY

*It has been made possible by a new English invention to carve a marble bust directly from life, producing a likeness photographically exact. The head of the subject is fixed in a wooden frame. The operator sits in front of him, and moves over the surface of the head a wooden pointer, which controls the action of two steel drills having a block of marble, and operated by machinery. These drills, moving in accordance with the wooden pointer, carve the marble block into an exact facsimile of the model. Fig. 1 shows the sculptor reproducing a bust of Homer in duplicate; 2 and 3 illustrate an experiment in carving from life; 4 shows the results of half-an-hour's work on the head of Augustus*

# Correspondence

NEGRO WORKERS IN ARKANSAS

MEMPHIS, ARKANSAS, August 22, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—As we do justice to the negro. He is with us and will stay with us, and it is proposed to quarrel with this condition and to make enemies of the quiet reliance of the cotton States. My close experience with the colored population as employer of slave and of freed labor for more than sixty years convinces me that at least ninety per cent. of these people are quiet, really managed, unambitious farm workers. My reading satisfies me that they are the most reliable proletarian on the globe. This vast majority of them are entirely misled with their condition—homeless, with little or less education, indifferently moral, content with living, more or less indolent, and with the result of their current wages when, with a fair share, would be the honest testimony of the Southern landholder.

The remaining tenth is mainly composed of loafers and duces who gather in the back streets of cities, living by petty thieving or on the earnings of their wives or coachmen, who are cooks, laundresses, etc. There is also a percentage of worthless day laborers whose farmers are compelled to employ for lack of better material. These so-called farm-hands drift from place to place, without local attachment, or any special purpose than that of "beating" their employers. This unorganized friction of very bad negroes are those who commit dreadful crimes and are so often hunted and destroyed like wild beasts. It is pitiful, but they are relatively fewer in reputation of the entire race. One of this wretched class obtains employment from a planter, but before he has a tool in his hand must be supplied with food and lodging, often with shoes and clothing. If he purchases a pair of shoes, at the end of it the negro is in debt several dollars, and then finds it to his interest "to light out"—that is, abscond. It is not an infrequent event that one year's harvest is completed a month or two before the work on the next begins, sometimes on bottom lands work is delayed for many weeks by overflow of the river. In either case, when ready to begin work, the chances are that the planter will be short of hands, if he has permitted his lands to seek work on higher ground, but few of them may return; if he has not, he may find the workers in debt, and unwilling to work the debt out. Some few planters protect themselves by a species of terrorism, but the majority of them submit, as they do to the failure of a crop from natural causes. There is no remedy for this method of robbery; the debt is a simple one, calculated on an ordinary scale from necessities. Owing to the scarcity of labor, blacklisting is of no avail. A negro commits a crime; the magistrate desires to be lenient and fixes the fine as low as possible; the criminal may already be in debt to his employer, but, anyway, the latter needs the labor and pays the fine and costs, with a possibility of being repaid in work. After working and repaying a small part of this debt the man gets sullen and is ready to quit. I am sorry to say that this kind of ingratitude is to be seen confined to the negro. It was perhaps so early in this condition that caused the so-called peonage cases in Alabama.

One would think, from reading some Northern newspapers, that there is a perpetual war between employers and laborers in the South. It is true that the Southern laborer is far less than that between employer and white labor in the North and West. The idea of Southern landholders and their laborers being kept from each other's throat by State troops is utterly absurd—at least up to this period.

I repeat emphatically that a great majority of Southern negroes are quiet and inoffensive, easily satisfied and controlled, and the Southern man who wishes they were back in Africa is one who quarrels with his bread and butter. It is a mere cordiality to the above that nine-tenths of the colored people of the South are as free and happy as it is in the nature of human beings to be, and he who attempts to widen the breach between the races is not only an enemy to both races, but also to civilization.

I am, sir,

JAMES B. CRAIGHEAD.

## IMMIGRATION AND RACE-SUICIDE

JANUARY, NEW YORK, August 27, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In issue of July 15 of the WEEKLY, under heading "Does Woman Know too Much," reference is made to Miss Bidland's essay in *North American Review* a few months back on the much-discussed subject of race-suicide.

The two leading causes of decline in birth-rate of native Americans in the Northern States are immigration and false or wrong education. In the Southern States, where there are very few people of foreign birth, the birth-rate is still high even among the educated classes.

By the census of 1900, 54 per cent. of people of foreign birth resided in Northern States, and only 6 per cent. in the Southern States, exclusive of Missouri, more than half of these being in Texas. As a rule, the higher the per cent. of foreigners the lower the native American birth-rate, and as immigration increases so will the native birth rate decrease until large sections of the country become demoralized.

The presence of immigrants makes head land distasteful in some of native Americans, and drives them into the professions and lighter occupations, the home and sinews of the country being more and more composed of foreigners and their descendants, and it is this class which has the highest birth-rate in all countries.

The descendants of the pioneers who settled and developed this country have the right to say that come to dwell among them.

I am, sir,

W. H. LOVELL.

FROM A ROMAN CATHOLIC READER

SOUTH BOSTON, August 21, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—For the spirit of courtesy and fair play shown by your publication toward the Catholic Church and people, especially during the past few weeks, you deserve the thanks and praise of all fair-minded men. To those of us Catholics who remember the cruel bitterness of Eugene Lawrence and the frenzied cartoons of *Yank* the change in its pleasing as it is creditable to you. There may be some who think that the only way to "hear the other side" is to return to those old and angry days, but if there are any left they are few and old, their number decreases daily, and they leave no successors. No Catholic who more than justice and fair treatment, moreover. No Catholic who more than justice and fair treatment, moreover. We are to rejoice that is assisted by the course of your great and deservedly influential journal, as well as by the course of the American press generally, all of which speaks for peace, good order, and Christian charity.

I am, sir,

MATTHEW HALL.

## CLEVELAND'S CANDIDACY

LA CROIX, WISCONSIN, August 21, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—The talk of Mr. Cleveland as a possible Democratic candidate for the Presidency in the late manifestation of the fact that the Gold Democrats of 1900, who still think themselves Democrats, cannot realize that the procession has gone by, and that they are nothing but political orphans. I speak as one of them, who realized, early, that the Democracy of the sixties had gone, never to return.

Mr. Cleveland's record is a splendid one. He will go into history as one of our greatest Presidents. But he had no party, even while he filled the office, and the capture of the Democratic organization by men of social tendencies in 1890 was merely the culmination of certain activities of political thought that had been named throughout Mr. Cleveland's term in office.

No man in the Democratic party of that day were more potent in furthering this transformation than the three then Democratic Senators—Gorman, Hill, and Brist. Their intrigues with free silver, that side-tracked free trade, by the defeat of Roger Q. Mills for the Speakership with Mr. Crisp was the first formidable accomplishment of Populism, and was logically followed by Bryanism.

It was the beginning of the end of conservatism in the Democratic party. Issues have since so changed that there is practically nothing in the live politics of this country to-day that fits the designations "Democrat" and "Republican," as applicable to particular issues ten years ago. This is the fact that cannot be realized by men in either party, who learned their lessons in politics during the days of Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Roosevelt today represents more of the issues and more of the true-spirit of the tendencies that were Democratic in 1892 than Mr. Cleveland himself, and, strong as is the admiration of Western men for Mr. Cleveland, he could not, at this time, take those votes away from Mr. Roosevelt, even if he could be nominated, which is utterly impossible.

I am, sir,

ELLEN B. UNKLER.

## SOCIALISTS AND THE MILITIA

SOCIALIST PARTY HEADQUARTERS, 125 PARKSIDE AVENUE,  
BROOKLYN, CONNECTICUT, August 21, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In your editorial comment in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* for August 22 you disapprove of the action of the Socialist party at Clinton in expelling a member who joined the militia. As a member of the Socialist party allow me to say that while the Socialists approve, verbally, and support law and order, they do not think a member to join the militia, because in the militia a man is, under oath, subject to the arbitrary orders and laws of a few representatives of the people, absolutely beyond the control of the people who elected them, appointed in a manner contrary to the principles of Socialism, the demands of which is the initiative, the referendum, and imperative mandate, in addition to public ownership of the means of production and distribution.

In other words, we demand a government of, by, and for the people; not of, by, and for the capitalist class, as their masters; but in the capitalist class which pays their campaign expenses or buys their services.

Therefore we cannot approve of our members putting themselves under oath to do as their their life a form of government opposed to and renouncing our principles and our liberty.

As you have taken the liberty to criticize our actions, allow me to request you to do us the justice to publish my explanation thereof.

I am, sir,

YAROSLAV BACCH.

[Our correspondent seems to want government by town-meeting. That would do for villages, but not for States. To condemn the militia is as our friend says, to condemn the government that maintains the militia and uses it at times to maintain its authority. Does he also, we wonder, condemn the police force of Bridgeport, and would he expel Socialists who join it? He and his colleagues seem to be in a state of malapropos to military, and ought to move out of Connecticut and seek somewhere where government is more to their taste.—EASTON.]

## New York at the World's Fair

The pavilion which New York is to have at the St. Louis World's Fair is peculiarly appropriate from the fact that it will commemorate the event on which the holding of the Exposition is based. The building is patterned after the University of Virginia, which was designed by Thomas Jefferson, during whose administration an President of the United States the territory comprising the Louisiana Purchase was acquired from France. The building is Colonial in design and detail, and is surmounted with a low dome. One enters a large hall sixty feet square, raising the full height, arched and domed in the Roman manner, with galleries around the second story. To the right is a large assembly hall, to be used on State occasions. The second floor contains suitable rooms for the commission, the secretary, and general offices. In the large hall it is proposed to place four large paintings in the lunettes, symbolizing the four original settlements—the Indians in one, Spanish, French, and Americans in the others. The four paintings will be filled with pictures emblematic of the four original States included in the purchase.

**APPLICABLE TO MARRIAGE.**—Mrs. W. W. WOOD'S SWEETENED SOAP should always be used for domestic purposes. It softens the skin, softens the hands, kills all germs, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. —[Adv.]

## IF YOU WANT

A perfect cream, preserved without sugar, under England's FAMOUS BRAND'S PATENT PROCESS. It has a delicious natural flavor, and is superior to the richest cream you can buy, with the added advantage of being sterilized. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co. —[Adv.]

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WHEN you go out fishing, a few bottles of CHICK'S IMPROVED "WATER BURY" CHAMPAGNE will refresh the memory. —[Adv.]

MANY mothers administer PEAR'S CREAM when their children have spasmodic croup. It is effective. —[Adv.]

THE BROWN'S Compound Supersaturating DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 35 cents a box. —[Adv.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Agreeable soap for the hands is one that dissolves quickly, washes quickly, rinses quickly, and leaves the skin soft and comfortable. It is Pears'.

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Beside purity, there's nothing more important in beer than the yeast.

We experimented for years to get a yeast that was right—a yeast that would give a better flavor than any other beer had.

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Drinking Schlitz Beer means drinking good health.

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Yet the price of common beer buys it.

Ask for the brewery bottling.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK CITY



# LETTERS OF MARQUE

ISSUED UNDER SEAL OF THE KINGDOM  
OF BOHEMIA TO ESPER INDIAN, ESQ.

BY VAN TASSEL SUTHPHEN

## The Adventure of the "House in the Middle of the Block"

"All things come to him who waits," quoted Indiman. "Do you believe that?"  
"It's a comfortable theory," I answered.  
"But an untenable one. And Fortune is equally elusive to those who seek her over-persistently. The truth, as usual, lies between the extremes."  
"Well?"

"The secret is simple enough. Be who is ready to receive, receive. Love, fame, the shower of gold—they are in the air, and only waiting to be precipitated. I stand ready to be struck, and that same afternoon the Evening Post strikes a blow at the Tammany 'Tiger' over the shoulder of Mr. Edward M. Shepard; I am in the mood adventurous, and instantly the shadow of a prodigious fall across my threshold, you, though I live on upper West End Avenue. Do you remember this?" and he held out a small Yale latch-key.

"It is the one you picked up at Twenty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue last night."  
"Precisely. Now a key, you observe, is intended to open something—in this case a door. What door? As though that mattered! Put on your rain-coat, my dear Thorp, and let us begin a little journey into the unknown. Fate will lead us surely, O unbelieving one; you have but to place your hand unhesitatingly in hers."  
We left the house, and Indiman tossed a penny into the air. "Broadway, hence; Fourth Avenue, thence," he said.

Arrived at Fourth Avenue we stood waiting for a car. The first that came along was on its way up town and we boarded it.

"Was it you who asked for a cross-town transfer at Twenty-ninth?" inquired the conductor of Indiman a few minutes later, and Indiman nodded assent and took the transfer slip.  
At Eighth Avenue the cross-town car was blocked by a stalled coal-car. We alighted and passively awaited further directions from our esoteric guide. Quite an amusing game for a dull, rainy afternoon, and I felt grateful to Indiman for his invention.

The policeman on the corner was endeavoring to direct a very small boy with a very large bundle. "Up one block and turn east," he said, impressively. "I've told you that now three times."

I had a flash of inspiration. "Copper it," I cried.  
"Right," said Indiman, cheerily. "We walked down one block to Twenty-eighth Street and then turned westward."  
New York is a big city, and therefore entitled to present an occasional anomaly to the observant eye. And this particular section of Twenty-eighth Street is one of these departures from the normal, a block or two of respectable, even handsome houses set on an oasis in a dull and arid neighborhood. How and why this should be does not matter; it is to be presumed that the people who live there are satisfied, and it is nobody else's business.

We walked on slowly; then, half-way down the block Indiman stopped me. "What did I tell you?" he whispered.  
"The house was of the English-banquet type and occupied two of the ordinary city stories; nothing particularly remarkable about that, and I said as much."

"Not look again," insisted Indiman. I did so and saw a man standing at the door, evidently desirous of entering. Twice, while we stood watching him, he rang without result and the delay annoyed him. He shook the door-knob impatiently and then left to re-examine his pockets, an elaborate operation that consumed several minutes.

"Lost his latch-key," commented Indiman. He walked up the steps of the entrance porch. "You might try mine," he said politely, and held out the key picked up the night before at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street.

"Huh!" greeted the man suspiciously, but he took the little piece of metal and inserted it into the slot of the lock. The door swung open. Amazing, but what followed was even more incredible. The man stepped into the hall, but continued to hold the door wide open.

"You're coming in, I suppose," he said, stultily.  
"Certainly," answered Indiman. "This way, Thorp," he called at me and most ungraciously I obeyed. We passed into the house and the door closed behind us. Our intruder turned up the gas to the old-fashioned hall chandelier, and looked us up with a perfunctory stare. "New members, eh?" he greeted, and turned away as though it were a matter of entire indifference to him who we were. But Indiman spoke up quickly.

"Pardon me," he began, with the sweetest civility. "I was afraid for the moment that we had got into the wrong place. This is the—"  
"A delicately suggestive pause."  
"The Utiman Club," supplied the other.

"Exactly," said Indiman in a most relieved tone. "It is the Utiman, Thorp," he continued, turning to me. Now I had not the smallest notion of what the Utiman Club might be; consequently, I preferred a discreet silence. Indiman addressed himself again to our ungracious entrance.

"A very nice box you have here, Mr. er—"  
"Hoyt, sir; Colman Hoyt."  
"Ah, you—of North Pole fame. You are the man—"  
"We have had four expeditions to reach it, and failed as often. That is my title to fame. And also my qualification for membership in the Utiman Club," he added, grandly.

"Ah, you—the discoverer of the Pole. A unique and delightful idea in childhood, eh, Thorp. To succeed—"  
"No sir; to fail," interrupted Mr. Hoyt, rudely. "What the devil do you suppose I am doing in this gallery? You must be a very new member of the Utiman Club."

"To tell the truth, Mr. Hoyt," said Indiman, with an air of engaging frankness, "I have never, until this moment, even heard of the Utiman Club. But for all that I am convinced that I am about to become a member of it, and I may say the same for my friend Mr. Thorp. Now possibly you may be inclined to assist us."

"Mr. Hoyt stared. "It's a pity, isn't it," he remarked, reflectively, "that our standard of eligibility doesn't conform to that of your impudence. Still I won't say that it can't be done: this is a proprietary club, you know. You had better see Dr. Magnus."  
"Dr. Magnus?"

"The proprietor of the Utiman Club. Here he comes now."  
A slight dark-haired man of forty or thereabouts had entered the hall from the rear and immediately came forward to meet us. His eyes were the extraordinary feature of his face, piercingly brilliant and enormously magnified by the spectacles that he wore. The lenses of the latter were nearly an eighth of an inch thick, and evidently of the highest power. Even with their aid his powers of vision seemed imperfect; on hearing the few words of explanation vouchsafed by the unamiable Mr. Hoyt, he drew from his pocket a second and third pair of glasses and deliberately added both to his original optical equipment. I know that I felt like a fly under a microscope as heing that formidable battery of lenses. But the scrutiny seemed to satisfy him; he spoke courteously enough:

"Step into my office, gentlemen, and we will talk the matter over."

Mr. Colman Hoyt had departed without further formality and we followed our host into the room adjoining the hall on the right. It looked like the study of a man of science; charts and globes and plaster-of-Paris casts were everywhere, while the far end of the apartment was occupied by a huge flat-topped table, covered with papers, test-tubes and glass dishes. But even more remarkable than its contents was the room itself and its singular architectural proportions at once engaged my attention.

As I have said, the house occupied two twenty-five-foot city lots, but the entrance and hall were at the extreme right, facing outward towards the street, instead of being in the center, as it usually the case. Consequently, the room in which we were



for a social organization—the lone ducks, the noble army of the leopards, the gentlemen & *maie pachee*? Pray go on; you interest me exceedingly.

"We have them all here," answered Dr. Magnus, smiling. "The unsuccessful author, the business bankrupt, the artist whose pictures have never reached the line, the touchstone of failure you see; the stability (odious word!) of our membership is an impeachable.

"A superb conception. My dear Dr. Magnus, I must beg of you to enroll Mr. Thorp and myself at once. Believe me that we are not unworthy of a place in your galaxy of dark stars."

Dr. Magnus walked to the table and took up his pen. "This gentleman," he began, inquiringly, and looked at me.

"An unimportant affair of the heart," answered Indiman—an exquisite piece of audacity at which I browned, and then perforce had to smile. "It comes within your rule, I trust?"

"For limited membership only," answered Dr. Magnus. "In fact, we rather discourage victims of sentimental reverses, it being invariably impossible to determine whether the transaction is finally to show a profit or a loss. Then, too, the quick recoveries—but we'll let it stand at that. Now, with yourself?"

"I," said Indiman, gravely, "am a sentimentalist by instinctive preference and early training. But I have never been able to cross the Ave's Bridge," the forty-seventh problem of Kneid. Incidentally, I may mention that I am a golf-player with a handicap of eighteen.

"A double first," commented the proprietor of the Utiman Club. "I perceive, Mr. Indiman, that you are head upon amusing yourself, and since circumstances have undeniably favored you, you may continue to do so. But not at my expense," and thereupon he mentioned a figure for initiation and dues that made me sit up. But Indiman settled without flinching; he happened to have his check-book with him, and the remaining formalities were quickly complied with.

"And now, gentlemen, let me show you about the club," said Dr. Magnus, affably. "Will you be good enough to follow me?"

He led the way into the hall, and thence into the cloisterlike passage communicating with the

"House in the Middle of the Block." I glanced out at the courtyard as we passed a window in which was most ingeniously

planned to take the utmost advantage of its limited area. An oblique Italian fountain occupied a niche in the opposite wall, and on either side were sofas flanked by bay-trees in tubs, and two or three specimens of the Japanese desert oak. A bas-relief in plaster of the Elgin marbles ran frieze-like the full length of the party wall, and eyed immediately above the fountain niche the terrible mask of the Medusa face looked down upon us. The ground, and I could see that the ground of the courtyard was divided into four garden-beds, separated from each other by narrow paths of broad red tile bordered by box. All in all it was a charming little bit of formal gardening; I could imagine how pretty it would be on a spring morning when the beds should be gay with crocuses and tulips.

We were admitted into the club proper by a liveried servant, and from the handsome oak-paneled vestibule we passed into a lofty apartment hung with pictures and filled with miscellaneous objects of art. All, without exception, were execrable—miserable and a collection of stationary that could be adequately matched only by the horrors in Central Park. "Our art gallery, gentlemen," explained Dr. Magnus.

"Art gallery indeed? To me it was the most melancholy of exhibitions, but Indiman was enraptured.

"What a glorious spectacle of inequality!" he exclaimed. "What miracles of ineptitude!" and Dr. Magnus smiled, well pleased.

We ascended to the next floor. Here was the library, lined with bookshelves with books that had fallen still-born from the press. Gigantic cabinet presses occupied the centre of the room, the final depositary of countless "unavailable" MSS. In an adjoining room were glass cases crowded with mechanical models of musical and engineering inventions. Naturally, I expected to see a large section devoted to the resolution of the perpetual-motion problem, but in this I was disappointed; not a single specimen of the kind could I discover.

"We do not attempt the impossible," explained Dr. Magnus, dryly. "Our failures must be inherent in the man, not in his subject."

There were other rooms, a long succession of them, filled with melancholy evidences of ineptitude and defeat in almost every department of human activity. Plans of abortive military campaigns, prospectuses of moribund business enterprises, architectural and engineering drawings of structures never to be reared, charts, models, unfinished musical scores; finally a huge picture-machine glide on which were traced the routes of Mr. Colman Hoyt's four unsuccessful dashes for the North Pole. It depressed me, the sight of this vast lumber-room, this collection of useless fustian and jargon, cast up and rejected by the sea of strenuous life.

Most moving of all, a broken golf-club standing in a dusty corner, and beside it a wretchedly constructed and battered ball. I pointed them out to Indiman.

"A fellow sufferer," he said, and sighed deeply.

Last of all we were conducted to the common room, a spacious apartment immediately under the dome. At one end a huge stone fireplace, in which a fire crackled cheerfully.

"Non possumus," read Indiman, deciphering the motto chiseled upon the chimney breast.

"An admirable sentiment indeed," said Dr. Magnus. "I venture to infer that the Utiman Club is the child of your own brain, Permit me, to congratulate you; a glorious inception and carried out to perfection."

Dr. Magnus smiled frostily. "I thank you, Mr. Indiman," he said, staring hard at him. "In a civilization so complex as ours the Utiman undoubtedly fills a want. And now, gentlemen, if you will excuse me, I have some affairs of moment. The club is yours; make use of it as you will. You are already acquainted with Mr. Hoyt, I believe, and he will doubtless serve."

He bowed and withdrew.

Indiman dropped into an easy chair and lit a cigar. "Lee Maudslayi," he said to me in an undertone. "Look at them."

In truth, it was a strange company with whom we had fortuned. There were perhaps a dozen men in the room, and each seemed wholly absorbed in the listless contemplation of his own draped personality. The large table in the centre of the room was laden with newspapers and periodicals, but no one had taken the trouble to displace the nest files in which they had been arranged. The card-room adjoining was unattended, the green baize tables, with their complement of shiny, new packs of cards and rubber counters, bore no evidence of use; in the billiard-room at the back a marker slept peacefully in his high-legged chair. Assuredly, the members of the Utiman Club were not advocates of the strenuous life.

It was after six o'clock now and the big room was beginning to fill up with later arrivals. Yet there was none of the cheerful hum and bustle ordinarily characteristic of such a gathering. A man would enter and pass by his place unalarmed by even the courtesy of a friendly glance; at least a score of men had made their first appearance within the last quarter of an hour, and not a single word of greeting or recognition had I heard exchanged. Among them, Mr. Colman Hoyt, the unsuccessful Arctic explorer. He passed close to where Indiman and I sat, yet never looked at us. An odd set, these our fellow members of the Utiman, and



The North Pole—*not* last he had reached it

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ICALS WHICH ARE USED IN THE  
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one naturally wondered why they came to the  
slab at all. But so we were now to learn.

As I have said, the building was entirely  
windowless, ventilation being secured by  
forced draught from an engine-room in the  
basement. Consequently, artificial light was  
necessary at all times, and a very reasonable  
quality of it was furnished by electrolites  
concealed behind ground-glass slides in the  
ceiling and fittings of the various apart-  
ments. The light thus obtained was dimmed  
rather than direct, and being colorless it  
closely approximated natural conditions, the  
illumination being heightened by the construc-  
tion of the wall panels as in the case of  
windows. To add again to the effect, these  
lights had been gradually lowered so the  
day wore on; now it must be almost dark  
in the outside world, and it was twilight in  
the common room of the Utinan Club. I  
could no longer distinguish between the mo-  
tionless figures of the men around me and  
the shadows that enveloped them. Even the  
fire was dying out; in a few moments the  
darkness would become profound, and I felt  
my pulse slow down with the chill of the  
thought.

One single ember remained in the fire-  
place; I watched it glancing like a great  
red eye in its bed of ashes, then it winked  
and went out. And at the same instant the  
last ray from the false windows disappeared,  
strain my eyes as I would, the sensitive  
retina remained insidiously unaffected; the  
darkness had finally come, and from corner  
to another that desolate company ran a  
little tremulous sigh; then the silence of  
complete seclusion.

From the apex of the domed ceiling a  
sudden and wonderful effulgence of rose-  
colored light streamed forth, flooding the  
great room with glorious color and life.  
Magical were its effects. Men straightened  
up in their chairs and looked about them,  
the flush of retaining animation in their  
cheeks, and their eyes bright with question-  
ing interest. A prosaic chap leaned over  
and spoke earnestly to his neighbor, then  
some one laughed aloud. Instantly, the  
floor-panels were opened; the air was vi-  
brant with the hum of conversation, the  
ringing of rail-bells, and the spattering of  
fuses. A blue haze of cigarette smoke fur-  
nished about the heads of the assemblage;  
the Utinan Club had come to its own  
again.

The large folding-doors at the rear end  
were now opened, disclosing the supper-room  
beyond—a spacious apartment, and decorated  
with a heretofore splendor of gilding and  
intricate plastic work. I remarked par-  
ticularly the preponderance of the red tints;  
indeed an other shade of color could I dis-  
cover,—but of this more particularly here-  
after, Indiana looked at me, and we  
trocoped out with the rest—our coats-coats?

We found a small table; the tapers and  
glass were exquisite, the cuisine and service  
perfect. We surrendered ourselves to the  
filibuster of the hour; I was conscious of  
an unusual lightness and exhilaration of  
spirit; Indiana's eyes were sparkling with  
unwonted brilliancy. I raised my cham-  
pagne-glass. "To the Utinan Club," I  
said with enthusiasm, and rather more  
loudly than I had intended. The toast was  
at once re-echoed from every mouth, and a  
burst of laughter followed.

A late comer entered and looked about  
the room somewhat uncertainly, for all the  
tables had been taken. It was Mr. Coleman  
Hoyt. He saw me and smiled graciously. "We  
have room here," called out Indiana, and  
he joined us. "I am fortunate as ever," he  
said, as he took his seat. "New friends,  
old, and our chief attraction is incom-  
parable to-night. What more can the  
heart of man desire?"

"Not even the North Pole!" said Indiana.  
"Ah, the Pole! Hark! I can put my hand  
on it when I want it. Did I tell you that  
I start to-morrow on my fifth expedition?"  
Success is certain; will you honor me by  
drinking to it?" He drank, solemnly.

"I thought you were wearing a dark-  
green scarf," I interrupted, somewhat ir-  
relevantly, speaking to Indiana.

"I am," he replied.  
"It is red," I insisted. "Not green at all."  
"Nonsense!" said Indiana, and there-  
upon Mr. Coleman Hoyt burst into laughter.  
"Complimentary colors," he said. "All



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Banking Houses and Lets . .	1,547,793.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc. . . . .	1,024,125.34
Cash and c/s on other Banks .	9,386,646.23
	<b>\$36,565,818.54</b>
<b>LIABILITIES</b>	
Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits . . . . .	\$5,816,107.78
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A score of voices took up the cry, and I know that I shouted with the rest. Then I felt Indiana's hand upon my arm; my other senses partially returned. "Keep hold of yourself," he whispered, and the warning came in time; I pushed away my sunglasses, and thereafter saw only enough of the exquisitely scented viands to satisfy my hunger. And all the while Mr. Coleman Hoyt bubbled foolishly about the white glories of the queen of the North; to-morrow he should be again on the way to see dear England. "The blue! gentlemen; behold I arrive; c'est moi!"

We passed out into the general room. The card-tables were now full, the billiard-ball rattled incessantly across the green cloth; from an inner room came the unmistakable click of a roulette-ball. Men talked loudly of their projects and auditions shortly to be accomplished. An epic poet was about to publish his poem upon the birth of a new star in the poetical firmament; a speculator had made his great coup—to-morrow he would have the wheat-market controlled.

"My novel!" cried one. "My symphony!" retorted another. A third said no word, but looked at the miniature of a woman's face that he held in the hollow of his hand—looked and smiled and smiled and smiled.

The night wore away; nay, speeded were the better word, for no one felt any suggestion even of weariness or satiety. Then suddenly the glow grew dimmer; little by little the laughter died away and the voices were hushed. A few of the bolder spirits set themselves to stem the receding tide, but their blaspemies quickly trailed away into weak indolence and again silence conquered all. And darkness fell.

A servant crossed the room and drew aside the heavy velvet curtains draping the false windows; the more colorless light streamed in, but it disclosed a world in tinge all blue and green and indigo. Our eyes, so long deprived of the rays emanating from the violet end of the spectrum, were now affected by them alone; every object was horribly transformed by the bluish-green bands surrounding and outlining it. A man brushed curiously past me; it was Coleman Hoyt, and his face was of a man already dead; his lips moved, but no sound issued from them. He passed into the model-room connecting on the west with the central hall; there was the sound of a fall, and Indiana and I followed quickly. Yet not quickly enough, for across the great globe upon which were traced the records of his four unsuccessful expeditions lay the body of Coleman Hoyt. He was a heavy man, and he had evidently flung himself at his full weight upon the sharp arrow-pointed rest that served as the axis of this miniature world; it had pleased to his very heart. The North Pole—at last he had reached it.

"Let us go," said Indiana to me, and we stole quickly away.

Now, in the vestibule below, a young man who had entered in haste pushed quietly past us and made for the row of private letter-boxes fixed opposite the coat-room. He passed at box No. 82 and gazed eagerly into it. The front was of glass, and I could see readily that the box was empty. The young man had his pass-key in his hand, but it was clearly useless to insert it, and he finally turned away, his countenance displaying the bitterest sense of disappointment. His widely roving eye encountered that of Roger Indiana, "Sir," he began, impetuously, then checked himself, bowed ceremoniously, and was gone.

Here the "Adventure of the House in the Middle of the Wood" ends, and that of the "Private Letter-box" begins.



### Four Billion Feet of Lumber

THE lumber markets of the United States are likely to have in supplying them, is the subject that now of some attention by the United States Department of Commerce and Labor. Recent reports from American consuls in the Orient announced the arrival of the first cargo of lumber in the Chinese market, by a Russian vessel from Vladivostok. This fact opens the question of future competition for the Oriental market between the American lumber interests on the Pacific coast, on the one hand, and that of the Russians in Siberia and on the Yalu River, on the other. In both cases enormous resources are awaiting development. The American industry on the Pacific coast has the advantage of organization on a large scale, and of mechanical equipment unequalled by that of any other field in the world. This is evidenced by the rate of annual production. Unofficial estimates put the annual cut of lumber and shavings of the three Pacific States at 4,500,000,000 feet, which California supplies 300,000,000 feet, Oregon 740,000,000 feet, and Washington 2,500,000,000 feet. At this rate it is calculated that the forest of the Pacific coast will be exhausted in forty years. The rate of increase, as will be seen by comparison of these figures, is enormous.

### A Remarkable Exhibit for the St. Louis Fair

When Columbus discovered America there stood in a remote mountain gorge in Cherokee County, North Carolina, a tulip poplar tree that was then 400 years old. For four more centuries it grew and flourished, and was recently felled for exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair. The tree was thirteen feet in diameter at the base when it was cut, and in which it grew was so inaccessible, being forty miles from a railroad, that it was impracticable to obtain a section near the base. Forty feet up, where the tree was a little more than six feet in diameter, a disk was cut. This has been polished, and will occupy a place in front of the hunter's lodge. On the polished disk have been engraved the important historical events of the Old North State from the time that Sir Walter Raleigh took possession of the land in his sovereign's name on July 4, 1585, through the Colonial days, during the Revolution, and up to the present time. Another section of the tree will stand like a monument in the forestry exhibit. It is ten feet high. A portion has been dressed, polished and varnished, while the lower portion is covered with the bark.

### The World's Railroads

Some one has estimated that the aggregate length of the world's railroad, was, in 1901, more than half a million miles. The approximate of mileage to the different countries was as follows: Europe, 146,708; Asia, 41,814; Africa, 44,887; North America, 226,303; South America, 29,854; Australia, 15,849—North America leading. The two continents of the western hemisphere, it will be noted, have more miles of railroad than all the rest of the world together; North America alone more than Europe and Asia together. The additions per year to the world's railroad mileage were, during the six years between 1896 and 1901: 87,700 in 1896; 66,747 in 1897; 106,864 in 1898; 63,539 in 1899; 102,707 in 1900; 125,477 in 1901—1901 having been a record year, a phenomenally active year in railroad building.

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BABIES' SUITES  
AUTUMN HATS  
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SEPARATE WAISTS  
SIMPLE FABRICS

The October BAZAR will also contain the first PARIS LETTER from the BAZAR'S new Paris correspondent, FLORA McDONALD THOMPSON, who will contribute three letters during the continued illness of Miss de Forest.

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The current instalment of JOSEPHINE DASKANT'S immensely funny serial is even more entertaining than the chapters that have appeared.

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## OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

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# Harper's Magazine

for OCTOBER

### INDUSTRY

Miss Mary Applewhite Bacon, the well-known writer, and herself a teacher in the South, writes of the industrial schools recently established in Southern cities. In these schools the children of the mill laborers are not only taught to work intelligently, but to care for themselves and their homes.

### TRAVEL

Arthur Symons gives a vivid picture of life in Belgrade and Sofia, two of the least-known and most picturesque European cities.

### NATURE

Dr. H. C. McCook, who has given years to the study of ants and their ways, tells about the slave-making ants that he has observed—of their strategy and almost human behavior.

### SERIAL

Miss Alice Brown's novel, "Judgment," is concluded in the October number. It is beyond question the author's best novel, and one of the most striking recent stories by an American author.

### SHORT STORIES

There are eight short stories in the October Magazine. Among the authors are **Margaret Deland**, **Florence Wilkinson**, **Mary Tappan Wright**, **J. A. Altschuler**, **Jennette Lee**, **van Tassel Sutphen**, and **J. J. Bell**, who wrote "Wee Macgregor."

### DISCOVERY

Professor Uhl, of the University of California, tells of the remnants of an ancient civilization recently unearthed in Peru. These antiquities prove that Peru was inhabited in Biblical times by a comparatively civilized people.

### ADVENTURE

J. B. Connolly contributes an article on a picturesque fishing trip which he made in company with the rough fishermen of Lapland—an interesting account of the life of a little-known people.

### REMINISCENCE

Justin McCarthy, the veteran English historian, tells of many of the statesmen and literary men whom he has known. His article includes his personal reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, and many others equally famous.

### LITERATURE

Professor George F. Woodberry, of Columbia University, has written an important paper on the writers of the South, in which he gives a new estimate of Poe and many other much-discussed poets and authors of the Southern States.

### NOTABLE PICTURES

Among the striking pictures in the October Magazine are paintings in color by **Albert Sterner**, **W. T. Smedley**, and **F. C. Clarke**. Other striking drawings by **Lucius Hitchcock**, **Charlotte Harding**, **W. D. Stevens**, and **S. Ivanowski**.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLVII

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## COMMENT

There are increasing indications that the men who control the Democratic machinery in many States purpose to put forward Senator Gorman for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Attempts are also beginning to be made to influence public opinion in his favor. Mr. Clark Howell, the editor of the *Atlantic Constitution*, which vigorously supported Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900, and denounced both the Chicago and the Kansas City platforms, has announced an intention of pushing the candidacy of Mr. Gorman. There is no doubt that Mr. Howell's voice is potential in the South. We observe also that the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, which may be described as politically independent with leanings towards Democratic principles of the old-fashioned type, looks upon the Gorman movement with approval. It thinks that if the Democrats are to have any solid issue in the approaching contest for the Presidency, they are most likely to find it in tariff revision. On that issue Senator Gorman would be qualified to serve as the protagonist, because he is a moderate protectionist of the Samuel J. Randall school. It points out that Maryland, although not strictly a Southern State from the view-point of ex-Confederates, is so nearly one as to render a candidate from it more acceptable to the South than would be a citizen of any other Northern or Middle State. On the whole, the *Public Ledger* believes that Mr. Gorman's chances of receiving the nomination of his party have been from the first apparently better than those of any other aspirant, and that they are now improved by Mr. Howell's outspoken advocacy of the Maryland Senator.

It is with regret that we differ from the *Public Ledger*. For our own part, we have never doubted that Mr. Gorman's candidacy would please most of the Southern States in which the Bryanite element does not retain ascendancy. We assume, however, that every State south of Mason and Dixon's line, with the exception of West Virginia, and with the exception also of Delaware should Judge Gray not be nominated, can be relied upon to give its electoral votes in 1904 to the nominee of the Democratic national convention, whoever he may be. The vital question for the convention to answer is whether a given candidate would be likely to strengthen or weaken his

party in those States at the North which may be fairly looked upon as doubtful. Now, even if Mr. Bryan should tacitly acquiesce in Mr. Gorman's nomination, there is no reason to believe that in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana the latter would run as well as ex-President Cleveland or Chief-Judge Parker or as Judge Gray. He would, perhaps, run as well in those States as would Mr. Olney; that is, most that could be said for him. There is no reason to suppose that he would attract a single voter who hitherto has been Republican, and there is some ground for the apprehension that he would lose many Democratic votes. This apprehension, if it is justified, should be fatal to Mr. Gorman's candidacy.

There is but little doubt, according to a correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, that Mr. Bryan's opposition to the Maryland Senator goes much further than mere disapproval of Mr. Gorman's nomination for the Presidency. Men who have communicated with him on the subject do not hesitate to declare that Mr. Bryan will refuse to be controlled by the action of the national convention should Mr. Gorman be nominated. In other words, he would bolt, and call upon his followers to pursue a similar course. How can such a position be defended, it may be asked, in view of the fact that Mr. Gorman, whatever it may have been his private opinion of free silver, voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900, and in view of the further fact that Mr. Bryan is now advocating the election to the United States Senate from Ohio of Mr. John H. Clarke, who openly opposed him in both of the last two Presidential contests? Mr. Bryan's intimate friends assert that in the different attitudes assumed by him toward Mr. Clarke and Mr. Gorman there is no real inconsistency. Mr. Bryan, they say, looks beneath acts to the motives that inspired them. The fact that a man may have voted for him in 1896 and 1900 for the avowed purpose of maintaining a "record for regularity" is not accepted by Mr. Bryan as a conclusive proof of fitness for the Presidency. According to his friends the paramount question in his mind is whether a candidate's sympathies are with the masses, or whether he has hitherto exhibited a willingness to serve corporations and concentrated capital. He justifies his support of Mr. John H. Clarke by the plea that while the latter was grievously wrong on the free-silver issue, he has shown himself heartily in favor of the other and now more conspicuous planks of the Kansas City platform.

What Mr. Bryan means will be evident to those who have noticed that Mr. Clarke, in his opening speech at Akron, Ohio, proposed to give the Philippines immediate independence. In this demand he showed himself a man after Mr. Bryan's own heart, though it is doubtful whether one per cent. of the voters in the United States would sanction the impracticable proposal. Mr. Clarke went on to advocate not only the abolition of customs duties on all articles the manufacture or sale of which is controlled by a monopoly or an approach to a monopoly, but also the limiting by Federal statute of the capitalization of all corporations engaged in interstate commerce to the exact value of the property invested. Both of these projects are impracticable in view of the large majority which the Republicans now have and are likely long to retain in the Federal Senate. Moreover, could they be carried out, they would do more harm than good, and it is doubtful whether the United States Supreme Court would regard as constitutional an attempt of the Federal government to regulate the capitalization of an interstate corporation. Such propositions, however, are beside our present purpose, which is simply to recognize

that Mr. Bryan is supporting Mr. Clarke because on all of the issues put forward at Kansas City, except one, the Ohio lawyer is a Bryanite. On the other hand, he is inflexibly opposed to Mr. Gorman, because he believes the latter at heart to be unfriendly to all the Bryanite ideas.

Should any attention be paid by a Democratic national convention to Mr. Bryan's opinions? We have never been counted among those who make light of his political importance, and who profess to think that the Democracy would be benefited by his voluntary withdrawal from the party. There is only one man in the United States who, if nominated by the Democracy, would find his prospects materially improved should Mr. Bryan bolt his nomination in favor of Mr. Roosevelt. For every Democratic vote that Mr. Cleveland might lose under such conditions he would attract two votes from the Republicans, and might have a possible chance of election. This is probably as clear to Mr. Bryan as it is to ourselves, and for that reason we do not believe that he would wreck his own political future by letting Mr. Cleveland's nomination. It is, on the other hand, conceivable that he might refuse to support Mr. Gorman, because he would foresee that his opposition to the Maryland Senator would be fatal at the ballot-box, and would thus offer a conclusive proof of his own political influence. We repeat, what we have often pointed out, that, as against any nominee except ex-President Cleveland, Mr. Bryan's influence is a factor that a Democratic national convention cannot afford to overlook.

What we have in mind is not, of course, the obvious fact that if Mr. Bryan's friends in the convention shall muster a third of its members they will be able to veto the nomination of any man objectionable to themselves. We assume, on the contrary, that the Bryanites will fall short of controlling a third of the delegates. Not on that account, however, should we regard Mr. Bryan's influence as, under all circumstances, a negligible quantity. His followers are by no means confined to those States wherein they constitute the dominant element in the local Democracy, which States, however, are almost certain to be swept by the Republicans in 1904. His adherents are numerous enough in each of the four doubtful States—New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana—to turn the scale against any Democratic nominee, except Mr. Cleveland, against whom Mr. Bryan should openly and inflexibly protest. Democrats should look facts in the face, and Senator Gorman nor ex-Secretary Olney could carry the four doubtful States which we have named should a bolt be organized by Mr. Bryan. Cleveland could survive the concerted defection of a million votes were cast by the Populists, yet the figures show that for every vote drawn from the Democrats by Weaver, the Populist candidate, Mr. Cleveland attracted two votes from the Republicans. In spite of the Weaver movement, which it was supposed would certainly defeat him, Mr. Cleveland beat Mr. Harrison not only in the latter's own State, Indiana, and in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey, but even in Illinois and Wisconsin, while he actually got five electoral votes from Michigan, and one even from Ohio.

Apparently the Panama Canal treaty must now be looked upon as dead, and there is no reason to suppose that negotiations looking to the arrangement of a new convention will be undertaken by our State Department. That the Bogots politicians have not been led to oppose the existing treaty by high-minded constitutional considerations, but have simply been trying to extract more money from our government, is evident from the preposterous provisions of the bill reported to the Colombian Congress by the committee recently appointed to study the conditions upon which the construction of the Panama Canal could be authorized in advance. These provisions are that the canal zone leased to the United States shall not include the cities of Panama and Colon, and that, even within the zone, the police and sanitary provisions shall be exclusively Colombian. The annual rental demanded for the zone and for the Panama Railway is \$400,000 up to 1867, when the railway must be surrendered to Colombia. In the third place, the French Canal Company is only to be permitted to transfer

its franchises and plant to the United States on payment by it of \$10,000,000 to the Bogots government. In the fourth place, Colombia requires the payment of \$20,000,000 from the United States on the exchange of ratifications of the treaty. As these proposals will be treated at Washington with the decision they deserve, and as there is now no likelihood of the Colombian Congress's recalling its rejection of the treaty and ratifying it before September 22, by which date ratifications must have been exchanged, we seem justified in regarding the Panama Canal project as dead, so far as the Republic of Colombia is concerned.

Precisely what course President Roosevelt will deem himself constrained to take under the terms of the Spooner Act will not be announced until after September 22. We shall not be surprised by a declaration that, in his judgment, the "reasonable time" contemplated by the law just mentioned has elapsed, and that, consequently, it is his duty to enter upon negotiations with Costa Rica and Nicaragua for the purpose of securing the concessions needed for the construction of an interoceanic waterway by the Nicaragua route. In the nature of things, such negotiations will occupy a good deal of time, even if the greed evinced by the Central-American politicians should prove less ravenous and insatiable than that exhibited at Bogots. Meanwhile, it remains to be seen whether the inhabitants of the Panama isthmus will acquiesce passively in the sacrifice of their fundamental interests on the part of the Colombian Congress. Ever since the liberation of Spanish America, the provinces of the dominant inland regions of Colombia, has been treated as a milk-cow by the central government. On two previous occasions the natives of Panama have been so exasperated by official neglect or positive oppression that they have gone to the length of declaring their independence. Never before have they received, however, such intolerable protraction as that to which they are now subjected by the rejection of the canal treaty.

It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte and Mr. Holmes Conrad, the special attorneys appointed by the President to make an independent investigation of the frauds in the Post-office Department, have completed their work, and have sent their report to the Department of Justice, to be forwarded to Mr. Roosevelt. We await with interest a publication of the outcome of this inquiry. Meanwhile Postmaster-General Payne seems to have realized the necessity of exhibiting some signs of activity, if he desires to avert a Congressional investigation of his department. On Tuesday, September 8, indictments were returned by the grand jury of the District of Columbia against A. W. Machen, the former Superintendent of Free Delivery, and George W. Beavers, Chief of the Division of Salaries and Allowances; also against I. S. McGiehan and J. H. Huntington, of New York, alleged representatives of the Columbia Supply Company, against E. D. Sheld, of Toledo, Ohio, accused of giving Machen a "rake-off" for purchasing letter-boxes for the rural free-delivery service; and against I. W. Erwin, of San Francisco, a former Post-office inspector, who, being interested in a letter-box device, is said to have placed among certain Post-office officials some of the stock of the company which manufactured the article. We are told that thus far the inquiry has failed to show that Perry L. Heath, formerly First Assistant Postmaster-General, had any improper connection with the frauds. It has been brought out, however, that Beavers used the name of Heath very freely, intimating, it is said, that Heath ought to be "taken care of" in the various illicit transactions wherein Beavers figured.

We are glad to learn that the grand jury will presently resume the work of exploring the transactions of the Post-office Department during the last six years, and that more indictments may be looked for. McGiehan, principal stockholder in the Columbia Supply Company of New York,—who was lost, but has been found,—is charged with agreeing to allow Machen fifty cents for each \$1.25 paid on the package-box contract by the Federal government. In the case of Sheld, who was interested in the firm that furnished letter-boxes to the government, the indictment cites a large number of specific payments by him to Machen. It is the more indispensable for Postmaster-General Payne to bestir himself in the matter of



the scandals exposed in his department, because he is in danger of being made a scapegoat for the dismissal of Miss Todd from a fourth-grade post-office in Delaware, on the avowed ground that she was obnoxious to Mr. Albee, the Adkins United States Senator from that State. Mr. Payne alleges that Miss Todd was dismissed in pursuance of an agreement for a division of patronage entered into between the two Senators from Delaware; and he says further that Mr. Roosevelt was aware of the agreement, and tacitly, if not explicitly, sanctioned it. We do not believe that any such sanction was deliberately given. It is true that the occupants of fourth-grade post-offices are not entitled to demand the protection of the civil service law, but, according to an official declaration made by the Post-Office Department, known to the President, and never yet disavowed, such employees were to be exempted from dismissal on political grounds. The position which will be taken in such a matter by Theodore Roosevelt, the civil service reformer, can scarcely admit of doubt. At the same time, we can quite understand that Mr. Payne will feel that he has some reason to complain if he is overruled in the Todd matter. He was selected for his present office on the acknowledged ground that Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet was too academic, and needed the introduction of a "practical" politician. Mr. Payne had the reputation of being a particularly "aleik" specimen of the species of man desired.

We have twice expressed the opinion that Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department can be trusted to make a drastic and ruthless exposure of the land swindles, to which many Indians, wards of the nation, have been subjected in the Indian Territory at the hands of Federal officials. These officials seem for some time to have acted on the assumption that absolute impunity was assured to them. The sooner some of them are brought to book, and put on the road to the penitentiary, the better for our national reputation. There is a United States District Attorney in the Territory who seems to be in special need of overhauling. The political "pull" which some of the alleged criminals supposed themselves to possess has thus far proved unavailing. Thus one Streett, who has what was once considered the incomparable advantage of hailing from Ohio, and who was appointed by President McKinley, has been summarily removed from the post of Town-Site Commissioner in the Choctaw nation. A month ago charges were filed against Streett, and Mr. Hitchcock started an investigation. An opportunity to offer an explanation of his conduct was given to the accused man, but he failed to avail himself of it to the satisfaction of the Secretary, and was asked to resign. This he refused to do, apparently supposing that his former "pull" would hold good. Finding himself discharged, in spite of his political influence, he will doubtless go back to Ohio, convinced that the country is going to the dogs.

His successor, Mr. Dwight Tuttle, who made an excellent record when he was formerly chairman of the Town-Site Commission for the Creek nation, has been appointed by President Roosevelt on the recommendation of Secretary Hitchcock and of Senator Platt of Connecticut, who is a member of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs. It may be remembered that some time ago certain Federal office-holders in the Indian Territory, who had been accused of malfeasance, had the assurance to request the Interior Department to institute an investigation. They were considerably chilled by the reply that an inquiry had been for some time in progress. It was announced in Washington, on September 11, that Mr. Hitchcock would presently announce the appointment of a special agent selected to take charge of a further inquiry with regard to the frauds committed in the Territory named. The Secretary said that he had found a man who had the confidence of President Roosevelt, and who was thoroughly equipped for the work required. This incident has its humorous aspects: first, because the friends of the accused persons had previously striven to secure the appointment of an agent acceptable to themselves; and, secondly, because, although the name of the agent has been thus far kept back, there is reason to believe that he has been for some time secretly engaged in getting at the true inwardness of the Indian land scandals.

It will be remembered that the three members representing the United Mine-Workers on the conciliation board appointed

in the anthracite region in pursuance of the award of the Coal-Strike Commission, were unable to agree with the three members representing the mine owners and operators, and that, in conformity with the request of the board, Judge George Gray, of Delaware, appointed Mr. Carroll D. Wright an umpire. The latter's first decision was rendered on September 8, and it turned out that he had sustained the operators on four of the five questions submitted to him. Mr. Wright decided in favor of the miners in the case of one Harry Brains, against whom, it was alleged, Cox Brothers & Co., of Hazelton, had discriminated on the avowed ground that he had taken part in last year's strike. Mr. Wright held that, if the award of the Coal-Strike Commission was to be accepted, no discrimination should be made against a former employee on the avowed ground that he had participated in the strike, unless he had been found guilty of a crime or was still under arrest. But how if no such ground for discrimination were avowed, and employment were withheld from a former employee, or an existing employee discharged, without any reason for the act being assigned? Then, according to Mr. Wright, the withholding of employment or dismissal would be entirely valid. In the case of alleged discrimination on the part of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, Mr. Wright held that it had not been proved that the men were discriminated against because they were members of a labor-union.

In the absence of such proof the discharges must stand. In the case of William Morry, of the Philadelphia & Reading Company, the question was distinctly raised as to whether the mine-operators have the right to discharge at will. Mr. Wright pointed out that nobody denies that a workman has a right to quit his employment without assigning any reason whatever. It follows, conversely, that the right of the employer to discharge for any cause other than the explicit charge of belonging to a labor-union must be sustained. What is sauce for the grinder must be sauce for the goose. As might have been expected, the decision announced by Mr. Wright was a great disappointment to the union miners. They appeared to have taken for granted that every decision would be in their favor. It looks as if the only kind of arbitration entirely satisfactory to them would be conducted on the principle of "heads, I win; tails, you lose." There is much loose talk of refusal to abide by the umpire's judgment, and there are rumors that the mine-workers' presidents may retire from the conciliation board. It is significantly hinted that the tide of disfavor, which is setting in from the miners toward Mr. Wright, may be stemmed by a "judicious handling" of the short-Saturday question. By judicious handling is meant, we presume, a decision in favor of the mine-workers, whether they deserve it or not.

Another incident having an obvious bearing on the labor question occurred at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on September 12, when two suits were instituted by the American Antitrust Association against the national officers of the American Federation of Labor, the officers of the Hatters' union in Danbury, Connecticut, and 250 of their individual members. One suit is brought through the United States District Court for damages assessed at \$240,000, under the provision of the Sherman anti-trust law, which provides that injured persons may recover threefold the amount of loss actually sustained. In this case, an injunction is asked restraining the defendants from continuing an alleged boycott against D. E. Lowe & Co., hat manufacturers of Danbury, in whose name both actions are brought. The second suit is directed against those defendants who reside in Connecticut, and requests the Superior Court of Fairfield County to give the plaintiffs damages amounting to \$100,000, and an injunction preventing a continuation of the boycott. Property of 250 residents of Connecticut has been attached to satisfy the claim of \$100,000. It seems that in April, 1901, the labor men made a demand on the plaintiffs to unionize their hat factory. The plaintiffs declined to do so. Thereupon, the complainant alleges, the defendants conspired to violate the Sherman anti-trust law, by causing union men to leave the factory, by instituting a boycott against the hats of the firm, and by the employment of agents who visited the wholesalers and threatened them with loss of business unless they refused to handle the Lowe hats, thereby crippling the production of the factory, and causing

the owners great loss. Among those cited as defendants in the suit brought in the United States Court are Samuel Gompers (president), six vice-presidents, the treasurer, and the secretary of the American Federation of Labor. This fact of itself demonstrates that the suit will be sharply contested, and that the constitutional questions involved are likely to be carried to the United States Supreme Court for final adjudication.

There seems to be but little doubt that the position taken by the plaintiffs in this action will be sustained by the highest Federal tribunal. A person's business is his property, and he is entitled to protection from unlawful interference therewith. There is no doubt that such interference took place when wholesale hatters were visited by representatives of union labor, and threatened with a withdrawal of custom unless they refused to handle hats made by the plaintiffs. It also seems to be obvious that a person injured by a boycott must have a legal remedy for the damage inflicted on him, and that he can exact the remedy from the individual members of the combination formed to injure him. The Sherman antitrust act expressly provides that every combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade between the States is unlawful and criminal; and it gives to any person whose business or property is injured thereby an action against all the persons entering into such a conspiracy for the recovery of threefold the damages suffered.

We took for granted the other day, when Mr. John Temple Graves, of Atlanta, proposed at Chicago the wholesale deportation of negroes in order to remedy what he termed the "halted development" of the South, that he was merely uttering a counsel of perfection, and was quite as keenly alive as we are to the practical difficulties that would attend an attempt to execute the project. Of course, it would bankrupt the United States to deport nine or ten million negroes and provide them with homes, even if they were willing to go, which would not be the case. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, therefore, did not hit the slain when he described Mr. Graves' purely academic suggestion as "totally impracticable." The Louisville Courier-Journal says that in his deportation fantasy Mr. Graves represents nobody but himself. The truth is that he did not even represent himself, for nobody knows better than he that we can't rid ourselves of the negroes against their will, and that, by indicating a purely ideal solution of the negro problem, he was virtually expressing the opinion that the problem was insoluble. If, instead of talking Mr. Graves too seriously, the Courier-Journal had confined itself to saying that the wholesale deportation of negroes would encounter more opposition from white men at the South than at the North, it would have made an assertion which, for the present, at all events, and in the absence of extensive white emigration to the former section of our country, is undoubtedly well founded.

In the rice-fields the labor of the negro is no longer indispensable, as it used to be considered a hundred years ago, but in the cotton-fields, although the work could be done there as well by white men if they were obtainable, the negro still must mainly be relied upon. Moreover, throughout the Southern States he is employed in other pursuits to an extent not paralleled at the North. Only the other day a despatch came from Memphis, Tennessee, to the effect that negro labor was in urgent demand for the purpose of harvesting the cotton crop, and the scarcity of negro laborers in the rural districts was attributed to the demand for them in manufactures. As to the alleged "halted development" of the South, Mr. R. H. Edmunds, editor of the *Manufacturers' Record* in Baltimore, has undertaken to demonstrate that the present productivity in the Southern States is such that their development cannot reasonably be described as "halted." It points out that the South will this year have poured into it from other sections and other countries for raw cotton and for cotton products about nine hundred million dollars, and that its other agricultural products will be worth as much more. Undoubtedly these figures are impressive when they stand by themselves, but they will scarcely bear comparison with the statistics for the same period relating to a section of the North or Western States equal in area and population. It is

perfectly true that the population of the South has more than doubled since the civil war, and that the value of its agricultural products has increased in a much greater ratio. Yet we think that few candid persons will deny that the productivity of the Southern States has been retarded by the negro problem, and that with white labor it would have attained to far more remarkable proportions. That, however, as we have said, is a purely academic conjecture. The negroes are in the South to stay, and we must try to make the best of them.

We hear very little of the feelings of the army about the promotion of General Wood, but that is because open criticism of the appointment would be contrary to military discipline. The army cannot speak, except privately, and what is said in private the public does not hear. But there is no doubt of the intensity of the army's feelings on the subject. As a major-general General Wood will have to review the proceedings of courts martial and perform like duties of great importance to discipline, commonly intrusted to veterans of military education and long experience. Nothing is more demoralizing to a self-respecting and competent man who has thoroughly learned his business than to have an untried newcomer put over him. An old soldier is quoted as saying: "Our whole present army is no more than a school, in which the older officers are the teachers. We need generals who can teach, not generals who come to learn." As an officer in command of men General Wood's experience is extremely limited. His courage has been proved, but of his military capacity nothing is known. There are no facts on which to form a judgment. His ability is generally conceded, but is it military ability? No one knows. No one has ever had any means of finding out. That a man so destitute of all military record should be made a major-general in our regular army, with the prospect of being the senior officer in that army and possibly its commander in six years, is truly an astonishing, a monstrous thing.

If M. Irvolaki is to take Count Lamoroff's place at the St. Petersburg Foreign Office we may look for more energetic measures for the relief of the Macedonians. M. Irvolaki was identified with the Liberation party in Rumelia in 1877-8, and first made his mark in the reconstruction of eastern Russia, now a part of the Bulgarian principality, where he served as First Secretary of the Russian Consulate-General at Philippopolis. He is a strong, resolute man, thoroughly versed in Turkish diplomacy.

The hand of the Emperor Franz Josef is weakened, at a very unfortunate time, by the intestine strife in Hungary, and his Majesty is likely before long to be recalled to Budapest to resume the endless discussions with Magyar statesmen which have been interrupted by a series of royal visits, beginning with that of King Edward. The bone of contention, as so often before in the Dual Monarchy, is the question of language. When it is remembered that the language spoken by large numbers of the Emperor's subjects include German, Hungarian, Polish, Bohemian, Rumanian, Italian, the Russian, Slovak, and Slavonian, it is easy to see that the question of commands and drill in the extremely composite army is one of no small difficulty. At present the Hungarians demand that, while the orders of generals may be conveyed in German, all regimental orders, all orders by colonels and officers of lower grade, as well as the drill instructions and barrack orders of non-commissioned officers should be in Hungarian. The Emperor's refusal has caused very great discontent, and certain patriotic Magyars have proposed that the Hungarian throne should forthwith be offered to Kaiser Wilhelm's second son, Prince Eitel Friedrich. Needless to say, this proposal will not improve relations between Vienna and Berlin.

That Serbia will aid Bulgaria against the Turkish armies is now fairly certain. Mass-meetings have been held at Belgrade to protest against the horrible barbarities of the Turkish regulars and bashi-bazouks, or head-buffers, as they are called with ghastly fitness. Attacks on churches and monasteries held sacred by the Serbian people in that part of the Kosovo vilayet which was once a part of the Serbian Empire, and is still always spoken of as Old Serbia, have inflamed the nar-

tional imagination, so that all old jealousies against Bulgaria are being forgotten, in detestation of the common enemy and the inhuman cruelties of the Albanian and Asiatic hordes. The unconquered Montenegrins will also, we may be certain, lend their heroic aid; and it is almost impossible the combat will not invade the narrow strip of Austrian-protected territory running south from Bosnia, between Servia and Montenegro. This would mean, of course, the intervention of the Austrian army, a consummation devoutly to be wished. All omens seem to show that before this year ends the Balkan question will be finally closed, and a red chapter of crime and atrocity at last ended.

The release of Sam Parks from Sing Sing on a certificate of reasonable doubt was a disappointment to many observers who thought he was where he belonged and that it was a pity to move him. As things are turning out there seems no reason to regret the course events have taken. Parks has had all the rope he wanted, and the issue seems likely to be such as is traditionally looked for in the case of persons of his characteristics. He has proved to be a heavier load than even his late adherents could afford to stagger under. His "vindiction" on Labor day did not vindicate him, and by a rapid sequence of events he is being stripped of the authority he abused, and deprived of the power to do serious mischief. The charter of the Home-Smiths and Bridgemen's Union, of which he was the head, has been annulled by the International Association that granted it, and within the union itself there is a lively revolt against his authority. Several more indictments besides the one under which he was convicted are hanging over him, and it seems likely that if he presently returns to prison it will be as a rogue whom his victims recognize to be a rogue, and not as a convict whose pals regard him as a martyr.

A new influence favorable to rural delivery appears in the assembling in Chicago, on September 12, of representatives of seventeen thousand rural letter-carriers to form a national association. Their lot, they assert, is not all that the fancy might paint, and they are organizing as a preliminary to effectual self-help. Mr. Henry H. Windsor, who has been welding them into an association, says that the rural carriers have so lately come into existence that the public does not realize how much they do for fifty dollars a month, which is their present pay. At first it was twenty-five dollars a month, but that wasn't enough. Out of his pay the rural carrier maintains a horse and wagon, and clothes himself in a uniform. Mr. Windsor suggests that his work is harder, and his official expenses much greater than those of the city carrier, who gets a thousand dollars a year. That may be true enough, but six hundred a year is more money in Fillmore, New York, or Morrisville, Vermont, than a thousand a year is in New York. The pay of the rural carriers will finally develop a good deal on what the traffic will bear. If the service is extended the number of carriers may come to be very great, and we presume it is not the intention of Congress to maintain and extend the system at a very serious loss to the department.

Considering how much you have to pay for a decent cigar, your property rights in the cigar that you buy seem singularly restricted. If you get the thing lighted and between your teeth, you may smoke it, provided you are in a place where smoking is not prohibited; for once the cigar is alight, the government ceases to be concerned about it. How closely it watches it up to that time appears in the notice served this month on stewards and superintendents of clubs, that they must not serve cigars in trays, but always in the boxes in which they come. If club members do not go to the cigar-stand and pick out their cigars, the boxes must be carried to them. It will be recalled that certain rascally cigar-dealers in New York lately got into trouble because they refilled boxes, in which expensive cigars had come, with cheaper ones. This new restriction in clubs is a precaution against this practice and others like it, though it has been taken for granted heretofore that a club would not cheat its own members. An individual buyer who has purchased a box of cigars may still lawfully fill his pocket or his cigar-case from the box. He is not compelled to carry the box about with him.

It is supposed that the President, on his recent extended journey through the West, was the guest of the railroads even which he travelled, and paid nothing for the special train which they furnished. He has been a good deal criticised in consequence. What are the rights in this matter? When the President travels, should he travel as the guest of the railroads, or should he pay his own expenses? In many States legislators and State officers are prohibited from receiving passes from railroads. Is it not equally improper that the President should travel free? Perhaps it is, but if it is, the matter should be regulated by something more definite than mere custom, and a provision for travelling expenses should be made for Presidents, just as provision is made for the maintenance of the White House and its grounds. Extended Presidential journeys are commonly made more for political than administrative ends, but, on the whole, it seems a good thing for the country that the President, from time to time, should visit the States remote from the capital, Washington is close to the Atlantic seaboard. The disadvantages of its one-sided situation are modified when the head of the government goes on his travels and visits citizens too far away to come to him. But, practically, the President cannot travel as a private citizen may. It is neither safe nor convenient for him to do so. Not on his own account, but on ours he must be guarded and looked after, and special care must be taken to keep him from harm. He has to travel by special train, and take many persons with him. It is not proper that his salary should be charged with the heavy expenses of such journeys, nor should considerations of their utility keep him at home. The railroads seem to be more than willing to put their facilities at his disposal. If it is improper that he should travel at their cost, then by all means let the government provide a fund out of which such expenses should be defrayed. It is not expedient that the President should stay at home merely to save money.

The degenerate son of a well-known and respected citizen of New York died the other day, a suicide and a murderer, after embezzling church funds to a considerable amount. It was told that he had demonstrated his worthlessness years before by a discreditable business failure; but his relatives had found a place for him as clerk of a church corporation and caretaker of its funds. He took advantage of his position to forge notes, which he cashed without difficulty, and spent or speculated with the proceeds. When he was found out he shot himself, first shooting a woman who had the misfortune to have been his friend. Here was a man who apparently had given his friends reasonable warning of his quality. The mistake they made was in getting him a new job and trying to save his reputation. That is a common and a very bad mistake. Many families have the misfortune to include one member who, perhaps from some congenital defect, is not trustworthy. Yet they hate to give him up, and hoping, as he goes from one disaster to another, that he will yet learn his lesson, they keep on finding chances for him to throw away. To raise up such a person is simply to add to the weight from which he must fall. To protect his reputation is simply to furnish him with means to deceive whoever trusts him. The sooner he gets down to the level he belongs in the better for himself, his friends, and society. Help him on, but not up. Pay his board, but don't find him a job where he can betray confidence. Keep him out of the poorhouse and out of jail, if possible, but most of all keep him out of mischief by making serious mischief inaccessible to him. To put a defective, irresponsible, man who is used to ease and the comforts of life, into social and commercial competition with persons of his own social grade is to invite disaster. Let him be known, if he is known at all, for what he is, and thereby minimize the risk involved in his existence.

The news of the death of Mrs. John Sherwood in New York on September 12 will give to many of the older readers of the WEEKLY the sensation of having passed a mile-stone on the journey through the world. She was a notable woman in New York in a generation that was in its prime thirty years ago. For half a century or more she had been a writer of books and a constant contributor to the American periodicals. Few American women have been so widely known, and perhaps none has maintained equally long an equal degree of mental and literary activity.

## President Roosevelt's Latest Speech

UNQUALIFIED commendation has been received, and was deserved, by the address which the President of the United States delivered on Labor day at Syracuse, New York. It is true, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt is not the first man to discover the dangers of class Mr. Roosevelt has not been more clearly and forcibly brought out, and it is to be added that the exposition could hardly have been more timely. Where a laborer expels a member on the ground that he has recognized a fundamental duty to the State by joining the State militia, and when the public printing-office at Washington is called upon by another laborer to discharge a trusted employee, it is evident that the generation of a class fever is well known, but it would be a mistake to infer that, in his speech at Syracuse, he uttered a word at which either an employer of labor or a labor-unionist can fairly rail. If he were disposed, as he is not, to play the demagogue, there is no doubt that he had a trumping opportunity. It is true that he was speaking, not to a (limited) body of operatives engaged in manufacturing or mining, but to a meeting of the New York State Agricultural Association, and that, as yet, American farmers and agricultural laborers stand aloof from unionist organizations. Nevertheless, it could not be forgotten by any of his auditors that Mr. Roosevelt had transcended a President's constitutional functions when he appointed the anthracite-coal strike commission, and that he is generally supposed to have given thereby a conclusive proof of his sympathy with union labor. It would, therefore, have surprised no one who hears if he had spoken in the spirit which characterized many of the speeches delivered by him a year ago, when he dwelt upon the actual or prospective harm with which our institutions were threatened by the consolidation of capital in colossal corporations. If any of those who gathered at Syracuse to listen to the President expected an utterance of similar tenor, they must have been disappointed. Not only were Mr. Roosevelt's words unqualifiedly in alliance or sympathy, rather than hostile, class enmity, but he entirely passed over, or very lightly touched upon, certain topics upon which he has seemed at times disposed to dwell with superstitious effusion. At Syracuse very little was said about the supreme importance of doing, daring, and dying, the virtues supposed to be characteristics of rough riders, and almost as little about the paramount duty and beauty of begetting and rearing a large family. With assent, Mr. Roosevelt confined himself to the subject in hand, to wit, the imperative necessity of checking letian class jealousy and class antagonism, if the republic is to endure, and not to share the dismal fate of the Roman commonwealth.

It is an undisputed historical fact which was put forward by Mr. Roosevelt at the outset of his address, the fact, namely, that on this side of the Atlantic the trend in the last few years has been to go down together. If at any juncture the average well-being of the American community is high, the average wage-worker, the average farmer, and the average business man will all find themselves well off. If the general average shrinks, on the other hand, there is not one of these classes that will not feel the shrinkage. Of course, there are always some men who are not affected by good times, just as there are some men who will not be affected by bad times. It is, nevertheless, unquestionably true, as Mr. Roosevelt, speaking broadly, avowed, that when national prosperity comes, all of us tend more or less to share in it, whereas if adversity fall upon the nation each individual citizen, to a greater or less extent, is likely to feel the tension. Is this a platitudinal? We hope it is; for, in that event, it would be truth universally recognized, and we might reasonably expect that the consequences of it would be as inevitable as the consequences of interest in generally realized. It should be as widely acknowledged that our government can only be maintained on a sound and healthy basis—our social system not only be made and kept what it should be—on condition that each individual shall be judged not as a member of a class, but on his intrinsic worth as a man. Mr. Roosevelt does not speak too strongly when he describes it as an inflexible principle of our American life, an not fundamentally treacherous to the spirit of our institutions, to apply to any man any test save that of his personal worth, or to draw between two sets of men any distinction save that of conduct; the distinction that marks off those who do well and wisely from those who do foolishly and ill. Good citizens and bad citizens there will inevitably be in every class and every locality; but the attitude of respect toward the good public and social questions will be determined not by considerations of employment or locality, but by the deep-set principles which represent the inmost souls of men.

Mr. Roosevelt is right, ten times over, when he declares that a failure in public or in private life to treat each man on his own merits—a disposition to regard the Federal government as existing either for the poor or for the rich or for such-and-such a large part of our people, as such a failure and such a disposition have always proved fatal in the past to other republican experiments. A healthy republican government must rest upon ind-

viduals, and not upon classes or sections. As soon as it becomes government by a class or by a section, it departs from the American ideal. It may be a tyranny, but it is one that cannot be too often driven home, that people show themselves equally unfit for liberty whether they submit to anarchy or to tyranny. In no way is the loss of self-governing power on the part of a community so distinctly and usefully forewarned as in the tendency to turn the government into one primarily conducted for the benefit of a single class, instead of a government conducted for the benefit of the people as a whole. Mr. Roosevelt recalls that, in the city-states of ancient Greece, in those of medieval Italy and those of the modern Phœnix, this tendency was shown and wherever the tendency unchecked it invariably and inevitably proved fatal to a commonwealth. As regards the final result, it mattered not a whit whether the movement was in favor of one class or another. The outcome was equally fatal, whether the country fell into the hands of an opulent oligarchy which exploited the poor, or whether it fell under the domination of a turbulent mob which plundered the rich. In both cases there resulted violent alternations between anarchy and disorder, and, ultimately, a total loss of liberty to all citizens—destruction in the end overtaking the class which had for the moment been victorious, as well as that which had been defeated. The death knell of a republic was rung as soon as political power became lodged in the hands of those who sought not to do justice to all citizens, rich and poor alike, but to stand for one special class and for its interests, as opposed to the interests of all citizens.

If Mr. Roosevelt is to be elected President in 1904, he will need the votes of wage-workers, and he may also need the good-will of the employers of labor. He made it perfectly clear at Syracuse that neither the one class of citizens nor the other need look upon him as devoted specifically to its interests. He did not hesitate to warn wage-workers that they have no worse enemy than the man who condones mob violence in any shape, or who preaches class animosity. He did not warn workers that the slightest acquaintance with our industrial history should teach even the most shortsighted among them that the times of most suffering for the American people as a whole, the times when business is stagnant and capital suffers from shrinkage and gets no return from its investments, are exactly the times of hardship and want and grim disaster among the poor. Mr. Roosevelt exhorted those toilers who are inclined to look with favor on the Socialist Utopia that, if all the existing laws and institutions for the protection of labor could be abolished, the first and severest suffering would come among those of us who are best well off at present. In a word, the wage-worker is well off only when the rest of the country is well off; and he can best contribute to the general well-being by showing unity and a firm purpose to do justice to others.

When he turned to the employer class, the President was equally sympathetic and equally convincing. He said that the capitalist who is really conservative, the rich man who has forethought as well as patriotism, should heartily welcome every effort, legislative or other, which has for its object to secure fair dealing on the part of capital, corporate or individual, with the public and with the employee. He insisted that certain legislation, which has been eyed askance by some representatives of capital, had really been enacted in the interest not merely of the people as a whole, but of the propertyed classes themselves. He had in mind such a law as the Franchise Tax Act in the State of New York, which the Court of Appeals recently pronounced constitutional by a unanimous decision; such a law as that passed by Congress last year for the purpose of establishing a Department of Commerce and Labor, under which there should be a bureau to oversee and secure publicity from the great corporations which do an inter-State business, and a law, in fact, as far as it is concerned, for the regulation of the great highways of commerce, so as to keep their roads open on fair terms to all producers who desire to get their goods to market. Mr. Roosevelt had organized capital in mind when he dwelt with emphasis on the fact that in no way is the stability of property better assured than by making it patent to the American people that property bears its proper share of the burdens of the State, and that property is handled not only in the interests of the owner, but in the interests of the whole republic and community. In other words, legislation, to be of permanent utility to any one class, must also be good for the nation as a whole, and legislation which does injustice to any particular class is certain to work harm to the nation.

In his peroration the President told the farmers, wage-workers, and business men of New York that if to-day they are proud of their State and still prouder of their nation, it is because their predecessors and forefathers lived up to the creed which he had outlined. There must continue to be ever present in their minds, he said, the fundamental truth that in a republic such as ours the only safe course to pursue is to stand neither for nor against any man because he is rich or because he is poor, or because he is engaged in one occupation or in another, or because he works with his hands or works with his hands. We must treat each man on his merits as a man. We must see that no man is given a square deal, because he is entitled to no more, and should

receive no less. Finally, we must always keep in mind that a republic such as ours can endure only by virtue of the orderly liberty which comes through the equal domination of the law over all men alike, and through its administration in such resolute and fearless fashion as shall teach all that no man is above the law and no man below it.

### Does England Lack Brain-Power?

HEINZIG has a more remarkable confession been made in public by a representative man than was attested by Sir Norman Lockyer, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which met on September 9, at Southport, England. Recalling Captain Mahan's demonstration of the influence of seapower on history, Sir Norman pointed out that Englishmen were keenly alive to the importance of their navy, and that they had but little to fear from a hostile consideration of maritime states. The danger that confronted them, he said, lay in a different quarter, and arose from a grave though corrigible deficiency. Englishmen were, he believed, with eventual omen from the markets of the world, because of the superior energy displayed by their commercial rivals in the application of intellect to industry. What England stood in increasing need of, by comparison with Germany and the United States, was not sea-power, but brain-power. There was of course no lack of native ability in Great Britain, but it was not applied with the requisite urgency and vigor through scientific channels to the development of manufactures and trade. The educational system of Great Britain is relatively antiquated and inadequate, because the facilities provided for scientific research are not commensurate with the nation's necessities. This Sir Norman proceeded to prove by a citation of significant statistics. He reminded his countrymen that in Great Britain there were but eleven universities which had to compete with twenty-two universities in Germany, and with no fewer than one hundred and thirty-four state-supported or privately-endowed universities in the United States. Attention was directed to the fact that the Prussian government gives to a single instrument of the higher education, the University of Berlin, more money than the British government allows to all the universities and university colleges in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales put together.

No unequal are the conditions which regulate the production and the direction of brain-power in Germany and the United States, on the one hand, and in Great Britain on the other. The excuse offered on behalf of the British government for its reticence in stimulating scientific investigation and the applications of science to the arts is that such encouragement is properly a matter for private effort. That is not the assumption on which governments proceed in Germany and the United States. For example, the buildings erected with state aid for the new University of Strasbourg have already cost nearly five million dollars, or about as much as has been provided by private effort for university and college buildings in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Newcastle, and Sheffield. We add that the annual government endorsement of the German university just named is more than \$245,000. The experiment of relying upon private contributions for the adaptation of universities to modern needs has been tried in the United Kingdom, and has notoriously failed. Sir Norman Lockyer shows that, in the case of twelve English university-colleges which are the federates of universities, less than \$50,000,000 has been furnished by private endowment during the last sixty years. In the United States, on the other hand, during a comparatively short and recent period, universities and colleges have received from private endowment more than \$200,000,000, of which almost \$15,000,000 was supplied in the years 1893-1900. Upwards of \$20,000,000 have been devoted by Mr. Carnegie alone to the evolution of brain-power through scientific research in two well-known institutions, the one located in Pittsburgh, and the other in Washington. Scarcely less remarkable have been the contributions made by Mr. John D. Rockefeller to the Chicago University for the fulfillment of similar purposes.

Sir Norman Lockyer is convinced that England must definitely renounce the hope of securing from private persons the pecuniary resources indispensable for the reconstruction of her universities from a scientific point of view. The medieval scheme of education, the original aim of which was to fit students for the ecclesiastical profession, an aim in which by far the greater part of the existing endowment is restricted, must be quickly superseded or supplemented by a different educational system which will qualify the British intellect to grapple with the arduous conditions of the struggle for existence in the twentieth century. The means to that end must be furnished by the state, inasmuch as the response to the appeal for private contributions has proved lamentably faint. In Sir Norman's judgment, his country may as quickly abandon the thought of competing with her great industrial rivals. If she is to continue relying on private endowment for the development of brain-power in useful directions through the prosecution of scientific inquiry, and through the discovery of new and valuable relations of science to practical mechanics and manufactures.

What practical step was urged by Sir Norman Lockyer on the British government? He pointed out the vast amounts of money annually spent on "State Power," through the enormous appropriations for the army and navy, and with these contrasted the insignificant sums applied to the creation of "brain-power" by the Imperial Exchequer. He advocated the drastic course of duplicating the navy budget, and of devoting a fund equivalent to that yearly allotted to the navy, to the increase of brain-power in Great Britain. A part of the great sum should be set aside, he thought, for new buildings to be erected in the next five or ten years, and the interest of the remainder should be applied to the stimulation of scientific research. Money used in such a way, he said, should not be looked upon as practically gone when spent, whereas the cost of a short-lived ironclad cannot be otherwise regarded. An adequate grant for the development of an efficient scientific education should properly be considered as a loan that would bear a high rate of interest. To assure the proper application of a large educational grant, Sir Norman Lockyer proposed the establishment of a scientific national council, which should act as an advisory committee to the government.

It remains to be seen whether Sir Norman Lockyer's exposition of Great Britain's imperative need of brain-power of a specially trained and directed kind, will bear satisfactory fruit in legislation. It would not be necessary to create an entirely new set of institutions for the provision of scientific education and the stimulation of scientific research. The newly reorganized London University might be devoted chiefly to that end. The time-honored universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the Dublin University, better known as Trinity College, might have their present incomes doubled by the state on the express condition that half of their revenues should be allotted to scientific purposes. All of the best-minded and progressive men connected with these institutions would cordially welcome state assistance thus conditioned. They are as conscious of their existing deficiencies from a scientific viewpoint as were the authorities of the four Scottish universities—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews—who gladly accepted Mr. Carnegie's gift of ten million dollars, though it was coupled with a stipulation that one-half of the income should be applied to the improvement of facilities for scientific research. The British government, which has just awarded \$50,000,000 to a tentative settlement of the land question in Ireland, may now reasonably be asked so to enlarge the resources of the English universities as to make them more active and useful agents in promoting the national prosperity.

### Chicago's Centennial

We all consider that Chicago is a very remarkable city. Even Chicago herself admits it, and thinks it well worth while to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of her birth. She dates her existence from the building of Fort Dearborn, by Major Whistler, at the mouth of the Chicago River, in 1803, and has set apart six days, from September 26 to October 1, for a proper celebration of her centennial. This spare of time she has planned to fill with spectacles and entertainments. She expects to include among her guests the President and his cabinet, and many foreign ministers, Governors, Senators, Congressmen, Mayors, and other illustrious persons. She will have a great military and a great industrial parade. By burning many hundred pounds of red fire on her tall buildings she will try to give an intimation of what the great Chicago City is. She will reproduce old Fort Dearborn in the likeness which appears in connection with the article by Professor Sparks on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY, and will furnish forth generously such a celebration as Chicago might be expected to provide.

All the country is proud of Chicago. Some observers admire her awfully, and with a tinge of reverence as a prodigy that has some of the characteristics of a monster. But all admire her. She is big, she is handsome, she is ugly, she is brilliant, she is dirty, she is all sorts of stunning and contradictory things. But her greatest quality is that she is so much alive. Almost every effort has been going at her, but it is not known that any one ever called her a monster.

Yes, she is alive, vibrantly strenuously alive. She is indeed the great municipal experiment station for our country, especially for social and industrial experiments. Every new kind of strike, every new kind of organization of labor, or rupture, or coalition, between workman and employer, seems to be tried first on Chicago. The mixture which she calls her population includes a larger proportion of restlessness, aggressiveness, explosive humanity than the proportion of any other American city. Business life is more or less of a conflict everywhere, but in Chicago, as we see it through the newspapers from the outside, it seems a rough-and-tumble street fight, conducted under suspension of most of the rules.

Be that as it may—and doubtless it is not quite as we seem to see it—the great city plunges on towards the fulfillment of a

gigantic destiny. Her engines seem to be of the new sort that get their power from explosions, but her speed is indisputable.

A plan of the city, pictured on another page, discloses the new and extraordinary scheme for a rapid-transit system which is now under consideration. The plans provide for radial and comprehensive changes in the elevated, surface, and subway systems of the city, with a total cost of nearly nine million dollars. The details include four new elevated railway loops, high and low level subway systems with transfer stations where the loops intersect, and the completion of the Boulevard system by a tunnel connecting Michigan Boulevard and the Lake Shore Drive.

Some such plans are sure to be perfected and carried out in due time.

Chicago enterprise, which has concerned itself so industriously in providing interurban transportation for London, may be trusted to make provision for Chicago too. It may seem over-ambitious to say so, but the country expects some day to see in Chicago an illustrious type and example of what a great, modern, inland American metropolis ought to be. She has the site, she has the energy, she has the money and the brains. She even has the reagents of the necessary ideals, and she will realize them.

## Election of United States Senators

IMPORTANT action was taken by the Democratic State Committee of Ohio, in session at Albany, on September 5, in the adoption of a resolution providing that heretofore Democratic candidates for United States Senators shall be nominated by the State convention of the party, and that Democratic members of the Legislature shall be pledged to support the candidates so nominated. The reason for this resolution, as recited in the text thereof, is that thus for all efforts to amend the Federal Constitution so as to provide for electing Senators by direct popular vote are proved abortive, so that in no other way than this one it is ascertained that Senators shall be chosen to represent the will of the people.

This is an experiment novel and unprecedented as far as New York State is concerned, but it is in line with action already taken by the Ohio Democrats, whose recent State convention nominated John H. Clarke as its party candidate for the United States Senate, to succeed Mark Hanna.

An analogous plan prevails in several of the sure Democratic States of the South, where United States Senators (as well as State officers) are named by the Democratic primaries. In this manner United States Senator Bernardo de Soto Moray was lately nominated as his own successor, in Mississippi.

As long ago as 1860, the Democrats of Illinois in State convention nominated General John M. Palmer for United States Senator, carried the Legislature, and elected him to the Senate. It will be interesting to hear the plan works out in New York, where, a decade ago, it was no uncommon thing for the Democrats to elect their State officers, but at the same time fail to carry the Legislature, on account of the plan of apportionment, which greatly favors the thinly populated rural counties, as compared with the cities, which were normally Democratic in their tendency. Advocates of this direct election of United States Senators believe that a failure of this sort, by reason of a legislative gerrymander, deadlock, bribery, or other like cause, to elect a candidate practically endorsed by the people at the polls, would greatly hasten the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution.

## Jonathan Edwards

The American people have a way of coming around sooner or later to a just appreciation of the place and service of men who have been prominent in national history. European students of philosophy and theology and appraisers of intellectual greatness long since came to the conclusion that the outstanding figure among American theologians of the eighteenth century was Jonathan Edwards, of Northampton and Stockbridge, and there have not been lacking like-minded American critics through all the years that have intervened since he died prematurely at Princeton in 1758. During the nineteenth century, however, his popular fame waned, the type of theology he stood for ceased to dominate, and for lack of any adequate popular biography of him dwelling upon his life as a *sermon*, as a *champion*, as a *chastising* English prose stylist, and as an admirable human being, his name ceased to have attractions for the laity. But the poll of names for the Hall of Fame in New York city, taken in 1900, picked men from all the leading professions and callings being the electees, showed that his name led all the rest among the preachers and theologians voted for, he receiving eighty-two out of the sixty-seven ballots cast, Henry Ward Beecher coming next with thirty-four.

Two hundred years have passed since Edwards was born, and it is planned to celebrate the bicentennial of his birth with adequate ceremonies at several of the academic centres on October 9,

and also in the towns identified most prominently with his name. There will be no such general recognition of the day as admirers of Emerson and Wesley have seen with gratification. Edwards, partly through his own fault and partly because of his biographers', has never gripped the imagination or the heart of the people as a very human or winsome being, in this so different from Emerson. Nor did he, like Wesley, give his name to a great religious movement notable for its administrative and practical religious victories. But for sheer intellectual power and spiritual depth neither Emerson nor Wesley approached him. He was a great rationalist and a great mystic; English has been put on his defeat as the former; the time has come to tell of his victory as the latter.

## The Summer Hotel

THE season is nearing an end, and the glories of the summer hotel have begun to wane. There is a gap for calm and reflection now. There are many varieties of summer hotels, but those tempered by an adjacent school of philosophy or a summer school for teachers offer advantages not to be attained elsewhere. Here one meets the greatest variety of the human species. In those hotels that harbor only the very rich, the themes for conversation are apt to be limited. One one has learned—and this can be quickly forgotten—just how much every one is worth, there remains only such subjects as to spend it, and who is in love with another man's wife.

On the other hand, the places where gratification is modified by necessity, offer a broader field, and where those are connected with an establishment of learning the field is broadest and most fertile. One may linger where bent and unkempt philosophers are wrangling over what Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer said to the universe as pitted against a mere rationalistic calculation of what brings the greatest good to the greatest number. One can move on to the next table and hear what the Brooklyn girl has to say to the other girls on the block. It would seem that from eighteen to twenty-five is the most loquacious and confidential period of life, and so by dint of a little patience one may stay away for lutesc moral reflections the whole life of "the block," its mental activities and physical accommodations. The girls on the block, one would derive, have more of the up-to-date摩登 ideas. They evidently do not like to be "old maids"; on the contrary, they like "gen'lemen friends,—piqué dresses,—and buggies." They prefer the piqué dresses to those of lighter materials on the ground that the "gen'lemen friends" may at any instant dash round the corner of destiny, and one must be prepared to jump in, and sustain dresses are so easily crumpled. Indeed, life on the block seems to be largely a matter of gear—and the girls on the block, one would surmise, are well equipped with the various cogs and wheels, and being ready for the buggy that may leave over the horizon any time and bear one away. It reminds one vaguely—this living ever-ready for some imminent future—of a passage in Maeterlinck where he says, even if some day supreme happiness were to fall upon us from the planet Mars we could receive it only in so far as our hearts were prepared for it—in so far as we have held them open to a help in a high and noble destiny. Ah, well! the girls on the block are wise virgins, with their hearts trimmed and filled, and when fate comes—though it be but in the form of a buggy and its driver—it will find them prepared in white, starched piqué dresses.

Nearly every hotel nowadays has a millionaire. One has one and she is a widow. In the evenings she often brings down her written proposals of marriage from adventurers of various nations, for the delirium of all general money. All summer hotels are blessed by mothers with theories of education. These theories are not always so powerful as the theories of the philosophers, for say what you will, the pursuit of philosophy makes for gentleness in its devotees. But an instinctive passion for our own—a sort of extended and enlarged egotism such as mother-love—is apt to result in a dogmatic conviction—usually a conviction that gentle moral persuasion is useful for one's own and a hindrance for others' efforts. Then there are the children themselves—with their shouts and squabbles and games and endless noise—all this gives one the sense of the push and press of the busiest life, of living in a miniature world, active as an ant-hill.

After the noise and glare of August there comes a moment of pause in September when the guests slowly scatter; as the air grows fresher a certain hush comes in the big sitting-rooms, and one hears the murmur occasionally to oneself. The light is the sun and gold and sunset with sunsets at leaves; in the almost afternoon lights and in the morning the leaves are spread with white glitter in the early sunlight. The moonlight, however bitter the air, becomes one's private property once more, and only vague echoes of the strange unalarming of unshaken heart the place. Then one realizes that the virtue of adjusting oneself to so cosmopolitan a little world as a summer hotel is the power to adjust oneself to the larger protuberant world of which one may be the reward of virtue in this world is but the power of adjustment in the next form of existence offered.



*Ten Cavalry Members of the Class of 1902, which included 104 Cadets  
A prominent member of this class was a son of General Nibolov, Commander-in-Chief of the Bulgarian army*



*The Artillery Section of the Graduating Class of 1899  
Many of these students are now prominent leaders in the Macedonian revolution*

**TRAINING LEADERS FOR THE MACEDONIAN REVOLUTION**  
At Sophia, the national capital, Bulgaria maintains a military academy for the training of its army officers. Of the 2000 officers graduated by the academy since its founding in 1878, 600 were from Macedonia, and many of these are now leaders in the revolt of the Macedonians against Turkey. The vice-president of the revolutionary committee, General Tausheff, and Colonel Tankoff, who proclaimed the revolution, received their military instruction entirely in the war college at Sophia

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*J. A. Lester*  
*Captain of the Merion team*



*C. J. Burnap*  
*Captain of the visiting English team*



*E. M. Cregar*  
*One of the Belmont cricketers*



*T. H. Scattergood*  
*Another of the Merion players*

### **THE ENGLISH-AMERICAN CRICKET MATCHES**

The English Kent County cricket team, which arrived in New York last week for a series of matches with American cricket organizations, played their first game in this country with "The Colts" of Philadelphia. During their visit the Englishmen will play against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia and a picked team from the New York clubs. The photographs show representative American and English players who will meet in the matches





Photograph by U. F. Anderson

## HOW NEW YORK CITY GUARDS ITS SHIPPING INTERESTS

The New York Fire Department maintains a number of powerful fireboats, equipped with a complete fire-fighting apparatus, whose business it is to protect the city's waters from any fire that may break out on the river. These boats are manned by men who are well trained in the art of fire-fighting. The photograph to the right shows one of these boats in the East River, and proceeding to the scene of a fire on the river. The photograph to the left shows a view of the river from the fireboat's deck, with a view of the city skyline in the background.

# In Dorsetshire

By Sydney Brooks

SEASIDE, DORSET, September 24, 1904

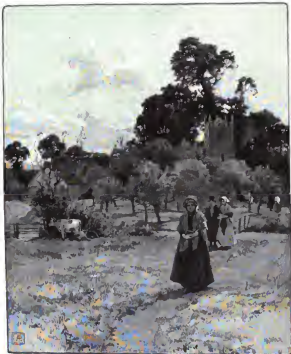
ONE of the charms of London is the number and pleasantness of its nooks, its oases, its little pools of quiet. They tend to grow fewer under the pressure of the London County Council, with its "improvements" and the crane for mansions; but they are still gratefully abundant. The most of thing I mean you will find by walking up Ligate Hill into St. Paul's Churchyard. Its the right a little street, just wide enough to hold one wagon at a time, rather you. Wander down it and a variety of nooks will bring you to an old eighteenth-century mansion lying back some twenty yards from the foot-path. It is a palpable relic of the best Georgian period, spacious and yellow with age and wood, rarely finished, with a red-wooded flume, to give by contrast an extra touch of pretentiousness to this stately old home. It is the dearest of St. Paul's, and as peaceful and unobtrusive inside as any country vicarage in the land. From the windows you catch a glimpse of the surging traffic roaring on its way to and from the City, but no sound of it reaches you. Open the windows, and even then "London's central roar" comes to you only as a soothing whisper, so cunningly has modern art or design tucked the dearest away from the turmoil of the world outside. In its way it sums up and typifies the round-the-world leisure of London. There are places like it in the labyrinthine city by the score—places where a happy dive off a main thoroughfare will carry you from the twentieth century to the eighteenth and from all the hustle of the streets to a little haven of almost unnamable quietude. Every one who has been over here has revelled in such transformations secure, has passed under the gateway in Fleet Street, and found himself suddenly accosted through the Temple by Johnson and tobacco-smith and Lamb, or has taken a step up the hillside into the cloistered seclusion of Staple Inn.

Contrasts and juxtapositions such as these are truly the "note" of London alone, but of all England. Here in this country there are some thirty-two million people living in an area not much larger than the State of New York. You would think it impossible to get away from them. You would imagine, in the holiday season especially, that solitude or even a doubtful allowance of privacy must be quite out of the question. You would picture the whole country a prey to the festive middle classes, its choicest spots swarming with excursionists, its "resorts" riddled by "Army and Navy" and German bands, trippers, "alger non-sensibles," and padding red-faced millionaires meandering even in its least accessible nooks. And from this you would go on to wonder how such loneliness as a dialect, queer old customs, and so on could possibly hold their own. You would conclude that they could not, because, as it were, all at a kind, must have its possibilities and active soldiers rolled out of it, must pass to the conqueror an extreme of characterless uniformity. You would, in fact, expect to find that London and the big towns had leached the lung, that

the differences between the town and the country mind had disappeared, that Yorkshire was as Cornwell, Lancashire as Suffolk, and all of them like a metropolitan suburb. But you would be utterly wrong. There is far less uniformity of mind and instinctive ways of looking at things in England than in America. Local habits, local idioms, local characteristics stand out against the railways and the public schools far more successfully than one would have hoped even in the most optimistic mood. To enter a new neighborhood in England is as often as not like going into a new world. And somehow, in spite of all the millions of holiday-makers, there are places, plenty of them, where the many-headed crowd does not, where you can be as quiet and comfortable as you wish, and where you will find the most splendid of the wilderness, but the peacefulness of trim and cultivated antiquity, unimpaired by, impregnable to, the modern road. Within a day's walk from Hyde Park Corner

I know of a little village, perched beautifully on a Sussex ridge, which Cromwell might visit to-day and find nothing changed in any one who really knows England could give you off-hand a dozen such places, most of them inland, but not a few on the coast.

Swanage, where I write from, is hardly so primitive as all this. It is in the chrysalis stage, with hopes of eventually becoming one of the best known of south coast watering-places. At present it is agreeably overhauled by Bourne-mouth and Weymouth. These have already arrived, while Swanage is only emerging and may happily fall to win much favor. It has grown out of its old state as a fishing and smuggling village, and is halting now on the verge of a "boom." The staggard, narrow village street still remains untouched, with its tumble-down ruck and a succession of cottages sunk six feet or so below the level of the road, but new houses are being built out from it, apartment and



View by Alfred Parsons

Places where you will find the Peacefulness of a cultivated Antiquity

boarding-houses are multiplying, private residences are springing up on the outskirts, and already there are three hotels. It is, in short, a "resort" in the making, not yet popularized by the rabble, and still pleasantly bleeding the old with the new. For instance, in spite of its hotels, it has its town-crier, with a cocker hat and a red coat, just as you see him in the advertisements. I always go to the window when I hear his bell. For official impertinence I have never seen his equal outside of the leaden in the Madeline. He is everything a town-crier should be, red-tailed and white-haired, and with a voice that gives you the edge of his sixty years. Sometimes you can even make out what he is saying, but that is a mere side issue. Our announcements are sailing in Swanage bay, where King Alfred beat the Danes, and fishing for whiting, bass, and mackerel, and driving round the country-side to the various places of interest—there are plenty of ruins and historic buildings roundabout, besides the pleasure of "spotting" the waves and sometimes the original houses of Hardy's novels—and bathing in perfect water, high tide or low tide. Alas, of course, there are the inevitable gulls and lesser sea birds, and half a mile of tents stretched along the beach for bathing and bathing.



### THE PASSING OF A CURIOUS INDIAN CUSTOM

When the rich grand-sons of the Vancouver Indian chief Squaw, of the Nootka tribe, hid two years ago, his people held his memory in such veneration that they used his property for the erection of a great monument overlooking the sea near the Indian village on the island of Vancouver. The memorial presents a huge Alaskan totem of the carvers of the Indian mythology—and a statue. Now by one too young-machinist, combined as a token of sorrow by the late chief's name. The Indian custom of erecting such memorials to one that is disappearing with the passing of the wild fishes of the Northwest, and the Vancouver monument to preserve one of the last that will ever be seen.





**EVERY ONE HIS OWN SAMSON—A PEASANT CUSTOM IN HOLLAND**

One of the traditional pastimes of a Dutch mauldredery is a competitor feat of strength designed to test the prowess of the peasants. The game is to regulate the highest number of pounds by setting a weight, the winner having the chance of the postpaid and as his partner in the dance which follows.



————— The new Elevated Loops.

- - - - - Proposed High-level Subway.

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## CHICAGO'S CENTENNIAL—A NINETY-MILLION

In connection with the celebration of its one-hundredth anniversary this week, Chicago will consider complete transformation of the elevated, surface, and subway systems, and will cost, in all, \$59,800,000 the drawing, which will provide immensely improved means of transportation not only in the business new plan for elevated loops, the plan provides for both a high and low level subway system, with the rem will be completed by an underground tunnel connecting Michigan Boulevard with the Lake Shore



Proposed Low-Javal Subway.

A-New Lake Front.

B-Entrance to new Underground Boulevard.

## ONE-DOLLAR PLAN FOR TRANSPORTATION

Extensive plans for the improvement of the city's transportation facilities. The plans provide for a new Boulevard system, a new Underground Boulevard, and a new Lake Front. It is proposed to substitute for the present elevated railway loop four new loops, as shown in the plan, and to provide for the Boulevard system at all points where the loops from each side of the city intersect. The Boulevard system, altogether, the plan is one of the most comprehensive yet proposed for any American city.

# This Week's Centennial in Chicago

THE BUILDINGS OF CHICAGO—OLD FORT DEARBORN—THE EXPLORATION OF THE JENKINS—THE EVOLUTION OF LAKE MICHIGAN—THE INDIAN TRADE—THE MASSACRE OF 1812—THE GROWTH OF TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.—IMPORTANT HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS.

By Professor Edwin Eric Sparks

THE planting of Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago River in 1803, the real beginning of the city of Chicago, furnishes the occasion for the centennial celebration now being held in that city. The history of Chicago is not far different from that of other inland cities. Advantageous points in the great system of inland waterways—perhaps the head or mouth of a river, a carrying-place, a harbor—become halting-places for the Indians, camping stations for traders, sites for protecting government forts, and nuclei for villages and, later, cities. At such obstructions in the pathways of commerce were collected the products from adjacent regions to be forwarded in manufactures sent in return. The Chicago River and portage proved to be a collecting and distributing point for the commercial world, but their written history commenced far back of this stage, antedating even the English-speaking occupancy which began with the fort.

Like other places along the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi, Chicago cannot be dissociated from the missionary wanderings of the French Jesuits. From the plain stone building constituting the church, "college" hospital, and cloisters upon the lofty cliff at Quebec, this order sent more than three hundred priests, scholars, and assistants during a period of nearly two hundred years to tend the savages to Christianity. This period, measured by our history, began eight years before the landing of the Mayflower, and ended during the administration of Washington as President of the young republic.

Waterways were the ready highways for these Jesuits, as well as for the official explorers who often accompanied them to forestall the advance of the English from the Atlantic coast and of the Spanish from the Gulf of Mexico. From the Indians these adventurers stole strange lands toward the relative position of the water-courses and the shortest paths between them, generally near the head-waters. Perhaps the buffalo in migrating from one feeding-ground to another first made the traces which the Indians used as carrying paths and the French as portages.

The most ideal route to the westward was that from the head of the south branch of the St. Lawrence or Garlie River, at the head of Lake Michigan, to the present Desplains River, and thence into the Illinois and the Mississippi. Here the temporary body of water, which accumulating retreat of the ice age and is known to geologists as "Lake Chicago," had deposited a flat plain of sand and clay, fifteen miles wide at its greatest breadth and half fifty miles long in a crescent sweep about Lake Michigan. When the water retired to its present position and became Lake Michigan, the rainfall upon the northern portion of this sandy plain was drained by two arms of a stream, forming the present Chicago River. Flowing between low-lying, sedge banks, the stream cut deep into the sand, and accumulated the washings near level in the plain that the south branch of the river finds a head less than fourteen miles from the mouth and only fifteen feet above the lake level. If Lake Michigan had been sixteen feet higher it would have drained into the Mississippi instead of into the St. Lawrence. This slight elevation of the watershed suggested the present Chicago drainage canal.

To reach the Illinois country from the Great Lakes, the French first used the portage between the St. Joseph River at the southeastern head of Lake Michigan and the Kankakee; but they soon learned to use the easier and shorter one between the Chicago River and portage. So much frequented was this easy portage that a French fort of rude construction was built upon one of the hills called St. Louis, across the summit of an isolated rock which rose above out of the prairie one hundred and twenty-five feet from the Illinois River flowing at its base. No place was associated with the French in Illinois is so picturesque marked by nature as the site of the long-vanished Fort St. Louis.

Although the French explorers,

Jenkins, and traders approached the Illinois country by way of the Great Lakes, permanent French settlement reached it by coming up the Mississippi after the founding of New Orleans. The province of Louisiana embraced the Mississippi Valley as far north as the portage de Chicago. It was as transitional to the settlements formed within its jurisdiction. Every building in Kaskaskia, the largest of the Illinois villages—supposed to have contained at one time seven thousand people—has disappeared. Even the alluvial soil on which it stood has been washed away by the ravages of the Mississippi. A few bits of peculiar log-and-pole construction mark the site of old Cahokia. Fort Chartres, whose walls once enclosed four acres of ground, established for the protection of these French villages, is now reduced to a ruined powder magazine. The English-speaking conquerors and invaders wrought this destruction to secure building material for their houses, also entered the territory by the south instead of using the Chicago portage.

President Washington fully inaugurated the policy of planting forts on the frontier for the protection of settlers in order to sell the public lands. Three forts were located on the natural highways leading into the interior of the continent, and were built as rapidly as the Indians could be persuaded to yield possession of the land. By the treaty of Greenville in 1785, made after the usual drubbing, the savages drew another line beyond which the whites agreed not to settle. At the same time, the tribes confirmed certain tracts of land made in former treaties and consented to others upon which trading-posts or forts could be located. Among the sixteen grants of this kind was one reading: "One piece of land six miles square at the mouth of the Chicago River, extending into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood." Thus was the traditional French fort of 1685 handed down after the lapse of a century. The Chicago portage was again assuming importance.

Military posts had already been established at several of these reservations, that at Detroit in the Indian territory being the most prominent. The old Fort Leveillé, with its "star" or "circular" stockade the centre of the village, the whole surrounded by a crenelated wall. The streets are narrow, straight, regular, and intersect each other at right angles," reported a United States Indian agent to his government in 1803. "The houses are the commonest, low and irregular, and a majority of them require very considerable repair." Several companies of United States troops had been stationed at this fort since its surrender by the British seven years previously. The entire army of the fort consisted of 100 men in 1854. From this number several existing posts had to be garrisoned and new ones established.

When Secretary of War Dearborn decided in 1803 to build a fort on the Chicago reservation, he ordered a company of the First Infantry from Detroit for that purpose.

Captain John Whistler, commanding the company, set out in a sailing vessel with some of his officers and the women, whilst Lieutenant Swearingen marched the men by land. There is a strong current along the west shore of Lake Michigan, probably due to the prevailing winds, which causes the sand to accumulate on the north side of an obstruction. The troops found such a bar at the mouth of the Chicago River, pushing the entrance as far south as the present Madison River, which has cut a deep furrow in the river (made by its present deflection the fort was located, and was soon constructed from the small oaks growing along the river. The war records contain scarcely a mention of this fort except to give its longitude and latitude, and to locate it "within a few yards of Lake Michigan." The name of the Secretary of War became associated with the fort, although never formally bestowed. The small two-story log-house was built near the stockade to accommodate the government "factor" or trader. In 1810 this factory contained 877 shins and 84732 worth of merchandise to exchange for furs.

Between 1803 and 1812 there was always at least one company of troops stationed at Fort Dearborn to protect the government factory and the few private traders dwelling in huts along the river. The latter year found the Northwest alarmed by the news of the execution of Tecumseh. The authorities at Washington decided to



In Commemoration of the Fort Dearborn Massacre of 1812





Fort Dearborn in 1863, from the North Side of the River

call in the outpost at Chicago. Attempting to retreat to Fort Wayne, the troops and fleeing settlers were attacked by the Indians, August 15, 1812, about one mile and a half from the fort and near the foot of the present Eighteenth Street. Of the fifty-four regulars nearly one-half were killed in this "Chicago massacre," together with twelve settlers acting as militiamen, two women, twelve children, the post surgeon, the interpreter, and an ensign. The remainder of the troops, with the women and a few surviving children, were made captive and distributed among the tribes for labor. A spirited group in bronze erected on the scene represents the rescue of Mrs. Helm by the Black Partridge, a friendly Indian. News of this attack was carried to Detroit a fortnight afterward by a Pottawatomie Indian. Seven days later it had reached Fort Erie by boat, and thence was taken to Buffalo, where it appeared under the headline "Fall of Fort Dearborn." In October it was copied in Niles's Weekly Register at Baltimore under the general head of "Events of the War." Such was the news service of that day.

The pacification of the Indians at the close of the war of 1812 allowed the traders to return to the Chicago River, a company of troops following in 1816 to protect them. The fort and many adjacent buildings had been burned by the Indians on the day following the massacre. The fort was rebuilt on the former site, but on different lines. It was now garrisoned from the western division of the army, whose headquarters were at St. Louis. The Indian trade at Chicago speedily revived. During 1817 and 1818 the government factor purchased the skins of 161 deer, 71 beavers, 1172 raccoons, 25,627 muskrats, and 16 foxes. But as yet there was no promise of the future city. When the fort was temporarily evacuated in 1825, in accord with the policy of garrisoning posts farther

West, there were probably not a half-dozen houses within a radius of a mile of the mouth of the Chicago River.

In 1831 the Black Hawk war brought General Scott with a large body of troops by water to rendezvous at Fort Dearborn. The vigorous report which the general sent to the authorities at Washington when he found it impossible to bring his vessels into the river no doubt aided in securing from Congress in 1833 the first appropriation for converting the river into a safe harbor.

This first gift from the national government, although only \$25,000, inaugurated the third stage of Chicago's history, the commercial era. Further appropriations were added from time to time to complete the work. Over four millions of dollars have thus far been given to widen, deepen, and straighten the river and to convert it into a magnificent harbor. Where formerly wreckage of adventurous vessels strewed the lake shore at certain seasons, commerce now finds a hospitable entrance, safeguarded in every possible manner, and a channel which leads to immense docks and elevators where the soldiers from old Fort Dearborn once mingled with traders, half-breeds, and squaws.

Vast buildings devoted to the wholesale trade tower in air, and freight-cars are shunted over terminal tracks where once stood the stockade and the garden of old Fort Dearborn.

During the present week Chicago will celebrate the centennial anniversary of the building of the fort. A band of Indians has been imported to give the desirable aboriginal aspect to the affair, and a company of regulars from Fort Sheridan represents the military feature. Tablets at various places inform the public of the historic past, and illustrated lectures in the school buildings will instruct both youth and adult in the early history of the city of Chicago.



The Site of Fort Dearborn as it looks To-day—an important Section of Chicago's Commercial District



**"The Rogers Brothers in London"**

Mr. Max and Mr. Gus Rogers, who are playing at the Knickerbocker Theatre in J. F. McVail's new musical farce, are pictured in scene with a brief melody of song and movement, such are picturesque plots, the scenes of which are laid on an ocean liner, in London, and finally in New York.



**Miss Annie Irish in "Ben-Hur"**

This Irish plays the important part of "Jes," the Egyptian eunuch, in the elaborate revival of "Ben-Hur" which Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger are giving at the New York Theatre. The cast in an important one, including Frank M. Irish, Messrs. Harry Woodell, Charles Mackay, and J. F. Dodson.



**Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Paul Arthur in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce"**

Mrs. Langtry returns to the New York stage this season in a comedy of merriment by Peter Frohly, an English playwright. The action of the piece turns on "Mrs. Deering's" love for her divorced husband. The latter has engaged himself to a rich and widely-spread, with no regard for former wife, she serves a beautiful youth who has become enamored with her. Neither at the divorce, however, is satisfied with the new matrimonial prospect. They discover that they are very well suited to one another, after all, and followed a scene of reconciliation, which takes place accidentally at a fashionable dressmaking establishment, the end of the play finds them reunited.

## THE DRAMA IN NEW YORK



**MISS JULIA DEAN**

*Miss Dean, who is to have an important part in "Aleg," the new play in which Yveta Tolley is to star this season, was leading woman with Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott last winter. Previous to that she played leading roles in the permanent stock company at Honolulu, H. I.*



### A SIGNIFICANT GERMAN STATUE

*The German sculptor Gustave Eberlein has recently finished an important statuary group, giving expression to a new and enlightened attitude toward France on the part of Germany. The statue is entitled "Ein Kulturideal," and symbolizes the invitation of the Fatherland to the French republic to advance with it in the interests of humanity. The heroic male figure representing Germany is crushing under foot the evil spirit of prejudice and animosity.*



### NEWS ITEMS INTERPRETED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

1. "A New York philanthropist endows a hospital for homeless cats." 2. "The Dentists' Trust—No patient treated before looking up his record." 3. "Society adopts a new fashion in 'cross-country hunting.'" 4. "New use for X-rays—Gold coins swallowed by Japanese mist employer found by the new process." 5. "Manicurean outdoors—A Jersey sportsman kills twenty-five at a shot." 6. "Suggestion for photographing football celebrities on the field."

# Correspondence

CONCERNING MUSICAL PROGRAMMES

FOR ROOSEVELT

CHARLESTON, S. C., August 24, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—As an admirer of "The Journal of Civilization," I beg to thank you for your superb review on the retirement of General Nelson Appleton Miles. I am satisfied the best Americans of both parties heartily agree with your views on the retiring general: but at the same time disapprove and condemn your attacks on Executive Roosevelt. Roosevelt is alone and ahead of his party. His record as a soldier and statesman is so gloriously immortal, regardless of his party's next convention, also of the result in November, 1904. It is the belief of many good Democrats here that President Roosevelt will be returned to the highest position on earth by a larger, not a smaller vote than was ever given by a larger body. And it is more conceded by all business men that the greatest menace to all business is national elections every four years, instead of once in eight years. Why not advocate this for the good of all Americans. These sentiments are those of a life-long Democrat, one who puts his country's interests above his party's success.

I am, sir,

JESSE CLEVELAND.

## NO RACE PROBLEM

ANNAPOLIS, MD., August 23, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—During the past year or two it has been very interesting to note how the North and South have joined together in an effort to solve the race problem. With this object in view, HARPER'S has been more diligent than any other magazine. It is a mistake to assume that the South should settle this question altogether without aid. The two sections see the danger from the standpoint of aid and suggestions are made by extreme ignorance of the conditions or by partisanship will not be rejected by the South without due consideration.

It is also a mistake to assume that we young men of the South show indifference as to whether the negro obtains his rights or not. In all Southern colleges and universities this is a favorite study in both classroom and debating society. It is true that young Southern men are just as firm and steady in their faiths and beliefs as their fathers ever were, but no one can arouse these same young men, or their fathers either, not being broad-minded and democratic enough to assist a struggling helpless race, so long as that race keeps within the limits an all-wise Providence provided for it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has dealt with the matter with broad American spirit, and should all the papers follow your lead something might be accomplished. No doubt agitators in Boston picture all Southern white men as frenzied looters with a horsewhip in one hand and a revolver in the other, at the same time resting one foot on the neck of the black man. Yet this is an unkind cartoon, and the artist who drew it never saw the South.

But the South has never relinquished the views she always held with regard to the negro. In those old days, when the races began to mingle, the forefathers of the white man began to build up a higher civilization, along with his mechanical devices, and he cultivated higher conceptions of life. The black man lacking the resourcefulness and mental ability of either Greek or Roman went to the jungles and began to deteriorate. He was finally taken out of this savage state for commercial purposes, and was later placed on an equal footing in plane with his white brother. In the first place he lacked the white man's resourcefulness and higher social and psychical conceptions, and in the second place, he had been made helpless by centuries of stagnation. After a long period in the dark medium transition to the light lands, now it is to be expected, then, that the negro can take an equal plane with the white man?

Now that the devastating result of sudden total emancipation has passed, even the most radical portion in the South acknowledges that slavery in its worst form was a different thing, and it will never be recognized in the North. Dr. Crum has said that the negro will become so populous that in time they will rule in the South. When such a state of affairs exists no firing line exists between the Southern men who fought at Kings Mountain and at Gettysburg will be alive.

Since the atrocious errors that have recently been committed in the North and the invariable results, Northern editors have come to realize that there are two sides to this question. It is worthy of remark, too, how the North has come to consider the problem in a more impartial manner and how she has silenced the Boston agitators who would not let even Booker Washington speak quietly and peacefully.

The ignorant and the partisan are certainly incompetent arbitrators, whether they live in Boston or South Carolina. The question must be settled by fair-minded men—men who have pride of race, but who are broad-minded and democratic enough to see the right thing by a simple right people. And since no action of this great united union can be believed or brought to accept any distasteful condition, the question must be settled to the satisfaction of all sections and races concerned.

In a country which has produced at various intervals a Washington, a Lincoln, a Lee, a Grady, and a McKinley is the settlement of the problem beyond the ability of its statesmen?

I am, sir,

FLETCHER CHESAULCE.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., August 20, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Your correspondent, with the volubence so common and so unconvincing in musical criticism, object to degrading a good programme by admitting popular pieces. But will they not admit that we have a little superior music admitted into popular programmes? Why not set people who do not care for the best learn to care for it by learning what it is? Didn't we all have to do so? When we were children how barbarous a taste we had as to what we listened to and sound. I wonder what kind of us, possessed of a piano, look in his school-books with the flaring colors that he liked best. Or who of us, for all our classical taste as grown-ups, didn't we stand in front of a street organ as long as it would staid, or follow any brass band that ran back to Theodore Thomas's popular concert in Central Park garden, or all around through the land? And have they forgotten how he beguiled the untutored into taste for good music by giving them bits from symphonies and operas by the great composers? Goodness, your taste of music is respected in any company, if it doesn't seek to elbow off the platform less pretentious songs and dances. It is thus that the public taste in worship-music has been extensively improved.

I am, sir,

A HYMNAL EDITOR.

## THADDEUS STEVENS

LANCASTER, Pa., August 21, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—In the August HARPER'S WEEKLY you comment upon Mr. Bryer's expression in his volume of biographical studies, "Finally, he had the great advantage of living long." He evidently refers to Gladstone. In your very learned critical comment upon the thought-ladenness in the generation, give John ment upon the thought-ladenness which great profit resulted from longevity. Bright as an instance where great profit resulted from longevity. That is perfectly in accordance with the facts in his case. But the strongest case of the kind history ever produced was our fellow citizen Thaddeus Stevens, the emancipator. He was an abolitionist and abhorred for his advocacy of anti-slavery doctrines. The fulfillment of his policy and his honors came in the last ten years of his life. His vindication came with overwhelming final results. It was greatest of all, because the subject-matter that he produced it was the greatest that ever transpired in the world's history. There never existed any man, in ancient or modern times, whose ambition and labors had so magnificent a vindication as those of the "Old Comrade." He lived here and we were his honor, and we revere his memory and we are ever cherishing his name and distinction for him. The Christian war and our civil war and results hardly bear comparison.

I am, sir,

AND M. FRANTZ.

## MARRIAGE AND TOBACCO

RADON, N. C., August 20, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—It is possible to resist an impulse again and again, only to have it "bop up severely" later so big and so strong that it "wangles us." Your columns are generously open for the discussion of interesting topics, and certain of us have long been hoping to hear from a woman who retains her sisters, well equipped by nature and art for the success of a tobacco habit, and children should fit themselves for independence, and, seemingly happy therein, refuse seriously to consider matrimony.

Here one reason. Twenty-five years ago the most fastidious women married men already wedded to the tobacco habit and tried to believe, as a few still declare, that they "liked the odor of a good cigar." Of recent years women have taken up physical culture, with all that it means of building the temple of the indolent God well and keeping it pure. This has by imperceptible degrees made them fastidious to a new fastidiousness. A man seldom with a taste tobacco can escape inconvenience and disgust to a number of his feminine (and some masculine) neighbors in church or hall, and it is no wonder that now who would not dream of defiling herself with such an odious habit should decline the reality by proxy.

We have all heard smokers say that intricate business programmes become readily soluble during the smoking of several cigars, and the temptation is almost irresistible to ask if they would like their wives and daughters to solve their problems by the same means. Who knows—perhaps if the women smoked freely some solution of the severest problem might come to 'em? Will not the wives of smokers try what seems to be the only untrodden path? Permit me in closing to thank you for the enlightenment and pleasure your columns give us, with the horrors of crime, with which the dailies teem, left out. They contain all of politics that a busy woman needs, so well stated that every line is interesting. Your writers are all experts. I have read the HARPER'S WEEKLY for several years, and have contracted the HARPER habit, and cannot be quite happily without all three.

I am, sir,

G. E. S.





# LETTERS OF MARQUE

ISSUED UNDER SEAL OF THE KINGDOM  
OF BOHEMIA TO ESPER INDIMAN, ESQ.

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

## The Adventure of the "Private Letter-Box"

I HAD agreed to meet Esper Indiman at the Ullman and dine there. The weather had turned cold again, for it was the middle of our chargeable March, and the draperies in the common room of the club was leaped high with hickory logs, a cheerful sight, were it not for that odious motto, "Non Possumus," graven over the mantel-shelf where it most inevitably met every eye. Never could I read it without a tightening of my heartstrings; a very potency of blighting evil seems to speak in the mournful words.

There were but two or three club members in the room, one of them the young Mr. Sydenham, who had attracted my attention once or twice before by the insidious slyness of his face. A more boy, too, hardly five and twenty at the most. He sat in a big chair, a magazine with its leaves rustling in his lap. For an hour or more he had not stirred; then he rang for a servant, directing him to inquire for any mail that might have come in the afternoon delivery. Nothing for Mr. Sydenham was the report, and again the young man relaxed into his melancholy musing. An hour later, and just after Indiman had joined me, Mr. Sydenham repeated his inquiry about his letters, receiving the same negative answer—Nothing for Mr. Sydenham. Evidently the disappointment was not unexpected, but it was none the less a bitter one. With a sigh which he hardly attempted to stifle, the young man took up his secret magazine and made a pretense at examining its contents; I watched him with a lively but silent pity; any active sympathy might have seemed obtrusive.

A servant stood at the young man's elbow holding a salver on which lay a mixture of some sort, a telegraphic message, to judge by the flimsy, buff envelope.

"Telegram, sir," said the man at length. "For Mr. Sydenham; yes, sir, will you sign for it?"

The boy turned slowly, and there was a sick horror in his eyes that made me feel cold. He signed the book and took the message from the salver, apparently acting against a sense of the most intense repulsion, and for all that unable to help himself. The message open in his hand he did not seem to concern himself overmuch with its possible import; presently the envelope fell from his inert fingers and fluttered down at Indiman's feet. The latter picked it up and handed it to the young man, who thanked him in a voice barely audible.

"The man is waiting to see if there is any answer," suggested Indiman, quietly.

Mr. Sydenham started, colored deeply, and tore open the envelope. He read the message through carefully, then pressed it for a second and a third time, and sat motionless, staring into vacancy.

Indiman leaned forward. "Well?" he said, sharply.

The young man looked up; the cold confidence of Indiman's gaze seemed suddenly to inspire in him a feeling of trust; he took the risk; he handed the message to Indiman. "What answer would you advise me to give?" he said.

The message contained these words:

"The Empire State Express passes the Fifth-third Street bridge at 8:35 o'clock to-morrow morning. Is life more than honor?"

Indiman looked at me, then he rose and took Mr. Sydenham by the arm. "Let us go into the card-room," he said, quietly. "Thorpe, will you come?"

The young man's story was very simple. He had held until lately the position of cashier in the firm of Sandford & Sande, stock-brokers. On January 12 a shortage of fifty thousand dollars had been discovered in his books. Mr. Sandford being an intimate friend of the elder Sydenham had declined to prosecute. That was all.

"Let us proceed frankly, Mr. Sydenham," said Indiman.

"Did you take the money?"

"I am beginning to think so," answered the young man dully.

"Come," said Indiman, encouragingly, "that does not sound like a confession of guilt. Don't you know?"

Mr. Sydenham shook his head. "I can't tell you," he answered, hopefully. "My accounts were in perfect order up to January 16, when I discovered that our bank balance showed a discrepancy of \$30,000. I covered it over for the time, hoping to find the source of the error. Five days later I told Mr. Sandford. The money was gone, and that was all that I could say."

"Let us recall the events of January 5. Did you make your regular deposit that day and where?"

"We keep our account at the Bank of Commerce. But that afternoon I overlooked a package of bills in two denominations. I sent another messenger over to the bank, but it was after three o'clock and the deposit was refused. The boy brought the money back to me—the package contained \$30,000."

"And then?"

"I don't know. I might have locked it up in our own safe or carried it home with me or pitched it out of the window. It is all a blank."

"Did you stay at the office later than usual that day?"

"Yes; I was busy with some of Mr. Sandford's private affairs, and that delayed me until all the others had gone. I left about five o'clock."

"And now who is V. S. I. Pardon me, but the question is necessary."

"Miss Valentine Sandford—Mr. Sandford's daughter. I was engaged to be married to her."

"I had asked and been refused. Then that very day she sent me a telegram. It contained the stilet word 'yes,' and was signed by her initials. It came at the same moment that the messenger brought back the money from the bank."

"And it is the same V. K. who sends this message?" asked Indiman, something out the telegraphic blank which he held in his hand.

The young man took a bundle of papers from his breast pocket. They were all telegraphic messages, and each was a suggestion towards self-destruction in one form or another. "Suicide's corner" at Niagara, poison, the rope—all couched in language of Satanic ingenuity fit immundo, and ending in every instance with the expression, "Is life more than honor?" Answer, V. S. I.

"I have had at least one every day," said the young man. "Sometimes two or three. Generally in the morning, but they also come at any hour."

"And Miss Sandford?"

"I write and tell her of my terrible misfortune, released her from the unannounced engagement, and begged her to believe in me until I could clear myself. I have not seen her since the fatal day of the 15th of January."

"And you have received from her only these—these messages?"

"That is all."

"And you think they come from her?"

"No; or I should have killed myself long ago. But there are days when I do take a tight hold on myself; to-day is one of them," he said, very simply.

"Mr. Sydenham," said Indiman, solemnly. "I now know you to be an innocent man. Had it been otherwise you would long since have stumbled under this mysterious and terrible pressure."

"I am innocent," repeated the young man. "But to prove it?"

"It shall be proved."

"The money?"

"It shall be found."

"Through whom?"

"Yourself. A simple lapse of memory is the undoubted explanation. The gap must be bridged, that is all. Will you put yourself in my hands?"

"I am ready."

"Good! I desire then that you should return to your home





dashed away. Sydenham looked again at the sprig of hellebore; he pressed it passionately in his lips. Then carefully placing it in his pocket-book, he began an examination of the papers left by Mr. Sandford. The clock struck three.

The clerk Alden re-entered. "They wouldn't take it," he said, and handed the package of bills to Sydenham. "Oh, very well," said the cashier, absently, "I'll take care of it. That's all, Alden; you can go."

For an hour or more Sydenham worked steadily. Then, gathering the papers together, he rose, took off his office-coat, and began making preparations to depart. There he came into Mr. Sandford's private office, where he was sitting, but apparently he did not notice our presence. Indiana gripped my hand hard. "Going splendidly," he whispered.

The cashier put on his hat and top-coat. The legal papers were carefully stowed in an inside pocket, and he was about to close down his roll-top desk when the package of bankbills met his eye. He frowned perceptibly; then picking up the bundle he dropped it into the same pocket with the papers belonging to Mr. Sandford. He went out, closing the door behind him.

We followed as quickly as we could, but this time luck was against us—Sydenham had disappeared.

"To the safe deposit company," said Indiana, and we jumped into a hansom. Mr. Sandford was there, and we waited impatiently for Sydenham's appearance; it was the only chance of again picking up the lost trail.

There he came, walking slowly up Nassau Street, in a manner a trifle preoccupied and his eyes bent on the pavement. Opposite the safe deposit company he stopped and thrust one hand into an inner pocket. He took it away empty, and a terrible change came over his face. With a quick movement he drew out the bundle of banknotes and regarded it anxiously. A cry burst from his lips; he reeled and fell, the money still clutched in his hand.

Instantly we were at his side. A coach was at hand, and we got him into it, and directed the driver to proceed to Indiana's lodgings. The attack had been but a momentary one, and Sydenham revived as we turned out of Park Row. He looked at us, then at the money in his hand.

"It has failed," he said, brokenly, and none of us could say a word. "I came to myself," continued Sydenham, with forced calmness; "there in Nassau Street; it was as though I had awoken from a dream. The money—it was in my hand. I stood before the world, a self-convicted thief. I think you; you have done your best, but it is useless." He passed the money to Mr. Sandford; mechanically his hand went to the inside breast-pocket of his overcoat; he drew out the package of legal papers bearing Mr. Sandford's name. "But—but," he stammered, "I don't understand—I left these in your box at the safe deposit company."

"To be sure you did," answered Indiana, coolly. He pulled the clerk-card. "Drive back to the safe deposit," he called to the hackman.

"Now, then," said Indiana, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone, "will you tell me the conditions under which you had access to Mr. Sandford's vault. Of course your name as an authorized agent of Mr. Sandford was on the company's books. You had your pass-key, of course?"

"No," said Mr. Sandford. "There was but one pass-key, and

that I kept myself. When Mr. Sydenham had any business to do for me at the safe-deposit vaults I would let him have the key temporarily."

"You gave it to him on that particular day, the 9th of January?" continued Indiana.

"Yes."

"Where is it now?" almost shouted Indiana.

"Here," said Mr. Sandford, in surprise. "On my key-ring." "Exactly. There is the broken link in our psychological chain. When Mr. Sydenham felt for the pass-key, which should have been in his pocket, he discovered that it was missing. Instantly, the continuity of events was broken, the solid link necessarily was again submerged, and Mr. Sydenham's normal consciousness was re-established. Mr. Sandford, you are perfectly aware of the fact that these legal papers were properly deposited in your vault, and that the pass-key was returned to you by Mr. Sydenham on the morning of January 10. Gentlemen, it is evident that we shall find the original fifty thousand dollars lying in Mr. Sandford's strong-box, where it was left by Mr. Sydenham on the afternoon of January 9."

I noticed that I was mightily excited when the moment came to test the correctness of Indiana's deductions. We were shown into a private room, and, under Mr. Sandford's eye, the treasure-box belonging to him was carried in and opened. Almost at the bottom lay a long brown mailing envelope fastened with three red rubber bands. It contained fifty one-thousand-dollar bills.

"I noticed that envelope several times," explained Mr. Sandford, "but supposed it contained some mixing stock. You see here is another envelope identical in appearance and lying directly beneath it. Mr. Sydenham never suggested even that he might have left the missing money in my safe-deposit vault."

"It never occurred to me that I could have done so," said Sydenham. "I remembered making a deposit of the papers—but the money, no, I had no recollection of having seen or touched it from the moment that Alden brought it back from the bank and laid it on my desk."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Sandford, "I am indebted to you for speak of that again. Where can I put you down?"

But Indiana declined to re-enter the coach, pleading some further business downtown, and of course I remained with him. The carriage was about to drive off when Indiana put up his hand.

"How stupid of me!" he exclaimed. "I had almost forgotten." He took from the pocket of his overcoat a rather bulky package and handed it to young Mr. Sydenham. "They'll explain themselves," he said, smiling. The coach rolled away.

"The missing letters from V. R.," said Indiana, in answer to my look of inquiry. "As average of two a day, and all addressed to him at the Utinam. Well, what was the poor girl to do? The young fool had changed his lodgings and put up his hand, every possible trace of his whereabouts. All Miss Sandford had to go on was the bare intimation that he could be addressed at the Utinam Club. She might as well have posted her communications in the North River."

"I don't follow you."

"Two days ago I put a dummy letter addressed in Sydenham in his private lock-box at the Utinam. I had promised, you know,



He reeled and fell, the money still clutched in his hand

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to send him on his mail if he would keep away from the club, and accordingly I laid the key of the letter box in my possession. Ten minutes later I went again to the box and it was empty—that is, you could see distinctly from one end of the box to the other, and it was absolutely bare."  
"A duplicate key, of course."  
"Not at all. It is only a stupid person who descends to crime—except as a last resort."  
"Well, then?"  
"Did you ever attend any of the exhibitions at the old Egyptian Hall? One of the favorite illusions was the trick cabinet in which the performer seated himself in full view of the spectators. The doors would be closed for an instant, and then, when reopened, the man had disappeared. The full interior of the cabinet was plainly visible: it stood on legs, which precluded the idea of a trap-door, and it was inconceivably shown that grooves from the back, top, or sides was impossible."  
"Yet the performer was gone?"  
"I said that the cabinet appeared to be empty—quite another thing."  
"Go on."  
"It was a simple arrangement of photographic mirrors fitting closely at the sides and backed by the disintegrating paper of mill paper with which the rest of the cabinet was covered. Immediately that the doors were closed, the performer drew these false sides outward, so that they met and crossed at the doors of an acute angle. The false-side walls were thereby exposed, and, of course, they were papered to correspond with the rest of the interior. Their reflection was doubled in the mirrors, making it appear to the observer that the whole cabinet was open to his vision. The truth was that he saw only half of it, the performer being concealed behind the mirrors. The only possible point at which the illusion could be detected was the angle where the mirrors joined, and this was masked by the centre post at which the double doors met. To conclude the trick, the doors were again closed, the performer swung the mirrors back into place, and presto! he was back in the cabinet, smiling graciously at the gaping crowd."  
"Then you think—"  
"I know. Look box No. 82 was constructed on the same principle in miniature, the letter still being placed in such a position that anything deposited in the box fell behind the mirrors, the whole interior remaining visible through the glass front and apparently empty. The owner of the box would naturally glance into it before actually using his passkey. Obviously, it was a waste of time to go through the form of opening an empty box, and so poor Sidenham never got any of the letters that were daily deposited there, for the box is a large one and the secret place behind the mirrors was almost full. The artifice of unhooking the box operated upon an interior mechanism that swung back the mirrors at the same instant that the door was pulled open. After seeing my dummy disappear, I tried the experiment, and was amply rewarded."  
"You still reach more to tell. When I saw the letters lying there I knew that it was all right so far as the girl was concerned, but only to acquiesce Miss Sandford with the circumstances in the case to secure her further co-operation, for, of course, she had never ceased to believe in her honor. She prepared and sent the message which you saw delivered to Sidenham in Sandford's office this afternoon."  
"But it was not the same as the one received for him on the actual January 3. That contained a word, 'yes,' and was signed by her initials; this second one consisted simply of a speck of holotropic."  
"Do you understand the language of flowers?" The holotropic means, 'Je t'aime,' and Sidenham understood it instantly, as you saw."  
"Yes, but why?"  
"To repeat the original message would not have impressed him as I wished; it would simply have seemed part of the illusion which he knew perfectly well we were endeavoring to create. The problem was to suddenly startle him by a real communication from V. N. and, above all, to have it of such a nature as to convince him that the cloud between them had finally lifted. Now

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without trust and confidence, true love is impossible. The message of the angel of hellfire told him all that he had been hungering and longing to hear throughout these terrible two months; the shock was sufficient to drive the normal consciousness from its seat and permit the subliminal self to take control. In other words, it practically put him back in the identical mental mood of the afternoon of January 6, and that was the crucial point of the whole experiment. Anything more?"

"Who sent the false telegrams?"  
"Of course you would ask that; I don't know."  
"Such a monstrous wickedness! It is inconceivable."

"Yes, unless we admit the existence of a spirit of pure malice—of an intelligence working out a plot so inhuman as to drive an innocent man to self-destruction for no other motive than that of doing evil for evil's sake. That such an intelligence has been active in this case is certain, or how explain the content of the letter-box, a necessary factor in the problem, as you will admit."

"But you don't know."  
"Not yet," answered my friend Indiman.

We dined down-town that evening, and it was about nine o'clock when we called a hack—coach as it started home-ward. As we drove on up the Bowery an illuminated transparency caught our eyes.

"Fair and Razor," read Indiman. "Benefactor of the United Housewives' Benevolent Association. What is a housewife, Therp? Evidently we will have to go and find out for ourselves." He pulled the check-book and gave the driver the new direction. Pure foolishness, of course, but Indiman was not to be put out of his humor.

Up one flight of stairs to a large, low-ceilinged hall that was jammed to suffocation. A score of gaily trimmed booths wherein were displayed various articles of feminine fallals and cheap bric-a-brac, each presided over by a lady housewife. "Or should it be housewife-hunt?" asked Indiman. "Hullo! What's this?"

Behind a long counter covered with red paper muslin sat a dozen young women of more or less pronounced personal charms, and a huge placard announced that houses were on sale at the uniform price of fifty cents, "take your own choice." Smaller cards bore the various cognomens assumed for the occasion by the fair vendors of pecuniary delights. "Cleanpairs." "The Fair One with Golden Locks," "Kathleen Mac-vornmen." "Punchboats," or more simply, albino and less mysteriously, "Miss A. B.," or "Mademoiselle N." Of course, each and dressed the part as neatly as might be, and the exhibition was certainly attractive to the masculine eye. In questionable taste, no doubt, but one does not stand upon trifles when it is all for sweet charity's sake.

"My dear Therp," said Indiman, with the utmost gravity, "have you half a dollar in your pocket? Therp, come with me, and harketh will be lamed and returned to me very through the crowd until we reached the long counter covered with red paper muslin.

Here the "Adventure of the Private Letter-Box" ends and that of the "Twenty-and-Nine Kisses" begins.

### How Bulgaria Trains Leaders for the Macedonian Cause

See page 1843

During the middle centuries Bulgaria was one of the strong and prosperous kingdoms of the Balkan Peninsula, ruling over an extensive area, and inhabited by a large population. Her borders touched the Black Sea, the Aegean, and the Adriatic. The remembrance of the glory of her emperors—Kroem, Asen, and Simeon—still thrills the Bulgarian heart with pride. It was Czar Simeon who led his victorious armies to the very walls of Constantinople, and it was of his line that Gildan says, "Bulgaria assumed a rank among the civilized powers of the earth." But Turkey divided to have possession of the Balkan Peninsula. After

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conquering other nations, she succeeded in capturing the hornie Bulgarians, whom she kept under her despotic rule for five hundred years. When the intolerable sufferings of this Christian nation under its Moslem oppressors finally attracted the sympathy of the world, Russia came to its help in 1877 and secured its autonomy by the Treaty of Berlin, the next year.

Bulgaria is now only a small principality of 48,500 square miles, and a population of 2,310,000; yet she is free enough again to be free, and to enjoy her own national rights.

**What the Academy is**

The National Military Academy was founded in 1878 at Sophia, the capital, with Major Bolekine, a Russian, as its director. The number of cadets in attendance formerly averaged four hundred, but in latter years has increased to five hundred. The course of the school covers four years, and the cadets, after graduating and serving for several years in the army, are free to go and continue their military education in any of the several other European academies selected for this purpose by the Bulgarian government.

The school has thirty-four teachers, of whom twenty-three are military men and eleven civilians. Some of the best-educated and most talented Bulgarians are among the teachers. In the beginning of the fourth year of the course the graduating class is divided into two sections. Those with the highest marks in mathematics are taken for the artillery, and the remainder prepare to enter other branches of the army—infantry, cavalry, or pioneer corps.

**Two Thousand Graduates**

Officers graduated from this school can attain any rank in the Bulgarian army for which their audacity and efficiency fit them. Some of the most capable officers of high rank at the present time have had only the military education which they received in the Academy. In the twenty-five years since it was established, the Academy has sent out upwards of two thousand graduates. Its present director is General Ieff, who succeeded Colonel Soreff when the latter was chosen Minister of War, early in the present year. He was himself a graduate of the institution of which he now becomes chief.

**Leaders for the Revolution**

Of the more than two thousand officers who have graduated from the Academy, six hundred are from Macedonia; many of these are at present bearing hardships and fearful dangers as leaders of the revolt in their native land against Turkey. General Tschouff, vice-president of the Macedonia Revolutionary Committee, and Colonel Tschouff, who in September of last year proclaimed the revolution, both of whom are taking a prominent part in the terrible struggle for liberty now being waged in Macedonia, received their military training entirely in the Academy at Sophia.

**A Case of Defective Memory**

An anecdote which has lately been going the rounds in British official circles concerns the memorable experience of a certain member of Parliament during the last year of Queen Victoria's reign. The distressing incident in question is not one of those which are most firmly convinced of the benefits of total abstinence, and the evading of a certain public function at which royalty was to be present found him in a condition which would not have been edifying to the supporters of that movement. The late Queen was receiving the guests of honor, and it was necessary that the member in question should be presented with the toast. As he approached his sovereign, Victoria extended her hand for him to kiss. But he did not kiss it; instead, he grasped and shook it with vigorous enthusiasm, while he scrutinized her face with grave perplexity. "Very face, madam," he observed, "is perfectly familiar to me, and I'm blessed if I can remember your name!"

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

New York, Saturday, October 3, 1903

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## COMMENT

As in the autumn of 1896, so at this time, the eyes of politicians are fixed upon Ohio. Should the Democrats carry the Legislature, or even make great gains over the vote cast by them in recent years, they would be encouraged to make a concerted and energetic campaign in all the doubtful States next year. Nor would such an incident tend, as might at first sight be supposed, to strengthen the influence of the Bryan-Johnson element in the party. Such an inference would be refuted by the fact that Mr. John H. Clarke, an avowed Gold Democrat, was nominated for United States Senator by the Democratic State convention, and was unanimously accepted by Mr. Bryan. Any marked gains, therefore, at the ballot-box would be attributed to a thorough reconciliation of Gold and Silver Democrats. It would follow that if such a reconciliation could be effected in Ohio, where the Silver Democrats have been rampant and resentful, it could be more easily effected in Indiana, as well as in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

Mr. Clarke has shown sagacity in selecting the issues on which his campaign is based. About the free coinage of silver at the rate of sixteen to one he naturally says nothing; and Mayor Johnson, the candidate for Governor, maintains an equally judicious reticence. That issue they justly regard as dead. Neither are we surprised to see that Mr. Clarke, who is an eminent lawyer, refrains from an attempt to narrow the equity powers of our judiciary by vague declamation against "Government by Injunction." He would far rather, on the platform, and we may be quite sure, therefore, that his Republican competitor for a seat in the United States Senate will decline the invitation to meet him in joint debate. The only Ohio Republican who could cope with Mr. Clark upon the platform would be Senator Foraker. In his speech at Chillicothe on September 19 he did his best to shield his colleague by declaring that the only joint debate of interest would be one between John H. Clarke of 1903 and John H. Clarke of 1896. He thinks that it will keep the former busy until election day is gone to answer the latter. He adroitly admits that the John H. Clarke of 1896 was a very

able and vigorous man, who said in a vigorous and forcible way a great many things that nobody has ever yet answered. That is true.

In Kentucky some of the Gold Democrats are disposed this year to support Colonel Morris Bellman, the Republican candidate for Governor, and there is no doubt that the Republicans will make a desperate effort to carry the State. It will be remembered that Mr. McKinley carried Kentucky in 1896, though by a plurality of less than three hundred, and that Mr. Bryan obtained in 1900 a plurality of less than eight thousand. In view of these facts it would be idle to deny that the State is a battleground, but we do not believe that it will go Republican this year or next. In Colorado the Democrats at their State convention followed the example set by Nebraska and Ohio and reaffirmed the Kansas City platform, free silver and all. This performance is no more significant than would be the news that the Dutch had taken Holland. Colorado, it will be recalled, gave Mr. Bryan a plurality of nearly 135,000 in 1896, and almost 30,000 four years later. It is true that in 1902 the Republicans regained control of some State offices, but not of the Legislature, and therefore failed to prevent the re-election of United States Senator Teller. The offices to be filled this year are of no great importance, and the Republicans possibly may secure them, for only a small aggregate vote is likely to be polled. It is improbable that, under any circumstances, the five electoral votes of Colorado will go in 1904 to the Republican nominee for the Presidency. What is true of Colorado is true also of Montana. Mr. Bryan carried that State in 1896 by upwards of 32,000 plurality, and in 1900 by nearly 12,000. It still looks as if its three electoral votes would be counted for the Democratic nominee next year.

In Maryland Mr. Edwin Warfield has been nominated for Governor by the Democratic State convention. He is a man of high character, and has set his face inflexibly against the corrupt use of money at elections. He has not been in public life since 1896, when he retired from the post of Surveyor of the Port of Baltimore, to which he had been appointed by President Cleveland. The nomination of such a man bears witness to Senator Gorman's wisdom, as also does his refusal to permit the Maryland Democratic convention to put forward his name as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency next year. He knows that he has some personal enemies among the Democrats of his State, and that it is of the utmost importance to his own prospects that their support of the State ticket this year should not be lukewarm. He is also aware that, as he controls the machinery of his party in his State, he can command Maryland's endorsement of his candidacy for the Presidency whenever he wants it. In the Democratic national convention the delegates from Maryland will support any candidate whom the Senator prefers. We add that, outside of his own delegation, Senator Gorman is likely to wield a weighty, though scarcely decisive, influence on the choice of the national convention.

Does Senator Gorman want the nomination for the Presidency, and could he get it if he did? The latter question is answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative by Mr. Clark Howell, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, who should be in a position to know the feeling of his party leaders in the Southern and Eastern States with reference to the head of the Democratic minority in the United States Senate. Mr. Howell is mistaken in assuming that the Cleveland and Bryan wings of the party could be united better on Mr. Gorman than on any one else. Mr. Bryan has distinctly in-

limited that under no circumstances would he and his friends except the Maryland Senator. In view of their probable defection, Mr. Gorman had not hope to carry any one of the four doubtful States north of Mason and Dixon's line. Mr. Gorman would rather be a king-maker than an abortive pretender to the crown. Like a large majority of the Southern delegates to the convention, he is likely to leave the designation of the nominee to the doubtful States of the North.

Mr. Howell, indeed, concedes that the voice of New York will be more potential with the Southern Democrats than will that of any other State. He adds that if New York should put forward Chief Judge Parker, the South would support him. But what if New York and New Jersey should present the name of ex-President Cleveland—a contingency at least conceivable? Mr. Howell answers that the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, if such a thing were possible, would totally disrupt the Democratic organization in two-thirds of other Southern States, not to speak of the Western and other States. "Disrupt" is an alarming word, but what does it amount to when closely scrutinized? It is no doubt possible that the nomination of Mr. Cleveland might split the Democratic organization in the trans-Mississippi States, but there are only two of them, Colorado and Montana, with eight electoral votes between them, that any Democratic candidate would have much chance of carrying. As for the former slave States, Mr. Howell knows, as well as we know, that though there might be some talk of disaffection before election day, Mr. Cleveland would sweep every one of them, with the possible exception of West Virginia and Delaware. Neither have we any doubt that he could come nearer to carrying the two States just named than could any other nominee of the Democracy. We come, then, to the crucial question concerning our information is, perhaps, as trustworthy as Mr. Howell's—the question, namely, could Mr. Cleveland carry the States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana? We answer that if he is unable to carry those four States, there is no living Democrat who can. In any one of those four States any possible disaffection on the part of the Bryanite element would be far more than counterbalanced by votes gained from those Republicans who look with distrust upon Mr. Roosevelt.

It is many years since so able a speech was made by a Republican statesman as that which was delivered on September 19 by Senator Foraker at Chillicothe, Ohio. We do not believe that any other Republican now living could equal it. Senator Foraker, by the way, stood in the foreground of politics when Mr. McKinley was unheard of, and we venture the prediction that he will still be conspicuous when Mr. Roosevelt shall have retired to private life. In the speech to which we refer, Senator Foraker rendered a service to his country, for there were passages in which he spoke not as a partisan, but as a patriot. No doubt he carefully kept in view his primary purpose, which was to promote the election of a Republican Governor in Ohio, and of a Republican successor to Mr. Hanna in one of the seats belonging to that State in the Senate. To that end, wherever the Republican programme is strong he made the utmost of its strength, and where it is notoriously weak he did his best to disguise the weakness. In what he said, however, about the imperative necessity of upholding the equity jurisdiction of the United States courts, he soared far above the ordinary level of the politician, and in his remarks upon the labor question he administered a lesson which ex-Senator Hill might do wisely heed. He pointed out how dangerous and how dangerous is the Bryanite protest against "government by injunction," which was proclaimed at Chicago in 1896, and echoed at Kansas City four years later.

We suppose that not one Bryanite in a thousand knows what the protest signifies. That protest means, if it means anything, that the courts of the United States ought to be deprived of their equity powers, one of the most useful if not indispensable of which is the power to avert by injunction an injury for which no adequate remedy can be provided after the harm is done. A little reflection should demonstrate that not only are such equity powers essential to the welfare and the safety of individuals and of the commonwealth, but the expression of a doubt concerning the fit-

ness of the Federal tribunals to exercise such powers is obviously an impeachment of their impartiality and wisdom that would be detrimental, if not fatal, to their usefulness through the whole sphere of their judicial functions. As Senator Foraker pointed out at Chillicothe, no greater calamity could befall our people than the serious impairment of the reputation of our Federal courts. Such an impairment might be even the beginning of the end of the republic, for men will not long tolerate a government that does not uphold a judiciary believed to be free and untrammelled. The true friend of labor-unions, he said, is the man who will tell them the truth, and not the demagogue, who, prating of friendship, holds out false promises and illusive hopes of something that is unattainable. Recent events have proved that when Mr. Roosevelt interposed between operators and miners in the anthracite-coal strike, labor-unions were encouraged to believe that he could and would go much further on their behalf; that he would, for example, at their behest, shut non-unionist labor out of Federal employment. This, of course, Mr. Roosevelt is unable to do without violating the spirit, if not the letter, of our laws, and the result is that the labor-unions look upon him as a deceiver. They can never make any such mistake again as Senator Foraker. They will always know exactly where he stands.

It is alleged that labor-unions can control in a Presidential election nearly 2,500,000 votes. Will these votes be cast for Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 if he shall receive the Republican nomination for the Presidency? Until very recently it was assumed that the question should be answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative, and the assumption furnished the strongest ground for believing that the Republican nomination would go to Mr. Roosevelt. If he can only get a fraction of those votes, and if a majority of them are likely to be cast against him, what reason is there for preferring him to some other candidate—an older, if not an abler, soldier in the public ranks? The supposition that he was likely to get all the votes controlled by the labor-unions was founded on the fact that, as President, he had transcended his constitutional functions, by interposing between the miners and the operators in the anthracite region, and thereby rendered the former an invaluable service. The hypothesis was open to contradiction on two grounds. First: Many miners are disposed to regard the alleged service rendered them by Mr. Roosevelt in appointing the Coal-Strike Commission as insignificant, if not ad. They point out that the award of the commission did not recognize their labor-unions as corporate entities, entitled to speak for the enrolled miners, though such recognition was the principal aim of the strikers. They point out, further, that such concessions favorable to them as were made by the award had been offered months before by the operators themselves. They point out, finally, that while the advantages alleged to have been derived by them from the commission are superfluous or illusory, the disadvantage is serious, because the commission pronounced the principle that no discrimination should be made by employers, public or private, between laborers, on the ground that some of them do or do not belong to labor-unions.

The fact that this principle is logically and inevitably deduced from the spirit of our political institutions does not in the least commend it to labor-unions, who are indignant and disgusted to find that Mr. Roosevelt intends to abide by this righteous principle in his dealing with the employees of the Federal government. They evidently took for granted that the President of the United States, when he transcended his functions by appointing the Coal-Strike Commission, did so for the exclusive purpose of capturing the labor-unions' vote, and that, therefore, he could be treated to accept for his personal rule of conduct only so much of the commission's award as would seem likely to promote the interests of labor-unions. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that they were shocked to learn that Mr. Roosevelt would not permit Foreman W. A. Miller to be dismissed from the Government Printing-Office in Washington for no better reason than that he was objectionable to a labor-union. The shock instantly converted them from friends into critics of the President, and they now seem determined to impose upon him the unpleasant choice between losing their votes at the next Presidential election, or submitting unconditionally to the fact of

the labor-unions. The Washington Central Labor-Union is sending to all labor-unions in the United States a copy of the resolutions which it has just adopted, declaring that the President's order reinstating Miller is an unfriendly act, and urging labor-unions throughout the United States to petition Mr. Roosevelt to modify his order of "no discrimination," and to dismiss Miller from the Federal service. If it be true that the step taken by the Washington labor-union was known to the officers of the American Federation of Labor, and has had their approval, it is obvious that Mr. Roosevelt must either knuckle to the labor-unionists or defy them.

As the extra session of Congress approaches—there seems to be no doubt that the Fifty-eighth Congress, although not yet officially convened, will assemble on November 9—there are signs of increased activity in the purgation of the postal service and of the Interior Department. There is nothing so much dreaded by official wrong-doers as investigations by committees of Congress on which both political parties are represented. There is no known way of escaping exposure at the hands of a minority report, especially in a two-months' proceeding an election for the Presidency. So the cabinet officers whose subordinates have enjoyed impunity for some six years, are justifying themselves with an energy, which, in the case of Secretary Hitchcock, we believe to be genuine, and which, even on the part of the Postmaster-General Payne, presents a lively semblance of sincerity. A New York politician, State Senator George E. Green, Chairman of the Republican Committee in his county, was on September 19 arrested and arraigned in Binghamton on two indictments recently found against him and George K. Beavers, by the Federal Grand Jury in Washington. Green is the president of the International Time Recording Company. He and Beavers are charged with conspiring to defraud the Federal government in the purchase of time recorders for the Post-Office Department. The accusation is, in other words, that on November 1, 1901, State Senator Green entered into a conspiracy with Beavers whereby the latter was to receive a commission of ten per cent. for every time recorder purchased by the Post-Office Department. Specific allegations are made in the indictment as to the dates on which Green had checks for divers sums made out to him by the Time Recording Company, and on which he in turn gave his personal checks for the same amount to Beavers. We observe that Green has had the decency to withdraw completely from the Republican organization, so long as he rests under any imputation of dishonest acts. Turning to the frauds alleged to have been committed by Federal officials upon Indians in the Indian Territory, we observe with satisfaction that a ruthless investigation awaits them at the hands of Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who has been designated by Secretary Hitchcock for the purpose.

It appears that Postmaster-General Payne violated not only decency but also the civil service law when he dismissed Miss Haldah D. Todd from a fourth-class post-office in Delaware, on the ground that she was personally and politically obnoxious to Mr. Alee, the Addicks United States Senator from that State. Civil Service Commissioner Greene maintains that by the civil service rules, as amended by President Roosevelt in March, 1903, all fourth-class postmasters are brought within the classified service, and cannot be removed from office on the ground alleged by Mr. Payne. It is, as Commissioner Greene points out, a common misapprehension that the civil service law and the rules promulgated thereunder are confined in their operation to those officeholders who have been subjected to competitive examination. This assertion seems to be warranted by the language of the civil service rules, promulgated by Mr. Roosevelt on April 15, 1903. Rule II. says that the classified service shall include all officers and employees in the executive civil service of the United States now existing, or hereafter appointed or employed, in positions now existing, or hereafter to be created, whether compensated by a fixed salary or otherwise, except persons employed merely as laborers, and persons whose appointments are subject to confirmation by the Senate. As fourth-class postmasters are officers or employees in the executive civil service of the United States, and are not employed merely as laborers, and are not subject to confirmation by the Senate, it seems indisputable that they are in the classified service.

If they are in the classified service, it is clear that fourth-class postmasters are subject to the provisions of Civil Service Rule I, promulgated by Mr. Roosevelt, one of whose provisions is that no discrimination shall be exercised, threatened, or promised by any person in the executive civil service, against or in favor of an applicant or employee in the classified service, because of his political or religious opinions or affiliations. Another provision of Rule I, also applicable to all persons in the classified service, is that no person in the executive civil service shall use his official authority or influence for the purpose of interfering with an election, or affecting the result thereof. It follows that if a fourth-class postmaster be removed because he refused to render political service to any party or politician, or because he refused to be coerced in his political action, or to contribute money for political purposes, it would be in violation of law. It is now for Theodore Roosevelt, the civil service reformer, to say whether Postmaster-General Payne or Civil Service Commissioner Greene has taken the correct view of the law governing the removal of Miss Todd from a fourth-class post-office. We await his decision with some interest.

Apparently Mr. Roosevelt has no present expectation, and, indeed, no desire, of attracting Democratic votes. Had he privately cherished such a desire, as his predecessor unquestionably did, he would have left undone some things that he has chosen to do, and would have done some others that he has omitted to perform. He would, for instance, have avoided certain acts, which, though they may gain for him the colored vote in the doubtful States, have exercised a repelling influence upon many non-partisan Northern whites, who appreciate the gravity of the race problem by which their brethren in the South are confronted. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt went out of his way to offend every Democratic member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and every Democrat in New Jersey, when he suppressed all mention of General McClellan's name in the speech which he delivered at the unveiling of a monument to New Jersey troops on the battlefield of Antietam. Had he forgotten that General McClellan was a Governor of New Jersey, and a resident of that State when he died, and, above all, that he commanded in the memorable action which only caesars will refuse to call a victory, inasmuch as it was followed by Lee's retreat across the Potomac, and by the abandonment of his project of invasion? Did he not foresee that, when he delivered a speech at Antietam, and avoided any allusion to the commander by whom the victory was won, he would recall to many an auditor Byron's impressive argument that "Cæsar's peasant, more of Brutus's bust, did hit of Rome's great son remind her shore?"

At the hour when we write, the term fixed for the exchange of ratification of the Panama canal treaty is about to expire, and there is no trustworthy indication that the enemies of the treaty in the Colombian Senate will, at the last moment, withdraw their opposition. There is, indeed, a report that, if the French Canal Company would pay five million dollars, or one-eighth of the forty million dollars it is to receive from the United States, for Colombia's assent to the sale of its franchise and plant to the United States, the treaty would be quickly taken up and ratified by both Houses of Congress at Bogota. If such a proposal has been made, it is at once shameless and impracticable. It would be shameless, for it would be tantamount to an avowal that the opposition to the treaty based on constitutional and patriotic pleas had been a mere trick to secure delay, during which plans for the extortion of more money could be carried out. We have never credited Bogota politicians with much self-respect, or with much regard for the opinion of the world, but we did not suppose that a city, ostensibly civilized, existed where so brazen a confession of contemptible motives could be made.

The exposure of the character of Central-American "statesmen" may, from one point of view, be welcomed as timely, for it shows that such men should not be permitted to take any administrative or judicial part in the management of the canal zone, and that the concession made by the treaty of joint authority to Colombian officials under certain circumstances would have led to endless trouble. The lesson should be turned to account when we come to negotiate a treaty with Nicaragua and Costa Rica, a step which we may be compelled

to take, unless the provinces of Panama and Veraguas, possibly assisted by the province of Cauca, shall declare and establish their independence of Colombia. The attempt to extort five million dollars from the French Canal Company for assent to the sale of its franchise—an assent already supposed to be paid for by the lump sum of ten million dollars promised by the United States to Colombia—bears witness to an incredible amount of ignorance regarding the difference between a régime of law and order, such as prevails in France, and the anarchistic state of things which exists at Bogota. How could the officers of the Panama Canal Company pay Colombia five million dollars! They do not possess the money, and nobody would lend it to them for the purpose, until the promise to repay such a sum had been sanctioned at a meeting of the company's stockholders. The convocation and assembling of such a meeting would take time, and it is by no means certain that French investors, who are both thrifty and high-spirited, would submit to such a harebrained attempt at robbery.

We have discussed elsewhere the curious and seemingly hopeless condition in which the British Unionist party, so powerful but yesterday, has been placed by the resignation from the cabinet of Mr. Chamberlain on the one hand, and of the most uncompromising free-traders on the other, and by the double-faced position assumed by Premier Balfour himself. What we would here point out is the lamentable failure on the part of Mr. Balfour and of Mr. Chamberlain, both of whom protest an earnest desire to secure American good-will, to consider even momentarily the question whether England has not less to gain from tightening the bonds of the British Empire than from securing the cordial and unshakable friendship of the United States. It should be, one would think, quite evident that, if England could obtain a formal alliance with the United States, or what, practically, would be equivalent, such intimate relations of international amity as would render a formal alliance superfluous, she would be far better safeguarded against any possible outbreak of Continental anarchy than she could be by any conceivable consolidation of the British Empire. So long as she retained the friendship of her colonial daughter States, England need never dread starvation or the loss of her ascendancy at sea, although nearly all the rest of Europe should be arrayed once more against her, as it was at one juncture during the Napoleonic wars.

Even if the time should ever come when the surplus food products of the Canadian Northwest would suffice to feed the British population, it is certain that Canada would contribute next to nothing to the British navy, which might be exposed to attack on the part of all the Continental powers, while, on the other hand, it is obvious that the very breadstuffs upon which England would depend could never reach the seaboard on this side of the Atlantic if the United States were hostile. It would be a fool's bargain for England to follow Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion, and, for the purpose of averting the possible secession of Canada, to make such concessions to the Dominion as would inevitably alienate the vast American republic. It is especially amusing that such an act of folly should be countenanced by Mr. Balfour, who has been supposed to approve heartily of the course pursued five years ago by his elder kinsman, the late Lord Salisbury, when the latter strove so wisely to undo the evil work of a hundred years, and to regain for England the lost affection of her thirteen colonies, transferred by time into a mighty commonwealth. There is no doubt that, by the patience and forbearance with which Lord Salisbury received Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela Message, and that by the magnanimity with which he returned good for evil when he forbade certain Continental powers to interpose between us and Spain, he did much to wipe out the ranking memories of our civil war, of the war of 1812, and of the war of the Revolution, and to erase from our school-books the details of an ancient tale of wrong. Is it worth while for Mr. Balfour to frustrate his great kinsman's aim?

John Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, so long and patiently awaited, will come, after all, at a most opportune time. Never since the introduction of the second Home Rule bill have Gladstonian principles been so in the ascendant, and it is impossible to touch any living issue that is not reminiscent of the great statesman's name. The great Tory measure of

Irish land purchase is nothing but a Gladstonian principle, carried further than the House of Lords would have allowed Gladstone to carry it. He laid the foundation of land purchase in his Irish Church Act of 1869, and raised the first story in the Land Act of 1881. The other great world-issues of the hour is not less Gladstonian; it was the great Liberal leader who first awakened England and all western Europe to the horrors of Turkish rule which brought about the "Bulgarian atrocities" of 1876; and if Gladstone could have made his policy prevail, frankly supporting Russia and the San Stefano Treaty, we should have none of the Macedonian abominations which to-day shock the sense of the civilized world. They are the direct result of the handiwork of Gladstone's great rival, Disraeli, who, with Bismarck, succeeded in perpetrating Turkish anarchy, plunder, and dishonor. Again, the present day marks the eclipse and imminent extinction of the Chauvinist spirit of the jingoes, against which Gladstone fought so long and so well; and, finally, it is more than probable that John Morley will once more be a cabinet minister, fighting for the Gladstonian tradition of humanity, before his life of the great statesman reaches a second edition.

General Petroff, chief of Prince Ferdinand's cabinet, has made important statements in reply to the charge that Bulgaria has permitted the Macedonian insurgents to pass freely across the frontier into and from Turkey, a charge which has brought Turkey and Bulgaria to the brink of war. General Petroff declares that the fault lies wholly with Turkey. Bulgarian posts along the frontier are few and far between, while Turkey, though making constant complaints, will not allow Bulgaria to increase their number. Turkey, on the other hand, has a complete cordón of posts; nevertheless the Macedonian insurgents come and go, precisely as they please. For this extraordinary laxity, the Bulgarian Premier gives the following reason: the Turkish troops along the frontier are, for the most part, raw levies from Asia Minor, cultivators dragged from their fields to a foreign land. They are ill-equipped, they have no fancy for dying in battle. They let the insurgents pass on into the interior of Macedonia, because to oppose them would mean to face dynamite, bombs, and Mämlücher rifle fire; while their future doljaks in Macedonia are no concern of these Asiatic outposts, whether men or officers.

General Petroff further tells us that, once across the frontier, the insurgents are greatly favored by the nature of the country; they are even more favored, he adds, by the temper of the Turkish army. The Turkish troops are not seeking for battles, they are seeking for loot. They burn and plunder villages, burning them, indeed, to conceal their marauding, and the violence that accompanies it; but, wherever possible, they leave the armed bands severely alone. On the contrary, it is the insurgents who seek to come to blows with the Turks, not only in furtherance of their cause, but also to avenge the plundering of their villages. The Turks yearn for spoils but not for death. The Bulgarian government, adds General Petroff, becomes daily more helpless in the face of popular enthusiasm for the Macedonian revolutionists. The government may honestly enough wish to check the Macedonian committees and their inroads, but what can they do when the people, the army, and the police are all in league to let them pass and speed them on their way? He believes that the moment is rapidly approaching when the Bulgarian nation and army will demand a war, and the government will be compelled to carry out the will of the people, or to face a general revolt.

At the hour when we write it is still uncertain whether Representative George R. McClellan will be nominated by Tammany Hall for Mayor of New York city. There is no doubt that Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, desires to nominate Mr. McClellan, and he may decide to gratify his wish, in spite of his knowledge that the boroughs of Brooklyn, of Queens, and of Richmond are opposed to the nomination. A report is current that Mr. McLaughlin, the leader of the regular Democracy in Brooklyn, may be conciliated by an agreement to nominate Mr. Coler for Comptroller. It is still possible, however, that Mr. Murphy may agree to put forward some other candidate, in view of the somewhat improved prospects of Mayor Low. District Attorney Jerome's letter, objecting to the renomination of

Mr. Low on the sole ground that the Mayor is not a safe-getting candidate, and that, in order to win this year, the fusionists should nominate a Democrat, has not produced the effect that seems to have been expected, not only by the writer, but also by some non-partisan onlookers. It has not prevented Mr. Grout or Mr. Forney, both Democrats, from announcing a willingness to accept a renomination at the hands of the fusionists for the posts of Comptroller and President of the Board of Aldermen. Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, who, previously, had declined to run for any municipal office, has now consented to allow his name to be used as the fusion candidate for Alderman in the eighteenth district, where Mr. C. F. Murphy resides. Following his lead, Mr. George Haven Putnam has agreed to run for Alderman in the nineteenth district, provided he can get the endorsement of the regular Republicans, and there is basis for expectation that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Captain Mahan, and Mr. Jacob A. Riis will also be candidates for Aldermen in their respective districts.

These forthcomings show the spirit in which the Citizens' Union leaders have gone into the campaign since Mr. Jerome put gringer into it by his disparagement of Mayor Low. Mr. Jerome himself will support Mr. Low if he is nominated. Mr. Herman Bidder has admitted in the *Staatsformen* Union that it will be the duty of the German-American Republics to back the fusion ticket, even though Low leads it, at least as against McClellan. The executive committee of John C. Shadash's Greater New York Democracy has endorsed Low, Grout, and Forney by a vote of fifty to one, the sole dissenter being the chairman, Mr. William Hepburn Russell, who has resigned his office of Commissioner of Accounts, and seems to purpose affiliation with Tammany Hall. There seems no longer room for doubt that Mr. Low will be the fusion candidate, and apparently he will be helped, rather than hindered, in the race by Mr. Jerome's letter. Popularity comes oftener by favor than by desert, and while Mr. Jerome's assertion that the Mayor cannot bring much personal popularity to the help of his ticket is probably based on accurate observation, the great mass of the voters in New York have no personal relations with Mr. Low and care little whether he excels in personal charm or not. They will vote, administration that they can get by electing him. If they prefer that New York should continue to be governed as it has been governed for two years past, they will vote for Low. If not, they will vote for Tammany. Choosing a Mayor is a business proposition, which considerations neither of personal sentiment nor of national politics ought to confuse.

Report comes from Albany that Typographical Union No. 4 of that city has requested the Board of Public Instruction to buy only such school-books as bear the union label. The school board of three, two Republicans and a Democrat, gave a hearing to the request, and unanimously agreed that it was impossible to grant it. But on September 21, the Common Council, by a vote of 11 to 8, requested the school board to do as the union requested. All but two of the eleven affirmative votes in the Common Council appear to have been Democratic. It was very small politics of the Albany Council to try to coerce the school board in such a matter. The public schools are non-partisan, unsectarian institutions, which should not be used to promote the special interests of any political, religious, or social organization. If the union printers in Albany want their children to study out of union-labeled school-books they can accomplish that end by providing proper instruction for them, but to try to compel all children who go to the Albany public schools to use union-labeled books is highly ill-advised and impertinent. As well demand that all the schoolboys should wear union-labeled hats and trousers.

Bishop Brown of the Episcopal Church in Arkansas, an Ohio man, has been quoted and freely criticised for having lately said: "While I do not justify lynching, I can find no other remedy adequate to suppress the crime for which this has been made a punishment by the people of the South." Lynching has not proved adequate to suppress any crime that we know of. That is one of the great objections to it. It is not effective as a restraint upon the propensities of criminals, except those actually lynched. It is argued, and believed at least in the North, that a prompt administration of legal

justice would restrain crime better. And besides, what is the crime for which, as the Bishop says, lynching has been made a punishment? Of course he means criminal assault. But statistics will be printed next New-Year's, as they have been printed annually for years past, which will show that only about one-third of the negroes who have been lynched in the current year have been guilty of, or suspected of, crimes against women. A large majority of the victims of the lynchings are lynched for murder, arson, or other violent crimes. The *Chicago Tribune* has long made a point of collecting the statistics which support this conclusion. We have never seen their accuracy disproved, yet nine-tenths of the Brown has dealt with it, as a punishment for rape or criminal assault, and nothing else.

The first principle of learning about the progress of medicine and surgery is to accept with distrust all the information that the newspapers give. It is almost impossible to tell the tale of a surgeon's hopes or a physician's expectations so that it will convey to the lay mind the precise degree of information that is ready to be transmitted. When the surrogations, his facts are understood and his conjectures are sifted in the light of the experience of his fellows, but we laymen are apt to swallow whole the tales we read of medical discovery, and to be disappointed when the expectations we form are disappointed. The papers have begun to disclose, for example, that experiments are going on that look to the cure of Bright's disease by a surgical operation on the kidneys. Surgeons no longer stand on much ceremony with the kidneys, but deal with them as they would with eyes, or any of the duplex organs, taking one out when it is hopelessly disordered, and making repairs on such as are repairable. They say one of the new operations for Bright's disease is to peel off the outer coats of the kidneys, and leave them to work, as you may say, in their shirt-sleeves. At any rate, some of the surgeons do some kind of operation which is said to cure the patient, though the whole proceeding is still in the experimental stage, and there has not been time yet to determine whether the cure is permanent.

A special line of investigation about which the medical profession is just now concerned is directed to the measurement of the pressure of the blood. The pulse has heretofore been the indicator of the strength of the blood currents, but now a long series of experiments on animals and humans has resulted in a mechanical device which does the work more accurately and supplies a record of the absolute pressure which can be measured by the rise of mercury in a graduated tube. The precise nature of the contrivance used is too long a story to tell here, but an inflated rubber bandage around the arm is the basis of it. By means of it the doctors think they can measure the precise effect of remedies long used to stimulate the flow of the blood currents, and determine how far and how long they serve the end intended. One of the results believed to have been reached is the conclusion that alcohol is of less value than has been supposed in keeping life in fever patients and surgical patients who are suffering from shock. In these latter cases, where the patient's life is ebbing because the blood runs too feebly, outside pressure on the surface of the body has been found to help. It is best administered by clothing the patient in a double suit of rubber so contrived that it can be inflated and subject the wearer's whole body to gentle and uniform pressure. These discoveries are thought to promise valuable additions to the stock in trade of therapeutic knowledge, though of course no medical discovery gets a standing as a really useful find until it has stood the insensible test of time.

The papers report that a physician in Wisconsin who has been used to experiment with rabbits generally found that chloroform killed them before he had a chance to operate. Disgusted at the wastefulness of this method, he tried hypnosis on one rabbit that he had left, and found, to his surprise, that with a few passes of the hands he could easily hypnotize the little creature so perfectly that it lost all capacity for movement or sensation. If rabbits can be hypnotized, it will seem perhaps a little less incredible that some diseases of horses may yield to mental treatment.

## Disruption of the Unionist Party in Great Britain

The Unionist party, which at the last general election secured a majority of 150 in the House of Commons, and seemed certain to retain control of the British government during the statutory term of the present Parliament, has suddenly been split into three factions. On the one hand, those Unionists who believe that the United Kingdom ought forthwith to tax imported food products in order to give a preference to like commodities coming from the colonies, have ceased ostensibly to be represented in the cabinet. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain having resigned the post of Colonial Secretary. Those, on the other hand, who believe that their country ought not to swerve in the slightest degree from a free-trade policy approve of the course pursued by Mr. C. T. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, by Lord George Francis Hamilton, Secretary for India, by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, and by Mr. Arthur Elliott, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who have declared to hold aloof under Mr. Balfour, because of the Premier's abandonment of the free-trade creed. That abandonment is complete, for in his published letter Mr. Balfour declares that he considers Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of a preferential tariff right in principle, though he does not think that the time is ripe for the enactment of it in legislation. Pending the arrival of such a time, the Premier advocates such measures as will enable Great Britain to retaliate respectively against protectionist countries, or, as if reciprocity were obtainable, to retaliate for the exclusion of British manufacturers. It will be observed that there is no essential difference between Mr. Balfour's position and Mr. Chamberlain's. They differ only as regards the opportuneness of a step they would both like to take. Mr. Chamberlain has the courage of his opinions, while Mr. Balfour is unwilling to make a sacrifice for them, and clings to office, although after his public confession of faith, he ought to follow Mr. Chamberlain's example and resign.

Which of the three factions into which the Unionist party is now divided is the strongest in the present House of Commons, and which is likely to prove the strongest at the next general election? We doubt if Mr. Chamberlain could master to-day fifty members of Parliament who would deride themselves as if of immediate adoption of a preferential tariff. However that may be, it is certain that Mr. Chamberlain and his friends will support Mr. Balfour so long as the latter desires to remain in office, because they will thus gain time for their propaganda. The stability of the Balfour government depends on the number of votes which the Unionist free-traders could muster in the House of Commons in favor of a nation renouncing the Premier's policy. We doubt if they could muster more than seventy. That would hardly suffice, even if the Irish Nationalists were certain to co-operate with the Unionist free-traders and the Liberals. Such co-operation may not be forthcoming should Mr. Wyndham remain in the cabinet, for Mr. Wyndham has rendered the Irish Nationalists a memorable service by passing the Land Purchase bill, and he has promised to render them another during the next session of Parliament should he continue in office, by introducing a bill for the relief of agricultural laborers. Such a measure, if backed by Premier Balfour, could be carried through the House of Lords, whereas a home-rule bill, which the Liberals will doubtless promise, would be rejected by that body. It is, consequently, quite on the cards that the Irish Nationalists will prefer a bird in the hand to an uncatchable bird in the bush. We do not, therefore, share the confidence of those who believe that Mr. Balfour, if he does not voluntarily resign, will be defeated on the re-assembling of Parliament. We opine that he can retain his post for a while, if he deems it dignified to do so. This opinion is based on the assumption, however, that the resignations from the cabinet will not go much further. If the Duke of Devonshire, President of the Council, and Mr. Broderick Lord of the War Office, also quit the cabinet, the loss of prestige would be so great that Mr. Balfour might deem it inexpedient to cling to office, even if he thought himself capable of patching up a working majority in the House of Commons. As regards the offices already under vacant by resignations, it is reported that Mr. Anson Chamberlain will be transferred from the Postmaster-Generalship in the Chancery Office to the Exchequer, and Mr. Broderick from the War Office to the India Office. If Lord Milner, who has been a zealous representative of the imperialist policy in South Africa, should become Secretary of the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain would have two agents in the cabinet, and the latitudes of the alliance between him and Mr. Balfour would be unmeasurable. At the hour when we write, it is unknown who will replace Mr. Broderick in the War Office, but we may be sure that it will not be Lord Kitchener, for the reforms that he would institute would be too drastic for the London drawing-rooms, in which so many army appointments have been made.

Although, for the reasons we have given, we do not look upon an early appeal to the constituencies as inevitable, such an appeal may be precipitated at any moment, and, in any event, is unlikely

to be deferred more than a year, because Mr. Chamberlain is no longer a young man, and can scarcely afford to devote more than a twelvemonth to his propaganda. So in 1903, at the farthest, we expect to witness the first battle at the ballot box between free-traders and protectionists in the United Kingdom. That the protectionists, whether they profess to favor simply a retaliatory tariff or boldly advocate a preferential tariff, can win the first battle seems incredible. They may not find it easy to agree upon candidates in all the constituencies, as Mr. Chamberlain, for his part, will naturally prefer a thorough-going to a half-way supporter; and, even if they should agree, they could not hope for the votes of those Unionists who remain uncompromising upholders of free trade. That has already been made plain by the by-elections in Ayrshire and St. Andrew's, and the shrinkage of Unionist votes is certain to be still more marked, now that three members of the cabinet have resigned to emphasize their disapproval of even Mr. Balfour's half-way policy. Assuming, however, that the Liberals will win, we are confronted by the question whether the victory will be overwhelming, such as was Mr. Gladstone's in 1880, when he secured a majority of about a hundred over Conservatives and Irish Home-Rulers combined; or whether the Liberals will need the support of the Irish Nationalists to make up a working majority, as was the case in 1886 and again in 1892. If the British Liberals were now united, and had such a leader as was Mr. Gladstone, they might reasonably look forward to repeating the triumph of twenty-three years ago. As it is, the schism between Imperialist and pro-Bour Liberal is scarcely healed, and, what is worse, the trade-unions of their recent congress determined to put forward candidates of their own at the next Parliamentary elections, instead of supporting Liberal nominees. Then, again, neither minority in the House of Commons nor Lord Rosebery, whom Mr. Asquith and other Liberal Imperialists would like to see re-elected with the leadership of the Liberal party, is qualified to excite enthusiasm in the Liberal rank and file. Under the circumstances, we fall to see how the Liberals, even if they are aided by all the Unionist free-traders, can count on gaining a majority large enough to make them independent of Nationalist support. That support will have to be bought by a promise of home rule, and, whenever that attempt is made to fulfill the promise, the Liberal government will alienate its Unionist supporters in both Houses of Parliament. That is why we deem it probable that, while the next general election may result in a victory for the Liberals, the government that they will form is likely to prove short-lived. Mr. Chamberlain hopes that by the time a second appeal to the electorate is needed he will have been able to induce a majority of the voters up to the point of accepting a preferential tariff.

There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain, by making a convert of Mr. Balfour, and by inducing the Premier to say that, while thinking a preferential tariff premature, he is ready for the immediate adoption of a tariff for retaliation, has secured for his propaganda the use of the Conservative machinery. Whether he will be able to employ for the same purpose the machinery of the Liberal-Unionist organization will depend probably upon the position taken by the Duke of Devonshire. We need not say that the control of both machines would prove a formidable political factor, the importance of which, however, might not be accurately measurable at the first general election, which Mr. Chamberlain expects to lose.

## The True Inwardness of the Situation in Macedonia

History shows that the Ottoman Turks, comparatively late converts to Islam, are not fanatical, and do not habitually persecute their Christian subjects for religion's sake. When they persecute, it is for political and not for religious reasons. In almost all Orientals, to whom human life is cheap, they are ruthless. That is one fact. Another is that there is no such official appellation as Macedonia, the name being loosely applied in Western countries to a region which in classical times comprised a part of Thrace, the original kingdom of Macedon, and Epirus; but which now comprehends the four vilayets, or provinces, which, outside of Constantinople, compose European Turkey. The third fact is that in the region loosely called Macedonia, the element which is Bulgarian by blood, religion, and language is not the dominant factor in the population, being numerically exceeded in three provinces not only by Modera, but also by Greek Christians, and in the fourth province by Servians. It is true, moreover, that the Bulgarian element of the Macedonian population has entered upon the present insurrection from mixed motives, one of which is that their brethren in autonomous Bulgaria desire to annex their territory, by the annexation of at least the central and eastern sections of the area vaguely termed Macedonia, although, as we have seen, their claim to predominate is not supported by statistics.

All this is true; yet it does not follow that the Christian pow-



ers of Europe ought to remain impassive spectators of the conversion of Macedonia into a shambles at the hands of the revengeful Turk. Whatever other motives may have prompted the uprising of Edigerlis in Macedonia, there is no doubt that one ground for it was atrocious, adequate, and righteous. We refer to the failure of Sultan Abdul-Hamid to introduce the reforms to which he pledged himself by the Treaty of Berlin a quarter of a century ago. Had the reforms been carried out, there would have been no pretext for an insurrection in Macedonia, had Greek, Bulgarian, and Servian Christians would have dwelt side by side in peace and amity with the Moslems, and the Sultan's autocracy would have stood on an unshakable basis. Whose fault is it that not even a pretense of fulfilling the promise has been made? It is the fault of the same Christian powers, co-signatories of the Berlin Treaty, which refrained from exacting the fulfillment of a similar pledge in the case of Turkish Armenia, and which, when Armenian Christians struck a blow on their own behalf, instead of coming to their aid, looked on and did nothing, while the insurrection was put down by appalling massacres. Does anybody doubt that if Mr. Gladstone had been Prime Minister in Great Britain England's duty as one of the guarantors of the Berlin Treaty would have been performed? Does any one doubt that he would have forced the Sultan to keep his word, both in Armenia and in Macedonia?

The truth is that the public conscience, throughout central and western Europe, is now, and has been for some time, torpid; that it needs to be awakened, shocked into recognition of its duty to compel the enforcement of international compacts and to alleviate human misery. Because Greek Christians have been foolish enough to be so seized by racial or political jealousy as to profess a preference for Ottoman over Belgian ascendancy in Macedonia, it does not follow that the same foolishness should permit Bulgarian, Greek, and Servian Christians alike to be subjected to senseless outrages, and decimated or assimilated at the hands of the Turkish soldiers. This is the twentieth century—an epoch at which barbarism is supposed to be far behind us—and it would evidently be the duty of Christian powers to obey the plainest dictates of humanity, even if they were not bound by treaty to exact from the Sultan the immediate concession of reforms promised long ago.

### The New Negro Crime again Considered

Since we suggested that the perpetration of assaults by colored men upon white women might be described as "the new negro crime," and that the cause of the phenomenon seemed to require investigation, the question has received a good deal of discussion in all sections of the country. That the premise is sound there seems to be an agreement of opinion. The only person disposed to dispute its soundness has asserted that he has found two examples of the crime under the slavery regime during the two most restorative that preceded the civil war. Even if conclusive proofs of the authenticity of the two instances alleged had been produced, which is not the case, it is plain enough that they would not have sufficed to impugn our assertion that the crime was practically unknown in slavery times, either at the South or at the North. We now propose to make another attempt, so to speak, also, we challenge contradiction. Not only was the particular crime, of which we are speaking, practically unknown in the South under the slavery regime, but it continued to be unknown there until about twenty years after the negroes were emancipated, or until a generation had grown up which lacked the respect for white women which had been ingrained in the bosoms of the preceding generation. We desire to submit a third assertion, namely, that the crime which we call new did not exist in the Northern States either, until very recently, although for many generations the negro there had borne something like the same ancestral proportion to the whites that he bears now. We would make still further additions to our original premise. What we have termed the new negro crime seems to be confined to the United States. In all events, we seldom, if ever, hear of it in the British West Indies—except, of course, during the frightful uprising of the blacks against the whites in Haiti—or in the Spanish or Portuguese speaking countries of Central or South America. If it be true, as we allege, that the crime is practically unknown in the other American countries just named, the inquiry will at once suggest itself, Does the crime thus fall to rest, because in those countries intermarriage between whites and negroes, or, in a word, amalgamation, is allowed by law?

So much for our premises. If the truth of all of them be conceded; if it be acknowledged that the crime which we are discussing is, not only modern, but also local, in the sense of being confined to the United States, it obviously follows that it must be the outcome of conditions peculiar to our own country, and to conditions, moreover, affording the present, but no previous generation of negroes in the United States. What are those peculiar conditions? We have been able to discover only a single cause for the phenomenon. That cause may be thus stated: The whole system of reconstruction devised by Thaddeus Stevens (who carried out his principles in private life) and by other leaders of the Radicals, who dominated Congress under the Johnson administration—the system

embodied in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution, and in the Congressional and State legislation growing out of them—was based on the fundamental idea of absolute equality, social as well as political, between the white and the black races. Following the lines of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution, and, in some cases, perhaps, preceding the definite adoption of the last-named amendment, a number of so-called "civil rights" laws were passed by Congress. The reconstruction, or "carpet-bag" Supreme Court of Alabama decided that one of those "civil rights" laws, the validity of which was disputed, dominated and abrogated a State law forbidding the intermarriage of whites and blacks. These reconstruction judges assumed, and they were undoubtedly correct in the assumption, that the theory on which their Radical masters at Washington had proceeded was favorable to amalgamation. Upon no other theory can some of the civil rights acts be explained, for their tendency to bring about absolute social equality between the black and the white races is obvious and indisputable.

There is, in a word, no doubt that the idea of absolute social equality between the black and the white races, to which amalgamation was the logical and inevitable corollary, pervaded the atmosphere of Washington during the reconstruction period, and that of all like Southern States under the carpet-bag regime, so far as the blacks and the white negroes from the North were concerned. That idea was inhaled with the air when the presence of negro was growing up to puberty and entering on adult life. They became infected with the belief, and the belief was justified, that if the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Constitutional Amendments, and the civil rights acts founded thereon, had any theoretical basis and pointed forward to any ultimate consummation, that basis and that consummation must be looked for in the intermarriage and eventual fusion of the two races. Amalgamation, therefore, instead of being regarded with loathing and abhorrence, as it had been by the Southern whites, was held up to the post-bellum generation of negroes by their radical teachers at the North and by their own common sense interpretation of constitutional and statute laws, as at once lawful, proper, and desirable.

Not many years elapsed, however, after the emigration of negroes from the South to the North began, before the opinions and the feelings of Northern whites regarding the expediency, or even the possibility, of intermarriage between the races underwent a profound and startling change. Startling in the sense that Northern radicals themselves were shocked at the logical consequences of the theory that had inspired their reconstruction legislation. As far as the Southern whites, we need not say that they had never ceased to view amalgamation with disgust and horror. What we would here indicate, however, is that, in the new negro crime, we behold the justification of the idea that the minds of white teachers and men during the reconstruction period, an idea which we cannot expect to see instantaneously apostrophized, merely because the Northern radicals who planted it have begun sincerely to repent of having done so. Finding, to his surprise and bewilderment, that the fundamental theory on which the constitutional and statute legislation of the reconstruction period was founded is in process of extinction, if not utterly extinct, and that the faces of white men at the North, as at the South, are set like flint against the intermarriage of the races, a negro is now and then provoked to assert by violence the right to a cohabitation that is either forbidden by law or prohibited by public sentiment.

In this way only are we able to explain the phenomenon presented by the crime that we are discussing, a phenomenon which is at once modern and local. It is modern because, before the reconstruction period, the black man never looked upon marriage or cohabitation with a white woman as conceivable, such less as warranted by the theory of law. It is local, because in the Spanish and Portuguese speaking countries on this side of the Atlantic, it is unnecessary for a negro to resort to force, for the reason that the intermarriage, or voluntary cohabitation of whites and blacks is neither prohibited by law nor condemned by public sentiment.

If we are right in our diagnosis of the conditions under which the new negro crime arose, we may reasonably expect to see it vanish when those conditions shall have disappeared. As we have formerly pointed out, it has vanished already in Mississippi, where inspired reconstruction legislation, the black man in that State is not the political, much less the social, equal of the white. The crime is likely to vanish elsewhere when the same hard, but indispensable, lesson is driven home.

### Exports versus Imports

That fiscal inquiry has brought one lasting benefit to England: it has cleared up, once for all, the cloud of mystery which for years has hung over that most mysterious matter, the balance of trade. We have all read a hundred times that England was going to the dogs, because her imports every year enormously exceeded her exports, which showed that she must be living on her capital,

and drifting fast towards bankruptcy. The famous *Salvator* pamphlet, the royalties on which are already a party issue, and the big *Blue Book* which accompanies it, have finally set that matter at rest, and brushed all doubts and fears forever. Lord Avebury, better known to the world as Sir John Lubbock, has furnished the necessary commentary, and the mystery is a mystery no more.

Far from taking a pessimistic view of Britain's trade, Lord Avebury is fairly enthusiastic over the whole matter, in gross and in detail. He tells us at the outset that the total of England's exports and imports last year was "the largest volume of commerce ever transacted either by England or by any other country in the history of the world."

Yes, says the objector, as, for instance, Mr. Balfour in his pamphlet; but, since the imports greatly outstrip the exports, this only shows that England is every year getting more hopelessly into debt. Nonsense, replies the great patron of bank holidays; it shows nothing of the sort. Our imports indicate our purchasing power; and it is surely a good sign to have that as large as possible. The truth is, we pay for these imports not only by our exports, but in at least four other ways of the utmost importance.

First comes *sevice*, and especially the service rendered to the whole world by British shipping: a service valued at not less than half a billion dollars yearly. Then come the immense sums of English money invested in foreign government stocks, in bank stocks, railways, and the like, abroad. Then come the immense interest amounts which also have to pay for a part of Britain's imports. Next we have the further immense sums invested in foreign lands, in mines, mills, factories, plantations, and so forth, also earning money abroad, which is available to pay for Britain's purchases. Then there is the not inconsiderable sum spent in England by foreign tourists and visitors from America, probably fifty million dollars a year, which must also be credited on England's balance-sheet. These three sources exceed total less than the earnings of English shipping, making, on the whole, about a billion dollars yearly, available, and lawfully and rightly available, for the purchase of imports, and a good deal more than covering the great excess of imports which has been the cause of so much wailing. The old mystery of the "unfavorable balance of trade" has died hard, but it is dead, this time without a doubt.

When we look at the figures for British shipping, the result is indeed startling. Taking the average tonnage during the five years from 1862 to 1867, we find that the United Kingdom totalled less than eight hundred thousand tons. Twenty years later, the figures were about four million tons. At present they are more than eight millions. Here is, in truth, an industry in which Great Britain has an overwhelming ascendancy; as a recent writer says,

Still, there are three other ways in which we give Mr. Balfour. Quite without error, returns the sound student of economics. Here is a little table, from the *Fortnightly Review*, which puts the matter clearly. It shows the value of the exports per head of the four great trading countries of the world:

Average for the Period.	United Kingdom		France		Germany		United States		
	£	s.	£	s.	£	s.	£	s.	
1875-1879	0	0	0	14	3	3	0	10	3
1880-1884	0	13	2	15	5	3	8	3	11
1885-1889	0	2	6	3	9	3	5	6	11
1890-1894	0	2	11	3	11	4	3	2	12
1895-1899	2	10	5	3	14	8	3	7	2

Therefore we see that, year by year, for quarter of a century, the exports per head of the United Kingdom are nearly double the exports per head of all the other great commercial countries in the world, and have for long periods, namely, from 1880 to 1894, been more than double the exports per head of the United States.

British exports are, therefore, in a highly flourishing condition; while her imports are far exceeding those in value that good think Englishmen like the Premier feel that there is something unwarlike about it all, something which must be stopped. We see now that the excess of imports is paid for, and more than paid for, by the enormous sums earned by Britain's mercantile marine, which does the bulk of the carrying-trade of the world, added to the immense earnings of British investments and industrial enterprises in foreign lands. It was worth all the fuss over the fiscal inquiry to get this great point made clear.

### "Parsifal" and Mr. Corried

The very interesting interview with Frau Cosima Wagner which we publish on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY, presents for the first time a definite statement of the personal attitude of the Wagner family toward Mr. Corried's much-discussed project of an American production of "Parsifal." Frau Wagner, it will be noted, expressly declines any concern over the possibility that Mr. Corried's New York production of her illustrious hus-

band's swan song may injure the drawing power of the work at Bayreuth. The question, she says, "is merely whether we shall obey the direct commands of the master." It certainly is indisputable that Wagner intended to reserve "Parsifal" exclusively for Bayreuth, and it is well that Frau Wagner has so far simplified matters as to make that the sole ground of her objection to Mr. Corried's scheme. We are to hear no more talk, it may be anticipated, of the "sacrilege" of Mr. Corried's proposal, and of "Parsifal" as an inviolable religious property; we are to consider, by Frau Wagner's own confession, simply the moral objection; i. e., Mr. Corried justified in disregarding Wagner's known wishes in the matter, and are we justified in supporting him in his disregard? That, then, is the ultimate question; and, for our part, we feel no hesitation in deciding upon an affirmative answer.

Mr. H. T. Finch has put the case, so far as its essential point is concerned, with admirable succinctness. He has admitted that Wagner's intention was, undoubtedly, that "Parsifal" should be reserved for Bayreuth—but only until the rest of the world should be ready to listen to it in the proper spirit. That time, he believes, will now come. The claim is perfectly sound. It would, of course, be idle to deny that there are conditions attending the Bayreuth performances that Mr. Corried cannot hope to duplicate at the Metropolitan Opera House. But is the Bayreuth atmosphere essential to a properly receptive attitude on the part of an audience toward a representation of Wagner's music-drama? The belief that it is assumes that "Parsifal" is virtually a religious work—in substance, if not in purpose; whereas the candid truth is that it is nothing of the sort. It has, indeed, a fundamental spiritual significance—but so has "Tristan und Isolde," so has "Lebendige," so has "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Wagner, an incorrigible—though unconscious—mystic, wrought into the texture of his musical plays a profound and subtle spiritual philosophy, and "Parsifal," no less than "Tristan" and the "Ring," is essentially a spiritual symbol. But its spirituality need give no concern to those who talk solemnly of the "sacredness" of "Parsifal," its sacredness, being a deeper thing than can be embodied histrionically, is perfectly secure against profanation on the stage of the Metropolitan. It is true, as Mr. Finch says, that Wagner incorporated in "Parsifal" some details from his early drama, "Jesus of Nazareth," but "everything is modified and adapted to the spirit of medieval legend, and the drama, as a whole, is purely operatic in the best sense of the word."

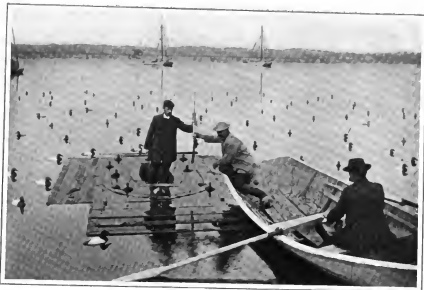
No: Mr. Corried is not planning a sacrilege, and he is abundantly justified in ignoring Wagner's intention looking to the reservation of the work to Bayreuth. It is almost incredible that a masterpiece of creative art should have been held, for nearly a quarter of a century, as the exclusive property of a fifth-rate German municipality, and Mr. Corried has put us all very deeply in his debt through his enterprise and determination in the destruction of so preposterous a monopoly.

### Lyman Abbott on Woman Suffrage

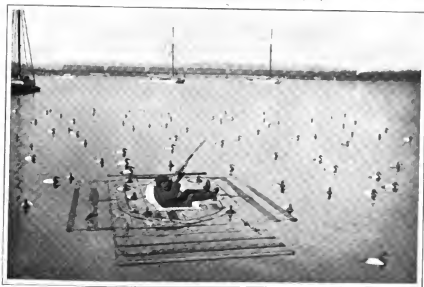
The most obvious sign that there is still life in the woman-suffrage movement nowadays are the occasional attempts to check it. No discriminating person wastes ammunition on what is already done for, and that Dr. Lyman Abbott should have set forth in the *September Atlantic Monthly* the reasons why, in his opinion, women do not wish the suffrage, indicates that he thinks the suffragists are still active enough to be worth attention.

He says that when the Massachusetts women were asked in 1865 whether they wished the suffrage, only 23,200 out of a possible 575,000 voted yes. That is, about four per cent. of those wanted to vote. The rest didn't care. Dr. Abbott thinks this result expressed fairly well the average sentiment throughout the country. At any rate, he is confident that an overwhelming majority of American women have silently determined that they do not wish to vote, and he undertakes to set forth the reasons for their indifference. These reasons, he feels, then, are neither new nor unfamiliar. Of course, he does not argue that women are inferior to men. Of men and women he says that because their functions are different all talk of equality or non-equality is but idle words without a meaning. His argument is that the family is the basis of society, that the basis of the family is the difference of the sexes, that the military function in all its forms and phases belongs to men, and that the office of government being the protection of persons, property, and reputation from forces that assault them, it rests finally on the power to compel obedience. But to furnish that power is indispensibly the function of men, and not of women. Behind a vote must be the strong arm that supports authority. Women do not care to vote because they recognize that voting involves a fitness and willingness to fight, and because they recognize that fighting is not included in the duties that fall to them.

Such is Dr. Abbott's position, crudely and briefly stated. The root of the matter seems to be in it.



*The Boat and Decoys in Position—Getting ready for the Day's Sport*



*Shooting Ducks by the Decoy Method—The Hunter lies partly concealed in the wooden Boat, surrounded by the wooden Decoys*

### **DUCK-SHOOTING ON THE CHESAPEAKE**

With the approach of the duck-shooting season in Maryland, sportsmen from all parts of the country are starting for the famous shooting-grounds in the region of Chesapeake Bay. The birds are shot either from "blinds"—a box made of wooden slats and concealed along the shore—from wooden enclosures in the open known as "bars," or with the aid of decoys—wooden ducks which attract the game to the neighborhood of a specially constructed boat in which the gunner is concealed, as shown in the photographs. Dogs trained especially for retrieving the game are kept at the gunning clubs along the shore of the bay for the use of members



# The First Interview with Frau Wagner

The First Authentic Statement from the Widow of the Composer, made to the Special Representative of "Harper's Weekly" at Bayreuth, regarding Mr. Conried's proposed American Production of Wagner's "Parsifal"

By Thomas Stockham Baker

**M**Y appointment for an interview was fixed for an hour which not only gave an opportunity of meeting Frau Wagner, but also permitted a view of the interesting family which is now assembled in the Villa Wahnfried.

Several of the Wagner children were playing in the park in which the villa is located as I came up the driveway—very lusty, normal children, and quite free from the oppression of their great name. On the doorstep was an immense Russian wolfhound, who looked a very formidable sentinel, but was indeed subdued by the quiet and peace of the place. In a moment I was introduced into the immense music room which forms the centre of the house, and found myself standing before Frau Cosima Wagner.

She is tall and remarkably thin. Her features are delicate, and the whole physiognomy has something distinguished and expressive. From under a large cap peeps a quantity of white hair. It is a face such as one might find in the pictures of some of the eighteenth-century French masters. In appearance and bearing Madame Wagner is decidedly French, but her profile is strongly reminiscent of her father, Franz List—the same prominent nose and somewhat the same shaped head.

The appearance of Frau Wagner was so interesting that I did not notice that there were two other ladies in the room until I was introduced to her two daughters—Fran Gieseler and Frieda and Fräulein Eva Wagner. After this ceremony we moved into the next room to tea.

Frau Wagner now became the fascinating hostess, the brilliant and experienced woman of the world. She talked on a variety of subjects with the greatest cleverness and apparently with equal freedom, whether the idiom happened to be German, French, or English.

"You are certainly a very busy woman, Frau Wagner," I said. "Do you not find your labors too severe?"

"It is not the work that exhausts me. Work rests me; but there are other things," she said.

"'Parsifal' in New York?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes, we must oppose the performance of 'Parsifal' in any other place than in the Bayreuth Festival Theatre. The creator of the work expressed very clearly his desire that 'Parsifal' should be given solely here. It is not at all a question whether the per-

formance in America can please Bayreuth, but merely whether we shall obey the direct commands of the master. Of course I expected that the Bayreuth artists would take no part in the Mr. Conried's performance, and that German singers in general would have too much professional honor and artistic pride to help in the production of a work in direct opposition to the wishes of Richard Wagner."

"What is the true state of the case in regard to the singers who have appeared here?" I asked.

"As soon as I had heard that Von Roey had accepted Mr. Conried's offer, I inquired of him whether this was true. He replied that he had pledged himself to learn two new Wagner roles, and he hoped that 'Parsifal' would not be one of them, but he could not break his contract. He said he wanted to visit me to get my advice. I wrote to him that he must not break his contract, but that he should have made it a condition, as did Felix Mottl, that he would not have to appear in 'Parsifal.' I was very glad to go over the matter with him, and wrote him that there was such a thing as an artist's honor, and one could not do everything merely for money. He did not come to see me, and I wrote again to him, stating what disgust his agreement with Mr. Conried had provoked in the whole artistic world, and that a spot would always rest upon his name. I asked Professor Kniese to write to the tenor Burgstaller and inquire whether he had agreed to sing 'Parsifal.' We received no reply. I had the right to ask three questions of these two singers, because they had both been trained in Bayreuth, and both of them began their dramatic career here.

"In regard to Fräulein Termini, the case is somewhat different. She came to us as a recognized artist, and although we studied with her very carefully the part of Astarte, she could have worked out the task alone, though in a different way. To be sure, I thought that an artist of her reputation would not so far forget herself as to commit a sacrilege against a sacred work merely for money."

Frau Wagner has had bitter experiences, but nothing has affected her more deeply than the proposed performance of 'Parsifal' in New York, and more especially the desertion of her leading singers. Those who are best informed on this subject believe that if Von Roey and Termini and Burgstaller do sing in 'Parsifal,' they will never be heard again in Bayreuth.



A Scene from "Parsifal," as given at Bayreuth. The present "Kundry" assumes "Parsifal's" lot after his return to Monsalvo.

# A Sample of British Administration

By Sydney Brooks

London, September 22, 1922.

THE Boer war is ancient history. True; but the moral of it, its frightfully typical significance, endures. And just how significant and how typical it was we are at last learning, in detail. The report of the Committee of Enquiry into the conduct of the war up to the occupation of Pretoria has just been published in three fat volumes. They rank, on the whole, about the painfulest reading I have ever come across. They set forth in a cold and pitiless light a state of things which is a disgrace not only to Englishmen but to all who speak English. It is a record of such fabulous stupidity and incapacity that not England alone, but the whole English-speaking race, is incriminated by it. The shock and the smart of it are felt first and most keenly, of course, by King Edward's subjects, but one need not be an Eng-

lishman to see in which Lord Lansdowne "absolutely refused even to discuss." Every other suggestion which the military put forward was similarly snubbed; and the war when it actually came found such a deficiency of material, and such disorganization on its side, as was unparalleled in the whole history of the world. Before hostilities had been on for two months there was only one reserve battery of artillery left in the country; the whole of the stock of field-gun ammunition had been exhausted, and England was borrowing guns from the navy and India; the reserve sets of cavalry and mounted infantry, harness, and saddle had all disappeared, and America had to supply extra ones; the store of small-arm ammunition had been reduced by two-thirds, and the country was dispatching weekly 400,000 more rounds than all its manufacturers, working overtime, could produce; infantry necessaries were

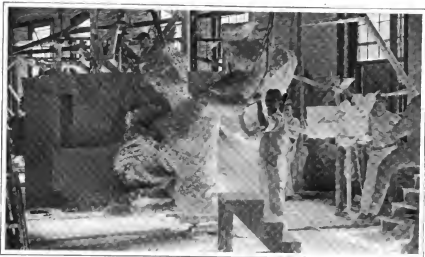
at once and wholly exhausted, and the War Office had to borrow large guns from the navy, machine-guns from fortresses, boots and helmets from India, and to buy 25,000 sets of rifle harness, 17,000 tents, and 900 mazzettes; there was no reserve hospital equipment in the country and but one-fifth of the picketing-gear required at the seat of war, and a reserve of only eighty swords. All this, remember, before the war was two months old! But what is the use of going on with the sickening details? It is in the same old story of men and middle. "Despite not this energy had been the moral gathered from every British war that history tells of, and conveniently forgotten before the next. Never was it more completely out of mind than in 1900. But that is always the course of events when England is war—first, the picnic period, then the defeat, then a quiet and terrible determination to "see this thing through." The everlasting luck of the British Empire, a handful of really capable officers working on material that needed only the shock of war to bring out its excellence, and the blunder of General Joubert in besieging Ladysmith instead of overrunning Natal, saved South Africa to the British crown.

You would think that, after such a warning, there would at least be a resolute and sweeping reform. But no; nothing of the sort is in sight. England to-day is even less prepared for war than she was in 1900. The disorganization at the War Office is greater and not less; and, so one of them in his opinion, "a wish and not an expectation." I believe it is really impossible for the English ever to possess an efficient army, because the standard of administrative capacity is too low to produce one. The curst spirit which permeates England largely handicaps the possibility of the right man filling the right post. There is a small and exclusive coterie of peers and large landowners and county gentlemen who regard public office as a sort of birthright. Their chief qualifications for the posts they occupy are their heredity, their social position, their other qualifications they have usually none. The consequence is you get men of quite ordinary ability and quite ordinary intelligence filling the most momentous offices of state—a Lansdowne at the War Office and succeeded by a Broadrick. There may be efficiency under such a system. If so it will be by accident only.



Their chief qualifications are their social position, their harmony with the court atmosphere, and their charming manners.

Americans can look into it without an explosion of exasperation at the thought that the man who recommended such appalling blunders and were guilty of such criminal stupidity were men of the same race as himself, speaking the same language, governed largely by the same traditions and the same forms, and his inseparable allies in supporting the credit of Anglo-Saxondom. There are many allowances which every dispassionate critic must make for the opening mistake of the civil war. There are several allowances, too, which may fairly be made for the military chaos which the Spanish war revealed. But here no allowances are possible. For four years the British government must have known that war was inevitable. They were, at any rate, repeatedly warned that it was bound to come. They had the fullest, and as it now turns out, the most accurate information of the preparations the Boers were making. They had the experience of former Boer wars to guide them. They were aware that the field of operations must, to begin with, lie in British territory. They were able to send and supply reinforcements by intelligence officers on the spot. Yet with all this to aid them they were caught not merely unprepared, but in a state of the blindest panic and confusion. They clung to the hope of peace long after every Anglo-African realized and proclaimed its futility. They allowed President Kruger to choose his own time for taking the field. They let their diplomacy run hopelessly ahead of their military preparations. They believed even to the death hour that the Orange Free State knew South Africa and predicted with absolute accuracy the course his representations and more before it broke out, found her, who was in command of Cape Colony, and warned the government that if it came to war 100,000 troops would be sent to meet it. "Pretextless" written across his dispatch by the War Secretary, and promptly recalled. Lord Roberts, the ablest of British soldiers, was not once consulted as to the military preparations. No plan of campaign was drawn up; no maps first duty was to be obtained Henderson compile a map for him. The government departments were all at largeheads. The Treasury would not grant supplies; the Ministry, with a majority of 120 in the House of Commons, was afraid to come to Parliament and ask for them. General Buller's proposal to advance on the Transvaal via the Orange



The "Pointing-machine" at Work—Reproducing in enlarged Form the Model of a Statue by Mr. Herman A. MacNed



An Interior View of the Workshop—Showing some of the enlarged Statues for the Exposition. The Statues are, from left to right, Dullin's "Protest of the Sioux," MacNed's "Liberty," Groffy's "Truth," and Bush-Brown's "Horace Mann"

## A NEW WAY OF MAKING EXPOSITION STATUARY

At Hoboken, New Jersey, a new method, which has revolutionized the work of enlarging statuary models, is being used. The model is connected by a "pointing-machine" with a mass of plaster and staff on a wooden frame, and by following the outline of the model with the "pointer," an exact reproduction and enlargement of the required size are made. Both the models and enlargements were formerly done by the original designer. The reader is referred to the interesting article on another page for a full description of the new method.

See page 202

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

**I**AN MACLAREN tells a good story of the late Major Pond, which he generously styles "The Major's One Mistake." It was during the famous clergyman's delivery of a series of Yale lectures on preaching, on his first visit to this country. The Major recognized that there was a difference between lecturing in the university and to a popular audience, and he judged it expedient that the "stars" should make a trial trip with him for a lecture in a neighboring town, and it was on the return from that lecture that the Major made the solitary mistake of going to the smoking-car when enjoying on the glory of the spirit, and in the smoking-car was enjoying on the glory of the spirit. When the train began to stop, the Major sprang to his feet.

"Gues," he said, "we'd better hurry, or else we'll be carried to New York"; so the "stars" and his wife and the Major left the cars in haste, and the train, the last train of that day, went on its way.

"Where is our carriage?" demanded the Major, standing outside the station with the "stars" behind him. "What carriage?" The carriage seemed to be here for Major Pond and his "stars." That cabman is a dark number. He's not a time, and the contract's broke. Get me another carriage," he said to the railway man.

"Can't get one now. Major. Too late. All off for the night."

"Do you give me to understand, young man," and the Major spoke with awful impressiveness in the darkness lit by a single lamp, "that the university city of New Haven cannot supply a covered conveyance with two horses for an American gentleman in public life and a distinguished visitor? You are not worthy of your privileges as a citizen of this cultured community."

"New Haven, Major— was that what you said? Why, sir, this ain't New Haven."

"Not New Haven?" and the words fell syllable by syllable from the Major's lips. "May I inquire the name of this settlement?"

"Call it Maryville, Major," and it was plain the railway man would have boasted had he not been afraid. "Can't get to New Haven to-night."

"Maryville?" and the Major fixed the presumptuous porter with a gaze so haughty that the man slunk into the darkness with a muttered apology for the existence of the place, and the Major looked at the spot when the man had been dismissed.

"After a full minute of the most profound silence I ever heard," says Ian MacLaren, during which the "stars" were silent and motionless, the Major whirled round and led the procession through the booking-office and along the platform to the extremity. When he could go no farther, he stood again for a space consuming with himself, and then he turned, and this is what he said:

"Maryville! No! It never happened before, and if it happened twice the public raver of J. B. Pond would be closed. Maryville!"

It was hardly becoming for his guests to intrude, but they murmured words of consolation—that a night here or there didn't matter, that no engagement would be broken, that they would get on next morning, that there would surely be a hotel in the place, and such like facilities, which did not touch the heart of things.

"Maryville," repeated the Major; "the first night of a three months' tour, and I look the 'stars' out of the cars at Maryville, and the Major took his 'stars' with such pathetic self-pity that they looked on with consternation.

An English visitor recently in America has been contributing his impressions of American journalism to the home periodicals. This visitor, Mr. David Williamson, a writer of editorial and journalistic experience and ability, while here on a lecturing tour, bears witness to the ubiquitous interviewer and the live reporter. "A newspaper which is not 'alive' from its first paragraph to its last has no chance in an American newspaper," says Williamson with due humility records that England's New Journalism is simply Old Americanism. This is characteristic, and though fainter beyond remark to us, it borrows a certain pungency from familiar point of view. "Let me give one of many instances," says Mr. Williamson, "of how the American journalist insists on his matter being read. 'I saw in one great daily paper an incoherent paragraph headed 'Red Lemonsade.' What do you think it recorded? The funeral of a well-known woman! It began with a conventional account of the service at the home of the deceased, went on to report a list of friends who were present, and the items of the service. Finally, when I was wondering where the real lemonade came in, I reached the final sentence, 'Red Lemonsade was served to the mourners in the rear parlor.' The writer of that paragraph had learned the secret of arousing curiosity. If he had merely titled the matter 'Funeral of Mrs. So-and-So,' only the immediate circle of friends of Mrs. So-and-So would have troubled to read it. As it was, he probably compelled 150,000 people to read it.

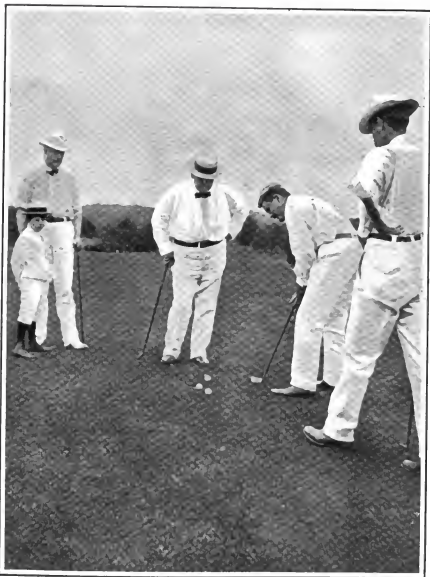
"That is a sample of the way in which American journalists deal with news. They take infinite trouble to dash it up in an original style, never few 'fill-up para's' in the papers. Everything that was worth printing was written up brightly, of course, there is a lack of proportion about the space accorded to news which surprises a British journalist. A little girl was lost in one of the great cities I visited. The papers were immediately busy with columns of description of the child, her home life, and the incidents of her mysterious disappearance. Pictures of her favorite dolls, portraits of her father and mother, and even of the Catholic priest whose church the parents attended were given. In a few days the child was found, and ordinary conditions, but by this time the name was common talk among hundreds of thousands of people."



The latest Portrait of Mrs. Humphry Ward

The London *Standard* for September is a Mrs. Humphry Ward number, and devotes most of its space to an interesting collection of portraits of Mrs. Ward and pictures illustrating the scenes of her novels. In a critical paper by Mr. A. H. Jones on the subject of Mrs. Ward's work, the writer concludes that among living women novelists of to-day the author of *Lady Ross's Daughter* occupies a unique eminence. "Probably none of them has done more to revivify and humanize the Christian ideal, or to stimulate thought and the enthusiasm for social reform; no other has exercised a more fruitful influence on the intellects and consciences of the religious, the sceptical, the agnostic, and the Jew. It is not alone that *David Grieve* has been almost so extensively translated as *Robert Elmer*, and that few books of their time have been so written and lectured about in half the languages of Europe. *Lady Ross's Daughter* has been translated into French by *Nancy and Alfred*, and will appear this autumn in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.





Tom L. Johnson

Myron T. Herrick

### **TOM JOHNSON AND MYRON T. HERRICK, THE RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO, PLAYING GOLF**

*The photograph shows an interesting situation—the Hon. Tom L. Johnson and the Hon. Myron T. Herrick, rival candidates for Governor of Ohio, playing golf on the links at Cleveland. Mr. Johnson, now Mayor of Cleveland, is the Democratic candidate for Governor, and Mr. Herrick, who is a member of the Republican National Committee, is his party's nominee for the same office. The photograph gives an interesting sidelight on the Ohio situation, where political feeling runs high.*



## THE OPENING OF THE C

The wrestling matches in the Hopkins Grammar School last night before college opens between members



THE WINNER

## COLLEGE SEASON AT YALE

of the Freshman and Sophomore classes, which have taken the place, since 1892, of the traditional class-rush

Illustration by The Authors

# The New West Point—And what it Signifies

THE INADEQUACY OF THE PRESENT ARRANGEMENTS.—THE NEED FOR INCREASED ACCOMMODATIONS.—WHAT CONGRESS HAS DONE.—OUR FUTURE STANDING ARMY.—NEW BUILDINGS PLANNED FOR.—THE NEW ACADEMIC BUILDING, MORGAN HALL, CHAPEL, AND HOTEL.—INCREASED FACILITIES FOR ATHLETICS.—OTHER IMPROVEMENTS AND ADDITIONS.—THE WEST POINT OF THE FUTURE AND WHAT IT WILL COST.

By H. Irving Hancock

**S**TATED on the porch of the hotel at West Point, General Wesley Merritt listened patiently to the tale of the mother of a new cadet. She eagerly recounted the athletic triumphs of her son during his preliminary two years at college.

"He must be a very capable young man," remarked General Merritt. "But how does he stand in mathematics?"

"Mathematics!" repeated the mother.

"If he fails in anything connected with mathematics," continued General Merritt, "your boy will never succeed at West Point."

Just now West Point is involved in a turmoil of figures that covers many varied points in the future history of the United States. In the first place, Congress not long ago appropriated \$5,500,000 for the remodeling of the Military Academy. When this amount of money has been used, or when it has been nearly all spent, it is expected that Congress will be asked to appropriate at least \$8,000,000 more, although, of course, not all of this latter amount is looked for in one appropriation.

At present there are a few more than five hundred cadets at West Point. There is not room enough for them. While the rooms in cadet barracks are constructed for the use of two men per room, not a few of the rooms shelter three cadets each. Under the new appropriations, barracks will be so enlarged as to provide for 1200 cadets, two to each sleeping-room. In the ultimate West Point—the one that is planned for by the administration and the War Department—there will be every possible accommodation for the housing, training, and recreation of 1200 cadets. That day is still far off. It will not come until some time after the \$8,000,000 more that is required have been granted by Congress.

But we are to have as soon as possible the most perfectly equipped training-school for army officers that is possible, and one that will be large enough for the effective handling of 1200 cadets. When the citizen recruits that not long ago we had only some 400 cadets at the Academy and that even to-day there are but few in excess of 500, he is likely to wonder what need there is of 1200. One of the reasons is that this country is growing so fast, and it is taking such an active part in foreign affairs, that a much larger army is considered by the guiding minds at Washington to be one of the urgent needs of the near future. The continuance of our commercial supremacy must be protected from jealous rivals by a strong showing of military strength.

Just now the architects are busy with the completion of their plans. It will be probably a year before the actual work of the reconstruction of the Academy buildings is begun, and it is expected that those provided for in the present appropriation will not be completed before the end of three years. Colonel Mills, the superintendent of the Academy, emphatically gives his opinion that it will be a piece of good luck if the building work is finished within six years.

The new plans look to a concentration of the working portion of the Academy. Economy of time is aimed at. Cadets are not to be obliged to waste valuable study and recreation time in over-long marches between barracks quarters and section rooms. In order to make this object the more easy of attainment buildings and groups of buildings that are not intimately connected with academic work are to be comparatively isolated.

West Point has its traditions and its distinctive landscape features. In order to preserve these the architectural spirit of the present buildings that are to be retained will be the keynote. The picturesque surroundings of forests, mountains, hills, cliffs, and rocks are to be emphasized. The Middle Gothic type of the present buildings will be preserved. One general aim of the designers is to retain all the rugged grandeur of West Point.

A new railroad-station and steamboat landing will be erected, and look will give greatly increased facilities. The general approach will be retained, but considerable grading will be done to render less steep the road that leads from station and landing to

the public square. Large freight and passenger elevators will also lead to the level of the square, and just above the elevators will be located the new hotel and the carriage-stand. These improvements will greatly increase the convenience of the visiting public. Every American citizen has a standing and cordial invitation to visit the Point and to see the working of his Academy. The present hotel is notoriously inadequate to the public demand, but the new hotel will be large and a thing of beauty. Its construction will cost \$140,000.

The new academic building is to be placed directly opposite the old building, and the two will be connected by an arch and a bridge. This connecting link will be one of the richest of the architectural features. There will be room for statues and for memorial inscriptions. Colonel Larned's original suggestions will be followed at this point in all essential respects.

One of the dignified buildings now at West Point, yet one of the most important, is the riding hall. Its design is entirely out of keeping with the landscape and with the larger buildings. The new structure will be so large that, at first, there will be more room than is needed, especially in the towers. The design of the new riding hall will be extremely simple and severe, but this will be in order that the building may appear to grow out of the top of the cliff where the lower plateau begins. If possible, stone from local quarries will be used.

In the construction of the additions to cadet barracks considerable thought was needed. The new wings will provide for the best possible escape of air through the rooms. The gymnasium to be moved in order to provide for a quadrangle inside the academic buildings that will be 350 feet long, with an average width of 100 feet.

For the sake of encouraging the greatest interest in athletic work it has been found necessary to provide for much better field-athletic possibilities. The open space in the rear of "Professors' Row" has been chosen. Here there is an abundance of room for baseball, football, and track-work. On the slope of the hill beyond it is proposed to place seats for 6000 spectators, all of whom will have a clear view of the field. When situation, amount of field area, and advantages of view are considered, this will be one of the grandest theaters of athletics in the world.

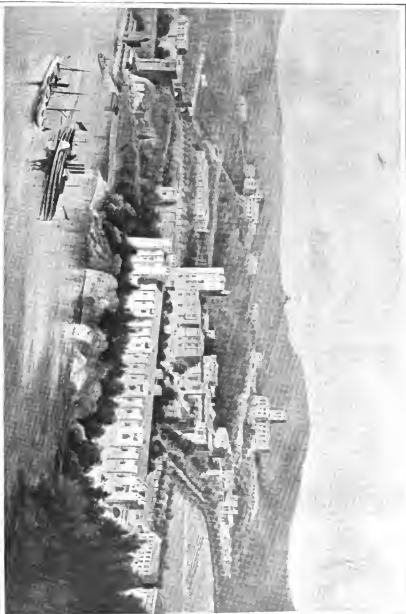
In its present location the chapel is regarded as an incongruous feature on a military post. The new chapel is to be located on a spur of hill just west of cadet barracks. Here it will be more readily accessible in winters, cadets, and visitors. Its tower will rise impressively over the nearby buildings. The superintendent's residence, too, is to occupy a new site. It will stand where the old hotel now does.

While there would be no interest in reading a tabulated statement of the cost of each of the improvements, a few of importance may be given. The new cadet barracks will cost \$300,500, and the new academic building \$204,800. Alterations of the old building called for \$30,000, and special fittings for \$50,000. The chapel, which is not to be one of the plainest of buildings, will cost \$384,000, with furnishings estimated at \$21,000. For the riding hall \$186,000 will be needed, with \$258,500 for post headquarters. Furniture and fittings for the latter will consume \$50,000. The handsome memorial bridge that is to connect the old and the new academic buildings will cost \$50,000, while the cadet administration building, occupied by the tactical officers, will require, with furnishings, \$110,400. The new hospital ward, with its fittings, will take \$37,500 more.

When the new West Point is completed it will be a thing of beauty that even its famous traditions cannot enhance. It will be a thoroughly equipped school for the training of the finest military body in the world—for the men whose work we cheer as we stand in front of the bulletin-boards in war-time.



Dress Parade at West Point

New Hotel  
Elliott Tower

Bridgman

Dennis by R. Christy Smith

## THE WEST POINT OF THE FUTURE

For such an extensive plan

Congress has appropriated \$5,000,000 to be used in remodeling the United States Military Academy. And later it will be asked to make an additional appropriation of \$5,000,000 for the same purpose. The West Point of the future will provide accommodations for the training and maintenance of 7,000 cadets and will be the perfection of equipment, the grand of any military training school in the world. Among the most important improvements, the plans for which have not yet been approved, will be the new academic building, new riding-hall, and new cadet barracks. The cost of the buildings will be reduced by the fact that the stone necessary for their construction can be quarried on the premises.



**Miss Blanche King in "The Jersey Lily"**

Miss King is appearing at the Victoria Theatre in the play written for her by George V. Herbert and Reginald De Koven. She plays the part of "Lilliana," an actress who returns to her native Isle of Jersey where she has made a name for herself on the stage. During her visit the local mayor, a home-doctor, falls in love with her, and thereby comes into conflict with the Jersey Lilies' Society, a South American diplomat. The political secretary, finally, however, gives up his suit, and the lady marries the man of her choice.



**John Drew in "Captain Dieppe"**

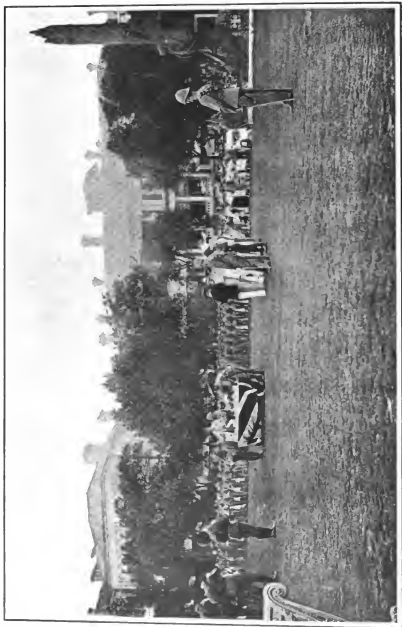
Mr. Drew begins his present season in a dramatization, by Harrison Rhodes and Anthony Hope, of one of the nation's romances. The comedian has the role of "Captain Dieppe," a Frenchman and a political schemer, who becomes a guest in the home of an Italian count who is living at random's point with his wife because of an unfortunate love-affair on her part. During the absence of the wife on a brief journey for the purpose of obtaining money with which to purchase incriminating letters from her blackmailing lover, she is impersonated by her countess, in whom "Captain Dieppe" makes love, on the belief that she is the real countess. He succeeds in buying of the blackmailer, in saving the count's letters in order, and finally in winning the countess's countess for his wife.

**TWO NEW PLAYS IN NEW YORK**



### MISS VIOLA ALLEN

Miss Allen will be seen this season as "Vada" in an ambitious production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," opening in Washington on October 26. It is promised that the play will be given with as little departure from its original form as modern requirements will permit, and practically the entire text is to be used. The cast will include, besides Miss Allen, John Blair, Frank Carter, Scott Craven, James Young, and Zeffe Tibbory.



### MEDALS FOR THE SOLDIERS WHO FOUGHT THE BOXERS

The photograph shows Sir Ernest Satow, the British Ambassador to China, presenting medals to the Shanghai volunteers who fought during the Boxer insurrection in China. The presentation ceremony took place in Sir Ernest's field, a park which extends along the entire river-front of Shanghai.



**MEDALS FOR THE SOLDIERS WHO FOUGHT THE BOXERS**

The photograph shows the general situation in the city of Peking, the scene of the recent Boxer rebellion. The picture is a caricature of the situation in Peking, the scene of the recent Boxer rebellion. The picture is a caricature of the situation in Peking, the scene of the recent Boxer rebellion.



**NEWS ITEMS INTERPRETED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST**

1. "A new solution of the Indian problem—work"
2. "In the South the carrying of firearms during election has been prohibited."
3. "Transportation in New York—passengers without seats pay no fares."
4. "Professor Bings, the celebrated expert in the speech of monkeys, is now investigating the language of the Zulus."
5. "The recent hurricane in New York."
6. "In order to court America's approval, the Sultan of Turkey has reduced his harem to fifty wives"

# Correspondence

## THE NEGRO COLONY IN ONTARIO

ALBANY, Ga., August 29, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

See.—The information in your issue of August 15 as to the present status of the negro colony in Kent County, Ontario, is quite interesting. I set forth here some evidence as to the temporary opinion in Essex, Kent, and Elgin as to about the time the colony was founded. Most of this information was collected about 1856 by David Christy, of Cincinnati, agent for the Ohio branch of the American Colonization Society, who in turn derived his information in large measure from official reports and communications to the Canadian government from Major Robert Loeblich, chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the Western District.

As far back as 1841, Major Loeblich, who was a vigorous opponent of slavery and had been a warm champion of the negro race, had written an official report of some length warning the government that the continual influx of negroes into that section of Canada was proving very demoralizing to the community, and urging some measure to prevent it. Among the peculiarities he had at that time ascribed to them were an insufferable manner, indifference to employment, and atrocious and rapidly increasing criminality. Major Loeblich had even repeatedly called attention of the grand jury in his charges to the "appalling circumstances that among a population of near 20,000 souls . . . the greater portion of the crime . . . should be committed by less than 2,000 refugees from a land of liberty, protection, and comfort, etc." The crimes enumerated by him as committed by these refugees were "murder, rape, arson, burglary, and larceny, besides every other description of minor offences." The resultant official inquiries as to the matter continued in 1852, down to which date, it appears from the reports, the relations between the whites and blacks had continued to grow more and more strained.

In 1849 the Elgin Association undertook to remedy these conditions in some manner by purchasing a large tract of land in Raleigh township, County Kent, and offering inducements to the scattered negro population of Essex, Kent, and Elgin to concentrate upon it. (On August 18, 1849, a public meeting was held in the town of Chatham to protest. This meeting disclosed any animosity toward negroes, but declared it contrary to nature and Christianity to inflict this thing upon themselves. "It is also," they declared, "with a feeling of deep resentment that we look upon the selection of this township of Raleigh, in this district, as the first portion of our country, which is to be cursed with a systematic organization for settling the laws of nature at defiance.

The language of this address is intensely bitter, ascribing immensurable criminality to the negro race, but stopping at intervals to declare that they had no hostility for negroes. If the whole of it could be here reproduced it would be quite curious and interesting, but space forbids.

On September 30, 1852, the negroes at Toronto met and answered this address with denunciatory resolutions, declaring it exhibited "the workings of a corrupt and depraved heart, etc."

In October 9 following, the municipal council of the district memorialized the government in protest, declaring that the white population regarded the movement with a feeling of "disgust and hatred," and declaring that the presence of negroes had occasioned a number of specified public evils and inconveniences. St. Catherine's Journal for June, 1852, under the title "The Facts of having Colored Companies and Colored Settlements," recorded a race riot growing out of a militia muster in which negro troops had sought to participate. Many were injured, some fatally. The paper adds, "The colored village is a ruin, and much more like a place having been besieged by an enemy than anything else."

In 1857 Colonel Prince of the Western District declared in the Canadian Parliament that "the black people who infested the land were the greatest curse to the province." The laws of the people of the west (meaning Kent and Essex) were made void by the foundation of these animals, and many of the largest farmers in the county of Kent have been compelled to leave their beautiful farms because of the pestiferous swarms. What were these wretches fit for?" etc. There was even more bitter language in this speech, which was upon a measure to lay a capitation tax on all negroes coming into the province. The curious part of it is that this Colonel Prince had the originally felt great sympathy for the negroes. He said further that "he found these men without fire and food and lodging when they were in need; and he would be bound to say that the black men of Essex would speak well of him in this respect. They would not admit those as being equal to white men; and after a long and close observation of human nature, he had come to the conclusion that the black race was born to be and intended for slavery and that he was fit for nothing else. . . . He had told black men that the lazy rascals had shirked their shoulders and wished they had never run away from their good 'old Massa' in Kentucky."

The negroes of Toronto thereupon held another meeting, and denounced Colonel Prince as a swine language, to which he responded in the Windsor Herald for July 3, 1857, engaging in a personal dispute with his assailants, in which he lowered his dignity somewhat and upon ascribing to the negroes of Kent some very bad qualities and derogatory remarks, as their agents in our service, have fed States, and in return I have generally found them rascals and thieves, and a graceless, worthless, thieving, lying set of vagabonds.

The grand jury at the Essex Assizes in November, 1850, in their pronouncements published a petition from the people of Andover, in which it was desired that the negroes there were living by stealing from the white people, and that they committed nine-tenths of the crime in Essex "according to the population," but that they willingly without the emancipated slave, etc. Nevertheless, if the government does not afford protection, "persons of Capital will be driven from the County." To these pronouncements the court replied that he was not surprised at the feeling, that the negroes were unworthy of sympathy, and would not work, "but proffering subsisting his information from respectable farmers, and begging from those benevolently inclined."

In September, 1853, an agent from Jamaica endeavored to persuade the negroes of Kent to emigrate to that island, but they refused, and in a public meeting at Chatham, on October 3, among other deliberations.

Resolved, "That in view of the fact that a crisis will soon occur in the United States to affect our friends and countrymen there," etc.

Mr. Christy understands this resolution to refer to the John Brown raid, which occurred thirteen days later.

The bitter feeling exhibited by the Canadians was never known in the South. There has always been a sentiment here of genuine kindness and sympathy for the negro, and while maintaining an unshaken purpose not to allow him an equal status, the white people have never used such insulting language toward him as some slave states, nor manifested such hostility. They seem to differ entirely from the Northerners and Canadian people in their sentiments. I think they deal with the question more practically, but I doubt if either of the sections quite understands the attitude of the other. As time passes and the number of the old negro diminishes, the tenderness and affection of the past grows closer and more engaging between them and their old feudal lords and their families. But the relations between the newer generations of the two races are, to my mind, most portentous. I am afraid the philanthropy of the North will never realize what is coming until the cataclysm is here.

I am, sir,  
HOOPER ALEXANDER.

## PROGRESS IN CANADA

KERRISTOWN, Pa., August 6, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

See.—The following figures and facts concerning the trade of Canada may possibly be of interest to your readers.

It has been for years the custom of many to speak of the Dominion of Canada in a somewhat flippant manner, without much faith in its present or future importance as a factor in the world solely with this country. The trade of Canada for the year 1902 may come as a surprise to many. During the fiscal year 1902, her trade was considerably over \$467,437,000, showing an enormous increase in the trade and commerce of the Dominion. It certainly bears out favorable testimony to the wisdom of the present government's fiscal policy. The figures for this year show an increase of \$13,590,000 over the fiscal year of 1901. On the basis of imports which actually entered into consumption, and Canadian produce only, exported, the trade of the year totaled \$448,188,989 as compared with \$398,811,258 for last year, being an increase of \$49,377,640.

The trade of the Dominion in the years 1900 and 1903 was as follows:

1900	\$220,502,817
1903	\$448,188,989

This shows that within the past seven years the trade of the Dominion has more than doubled.

During the period of national policy which existed for nearly eighteen years prior to 1896 the increase was only 80,000,000, or less than three per cent. annually, whilst during the past seven years the increase has been fifteen per cent. annually, and for the same period the exports alone have increased about 120 per cent. Last year the exports of Canadian products were \$37 per capita, whilst the exports from the United States were but \$19 per capita.

The total trade of Canada, estimating the population at five and three-quarter millions, was \$81 per capita, whilst this country for last year was \$31 per capita. In 1850 the United States, with a population of twenty-three millions, had a total foreign trade of \$28,000,000, while the Dominion to-day, with a population of less than six millions, has a total foreign trade of about \$470,000,000.

From these figures and facts it would seem that Canada has not been lagging behind in the commercial race amongst the countries of the globe. It would also appear that, with affairs in this condition, annexation is not a doctrine that should find many supporters across the border. Canadians, generally, realize that a future as great as the present position of the United States is desirable for this country, and they prefer to work out their destiny apart from the United States. It is not a matter of desist that they are bound by ties of blood and advantage which bind together, not only this continent, but the whole Anglo-Saxon peoples.

I am, sir,  
CHARLES E. T. STUART-LINTON.

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TURKEY is one of the countries with which our commerce consists principally of imports. While the total commerce with Turkey in Europe last year was over six million dollars, only \$408,745 of that sum was exports, and \$5,672,578 was imports.

Of the exports to Turkey in Europe in 1902 (the detailed figures of 1903 are not available), \$165,000 was cotton manufactures, \$111,735 provisions, \$67,257 agricultural implements, and \$68,298 manufactures of iron and steel. Of the exports to Turkey in Asia in 1902, manufactures of iron and steel amounted to \$64,189; cotton manufactures, \$45,145, and agricultural implements, \$13,469. To Turkey in Africa, manufactures amounted to \$971,657; iron and steel manufactures, \$69,807; mineral oil, \$25,345, and cotton manufactures, \$24,227. Of the imports from Turkish territory, the principal from Turkey in Europe were rugs and carpets, \$2,553,283; tobacco, \$649,874; hides and skins (chiefly goat-skins), \$812,218; oils, \$206,592, and wool, \$187,795. From Turkey in Asia, licorice root was the largest item, \$867,287; wool, \$672,273; opium, \$401,113; tea, \$363,873; dates, \$213,608, and raisins, \$136,227. From Turkey in Africa—Egypt—cotton amounted to \$9,323,431; sugar, \$1,361,938; and gum-arabic, \$266,138.

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# LETTERS OF MARQUE

ISSUED UNDER SEAL OF THE KINGDOM  
OF BOHEMIA TO ESPER INDIMAN, ESQ.

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

## The Adventure of the "Ninety and Nine Kisses"

THE fair and bazar of the United Housewifery Benevolent Association was assuredly a tremendous success, and not the least of its attractions was the open market where kisses might be purchased at the ridiculously small price of fifty cents each. But "cash before delivery" was the motto, and on the counter in front of each young woman stood a brass bowl in which the purchaser deposited his money—free hat entirely suspended. One could see that "The Fair One with Golden Locks," a large, full-bodied blonde with extraordinarily vivid red cheeks, had been doing a rushing business; her bowl was overflowing with notes and coins. And the others also had done well, all except "Mademoiselle D.," the girl at the far end; she had not made a single sale. A slight little thing, pale and somewhat anxious-looking, no wonder that customers had passed her by. Then she looked up, and we both caught our breath. What eyes! Eyes of the palest, scintillating gray—gray of that rare quality that holds no tint of either green or blue. Her eyes were her one beauty indeed, but the superlative measure of loveliness is best seen when it stands alone. And these dots of hazel-steel had passed on to sample the pink and white confectionery at the other end of the counter.

"One hundred, if you please," and Indiman laid a fifty-dollar bill in the bowl of the girl with the gray eyes. The crowd stopped and gaped, and "Mademoiselle D." turned from white to red and then to white again.

"Bought up the whole stock, boss!" asked a foolish-looking youth whose collar was slowly but surely choking him to death.

"Better take a couple on account," said the pert dandy attached to the young fellow's arm. "They might turn sour on you, Mister Man."

"Give 'em away with a pound of tea," put in a third joker. "Eh, Josie?"

"Let's get away from here," whispered Indiman to me. "The girl looks as though she might faint."

We pushed on through the crowd that continued to chaff us good-naturedly—joking they called it. Then we managed to struggle into a sort of backwater at the side of the dais upon which an alleged string band was trying to make good, as the scornful Miss Josie remarked.

"There's something wrong in this, Thorpe," said Indiman to me in an undertone. "Did you notice the stout man who stood immediately behind her?"

"The chap with one ear a full size larger than the other? Yes, I did."

"He never takes his eyes from her, and I believe that the girl is here against her will."

"Indiman!" I began, but he cut me short.

"I know it, I tell you, and I'm going to take her away. Do you see that electric-light switch on the wall behind you?"

"Back of the musicians' platform was a small wall cupboard holding the usual apparatus for controlling the incandescents lights with which the hall was illuminated."

"Pull down both handles when I give the signal," he went on, imperceptibly.

"What signal?"

"Inference considered. 'I'll take one of my kisses,' he said, smiling."

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Oh, yes you will. Remember now—the instant that I bend down to kiss her?"

He was gone, leaving me to curse his folly; I tried to overtake him, but the foolish youth and his Josie blocked my way. Intentionally, it seemed, that was part of their joshing of the stranger looked for Indiman. He had just reached the counter covered with red paper mastic, he pushed his way up to the girl with the gray eyes, and said something to her. She seemed to shrink away.

Indiman turned for an instant, and looked back at me, then he bent down and kissed her.

Without having had the slightest intention of so doing I pulled down both handles; the hall was in instant and utter darkness. For a moment the following silence persisted, menacing and deadly; it was as though Fate had suddenly reared her frightful head, a wild beast ready to spring.

A girl's light laugh turned the scale. "Trying to raid the fruit-stand, are you, huh," went on Miss Josie, in her thin, cool voice. "Thought you could pinch a couple in the dark of the moon, but my, my, Thorpe! those two assets'll just cost you supper for four. I'm not sitting behind the bargain counter to-day, thank you."

A babel of cat-calls, oaths, and laughter broke out, but the tension had been relaxed, and the danger was over. I pushed and jammed through the crowd to the stairs. No one was attempting to leave; in the hall they had just got the lights turned on again. I started down.

"Here, you!"

I looked back; the stout man with the disproportionate ears stood at the head of the stairs, hunched in by the crowd. He pointed and shook his clenched fist at me. "You! You!" he shouted, impotently. I ran on.

In the street before Indiman was helping the girl into the coach. He turned as I ran up.

"Good," he said, and offered me his cigarette case.

"The big fellow is coming down," I urged.

"Have a light," said Indiman. "And now, my son, adieu!"

I stepped into the coach and Indiman after me. There was a sound of angry voices from the hall above; two or three men dashed down the stairway, others following.

"Drive on," shouted Indiman, and the carriage started. Then we both turned and looked blankly at that empty back seat.

Indiman bit his lip. "It is an old trick—leaving by the other door," he said, quietly. "It was while we were fighting our cigarettes, and that reminds me that I had decided to give up the habit." He tossed his cigarette out of the window; the coach rolled away.

Private business called me to Washington the next day, and I had to take the night train back, arriving in New York at the uncomfortably early hour of seven. But it was some small satisfaction to tap vigorously upon Indiman's door as I passed to my own room. One always experiences a sense of virtue in being up at unreasonable hours, and blessings should be shared with one's friends. Later on we met at breakfast, and he did not thank me.

The following paragraph in the "Personal" column of the *Herald* caught my eye. "Ladies to this," I said, and read it aloud to my sulky host:

"To Mademoiselle D: There are ninety-and-nine kisses still due me, and I propose to collect. Box 90, *Herald* office (up town), or telephone 18,901 Madison Square. (Private wire.)"

Esper Indiman smiled and touched an electric button. "The letters, Boldier," he said, but the man had anticipated his request, and was carrying in a salvo heaped high with mislives and papers. "I had the personal telegraphed to the *Herald* the same night of our adventure at the Housewifery's bazar," said Indiman. "Also repeated in to-day's issue."

"It seems to be bearing a fine crop of replies."

"There's a lovely basket of 'em already—mostly from the alleged bachelors. Or else it's this sort of thing," and he tossed over an extraordinary piece of stationery—white cream—laid with string, like a mourning band, only pink instead of black; thick of that."

Of course the contents of the letter did not baffle its exterior. "Mr. Housewifery" was informed that not only ninety-nine, but

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ridiculous, and the voice sounded cold and inconceivably distant. "I have the honor to wish you a very good morning!" The telephone rang off sharply.

"I fancy that for some thought in both our minds—could this be the same woman whom we had seen selling her kisses at an East Side bazaar? The very thought was incredible. And, remember, that we had not heard her voice before. Yet neither of us doubted, even for a moment.

"After all, it was only the one kiss that was actually sold and delivered," said Indiman, half defiantly. But he need not have defended her to me.

It was getting to be a very pretty problem as it stood, the one obvious probability being that it was the girl herself who stood in danger. What could we do? To discover the nature of the impending peril and, above all, the personnel of the conspirators. And then what? How were we to communicate with or warn the girl, for, of course, she had called up Indiman from a public pay-station, leaving no clue to her identity or address? Well, there was still the personal column in the *Review*; it had reached her once and might again.

"I am going downtown to the main office of the Western Union," said Indiman, "and may be away all day. If I should return by dinner-time you will carry out the instructions in the message. Exactly, remember—our No. 6, and the best butter—each detail may be important. About nine o'clock should be a good hour.

"I understand," I said, and we parted.

At exactly half after nine that evening I stepped off our No. 6 at the crossing of West Fourth and Eleventh streets. The grocery was on the northwest corner, and I entered without hesitation.

Like many other big cities, New York (even excluding the transpennine suburbs) is a collection of towns and villages rather than a homogeneous municipality. Chelsea and Harlem and the upper West Side—all these are distinct and separate centres of community life. Greenwick village knows nothing of Yorkville, and the East Side Ghetto has no dealings with the inhabitants of the French quarter.

Now the small area bounded by Waterley Place, Christopher Street, West Fourth, and West Eleventh streets is also a *l'espace* itself. The neighborhood is respectable and severely old-fashioned, the houses large and comfortable, and the resident population almost entirely native New-Yorkers in moderate circumstances. A village, then, with its shops and schoolhouses and churches; it is as provincial in its way as the Lanesville of the comic week-part of the male population, the men who would not be seen in a shop, seated on benches and chairs around the stove, for it was a raw and chilly day. They looked up as I entered, but no one moved or spoke. Undoubtedly my man was in the group, but how to pick him out. I walked to the counter and addressed the young fellow who lounged behind it.

"Two pounds of the best butter, please."  
"All out," was the unexpected reply.  
"None of the best—that's what I said."  
"I wanted a green trading stamp." I went on, helplessly.  
"Anything over five cents' worth; jar of pickles, if you like."  
"No; not that. Here, give me—how much are those cigars?"  
"Five and ten."  
"Ten cents, then."

The young man handed out the box with a nonchalant air. "Help yourself," he said.

I selected a cigar. "You're sure you haven't any better—the best butter?"

"Ah, now whether giving us? This ain't no Tiffany & Co. Best butter, huh? Fraps you'd like to take a peck of it, woulda, house wid jer—the best d'romon, mind, all ready shelled and fried in gold dust. And jist throw in a bunch of them German-silver longsticks for the salad. Y'sair; charge 'em to Mr. Astor, Astorville, N. Y."

The loungers about the stove sniggered audibly, but something in the fellow's voice made me forget his insolence; I looked up and into the eyes of Esop Indiman.

I think I did it pretty well—the cool, ignoring stare with which one is accustomed to put a boor out of countenance.

"Let me have a light," I went on, and the pretended grocer's boy was anxious to oblige, scratching the match himself and leaning across the counter to hold the flame to the cigar end.

"Coach waiting for you in front of the church," he whispered. "Drive straight home and slowly—to give him a chance."

I left the shop without troubling to glance at the loungers about the fire; Indiman would attend to that part of the business. The coach was in waiting at the Baptist Church, and the driver touched his hat when I mentioned my name. I gave him the address, and told him to drive slowly. As we turned into Seventh Avenue I looked back and saw a cab following.

An hour later Indiman came in and joined me in the library. "Now, then?" I said, impatiently, after waiting to see him mix a high ball and light a tresser-dough black Brevé. Indiman is a little provoking at times with his infinite deliberation.

"Where were we?" he began. "Ah, yes, I had my theory about finding the chap who wrote out that message. It was correct, absolutely so," and Indiman pulled away in dreamy content, staring up at the ceiling.

"I know Mason of the main Western Union office quite well, and he was most obliging. Recognized the peculiarity of the telegraphic ending at once; there actually was a fellow who had a habit of intersecting the superfluous a in his dispatches. Name of Ewell, and he was the operator in a sub-station near Jefferson Market.

"Well, I posted up there and sounded him. He didn't know anything about it at first, so I had to scare him a bit; he weakened then, and told me what I wanted to know."

"Of course it wasn't a real message; he had run it off on his machine at the request of a queer-looking gentleman who had given him a couple of dollars for his trouble. According to his description, the man was stout and dark, with one ear, the left, decidedly larger than the other."

"Aha! the fellow we saw at the bazaar. But he wasn't in the group about the grocery store."

"Of course not, but he had his copper there."

"Go on."

"Well, I thanked Mr. Ewell for his information, and left him with a solemn admission to be more careful in the future about doing business on the side. Then I sat down to consider, the two pounds of the best butter, and the green trading stamp had nothing to do with the real business of the evening. The game was simply to identify the 'Mr. Housewirth' who had advertised for his stinky and nice kisses, and the green trading stamp had nothing in telegraphic characters, and all the rest of it were simply the kind of bait at which so eccentric a person might be expected to bite. The gentleman with one ear larger than the other desired to find the elusive Mademoiselle D, erstwhile



Indiman was helping the girl in the coach as I ran up

dispenser of kisses at an East Side charity bazaar, and, consequently, he was following up every possible clue. He wanted "Mr. Housewirth," and I wanted "him."

"Fight shadows with shadows, remember, and so I took service with my honest friend, David Brown, dealer in groceries at West Fourth and Eleventh streets. He was rather offish at first, but Mattson at Police Headquarters had provided me with a special detective badge, and Mr. Brown was led to believe that I was working up a case of graft. He lent me a jumper, and I was forthwith installed behind the counter.

"Everything went off according to schedule. The "shadow" had his cash in readiness and I had mine. He trailed me to No. 4022 Madison Avenue, and I followed Mr. Shadow to the Central Detective Office. It seems to have been a case of sleuth against sleuth, with the match all square.

"Anything else?"  
 "Well, yes. As I came into the house just now, two men were waiting for me in the vestibule. They went through me, but I still retain possession of my watch and purse."

"No," I said, somewhat helplessly.

"What's the next move to be made?"  
 "It is the last night of the supplementary opera season," answered Indiman, "and we are going to dress and see what we can do. Tschikowsky's 'Queen of Spades' is a novelty—first and only performance outside of Russia, and Terzini heads the cast."

"There is Mademoiselle D.," remarked Indiman as his glass swept the semicircle of the grand tier. "The fourth box from the end."

There were but three people in the party—the girl with the gray eyes, an elderly man with a ribbon in his buttonhole, and Jack Crawford, whom everybody knows.

The curtain fell on the third act, and immediately Crawford made his appearance in the ornate box where we were sitting.

"Come with me, mes enfants," he said, gravely. "It seems that you and the adorable Countess Gilda are old friends; she compensates your instant attentions. What, men, do you hesitate! I shall lose my head as our sovereign lady is not instantly obeyed."

The girl with the gray eyes greeted me with smiling unconcern. "Do you know my uncle?" she asked, and we were forthwith presented to his excellency Baron Cassilda, the Russian ambassador to the United States. Then the Countess Gilda addressed herself squarely to Indiman.

"I am in your debt, Mr. Indiman, and you must permit me to discharge the obligation. My dear uncle, your purse."

Indiman bowed and accepted the fifty-dollar bill tendered him.

"Now we are quits," she said, smiling. "Not quite," he answered, hardly. He drew a half-dollar from his waistcoat pocket and offered it to her. A flood of color mantled her brow, but she took the coin and slipped it into her gloves. "Well," she asked, her small chin defiantly up-lifted.

"I have only one question," said Indiman, earnestly. "Is there danger for you?"

"None in the world."

"Then I am quite satisfied."

She softened at that. "Only a rather aggravating disappointment; it does not matter now. But why will you now interfere in an unoffending woman's affairs?"

"I had no idea—"

"Of course not. However, we need not enter further into particulars. Your friend in the orchestra stall yonder will doubt-

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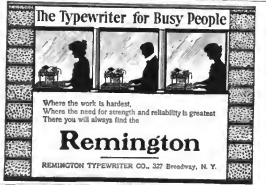


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**BALANCED STATEMENT**  
 DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS	
Discounts	\$22,821,102.49
Banks	1,809,133.52
House and Lots	1,524,792.26
Stocks, etc.	5,024,125.34
Checks on other Banks	9,384,664.23
	\$36,565,718.54
LIABILITIES	
Surplus and Undivided Profits	\$5,216,107.78
Subject to Check	\$1,349,710.36
	\$6,565,818.54

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less enlighten you later on." A stout man with one eye distinctly larger than the other deliberately faced about in his seat and directed his glances at our box. Immediately after the curtain went up on the last act, and his excellency held up his hand to command silence.

"Madam," said Indimian, as he headed the Countess Glida to her carriage, "I swear to you that the blunder I have unintentionally committed shall be atoned for. I ask but a hint—the slightest of clues."

"With pleasure, monsieur. I give you, therefore, the third appearance of the Queen of Spades. As a reward? We will to-morrow by the Comander."

The man with the disproportionate ear touched Indimian's elbow. "I beg pardon, sir," he said, deferentially, "but I shall have to have a word or two with you."

We drove to the Utman Club, and found a secluded corner. "Now what is it, officer?" said Indimian.

The detective looked rather sheepish. "I'm afraid we've made a mess of it between us. Case of political blackmail, you see, and the young lady thought she could handle it herself. And so she could have done if we hadn't butted in, begging your pardon for so saying."

"Get to the point."

"Well, then, at a question of a letter belonging to a Great Person in Moscow—Written to or by her doesn't matter. The letter is here in New York, and it isn't a question of money with the holder, but power. There's only one thing to be done in that case—steal it, and the Countess thought she could then turn the trick. So she went over to the Broadway East Side and laid her pipe to the head of the old party who holds the precious document. At the Bureau's request I was detailed from the Central office and instructed to keep my eyes on the young woman and my hands off the money. So, then, I couldn't do anything. I lost the girl when you walked off with her at the House-smith's bazaar, and then I had to stick in my head and answer your personal in the Herald. I laid what I thought was a pretty smart trap. You fell into it right enough."

"So you were the fellow who had me searched and held up at my own front door," said Indimian, a Commission. "What did you expect to get?"

"Why, the letter, sir; I had figured it out that way was the blackmailer."

"Oh, the donor! And at the same time the real article had been put on his or her guard by all this hullabaloo, and the Countess Glida's game was blocked."

"That's it, sir. A mistake all round."

"I should think so. Well, there's nothing more to be done. That's all you know about the case?"

"Never heard of the Queen of Spades in this connection?"

"Never, sir."

"Well, good night, officer. Brownson's your name, eh? It ain't forget it."

"Good night, sir."

The night was fine, and we walked home. Over an Eighth Avenue masquerade ball we were in progress, and the brightly lit windows of the hall in which it was being held. A mackerel stood at the door, a woman dressed to impersonate the Queen of Spades. She moved her hand to Indimian, who had changed to look up; she then plucked a rose from her bodice and tossed it over to him. He caught the flower, as he expected a gullant man, but immediately walked on.

"That was your cue—the Queen of Spades," I said.

"Not at all. It is only the third time that comes. First at the masquerade and now here; the final and only important appearance is still to come."

At the next corner a wretchedly clad woman was giving a small barrel of water. "For the love of Mary!" she whispered, and Indimian thrust something into her waiting hand. He tried to hide the action, but I caught a sight of the money, a yellow-backed bill bearing the magic figure 50.

"Did you notice the tune," said Indimian as we walked on. "The Ninety and Nine?"

Here the "Adventure of the Ninety-and-Nine Kiowa" ends and that of the "Queen of Spades" begins.

**Duck-Shooting on the Chesapeake**  
 By Dot Allen Wier  
 12th page 1278

With the last days of October, sports in the heaviest form for the upper Chesapeake and its tributaries. Long before noon on the first of December all the waterfowl are recruited, and a comparatively early season is had on the bay and its tributaries.

The principal method of shooting on Chesapeake is known as "point." Point shooting is the name given to the method of shooting ducks on the bay. It is a very peculiar form of the "blind" shot, and is only another name for the "blind" shot, and is a very peculiar form of the "blind" shot. It is a very peculiar form of the "blind" shot, and is only another name for the "blind" shot. It is a very peculiar form of the "blind" shot, and is only another name for the "blind" shot.

**The Making of Expository Sentences**  
 By Elise Rosseer  
 12th page 1283

The work of expository the statement by Louis Engdram in a paper presented at the University of Washington, in the Department of Education, in the first issue of the Journal of Educational Psychology, which is a most interesting study of the subject. It is a most interesting study of the subject. It is a most interesting study of the subject. It is a most interesting study of the subject.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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## COMMENT

ACCORDING to ex-Senator Butler of North Carolina, chairman of the Populist National Committee, the Populist party will put forward a nominee of its own for the Presidency next year. That would not be an incident of importance if the nominee were unlikely to receive more votes than were cast for Barker in 1900—only 50,000. Dela, the nominee of the Socialist-Democratic party, got almost twice as many, and Woodley, the nominee of the Prohibitionists, more than four times as many. Ex-Senator Butler thinks, however, that the political situation in 1904 will resemble that which was witnessed in 1892, when Weaver, the Populist nominee, it will be remembered, obtained not far from a million votes at the ballot-box, and no fewer than twenty-two electoral votes. During the campaign which preceded the election in the year last named, the Republican politicians viewed the Populist movement with complacency, taking for granted that Weaver's supporters would be recruited mainly from the Democratic ranks. If this was indeed the case, there must have been a far larger class of Republicans into the Democratic camp. For Mr. Cleveland obtained a plurality of 122 electoral votes over Harrison.

Ex-Senator Butler is doubtless right in assuming that what he terms Clevelandism, by which he means the conservative element in the party, will preponderate in the next Democratic national convention. It will be sufficiently powerful to frame the platform, though whether it will command the two-thirds vote needed to designate the nominee for the Presidency is still uncertain. The Bryanites expect to send delegates to the Democratic national convention from the States of Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington. These States, collectively, cast only forty-nine electoral votes in 1900. The Bryanites hope, however, to control, through Mayor Johnson, the Ohio delegation, and through Mayor Carter Harrison the Illinois delegation. They would have to do considerably better than this, however, in order to muster a third of all the delegates in the convention. If the Southern States should combine with the Middle and Eastern States they would probably be able to attract enough dele-

gates from the transmississippi region to make up the two-thirds vote which a Democratic candidate requires in order to secure the endorsement of his party. The figures that we have here suggested will not be regarded with approval by the *Commoner*, but we do not think that we have much underrated the strength of Mr. Bryan's following in the next Democratic national convention. If our computation is correct, the conservative Democrats will be able to nominate any one they choose, and the paramount question for them to consider is whether they can elect him.

We have several times had occasion to point out that, in our opinion, Mr. Bryan's influence was waning, even in the transmississippi States, but not on that account have we approved of the disposition evinced in certain quarters to treat him with contumely, or at least indifference, as if he were a wholly negligible factor in American politics. In our judgment that is not the temper in which the reconsolidation of the Democratic party should be undertaken. It is, therefore, without any sympathy that we record the vindictive utterance of Mr. O. K. Wright, a well-known lawyer of Denver, and a Democrat of influence in Colorado. Mr. Wright holds that the Democrats have a chance to win next year, but he adds that if the twice-defeated Nebraska candidate is to be consulted on any of the issues, or invited to take any part in the conduct of the campaign, the Republicans will be justified in beginning the shouting before the polls open in November, 1904. As regards the issues on which next year's contest will be fought, the defaming of them, so far as a control of the matter can be exercised by the Democratic national convention, will be intrusted to the Committee on Platform, in which we may take for granted the Bryanite element will constitute only a weak minority. Mr. Wright may be thoroughly assured that there will be no Bryanism in any of the planks, if by Bryanism he means a demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, nor a demand for the immediate evacuation of the Philippines, nor a demand for the withdrawal of the power to issue injunctions from Federal courts of equity.

A proposal has been made to invest the Vice-President with more important functions than those allotted to him by the Constitution, which are confined, it will be recalled, to succeeding to the Presidency when that office becomes vacant, and, meanwhile, to presiding over the Senate, and to voting in that body on a bill or resolution when the Senators are evenly divided. It is suggested that, by an amendment to the Constitution, the Vice-President should be made an irresponsible member of the cabinet. Such an innovation would be irreconcilable with the theory on which the Executive Department of our Federal government is based. According to that theory, the members of the cabinet are merely agents of the President, and, as such, are appointed by him, with the consent of the Senate. Very seldom has the Senate declined to confirm a cabinet appointment. Logically, members of the cabinet should also be removable at the President's option, and the soundness of this view of their relation to the Chief Magistrate commended itself to Congress when the Tenure of Office Act was repealed.

It is obvious that a President and Vice-President might differ materially concerning an important question. Not only was there antagonism between President John Adams and Vice-President Jefferson in 1797-1801, and between President John Q. Adams and Vice-President John C. Calhoun

in 1825-29, but if President William Henry Harrison had lived, he and Vice-President Tyler would have taken opposite sides with reference to the expediency of chartering the United States Bank. It is clear that such a difference of opinion might be productive of inconvenience, if not mischief, were a Vice-President to be made, by a constitutional amendment, an irremovable member of the cabinet. To make him a removable member no amendment of the Constitution would be needed. President McKinley, for instance, would have had the legal right to nominate Vice-President Hobart for a seat in the cabinet, but it is very doubtful whether the Senate would have confirmed such an appointment. Many Senators would probably hold that the impartial discharge of the duty of presiding over their deliberations could not easily be reconciled with the assumption of active participation in the work of the Executive Department by the Vice-President. As things are now, a great deal of influence on the conduct of executive business may be exercised by a Vice-President. There is reason to think that Vice-President Hobart's opinion had quite as much weight with President McKinley as had that of any member of the latter's cabinet. On the whole, it seems wise to leave the functions of a Vice-President where the Constitution has placed them. This is not to say that heretofore greater care ought not to be taken in the selection of nominees for the office.

The attention of professional politicians continues to be fastened upon Ohio, although not even the most optimistic Democrat imagines that Mayor Johnson can secure the Governorship at the approaching election. On the other hand, Senator Hanna, for some reason best known to himself, seems to think that the Republicans are much less certain of obtaining a majority in the Legislature than they have hitherto been supposed to be and that, consequently, his re-election to a seat in the United States Senate is in doubt. Only on this hypothesis can we explain his earnest appeals for assistance and the responsive co-operation of Republicans of national reputation in a State campaign. As we have formerly pointed out, it would not be easy to exaggerate the effect that would be produced on several pivotal States if in Ohio the Democrats should manage to acquire a majority of the Legislature, and should utilize their victory by sending Mr. John H. Clarke, a Gold Democrat, to the United States Senate. This they are bound to do by a resolution of their State convention, and since Mr. Bryan has sanctioned Mr. Clarke's nomination, it is improbable that any Bryanite member of the Legislature would refuse to vote for the latter. In Iowa, Governor Cummins has been, it is well known, renominated, and can look forward to what is known as a "walk-over." His election will have no significance, inasmuch as he has accented to a compromise with the "stand-patters."

In Maryland both the Republican and Democratic candidates for the Governorship have set their faces against a corrupt use of money, but it remains to be seen whether a similar stand will be taken by the competitors for a seat in the United States Senate. Should the Republicans manage to elect their candidate for the Governorship—an event which, at the hour when we write, seems improbable—the debatement would not unreasonably be drawn that Maryland in 1904 will give her electoral votes to Mr. Roosevelt, as she gave them to Mr. McKinley in 1896 and 1900. It should be borne in mind, however, that the majority for the Republican electors shrank three years ago from upwards of 22,000 in 1896 to less than 14,000. In Kentucky the contest for the Governorship is conducted on both sides with an exhibition of energy and confidence calculated to surprise those persons who cannot bring themselves to realize that Kentucky has ceased to be one of the strongholds of the Democracy. It is true that from 1876 to 1892, inclusive, its electoral votes were always given to the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. In 1892, however, Mr. McKinley carried the State by a small plurality, and obtained twelve of the thirteen electoral votes; in 1900 he lost the State by less than 8,000 votes. But for the assassination of Goebel, which is still unforgettable, the Republicans might this year have a fair chance of carrying the State.

At the hour when we write, it seems probable that the proposed amendments of the State Constitution of New

Jersey have been rejected, only a small percentage of the normal vote having been polled at the special election. The rejection of Article VI is a matter of grave importance to scores of thousands of persons, not inhabitants of the State, who are stockholders and bondholders in corporations that have been organized under the New Jersey laws. Hitherto in New Jersey not only have all judges, whether of common law or equity courts, been appointed by the Governor, but the highest judicial tribunal, the Court of Errors and Appeals, has consisted of the Chancellor, the Justices of the Supreme Court, and six lay judges. The purpose of the amendment to the State Constitution embodied in Article VI, was the exclusion of laymen from the highest tribunal, which was to be entirely composed of judges learned in the law. That non-lawyers should be permitted to take part in the decision of nice legal questions seems, on the face of it, absurd, yet it is just such an absurdity that the citizens of New Jersey, by their apathy, have consented to perpetuate. If it be true that the amendment mentioned has been defeated, there is a report that the defeat is the outcome of an organized but secret movement on the part of the labor-unions, which professed to believe that if the Court of Appeals were divested of its lay element, and composed entirely of lawyers, it might be more easily swayed by great corporations against the interests of labor. The labor-unions would no doubt consent to the substitution of lawyers for laymen in the highest judicial tribunal if in New Jersey, as in New York, all the members of the judiciary were elective, instead of being appointive. We believe the day to be yet distant, however, when the people of New Jersey will accept an elective judiciary.

That negro labor is indispensable to the Southern States has long been a current assumption, based on two assertions, —first, that, owing to climatic conditions, white men are unable to compete with blacks as cultivators of the South's staple products; and secondly, that even if such physical disability did not exist, white immigrants could not be attracted to the South from foreign countries or from other parts of the United States, owing to their unwillingness to compete with negroes in the labor market. It appears that neither of these assertions is well founded. If there is any Southern staple which white men have been supposed to be unfit to cultivate, it is rice, yet it turns out that almost the whole of this cereal that is raised in Louisiana is produced by white men. A large proportion of these rice-growers have come from the Northern States. According to the *Farm Magazine* of Baltimore, upwards of 70,000 immigrants from the Northern and Western sections of the Union have settled during the last decade between New Orleans and the town of Corpus Christi in Texas. The same periodical brings forward other interesting data relating to the migration of white agriculturists from the North to the South. We read, for instance, of twelve hundred white farmers, not Southerners by birth, that have during the last twelvemonth been cultivating lands on the lines of a single railroad south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi. We are further informed that a nearly straight line a hundred miles in length may be drawn through the so-called black belt of Virginia without crossing an acre of land owned by a negro, and that a large percentage of the farms thus crossed are tilled by white men who have come from the North and West. Around Petersburg, in Farmville, and in the Norfolk trucking section are to be found many white men of foreign birth or descent. There is no doubt that agricultural land is relatively cheap in the Southern States, and it is probable that if an organized effort were made by Southern railways, a considerable fraction of the immigrants from Europe might be attracted to their section. We learn from the *Farm Magazine* that within a twelvemonth an old and abandoned tract in Georgia has, through the application of up-to-date agricultural methods, been transformed into a flourishing settlement of four hundred whites.

There seems to be no foundation for the assertion made by Mr. Henry Watterson in the *Courier-Journal* that of the forty million dollars to be paid by the United States to the French Panama Canal Company for its property on the Isthmus of Panama, one-half was to be distributed among the American citizens who are credited with procuring the pas-



usage of the Spooner Act in pursuance of which the purchase was to be made. It is well known that the property of the French canal company was valued by the experts composing the Isthmian Canal Commission, including eminent civil and military engineers, at forty million dollars, an estimate regarded by French engineers as much too low. Colonel Waterson fails to explain how, under the rigorous laws which in France govern the management of corporations, one-half of the purchase money receivable from the United States was to be diverted from the stockholders and expended on this side of the Atlantic in the form of bribes. It is quite possible that the Bogota politicians may have tried to extract some money from the French company in consideration of Colombia's assent to the sale of its franchise, but, as we have formerly pointed out, no money could be legally appropriated for the purpose by the officers of the company, and, if furnished, would have to be advanced by some of the large stockholders in their individual capacities.

Some misconception seems to exist regarding Mr. Roosevelt's duty, in view of Colombia's failure to ratify the canal treaty within the time fixed for an exchange of ratifications. Even a man usually so well informed as Senator Morgan of Alabama assumes that, under the terms of the Spooner Act, the President is bound immediately to enter upon negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica for the procurement of the right to construct a canal by the so-called Nicaragua route. There is nothing in the Spooner Act to prevent Mr. Roosevelt from again entering upon negotiations with Colombia, or from agreeing to pay for the right of completing the Panama Canal a sum somewhat larger than that previously fixed, or even from accepting conditions relating to jurisdiction somewhat different from those designated in the former treaty. The President may deem it inexpedient to take any of these steps, but he is at liberty to take them under the Spooner Act, which authorizes him to purchase the Panama Canal at such a time and under such conditions as to him shall seem reasonable. Of what constitutes "reasonable" he is made the sole judge. We shall not be surprised if Colombia herself takes the initiative and proposes the conclusion of a new treaty diverging in some particulars from that which her Congress has just refused to ratify. Of course, a new treaty would have to be submitted to our United States Senate for ratification, and it would undoubtedly be opposed by those Senators who from the outset have favored the Nicaragua route.

It looks as if Mr. John Mitchell had succeeded in frustrating the plan impudently to President Gompers, the plan, namely, of arraying the American Federation of Labor on the side of those labor-unions which have been disposed to exeat from Mr. Roosevelt a promise that only labor-nominals should be employed on government work. If the plan had been carried out, it is certain that the President would have adhered to the position already taken by him, that neither membership nor non-membership in a labor-union shall constitute a bar to employment by the Federal government. It is also probable that, in consequence of his refusal to accede to the wishes of the Federation of Labor, he would have been held up to labor-unions as an enemy. If Mr. Gompers had proceeded to declare that, as between President Roosevelt and Senator Hanna, the latter should be looked upon as the better friend of labor, an attempt might have been made in the Republican national convention, to convince the delegates that the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency was no longer expedient. There are those who think that the question raised by the discharge and reinstatement of Foreman Miller of the Government Printing-office in Washington may be settled by a dismissal of Miller, who is accused of bigamy, on the score of immorality. How would the vacancy created by Miller's dismissal be filled? Should his successor be a labor-unionist, the objection might be drawn that the charge of bigamy had been trumped up to revile the Roosevelt administration from an ill-timed and unwelcome contest with labor-unionists. If, on the other hand, Miller's successor should be a man not connected with any labor-union, it might prove exceedingly difficult for Mr. John Mitchell to prevent the American Federation of Labor from pursuing the course which Mr. Gompers is believed to advocate. This is a matter of more political importance than it may seem at the first

glance to be. Admitting, what few well-informed persons are likely to deny, that in the Northern States the labor-unionists control about ten per cent. of the total vote cast, we must acknowledge that, in such pivotal commonwealths as New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana the Republican party could not afford to provoke the hostility of labor-unions.

Before these words meet the reader's eye, the arguments for the United States, on the one hand, and for Great Britain, on the other, will have been completed before the Alaska Boundary Commission, and the announcement of a decision will not be long deferred thereafter. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the sole chance of an agreement being reached by four out of the six commissioners depends upon the ability of the counsel for the United States to convince Lord Alverstone of the justice of the American claim. As yet, of course, it is quite impossible to forecast the position that will be taken by the British commissioner, but he has seemed to be much impressed by several of the points presented in the American case. Should he continue, nevertheless, to side with his two Canadian colleagues, the commission will be evenly divided, and all the labor and money expended on the effort to reach a settlement of the boundary question will have gone for naught. Much stress has been laid by Mr. D. P. Watson, of Pittsburg, one of the counsel for the United States, on the indispensible fact that the aim of both the British and Russian parties to the treaty of 1825 was to prevent collisions between traders of the Hudson Bay Company, on the one hand, and agents of the Russian-American Company, on the other. This aim would have been frustrated by a construction of the treaty which allowed the British traders to retain the heads of inlet, and thereby to enjoy free access to the Pacific Ocean. It is this intention of the treaty-makers upon which the United States largely rely, and which is expected to have due weight in the judicial mind of the British commissioner.

It will be remembered that Secretary Root, before departing for London to discharge the functions of an Alaska Boundary Commissioner, expressed the opinion, in a review of the facts brought out by an investigation, that a prima facie case of improper connection with an army contract for gloves had been established against Representative Littauer. Mr. Root explained at the time that it was for the Department of Justice to determine what steps, if any, should be taken against the contractor and Littauer. It appears that an opinion of the facts was prepared in the Department of Justice about September 20, and submitted to Attorney-General Knox, who is expected shortly to decide what action should be taken against the accused persons by the government. Should Attorney-General Knox omit or delay to take the proceedings requisite for a judicial examination of the question whether the law has been violated by Littauer, the House of Representatives will be invited, soon after the assembling of the Fifty-eighth Congress, to say, in its capacity of lawmaker, whether one of the statutes which it helped to frame has been violated by one of its members.

Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania has brought back some interesting news from British Columbia, in which province of the Canadian Northwest he has been spending a part of his vacation. It may be remembered that the area of this province, which did not become a part of the Dominion of Canada until 1871, comprises more than 283,000 square miles, and stretches from the northern boundary of Oregon to the southern border of Alaska. It also is, or should be, well known that we formerly claimed the whole of the territory between California and Alaska, and that President Polk, in his message of December 2, 1845, asserted that our title up to the parallel of 54° and 40' was upheld by irrefragable facts and arguments. For a time it seemed probable that our government would adhere to the programme "fifty-four forty, or fight," but ultimately we accepted the forty-ninth parallel of latitude as the northern boundary of Oregon, conceding the section lying between that parallel and Alaska to Great Britain. Senator Penrose is undoubtedly right in opining that our assent would never have been given to the compromise had we been conversant with the value of the section ceded. Events have justified the declaration made by William H. Seward that our renouncement of the tract now known as

British Columbia was the most ignominious surrender of national territory ever agreed to by a self-respecting nation. Mr. Penrose tells us that, even in that part of British Columbia which adjoins Alaska, the mildness of the climate is amazing to those persons who have imagined it to be arctic in character. Not only is the timber fine and the hay crop bountiful, but cereals are grown successfully. What surprises us is Mr. Penrose's assertion that at this day a majority of the residents of British Columbia share Secretary Seward's regret at the divorce of their country from the great American Republic. We knew that a considerable section of the population consists of emigrants from the United States, but we have taken for granted that the sentiment of the majority was pro-British, and our impression has seemed to be confirmed by the fact that a delegation from British Columbia is supporting the view of the Alaska boundary which is advocated by the Canadians before the Commission now sitting in London. We have no desire, however, to question the accuracy of the statement made by Senator Penrose with the authority of an eye and ear witness.

Through the efforts of circuit-attorney Folk, of St. Louis, nineteen hoodlums have been convicted of bribery, some of them of perjury also, but none of them is in prison. The verdict, says the *Globe-Democrat*, is stayed in every case, in a State Supreme Court, composed of six Democrats and one Republican. The Democratic managers in Missouri do not approve Mr. Folk; their sympathies seem to be with the convicts. The idea that he may be the Democratic candidate for Governor appears to be exceedingly distasteful to them. He has support, and support from Democrats, but not from the party managers. The inference is inevitable that a large proportion of the influential Democrats in Missouri are not in favor of honest legislation. That is what Mr. Folk stands for—honest legislation, honest government. His reputation, by far the most distinguished that has been recently made in Missouri, is based solely on his efforts to defend the property rights of the people and bring rascals to justice. He is abundantly admired abroad and abundantly disparaged at home. This is a safe condition for Mr. Folk. Though not altogether satisfactory, it cannot hurt him. But is it a safe condition for the Democratic managers in Missouri?

The deadlock in Austria-Hungary may be fruitful in results for the future policy of the Dual Monarchy, and also in the greater question, the rivalry between Teuton and Slav, which is the mainpring in all eastern European politics. Austria was absolutely dominant until 1866 and Sadowa. Then came Hungary's turn, and one of the greatest achievements of the Emperor Franz Josef was to know how to yield and what to yield to the Magyars. For the last decade Hungary has been ever more and more the predominant partner, presenting a solid front to the divided Austrian states. At the present juncture, Austria, hard pressed, will be forced to enlist the support and sympathy of the Czechs and southern Slavs by considerable concessions, in order to use them as a counterpoise to Hungary. In this way the Czechs are likely to gain privileges they have long been fighting for, with a more definite recognition of their political importance and value. The result will be to place the balance of power in the hands of Bohemia, just as Ireland now holds the balance between the two great English parties. After Bohemia will come the turn of the southern Slavs, of Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Carinthia, and Carinola, who, for a generation, have been growing stronger in national feeling and linguistic unity. Austria will thus become practically a Slavonic power, as it is, including Hungary, preponderantly Slavonic already in population. The fitness of Austria to protect and develop the Slavonic populations in Macedonia, as she has already developed the Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, will thereby be enhanced; so that Hungary, in holding out at the present juncture against the Austrian Kaiser, is playing directly into the hands of the Slavs, whom of all people she most cordially dislikes and despises.

The Macedonian situation continues obscure and perplexing. The one thing certain is that both sides are deliberately misrepresenting the facts, the insurgents exaggerating the numbers of those massacred beyond all probability or even possibility, while the Turks deny the very existence of a

secrecy even in villages where consuls of the powers have seen the heaped-up bodies of slaughtered women and children. Again, all experience shows that, as the winter approaches in the Balkans, and the higher peaks are covered with snow, the activities of the insurgents always slacken, and gradually die out; yet, in face of this, we find the Sultan continuing to mobilize new battalions of Asiatic troops, although those already in the field are almost mutinous from hardship and the impossibility of obtaining their pay. Bulgaria is keenly on the alert, and, with two hostile armies mobilized and facing each other across the southern frontier of the principality, there may at any moment be an outbreak which will mean the certainty of war. As to the attitude of the great powers, we have, on the one hand, Count Lamsdorff's defence of his policy, in which he holds the insurgents wholly to blame for the present inflamed condition of Macedonia, accusing them of provoking outrages to bring about intervention, and thus of making the introduction of reforms impossible. On the other hand, we have the wise and considerate declaration of Mr. Balfour that, with present conditions, two powers are stronger than three, and that England, therefore, will confine herself to heartily supporting the policy of Russia and Austria, and will not herself intervene. While the attitude of Germany is not in reality altered, the desire to "inherit" from Abdul Hamid prevailing error, pity and justice, yet Germany has been compelled by the force of international opinion to at least seem to support the other powers; with the result that the pressure on Turkey is notably increased, and the probability that a real and earnest attempt at reform will be inaugurated with the approach of winter. At the same time it is abundantly clear that no half-way measures will suffice, nor will Macedonia settle down before the three vilayets, following the example of Rumelia in 1885, have declared their independence, and united themselves with Bulgaria, thus practically restoring the San Stefano status, and undoing the work of the Berlin Congress.

Lord Milner's hesitation about joining Mr. Balfour's cabinet, as Mr. Chamberlain's successor, sprung from very intelligible causes. In the first case, to do so was to declare against Chamberlain, and thus to bar the way for possible future favors from the Man of Birmingham, should he some day come into his kingdom. Then again, Lord Milner conceived that his own prestige would be somewhat dimmed by boarding the ship, as it were, on the eve of almost certain shipwreck. For, with the meeting of Parliament in the first week of November, Mr. Balfour will have to take a decisive step of some kind. He must either introduce a measure embodying the principles of his famous pamphlet of insular free-trade, or confess himself a humbug and an opportunist. And it is abundantly certain that he cannot carry any such measure, unless he gets the fullest aid from the Irish party, which means a Catholic university and home rule, as Mr. John Redmond has most bravely declared. Further, it may suit Mr. Chamberlain's purpose to throw himself with his following into the opposite scale, and thus bring about Mr. Balfour's fall. Therefore Mr. Balfour's path during the next few months will not be strewn with roses, and Lord Milner is only human in his unwillingness to link himself with such a chequered fate. Yet to refuse point-blank would have meant avowed disloyalty to the Conservative leader at a time of dire emergency, and this would have barred Lord Milner's path to future promotion, and, perhaps he himself thinks, to the reversion of the Premiership.

M. Urbain Gohier, the energetic editor of the *Paris Aurora*, who took such an active part in exposing the delinquencies of the military chiefs in the Dreyfus affair, and who has for some years led a continuous attack on militarism in France, lately spent five months in this country, seeing things for himself and writing an account of what he saw for the benefit of his countrymen. His book, too, makes good reading for Americans, though it is primarily addressed to the French. He says you can observe and get to understand a larger number of things in the United States than anywhere else in the same space of time, because life is more open there—private life as well as public life. Family affairs, like political and money affairs, are carried on in broad daylight; marriages, betrothals, divorces, quarrels between man and wife, business failures, wills, honest dealings and shady transactions are

announced, explained, commented upon openly and publicly. When the papers do not give enough details, those who are interested take upon themselves to supply the deficiency. Nothing is secret. There is no false shame; and sometimes, indeed, there is a lack of modesty and delicate restraint. But all this is very convenient for the foreign observer.

In this chaos of humanity, wherein men of black skin, yellow skin, and red skin are mingled with men of every tribe of white skin, good and evil carry on their eternal battle. Humanitarian societies swarm all over the country; warm-hearted, self-sacrificing people spend an enormous amount of good-will and energy; works of charity and popular education are innumerable. Crime is more audacious and more ingenious than anywhere else. There is as much virtue as in any place in the world, and nearly as much hypocrisy as in England. Scandalous adultery is rarer than in France, because divorce is excessively easy; but the revolver plays an equally important rôle in the tragedies of love. Vice is less bold, but much more brutal. Blackguardism is little known, but a party bent on having a good time very soon begin to look like a band of roving sailors. In America, a man marries a wife and her only. In France, where the family is a sort of entity, he marries the whole lot of them—the crabbed mother-in-law, the sour-tempered aunt, the worthless big brother, the silly little sister, the ill-famed uncle. In America, the bridegroom can ignore the existence of all these accessories. The young people do what they will and harm life in living it.

He finds the feverish chase after money not so repugnant in America as it is in certain other countries. The American is not barely grasping; he is a gambler; he wants to win the game, so as to be able to play another; a larger capital represents to him a better chance of success. Energy, energy! is the great American word. All the politicians and writers of America boast of American energy; the educators preach it; the young people brutalize themselves in sportive exercises, and the men drag themselves to acquire it. But he thinks that in reality American energy is a legend. Or rather, it would probably be more exact to say that the American people possesses large reserves of energy—because they spend very little of it. This is not a paradox. Assuredly, in the business centres of New York, Chicago, and other cities, the dollar-hunters are very much agitated at certain hours of the day. The fever is ardent, more so perhaps than in London or in Paris. But this feverish agitation of a few thousands of business people is not energy. Americans do not know whether they have energy, because they have never really been put to the proof since their great civil war. Europeans know the difficulties of life; are steeped in strife, because they have to struggle continuously against accumulated obstacles, against enemies without number; they cannot perform an act, a gesture, without bumping against something or somebody; family tyranny, tyranny of social prejudices, tyranny of secular and Byzantine legislations, state tyranny, tyranny of privileged castes, tyranny of the bureaucracy. In America there are no enemies, no obstacles. There is liberty in the family, liberty in social life, liberty in the State. There are no prejudices, no traditions, no irksome laws, no bureaucracy. Before you, a country infinite in extension, infinite in wealth. Go in peace, live no your understanding prompts you, work as you will, just take the trouble to pick up riches. That is the programme.

He holds that the genius of the American people consists precisely in sparing the expense of energy. There is nothing more marvellous than the ability with which they have rendered effort useless in this country. Everything is made to work as in a fairy palace. Mechanism and electricity perform prodigious things that man may take his ease. The industrial and agricultural machinery is admirable, and every day brings a new improvement. The business man in his office, the farmer on his reaper and binder, the engineer on his engine, have only, so to speak, to run their fingers over a keyboard or two and the work is accomplished. It is the triumph of human genius; it is not energy.

The politicians play a game of politics as they would play a game of poker, using the same processes, with the same

object, and their heart is no more engaged in the one than in the other. The ornament of American cities would be their parks, if the municipalities could only restrain themselves from spoiling their magnificent scenery by ridiculous statues and monuments. Throughout the whole country real artistic sentiment would be shown in not destroying the marvels of nature. Nothing is perfect, not the American nation itself. He finds it has still something to acquire, and hopes very ardently that its development may be accomplished in the best way, under the best auspices, to lead it to the realization of the human ideal. He hopes so, first of all, because the American people is at present the most vigorous, the sanest, the most alive people on earth, and its splendid confidence in the future appeals to general sympathy. He hopes so, also, because the prosperity of the United States is a great lesson for the other nations. The United States are prosperous, on the one hand, because prodigal nature has piled up on and implanted in their soil the possible elements of wealth. But they are prosperous, on the other hand, because their political institutions, the vivacity of their republican instinct, their bold practice of extreme liberty have permitted the full free exercise of human activity.

At the session of the Unitarian National Conference at Atlantic City, on September 23, there was much talk from experienced speakers about the training of ministers, the kind of minister needed, and what the theological seminaries could do to supply them. One layman, from Amherst College, said the minister needed must first of all be a man, and he enlarged handsomely on the qualities of manliness, and also of godliness, with which he ought to be endowed. Another layman, from St. Paul, called stoutly, and not without some humor, for ministers who had, not merely ethics, but religion; who had a sense of reverence, and a true call; who were unselfish, who had, above all things, a real gospel to proclaim, and could send it home. The addresses of the laymen were edifying, but the most interesting observation to be found in the report that includes them, was made by Mr. F. C. Southworth, who as head of Meadville Seminary has much to do with the education of men for the Unitarian pulpit. He said his seminary aimed in the first place to send out theologians, who could define their belief clearly and intelligibly. More than that it sought to send out men of power, but it could not itself produce such men; the theological schools are not the soil in which they grow; the schools can only train them. Then he said: "Among the twenty-five students who have entered the Meadville Theological School during the last two years, not one has come from a Unitarian home. And I am led to believe the condition is similar at Harvard."

The natural inference from this interesting statement is that the Unitarians must be getting a large proportion of their ministers, nowadays, from outside their own enclosure, and that supposition is borne out by the remark of one of the laymen above quoted, who said there was another important source of supply to Unitarian pulpits besides the liberal divinity schools, and that was the orthodox ministry. This speaker supposed that a definite call to the ministry, which he thought it important that every minister should have, was most likely to occur "in connection with evangelical ideas and supernaturalist theology." "And perhaps," said he, "this will account for the superior religious fervor and power of many of the Unitarian ministers who come to us from orthodoxy." On the whole, one would gather from all this a not very hopeful impression of the prospects of the Unitarian pulpit, if it were not that the laity of that denomination includes an unusual proportion of men qualified and disposed to speak in meeting. The Unitarians failing to breed ministers, may finally conclude to get abroad without any.

One feature of the rapid growth of the Southern States is especially noteworthy. In Georgia, whose remarkable progress is noted in this issue of the WEEKLY, an association for developing the State along business and industrial lines has been in existence for some time. The president is Mr. J. K. Orr, and it is largely through his influence and energy that the Greater Georgia Association has come to be recognized as an important factor in the State's affairs.

## Premier Balfour's Tariff Ideas

Tan pamphlet in which the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P., the present head of the British government, has set forth what he terms "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade," is of interest to Americans on two grounds: first, in respect of the ideas themselves, and, secondly, in respect of the effect which their adoption in the United Kingdom would have on the export of food products from the United States. We may say at once that we had addressed this pamphlet to the people of this country would have been superfluous. It would have been preaching to the converted. It is quite possible that a majority of our voters do not concur with the "standard pattern" in respect of the Dingley tariff should remain intact for an indefinite period, although the reciprocity clauses devised by Dingley himself for the purpose of mitigating, under certain circumstances, his highest of high tariffs, continue to be maintained, except in the case of Cuba. It is certain, on the other hand, that a large majority of our people are opposed to thoroughgoing free trade, and favor such moderate protection as shall safeguard American workmen against competition with the underpaid labor of Europe. We have long since learned by experience in this country, what Mr. Balfour has just discovered, that there are three things which it is peculiarly difficult, and, at the same time, peculiarly desirable, for a manufacturer, or combination of manufacturers, to do. The first is to run their factories or foundries evenly—that is to say, without undue pressure at one period, and without overworked workmen and leaving plants unworked at another period. The second and difficult thing is to plan their work on a scale which shall secure the greatest economy of production, or which, in the language of political economy, shall take the utmost advantage of the "law of increasing returns." The third desirable and difficult thing is to secure a footing in foreign markets which are already occupied, in the judgment of a large majority of Americans, the British Prime Minister is right when he asserts that, for the attainment of these three objects, any manufacturer or combination of manufacturers who have, with the help of protection, obtained a command of their home market, are at an immense advantage, compared with their rivals in a free-trade country. The unprotected manufacturer is compelled either to restrict his plant to a point well within what may sometimes be required of him, or, in ordinary times, to leave it partially idle. Even a small excess of supply may lower the price of his goods out of all proportion; and if it does he not only loses heavily in respect to this small margin of overproduction, but in respect of his whole output. There is no reason to expect that the plant erected to meet an average demand would reach the exact size most conducive to economy of manufacture. Should it prove to do so, it could only be by accident, either in the way of arranging the plant, or the plant itself, or the best working of all time. If it is there most critically be recurrent periods, during which overproduction, with the consequent cuts, must inevitably take place.

There is no doubt that Mr. Balfour is right in asserting that such is the ordinary position of the manufacturer under free trade. He proceeds to compare with it the position of a protected plant which controls its home market. The latter is not haunted to anything like the same extent, if at all, by the fear of overproduction. If the home demand should slacken, compelling him, if he desires to maintain prices, to limit home supply, he is not driven, like his unprotected competitor, to attain this result by limiting output. Ordinarily he is not obliged to close part of his works or to discontinue some of his hands or to run his machinery on half time. On the contrary, so long as other countries offer his open or at least penetrable markets he can dispose of his surplus abroad, at prices no doubt lower, and often very much lower, than the prices which his quasi-monopoly enables him to obtain at home; but at prices which, nevertheless, make the double transaction, domestic and foreign, remunerative as a whole. Why, Mr. Balfour goes on to inquire, is no similar policy open to the manufacturer in a free-trade country? Because such countries make it difficult for him to obtain, and to keep control of his home market; and because, unless he has this control, it is difficult, if not impracticable, for him to fix two prices, a low foreign and a high domestic one. If he attempts it, he will be understood in the home market by his rivals, or even, if the divergence of price exceed the cost of freight out and back, by himself. His own goods will be uncompetitive. He will become his own most dangerous competitor. In the case, on the other hand, of a quasi-monopoly in a protectionist country, it is entirely practicable not only that the prices exacted by him from foreign countries should be less than the home prices, but even that the former should be less than the cost of production. It is a matter of experience that German steel has been sold in Great Britain at a price which no British manufacturer could produce it—*or* German manufacturer either, without the double aid of combination and protection.

Mr. Balfour completes his argument for a reversion to a protective tariff by pointing out that the unprotected manufacturer is attacked not only at home, but abroad. He has, perhaps, acquired what may be described as the "good-will" of some neutral

market. He has, in other words, a clientele whom he has served well, and who, under ordinary conditions of trade, would never have deserted him. Suddenly, under the trust system, through no fault of his own, nor through any shortcoming of his staff or plant, he finds himself undersold. It is true that the power of underselling will last no longer than the rig or combination, whose approach to monopoly has made it possible. It is also true that in some industries, though only in some, there is nothing so advantageous as are these commercial conspiracies. Yet, however short-lived as they may be, they will probably have lasted long enough to destroy a valuable asset, painfully acquired in a free-trade market by an individual exporter, and if the unprotected manufacturer's business survives at all it will be only by slow and laborious stages that it can reconquer neutral territory left from it in a day by a tariff-protected combination.

If Mr. Balfour's pamphlet were to be regarded solely as an argument for the imposition by the United Kingdom of such duties on imported manufactures as would assure the home market to the British manufacturers of similar articles, there is no doubt that, to a large majority of Americans, the argument would seem unanswerable. We do not understand that Mr. Balfour, or even Mr. Chamberlain, would impose, under any circumstances, duties upon the raw materials which are indispensable to British manufacturers, although this is done in the United States. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Balfour accepts as right in principle, although he does not in fact, the application of that principle, Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to tax food products imported into the United Kingdom from foreign countries for the avowed purpose of giving a preference to similar commodities coming from the British colonies. Here the moderate protectionist of the United States must part company from Mr. Balfour. If the United States, like the United Kingdom, were to tax the consumption of the population, our Congress never would sanction a tariff, the inevitable outcome of which would be to increase the price of a workman's loaf of bread. If at present we tax food products, it is only because our soil yields more than enough of them to feed our people, and even gives us a large surplus for export.

## Canada and the Empire

CANADA is the real motive power of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. It is true, of course, that the preferential tariff which is to bind the empire together, is not original with Chamberlain, but was borrowed by him from South Africa and other empire states, in the late 'twenties. It is no less true that Sir Edmund Barton and Mr. Seddon have pronounced themselves very strongly in favor of the Birmingham idea. Yet the real pressure comes from Canada. The reason is that Canada has among her arguments for the mother country not merely a bundle of promises of future tariff preferences, but also a threat; the threat of a customs treaty. This is Canada's advantage. South Africa has no such threat to make. Australia has no such threat in reserve. There is practically no competing power to which they could make overtures, and with which they could enter into relations closer and more profitable than with England. The Australians have borrowed enormously from England, being, indeed, the most heavily indebted group of states on earth; therefore they cannot separate their destiny from that of England, if they would. South Africa knows, rather the English of Cape and Natal know, that only the British connection checks the supremacy of the Dutch Afrikaanders. Therefore any defection of either is not to be thought of. But with Canada it is different; therefore Canada puts on the screw.

Here are certain facts which should be kept in mind. In the first place, Canada prices immensely by her connection with England in having for her territory and commerce the guarantee of imperial defense, for which she pays no adequate consideration. In the second place, she has a free market in England, while she herself heavily taxes English goods. And, thirdly, her much vaunted preferences to British imports are almost wholly illusory. This is shown by two facts: First, we should remember that Canada taxes various imports very steeply, and, designedly of course, in her tariff schedule. Because she has already the most heavily taxed, very much more heavily, for instance, than those which she imports from the United States. The truth is that Canada, while professing to give a substantial concession to the mother country, has in reality done exactly the opposite. She has, indeed, taxed the imports from the mother country at a rate which is practically prohibitive, and it is small consolation to the English importer that the weight which already lies upon him in the scale, is raised even higher, as a mere exercise of decoration, against his rivals. All are shut out, only England is a little more politely shut out than her neighbors. Canada means, of course, to protect her own manufacturers, and we cannot blame her for so doing. And she also means to import from the States

certain things which she herself needs and does not produce. Hence, while nominally favoring England, her tariff really favors, and most effectively favors, the United States. The proof is evident, and this is the second noteworthy fact: that though England's commerce with Canada increases somewhat, yet the commerce of the United States increases much more rapidly, and is likely so to continue. The advantage enjoyed by England, therefore, and in return for which the British workmen are asked to tax his food, is purely imaginary.

Finally, to favor in any marked way the great Canadian wheat-field is wholly needless. As our Western farmers are rapidly finding out, it is already favored beyond all the wheat-growing areas of the world. We think of it as being too far North. We should remember that this means two hours more sunlight daily, during the ripening of the crop, as compared, say, with Ohio; almost an immense advantage. Again, the soil is of exactly the right quality and disposition, as regards character, subsoil, and the like, and the cost of tilling is a minimum. As has been suggested, the wheat lands of the Canadian Northwest are increasingly coming into the hands of American farmers, and it is not easy to see how they are to be aroused to a fervor of British loyalty in the sense hoped for by Mr. Chamberlain. They are much more likely to Americanize Canada than to Anglicize themselves.

### The Offshoots of Concord

THE summer schools are closed now. Each year new ones are started, and it is safe to say that there are no specialties now that cannot be procured in vacation-time by busy people.

It is many years since Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Dr. Harris, Thomas Davidson, and numbers of other distinguished men founded the first summer school of philosophy. It was a little, plain, single-roomed board building, looking like a primitive school-house, in Hanson Alcott's "back yard." Here the long-haired, silver-tongued Alcott posed Socratic questions; here Emerson, the long-faced, keen-eyed Yankee, uttered his epigrammatic, disconnected other-world wisdom, touched by the sly flavor of the canny farmers about; and here the tranquil, red-headed Davidson, with his phenomenal verbal acrobacy, dealt with philosophy as though it were a kind of mental prize-fight. Half the distinguished men of letters of that generation in America took their turn to talk in the little Concord school-house.

That generation has passed away, and only a few men remain who recall its palmy days, but in two places, at least, offshoots of the Concord school still flourish. So early as 1888, Thomas Davidson started a school of philosophy on his own account in Farmington, and the following year moved it to Glen Moore in the Adirondacks. Here throughout July and August of each year many of the best men gather and talk, and many further-reaching philosophical books are outlined and discussed here. In the past month Dr. William James spoke here on "Radical Empiricism," Dr. John Dewey, of Chicago University, gave a week to the "Logic of Experience," Dr. Murray of Montreal gave a course on the "Evolution of Philosophical Ideas among the Early Greeks," Dr. Harris of Washington talked on Hegel, Dr. Felix Adler on "Social Ethics," and Dr. Feala on the "Psychology of the Mystic." The sermons are given to the formal courses, but every Wednesday evening is given to informal discussion of the subjects of the week. And all this takes place in one of the most wonderful climates, eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and near one of the most extended rivers in the Adirondacks.

But what different offshoots spring from the same parent tree! On the coast of the four or five miles, and upon the tidal river Piscataqua, is another child of the Concord school—a daughter this time, for the "eternal womanly" reigns supreme in the method and arrangement of Greenacre. Greenacre is a sort of conference of religions. Philosophy is not barred out, but it is not a main feature. Here Buddhist Jews in flowing robes, Persian prophets in gold-embroidered vestments, Jewish rabbis, and Catholic priests proceed to discuss their various religions.

Many men are diffident upon mooted points in science and philosophy. It is only when the nature of God and the exact geography and the climatic effects of the hereafter are in question that the men in the street feels sure he knows all about it. Upon these themes he bravely vaunts dogmatic, and contradiction, however vehement, is difficult to set upon a sure basis. We Western peoples have much to learn from the philosophical temper and the open-minded, unobscure spirit of the Eastern nations. Strange to say, an unlooked-for power does reign over Greenacre. It would almost make one believe that ultimately the average man will come to see how many seeming contradictions may be contained in a large enough whole.

One of the most picturesque features of the year in Greenacre is the Buddhist flower festival, given in August, under the full moon: the day of the year when, it is said, the spirits are nearest the earth. At this time prayers are most readily heard and answered. But the spirits are exacting. It is only to the pure in

heart and body that they come. The day must be one of strict fast and of pure and kindly thoughts; of solitude and quiet, and one's path must be entirely of white. At night under an enormous pine-tree an altar is raised covered with white flowers and decorated with thirty-seven lighted candles. It was a strange sight this year to see the white-robed pilgrims, about one hundred in number, each bearing a lighted candle, sitting motionless for an hour or more in a circle around the stambulus gipsy. Slowly the August full moon rose, at first twinkling gaudy shadows from the giant pine-branches over the ground, and then sending a bluish light under its tangles. Merely as a spectacle scene, with white flowers and decorated

A slight protest these schools of philosophy and religion may seem against the cozily commercial spirit of the age, and yet, however ill-intended the protest, it is still in the spirit of the Concord protest fifty years before.

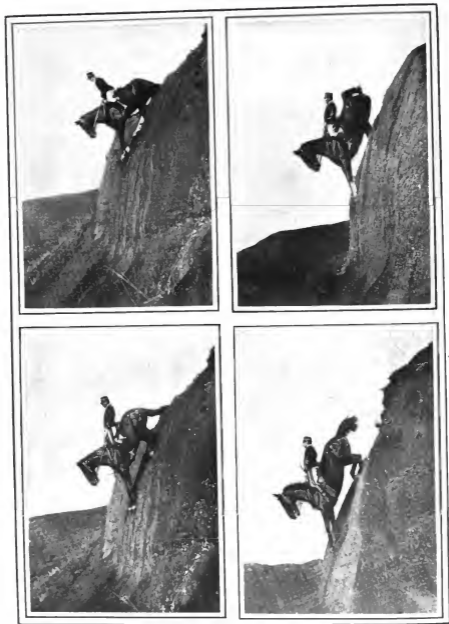
### Aristocracies Wanted

WHEN leaders speak it is worth while to listen. What they say, be it wise or foolish, helps us better to understand them and the situations in which they are an element. Two noted Eastern leaders happen just now to be in the West, and both have spoken. One of them is Mr. Samuel Parks, of New York and Hong Kong, the noted and influential captain of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, and lately a factor of extreme importance in industrial concerns in this city. Mr. Parks has been to the national convention of Bridge and Structural Iron workers in Kansas City, whence, having re-established his authority as a leader, he has sent back word that when he gets home he will order clothes apiece every one that opposes him. The other leader is Mrs. Fish, of New York and Newport, wife of Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central Railroad. She is a leader, or boss, of society, and as well known in her line as Parks is in his. She has been in St. Louis, and the newspapers report that while there she talked to a reporter, who has quoted her as saying that she would not care to be a President's wife, nor to sit with congress, because she did not believe in negro equality, nor, indeed, in equality at all. She thought that there would always be classes in this country, and that we were coming more and more to have an aristocracy and a common people. She approved of that. "I do not believe," she said, "in being too democratic." She denied that Newport was declining in prestige, but thought it paid too much attention to foreign travel. She considered that American girls were laying themselves open to the ridicule of the world by marrying European noblemen, and in a specified case, in which she said two million dollars had been paid as a consideration preliminary to the alliance of an American lady to a British duke, she thought the venture a piece of folly.

Sam Parks is an impossible case. His leadership means inevitable mass for the organization he controls. He believes in an aristocracy of labor leaders who shall rule despotically over the common people, saying to this man, "Work!" and to that man, "Starve!" and to a third, "Pay me tribute!" His threats are interesting, but the seeds of defeat are in them. He has aspired too high. He has wanted, and has had, real power—real power. But he cannot keep it. The common people will not ask him. But Mrs. Fish is much more moderate. The sort of aristocracy she approves and would promote is not hostile to anybody's liberties, nor does it interfere with the peace or comfort of any wise person. It seems to be based not on greed, but on renunciation. It does not seek to exalt the common people, but simply to live separate from them, to exult their pleasures and their acquiescence. And, incidentally, since in our time the common people are the fountain of political honor and the disturbers of fame, Mrs. Fish's aristocracy must calculate to get along without political honors or tasks, and without higher distinctions than such as one can be bought for money.

But, after all, when you have bought all the houses and clothes and food and vehicles and pictures and yachts and such things that you want, there is nothing as bad as being a pauper. The sort of aristocracy of the sort Mrs. Fish contemplates is op a tree. He has no duties, and he cannot buy life that he likes. There are only two or three ways of making life tolerable. Religion makes it so, but religion implies both love and service. Work, and especially public service, makes it so. So, apparently, does acquisition, but it must be acquisition of something you want, and our aristocracy as it appears at Newport has got everything it has imagination enough to want, and has had too much dinner. For that reason Mrs. Fish's criticism of the disbursement of two millions to promote the union of an American girl with a high-grade poor seems ill founded. The alliance was well worth the money if it suited the lady, and will result in transplanting her from an aristocracy which has no duties into one which has a few duties left.

"We don't want Sam Parks's kind of aristocracy. It is too real, its bowl is too heavy on our necks. But Mrs. Fish's kind of aristocracy has no terrors for any one but its own members. If they carry across the seas to get out of it, who can blame them!"



### ON HORSEBACK OVER A TWENTY-FOOT CLIFF

*The pictures are remarkable snap shots of an Italian cavalry officer in regular practice. The training of an Italian cavalryman includes, besides these unusual feats, skill in steeplechasing and cross-country riding over rough country. In the western part of America our own cavalrymen have to perform similar feats, but it is not a regular part of the routine of their drill*

# The Opening of the Sublime Porte

A Rhapsody in A(sia) Minor

Drawn by Albert Levering



Wilhelm. "Yes, Eddy, do's der rich man of Europe. He makes me rich, too; but we must honor him. Do's't ask me why; I know."  
Eddy. "I got an ear?"



Wilhelm. "Hand me up dem glasses—do's de way to jolly him up. No, do's barrel of powder."  
Eddy. "Please let me see this ear?"



Wilhelm. "Ap, ee's a few minutes anyway! We must keep him in a good humor, no? Get me dem glasses."  
King Eddy. "I'd like to see my ear?"



Wilhelm. "Pass up dem books on modern military tactics not I want myself. I prefer de education of der savage."  
King Eddy. "Ah—er . . . ear?"



King Eddy. "I wish I had used my ear?"



Diele Sam. "Wah?"  
King Eddy. "Oh, sir, could you see my ear?"



### A GALLERY VIEW OF THE PENSION OFFICE AT LUNCH-TIME

*The city of Washington has few popular-price restaurants. The United States government, recognizing this fact, provides a lunch-room in the Pension Office for the use of the employees and others who cannot afford to pay much for their meals. Coffee, milk, and vegetables cost five cents, while meat costs ten*





**MAXINE ELLIOTT IN CLYDE FITCH'S NEW PLAY**

*Max Elliott makes her debut this season as a star in a new play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, "Her Own Way." She plays the part of "Georgiana Carley," a strong-minded American girl who is wooed by two lovers—a soldier and a Western millionaire. The soldier goes to the Philippines, not knowing that "Georgiana" loves him. Meanwhile the millionaire dishonorably pretzes his suit, but without success. The soldier returns at the end, and the situation is solved.*

# GEORGIA



The State Capitol, Atlanta

## EARLY DAYS IN THE STATE

BY W. G. COOPER

Secretary of the Greater Georgia Association

**G**EORGIA was settled in 1732 by General James Oglethorpe, who was accused by philanthropic natives. He had been moved by the sufferings of people in prison for debt in England, and secured the passage of an act of Parliament, allowing honest but unfortunate debtors to emigrate to Georgia.

This circumstance has given rise to a misapprehension concerning the antecedents of the population. Some misinformed writers have gone so far as to say that the colony was populated by jailbirds, indicating that Georgia was the Botany Bay of that time. Nothing could be further from the truth. The number of debtors brought over by General Oglethorpe was comparatively small, and their descendants are few and far between.

The infant colony was reinforced by settlers from South Carolina, including some French Huguenots, and some New England Puritans, whose lineage is easily traceable in the family names of this day. It was further strengthened by the arrival of Salzburghers from Germany and Highlanders from Scotland. Settlers poured into Georgia after the Revolution from the Carolinas and Virginia. Most of them were Scotch-Irishmen or Englishmen. The population of Georgia is almost entirely Anglo-Saxon, and ninety-nine per cent. native-born.

The trustees who, with General Oglethorpe controlled the colony, intended to make it a highly moral community, and the importation of rum and slaves was forbidden so long as the founder remained in the colony.

In 1734 John Wesley, who afterward became the founder of the Methodist Church, came over with his brother Charles for the purpose of preaching the gospel to the Indians and the settlers. In 1738 Rev. George Whitefield, one of the most noted preachers of his day, came to Georgia and remained several years. During that time he founded the Bethesda Orphan Home, which is still in existence near Savannah.

General Oglethorpe had many difficulties to overcome. The infant colony was an outpost or buffer between the flourishing colony of South Carolina and the Spanish possessions of Florida. He was anxious enough to establish friendly relations with the Indians and they became his allies in the contest with the Spaniards.

In 1732 the trustees of the colony surrendered their rights to the English crown, and the first royal Governor, John Reynolds, was appointed in 1734.

Georgia was one of the original thirteen colonies which united in the Declaration of Independence, and suffered severely during the war of the Revolution. Savannah and Augusta were captured by the British, and their raiders overran the best portions of the State. The Georgians, however, joined the South Carolina colonists, and shared with them the victories of Kings Mountain and the Cowpens.

An event which had a far-reaching influence on the industrial life of the State, and, indeed, on all the Southern States, was the invasion of the cotton-gin by Eli Whitney in 1794. At that time the exportation of cotton from the United States was only 975 bales. At the end of 104 years the crop of the South exceeded 11,000,000 bales.

Another event of far-reaching importance was the launching of the first trans-Atlantic steamship. It was owned in Savannah, and took the name of that city. Its first voyage was made in 1819.

It was not without a struggle that the secessionist carried the Georgia Convention in 1861, for many of the leading men were reluctant to leave the Union. It is also true that a large majority

of the white population were not slave-owners. It was really a question of State's rights, rather than slavery, which cost the life in fever of secession. Once a decision had been reached, the whole population, almost without exception, rallied to the flag of the Confederacy.

After the withdrawal of troops from the South in 1876, indu-



Hon. Joseph M. Terrell  
Governor of Georgia

trial conditions rapidly improved, and by 1881 a new era of progress had begun.

In 1881 enterprising citizens of Atlanta projected the Cotton Exposition, which was a rallying-point for the rising industrial spirit. By 1885 Georgia had regained the point in taxable wealth from which she began to recede in 1861. Since that time the progress of the State has been rapid.

## THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION

THE public schools of Georgia are provided for by the State fund, and all the towns and cities are supplemented by a local tax. The general fund of \$1,520,000 gives a five-months' term in the rural districts. In many counties it is supplemented by contributions or tuition sufficient to extend the term to seven or eight months. In all the towns and cities and in four of the counties there are local school systems, supported by a local tax, which, added to the per cent of the State fund, yields enough revenue to support public schools for nine or ten months. Naturally the schools with the local tax, longer term, and larger fund are better than those of short term which stop with the State fund and make no effort at local taxation. Steady progress in the direction of a local tax is being made all over the State.

Of 8414 teachers in the State, 2225 had normal training. For ten years or more the State Normal School at Athens has been at work increasing the efficiency of the teaching corps, and its effect is apparent in the improved methods. This year the University Summer School for Teachers at Athens had an attendance of five hundred. All over the State the teachers meet in institutes arranged for the convenience of several counties.

The improvement in country school-houses is steady. During 1902 the cost of new school-houses of the common school system was \$100,401. In some counties remarkable results have been achieved by supplementing the State fund. In Hancock County the school commissioner, Mr. M. L. Duggan, has by determined effort secured enough money to extend the country schools to eight months. One of the extra months was put on by the General Education Board in recognition of the work done by the citizens.

Mr. Duggan also secured enough money to establish a system of circulating libraries, which has been a blessing to the boys and girls of the country districts. The same thing has been done by the school commissioner of Newton County. In Washington County pupils live at remote distances from the school-houses are conveyed to school. By this means schools have been consolidated and improved. Children are brought to the Sand Hill school in Carroll County, and the mules used in the vehicle are utilized in the cultivation of a thirty-acre farm. The school rents the whole farm, including a dwelling, and the sublet of a part of the farm, together with the work of the mules on thirty acres, is sufficient to pay the hire and the keep of the animals, thus making the rest of the concern practically nothing. Several model schools, established in different parts of the State, furnish valuable object-lessons. Nature study and manual-training have been established in many of the counties, and are being introduced in others.

There are some excellent schools conducted by private philanthropy. One of the most notable is that of Miss Martha Berry in Floyd County, near Rome. Miss Berry began with three country boys as scholars and a cabin in her yard as a school-house, and she enlarged the work until it has become a rural industrial school of such importance as to have attracted the attention of educators in other States. She takes the raw country boys, mostly from poor families, in many of which ignorance and poverty are the twin evils, and trains the orphans in industry, cleanliness, good manners, and good morals, as well as by study. Incident to the teaching they get valuable industrial training.

The public school systems of the towns and cities, with nine or ten months' terms, compare favorably with those of other States. In the city schools teachers attend normal classes every Saturday, and in many counties teachers from the outlying districts attend normal classes at the county-seat one week. In addition to this, it is the rule for the teachers of the towns and cities to spend their vacations at the great universities or in great summer schools, in courses of study which improve the equipment for work. Teach-

ing in Georgia is passing from the stepping-stone stage, and rapidly becoming a profession, with specially equipped men and women filling the important places. A vigorous generation of competent and devoted young teachers is pushing its way to the front.

Between the public schools and the colleges there is in most of the towns a high school system. Private schools supplement these. Supplementing the work of the colleges and the State university are the technical schools of law, medicine, dentistry, business, etc. In Atlanta alone the technical schools and the institutions of higher education have an attendance of more than four thousand.

The Wesleyan Female College at Macon is the oldest in the world. Georgia was a pioneer in the education of women, and the number of women's colleges far exceed the number of male institutions for higher education.

The Georgia Normal and Industrial College for Girls, at Milledgeville, is supported by the State. This institution adds to a thorough academic course special training in drawing, music, bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, household economy, and sanitation, cooking, sewing, gardening, and horticulture. A dozen or more women's colleges, some of them conducted under the auspices of religious denominations and others by private enterprise, are largely attended. In addition to the colleges already mentioned, there are a number of religious institutions for boys, several supported by the Catholic Church, Episcopal Church, and other denominations. Atlanta has recently raised \$250,000 to secure a Presbyterian university, the total endowment of which will be \$1,000,000.

## THE STATE UNIVERSITY

BY CHANCELLOR WALTER B. HILL

HIGHER education in this State began with the charter of the University of Georgia, in 1785. This is the oldest State university in the Union. Its charter is remarkable in that it co-ordinates primary and secondary education with the university in a scheme of education by the State. The author of the charter was Abraham Baldwin, a graduate of Yale, who came South with Eli Whitney, another graduate of Yale and the inventor of the cotton-gin. In 1826 Wesleyan Female College was incorporated at Macon. Mercer University (Baptist) was founded in 1852. Emory College in 1838.

The phrase, "University of Georgia" is used in two senses. In the narrower sense it refers to the parent institution at Athens, consisting of (1) Franklin College, the College of Liberal Arts, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; (2) The State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, on the Morrill foundation, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science; (3) Law School; (4) Graduate School. In the wider sense, the phrase includes the following institutions, which by law are "parts" of the university: North Georgia Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Dalton; Medical College, at Augusta; Technological School, at Atlanta; Normal and Industrial College, for women, at Milledgeville; State Normal School, for men and women, at Athens; Industrial College for Negroes, at Savannah. The total attendance in these institutions is 2527. Each of these institutions is managed for the most part by local boards or commissions, but the title and ultimate control of all of them is vested in the single board of trustees of the university. This constitutes the unique feature in the educational system of the State, and differentiates the organization from all other States in the Union.

The institution at Athens has 329 students. Tuition is free to residents of Georgia. A small tuition of \$50 in charge of non-residents. The dormitories are free, and board is furnished in Tenmuck Dining Hall on the co-operative plan at \$8 per month. The sum of \$125 to \$150 cover all the necessary expenses of students.



Children learning Gardening, Primary Industrial School, Columbus



Georgia Institute of Technology, Atlanta

## SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY AT ATLANTA

BY PRESIDENT LYMAN HALL

**T**HE State of Georgia has been the pioneer among Southern States in providing technical education for her sons. As early as in 1808 the doors of the Georgia School of Technology were thrown open to young men who desired to become experts in shop-work, and to take degrees in mechanical engineering. The State gave an annual maintenance fund of \$22,500, which enabled young men to enter the school at a nominal cost. The State has increased its annual appropriation to \$45,000, and the authorities have been able to offer degrees in electrical engineering, civil engineering, textile engineering, engineering chemistry, and mechanical engineering.

The enrollment has steadily increased from about 150 students in 1828, the present number. The standard of the school has steadily advanced, and the education now offered is on a par with that given by the largest technical schools in the country. The Georgia School of Technology is purely technical, there being no purely literary course offered; students who attend understand that they have undertaken a life-work, and those of them who are in earnest invariably adopt the profession for which the school has prepared them. They have taken positions as managers, foremen, superintendents, engineers, manufacturers, and proprietors in almost every State in the South, and in many States in the North. Over 90 per cent. of the graduates pursue the work on technical lines.



University Hall, Mercer University, Macon

It would be impossible to enumerate, in a limited article, the splendid equipment which has been prepared for all of the departments named. The most striking, however, is the institution in, possibly, its department of textiles. This was established in 1808, and gives a splendid course of four years in the various branches of manufacture of cotton goods.

The school has been a great influence in the State in convincing the people that technical education serves for a young man a responsible position, almost on the day of his graduation, and there is an institution supported by the State which has warmer advocates in a State legislature.

## MERCER UNIVERSITY

BY PROFESSOR J. H. KILPATRICK

**M**ERCER UNIVERSITY is an educational institution for men, situated in Macon, Georgia. It is the outgrowth of Mercer Institute, a manual-labor school, founded in 1823 by the Georgia Baptist Convention at Penfield, Georgia. The school received its name from Jesse Mercer, the leading man of his denomination in the State at that time. In 1838 the institution was raised to collegiate rank, and received the name of Mercer University, with Rev. R. M. Saunders as its first president and Rev. Jesse Mercer the first president of the board of trustees. In the retired village of Penfield it grew steadily in influence and material resources until the civil war. After the war the changed condition of affairs demanded the removal of the college to a more accessible site, and it was accordingly brought in 1871 to Macon, the fourth city of Georgia in size and almost the exact geographical center of the State. Since then the growth of the institution has been steady and assured. In 1875 was added a school of law which has come to be the largest in the State and one of the strongest in the South. Under Judge Emory Speer, of the United States Circuit Court, as dean, it has attained a national reputation, drawing students from all parts of the United States. In the present year a Department of Pharmacy has been added under Professor J. E. Sellers, as dean, which promises to satisfy the local desire for a strong and dignified technical school in this branch.

## EMORY COLLEGE

BY PRESIDENT JAMES R. DICKEY

**E**MORY COLLEGE (named in honor of the Methodist Bishop John Emory, of Maryland) was chartered in 1826 by trustees appointed by the Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A site was chosen near Covington, and the prospective village was named Oxford, inasmuch as John Wesley was long connected with Oxford University, England. In 1838 the college was opened for the reception of students, under the presidency of Dr. J. A. Few. He was succeeded by Dr. A. R. Langstreet. Bishops Pierce, Haygood, and Chandler served as presidents before called to the office of bishop. The first class was graduated in 1841.

More than thirteen hundred young men have received diplomas from Emory College and gone forth to serve in Church and state. Besides numerous congressional officers, Emory has furnished to the Methodist Church Bishops Key, Haygood, and Chandler. Numerous lawyers are on the alumni list. Justice W. A. Kerney, of the New York Supreme Bench, is an Emory graduate. In addition to many of the professors of her own chairs, Emory has sent forth workers in other colleges. This list includes twenty-seven college presidents. This year one hundred and thirty-three of her men are at work in the public schools of Georgia.

On the campus there are an administration building (Soley Hall), Language Hall, Science Hall, Library (Chandler Hall), chapel, gymnasium, two literary society halls, and a new \$200,000 science building (Pierce Science Hall) just erected.

# EVENTS IN MIDDLE GEORGIA

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

**P**UTNAM COUNTY has the singular good fortune to be the geographical centre of a section that has been made famous by more than one writer. There was Major Jones to begin with—he is supposed to have been a Morgan County man; there was Simon Suggs, whose original was a Jasper County farmer; and there are the characters made famous by Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston of happy memory—all of whom belonged either to Hancock County or to Putnam.

In fact, the most characteristic literature that has been produced in the South since the war belongs to one or the other of the seven counties of which Putnam is the geographical centre. Those who are interested in this literature will be inclined to believe—if they have a superficial turn of mind—that the characters with which it deals are merely provincial, and that the humor, which is their distinguishing characteristic, depends for its effect partly on ignorance and partly on account of the narrowness of their surroundings.

But those who care to read between the lines will perceive that behind this play of humor, and beyond their apparent provinciality, there is a philosophy based on deeper knowledge than can be found among men of the average sort. In short, the type of men who have been selected to stand for the Middle Georgian in literature are not mere primitive provincials, but far-seeing philosophers, who are able to apply the doctrine of cheerfulness to the hard problems that sometimes confront the sons of men when they are least expecting them.

Now, in Middle Georgia, and therefore in Putnam, this philosophical humor is a chronic epidemic. One generation after another is seized by the contagion, and it is joyously transmitted down the line. Without especially intending to do so, Colonel Johnston's characters speak for Putnam as well as Hancock, for Eatonton as well as Painesville; for the humorous philosopher who resides in one county of the seven is common to all. It was a very happy thing for Putnam that it had its humor to fall back on in the dark days of reconstruction, for it sustained the people through many hard trials, and prevented some of those dark tragedies that accompanied and marked that period in other sections.

Four years from now Putnam will be in a position to celebrate her centennial, should her people have a mind to do so. This would be something out of the ordinary, for, so far as this writer knows, no county has ever undertaken to celebrate its hundredth year. But for that very reason it is likely that Putnam will, if it is so easy in that climate to organize a barbecue that I venture to say that some such function will mark the county's hundredth birthday. The boundary lines of Putnam were fixed in 1807, and it is to be supposed that even before that time there was a small settlement—a house or two, at the very least—marking the site that would presently become the town of Eatonton.

What may be termed the miracle of progress has existed in the town and county from the first. There was not much reason why it should make itself manifest in the early years of the nineteenth century, for the commercial spirit, as we know it to-day, had not even begun to show itself; and yet the people of Putnam had a cotton-mill in successful operation in the late thirties. It was profitable, in spite of the fact that its product had to be hauled to the distant market of Augusta by wagon. This mill was capitalized at \$70,000, and was owned by the planters of Putnam.

As far back as 1853 it employed thirty-six looms and 1836 spindles. It produced 100 bales or bundles of yarn, 1000 yards of oamburg, 100 yards of bogging, and a quantity of rope sack working day of the year. It employed ninety-seven operatives, whose wages were from \$14 to \$26 a month, and there was a free school for the children of the operatives.

The lands of Putnam are rolling, the original growth being oak, hickory, chestnut, and pine. The soil has a foundation of clay, and the land answers promptly and profitably to intelligent tillage. It was thought, fifty years ago, that the best lands were worn out by the cultivation of cotton, but the Bermuda hills and bottom continue to produce large crops of everything that can be grown in the temperate zone. Bermuda grass came into the county as a blessing in disguise. For years the farmers fought it, but since they have learned how to co-operate with it, there has been a great improvement in their profits.

Among the interests that have prospered as the result of the invasion of Bermuda are stock-raising and dairying. This last has become quite a feature in the county, and the butter produced finds a ready market; indeed, some of the special brands of Putnam's butter is much sought after by those who are fastidious.

The average yield of cotton is 15,000 bales annually, and, as a rule, the farmers produce their own supplies. One reason why the farming interests of Putnam have been developed with such unusual intelligence is the fact that the young men go from the farm to college, and when they have received their degrees, they return to take charge of the agriculture, and instead of going into the professions return to the farms with minds broadened and with ideas that enable them to apply special economy to agriculture. As a result, all their methods are modern.

One of the results is to be seen in the interest they take in good roads. During the last fifteen years the roads of the county have been practically remade, and they are kept in repair by means of the latest improved machinery. No county in any part of the country has better roads. Another result is to be found in the system of public schools. While many sections of the South are suffering from, and complaining of, the lack of school facilities, Putnam has a system in which there is tuition nine months in the year, absolutely free.

Putnam has never been troubled with what is known as the negro problem, and the relations between the races in that county would constitute, if properly set forth and explained, an object-lesson of considerable interest to the rest of the country. The negroes are for the most part thrifty and industrious. The great majority of them are the descendants of those who came to the county as slaves, and they are well disposed. For instance, there has never been in Putnam a case of the crime that seems to call for the illegal administration of justice, and there has never been a lynching. Eatonton, the county site, now has three cotton-mills with about 9000 spindles, an oil-mill, and other industries, which shows that she is keeping step with the most progressive communities in the country. In addition, the little city is lighted with electricity, and has a complete system of water-works.

I imagine that Putnam would be an ideal place of residence for those farmers in the West and Northwest who now have to wage a continual war with the elements—with the fierce heat in summer and the fiercer cold in winter. The summer temperature is about 85 degrees, and the mercury rarely goes below the freezing-point, and there is an abundance of pure free-stone water.



Threshing Wheat near Eatonton, the Boyhood Home of Joel Chandler Harris

# INSTITUTIONS AND SOCIAL LIFE

BY W. G. COOPER

Secretary of the Greater Georgia Association

**T**HE population of Georgia is an English-speaking people, ninety-nine per cent. of whom were born in America. Their institutions are those of English-speaking people, democratic and conservative. The social climate, which has its effect upon life every month in the year,

has its effect upon the habits and customs of the people. They are open and hospitable in their disposition, vigorous, active, and free of artificial restraint. Out-door sports are popular, and outside of the cities large groups are accustomed to boating, fishing, and swimming. It is a fact worthy of note that Georgia furnished to the Spanish war a larger proportion of soldiers, according to population, than any other State in the Union. Her vigorous young men make hardy soldiers, and stand campaign life well. In this connection, it is noteworthy that the Georgia Rifle Team has frequently won the contest for marksmanship at Sea Girt.

It is a fact generally known that the Southerners are religious people, more conservative with respect to changes of creed than those in other parts of the country. The inhabitants of Georgia are church-going people, and their cities and towns are orderly. Sabbath observance is general, and the State law prohibits the running of trains on that day. Sunday baseball and Sunday theatres are prohibited. Even barber shops are not allowed to open on the Sabbath. In a large majority of the counties there is practical prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors, either by a prohibition law established by a vote of the people or by special enactments against the traffic. Nothing more than 100 counties of 137 in this category. Liquor is sold in the principal cities, usually under high license and strict regulations. In Atlanta the saloons close at ten o'clock and open at six.

In all municipal government there is more or less of the social-

istic feature. Southern cities, particularly those of Georgia, have been slow to adopt this idea. As a rule, cities and towns own their water-works, but few of them own electric-light plants, and none of them street-railways or gas-plants. The facilities are excellent, but furnished by private enterprise. The system of taxation on corporations is liberal, and even in the city assessments, manufacturing plants are assessed at a low figure, with the approval of the public.

Atlanta is composed of people from every county in Georgia, who constitute two-thirds of its population, and people from the adjoining States, who constitute nearly all of the other third. In a total population of 100,000, 3500 constitute the contribution of the Northern and Western States to the population of Atlanta. Among the 3500 are many good citizens who have been thoroughly acclimated, and are as much Georgians as if they had been born in the State.

In this article appears a picture of the Queen's Boat in the Floral Festival at Columbus, an important characteristic of the region. It is a beautiful truth that people reared in the presence of nature have in a high degree the esthetic sense. Even the little negro, trudging by the wayside with a dinner bucket, is seen to carry a bunch of wild flowers. The love of nature is a strong characteristic of people raised in the open air.

In the cities of Georgia the democratic spirit is strong, and the absence of hereditary and good-fellowship among the masses prevail. There is comparatively little class distinction, and the rich and cultured mingle in public assemblies, in the churches, in schools, and in political gatherings with the hazy son of toil, frequently calling each other by their first names and may be friendly familiarity. The fraternal spirit, natural to the people, has been highly developed through social and fraternal organizations.



The "Queen's Boat" in a Floral Parade at Columbus

## FACILITIES FOR TRANSPORTATION

**T**HE State of Georgia was the first government to own a railroad, and in the early part of the last century was one of the first to encourage railroad building by liberal charters. The civil war made it necessary to reconstruct a large portion of the railroad system of the State, and railroad building was very rapid between 1865 and 1890. Then came a reaction in 1894, and three-fourths of the railroad mileage of the State was in receivers' hands. This was followed by a reorganization, which resulted in placing the railroads on a sound financial basis. To-day scarcely one per cent. of mileage is in the receivers' hands, and almost all the companies are prosperous.

In 1905 the main-line mileage in Georgia was 5249.35; in 1902 it was 6053.32, an increase of 794.97 miles. The gross earnings during the same period grew from \$18,030,146 96 to \$24,952,768 87, an increase of \$6,922,621 91. The operating expenses, which were \$12,997,730 20 in 1905, grew to \$17,629,914 32 in 1902, an increase of \$4,632,184 12, which was \$2,742,239 28 less increase in expenses than the increase in gross receipts. The net earnings increased from \$4,332,416 36 in 1905 to \$7,334,754 64 in 1902.

In 1905 the percentage of gross receipts expended in operation was 73.20 per cent.; in 1902 it was 70.48 per cent., or a decrease of 2.72 per cent., in spite of the greatly increased cost of materials and the higher wage of labor.

In addition to this, it must be remembered that many of the principal railroads have been practically rebuilt. Time was when the poor physical condition of railroads in the South was proverbial, in respect both of track and equipment. To-day they will compare favorably in all respects with the best lines in the country.

No finer track or better rolling-stock can be found in the United States than that of the Georgia trunk lines, and each year shows improvement, keeping pace with the progress in rail-roading.

A significant feature of the present situation is the better understanding and better feeling between the public and the railroads. The railroad millennium has not dawned, nor will it dawn, so long as there are two sides to the transaction and a dollar between them, but, fortunately for both, this antagonism is passing away, and animosities have to a large extent died out, and there now exists between the public and the railroads a better feeling than ever before. This was brought about by the realization on the part of each that the other had rights which should be respected, and that to a great extent their interests are identical. The progress of railroad consolidation in Georgia during the past ten years has been rapid, and most of the mileage is now owned by a few great companies with large facilities and broad policies. They have been important factors in developing the material resources of the State, and this fact has much to do with the better feeling of the public toward the roads.

Although the railroad mileage of Georgia is large in proportion to the population and area, the number of new railroads is under construction and old lines being extended is greater than at any time during the past twenty years, and the prospect is for continued extension of transportation facilities and increased prosperity to the communities engaged in the business. The amount of traffic is rapidly increasing with the growth of population, trade, and industry.

Georgia was the first American State to establish a railroad commission, and its work in fixing local rates and arranging

classifications has been used in a precedent in other parts of the country.

Water transportation is one of the most important factors in the system of Georgia, Savannah and Brunswick have two of the finest harbors on the Atlantic coast, and regular lines of steamers ply between them and Eastern cities. The Ocean Steamship Company, controlled by the Central of Georgia Railway system, has a superb line of steamers plying between Savannah, New York,

and Boston. The Mallory line runs between New York and Brunswick. Both cities have a large traffic carried on by tramp steamers and sailing craft.

The Savannah, Ocmulgee, Chattahoochee, Coosa, and several smaller rivers have steamship lines which have some effect in modifying railway rates. The water rates from the East and Savannah and Brunswick materially reduce the rates of freight throughout a considerable portion of the State.



Steamboat Landing at Bainbridge, Georgia

## HORTICULTURE AND PHYSICAL OUTLINE FRUIT-GROWING INDUSTRY

BY W. M. SCOTT

**I**N 1867 the Georgia State Horticultural Society was organized for "The promotion and encouragement of the science of horticulture in all branches by the most feasible means." Under the leadership of Hon. P. J. Berckmans, its own and only president, this society has been the chief factor in the development of Georgia horticulture. It has been active in the collection and dissemination of knowledge concerning the most approved horticultural methods and in the protection of this industry from adverse influences. Mainly through its efforts it may be said that today Georgia leads in the horticulture of the South.

Commercial peach-growing in Georgia dates back to the early seventies, when such men as P. J. Berckmans, of Augusta, and S. H. Rumph, of Marshallville, began to make export shipments to the New York market. Mr. S. H. Rumph is considered the pioneer, and his origination of the famous Elberta peach from a seed planted in the fall of 1870 marked an epoch in the history of the peach industry the world over. His success enticed others to venture, and in 1890 peach orchards became quite extensive around Marshallville and Fort Valley, which soon became known as the peach belt of Georgia. From this nucleus the industry has rapidly grown until there are now commercial peach orchards in more than half the counties of the State.

In 1918 there were at least 6,000,000 peach-trees in commercial orchards, and the increase since is unparalleled, as shown by the number of trees planted each season as follows: 1898-99, about 1,000,000; 1900-1901, about 1,500,000; 1902-03, about 2,000,000; 1904-05, about 2,500,000; 1906-07, about 3,000,000; making a total of about 9,000,000 young trees planted since 1898. A small proportion of these new plantings is necessary to replace old, exhausted orchards, and the figures given do not, therefore, represent an actual increase of 8,000,000 trees; but it seems safe to say that when these young orchards reach bearing age, three years hence, fruit will be harvested from at least 13,000,000 peach-trees.

Under favorable conditions a well-cared orchard will produce an average of one bushel of fruit to each tree, from which we might conclude that the production for the State would be 13,000,000 bushels, or about 20,000 cases; but such a yield cannot be expected, owing to poor management of many orchards and adverse local conditions. An average production of one-half bushel to each tree, making 6,500,000 bushels for the State in one season, would be a fair estimate. This would represent about 46,500,000 pounds in circulation during midsummer.

The climate and soil of Georgia are such as to admit of a great diversity of crops, although the peach holds the first place among the horticultural products of the State, many other classes of fruit are extensively grown. The coast belt and the section bordering Florida produce several subtropical fruits, while in the

mountain region many of the best Northern varieties of apples are successfully grown. Peas, plums, grapes, and strawberries succeed well throughout the State, and hundreds of varieties of these fruits are annually placed on the market. It has been thoroughly demonstrated that these and several other kinds of fruit can be profitably grown here, and there is a tendency toward their more rapid development.

During the past decade the State established a Board of Entomology as a part of the Department of Agriculture, and the work of the State entomologist has added immensely to the value of the orchard interests through the extermination of insect pests.

## PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

**G**ORGIA is the largest State east of the Mississippi River. The census credits it with 58,900 square miles, and the State survey gives it a slightly larger number. The land surface falls into three natural divisions—the Appalachian Highlands, the Piedmont Plateau, and the Coastal Plain. The Appalachian Highlands are in the north, where the Blue Ridge, in breaking up, makes an American Switzerland. In Towns County, near the North Carolina line, there are several mountains which reach a height of about 5000 feet.

The Piedmont Plateau is a granite region which extends across the State from the foot of the mountains southward to an irregular base from the Savannah River at Augusta to the Chattahoochee a Columbus, passing through Milledgeville and Macon. Below the plateau is the coastal plain extending to the Atlantic coast and to Florida, and covered largely with forests of long-leaf pine, which are carpeted with wire-grass. This grass, which furnishes winter pasturage for sheep and cattle, gives rise to the designation of that section of the State as the "Wire-grass Region." This is one of the most productive parts of Georgia. A great variety of soil and climate results in a corresponding variety of products. Georgia produces almost anything that will grow in the United States, except the tropical fruits of southern Florida.

Investigation shows the State to be divided into three distinct climatic zones, due to its varied topography and proximity to the sea. Elevations varying from almost sea-level in the extreme south to several thousand feet in the extreme northern counties give a variation in temperature usually covering at least ten degrees of latitude. The annual mean temperature for the State is 63.5 degrees. The lowest annual mean, 53.5 degrees, is in Rabun County, at an elevation of 2920 feet. The highest annual mean, 67.5 degrees, occurs at Savannah, very near sea level. The warmest month is July, average temperature 80 degrees, and the coldest, January, with 43 degrees. The summers are not hot, but pleasant, the temperature rarely rising to 100 degrees. The winters are short and comparatively mild, temperature seldom falling below zero.



Electric-power Dam on the Cheslate River, near Gainesville

## WATER-POWER

BY B. M. HALL

San Hydrographer

**T**HE topography of the State of Georgia is such that nearly all of its streams rise within its borders and flow outward in different directions. There is one point in the northeastern part of the State where there are three springs within a stone's-throw of each other sending out their waters, one to Savannah, another to Apalachicola, and the third to New Orleans; while within a short distance of this point are the heads of two other basins, one draining to Mobile and the other into the Atlantic through the Altamaha River. The State owns both of its border rivers, as its lines are on the east bank of the Savannah for its entire length, and on the west bank of the Chattahoochee from West Point southward, thus including within its borders the great water-powers on these streams. The most important water-power streams in the State are the Savannah, Broad, Ocmulgee, Flint, Chattahoochee, Etowah, Coosawattie, and Trece rivers and their tributaries. These streams rise at elevations of 800 to 2000 feet above sea-level, and flow along the high Piedmont plateau in a succession of cascades until they come to the fall lines where they take their last great leap from granite bedrock to navigable water in the younger geological formation. The Southern fall line passes through Augusta, Mill-edgesville, Macon, and Columbus, and the country south of it has no large water-powers on the rivers, although there are many smaller ones of considerable importance on the tributaries. The Western fall line, from granitic rocks to limestone, is at Cartersville on the Etowah and at Carters in Murray County on the Coosawattie. The latter point is at the head of navigation, but the hard lime limestone forming the bed of the Etowah below Cartersville makes many good shoals between that point and Rome. The streams north of the Blue Ridge Mountains, tributary to the

Geese, Nottely, and Hiwassee rivers, are all mountain streams with a steep slope and good water-supply. It will be seen from the above that the important power streams are in a crystalline formation, having no previous geological strata that would cause seepage or watershed leakage. The rainfall at Atlanta represents a fair average for the State. Here the average for a record of thirty-two years is 51 inches annually, distributed as follows: Spring, 13.76; summer, 13.34; autumn, 6.63; and winter, 14.87. This remarkably equal distribution gives a large and constant flow to the streams, and makes them reliable for water-power.

The streams are never frozen over, and no mill wheel is ever troubled by arctic ice. In October, 1895, the Hydrographic Division of the United States Geological Survey began systematic measurements of the Georgia rivers, and have kept them up from that time to the present. The published records show the amount of water flowing in these streams every day in the year during a period of nearly eight years, which period fortunately covers the years 1896 and 1897, when the streams were at a minimum stage that is estimated to be the lowest since 1848.

## MINERALS

BY W. S. YEATES

San Geologist

**T**HE mineral resources of Georgia are rich and varied, and for nearly a century there has been activity in gold and iron mines.

The Dahlonega mint is evidence of the important part which Georgia mines played in the production of gold during the first half of the nineteenth century. This State led in the production of the precious metal until the California gold discoveries in 1848, when the excitement carried away many of the Georgia miners. Within recent years new importance has been attached to the gold deposits of this State, and large investments of capital have been made in them. A modern plant which contains a 120-stamp mill was recently erected, and much capital has been expended in developing water-power, which is used in hydraulic mining.

With the exception of a few isolated areas, the gold deposits of Georgia extend across the State from northeast to southwest, in belts from one to five miles wide. The principal of these is the Dahlonega belt, which attains its greatest width in Lumpkin County around Dahlonega. The Dahlonega belt enters the State from North Carolina, and passes through Rabun, White, Lumpkin, Dawson, Forsyth, Cherokee, Bartow, Cobb, Paulding, Polk, and Harlson counties, and extends into Alabama. Lumpkin, White, and Cherokee counties are the most prominent, because of the large number of deposits in these counties, which have been worked with greater or less success.

The deepest gold mine in the State is the old Franklin, discovered long before the civil war, and mined and successfully worked for the first ten years by the Freighton Mining and Milling Company of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. This mine is something over



Constructing a Power Dam on Bull Sluice Shoals, Alabama



3000 feet deep. The ore from it is of a highly sulphide nature, consisting of auriferous pyrite in quartz. In the early history of the mine much free gold was recovered from it; but, on deep mining, it became necessary to put on an extraction plant which would recover the gold from the sulphides. Since the Craghton Company has operated it, this mine has been the largest gold producer in Georgia.

Among the gold mines in the vicinity of Dahlonega the most noted for past production are the Harlow, the Hand, the Finley, the Lockhart, the Clifton, the Fry, the Battle Branch, the Calhoun, and the Whim Hill.

The Dahlonega Consolidated Gold Mining Company, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, has one of the most extensive, up-to-date gold mining and milling plants in America. Air-drills are used, and ore is conveyed in steel trolley-cars. The 120-stamp mill is supplied with fine screens for concentrating the sulphides. Cars on an elevated railway transfer the sulphides from the mill to the 50-ton chlorination plant.

The Crown Mountain Gold Mining & Milling Company organized three years ago, with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, and purchased mining property on Finley Ridge near Dahlonega. With a powerful pump on the Toccoa River, two or three miles distant, water is forced to the top of Crown Mountain, and from a reservoir at that point hydraulic mining is extensively done in the adjacent mines. A first-class 60-stamp mill and four Huntington mills have been erected.

In the lower part of the Dahlonega belt, near the Alabama line, the Royal Gold Mine, in Haralson County, has had an enviable reputation as a gold producer for several years. It is supplied with a good modern mining and milling plant, the chlorination process being used for saving the sulphide values. At Villa Rica, in Carroll County, a number of good mines have been worked occasionally with large production.

Mining along Duke's Creek, White County, has been carried on almost continuously since 1828, and at times with great success. That county has yielded a great many gold nuggets, ranging from ten pennyweights in size over 500. The largest of these, weighing 504 pennyweights and four grains, was found on the property owned by John Martin of Niseconee.

For several years mining has not been extensively prosecuted in White County, most of it being done by trilateral and others mining in a small way. The Reynolds Mine, the Humby Mountain placer, owned by Mr. Martin; the Lead Mine, owned by Mr. E. K. Brown, of Athens, Georgia; and the Glen Mine, owned by A. W. Farlinger, of Atlanta, are the most important.

The Lead Mine, in its production of gold nuggets, is one of the most noted in the State, and active operations in the placer have been going on uninterruptedly for several years. Recently, it is said, a rich vein has been opened there.

In McPhay and Lincoln Counties, are a number of the best known mines. Of these the old Columbia is said to have produced as much as two million dollars, having been operated extensively before the war and since. It is now in the hands of an enterprising Atlanta company who have for three years been doing systematic development work. With the possible exception of the Franklin, no gold mine in Georgia is in a better condition of development. A large modern mining plant and mill are in course of erection, which, when completed, will put this mine in excellent shape for production. Within a mile of this property is the Smith or Parks Mine, which has become noted in the past few years, on account of successful operation by its owner, Mrs. J. Bellamy Smith.

The iron ore deposits of Georgia consist, with rare exception, of the three mineral species, magnetite, limonite, and hematite. The first named has been found in Lumpkin, Rabun, Fulton, and some other counties; but as yet it is problematical whether or not it is in such quantities as would pay for mining.

Limonite, or brown iron ore, occurs in large quantities in Polk, Barrow, Floyd, Cherokee, Wilkes, and other counties, and is successfully mined. It is used in all the Georgia furnaces, and makes



The largest Gold Mill in the Southern States

excellent iron bar cut-wheels. Most of the Alabama iron-ore making cast-iron wheels from ore Georgia brown ore. This ore occurs in gravel, ranging from one-fourth of an inch, and even smaller, to four or five inches in diameter, and its nodules from five inches to two feet or more in diameter. Occasionally the brown ore occurs in veins.

Hematite occurs extensively in Dale, Walker, and Chattooga counties as fossiliferous iron ore, closely associated with limestone. It is used at Rome and Rising Fawn furnaces.

Beginning in Fannin County, the marble outcrops in belts for about sixty miles, running through Gilmer and Pickens into Cherokee. All the commercial marble of Georgia has so far been taken from Pickens County. Two companies have been continuously operating there twelve years. At Marble Hill, the Southern Marble Company has opened five or six quarries of white marble, and large quantities have been shipped and used in nearly all parts of the United States. From these quarries, came the marble used in the erection of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington city, the Rhode Island State Capitol, the large office building of the State Life Assurance Company of Worcester, Massachusetts, the new Stock Exchange Building in New York city, the State Savings-Bank Building at Detroit, Michigan, the government buildings at Savannah and Jacksonville, the Carnegie Library in Atlanta, and a number of other smaller buildings. This company has at the foot of Marble Hill a large mill well equipped for the cutting and dressing of marble for building purposes.

The Georgia Marble Company operates a number of quarries, one in the white marble of Marble Hill, and another in the pink and the black-and-white spotted marbles three miles distant. This company has a \$1,500,000 plant for the cutting and dressing of marbles for building and monumental purposes. Georgia marbles are renowned for durability and low absorption.

From the quarry of the Atlanta Marble Company, in the valley south of Marble Hill, was taken the white marble of which the Minnesota State Capitol was built.

Besides these, there is in the extreme northeastern part of the State, in Whitfield County, a large deposit of brown and gray marbles, approximating closely those of East Tennessee, of which they are an extension. Strange to say, practically no development of these deposits of superior stone has ever been undertaken, though the quantity is large and the quality and beauty superior.



A Marble Quarry at Tate



## THE CITY OF ATLANTA

Through the courtesy of the Governor of Georgia and the Mayor of Atlanta, facilities were offered for the

Illustration by G. G. G. G.



## ATLANTA BY NIGHT

taking of this remarkable photograph of Atlanta by night for the Georgia edition of "Harper's Weekly"

## AGRICULTURE

BY R. F. WRIGHT

Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture

WE cannot form a proper conception of what Georgia soil will produce from the census reports of the average of our crops, because those averages embrace everything, from the work of the most unskillful farmers to that of the most scientific, and the former constitute the large majority. But if we take the work of the best farmers, who have aimed to bring their lands up to the highest state of cultivation, we get a fair idea of the fertility of the State. The farm of Mr. James M. Smith, in Cherokee County, affords a good illustration of what can be accomplished on the average lands of Georgia. By studying the nature of the soil, supplying it with the necessary plant food, diversifying his crops, using his brains as well as his hands, and superintending everything himself, he has year by year added to his possessions, until his one-hundred-acre farm has become one of the largest in Georgia, covering thirty-square miles of land and giving employment to 1250 men, women, and children. For years he has averaged twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre, fifteen bushels of wheat, and 1000 pounds of seed cotton. But on some of his land he has made from thirty to thirty-five bushels of wheat, on other portions two bushels of cotton, and on some thirty-five bushels of corn to the acre. All this land, which at first was not worth more than \$10 an acre, he considers cheap at \$50. His best land, including several hundred acres, he has made rich in the following manner: For a number of years he has kept 500 head of cattle, which he pastures in summer, and feeds in winter on cottonseed-hulls and meal, together with forage. His milch-cows, numbering from 75 to 100, are Jerseys, Devons, and Holsteins, some of pure blood and some mixed. They have produced each year about 20,000 pounds of butter, bringing from eighteen to twenty-five cents per pound wholesale. He has been able to sell about one hundred head of cattle a year without diminishing his herd. These cattle are kept in an enclosure of fifteen acres, and occasionally moved to another lot. Every month or two the ground is ploughed, turning under the manure.

With agriculture Mr. Smith combines manufacturing, and the raw material produced by the soil is turned into a valuable manufactured article by means of the steam-ginney, silk-mill, and fertilizer-factory.

Mr. Smith hires negro laborers, whose exertion and loyalty he has won by his kind but firm management. On his large estate a sawmill cuts the lumber for his various houses, a brick-yard turns out the brick, and his negroes are made in his own shop. The carpenter work is done by men who learned their trade on the estate. His own railroad, seventeen miles long, hauls material to his factories, and takes his marketable products to the outside world.

The average annual product of this farm is 2500 bales of cotton 120,000 gallons of cottonseed-oil, 3000 tons of fertilizer, 20,000 bushels of corn, 10,000 bushels of wheat, 1000 of rye, 3000 of oats, 6000 of peas, 20,000 pounds of butter, 100,000 pounds of fat cattle, 5000 pounds of bacon and lard, besides such crops as sweet and Irish potatoes, watermelons, ground peas, sorghum, etc.

Intensive farming, which applies the lessons



Georgia Corn grows high



Sugar-holing in North

of science and experience to the results. They are not by any means done by exceptional efforts. The average production of lin acres on good, but, and indiffer common for a farmer to raise and abundant fertilizing. That Georgia.

Some extraordinary yields the Department show the great possibilities of agriculture in this State.

One acre of land has produced 6017 pounds of seed cotton, equivalent to 2365 pounds of lint cotton, or about 4½ bales. The lint at ten cents would be worth \$250 50, and the seed at 5½ per ton would be worth \$30, making a total return of \$280 50 for the acre.

Other yields touched for by the Agricultural Department range from 2500 to 4500 pounds of seed cotton per acre in the counties of Troup, Burke, Carroll, Crawford, Elbert, Jefferson, Brooks, Clay, Conroe, and De Kalb.

The Department reports yields of corn from 104 to 127 bushels per acre; oats from 46½ to 117 bushels; wheat from 28 to 65 bushels; sweet potatoes from 400 to 800 bushels; Irish potatoes from 100 to 200 bushels; cane syrup from 450 to 605 gallons; hay from 6575 to 16,000 pounds; sugar 24 barrels.

Georgia land will bear heavy fertilizing, because of the few subsoils. The farmers of this State put over plant food in the soil than any other farmers in America, and the returns of product, measured by dollars, is twice as great a percentage on the investment in land as the farmers of the rich prairie States produce. In Illinois, the annual value of farm products, not fed to live stock, is thirteen per cent. of the value of the farm.

# GEORGIA'S MANUFACTURES

BY W. G. COOPER

**G**EOORGIA has made great strides in manufacturing during the last half-century. In that period, while the population increased by 144 per cent., the increase in the number of wage-earners was 502 per cent., that of the product 1400 per cent., and the capital 1545 per cent. In a word, industry grew six to ten times as fast as population.

There was a large percentage increase during each decade, but the greatest growth was in the period between 1860 and 1900. The number of wage-earners increased during these two decades from 24,875 to 83,842; the capital from \$23,872,000 to \$80,790,000, and the product from \$30,410,000 to \$100,654,000. Since the census of 1850 the increase has been twenty-five to thirty-three per cent., and the total product is about \$125,000,000.

Naturally the public mind has been directed to cotton manufactures, which constitute the largest item in the census schedule, but if we put together all the products of the pine-tree they about equal the manufactures from the cotton-plant.

The product of cotton-mills is valued by the census at \$18,544,000, and that of the sawmills and planing-mills together at \$18,907,000. If we add the value of turpentine and resin, amounting to \$8,110,000 we have a total of \$35,561,000 for the products of the forest. Since the census of 1900 the cotton-mill product has increased to about \$24,000,000.

The seed of the cotton-plant contributes to the value of its prod-

and equally so in its manufacture. Progress in cotton culture dates from the invention of the cotton-gin at Savannah, which made the crop possible, and Georgia took the lead in developing it. The manufacture of cotton goods in the Southern States began with the erection in Georgia of the first cotton-factory south of the Potomac.

Where Georgia blazed the path of progress her neighbors profited. Texas has taken first place in cotton-growing, and the Carolina, within the past decade, have taken the lead in the production of cotton goods.

Georgia has again blazed a new path for her sister States. Since the last census was taken a mill has been erected at Columbus, and supplied with machinery to spin finer yarn than any other factory in the South. It is equipped to manufacture thread up to No. 125, which approximates the finest yarn in New England.

In diversification of product this State has several mills with few equals in this section of the country. Among their products are cotton blankets, towels, cottonades, gingham, plaids, carpet wares, rope, twine, skirts, hose, and underwear.

Mills at Atlanta, Augusta, and West Point own bleacheries, and within the past few years a considerable proportion of new machinery has been put in to spin No. 30 yarn for shorthings which are sent to the bleacheries.

One of the most significant facts in connection with the cotton-mill industry is the duplication and reduplication of investments made in this State by capitalists interested in New England and Middle States mills. The Massachusetts Mill Company in 1864 invested \$600,000 in a cotton-mill at Lindale, near Rome, in 1864.

Since that time the plant has been increased twice, and now the total investment is \$2,250,000, with 100,000 spindles and 1500 operatives, who support a town of 5000 people.

The New York Mills have built a cotton-factory at Aragon, and Pennsylvania capitalists have erected mills at Okeetown, both within fifteen miles of the Lindale plant.

The confidence shown by capitalists of three great manufacturing States—New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts—in Georgia cotton-mills is encouraging, but it is even more so to observe the confidence of home capital, which built most of the Georgia cotton-factories, and continues to increase the investment. South Carolina capitalists have invaded Georgia, and the Piedmont Manufacturing Company has a model-mill of 50,000 spindles at New Holland. The great



The Mills, Macon, Augusta  
© 1900 by Geo. G. Brown

urts nearly half as much as the fiber. The value of oil and oak, given by the census at \$4,084,000, should be added to the value of cotton-mill products, in order to make a fair comparison between the long-leaf pine and the cotton-plant. With this addition we have a total forest product of \$26,117,000 and total manufactured products of cotton amounting to \$25,010,000.

The pine-trees and the cotton-plant furnish the material for about half the manufactures of Georgia. In fact their products make fifty-two millions of the total one hundred and six millions.

This State was a pioneer in the cultivation of cotton



Where the finest Yarn in the World is Spun, Columbus



Swift Fertilizer Works, Atlanta



A Cotton-oil Mill, Fort Gaines

water-powers at Columbus and Augusta made these cities pioneers in cotton manufacturing.

Within four miles of Columbus the falls of the Chatahoochee furnish power which a State bulletin estimates at 80,000 gross horse-power. One of the first mills in the State was erected at Columbus, and for half a century labor has been trained in the manufacture of cotton. Within one year this labor, which had never spun yarn finer than 40's, was trained to spin up to 100, and, in the opinion of the mill president, will without difficulty operate the machinery up to its capacity, which is 120 yarn, and even to No. 130.

The Chattahoochee River falls 302 feet in the thirty-four miles from West Point to Columbus, and the discharge at low water in this territory is 4033 cubic feet at West Point and 3216 at Columbus. If the power of all these falls and shoals were utilized, it would approximate 190,000-horse on the basis of mean low water. The district from West Point to Columbus is destined to be the seat of an immense cotton industry, furnishing as it does nearly half the available water-power of the State.

Augusta became an important seat of the cotton industry more than half a century ago. The construction of the Augusta Canal made the power of the Savannah River available at moderate expense, to the extent of 14,000 horse-power. The city leases the water right on the canal at 45 cent per horse-power per annum, and the mills erect their own plants. The expense of developing power along the canal is moderate, and the total cost to the mills is no less so to stimulate the industry, which includes 329,740 spindles and 5300 looms in thirteen establishments. Some of the largest and best-equipped mills of the State are in the Augusta district, and they make a variety of products.

Without water-power an important cotton industry has been built up at Griffin, where diversification of the product has been a strong factor in the success of the mills.

Other large cotton-factories are located on the streams of North Georgia, but the abundance of cheap bituminous coal has extended



Cotton Mill, Greenville, started by the recent Cyclone

the industry far beyond the region of water-power. In the southern part of the State there is hardly a county of any importance without a cotton-factory.

A study of the cotton-spinning industry of the United States by Edward Stanswood, Special Agent of the Census Bureau, shows that, while the tendency in New England is toward coarser yarns, that of mills in the South is toward a finer product. The average number of spindles in New England from 28.20 to 25.86 in the past decade, while in Southern mills it rose from 14.76 to 17.04. In Massachusetts, the leading New England mill State, the average went down from 26.75 to 25.97, while in South Carolina, the leading Southern mill State, it rose from 15.13 to 18.40. During that decade the rise in the average number of spindles in Georgia was very slight, but within the past two years machinery has been set in motion which spins the finest yarn in the South, and the average grade of product is rapidly rising.

The significance of these changes cannot well be overestimated, for the diversification of the product and the improvement of the quality have a vital effect upon the prosperity of the industry. Southern mills already consume more cotton than New England, but the value of the New England product in 1900 was about double that of the Southern mills. It took the cotton crop of Georgia to supply the mills of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama, and what manufactured, this cotton, which costs the mills forty-seven millions, was sold for sixty-five millions, or about double the value of raw material.

The same year the New England mills worked up fifty-eight



A Charcoal-furnace Stack in use before the War

millions' worth of cotton, and sold it in manufactured form for 101 millions, or three and a third times the cost of raw material.

As the advancement in the value of the crop by the process of manufacture is in even greater ratio than the improvement in the quality of goods, the tendency toward finer product is the most encouraging fact in the Southern cotton industry, especially since it has been demonstrated, within the past two years that native Georgia labor, with a year's training, can operate successfully machinery spinning yarn as fine as 120. The authority for this statement is Mr. G. Guahy Jordan, president of the Eagle and Phoenix mills of Columbus, who thinks the same labor can spin up to 160 without difficulty. He says, in a letter on this subject:

"The spinning in these mills will make 120 yarn, and today they are spinning 100's on orders right along. In reference to the 160's, however, there would be no difficulty whatever in spinning that number. The only difficulty is, in this instance, that the machinery (spinning only) is not adapted for finer numbers than 120's."

"We did not have to bring any of the labor from New England. The houses were brought here, as this was a new venture in making fine yarn; but most of the operatives themselves were imported. In other words, it is all local help, and I think all the Northern superintendents concur in the belief that the help at Columbus, Georgia, is as good as any in the world. There is no more trouble teaching them than at any other point. In fact, it is far better than the average help in New England, which is now mostly foreign immigrants. It takes generally about one year to take an absolutely green hand and educate him up to the standard of fine work. Or, in other words, it takes no longer here than anywhere else. In localities like Columbus, where a generation or two preceded the present help, in this particular line of business, whose adults have been directed to this work, whose thoughts have been about manufacturing, whose

nerve and muscles have been adapted, by selection and use, to this work, and where people are native-born and understand the climate, the surroundings, and associations, it is no exaggeration of facts to say that the help is as good as the best. The only thing it needs is to be taught what is required."

The steady improvement in the machinery used by Georgia mills is made clear in the statement of the census expert that the number of spindles to the wage-earner in Georgia cotton-mills has risen from 32 to 44 in twenty years. This is a 38-per-cent. improvement in the economy of operation, as against a 77-per-cent.



Steamships loading Cotton at Savannah

improvement in the same item in the New England States during the same period, their progress having been from 68.6 to 79.2 spindles per wage-earner.

The manufacture of iron in Georgia began with the erection of a charcoal-furnace on Stung Creek, Bartow County, in 1840, by Moses Sitrop. Mark A. Cooper bought this furnace, and erected a masher on the Etowah River five miles below. In the same vicinity he built the first rolling-mill and nail-factory in the State, using water-power from the Etowah River to run the machinery. During the civil war these works were used for the manufacture of cannon, and in 1864 the plant was destroyed by Sherman's army.



The Wharf of the Naval Stores, Savannah

The ore of that locality is of high quality, and iron manufactured from it was shipped to Colt's Armory about 1830, and made into razors, revolvers, and knives. Twelve old-fashioned stone-furnace stacks in Bartow County tell the story of the early iron industry, but none of them are in operation, though a heavy tonnage of Bartow County ore is shipped out of the State.

There are five modern charcoal-furnaces and one coke-furnace in Georgia, all but two in operation. The Cherokee furnace at Cedar-iron, owned by the Georgia and Alabama Iron Company, makes sixty tons per day of charcoal iron from brown ore mined at the Gladys bank near the plant. It is low in phosphorus and high in manganese, and an exceptionally fine cast-iron.

The Rome furnace, with a daily capacity of sixty tons, makes a fine quality of charcoal iron from a mixture of brown and red fossil ores. The product is used in car wheels.

The Tallapoosa furnace, with a thirty-ton capacity, also makes charcoal iron of good quality, mainly from brown ore. The Elma furnace was built in the early seventies to make charcoal iron. It is smaller than the others, and a larger furnace will probably be built there.

Ridge Valley furnace, in Floyd County, nine miles north of Rome, is a charcoal-furnace at present out of blast.

A large coke-furnace of 300 tons capacity is in operation at Rising Fawn. It is owned by Atlanta capitalists, headed by Joel Hurt, and the ore used is mined in Bartow County. Most of the car-wheel iron manufactured in Alabama is made from brown ore mined in Georgia, because there is very little ore in Alabama that will make so fine a quality of charcoal iron. The mining and shipping of iron ore in Bartow, Polk, and Floyd counties is an important industry, apart from the manufacture of iron. A great deal of manganese is shipped from Bartow County to Pittsburg.

The larger deposits of coal in Alabama have made that State the scene of an immense iron industry, limited almost entirely to coke iron, but the finer quality of ore in Georgia fits in this State a prominent side of the manufacture of high-grade iron. The Atlanta Car Wheel Works make a superior wheel from charcoal iron produced at Cedar-iron and Rome, and the product is sold all over the Eastern part of the United States.

The manufacture of stoves, grates, furnaces, agricultural implements, engines, boilers, gins, cotton-oil mills, grist-mills, saws, iron beds, machinery, tools, and various kinds of hardware are flourishing branches of the iron industry in Georgia.

The products of the forest are surprisingly numerous. The forests of long-leaf pine originally covered about twenty million acres of Georgia land. Much of this has been cut away, and within the past six years the price of lumber has more than doubled. Georgia pine is sold all over the United States east of the Rockies, and much of it has been shipped to Europe and South America. At present the sawmill companies own about a million acres of pine land, and are cutting 800,000,000 feet annually.



# THE CITIES OF GEORGIA

## ATLANTA

**A**TLANTA is one of the cities started by railroads before the middle of the last century. Its commanding site on the ridge which divides the watershed of the Atlantic from that of the Gulf made it a natural centre. Railroads were built through Atlanta to accommodate the Western traffic seeking an outlet on the Atlantic coast. Another stream of traffic, which flowed down the Appalachian Mountain chain, crossed that from the west at this point, and the two streams, meeting at Atlanta, spread through the Southeastern States. Thus the city became a gateway and a distributing-point.



Whitehall Street, Atlanta—Looking South

From an elevation of 1050 feet above the sea, the land slopes away in every direction, giving perfect natural drainage, delightful climate, and healthy atmosphere.

Yes, railroad lines, radiating through the Southeast, reach the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts in twelve to eighteen hours. General Sherman said Atlanta was the most important strategic point in the Southeastern States because it was the most convenient base of operations from which to reach the ports. That commanding position gives a like advantage in business. There are seventy-nine towns of 4000 population and upward in Georgia, the Carolinas, Alabama, and Mississippi. The average distance of these towns from Atlanta is 281 miles, which is 80 to 170 miles less than the distance from the next nearest important centres.

The progressive spirit of Atlanta is shown by a story going the rounds to the effect that a man from this city was sounding the praises in the Metropolis, when the New Yorker said: "Yes, I know all about it. I was down there not long ago."

"Yes," said the Atlantan, "but that was last week. You ought to see us now."

Atlanta's business is growing four times as fast as the population, and that in growing twice as fast as the population of the United States. Population, now over 100,000, increases 4 per cent, per annum, bank clearings 18 per cent, and post-office receipts 16 per cent. This city is the business centre of the Southeastern States, and in several important lines it is headquarters for the entire South. Railway, telephone, and telegraph companies direct the business of five to twelve States from here. This is the site of many manufacturing corporations which cover this whole country. Atlanta is the third insurance centre of the United States, and one of the largest in the world. The Southeastern Tariff Association has its headquarters here.

This city has always had the advantage of an abundant supply of printer's ink. In proportion to population, this is the greatest publishing centre in the United States. Atlanta pays Uncle Sam more for second-class mail matter than either Brooklyn, Baltimore, Buffalo, Omaha, Louisville, or New Orleans. The people believe in mixing brains with their ink. They gladly set the

pace for Atlanta journalism, and it has led the South ever since. The fact that Atlanta is Southern headquarters for almost everything, made office-buildings a necessity, and there are none modern, fireproof structures for business purposes that say other Southern city can boast. The heart of Atlanta looks like the lower part of Manhattan Island.

Though Atlanta does a big business with Uncle Sam, it is not altogether a postage-stamp town. The census credits the city with 265 manufacturing establishments, 9368 wage-earners, and a product valued at \$16,721,890. That was in June, 1900. Some investigations made by the Chamber of Commerce last December indicated that since the census was taken the number of wage-earners had increased to 11,000 and the product to \$26,400,000. Wholesale and retail trade are estimated at \$30,000,000, and the horse and mule trade at \$7,000,000. These items, with the fuel trade and the manufactured product, make a total of eighty millions which may be counted. That this is not all the business of Atlanta is evident from the bank clearings, which were \$121,000,000 in 1902. The clearings tell a remarkable story. In 1894 they were \$36,000,000, and in 1902 \$121,000,000. Within that period twelve millions were put in buildings, as shown by the building inspector's books. Within the same period bank deposits grew from less than four millions to twelve and three-quarter millions.

The factories of Atlanta and suburbs use 45,000 horse-power of steam and electricity. A company is erecting, at an expense of about two millions, an extensive water-power and electric plant on the Chattahoochee River, at Bull Nullee Shoals, sixteen miles from Atlanta. By the middle of 1904 they will deliver in the city 11,000 horse-power of electric current, which will give a great stimulus to industry. Much of it is already spoken for.

A unique feature of Atlanta's business is the live-stock trade. Sixty-two thousand five hundred horses and mules passed through the city and were sold here during the season of 1902-3. Their value is estimated at \$7,000,000. The rapid growth of this business created the Brasby Union Stock Yards.

Atlanta has an excellent street-railway system, with 140 miles of track, 100 miles in the city and forty miles in the suburbs. Another line has been projected to Marietta, a distance of twenty miles, and another about the same distance to Roswell.

The building record gives a concrete illustration of Atlanta's growth. After the fire in 1864 only 300 houses were left; now there are 20,000, including many costly structures. In the seven years which followed the re-erection of 1863 the number of dwellings erected was 3637, an average of 519 per annum. During the last six months permits were issued for 565 buildings, showing that the rate of improvement this year is nearly double the average rate during the preceding seven years. Extractions are in progress for a fifteen-story office-building to cost about a half-million dollars. Hundreds of minor buildings are under construction.

Just ahead, Atlanta has several enterprises of unusual importance. First is the Union Passenger Depot, estimated to cost nearly a million dollars. The Seaboard Air Line has several thousand



Looking down Marietta Street, Atlanta



heads at work to complete the link between Atlanta and Birmingham. A bill has been introduced in Congress providing for a national park on the battle-ground of Peachtree Creek, just beyond the northern limits of Atlanta. As the finishing stroke of the war, the Atlanta campaign has great historic interest, and it is believed that this measure will pass at an early date. The site is a fine one, and if properly treated would make one of the most attractive national parks in America.

The street improvements of Atlanta are on a comprehensive scale. Most of the streets are paved with granite blocks and the important drives with asphalt. Recently many miles of sidewalks have been laid. Where railroads cross important streets substantial steel viaducts have been constructed, or are in process of erection. The most important of these are on Whitehall, Broad, Forsyth, Mitchell, and Peters streets, where the traffic is very heavy.

The city government is administered by a Mayor and General Council, and appropriations have to be voted on separately by the Council and Aldermen. The Mayor has a veto power, and sits on important executive boards. The fire, police, water-works and schools are and other departments are well conducted. The schools are in the hands of a progressive Board of Education, which has introduced manual training, instruction in vocal music, and physical culture. Taxation is on a basis of one cent-fourth per cent, and assessments average sixty per cent of the real value of property. The charter requires the annual setting aside of a sinking-fund to retire all bonds within thirty years from date of issue, and a Sinking-Fund Committee has been created to handle the investment. Floating debt is prohibited by the charter, and such United States to turn over to its successor \$175,000 in cash. The United States Controller of the Currency designated Atlanta as one of ten cities whose bonds were accepted as security for deposits of Federal funds. Within the past few months Atlanta three-and-a-half-per-cent bonds have sold above par. Insurance rates are low because of the fine record of the fire department and the excellence of the water works system. Water is furnished for domestic consumption at ten cents per thousand gallons and to manufacturers at a still lower rate. Even at these rates the water department pays a profit.

The educational advantages include a fine school system, an excellent public library, several fine theatres, a number of technical schools, and 132 churches. There are 14,000 pupils in the public schools and 4360 students in the higher educational institutions. The medical, dental and business colleges, school systems for boys and girls, and the Georgia Institute of Technology furnish a wide range of instruction. The Technological School is the leading institution of its kind in the Southern States, with 480 students, and schools of mechanical and electrical engineering, textile engineering and civil engineering, chemistry, physics, mathematics, and such others as usually accompany a technical education. Machine-shop practice gives a practical turn. Graduates of this institution are prominent in manufacturing and mechanical enterprises in all parts of the United States.

Institutions for the education of the negro are important, and include Atlanta University, Clark University, Gammon Theological Seminary, Spellman Seminary, Atlanta Baptist College, and Morris Brown College. These institutions have more than 3000 students. Spellman Seminary has one of the best-equipped hospitals in the Southern States, and conducts an excellent training-school for nurses.

Within the last few months the people of Atlanta subscribed \$250,000 to secure a Presbyterian University with an endowment of \$1,000,000. This matter is to come before the Presbyterian General Assembly this fall, and the subscription has already been offered. If the general assembly should not accept the tender, it is believed that there are other friends of education who will be glad to take its place, and add enough to Atlanta's \$250,000 to establish here a great university.

## SAVANNAH

SAVANNAH is now the largest and most important city on the South Atlantic coast; it is the largest naval stores port in the world; the third largest cotton-shipping port in the United States, and its foreign and coastwise exports of timber, lumber, cottonseed, and oil and their products, rice, fruits, vegetables, and phosphate rock run into the millions. It is the most advantageous distributing-point in the South, the terminus of four of the largest railroad systems and two of the principal steamship lines of the United States. Its commerce is the largest of all the Atlantic ports south of Baltimore.

Savannah has a population of 60,000, and the city covers 6000 acres, and has a property valuation of nearly \$60,000,000. Its commerce reaches \$75,000,000. It has one hundred and sixty miles of streets, seventy acres of public parks, sixty miles of street-railways, and eight miles of wharves. Geographically, it is at the head of ship navigation on the Savannah River, eighteen miles from the ocean, on a plateau ten miles above the level of the sea.

On account of its accessibility as a place of gathering it has earned the title of "The Convention City by the Sea." In the last six weeks over seven thousand visitors have attended conventions held here from all parts of the United States and Europe.



West Broad Street, Savannah

The city is nearly square, and most of the streets are broad and run at right angles with each other. It is the most beautiful city in the South, and is delightfully situated as a residence town. No other American city has such wealth of foliage; its parks and squares are adorned with oaks, fountain, and mounds, gigantic oaks, magnolias and palm-trees, with here and there catalpas and banana-trees.

Its architecture is varied and striking, much of it in the quiet fashion of bygone days, but with those characteristics that the art of the present day is eager to counterfeit. It is rich in historic memories; its society is cultured; art is patronized, and all the intonances exist which make the city attractive. All classes of society are found as in other States, and the question of nativity, antecedents, and political views create as few distinctions as can probably be found in any community in the world. The stranger is welcomed, and the newcomer finds plenty of friendly neighbors around him.

Savannah is one of the healthiest cities in the South. The death-rate in the city is less than three per cent, per annum.

The health record for Savannah for the last fifteen years is a part of its history. The authorities have from year to year made liberal appropriations for the benefit of the city's health, and Savannah to-day is in the front rank of the cities of the South from a sanitary standpoint. Its supply of water is entirely from artesian wells.

Every man who has the proper regard for the welfare of his posterity in selecting a home for himself and family will be influenced by a large measure by the facilities which it offers for the education of his children. In this respect Savannah and the surrounding country present peculiar advantages superior in all respects to those of other localities in the South. As an educational center Savannah has long held a high rank.

Savannah, whose tolerance in religious opinion is proverbial, is rich in edifices of Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew worship. Here was the field of the two Wesley's and Whitefield. Savannah's churches in architecture and beauty rank with any in the South.

Savannah has reason to point with pride to its banking institu-



Cotton Exchange, Savannah



Post-office, Savannah

tion. Through national panics these institutions have by a careful and conservative course progressed steadily, and established themselves on an enviable basis. Savannah has ten banks; their total capitalization is \$3,375,000, not taking into consideration the capital represented by private banking firms and building and loan associations and companies which would largely increase this amount.

The bank clearings for Savannah in 1902 were \$181,690, 677 89. They have doubled in ten years, and are greater by \$50,000,000 than those of any other city in Georgia. Savannah has never had a bank failure.

One of the best evidences by which to note the growth and progress made by Savannah in recent years is in the prosperous condition of the real-estate market. Two large banking and office buildings have lately been erected, another is in progress of construction, and plans are being prepared for a third. A new magnificent City Hall is to replace the old Colonial Exchange. A fifteen-story hotel is also to be built in the heart of the city. Eight and ten story structures are replacing old buildings.

Savannah offers extraordinary advantages for manufacturing. Directly tributary to the city are all of the elements necessary for a manufacturing center; large tracts of unoccupied lands to be secured by rental or purchase on easy terms. Georgia is rich in ores and coal, fuel is cheap and abundant, labor is cheap and plentiful, living is economical. Freight rates by rail to interior points and by water to the North and foreign ports are low. Desirable locations near deep water, with rail connections, are numerous, with plenty of yard space and side-track room. The facilities for handling freight are unequalled.



Court-house, Augusta

Showing example in foreground, erected in memory of Georgia's signing of Declaration of Independence



## AUGUSTA

**A**UGUSTA, the "Lowell of the South" is the county-seat of Richmond, located in the beautiful and fertile Savannah Valley, and is the second oldest city in the State. It stands at the head of steamboat navigation on the Savannah River, and has long been a trade centre and supply depot for much of Georgia and South Carolina. The city was settled in 1733 by General Oglethorpe, and named for a royal princess. It has an area of seven square miles and a population of 50,000. The city has eighty-six miles of streets, some of which have become famous. Broad, the principal business street, is 160 feet wide and three miles long. It is paved with asphalt, and has a double-track electric railway and electric lights in the centre. Greene is one of the most beautiful residence streets in the world. The large and elegant winter hotels in this vicinity and the number of tourists visiting the city attest the healthfulness of its climate. The mean annual temperature is 64 degrees: spring, 63.7; summer, 79.6; autumn, 64.1; winter, 48.8. Average rainfall, 48.10 inches; last killing frost on March 17. Mean relative humidity, 75 per cent.

A range of sand hills encircles the city on the west and southwest, reached by electric railway lines. These hills have long been famous for their sanitary advantages, and health-seekers from every quarter go there to recuperate and breathe the balmy air that comes from the neighboring pines. The national government established in 1861 among these hills an arsenal which it still maintains. It is said that the atmosphere there is so dry that a piece of highly polished steel stored indefinitely in the arsenal buildings will show not a particle of rust.

Augusta's superb position on the Savannah River gives her a marked advantage over other inland centres. At the head of steamboat navigation, she will ever have an opening to the water



Georgia Railroad Bank, Augusta

which cannot be controlled or merged. Consequently, Augusta merchants have a freight rate from Northern and Eastern cities which is much lower than that of many other inland cities.

This city is pre-eminently the home of cotton manufacturing in the South, for it was here that Eli Whitney conceived the idea and invented the cotton-gin, which machine has revolutionized the manufacturing business of the world.

Following the invention of the cotton-gin came the digging of the canal. It was opened in 1842, but has since been enlarged, and is now 120 feet wide and yields 14,000 horse-power. The canal brings water from the river at a point seven miles above the city,

where massive and permanent locks have been constructed from native granite. In and out of season the power from the canal is always available, and last winter, when many manufacturing plants were compelled to shut down, owing to the scarcity and high price of coal, those located at Augusta were all running full and double time, and making handsome dividends. The canal is owned by the city, and power is furnished to manufacturing plants at \$3.50 per horse-power per year. The electric plant of the city, which furnishes power and lights, and the trolley system, a line more than thirty miles long, are both operated by power from this canal.

Eight separate lines of railway enter Augusta, operating quick and accommodating schedules to every section of the country. The competition between the railway companies and river traffic causes the Augusta merchants to receive a remarkably low freight rate by rail as well as by water.

Mr. B. M. Holl, the Georgia hydrographer for the United States government, makes the total water-power on the Savannah River above Augusta 28,900-horse continuously, or 10,300-horse on a ten-hour basis.

A progressive community has an factor more important to its financial or business success and prosperity than its banking institutions. It can be truly said that to a large extent, just so far as these institutions are safe and enterprising, and perform their duty to the community, to that extent is the community prosperous. Augusta has every reason to be proud of her banking institutions. Through peace and times of stress the banks of Augusta have, by their careful and conservative course, established themselves on a reliable and substantial basis. Augusta is the banking center of a large section of country, rich in natural resources, abounding in fertile lands, and conducting large and varied interests, and the influence of her institutions is broad and far-reaching.

The cheap freight rates, solid financial institutions, and fortunate geographical situation have been great factors in Augusta's growth and development, as the reports of clearings for four years evidence. Clearings in 1908 were \$38,368,242.52. In 1907 they were \$74,569,321.98, an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. in four years.

There are in the city twenty-three churches, representing the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopal, Catholic, Christian, and Hebrew faith.

The schools of the city and county are under the jurisdiction of one Board of Education. The same length of term, same qualifications of teachers, and same rate of salary are prescribed for the rural districts and those of the city. This has resulted in building up a remarkably fine system of schools, and makes Richmond County an exceptionally good place to live in. The revenue of the Board of Education is about \$100,000 a year, of which \$55,000 is raised by local taxation, and the remainder comes from State school fund.

## COLUMBUS

COLUMBUS, the beautiful and progressive Georgia city, with 20,000 inhabitants, is a gem in the Greater Georgia galaxy of municipalities. So much could be written of her history, her cultured people, the national fame of many of her gifted sons and daughters, her achievements in matters artistic, educational, and religious that it seems quite prosaic to descend to a description of her natural resources, her commercial triumphs of the past, and her great business possibilities of the future.

The city is situated in the pine forest district, with a sandy soil. Its sewerage is carried away by a fast-flowing river. There are no



Street in the Residence District, Columbus

swamps nearby, and malaria is not known. The hills of the river here being the termination of the granite formation of the State. The suburbs are upon an elevated range of hills, all reached by quick transit by electric lines of railway. The Chattahoochee, a fast-flowing river, makes the western and a portion of the southern boundary of the city, and a good system of sewerage perfects a system of drainage which has been found ample and satisfactory. The river has never overflowed in Columbus; the bluffs preclude this.

The combined State and county tax is 90 cents per \$100. The county of Muscogee has no debt, and carries money to its credit in bank at all times. The tax-rate of the city of Columbus is 1.2 per cent. Strikes and labor troubles are practically unknown in this section. The manufacturers of Columbus are liberal and humane in the treatment of their employees. Seven railroads center at Columbus, controlled by the following three trunk lines, viz.: Southern Railway, Central of Georgia Railway, and Seaboard Air Line Railway, thus giving competitive, quick, and reliable transportation in every direction.

Columbus is at the head of navigation of the Chattahoochee River, which river, joining the Apalachicola River, empties into the Gulf of Mexico, at the port of Apalachicola, Florida. This gives Columbus not only the command of about four hundred miles of interior navigation and traffic, but makes her a port in direct connection with sea-going vessels, and she is thus the only large interior cotton-manufacturing point in the South with direct water connection with South America and West India ports and (and the proposed Isthmian canal) with the Orient.

Columbus, being at the head of the Chattahoochee Valley, with its rich, fertile land, producing large quantities of cotton of the very best staple, makes this city very attractive to manufacturers who want their cotton in large quantities and at the lowest possible price. The total receipts of cotton at the warehouse and compresses of this city are about 100,000 bales per annum, the six cotton-mills of Columbus consuming only about 50,000 bales. Columbus has been a cotton and woolen manufacturing point for over fifty years, and there is an abundance of educated white labor at command here. This advantage is manifest. The help is all native and to the manner born, and work is easy and with their employees. There are now six cotton-mills in Columbus, four making colored goods, one on brown sherings, and one making fine yarns.



Some of Columbus's big Mills



Bringing Cotton to Market, Rome

The total number of spindles is 137,636; total number of looms, 3767. Total number of cotton-mill operatives employed is 3773. Number of bales of cotton consumed annually is 50,000.

In addition to being a large cotton-mill centre, Columbus has many other important industrial plants, as follows: Two large clothing manufacturing establishments; barrel, trunk, and box factories; three cotton compresses; cottonseed-oil mills; two large foundries; four ice factories; plough-factories; fertilizer manufacturing; one hosiery plant; an exclusive cotton-gin factory; two shoe-making factories; two wagon and buggy factories; two saw, door, and blind factories; and numerous other minor industries incident to a manufacturing centre. The total weekly payroll of the city amounts to \$30,146; total number of employees in all industries is 5636.



## ROME

**R**OME, the county seat of Floyd, is the largest city in northwest Georgia, with a population of 16,924 in 1900, counting the suburbs of North Rome, East Rome, and Lisdale. The population of the county in 1900 was 33,113. Since that time the city and county have considerably increased their population. Rome is pleasantly situated at the head of navigation on the Oconee River, where the confluence of the Oostanaula and Etowah forms the Oconee. The altitude varies from 600 to 1000 feet, and the climate shows a mean temperature of 61.87-night degrees, with 256 days of sunshine during the year. Fresh air from the mountains, with a abundance

of ozone, gives vigor to the population, and malarial diseases are rare.

The county is fifth in the State in population and wealth, and commercially Rome ranks sixth among Georgia cities. The wholesale trade extends far into Alabama, and the merchants compete with Atlanta, Chattanooga, and Birmingham. The surrounding country is fertile, producing large crops of cotton of superior fibre, which brings a higher price than the average upland cotton. Orchard interests in the surrounding country are large, and yield considerable revenue in the autumn. It is estimated that 5000 wage-workers are employed in the shops and factories of Rome and suburbs. There are three banks, electric railways, electric lights, and seven radiating lines of railroad, controlled by the Southern, the Central of Georgia, and the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis systems, all of which have a fine track service. The Seaboard Air Line passes within twelve miles, and it is expected to throw out a branch to Rome. The Oconee River is navigable 180 miles, going through a rich agricultural and mineral section of Alabama. With the construction of locks this river, in connection with the Alabama, would furnish water transportation as far as Mobile. Steamboats ascend the Oostanaula River 100 miles, to bring down timber and farm products from the vicinity of Cohutta Mountains. The neighboring valleys, which lie between spurs of the Blue Ridge, are exceptionally fertile. Cotton, corn, wheat, and grasses all do well, and dairying is profitable. A nursery at Rome has been the means of planting about four millions of peach-trees in Northwest Georgia. In the adjoining counties north of Rome several hundred car-loads of strawberries are produced and marketed every season. Live stock and poultry are paying industries.

Rome is surrounded by a country of great mineral wealth in unusual variety. Bauxite and red iron ores, kaolin, manganese, coal, and marble are found within a short distance. The Etowah River within fifteen miles has a water-power estimated at 1200-horse, and smaller streams of the county furnish a number of fine powers. At Lisdale, one of the suburbs, the Massachusetts Mill Company has a cotton-factory investment of \$2,350,000 and 103,000 spindles, consuming 50,000 bales of cotton per annum, with 1800 operatives, supporting a factory town of 3000 people. Geologists have indicated the possibility of oil in the flat woods near Rome, and boring has reached a depth of 1800 feet, with good indications.



Residence of Professor C. L. Martin  
President Chamber of Commerce Macon



## MACON

**T**he capitalist who seeks a field for profitable investment, the manufacturer who seeks a change of location, the immigrant who is in quest of a genial, healthy climate, and to the laborer who seeks employment, none great State of Georgia has no city more attractive, more fair, or more swelling than Macon. Located in the center of the State, with a population of 43,000, and a property valuation of \$15,000,000, with eleven railroads leading in as many directions, a navigable river at its doors, and flourishing factories of many kinds with an annual output exceeding \$25,000,000; with literacy and business colleges of wide renown, denominational and non-denominational schools, several beauty spas, and a reputation as the second healthiest city in America; with water-powers at hand, fertile soil all around; with special adaptability to fruit culture; with innumerable mines of kiesel, and a wide variety of hardwoods in close proximity, the advantages of Macon have only to be known



Vessels loading Cross-ties, Brunswick

to become a magnet of irresistible power to those seeking a location for business or residence.

Within a radius of fifty miles from Macon live half a million people—the hundred thousand more than are found within a like distance of any other large city in Georgia. The census of 1900 shows Macon to be the centre of population of Georgia. The inhabitants of thirty-six counties, representing one-third the population of the State, reach it more quickly than any other city. It has therefore virtual command over this thickly populated area, and is a distributing-point par excellence. Macon enjoys an elevation of several hundred feet above sea-level, with fine systems of sewerage, gas, electric lighting, trolley service, public schools, free libraries, churches, colleges, pure water, pretty parks, and well-paved streets, which justly give it the distinction of being one of the most modern and attractive cities in the South.

The United States government by the recent expenditure of a large sum of money on the Thruway River, has made its navigation feasible, and has assured the city a freight rate second to that of no inland city, and enjoyed by only two cities of Georgia. The recent Congressional appropriation of \$200,000 for a new Federal building shows that the United States government recognizes the rapid growing importance of Macon.

A company of local capitalists is developing falls of the Ocmulgee, which will bring to the city between twenty and twenty-five thousand horse-power of electric current. This will work a revolution in the industrial situation, and rapidly multiply the numerous factories of various kinds, which have been erected by local capital and are all in a flourishing condition. Companies among these are factories producing yarn, hosiery, underwear, cotton duck, cutlery products, iron and cabinet work, ice, soap, paints, beer, brick, pottery, fertilizers, chemicals, such, shoes, bindis, and plating mill work, harness, saddles, cigars, etc. One establishment has a product valued at nine million dollars, and exports its goods to nearly every civilized nation on the globe. The total output of Macon manufacturing establishments last year amounted to 15,000 car-loads, and the freight paid to railroads on this traffic amounted to \$2,500,000.

Raw material and labor are cheap and abundant. Labor conditions are excellent, and amicable relations exist between employer and employee. The railroad companies are liberal in their treatment of industrial enterprises, giving them ample facilities and freight rates, which assure profitable operation of the plants.

## BRUNSWICK

**B**RUNSWICK, situated on an arm of the ocean, on the coast of Georgia, is an old Colonial town, laid out in 1763. The harbor is landlocked and ample in extent for a vessel commerce. The city, located on a peninsula, is nearly surrounded by salt water, creating exceptionally healthy conditions, supplemented by the George S. Waring system of sewerage and an accompanying drainage system to lower the water level in the soil. The navigable depth of water in the channel entrance is twenty-five and a half feet, requiring no expenditure for maintenance, and the government has appropriated the necessary sum to increase this depth. The largest foreign and

export trade of the South Atlantic coast in lumber, cross-ties, timber, shingles, and kindred products is conducted at Brunswick. This trade is steadily increasing, and Brunswick ranks as the second naval-store port in the world. The commercial business of the port has increased since 1893 from \$3,000,000 to over \$28,000,000. The Southern and Atlantic Coast Line railways have ample terminal facilities, and a third railroad, the Brunswick and Birmingham, has been pushed 250 miles westward toward its destination, Birmingham, Alabama. The corner-stone of a steel plant to cost \$10,000,000, turn out daily not less than 1000 tons of finished product, and employ not less than 6000 hands was laid on April 26, and work is being pushed. The people are progressive, and invite foreign capital. This is illustrated by an ample site given for the Millionaires' Club, is at the entrance of the harbor. The clubhouse is but six miles from Brunswick, through which all visitors pass on their way to the club.



## MONROE

**M**ONROE is near the centre of Walton County, fifty miles west of Atlanta, and in the same latitude, on the Gainesville, Jefferson, and Southern Railroad, and has connections with the Georgia Railroad and the New-England Air Line. The town is on a high ridge, and is noted for its healthfulness. It has public schools, local and long distance telephones, two banks with \$125,000 capital, two weekly papers, twenty-five stores, and several factories. The population is about 3000. The city has churches of three denominations, and Walton County has had prohibition for ten years.

The value of taxable property in the county has steadily increased for eight or ten years, and is now estimated at \$1,500,000. Walton



Cotton Mills, Monroe



Courthouse, Moultrie

County has excellent pasture-lands. Fine farms, improved cattle and stock, and fine horses and mules. Cotton, corn, wheat, and hay are the principal crops, but all cereals, fruits, and vegetables indigenous to the soil of middle Georgia will thrive here. The Monroe Cotton Mills and the Walton Cotton Mills together have \$254,000 capital, 550 operatives, 16,000 spindles, and a combined monthly pay-roll of \$700. There are cotton-oil mills, a fertilizer-factory, iron-foundry, acid plant, knitting-mills, and machine-works in the county.

## HARMONY GROVE

**H**ARMONY GROVE, in Jackson County, northeast Georgia, is the Bermuda-grass belt, is famous for its prosperous dairies. The country is undulating, the atmosphere invigorating and the climate delightful.

There is an abundance of pure water and no intoxicating liquor, as the country is under local option. Naturally, people live to a good old age. The surrounding country is thickly settled and well cultivated. The farm-houses have a neat, prosperous look, and land brings from \$10 to \$25 per acre. The lands are fertile, and some of the best farms produce a bale of cotton or forty bushels of wheat per acre. The products embrace everything but tropical fruits. Peaches grow well, and this year, when the crop is short elsewhere, the trees of Jackson County are full. There are five or six prosperous dairies within ten miles of Harmony Grove, and the cattle industry is important. The railroad service is good, and there are four daily mails from Atlanta. The population is 2000, rapidly increasing, and cotton receipts 18,000 bales. There are forty-four brick stores, three iron-clad, and ten wooden buildings, only one vacant, and others going up. Five churches for white people and three for negroes show the moral tone of the community, which is emphasized by the absence of bar-rooms. Among the important institutions are two hotels, a \$50,000 bank, a cotton-mill with 10,000 spindles, 400 looms, and \$250,000 capital, all owned in the county, a roller-mill for wheat, two cottonseed-oil mills, a carriage-factory, foundry and machine-shop, newspaper, a public-school system with a \$12,000 building, and a Board of Trade. The tax-rate is three-fourths of one per cent., bonded debt \$12,000, and assessed value of property \$600,000—real value \$1,500,000. City government is clean, and there is a healthy public spirit.

## MOULTRIE

**M**OULTRIE, the county-seat of Colquitt County, is in the lumber and turpentine section of Georgia. It has three railroads, and is between Okefenokee and Ocala rivers. The town has an excellent system of water-works, electric lights, good graded schools, two large cotton-mills, saw-mills, five cotton gins, railroad shops, carriage-factory, and is surrounded by a number of plantations and sawmills. The sawmills of Colquitt County have an annual output of more than 100,000,000 superficial feet of lumber, averaging 85 per thousand. Moultrie is a growing town, having

about four thousand population. The climate is good, the thermometer rarely going above 100 degrees. The summers are long, but not severe, and there is a constant breeze blowing from the Gulf of Mexico. The healthfulness of the county is unquestioned. The county has public schools, and at Norman Park, ten miles from Moultrie, is Norman Institute, a co-educational college having ten hundred and fifty students. The population of Colquitt County has increased in the last eight years from 6000 to 15,000. This index is largely due to the fact that the soil and drainage of the county are so satisfactory. The sawmills and planing-mills led the way, and the farmers and manufacturers followed. The turpentine operators and the sawmill industries have cleared large tracts of land where the soil is almost virgin. The soil is pebbly soil with a red clay foundation. The other has a rich sandy soil with a mixed clay foundation. Farm lands sell at from \$2.50 to \$10 per acre. The land will produce from fifteen to twenty barrels of cane syrup, worth \$180 per acre, of such a quality as to bring the best prices. Sea Island cotton is grown here with great success, averaging from one-half to one bale per acre, worth at \$100 per bale. The short staple of ginned cotton here reaches perfection. With good culture a bale may be produced on an acre. Other crops grown here are corn, oats, potatoes, tobacco, and fruit. The land produces 1500 to 1600 pounds of hay to the acre, and tobacco is being successfully cultivated. Melons and grapes, cultivated largely throughout this and adjoining counties, are shipped from Moultrie. Peach culture is beginning to prove profitable. Strawberries and small fruits appear on the market very soon after the Florida fruits make their appearance. Pecan-trees bear abundantly, and the nut is of fine quality. The Alabama iron mines are so near at hand, lumber of the best grade is so plentiful and so cheap, the cotton-fields are so broad and so productive, labor so inexpensive, that cotton, wool, and steel goods could be manufactured at minimum cost. Pine wood is so plentiful that it might be utilized for steam purposes, but the coal-fields of Alabama are nearby if coal is desired, and the freight rates are low. Brick-making is largely engaged in, and last year a new industry was organized that is almost all profit. This is a process for extracting turpentine, creosote, oil of tar, and tar from pine stumps which have heretofore been considered worthless. Each cord of the wood yields products which sell in the market for \$25. There is raw material awaiting capital.

## TOCCOA

**I**N the heart of the "Hills of Habersham" is the famous Piedmont region, the little town of Toccoa, 1090 feet above sea level, is the home of thirty-three hundred souls. With the beautiful Toccoa Falls, a cascade of 166 feet, only two miles away, and nine miles distant the Tugalo River, with its vast water-power, Toccoa is the garden-spot of northeast Georgia. The town is at the intersection of the Dalton branch of the Southern Railway with the main line, and is thus easy of access. Toccoa has good churches and schools, with the prospect of a large industrial school at an early date. The county has had prohibition since 1885, though the nearby vineyards encourage the making of wine. The most important industries of the town are the cotton-mills, compress cotton, which handles 35,000 to 40,000 bales of cotton annually, machine-shops, light and power companies, and lumber industries. Almost every variety of trees indigenous to the Atlantic seaboard may be found in this county. The price of land is low, climate unsurpassed, country tree watered and abounding in native grasses, grain and root crops, favorable to dairying and stock-raising. Two thousand acres have been planted in peach-trees, which find here a congenial home.

## SPARTA

**S**PARTA, the principal town of Harcum County, with about two thousand inhabitants, is situated on the Georgia Railroad, less than seventy-five miles from Macon and Augusta and a hundred and fifty from Atlanta. Sparta is nearly six hundred feet above sea-level, and has uniform seasons and delightful climate. The town boasts of clean streets, handsome buildings, cultured citizens, and a progressive and conservative government, with low tax-rate and fine schools. Public high schools for both whites and negroes, and fifty-acre rural schools, with accommodations for both sexes, are well distributed over the county. Sparta has two banks, a fine telephone service, both local and long distance, and has good shipping facilities. The culture of cotton, hay, and fruit, the raising of cattle and horses, and the shipping of peaches keep the dwellers of this section busy.

The fine pastures of Bermuda, Logsdon, broom-sedge, and other native grasses make Hancock County a fine location for dairying, and this industry is profitably carried on. It is claimed that fine horses can be raised here as successfully as in the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky. Inexhaustible supplies of granite are found near Sparta, and two quarries are in successful operation. Among the enterprises of the town are an oil-mill, ransing-factory, creamery, sawmills, cotton-factories, and grist-mills, with abundant water-power to operate like machinery.

More than 250,000 peach-trees are in cultivation in the county, yielding handsome profits,—one orchard of fifty acres having afforded a net profit of two thousand dollars per year for the past three years. Decker and Brothers, the well-known nurserymen, own here a farm of 81,000 trees.

## VIENNA

VIENNA, the county seat of DeKalb, is located in the best part of southwestern Georgia. The county has 710 square miles of mostly level land, largely covered with forests of long-leaf pine. Timber brings about \$12 per acre, and when cut off leaves a productive soil which is a steady loan free from rocks and not baked by the sun after heavy rains. Cotton, corn, potatoes, cane, hay, rice, peas, and all kinds of fruits and vegetables grow well.

Vienna has 2000 people, forty brick buildings, forty-five stores, two hotels, a cottonseed oil mill which cost \$55,000, a third-class post-office, two fine rural delivery routes, an artesian well, water-works, electric lights, telephones, express and telegraph office, a good public-school system, and fine railroad facilities, with actively passenger-trains and eighty-one mails per week on two lines of rail, the Georgia Southern & Florida and the Atlantic & Birmingham, both of which have continuous depots. The population has almost doubled in three years.

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## CORDELE

**T**HIS thriving city, situated in the central portion of Dooly County, has gained the title of "Mable City of the Pines," by reason of its rapid growth. In 1888 two roads crossed at the spot where today a busy city with more than five thousand inhabitants, excellent facilities in the way of railroads and banks, and with its own water works and levee plant, forms a trading center for a wide area of country. The four railroads meeting at Cordelle do more than a million-dollar freight business annually,—freight rates competitive and transportation prompt. The tea wholesale and one hundred and forty-eight retail stores of Cordelle, together with its two banks, do an aggregate business yearly of \$16,000,000. Here we find one of the best cotton-markets and the third largest lumber-market in the State. The water-supply is furnished by artesian wells, and the government mortality report shows only twenty deaths in the year 1906. Land sells at reasonable prices and on easy payments, and this, with good schools, four churches, and a free public library offers rare inducements to home-seekers.

## ALBANY

**A**LBANY, county-seat of Dougherty County, is at the head of navigation on Flint River, is southwest Georgia. Radiating from this commercial center are eight lines of railway, besides the water route on Flint River. Albany is in the basin of a large cotton-producing section, receiving 80,000 bales annually, and has a rapidly increasing wholesale and retail trade. The soil of the county is fertile, with level lands, easy cultivation. Some of Georgia's finest farms are within its limits, and so generous is nature in this locality that it has been called the "Door man's paradise and the ambitious man's opportunity." Peaches, watermelons, and all the small fruits and early vegetables are raised in quantities and shipped to the Northern markets.

Among Albany's leading industries are cotton compressors, brick yards, fertilizer factories, a cottonseed-oil mill, and a manning factory which employs many operatives. An electric plant, now in course of construction upon one of the nearby streams, will furnish cheap power for manufacturing enterprises. Albany has a population of nearly seven thousand, and the character of her citizens is attested by the fact that her schools rank among the best in the State, having taken the first place in a recent contest. Her streets are clean, beautiful, and picturesque, and her public officials zealous and conscientious. Albany was the first city east of the Mississippi to obtain a flowing artesian well and has now so many that it is often called the "Artesian City."

Albany demonstrates the advantage of municipal ownership of public utilities, since the electric light and water systems not only furnish street lights and water for sewerage and fire protection, but afford a handsome net profit above operating expenses, derived from the revenues from private consumers. The Georgia Chantanooga, which has had a successful career for fifteen years, has its home in Albany. This assembly is held annually from April 26 to May 3, and brings to Albany the best talent available in the country on the lecture platform and in a musical and educational way.



Bird's-eye View of Cordelle

Albany's tax-rate for several years has been as low as three-fourths of one per cent, and land in Dougherty County is wonderfully cheap, when we consider the immense possibilities. Dougherty County stands for rich lands, good roads, artesian water, fire transportation, low taxes, and cultured citizenship. The county commissioners are able and incorruptible. They are building a \$40,000 court-house. The abundant pasturage of Dougherty County make it a fine cattle section, and a parking-house with cold storage is one of the projected enterprises. During the civil war this section of Georgia became the source of supplies and its resources seemed inexhaustible, giving it the title "The Egypt of the Confederacy." Before the war Dougherty was the wealthiest county in the United States, with \$50,000 per capita.



## CEDARTOWN

**O**F all the favored towns of Georgia none surpasses Cedartown in excellence of location, present prosperity, and promising future. It is the county-seat of Polk, is the centre of the famous Cedar Valley, a rich mineral and agricultural section of northwest Georgia. Its salubrious climate, fertile soil, variety and wealth of minerals, abundance of pure water, fine water-power, ample timber-supply, and substantial, intelligent, and progressive citizens make the beautiful Cedar Valley a peculiarly attractive region. In this valley are mines of iron, manganese, and bauxite areas of unmeasured richness. There is enough slate in the district to roof the State, and limestone quarries are vast and numerous. This section has been fortunate in attracting many families of refinement, intelligence, and wealth, from widely separated parts of the country, as well as from foreign lands, and as a result the community is remarkably free from local prejudices. The political independence of its people may be inferred from the fact that three times they expressed a preference for Cleveland for President, and twice for McKinley, Polk being one of the few white counties in the South to go Republican at times in national politics, while remaining loyally Democratic in local and State elections.

The Seaboard Air Line, the Central of Georgia, and the Southern railway systems all penetrate Cedar Valley, and make of Cedartown a distributing-point for the surrounding country. The staple agricultural productions of Polk County are cotton, corn, wheat, oats, peas, potatoes, peaches, and small fruits. Many tons of iron ore are mined and shipped annually to the furnaces of Alabama and Tennessee. The county has one blast-furnace with an output of seventy-five tons daily of high-grade charcoal iron of such high quality that government experts have often specified it as the iron to be used in public works. There is a two-million-dollar (burial) cement plant, the largest quarries in the South, paper-hat factory, foundry, cottonseed-oil mill, lumber, sash, door, and blind factory and rice cutting-mills, carrying 60,000 spindles, besides tanneries and textile-machinery. With the three raw materials necessary for progress at hand, and the water-power needed for their development, Cedartown is in a position to become a power in manufacturing

Chantanooga Auditorium, Albany  
Cordelle monument in foreground



enterprise. The town has good public schools, water-works, electric lights, sewerage, all owned by the municipal government. It offers cheap fuel and labor, low freight rates, and good homes. The people are public-spirited and hospitable, and have organized a Chamber of Commerce to advance the public interest.

## DECATUR COUNTY

DECATUR COUNTY, in area nearly equal that of Rhode Island, offers rare opportunities to the investor or farmer. The land is cheap, and its productive power very high. It is even claimed that a net income of 200 to 1000 per cent. on the original price has been secured. This is the only county in Georgia with land adapted to the production of Sumatra tobacco for cigar wrappers. Sumatra tobacco raised in Decatur County took the prize for excellence over the entire world at the Paris Exposition of 1900. The price of Sumatra wrappers is \$2 per pound, with \$4 for selected stock. With a yield of 1000 pounds per acre and a cost of \$250 per acre of bringing the crop to market, there is a net income of \$1750 per acre. One large company owns 1000 acres, which is shaded by cloth supported by framework nine feet high. The shading on this tract cost \$240. The only other Sumatra lands in the United States are in the Connecticut Valley, where they bring \$500 per acre. In Decatur County the land is comparatively cheap. The soil is especially adapted to sugar-cane, and it is not uncommon for farmers to secure a profit of \$50 per acre on the cane crop, which has been a blessing to the county. Since its introduction, the condition of the farmers has greatly improved. The industry is still in its infancy, but two large sugar-mills are in process of erection. The soil is adapted to all the vegetables and cereals, except wheat. The rainfall is abundant, and grass grows well; winters are open, and this cheapens the cost of beef.

The county is traversed by two fine rivers and crossed by important railroads, in four directions. Headbridge, the county seat, located on a river, with railroad facilities, has freight rates as low as some large cities of the State.

## MADISON

Why the blue-grass region is in Kentucky, the Bermuda-grass section is in Georgia. Morgan County and the land adjacent to it occupy this favored belt, and Madison is in its center. Nearly two thousand people find their home in this county-seat, which is considered one of the most beautiful small cities of the State. Morgan County, with its rich Bermuda pastures, raises horses that compare favorably with the famous Kentucky thoroughbreds, and quite an interesting feature of the neighborhood is the Colt Show, which is occasionally held. Given horses of equally fine pedigree, with men who understand the business of raising them, and money to spend for modern improvements, and Morgan County would equal any county in the blue-grass region in the quality of her horses. Cattle thrive in these grass lands, and dairying is carried on with profit. One of the finest and most perfectly appointed Jersey and stock farms in the South is within a few miles of Madison. The beautiful Jersey cows found here, and the excellence of all the farm products, attest the quality of the locality for dairying. The county is well watered, and is noted for its large yield of fruits, wheat, corn, and cotton.

Madison has electric lights and water-works, fertilizer-factories, a cotton compress, cottonseed-oil mill, and many other industries. Madison is at the intersection of the Georgia Railroad and a branch of the Central. Tributaries of the Oconee flow through the county, furnishing water-power, while enriching the scenery.

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University of Georgia, Athens

## VALDOSTA

**T**HE southern part of Georgia, near the Florida line, is known as the "Wiregrass" section. In this famous section is Lowndes County with Valdosta as county-seat. The city takes its name from the home of Governor Troup, whose plantation was called Vau d'osta, meaning beautiful valley. At the close of 1925 there were but eight or ten small frame dwellings on the place. In 1927 the spirit of progress took hold of the place; stores and factories were built, and railroads came to the town. Now there are four railroads entering the city, with others in process of construction. The city has four fertilizer factories, an iron-foundry and machine-shop, ice-factory, barrel-factory, buggy and carriage factory, and a modern cotton-mill with 11,000 spindles. There are three banks, two lines of telegraph, local and long distance telephones, five public schools, and churches representing eight religious denominations. The raising and marketing of Sea Island cotton is one of Valdosta's most important industries, the town having the greatest inland market in the world for this staple. Valdosta's municipal affairs are in excellent hands, and its finances are ably managed. With an elegant City Hall, a magnificent fire department, street-railways, and many artesian wells, Valdosta furnishes a delightful home for her 8000 people, with room for many more.



## ATHENS

**A**THENS is one of the most historic cities in Georgia. It was founded in 1803, when the State University was located there, and has always been an educational center. Besides the university, it has the State Normal School, Lucy Cobb Institute for girls, and a fine system of public schools. Athens is in the Piedmont section of the State, within forty miles of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The climate is equable and salubrious, the thermometer rarely reaching a lower temperature than twenty degrees or a higher one than sixty-four degrees. The health statistics show that it has never had an epidemic and the death-rate, with fourteen thousand inhabitants, is less than one per cent. The city has an ample water-supply from the Oconee River, and a fine sewerage system. Railway facilities are furnished by the Southern Railway, the Seaboard Air Line, and the Georgia Railroad, and Athens is the commercial center for southeast Georgia.

The city has gas and electric lights, electric street-railways, ice-plants, a cottonseed-oil mill, and the first cotton-mill established south of the Potomac. This industry has been continuously in operation since 1827, has never scaled a debt, and has always declared a dividend. There are seven other cotton-mills in the immediate vicinity. Athens leads all other cities in Georgia in wagon cotton receipts. The receipts per season at this point are from 75,000 to 90,000 bales, fully half of which are brought into the city on wagons. Cotton-seeds can be easily supplied with all the cotton they require.

Athens is situated in one of the best agricultural sections of the State. Cotton, corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, peas, potatoes, southern-corn, grasses, etc., are raised in abundant yield, and the advance of this part of the State in wheat-growing sections during the past few years has been remarkable. The volume of business in Athens exceeds twenty million dollars per year. Several Southern States are covered by the jobbing business of the city, and this line of business is increasing rapidly on account of the many ad-

vantages of this distributing point. A \$50,000 City Hall and fifty new residences are going up, and the construction of a \$100,000 Federal building will be under way during the present year. A \$100,000 fertilizer-plant is being constructed, and will be ready for operation by fall.

Athens is rapidly becoming the educational centre of the South. The University of Georgia, since its establishment in 1801, has contributed to the South many of her greatest citizens. There are now in attendance more than three hundred and fifty young men. The curriculum is such that no young Georgian need leave his native State to complete his education. The faculty is composed of able educators, and every facility for first-class training is given. Among the new buildings going up on the university campus is the magnificent library building, the gift of Mr. George Foster Peabody, of New York. The chapter halls, dormitories, shops, etc., make an attractive settlement. The State Normal School is only eight years old, but in that time has leaped to the front rank. The average yearly attendance is six hundred. Teachers from all parts of the State take advantage of its exceptionally fine advantages. The departments of pedagogy and psychology, the model school, and the department of English are equipped in the most approved manner. A library of five thousand volumes has been secured, one hundred free scholarships have been founded by generous Georgians, and one hundred more have been given by the General Education Board.

The city of Athens has a progressive system of public schools. The departments of nature study, manual training, drawing, and English leave little to be desired. The county of Clarke, in which Athens is situated, has a nine-months' term in rural schools. The East Athens night school is in the factory district. This institution affords fine opportunities to the children of the operatives. The industrial department is one of the most successful features of the night school. The tax-rate of the county of Clarke is the sixth lowest among the counties of the State, and in the lowest among counties doing permanent road improvement.



## GREENE COUNTY

**G**REENE COUNTY is in middle Georgia, midway between Atlanta and Augusta, on the Georgia Railroad. It is 700 feet above sea-level, and the climate is such that people may work out-of-doors all the year without discomfort. The soil is diversified, being rich, loamy lands, with clay subsoil, and suited for every class of farming. Greene County is in the Bermuda-grass region, and yields also large crops of red clover, vetch, lucern, and many other native grasses. Upon these horses and cattle thrive, and there are several successful creameries in the county.

Greeneville is the county-seat, and is conveniently located on the Georgia Railroad. It has a bank, cotton-mill, glassing-mill, hatching-mills, and several large and successful creameries. The city is beautified by shaded streets, handsome homes, and a profusion of flowers. The citizens are wide-awake and progressive, and ready to extend a cordial welcome to newcomers.

Union Point and Woodville are other prosperous towns of Greene County. Union Point has a bank, brick-yard, cottonseed-oil mill and planing-mill, and a mineral spring which is destined to become famous. Woodville has a large grocery, grist-mill, creamery, and is a shipping point for several adjacent towns. Greene County is not only beautiful, being entirely free from malaria and epidemics. It abounds in running streams, and is known for its extensive and choice vegetable crops and for the excellence of its cattle and farm products.

## FORT VALLEY

FORT VALLEY, in Houston County, is the peach-porch grower of the Southern States. It is the home of the famous Elberta and Emma peaches, whose originator, Samuel H. Kumph, a Georgian, began the business here thirty years ago, and succeeded from the first. Last year 85 per cent of the entire peach crop of the State was shipped from this point, and 30 per cent. more from the immediate vicinity. This year promises even a greater percentage.

The location of Fort Valley, at the junction of several lines of railroads, its fine hotel accommodations, and its exceptionally pleasant and beautiful climate, attract buyers who congregate here and buy and pay for the peaches on the track.

Among Fort Valley's enterprises are a knitting-mill, cottonseed-oil mill, compresses, machine-shops, an iron-foundry, flour-mills, ice factories, and bottling works. Besides these are factories for making crates and fruit baskets and a fruit evaporator.

Many Northern capitalists have invested in this section, and land is held at a good figure. One farm of 1100 acres (without a peach-tree on it) sold in March at \$30 per acre. The value of the trees will continue to increase as people discover the wonderful possibilities of the soil and climate.

## WAYCROSS

WAYCROSS is in southeast Georgia, and its county seat. Waycross, is an important railroad centre.

With an electric plant for lighting, a street railway, gas, water, works, and good public schools, this town of nearly six thousand inhabitants is taking its place in the march of progress.

Because of the exceptional fertility of the soil in the surrounding county, Waycross offers fine inducements to manufacturers and farmers. With land that will yield four hundred bushels of sweet potatoes per acre, with a market value of fifty cents per bushel, two hundred bushels of Irish potatoes, worth seventy-five cents per bushel, seventy-five bushels of corn per acre, and other products in proportion, this is a veritable "land of plenty." Cassava, one of the finest of all stock foods, and velvet beans in profusion make this a paradise for stock. Twenty to twenty-five tons of cassava is the yield per acre.

Georgia sugarcane is conceded to be the best produced in the United States, and it reaches its perfection in Waycross.

There is a government syrup refinery in Waycross for experimental purposes, and it has been demonstrated that one acre will produce thirty to forty tons of cane, capable of yielding more than nine hundred gallons of fine syrup.

## MARIETTA

MARIETTA, the county-seat of Cobb County, is twenty miles north of Atlanta on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. This little city is at the foot of historic Kennesaw Mountain, and has itself an elevation of 1132 feet.

Marietta has an excellent climate, the average temperature from November till April being a fraction over 46 degrees, and averaging 57 degrees the rest of the year. The town is noted as a health resort the year round.

There are good systems of water-works and electric lights, fine public schools, churches of all denominations, a opera-house, and a public library. With a population of only five thousand, the amount of postal business done through the city office is phenomenal. In fact, the city mail delivery, the county being already covered by rural free delivery.

In Marietta are two of the largest chair-factories of the South, the largest paper-mill in the South, four marble-yards, and a large plant for finishing marble. Other industries, such as knitting-mills, machine-shops and foundries, make the total weekly pay-roll, approximately, \$7000. All the marble from the famous quarries of north Georgia, which goes to every State in the

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Union, is shipped through Marietta by way of the Atlanta, Knoxville, and Northern Railway. A spur-track of the Seaboard Air Line will soon reach the town, and as two lines of the Southern Railroad already run through the country, the freight receipts are quite considerable.

Cotton is the staple crop, but much attention is given to truck-farming, dairying, raising poultry, and the cultivation of peaches.

## GAINESVILLE

GAINESVILLE is one of the smaller cities of Georgia, which has grown in three years from a town of five thousand to a busy manufacturing community of nearly ten thousand inhabitants. It has three cotton-mills, operating a total of 81,500 spindles, and employing about three thousand operatives. One of these mills manufactures 30,000 bales of cotton annually for the Chinese trade. Gainesville has a shoe-factory with an output of one thousand pairs per day, two carriage-factories, an oil-mill, furniture-factories, ice-factory, marble-works, and numerous smaller enterprises.

The city is in the center of a fine farming district, and is a market for a diversity of crops. Among the handsomest public buildings in Gainesville is Brown's College, one of the best-equipped female colleges in the South. Besides the college there are excellent public schools.

## MILLEDGEVILLE

The beautiful and historic little city of Milledgeville, the county-seat of Baldwin, was the capital of Georgia until shortly after the war between the States. Milledgeville is the geographical center of the State, and is built on a slight elevation on the banks of the Oconee River. Running streams on four sides furnish natural drainage and water-power. A company of Chinese and New York capitalists are putting in a dam on the Oconee which will furnish 14,000 horsepower.

The city has three railroads, water-works, electric lights, and is an educational center. The building which was the State capitol until 1865 is the home of the Georgia Military College—an institution which has an enrollment of five hundred students, and whose graduates have made their mark at West Point and in the United States army. The college now has nearly fifty commissioned officers in the United States army, who claim it as their alma mater. The Georgia Normal and Industrial College, a State institution for girls, is also here, and has four hundred students. The State Sanitarium for the insane and the State Prison farm are also located here.

Baldwin County has deposits of talc, kaolin, and clay, procured by experts to be among the finest in the world. Ornamental and building brick are extensively manufactured, and much clay is shipped to other points. The agricultural products of the county are numerous, but cotton, corn, wheat, pease, hay, and fruits are the crops upon which the farmers principally depend.

## THOMASVILLE

There are three grand divisions in Georgia—north, middle, and south Georgia. In the last divisions are vast pine forests, a highly productive soil, and a healthy climate, which is eagerly sought as a winter resort for invalids. In the very heart of this favored belt is Thomasville, the county-seat of Thomas County, and the home of more than six thousand enterprising citizens.

Thomasville has direct and rapid communication by rail with Atlanta and Savannah, both of which cities are in the neighborhood of 200 miles away, and it is in twenty-four-hours' ride from New York, and six-hours' ride from Jacksonville, Florida. With natural drainage and good crops, and a healthy soil, the city is entirely free from malaria and other diseases peculiar to low climates.

In fact, Thomasville is a health resort,

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numbers of health-seekers coming every winter from the severest climates of the North and East to breathe the life-giving fragrance of the pine forests by which it is surrounded. President McKinley once honored the town with a visit, and Mark Hanna has a winter residence here. Many pretentious homes have been erected in and around the city by Northern capitalists, whose Country Club has a splendid clubhouse, fine golf-links, and all facilities for out-door sports. The Georgia game laws protect the quail, so that it is plentiful in season, and quail-shooting in the open woods is enjoyed by the residents of the country.

The air is dry, free from high winds in winter, and not having the humidity peculiar to climates farther south. Farm lands can be bought at from \$2 to \$15 per acre, according to location and improvements. The soil, for the most part, is sandy on top; but from six to twelve inches below the surface is found a firm, red clay subsoil. It produces cotton, corn, and other farm products in perfection, and is particularly adapted to the cultivation of vegetables and articles that admit of high fertilization. Sugar-cane is raised extensively in Thomas County, and twelve thousand barrels were shipped last year from the town of Cairo, twelve miles from Thomsville.



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## CALHOUN

CALHOUN, the seat of Gordon County, is located on the N. W. corner of L. R. R. in the hill country of northwest Georgia. It lies on the sea, in the beautiful Okefenokee Valley, near mountains which rise to a height of 3000 feet. The surrounding country has a fertile soil, producing freely grain and all the staple crops. The county has more than a million peach-trees, whose crops bring a large revenue, and Calhoun is a heavy shipping-point for fruit. The county is watered by numerous streams, including the Oostanaula River. There are several water-powers, one of 125-horse-power near Calhoun. This section of the State is famous for live-stock raising, and the Richard Peters stock farm, a few miles distant, is one of the most famous in the South. It was here that Henry Grady took his recreation and took inspiration for the articles which so stimulated Southern agriculture. About 10,000 bales of cotton constitute the leading crop, but wheat is almost as important.

Calhoun has water-works, telephones, public schools, sewerage, an excellent brick court-house of modern construction, and several blocks of brick business houses, a hotel, newspaper, bank, two literary clubs, flour-mill, and a brick-making plant flourish there. An abundance of pure water and heating air give the foundation of a beautiful, exhilarating climate.

## DANVILLE

DANVILLE, on the Macon and Dublin Railway, is in the heart of the tobacco-packer belt. It is in an undulating, well-watered region, covered originally by a sturdy growth of oak, hickory, and other hardwoods, with a soil of sand and a good clay subsoil. Berries grow in plenty, and the conditions favor stock-raising, dairying, fruit-growing, and general farming. The president of the Macon Agricultural Society, Hon. Dudley Hughes, resides here on a tract of land covering twelve thousand acres. He is one of the largest and most successful planters in Georgia, and his operations show the possibility of agriculture in this part of the State. He owns a fine peach orchard in the vicinity of Danville, and this year gathered a large crop from four-year-old trees. There are many other peach orchards in this section, and fruit shipments are heavy.

Twiggs County, of which this community is a part, is one of the most productive in the State. It is traversed by two railroads, the Macon and Dublin Road and the South-Railway runs along the northern border. Shipping facilities are good, and the people are enterprising.

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**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**

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## COMMENT

We have discussed elsewhere the complications brought about by certain recent incidents in the contest for the Mayorship in New York city. The complications, as we have pointed out, should not obscure, but rather emphasize, the duty of every citizen who desires honest municipal government to vote for the ticket headed by Mayor Lew. With regard to Messrs. Grout and Fomes, we wish to say particularly that they deserve to have administered to them at the ballot-box a rebuke so severe that their permanent retirement from public life may be assured. No clear-sighted man can mistake the motive which prompted their acceptance of the nominations tendered by Tammany Hall. They had an eye single to their personal advancement, and to that end were perfectly willing to sacrifice their comrades on the fusion ticket. They must have known that by leading to the Tammany organization whatever reputation for integrity they might have acquired they would contribute in just that measure to lessen the contrast between Mr. Murphy's ticket and that put forward by the fusionists. By consenting to figure on the Tammany ticket, they were estopped from denouncing it as unworthy of the support of honest men. If it is good enough for them to stand upon, it is evidently, in their opinion, good enough to be voted for. Mr. Grout himself seems to have recognized the logical outcome of his double-faced performance, for he has publicly admitted that while he should continue to endorse the Low administration, he would not feel called upon to attack Tammany Hall. Yet it is, or ought to be, obvious that a non-aggressive campaign against Tammany would be a contradiction in terms. Why should an independent Democrat vote against Tammany, except upon the ground that its record is odious, and that, in view of past experience, no material improvement can be looked for at its hands. We hope and expect to see Mr. Grout fall between two stools. The fusionists rightly regard him as a traitor; the avowed part of the regular Democrats of Brooklyn have outwitted a determination to oppose him; and there is reason to believe that even in the ranks of Tammany's adherents he will be widely cut. Should he and Fomes run far behind the Tammany candidate for Mayor, they will but reap the merited harvest of self-seeking and duplicity. They ought to be buried under an avalanche of hostile ballots.

On Thursday, October 1, the Democrats of Massachusetts met in State convention in Truett Temple, Boston, and on the following day the State convention of the Republicans was held in the same hall. The action of the latter body was foreseen. Governor John L. Bates was re-nominated, and the tariff plank of the platform was framed by the "Stand-Peters," a perfunctory admission being made that, conservatively, some changes might be availed at some future time. The platform included a declaration that to President Roosevelt, as "an able, honest, far-seeing Chief Executive, we pledge our loyal support for the campaign of 1904." Very much more noticeably were the proceedings of the Democratic State convention. Mr. Bryan's name was not mentioned; Mr. George

Fred. Williams, though a delegate, was not present. Not a word was said about the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The Chicago and Kansas City platforms were not explicitly ratified. Nevertheless, certain concessions were made to the Bryanite element in the party, and to the socialists, who possess considerable strength in Boston. For example, the convention condemned "the abuse by some Federal courts of the high writ of injunction"; favored tribunals for voluntary arbitration in all labor disputes, with power to enforce their decrees; and demanded from Congress a national labor code which should limit the hours of continuous employment of railroad engineers, telegraph operators, and switchmen, and generally protect all workers employed in interstate commerce.

By a curious inconsistency, the convention condemned lynchings in the South, yet opposed the repeal of the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Amendment, although the experience of Mississippi shows that where those amendments are practically nullified the negro crime which originally provoked the practice of lynching (since extended, it is true, to other offenses) tends rapidly to disappear. It is well known that there are still a good many anti-imperialists in Massachusetts; their views are adopted in the plank which condemns the policy of conquest and subjugation and insists that the Philippines should be treated as was Cuba. The most conspicuous section of the platform, however—a section which is certain to figure also in the forefront of the national programme of the Democratic party—is the demand for the admission free of duty of articles controlled by the trusts, of the raw materials of manufacture, and of the necessities of life. It was almost in accents of despair that the convention recognized that reciprocity with Canada, long the hope of Massachusetts, must soon be achieved or forever abandoned. It is unquestionably true that even the Liberal party in the Canadian Dominion has ceased to express any desire for reciprocity with the United States. It prefers reciprocity with Great Britain, and American manufacturers will be lucky if they escape dishonor from Canada by a retaliatory tariff.

It will have been observed that no attempt was made in the Democratic State convention of Massachusetts to put forward Lieutenant-General Miles as a candidate either for the Governorship or for the Presidency. As was expected, Colonel William A. Guston, of Boston, was re-nominated for the leadership of the commonwealth. The name of Mr. Richard Olney, Secretary of State in the second Cleveland administration, was not mentioned in connection with the Presidency, but it is significant that his nephew, Richard Olney II, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Olney's friends have shown sagacity by acting on the assumption that it is not their business at this time to anticipate the functions of the State convention which will be called next spring for the express purpose of naming delegates to the national convention of their party. It is possible, of course, that during the next six months events may change the intentions of party leaders in Massachusetts, but it is evident that if delegates to the national convention had been chosen on October 1, they would have been instructed for Mr. Olney. Thoughtful men will also attach considerable importance to the fact that while, as we have said, Mr. Bryan seems not to have been once referred to by name in the convention, yet the platform is one which he himself might have penned, so far as it goes, though it is probable that he would have added a perfunctory demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Indeed, we should be not at all astonished to learn that a draft of the platform had been actually submitted to Mr. Bryan and approved by him. It will be remembered that in 1900 Mr. Olney publicly advocated the election of Mr. Bryan, being moved thereto largely by the conviction that the imperialistic policy of the Republican party, rendered possible by the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the insular cases, was essentially irrevocable with the theory upon which our Federal government was founded and hitherto has been conducted. To those, indeed, who have noted carefully the expression of Mr. Bryan's opinions in the *Commoner*, it has long been evident that of all Mr. Cleveland's friends, and of all the men acceptable to Gold Doug-

erates from a monetary view-point, Mr. Olney is the man most likely to be supported by the element in the Democracy which still regards Mr. Bryan as an oracle. If, therefore, he should also be acceptable to those conservative Democrats who are likely to constitute a majority of the national convention, Mr. Olney might come nearer than any other man to securing a unanimous nomination—much nearer than would Senator Gorman, whom the Bryanites would resist to the end. The purpose, however, of a national convention is not merely to nominate, but to assure, so far as forethought can do it, the election of its nominee. What reason is there for supposing that Mr. Olney would prove a strong candidate? By no possibility could he carry his native State. There is no ground for believing that he could carry New Jersey or Indiana, and he would be much less likely to carry New York or Connecticut than would Chief-Judge Parker. In what sense, therefore, can Mr. Olney be described as "available"? The test of availability in 1904 will be the ability, not only to hold the votes cast for Mr. Bryan, or most of them, but also to win over a large fraction of the votes thrown for Mr. McKinley.

Former Governor Brown of Maryland has arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Cleveland, in spite of some opposition on the part of Mr. Bryan's followers—an opposition, however, likely to prove far weaker than that personified by Mr. Weaver in 1892—would poll more votes than any other American citizen, not excepting Mr. Roosevelt. The comments made by Southern Democrats on Governor Brown's declaration differ, a preference being avowed in many quarters for Senator Gorman on the score of his supposed superior availability. Our Southern brethren are quite right in wanting to win, and in regarding the next Presidential election as one that may have a momentous bearing on the interests of their section. Before they make up their minds, however, that Mr. Gorman is better qualified than any other Democrat to get a majority of the electoral votes, we advise them to consult the Senator himself, and get, if they can, his personal opinion on the subject. Mr. Gorman has an desire to be a defeated nominee for the Presidency. He is well aware that such a defeat would deprive him of much of the prestige which at present he possesses as chosen leader of the Democratic minority in the United States Senate. Nobly knows better than Mr. Gorman that, in order to be successful in 1904, the Democratic nominee must carry New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and also Indiana, or some other equivalent Western State. Mr. Gorman knows that he would not have the slightest chance of carrying New Jersey, and that in New York and Connecticut he would run far behind Mr. Cleveland.

One plank of the platform framed by the Massachusetts Democracy deserves to be considered separately. We refer to the demand for an amendment of the Federal Constitution providing that United States Senators shall be elected by the people in each State, and not by State Legislatures. We do not purpose here to discuss the expediency of the change proposed, for the people in a majority of the States have decided in favor of it. The change will not be brought about, however, by an amendment of the Constitution, but in a different way. The Federal Constitution, it will be remembered, can be amended only in two modes: The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall be favorable thereto, may propose specific amendments, while, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, the Congress is bound to call a convention, whose power of proposing amendments would be *illimitable*. The second method of procedure will never be adopted until the people of the United States are ready to witness a drastic reconstruction of the Union. The experience of 1787 shows that a constitutional convention, once assembled, would not confine itself to one or two specific recommendations. As for the alternative method, that, namely, of submitting to State Legislatures or State conventions the single specific suggestion that United States Senators shall be chosen by the people, this will never be adopted, because a two-thirds vote in favor of it cannot be secured in the Senate.

Must, then, the will of the people be thwarted? Not at all. They can indirectly nullify the provision of the Constitution that United States Senators shall be chosen by State Legis-

latures, just as they have indirectly nullified the liberty of choice given by the Constitution to Presidential Electors. We have not thought it worth while to abolish Presidential Electors, yet not one of them would dare to vote otherwise than he was expected to vote by the State convention which named him. The members of a given party in a State Legislature may easily be made mere mechanical registers of the popular will, like Presidential Electors. All that it is needful to do is to nominate a party's candidate for United States Senator at a State convention; or, if it be feared that a State convention might prove too subservient to the manipulators of a political machine, then a party's nominee for United States Senator could be designated precisely as a party's nominee for Governor in some of the Southern States. That is to say, a law could be passed by a State Legislature providing that at primary meetings to be held on a day named, the registered voters belonging to a given party might indicate their preferences as to the nominee of their party for the United States Senate, and the person receiving a majority of the votes thus cast at the primaries should be the nominee of the party. There is no doubt that the popular will, thus proclaimed, would be ratified by the State Legislature, and thus it would come to pass that the provision of the Federal Constitution prescribing the mode of choosing United States Senators would practically be set at naught.

It is about three months since we were informed that the investigation of the postal frauds was nearly over, and now we are informed that it actually is concluded, so far as the Post-office Department is concerned, and that a report will presently be laid before the President. Some thirty persons will have been indicted, and there is reason to believe that most of them will be rigorously prosecuted. Does it follow that the Post-office Department is popularly regarded as completely purged? The question must be answered in the negative on several grounds. In the first place, no attempt is known to have been made to hold Mr. Hanna's friend, Perry S. Heath, responsible for the malfeasance in office, much of which began and was carried on while he was Assistant Postmaster-General. In the second place, although Rand, the personal friend and private secretary of Postmaster-General Payne, has been temporarily relieved from duties which he seems seldom or never to have performed, we do not learn of any intention to hold him to account for his connection with the gold-mining company in which government employees found it expedient to become stockholders. It is even reported that this man is still borne on the pay-roll of the department. Concerning these and some other points we shall be better qualified to speak when the report to be made by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Brinton shall have been published.

It is satisfactory to learn that, notwithstanding the pressure brought to bear upon him from certain quarters, President Roosevelt is determined to carry out his plan of cooking Congress in extra session on November 9. He is unquestionably right in holding it to be our duty to enact with all possible promptitude the legislation needed to render operative the reciprocity treaty with Cuba which the Senate has ratified. How much, if any, opposition will be offered to such legislation by the beet-sugar interest remains to be seen. The only new ground on which the requisite enabling act could be opposed would be the assertion that, owing to the Brussels sugar convention, which is now in force, the prospects of the cane-sugar growers of Cuba have been so much improved that they no longer need a reduction in the duties levied on raw sugars by the Dingley law. It is barely possible that, owing to a temporary increase in the market price of raw sugars, the Cuban planters might be able without our help to regain a measure of their former prosperity. Nobody can foresee, however, how long the Brussels sugar convention will remain in force, and it will surprise nobody if it is denounced by Great Britain at the earliest possible moment.

Meanwhile, our failure to give practical validity to the reciprocity treaty will cause us to lose a large part of the share of Cuba's import trade which we still retain. We ought by this time to have acquired almost the whole of that trade, and we probably should have done so, had we promptly and loyally carried out the agreement to which we were morally com-

mitted by the McKinley administration when it exacted the incorporation of the so-called Platt amendment in the insular Constitution—an amendment which has virtually placed Cuba under our protectorate. It is perfectly true, as is pointed out in the platform framed by the Democratic State convention of Massachusetts, that the best-sugar interest has put us in a false position with reference to Cuba. That is to say, we have obtained from the island valuable concessions, the promised consideration for which is not yet forthcoming. As for the objection to an extra session said to have been put forward by some Republican politicians—the objection, namely, that Democratic Representatives and Senators will seize the opportunity to raise the whole tariff issue—Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself politically sagacious by disregarding it. If the President wishes, as he is believed to wish, that the first regular session of the Fifty-eighth Congress should be concluded before the national conventions meet, it would be obviously conducive to that end that the tariff question should be extensively, if not exhaustively, discussed during the preliminary extra session. Although there is no likelihood of any tariff changes being sanctioned by the Republican party before the next Presidential election, the Democratic leaders in Congress are determined to place before the people their view of the necessity of such changes; and the sooner they are permitted to do it, the better for the timely accomplishment of the Republican legislative programme.

We earnestly hope that there is foundation for the report that President Roosevelt has decided to offer the next vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court to a Democrat, and that this Democrat will be Judge George Gray of Delaware. Justice Harlan is now eligible for retirement, but there is no man on the bench of the highest Federal tribunal whose withdrawal would be witnessed with more regret. If he should determine to go, it would be fitting that his place should be filled by an appointee from the circuit which includes Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey. It may be remembered that Justice Shiras of Pennsylvania was succeeded by Judge Day of Ohio, a resident of the circuit to which Justice Harlan belongs—the circuit, namely, which comprises Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia. Under the circumstances, it would be but fair to select Justice Harlan's successor from among the jurists and lawyers of the circuit which Justice Shiras represented. There would be just ground for complaint if, after appointing Judge Day, the President should fill the next vacancy in the United States Supreme Court with another citizen of Ohio. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt would like to appoint Judge Taft of Ohio, and the latter has made no secret of his desire to exchange the Governor-Generalship of the Philippines for a place on the highest Federal tribunal. But, unless the President wishes to be taxed with bestowing undue favor on a particular State, Judge Taft will have to wait for another vacancy, which, it is expected, may be made within a year or two by the retirement of Chief-Justice Fuller. A strong man will be needed to receive from Justice Harlan, but we know of no one yet mentioned for the place who is more likely than Judge Gray to measure up to the high standard which Justice Harlan has established. Nor would the appointment of Judge Gray to the United States Supreme Court take him out of the list of candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. His friends would remain as convinced as ever of his fitness and availability for the higher office.

The pressure being brought to bear on Turkey is measurably increased by the mobilization of the Bulgarian army, in response to an outburst of national sentiment so strong that the Sofia government was no longer able to resist it. We learn that the Bulgarian armaments are now completed. Bulgaria has two hundred thousand Mannlicher rifles, and has just received ten million cartridges. Ninety-six thousand men have been mobilized already, sixty thousand in southern Bulgaria, practically along the Turkish frontier. Bulgaria can put a second hundred thousand into the field within twenty-four hours, and all these are thoroughly trained troops, and among the best shots in Europe—the best, perhaps, the Swiss alone excepted. Simultaneously with the news of Bulgaria's mobilization, we hear rumors of skirmishing along the frontier between Turkish and Bulgarian soldiers, and even of con-

siderable engagements. This is only to be expected when two armies confront each other across an open frontier, both full of enthusiasm or fanaticism, and both confident of victory. Bulgaria's determination to mobilize was the inevitable result of the concentration of troops in the Adrianople district and the recent calling out of new levies to the number of fifty thousand by the Sultan. It is in the highest degree interesting to watch the decision of the new Servian cabinet, which may very well elect to support Bulgaria against the Turks. The question of peace or war in the Balkans is now practically in the hands of Germany, as it was in the hands of England in 1877. If Germany, while openly siding with the powers, secretly supports Abdul-Hamid in resisting the reform programme, then war seems to be inevitable.

The world's storm centre seems to have passed from Macedonia to Manchuria. There are indications that the Japanese minister at Peking is by all means in his power endeavoring to prevent Prince Ching from signing the conditions under which Russia is willing to withdraw her troops from the districts of Mukden and Kirin. It seems to be Japan's deliberate intention to fight, and it is doubtless with a clear perception of this that Russia is greatly increasing her fleet in the Far East, bringing it to a point where it slightly exceeds that of Japan in fighting power, while the Russian troops within or near Manchuria amount to about two hundred and seventy thousand. In Port Arthur itself a number of new and very strong forts have just been built, making that promontory the Gibraltar of the China sea, and the combination of her fleet and army, with the Manchurian railroad as a basis of supplies, makes Russia's position almost impregnable. These new preparations on Russia's part—the despatch of three additional first-class battle-ships of the newest design and the heaviest armament, with two new armored cruisers now nearing Port Arthur, as well as the new fortifications—are planned to be ready about the date appointed for the Manchurian evacuation. It is as though Russia had been warned beforehand of the Japanese plan to force on a war. Russia's recent moves are not to be explained in any other way, since she has come to an understanding with every power except Japan.

Japan, on her part, has not confined herself to diplomatic activities at Peking. She has recently been working with feverish energy to get her fleet and army ready for instant action. Within the last few days, under cover of "an experiment in mobilization," she has landed additional troops in Korea, besides the strong garrisons she already has at the three Korean ports. The meaning of this is, from a strategic point, perfectly clear. Given the strength of the Russian fleet and forts, an attempt to attack Port Arthur, Taitien-wan, or New-Chwang by sea would be futile. Japan hopes to succeed in an attack by land, and is being neutral or tributary Korea as a landing-place. Her armies are familiar with all the roads from the Korean ports to the capital, and thence across the Yalu river to Manchuria, since they occupied this very territory, and fought their way along these very lines, in 1893 and 1894, actually succeeding in taking the Regent's Sword peninsula, with Port Arthur at its extremity. Japan has evidently determined to land as many troops in Korea as she can before any open breach is reached, and thus to open the way for the subsequent transfer of her army to the Asian mainland, whence the invasion of Manchuria can be undertaken. It is evident that, once war is declared, Japanese troops landing in Korea will be liable to interception by the Russian fleet. In spite of Japan's calculations, however, it seems practically certain that Prince Ching will agree to Russia's terms, that the evacuation of Mukden and Kirin will be completed, and that Japan's cause for war will disappear. It remains to be seen whether she will invent a new excuse or determine to accept the inevitable. For it must be understood that Russia's evacuation of the civil districts of Mukden and Kirin will in no wise affect the troops in the leased areas or the defence of the Manchurian Railroad.

Two men were discussing possible Democratic candidates for President. They had gone down the list, arguing the pros and cons in the case of each possible nominee. "Do you know," said one, "who should have been, and would have been

but for a lamentable mischance, the man to run against Roosevelt next year?" "I know," was the answer, "whom you mean. You mean William E. Russell, and I think you are right." Russell was born in 1857 and died in 1896—seven years ago. It is an extraordinary thing not only that his place in the Democratic ranks has not been filled, but that it is recognized and remembered as a place that is empty. That a man who died at the age of thirty-nine should still, after seven years, be acutely missed in national politics is a circumstance worth recording. Russell could have done nothing until the Bryan gale had blown out, but this year, if he had lived, we should have heard from him.

The editor of the *Japan Weekly Mail* is better informed concerning the affairs of the Mikado's subjects than he is about international marriages. Referring the other day to the American young women who have married members of the British peerage, he summed up his remarks in the announcement that four of them had become duchesses and two countesses. He very much underrated the extent of the American invasion of the privileges conceded to the wives of Britain's hereditary legislators. We do not pretend to carry about with us an exhaustive list of our countrywomen who have wedded peers of the realm, but, besides the two Duchesses of Marlborough and the two Duchesses of Manchester, to whom will soon be added a Duchess of Roxburghe, we can call to mind two marchionesses, Lady Dufferin and Lady Angelsey, while the young American who by courtesy is styled Lady Yarnmouth will be Marchioness of Hertford, should her husband outlive his father. There are at least seven American countesses, besides one viscountess, and, if her husband outlive his father, Lady Deverhurst will become Countess of Coventry. Of American baronesses, there are no less than ten, if we include the widow of the late Lord Fairfax, whose name was carried on the roll of the House of Lords, though he never claimed the privileges of the peerage.

There could be no greater mistake than the assertion that the marriages of American girls with foreigners of rank are mainly confined to England. Up to a quarter of a century ago there were at least three such international marriages in France for one in England. Daughters of American girls have married French nobles of the ancient régime, to say nothing of those who obtained their titles from Napoleon, like Prince Murat. Among these may be mentioned the Due de Rochefoucauld, the Due de Dino, and the Due de Dezares. Many an Italian noble, from Prince Colonna down, has married an American young woman. There are examples of such marriages in the Spanish peerage also; the Duchesse d'Arroux is an American. Many American girls have married German nobles, and one of them, Miss Lee of New York, at present the wife of Count von Walderssee, had for her first husband a reigning prince, the Duke of Augustenburg, who was eligible for intermarriage with any imperial family in Europe. There have been fewer examples of such marriages in Austria, Hungary. At this moment we recall but two, that of Miss Carroll, who married Count Esterhazy, and who now lives in Washington, and that of Miss Mabel Wright, who first became Mrs. Yasnaga, sister-in-law of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, and subsequently married a member of the highest Hungarian aristocracy. Whether the rule about sixteen quaterines, which is so rigorously observed in the court circle at Vienna, has been relaxed in her favor we know not. The truth is that the number of American women who have married European nobles would be found, upon a complete enumeration, to have exceeded considerably a hundred. We said that, while there have been flagrant exceptions, these international marriages seem, as a rule, to have brought the average amount of happiness.

A Northern student of affairs in the South who lately spent several months there was impressed with the curious contrasts of sentiment in different localities on the subject of negro labor. In the same State he found townships which no negro is permitted to enter, and laws against the encouragement of negro emigration. He reports driving out one day with a negro driver. Without being aware of it he crossed the town—it may have been the county—boundary. As he went on a farmer called to him from a field: "Hello! Where's that nigger going? We don't allow niggers in this town."

He went on. A mile or two further on another farmer called to him to stop. He stopped. The man came to the wagon. "This town," he said, "is white. We don't allow niggers in here at all. No offence to you, but if that nigger goes on he'll be shot." That was enough for the negro driver. He was a prudent man and declined to proceed. On the other hand, our observer found that though the movements of individual negroes or single negro families were not restricted, there were laws in some States against inciting emigration, and in most communities, whether there was a State law about it or not, the stirring up of negroes to move away by wholesale was not tolerated. Persons who came seeking to carry off negroes by the score or the hundred were warned away, and if the warning was not effectual, other means that were effectual were used.

A good many persons have the impression that high scholars from the colleges do not do particularly well in the workaday world. This is a vulgar error. They do do particularly well. The valedictorian of a college class does not often lead his class all through life, but the chances are very much in favor of his doing much better than the average of his mates. In the current *Atlantic Monthly* Professor A. L. Lowell, of Harvard, has been at some pains to compute the chances of the high scholars to win distinction. He takes as a rough and ready, but available, measure of distinction the list of names in *Who's Who in America*. That measure he applies to graduates of Harvard College between 1861 and 1887. He finds that of these graduates, one in every thirteen and three-tenths is included in that book. But of the men who ranked in the first seventh of their class, one in seven is in *Who's Who*, as against one in sixteen for the rest of the class, and one in five for the first four scholars. This ought not to surprise any one. High scholars in college are not invariably able men than their fellows, but they are apt to be able as well as more diligent.

Mr. Lowell has gone farther and tried to discover how it fares in the matter of distinction with the college athletes. Still using *Who's Who*, he finds that of the members of the Harvard University crews between 1861 and 1887, one in thirteen and two-thirds is in the book. But of seventy-two members of Harvard crews between 1869 and 1887, only one, Mr. Lowell says, is in *Who's Who*, this sole representative of baseball being apparently Dr. H. C. Ernst, of Boston, pitcher and bacteriologist. Of ninety-three Harvard football men who were on the eleven between 1874 and 1887, three, or one in thirty-two, are in *Who's Who*. It would appear from these figures that the outlook for distinction in a life-time for college athletes is not good. But it should be remembered that *Who's Who* is a defective measure of distinction, still more so of success; and that it is especially defective in the case of athletes. The book—an excellent work of its kind—includes a great many writers, and the more noted professors, scientists, artists, and politicians. But lawyers, doctors, and men of business are not generally included unless they happen also to be writers or politicians. Among Professor Lowell's own mates of the Harvard class of '77, there are many notably successful men whose names are not in *Who's Who*, but that book includes. Athletes rarely make good poets, writers, painters, or professors, but they are believed to average pretty well in general business, so that the conclusions about them derived from questioning *Who's Who* must be taken with distrust. A Harvard athlete was until recently a partner in the best-known banking-house in New York, and has been regarded as one of the most conspicuously successful men in town, but his name is not in *Who's Who*.

College athletes get a great glut of distinction while they are still college athletes. What they usually want in real life is substantial success payable quarterly or oftener. Whether they get more or less than their share of it we do not know. It would be interesting to learn. The leading college athletes devote a vast deal of time to their specialties. Does it pay them? Do they do particularly well in the world? Are they strenuous in other things besides sport? Are they apt to be able, or apt to be dull? Are they good men to hire? The world would like to know, but it cannot find out from *Who's Who*.

## The New York Mayoralty Election

It is doubtful whether a more complicated political campaign was ever waged in the United States than that which is now going on in New York city. On the one hand, Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, has gone into the camp of his opponents by inducing Messrs. Groot and Foran, who previously had accepted nominations on the fusion ticket. The fusionists, on their part, have repudiated Messrs. Groot and Foran, and substituted the names of men who are trusted to oppose earnestly the candidates of Tammany Hall before election day, and to give loyal support to Mayor Low should he and they be elected.

On the whole, the temper of the ticket headed by Mayor Low has been materially improved during the last few days. Recent incidents have clarified the public mind, and aroused it to a vivid perception of the fact that in the Mayoralty contest there is but a single issue, the issue, namely, of good government. To the issue of good government a death-blow would have been dealt had the fusionists permitted Messrs. Groot and Foran to remain upon their ticket after their acceptance of nominations from Tammany Hall. There seems to have been for a time some confusion of ideas in the fusionist camp concerning this matter, owing to the misinterpretation of some alleged precedents for the course pursued by Messrs. Groot and Foran. There is reason to believe that at first neither Mayor Low himself, nor Mr. Cutting of the Citizens' Union, foresaw that the simultaneous appearance of the names of Groot and Foran on the Tammany and the anti-Tammany tickets would materially improve the prospects of the fusionist nominee for the headship of the municipal government. It was pointed out that, respectively a judge of the State Supreme Court in one or other of the districts included within the city of New York, who has committed himself to the bar by his non-partisan conduct, has received and accepted a nomination for a second term on the bench from both the Democratic and Republican parties. The fact, also, was recalled that in 1888 Abraham S. Hewitt, then Mayor, secured the nomination of Tammany Hall for Mayor, as well as one from the rival organization, the County Democracy. It is true, moreover, that on one occasion, which, ostensibly, is even more to the point, and at which, consequently, Mr. Groot has made the most, Mr. Myers, who had been nominated for Comptroller by the Republicans, was permitted without protest on their part to accept a nomination for the same office from Tammany Hall. Not one of these precedents will bear the comparison which would be made by the friends of Messrs. Groot and Foran have tried to put on it. It should be obvious that when, for non-partisan conduct, a judge is renominated on both Republican and Democratic tickets, the relative strength of the two parties will not be affected an iota, because the judge, being a non-partisan, and accepted on that very ground, would feel himself bound to do absolutely nothing to help either party. The same would be true of a nominee for Mayor from Tammany Hall, as well as from the County Democracy, did strength in some extent the former at the expense of the latter organization, in probable enough; but Mr. Hewitt took the course he did not only with the consent but in compliance with the prayers of conservative Democrats on both factions, who feared that unless they coalesced Henry George would be chosen Mayor. The voters proved that their apprehensions were justified.

Had Mr. Hewitt declined the nomination offered by Tammany Hall, and had that organization put forward a nominee of its own, nothing could have averted the election of Henry George, who, as it was, polled 60,000 votes, against the 73,000 cast by Tammany Hall and the County Democracy, assisted by many Republicans. It is manifest that by his course Mr. Hewitt did not desert the cause of sound and safe government, but did his utmost to assure the triumph of it. We come now to the case of Mr. Myers, which at first sight looks like an exact parallel to Mr. Groot's. As a matter of fact, in 1899 Senator Platt and other leaders of the Republican party in New York city approved the acceptance of a Tammany Hall endorsement by Mr. Myers, their candidate for the Comptrolership, because they had very little hope of beating Tammany Hall that year, and desired at least to establish in the Comptrolership's office a bulwark against the wholesale plundering of the city. Their procedure at that time, in other words, was tantamount to a confession that they anticipated defeat. Nor can there be any doubt that had the fusionists pursued a similar course this year, and acquiesced in Mr. Groot's acceptance of a Tammany endorsement, their acquiescence would have been motivated on an admission of their inability to re-elect Mayor Low, and of a consequent desperate desire to rescue something from the wreck before them.

We repeat that the issue before the voters in this contest is the issue of good government. The issue of good government is far from desperate; on the contrary, it should be easier to re-elect Mayor Low this year than it was to elect him in 1901. That as regards his personal character and private life, Colonel George B. McClellan is an estimable man we do not doubt. His career in Congress, if not brilliant, has been open to no reproach. It is absolutely certain, however, that he could not have obtained a post of trust and emolument in connection with the Brooklyn Bridge, that

he would not have been sent to Congress for several consecutive terms, and that he would not have been nominated by Tammany Hall for Mayor unless he had been a personal favorite of Mr. Richard Croker and of Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the past and present leaders of the Tammany organization. He has not imposed himself upon those leaders; he has been thrust forward by them. They owe him nothing; he owes them everything. Under the circumstances it is idle to pretend that Colonel McClellan occupies the same position with reference to independent Democrats that was occupied by Mr. Edward M. Shepard two years ago. Mr. Croker appeared to Mr. Shepard to save the Democratic organization in New York city. Had Mr. Shepard been successful he would have been under no obligation to Mr. Croker. The obligation would have been upon the other side. No reasonable person will assert that Colonel McClellan is in a similar position.

Those citizens of New York who want good municipal government can get it. They have a better opportunity of securing it this year than they had in 1901, thanks to the breach, apparently irreparable, between Tammany Hall and the regular Democracy of Brooklyn. They cannot get it, however, if, like Messrs. Groot and Foran, they express by act or word the opinion that one ticket is as good as the other. There can be no such thing as neutrality at such a conjuncture. Mayor Low can truthfully declare that "he who is not for us is against us," and that "he who is not against my opponents cannot be at heart for me." It is plainly impossible for a clear-headed and honest man to remain in a ticket that cannot embody the wholesome and beneficent ideals of municipal government personified in Mayor Low, and at the same time remain upon a ticket which recalls the offensive record and aims to carry out the pernicious programme, of Tammany Hall.

## The President in Washington

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is now in his official residence in the White House, and all the members of his cabinet have returned to Washington, ready to perform, each his part, in the work of the Federal administration. Although there is no reason to suppose that the national interests have suffered through the prolonged absence of the Chief Magistrate from the Federal capital, it is indisputable that, in spite of the facilities for communication afforded by the telegraph and the telephone, the task he has to perform as Chief Executive can be most effectively discharged in the place where the administrative departments are seated.

During the President's absence any realness or delay in purging the Postal Service and the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department would naturally be imputed to the Postmaster-General and to the Secretary of the Interior. Henceforth on Mr. Roosevelt's shoulders will rest the responsibility for any neglect or hesitation to expose and punish malfeasance in office.

It is also at the seat of the Federal government that the President can best secure the information and the counsel needed for the preparation of the legislative programme that he will recommend to Congress, and for the determination of the attitude that he will take during the winter toward the great domestic questions of the day. We take for granted that, in the prosecution of the Fifty-eighth Congress in extra session, will be put forward as a reason for the continuance the necessity for legislation rendering operative as speedily as possible the reciprocity treaty with Cuba. It is less certain whether Mr. Roosevelt will also describe an urgent the need of a law imparting more elasticity to the currency, and remedying to some extent the accumulation of the circulating medium in the vaults of the Treasury under the issue of bonds. Of grave importance is the necessity for legislation which forbids the depositing of customs duties in the hands of small holders of railway and industrial stocks and bonds is the question whether Mr. Roosevelt means to push any farther at the present conjuncture his campaign against the so-called trusts, a campaign which, rightly or wrongly, is debited with the grievous shrinkage of values on the New York Stock Exchange, a shrinkage which has terrified a multitude of humble investors into selling at calamitously low prices the securities in which their savings were embarked. It is worthy to note that, in the promise of grain and cotton crops, and in the prospective earnings of railways for at least six months to come, there is nothing to warrant the fear that what has threatened to develop into a financial crisis in New York would be followed by an industrial crisis. There can be no industrial crisis without overproduction, and, in the pivotal iron and steel industry, there would be no reason to apprehend overproduction had not the expected demand from railways and iron contractors engaged in the erection of buildings been materially cut down. The demand has been cut down for two reasons: first, owing to the extraordinarily high cost of labor, a cost which nothing except a prolonged lockout is likely sensibly to reduce, and, secondly, because it has proved impracticable, or extremely difficult, to secure the funds required for railway extensions and building purposes. It is in the issue of stocks or bonds in the present state of the money-market. For



our own part, we deem it scarcely credible that, in view of the questionable aspect of the industrial, no less than of the financial situation, the President will proceed any farther in the direction of interference with the relations of capital and labor, or with the modern tendency of capital to conglomeration.

When Mr. Roosevelt shall next transfer his residence from Washington to Oyster Bay, the Republican national convention will have been held, and its nomination for the Presidency will have been made. He has at least eight months before him in which to improve, or to re-visit, or to finally to impair, his present excellent chance of winning the nomination. Were the national convention to be held next week he would indubitably be the nominee, and it is on the face of things altogether probable that the situation will have changed so materially before June, 1904, that the nomination will then be withheld from him. But, while we still expect to see Mr. Roosevelt the candidate of his party, we must recognize that the election of the Republican nominee is by no means so inevitable as it looked a year ago. The prosperity which, however transient, was unquestionably witnessed under the McKinley administration, has ceased to be a universal and conspicuous phenomenon. Not only must disappointment and despondency be predicated of the large class of small investors, to whom we have previously referred, but in most of the great urban centers there is certain to be acute and widespread suffering this winter, owing to the prolonged, and, for the present, seemingly irremediable dispute between capital and labor in the building trades. If it be true that the political party in power is instinctively averse, to a certain extent, with the generation or mistatement of the national well-being, it is equally true that national adversity, or ominous indications of a drift therein, are apt to be imputed to the party responsible for legislation. If things shall go on for the next twelve months as they have gone on this summer the Democracy will have at least a chance of electing its nominee for the Presidency; provided, of course, that someone shall be a man calculated to ally, instead of aggravate, popular uneasiness and apprehension.

### Our Chaotic Divorce Laws

CARDINAL GREENE lately declared that, in his opinion, the worst evil from which the American community is suffering is the legal toleration of divorce. It is also reported that President Roosevelt at no distant date will advise Congress to institute an exhaustive examination of the divorce laws of the several States, with a view to the devising of some remedy for their dissimilarity and for the fortification of the marriage tie. There is no objection to such an inquiry. It might, and probably would, help to create a current of opinion that might impel certain States, in which the divorce laws are particularly lax, to introduce reforms which, beyond a doubt, are imperatively called for. It should be distinctly understood, however, that an amendment of the Federal Constitution, which should empower Congress to pass a uniform divorce law for all of the States and Territories is out of the question. Even if such a constitutional amendment were not impracticable, its expediency is doubtful. Such a tremendous invasion of the rights reserved to the States, and such a transfer to the Federal government of the exclusive power to regulate marriage and divorce, would throw the door wide open to a rapid transformation of our present political system into a unified and highly centralized government like that of France.

The discussion of the expediency of such a constitutional amendment is, however, essentially academic, for never would it be adopted by the prescribed number—three-fourths—of the States. It never would be adopted, because the people of the several States would never agree as to the scope and character of a uniform divorce law. The Catholics would insist—by the tenets of their religion they are bound to insist—that divorce shall never be granted for any cause whatever. Marriages are sometimes, though very rarely, annulled by the Pope on canonical grounds; but a divorce is the legal sense of the word never has been, and never will be, sanctioned by the head of the Catholic Church. The only State in our Union which accepts the Catholic view of the indissolubility of marriage is South Carolina, which has no divorce laws. Members of the Protestant Episcopal Church adhere, for their part, to the principle that divorces should be granted for one cause only, to wit, adultery. New York, however, is the only State which has based its divorce law on this principle. In twenty States and Territories willful desertion for a certain term of one year is a sufficient cause for the dissolution of the marriage bond. Desertion for two years suffices in twelve States and Territories, and also in the District of Columbia. A desertion for three years constitutes an adequate cause in thirteen other States and Territories, including Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, and New Hampshire. A failure, during one year, on the part of the husband to support his wife is ground for a divorce in seven States. A lack of support is a sufficient cause, but no time is specified, in nine other States, including Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, and Rhode Island. A divorce such talked about in the newspapers has recent-

ly been granted in Rhode Island for this cause. If the parties to a marriage voluntarily lie apart for five years without cohabitation a divorce will be granted, on the demand of either party, in Kentucky or Wisconsin. The joining of any religious sect is believed marriage unlawful, and a divorce would not be granted, in a legal sense for divorce in Kentucky and New Hampshire. A wife's refusal to cohabit for twelve months will enable her husband to procure a divorce in North Carolina. Habitual drunkenness is a ground for divorce in all the States and Territories except Texas. There is, in fact, no end to the grounds on which, in one State or another, the marriage tie may be sundered.

Now, it is obvious that such laws would not have been placed and retained upon the statute-books unless they had been upheld by public opinion in their respective States. It is, therefore, necessary to set upon public opinion in order to secure even a moderate approach to uniformity. Absolute uniformity cannot be looked for. Every one who is conversant with the history of divorce legislation in the United States knows that it would be impossible to secure the assent of half, or even a quarter, of the States—much less of the required three-fourths—to the law governing absolute divorce in the State of New York. It is much wiser, therefore, to aim at a practicable improvement, which could be brought about by the creation of a wholesome and earnest public opinion that would exercise a coercive influence upon legislatures in those States, the divorce laws of which are exceptionally and deplorably lax.

### The Next Liberal Premier

THE opening weeks of the November session will show whether Mr. Balfour can hold his party together more successfully than he has held his cabinet. He and his followers are pledged to introduce a measure of protection which, as it must of necessity leave food and raw materials untouched, can only be aimed at manufactured goods, and especially at exports from the United States. We are therefore interested in the framing of parties when Parliament meets. That a large body of Conservatives, and only one like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Ritchie, Sir John Gosset, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Gouchen, Lord Ashbury, and probably the Duke of Devonshire, but also many of their less conspicuous fellow members, will vote against, or at least not vote for Mr. Balfour's proposals, is certain. What is not certain is whether or not Mr. Balfour may still have a bare majority in the Lower House. It is not clear, in any instance, whether he could count on the support of Mr. Chamberlain, in spite of the latter's promises. He is thus wholly dependent on the Irish party, and their terms are stiff, to say the least of it; practically meaning a home-rule bill and a Catholic university. But Mr. Balfour may not be able to persuade his followers to make concessions on capital; and thus along this line also there are prospects of his defeat. That he could carry the country at a general election, if defeated in Parliament now, is something nobody believes possible.

His alternative is to temporize; to keep back his bill, on one pretext or another, until next spring, and meanwhile to pretend to govern, while merely floating with the stream. But during the intervening months Mr. Chamberlain will probably have modified his policy half a dozen times, to the further confusion of the Unionists, and the very most that Mr. Balfour can hope for, even by the adroitest temporizing, is to delay the evil hour of dissolution.

But dissolution will come, and all appearances show, a moderate victory for the Gladstonian Liberals and their principles will follow. And it is noteworthy that the whole outlook in the domain of world politics will favor the standard Gladstonians, who are sitting at a disadvantage such was never known as Lord Rosebery. Gladston's Italian policy is now being triumphantly vindicated, even Mr. Balfour having practically indorsed it. The conscience of humane England is once more waking up to Britain's direct responsibility for the Macedonian horror, and a reaction towards Gladston's ideas is inevitable as a result. In Ireland, also, the Gladstonian idea has triumphed. It was Gladstone who paved the way for both the principle and the practice of land purchase, later adopted by the Balfours and Mr. Wyndham. And it cannot be doubted that there is in England a strong and growing body of opinion which favors a better and more generous treatment of the Transvaal and Orange River Boers than Mr. Chamberlain has yet deigned to show.

The leader of a new Gladstonian Liberal party will certainly not be Lord Rosebery, whose unworldly though brilliant character has quite failed to gain the confidence of his former colleagues. Nor will the mantle of Hawarden fall on either Sir William Harcourt or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, whose jealousies are largely responsible for the long-continued weakness of the Liberals. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Morley are both eminent statesmen, yet it is not to be disputed that the most authoritative and strongest, the most distinguished and eminent of the Liberals is Earl Spencer,

who for years has led the Liberal party in the House of Lords. Lord Spencer was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1866 to 1874. Lord Spencer's first ministry, which disestablished the Irish Protestant Church, and which distributed certain church lands among the tenants struck the keynote of Irish land purchase. In the second Gladstone ministry, of 1880 to 1885, which came in on the strong reaction against Disraeli's pro-Turkish policy, Earl Spencer was Lord President of the Council, the position lately held by the Duke of Devonshire, and later, on Earl Cooper's resignation, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He came to Dublin first of hope and conciliation. Lord Frederick Cavendish as his chief secretary. The terrible Phoenix Park murders, on May 6, 1882, changed the whole spirit of the Liberal policy, and conciliation made way for repression and the Crimes Act. Yet during these years Lord Spencer was converted to home rule; and he was an avowed home-ruer in the third Gladstone ministry of 1886, which saw the memorable session of the Liberal Unionists, with which saw the memorable session of the Liberal Unionists, with which saw the new divergent Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire at their head. In this ministry Lord Spencer was once more Lord President of the Council. In Gladstone's fourth ministry, in 1892, and in that of Lord Rosebery, which followed it, Lord Spencer was First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Spencer, therefore, as the most distinguished, eminent, and faithful of the followers of Mr. Gladstone, seems the natural and inevitable head of the next Liberal cabinet.

### Educational Methods

ALL the schools and all the colleges are started again in their year's work. The private schools heretofore open from two to four weeks later than the public schools, the boarding-schools in the country starting on a par with the day-schools, while the private schools in the towns, which had of necessity until a fair proportion of their pupils get back from the country to town. Most of the colleges start late, too, for the college professors long since found it to their advantage to have as much as possible of the year's vacation come in the summer months. Three months clear in the summer is a slice of time that can be put to important use, and nowadays most of the college professors get it.

What use the summer period, learning, and by what methods it is being taught in them? That is a hard question if one attempts to answer it in detail. Education seems to be still an experiment; new theories are constantly being put on trial; old methods are constantly being swapped for new, and almost constantly the new methods stir misgivings in the minds of some of the observers. Even the kindergarten is not yet beyond criticism. Able and commanding writers have poked a good deal of rather penetrating fun at it in the magazines, and though as an institution it is well founded and sure to act and to do good, the usefulness of kindergarten methods is felt to have bounds. The aspiration to make education so easy and so pleasant that it will be no trouble to any one is not universally applauded just now, and when critics and commentators declare that effort has great educational value, and that children ought to learn to overcome difficulties, the advocates of the primrose path have to do a good deal of explaining. We know in a general way that small children are being taught to read and write, that some of them are learning to spell, that they learn arithmetic, geography, and abhorrence of liquor on physiological grounds, and other useful branches. Whether they are taught this year to read a whole word at a time, or by syllables, we don't know. We hope it doesn't matter, for whatever method prevails just now seems likely to be found defective before the year after next. At a conference of teachers the master of a famous school for girls said that fashions in the education of girls change so fast that one method hardly endures long enough to educate a single pupil. "But we find," he added, "that this variability does not harm them." It may have been this same wise teacher, however, who said the limitations of his craft, who said that when he and his staff had brought the girls together and warmed and aired the rooms, about four-fifths of the work was possible had been done. He spoke, of course, with more humor than accuracy, but a great deal has been done when a good lot of pupils have been assembled in a suitable and healthy place and put to work, with good people to look after them. With that much of a start, they will do a great deal for themselves and for one another. We expect them to do a great deal to educate one another. Whether the pupils are girls or boys, their rivalries, their friendships—all their dealings with one another are educational, and help in that formation of character and ideals which is the most important aim of education.

So much is pointed out in mistaken methods and wrong teaching—the progressive teachers are so scandalized by the way things used to be done, and the conservatives are so distrustful of the efficiency of the way things are done, that the observing parent has excuse enough to despair of finding anywhere anything more than a second-best educational opportunity for his children. Like enough that is all he will find, but he must comfort himself by reasoning that a second-best chance is all a first-rate child needs, and

will a second-rate child can improve. There must be an analogy between the science of education and the science of cure. What saves all the quacks, and patent-medicine men, and empirical healers, and keeps their advertisements in the papers is that a very large proportion of the sick people get more or less well, whether they get professional assistance or not. No doubt a good many of the educational strategists that are tested owe such durability as they owe to the fact that an average child who goes to school will manage to get more or less education, whether the process in use is rather better or rather worse than the average. Moreover, people who want to school in times past, and managed to learn enough to keep ahead in the sea of life are apt to think that the kind of schooling they had was the right kind. If they don't think so, but in their objection show themselves instructed and capable, observers may reason that the kind of bad schooling that was compatible with such good mental fruits must have had good fruits.

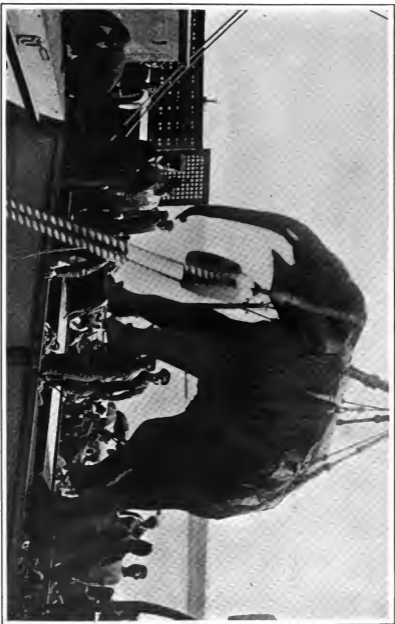
It is rather a vague business, this directing of the young idea. The little ships have a pretty wide channel ahead, with deep water from shore to shore, and the folks who want to mark this course or that with buoys as the only safe one may be taking more pains than the facts warrant. There is a schoolmaster in New York who can talk on compulsion, about the education of girls, but some of his parent customers complain that he talks tediously, and that they know no more after hearing him than before. They pay him a compliment. The subject is large and vague, and he realizes it. Nobody talks other than vaguely about a large, vague subject, except persons who do not realize how large and vague the subject is.

### New American Music

EARLY in the present year we commented upon the unique and important work which Mr. Arthur Farwell and his associates are doing for the cause of American music through their *Wau-Wau Press* establishment at Newton Center, Massachusetts. The second year of the enterprise is coming to an end, and now we list what Mr. Farwell has issued a quantity of new music even more remarkable and significant than that which we discussed last spring. It will be remembered that the purpose of the enterprise is the promotion, through publication and performance, of the most progressive, characteristic, and serious work of American composers (especially the younger and less known ones), considering it as far from the standpoint of artistic excellence, and without regard for the question of a profitable popularity—there, of course, is the innovation. It is a most admirable enterprise—unquestionably, as we have before remarked, the most determined, courageous, and enlightened endeavor to advance the highest interests of American music that has yet been made. And how, one may reasonably ask, is the enterprise justifying itself? The answer is to be found in the best of the music which has so far been issued—music so untrammeled in its inspiration, so sincerely felt, so mature and completed in its artistry, that one would be venturesome who should assume to set bounds upon the possibilities of the creative power which, in the aggregate, achieved it.

Let any one who doubts the presence of an original and vital impulse in our native music consider some of Mr. Farwell's recent publications. Turn, for example, to Mr. Henry F. Gilbert's *Five Veronese Moods* in the *Wau-Wau* issue for September—a burst of poetic pathos for piano. Here, one notes immediately, is the authentic quality and color of Verisimo; but here, too, is a penetrating and beautiful musical art—an art distinguished and vivid, forceful and subtly articulated; moreover, it is encharged with personality, point and indubitability. Mr. Farwell's own *Domain of Harbors*—a study in elemental symbolism—is an equally remarkable piece of writing in a wholly different key. It is a fantasy evocation in the spirit of the old, with a hauntingly poetic impression for piano and piano, inspired by Mr. Arthur Davie's painting, "Morfydd"; a girl seated upon a bank of moss in a deep wood, dreamily gazing her hair, while a youth beside her plays upon a harp. A piano piece by Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill, *At the Grove of a Nero*, is profound and true in feeling and impressive in sternness.

No one who has at heart the legitimate and vital interests of our native musical art can afford to ignore the fruits of Mr. Farwell's efforts toward its advancement. And let there be no misconception in the matter; this music has for us no virtue merely for being of American origin; we are not of those who—in the rustic phrase of Mr. Philip Hale—would "cover mediocrity with a cloak of patriotism." The music which Mr. Farwell offers us is American, but, more, all, it is excellent art.



### SHIPPING A CIRCUS ACROSS THE PACIFIC

The photograph gives an idea of the difficulties involved in shipping a circus consisting of a host of performers and heavy animals, from Yokohama to Seattle. In order to get the elephants from the deck into the owners' hold it was necessary to fit a band of mill-like wheels over their bodies and hoist them on board with a derrick. The total expense of transporting the circus from Yagusa to America was \$25,000.

# Diversions of the Higher Journalist

## The Age of a Book

THE Constant Reader, who had been away all summer, de-vouring novels at the seashore, poems in the mountains, and travels on the trains going, and coming, appeared at the office of the Higher Journalist with a book caught to her knee, as usual. The higher journalist had not yet got back to town himself; however, he was there in spirit, and at sight of the other apparition he called out, with the purity of people just home from the country, "Ah, what have you got now?" "Something," she said, with all the frankness of her sex, "that I should think you would be a little ashamed to have overlooked among the books you've mentioned lately," and she put somewhat indignantly on the table before him, Mr. George Horton's "In Argolis."

"Why, that is an old book!" he said.

"It's a year old," she returned. "Do you call a year-old baby an old baby?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

She declined a direct reply. "If at the best a baby lives to be a hundred years old, and some books live to be two or three thousand years old, what is the comparative relation of a year to the youth of a book and the youth of a baby?"

The higher journalist laughed magnanimously. "There is something in that," he said. "But you know that people won't buy a book that's a year old, and they resent your talking about it."

"What has that got to do with it—as you say? People don't know what they are talking about. I was reading this summer a book that has lived to be a hundred years old, and I found it the newest thing out. It was pretty coarse in places, but it wasn't bad, and there isn't one of our wretched society novels that describes the fashionable life of Newport and New York half as well as "Hammy Clabber" does when Smollett is talking of Bath and London. You would think it was the very freshest scandal; there's nothing but antonishing looking to bring it up to date. And diversions, of course. The English of that day hadn't got to be so good as our English now. I don't expect you to notice that; but I am talking about "In Argolis," and I don't think it's at all too late for you to re-rect your fault in overlooking it."

The higher journalist asked warily, "What would you want me to say of it?"

"Everything! That is one of the most charming books that any American has written about the life of another people, and that in describing that little Greek island town where Mr. Horton went to spend his summer after he had been turned out of his consulate at Athens, he has done one of those instantaneous classics that you were talking about not so long ago. It's delightful, every word of it, with just that mixture of the epic and idyllic, and domestic and divine that is peculiarly American."

"Then! Who said all that of it?"

"Well, we were reading it aloud on the hotel piazza, and that is what a young literary man who was there for his wife's health said. You will hear from him some day. What are you thinking of?"

"That it happens to be all true, which is very uncommon for the sayings of young literary men. I should even go further. I should say that I had read very, very few books of foreign origin, which seemed to come nearer the heart of the fact than Mr. Horton's, and that he had the gift of sympathy, at once luminous and poetic, which can alone enable an observer to penetrate the life of an alien people." "Add that the people in his case are the race from which we draw our intellectual civilization, and you testify to the importance of his subject, as well as the fitness of his treatment. He has a most graceful and pleasing altitude, never patronizing nor oversteering, and his style, so simple and so frank, enables him to get very close to his subject without offense, so that you stroll the foul streets as well as the beacon overhills, and you see the little town, which all the sea remotest web class, in its squalor as well as its beauty. With his young American example, the sole stranger, set down in the midst of it, and obliged by the circumstances and conditions to live very much like the Greeks themselves, you have a warrant of intimate knowledge which does not suffer you to question what he tells of them. The great thing is that his knowledge is friendly. He does not condemn them—nothing could be friendlier than that—and he does not satirize them. Their customs and characters, their superstitions and ideals, reveal themselves in his page quite as they presented themselves to his kindly student. Would you mean that every man you've been going to far if I said that no American family with the average American experience, and some after-knowledge of European life, would be the most intelligent witnesses of such a delicate and delicate situation as Mr. Horton presents, which it could possibly have?"

"No, I don't think he would," the constant reader returned. "At any rate, I shouldn't, and I am very glad to have you say it. I don't think you've so kindly recognized our advantages and our superior qualifications as teachers."

"Well, we've come pretty near it. But I'm always willing to

have a fresh occasion for it, and I thank you for happening to review me of my neglected opportunities by bringing Mr. Horton's book to my guilty sense of dereliction. I thought, from my friendship with his parents, that he was a singularly fit man to send as counsel to Athens, and I felt when he was removed that that of your system lends itself so ungraciously. My conviction is that if he had remained, we should not have had just this book from him; a record tinged with the pathos of his hardship in being turned out, but gay with the vivacity it had given him, and full of the kindest, the most delicate feeling for the material of his misfortune provided him. It was not altogether his misfortune, as it certainly is not ours, for "In Argolis" is one of those very rare books which seem to make the reader even more at home with so alien fields than the author himself was. Besides, it is a charming piece of literature, with a graceful style of its own, an instinct for the right word, and a strain of poetry glowing into tender humor. There! Let your young literary man who thinks himself a discoverer put that in his pipe and smoke it."

The constant reader said, literally, dreamily: "He smokes cigarettes. But I am glad to know that you know Mr. Horton's work so well. Will you send me one of his poems?"

"Ah, there you have me! That is a very old book, very, very, or eight years old. How can I tell you where to find such a superannuated volume?"

"Well, sayway," the constant reader said, with an air of candor, "who is Mr. Horton?"

"One of those surprising Chingones, who are now giving us the East, by their refined and artistic literary work, the patronizing surprise which the English feel at that of some Americans, then young, a generation ago."

"And do you mean to say," the constant reader returned to her first position, "that you still consider "In Argolis" an old book?"

"Not now, that I have so freshened my remembrance of it. I merely consider it an old friend. But the common run of readers of their kind by what they commonly buy—would say, if they got so far as the title-page, and read 1002 on it, that it was the oldest kind of book, and would rather resent the bookseller's showing it, if he had had the temerity to do so. He might draw out by arguing that anything about the "Greeks" was of inauspicious omen, as a remnant of the actual troubles in Macedonia. If he had got beyond the title-page himself, he might even himself further by saying that it was a very old little book, and nicely written. But then if his customer came back at him with the question whether it had been, in its remote time, one of the largest-selling books in Kansas City, or Down Town in New York, he would have the ground cut from under his feet, and not a leg to stand on where the ground had been."

"No," the higher journalist continued, "a new book is a book just out of the press, and if it is one that has sold fifty thousand before it was published then is never still. But people who know what they want, want no other sort of novelty in a book. The fact that six or nine hundredths of the old books in the world are American has nothing to do with the case. What they want is literature raw, and they get it, one way or other. Can we say that they are altogether wrong? They are raw themselves, and what would they do with literature that was mellowed by time, even a year's time? You have brought me "In Argolis" too late, dear lady—as I should call you if I were a character in one of Mr. James's books. Neither what your young literary man said, nor what I say, will avail. It is an old book, though the only real reason to be urged against old books would hardly hit it."

"What is the real reason?" the constant reader inquired, with quick curiosity.

"That human nature, like nature in Bryant's poem, "speaks a variety of tongues, and the dialect of one speech is scarcely ever the dialect of another. Each generation has to be addressed not only in a dialect of its own, but from special feeling, and from a special point of view. You imagine that the situation in such and such a London, as it is described in "Hammy Clabber," is exactly that of Newport and New York; but submit the description to any of the many intellects which rule in our fashionable world, and what to answer will you get? No, I won't be unfair. If you try yourself to understand those cases you will find them very different."

"But you don't think," the constant reader pursued a little tremulously, "that a book only a year old, about the daily life of a little town on a Greek island, which couldn't have elapsed such in the same sense the book "Hammy Clabber" would be outshone by the statute of limitations ruling in the literary world?"

"Not so much as if it were a novel a year old. Still you can't say it isn't an old book."

The constant reader sighed deeply. "No, I suppose not," and she went thoughtfully away, leaving the higher journalist on an unassented triumph. His visitors commonly got the better of him.



**THE NEW COLUMBIA STATUE, BY DANIEL C. FRENCH**

*A new statue by Daniel Chester French was recently unveiled at Columbia University. It is called "Alma Mater," and stands on the steps of the University Library. The statue is the gift of the Goddard family.*

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# Lord Lansdowne

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, October 3, 1915.

**L**ORD LANSDOWNE today is far and away the most prominent, or perhaps I should say the most notorious, personality in English public life. Every one is abusing him; not a few are demanding his impeachment; all hope rather than believe that his resignation of the Foreign Secretaryship will shortly be enforced. For this outbreak of the press campaign of inquiry into the Boer war, of course, responsibility is placed on all hands that the almost incredible incompetence which that report revealed acted ultimately he laid at Lord Lansdowne's door. He was the head of the War Office for four years before Mr. Kruger launched his ultimatum. He had ample time to foresee and prepare. It is now proved by a deadly accumulation of evidence that he did, if possible, less than nothing; that he was as blind as a mole in the signs of the coming crisis; that warnings, the most earnest and most emphatic, filtered through him as through a sieve; that he thwarted the plans and disregarded the advice of his professional colleagues; that his policy, in short, was to let the narrow take care of itself, to slide as comfortably through the day's routine as might be, and leave everything to chance. The result of that policy is now a matter of history, written in terrible characters of blood and national shame and wasted millions. And the people who remember what agonies of apprehension and humiliation they endured, how near they came to losing South Africa, by what a miracle of good luck it was saved, and who find the author of their misadventures, actually rewarded for his inefficiency by promotion to a higher office, are beginning to wonder whether such a thing as official responsibility any longer exists. They are clamoring unanimously for Lord Lansdowne's head. But I have far too much faith in the British system and in Lord Lansdowne as the type of it, to believe that it will be thrown to them.

Do you remember how Lord Rosebery in his *Viceroydom* dismissed Lord Bathurst, the official responsible for the safety of the empire at St. Helena? "He was," says Lord Rosebery, "one of those strange children of our political system who fill the most dazzling offices with the most complete obscurity." A hundred years hence, such, our prospects, or something very like it, will be the verdict handed in on Lord Lansdowne. He has certainly filled the most dazzling offices. Few of his contemporaries have filled so many and for so long. It is precisely thirty-five years since he was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury. He was at the time just turned then to twenty. Two years later he was Under-Secretary for War. In 1880, when the Liberals under Gladstone again returned to power, he became Under-Secretary for India. He split with his party over the Irish land question, and resigned office; but when the Liberals returned to power, he was appointed his Government's minister of Canada. He held the post for five years, and was transferred in 1888 to the Viceroyalty of India, returning home finally in 1893. Two years later, when War broke out, he was appointed Secretary for War, and half a year later Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In addition to all this, he is one of the largest landowners in the kingdom, owns about 150,000 acres and half a dozen estates, and is an indefatigable entertainer. That is a not inconsiderable record of activity and success, and a singular quality of some sort—a unique talent for versatility, an extraordinary power of application, or some quite uncommon capacity. But I do not imagine to Lord Lansdowne in saying that he is in no way out of the ordinary run of men. True, he has filled all those dazzling offices; true that, if there be such a thing as responsibility in politics nowadays, then he has been respon-

sible at one time or another for the military honor of the British Empire, and the good government of some 150,000,000 people. But, like Lord Bathurst, he has contrived to combine the occupancy of these positions and the wielding of this immense authority "with the most complete obscurity." There only has the veil been lifted—and that was to show the blistering tragedy of his failure at the War Office.

England is one of the most difficult of the Old-World countries for a man to rise in by his own exertions. It is overcrowded to an extent hardly to be realized by Americans who have not gained some corner of the curtain themselves and seen with their own eyes the really ghastly struggle that is being fought out behind the smiling, comfortably external of English life. Congestion and convention combine to make the young man without wealth or industrial friends work out the best part of his life in a barren apprenticeship that to an outsider looks little more attractive than mining in Siberia. On the other hand, and as a natural corollary, those who are born into an estate or a big business in England, who inherit a title and an estate or a big business from their father, lead what is perhaps the easiest and most delightful existence to be met with in Europe. The path is smoothed out for them; success is almost a birthright, and only by some glaring scandal can they be ousted from their heritage. Lord Lansdowne, then, started with the supreme initial advantage of "being the son of his father." It is an old and distinguished family. The Fitzmaurices trace their descent from the Irish Earls of Kerry, whose title runs back to 1181. Lord Lansdowne, having lost his father in boyhood, came into the title, estates, and a seat in the House of Lords on his twenty-first birthday. Three years later he added vastly to his wealth and the strength of his social influence by marrying the eldest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, a handsome, dazzling, ambitious woman who has been the misstep of her husband's political fortunes.



India prefers a Viceroy . . . who will not attempt to learn anything of the people except at third or fourth hand

nothing or very little that was quite fitting for the occasion when in his thirty-eighth year he went to Canada as Governor-General. Little is expected from a Governor-General beyond the capacity to appear in govern. Lord Lansdowne had that capacity. Of capacity for serious work, of initiative, of anything in the nature of a policy, he gave no sign. And when he went to India it was just the same. He was an ideal Viceroy from the bureaucratic point of view. He never interfered, always did as he was told, and had none of the reforming interest that Lord Curzon, to the insupportable benefit of India and the equally incalculable blenny of officialdom, is so full of. Social and official India prefers a "manageable" Viceroy, without personality or initiative, one who will contentedly remain a gold-dust dummy and figurehead, hide himself in Simla right round the clock, and not attempt to learn anything of the people except at third or fourth hand. Lord Lansdowne answered to this description admirably. Of all the big problems that Lord Curzon is now tackling so brilliantly, Lord Lansdowne only curiously dealt with straight ones.

Was this the sort of career to entitle a man on his return to England to the Secretaryship of War? Lord Lansdowne apparently thought it was. No you get lifted mediocrity installed in the most sedulous and most vital of government posts, and failing disastrously to meet its requirements.



*Shooting over a Row by means of the Hyposcope—The Marksman is invisible to the Target*



*The Hyposcope attached to the Rifle. A is the Sight through which the Marksman gets his Bearings*



*Firing over a Fence which entirely conceals the Body of the Marksman*

### **ANOTHER DEADLY INVENTION FOR MODERN WARFARE**

*A newly invented rifle attachment, the hyposcope, has made it possible for the marksmen of a firing party to annihilate an enemy without offering any part of their bodies as a mark for the return fire. The hyposcope is an arrangement of reflecting lenses attached to the barrel of the gun. The marksman conceals himself behind a boulder or in a trench, and by looking into one of the lenses can see the target and get his sight, while presenting as a mark only the end of a gun-barrel*

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

I SHALL be curious to see what happens to *The Vagabond*, by Mr. Frederick Palmer, the author whose name is new to me, although the publisher's note says that he is "distinguished as a correspondent, and known to many readers by a series of strong short stories. The flags of the *Steeple*." One admission has time enough to go back to the time of its appearance, but after reading *The Vagabond* I intend to read those "strong" with quiet firm, all through the stress of the Vagabond's struggle to achieve his end—even in the grim scenes of the Civil War, which bear the impress of fresh treatment—the writer has a twinkle of sentiment in his eye, and a humorous delight in conflict. *The Vagabond* deserves, as it will surely enjoy, a very wide popularity.

Another book that has moved me deeply is a first novel by a new writer. At least the author of *The Law of Life* is new in the world of books. Miss Anna McClure Sholl has written many short stories for the magazines and contributed essays and verses here and there—so the publishers state—but they have not been of a kind to fasten her name in my memory. Her novel, therefore, comes as an agreeable surprise. It is a book to make a deep impression. Written with sincerity and deep feeling, it announces its problem story by using Cornell University, thinly disguised as Hallworth, as a background. Miss Sholl has drawn her inspiration from a battle-ground of educational ideals with which she is familiar. Dr. Hiram Corson, who has occupied the chair of English literature at Cornell for over thirty years, is her uncle, and she was herself a student in the university. *The Law of Life* as a novel of Cornell is important inasmuch as it reflects the faculty and post-graduate phases of university life as they have perhaps never been depicted in our fiction. The reference to the Hon. Andrew D. White, so closely identified with Cornell, and who in its early years was its president, is of interest, and the régime and ideals of those unsullied days are brought out in striking contrast with the alleged truckling to the masses of unrighteousness and utilitarian compromise of later days. Other members of the faculty may be discerned in the characters of *The Law of Life*, but this is of minor importance.

Somewhere between the Alleghenies and the Atlantic—the Vagabond spent a dreamy boyhood in the open, getting his grasp on the universe, in spite of the stirring incidents which crowd the latter half of the book, the maid returns with keenest pleasure to those early chapters in which Billy Williams passed a difficult boyhood with his stern, woman-hating father, unaided by a woman's care, and thrown upon Tim Hooker, a furnished, for the sake of companionship, and upon his dreams from which to distill strength of purpose for the future. And the romance of the story grows out of the stuff of his dreams. In an old geography, by way of being led by a woodcut of a famous peak. Thenceforth his greatest ambition was to climb a mountain. Some traveller's tale about the wealth of the Uralis enlarged his ambition. He must find a mine in his mountain. A chance meeting with a strange little girl, who came and went like a vision, made his dream complete—a mountain, a mine, and a girl! "Such imagines" in an evile boy bound to be happy though in a nook, would not be worth our mention had not his determination and the ardor of his idealism and his adherence to first impressions made him steadfast. His friendship for Tim was not for all these and all moods. His fancy for the girl was not a passing one. Hence the story. Not an impossible story, though a rare one, and all the better for that. If there are men made of such stuff as the Vagabond who can keep steadfast to the dreams of their youth, then this story done of the boy who ran off as an excursion into the world to make his dream come true, the Vagabond is built on heroic lines. In fact, what I like exceedingly about *The Vagabond* is its wholesome vigor and virility; the idealism is stubbornly held down to the trouble-fakability of human nature as well as keyed to the noble ends of the tale. To be sure, the Vagabond is built on heroic lines that don't tally with the requisition of those critics who say that what we want in fiction today is human nature as it is. We can sympathize with the poignant reality of Valérie—the "girl"—when she exclaims, "You don't know—that's the worst of you!" But I am not so sure that there are no Vagabonds in America today; and

If there were not, I am not so sure that the American people, lulled as they are with idealism, do not like to see the triumph of ideals in fiction. Especially when as in the Vagabond that strain of idealism is the flower in a sturdy stock born in the hardy soil of his native land which, East or West, North or South, has raised so many strong sons to be the flower of the nation. Another quality to be found in *The Vagabond*—and without it failure comes frequently in many excellent novels—is power. The power to bear the impress of fresh treatment—the writer has a twinkle of sentiment in his eye, and a humorous delight in conflict. *The Vagabond* deserves, as it will surely enjoy, a very wide popularity.

Another book that has moved me deeply is a first novel by a new writer. At least the author of *The Law of Life* is new in the world of books. Miss Anna McClure Sholl has written many short stories for the magazines and contributed essays and verses here and there—so the publishers state—but they have not been of a kind to fasten her name in my memory. Her novel, therefore, comes as an agreeable surprise. It is a book to make a deep impression. Written with sincerity and deep feeling, it announces its problem story by using Cornell University, thinly disguised as Hallworth, as a background. Miss Sholl has drawn her inspiration from a battle-ground of educational ideals with which she is familiar. Dr. Hiram Corson, who has occupied the chair of English literature at Cornell for over thirty years, is her uncle, and she was herself a student in the university. *The Law of Life* as a novel of Cornell is important inasmuch as it reflects the faculty and post-graduate phases of university life as they have perhaps never been depicted in our fiction. The reference to the Hon. Andrew D. White, so closely identified with Cornell, and who in its early years was its president, is of interest, and the régime and ideals of those unsullied days are brought out in striking contrast with the alleged truckling to the masses of unrighteousness and utilitarian compromise of later days. Other members of the faculty may be discerned in the characters of *The Law of Life*, but this is of minor importance.



Miss Anna McClure Sholl  
Author of *The Law of Life*

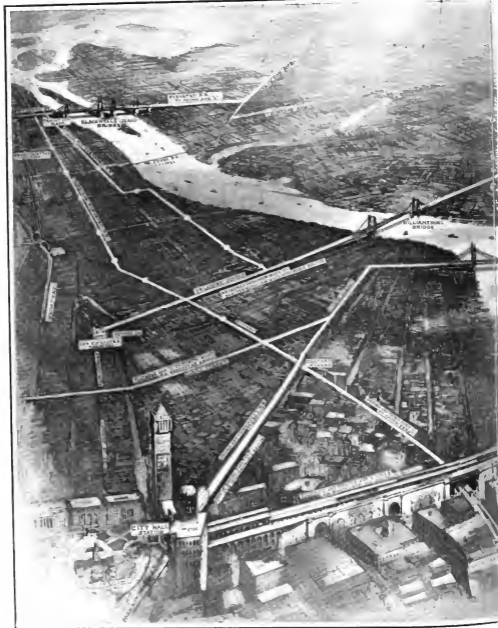
After all, the story, like the play, is the thing, and it is because of the tale and not the topography that *The Law of Life* will be read with deep interest by those to whom its theme is a subject of curiosity or sympathetic attraction. I have referred to it as a problem story. It is a variation on the eternal triangle of love frustrated by the marriage bond. Barbara Dale comes to Cornell to be the ward of Dr. Fredrick, a gentle, eccentric, austere mathematical professor. The death of her uncle, with whom she has lived the life of a rebebe, has left her alone in the world, and she enters Cornell, still dreaming in her unawakened dream of ideas and abstractions, and knowing little of the world of men and women. Very naturally she drifts into marriage with the professor of mathematics. The university wonders and shakes its head, but with a shrug accepts the situation. Not so Richard Waring, who has been attracted to Barbara from the first. He is thrown much into Barbara's company and friendship, and the triangle comes. The banner of white ideals floats over their friendship, but "lovin' almighty justification" clamors and threatens to pull down the flag. The cry of the heart drowns the call of the spirit, and accepts this very modern Fools and Franceses on the grounds of surrender which nearly ends in moral equivocation. Miss Sholl strikes the emotional note and sustains the pitch through the long tension of struggle and surrender and ultimate spiritual conquest with a graphic power that compels interest in the drama of these two souls. And if few speak of it, the ending of *The Choice* is fair, Miss Sholl's novel may find a wider acceptance and justification than appears. No novel of education has been written that can compare with *The Law of Life* since *A Student's Life* played on the heartstrings of the non-sympathetic reader some seven years ago.





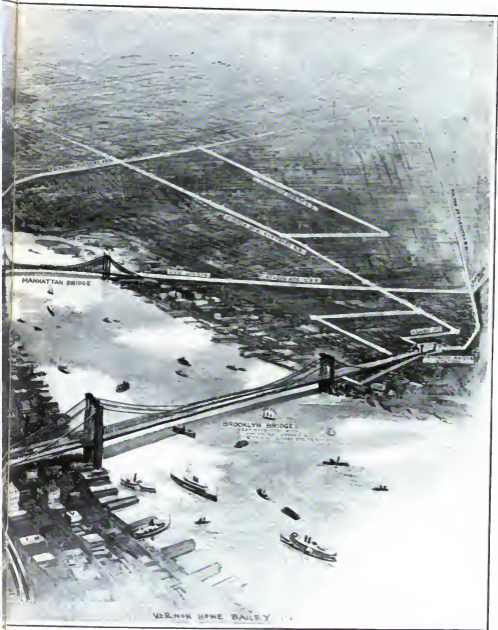
### WHERE THE SEALSKINS COME FROM

The photograph shows a seal-killing expedition on one of the Pribilof Islands, off the coast of Alaska. The men are attacked with clubs and helped up until they can be thrown and the fish removed. The Alaskan Eskimos have afforded to the post the richest and most extensive fur-seal fishing in the world, but slight changes of the animals has almost destroyed the industry in Alaskan waters.



## THE NEW BRIDGE SYSTEM

The New York Department of Bridges is considering a comprehensive plan for extending the city's transportation bridges. The main feature of the plan is to connect the Brooklyn Bridge by loops with the new Manhattan, Williamsburg Bridge will be replaced by one consisting of upper and lower decks for trolleys and trains, and a moving platform.



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

## EM IN NEW YORK CITY

facilities by a system of surface, subway, and elevated railroads connecting the present and proposed East River  
 Williamsburg, and Blackwells Island bridges, as shown in the drawing. The present railroad system of the Brooklyn  
 will cross over the Williamsburg Bridge through Delancey Street, the Bowery, and Park Row to Nassau Street

# Sam Parks: Graft and Blackmailer

THE EXTRAORDINARY LINK OF A LEADER WHO IS MORE DANGEROUS TO LABOR THAN TO THE EMPLOYERS HE OPPOSES.—THE SECRET OF HIS POWER.—THE SUPPORT OF A "STRONG-ARM" GANG TO CONTROL THE MEN OF HIS OWN UNION.—THE LABOR SITUATION INDICATED ABOUT BY HIS METHODS AND ITS SOLUTION.—STATEMENTS BY MEN PROMINENT IN CAPITAL AND LABOR REGARDING THE PRESENT SITUATION.

## Labor

### Sam Parks says:

*I am going back to New York, and will strike everything that opposes me. Wherever a holding engineer is employed under the employers' arbitration agreement I will strike that job. I will strike the East River Bridge, and will pull out every man of the American Bridge Company. I will show them that old Sam has not forgotten how to fight, and, I tell you, I am just beginning.*

### James J. Daily, of the Dock Builders' Union, says:

*The victory of Parks in Kansas City means a continuance of the fight against arbitration.*

### President Buchanan, of the Bridge and Structural Iron-workers' Union, says:

*I will make one mighty effort to save the International. I cannot believe that the honest mind of men of the construction will let a man like Parks rule them.*

## Capital

### Charles L. Eiditz, President of the Building Trades Employers' Association, says:

*If the expected change in the labor situation does not come about by the conclusion and implementation of Sam Parks, the loss to New York city employers will be not far from \$68,000,000.*

### William W. Kerly, Manager of the United States Mortar Supply Company, says:

*The present situation affords every reason for capital not to invest. I believe that almost no building will be done in this city for a year or more. But for Parks this present season would have been a great one. I believe that more than fifty per cent. of the workmen will be unemployed this winter.*

### Charles M. Schwab says:

*Labor's exorbitant demands have done more than any other one thing to bring about this setback. This is especially true of the bridge trade.*

## By District-Attorney Jerome

"Within six weeks Sam Parks and the most dangerous elements of his gang of grafters will again be doing time in Sing Sing."—First statement since Parks's release made by District-Attorney Jerome to a representative of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## By Henry Harrison Lewis

WHEN District-Attorney Jerome said to me in his office on the first day of this month that within six weeks he would have Sam Parks again doing time in Sing Sing he offered the only available solution of a remarkable and extremely serious labor question. "I can safely say that within six weeks we will have the dangerous element in that gang of grafters up the river. We will send Foley up first. Then we will follow with McCarthy. That chap, you know, is about as dangerous as Parks himself. In fact, I really think he has more brains than Parks, and that he has originated the biggest schemes. He is at the head of the 'strong-arm' gang, and is more feared by the devout labor element than the leader, with McCarthy and Foley out of the way we will start Parks doing his bit, and then I think the good men on both sides will come to order."

Before seeing Mr. Jerome I spent some time with representative men of the Employers' Association, with Judge McConnell of the Fuller Construction Company, and with others representing both sides of the subject. The facts learned from these interviews are:

First, that the citizens of New York do not appreciate the extreme gravity of the labor situation in their city.

Second, that Sam Parks is a distinct menace to the peace and welfare and only of capital as represented by the building interests, but of the laboring classes.

Third, that sedata before in the history of this country has such a high-handed disregard of the law been shown as that exhibited by Sam Parks and his gang of thugs since his spectacular uprising last May.

Fourth, that the shameful truth must be confessed that relief can come only from the capture and impounding of Sam Parks as one would a mad dog.

The situation can be viewed from four standpoints, namely: that of the Employers' Association, that of the independent dealers, such as the Fuller Construction Company, that of the devout element in the labor organizations, and that of the vicious element represented by Parks.

From all indications the Employers' Association and the devout element are in sympathy. The status of the other two is not so

clear, although I have repeatedly been told that a certain lack exists or did exist between the Fuller Construction Company and Sam Parks. The charge that Parks was imported from Chicago by the Fuller Company has been denied by Judge McConnell, as representative of the company, which closes that particular incident. It has little bearing on the present situation.

The Employers' Association, through one of its officials, states that it is at present working a force equal to sixty per cent. of its former force, and that Samuel Parks can no longer be considered a factor, that, in fact, his power to cause the association trouble is gone. Notwithstanding this statement, I was also given to understand that Sam Parks out of jail meant a tie-up in the building trade this winter, and consequently a serious financial loss to the building industry. By the president of the association this loss was estimated at \$69,000,000; by the vice-president at \$35,000,000.

The fact that Parks did not succeed in having his candidate, Hugh F. Donnelly, elected to the presidency of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-workers at the convention recently held at Kansas City does not mean that he has lost power to do evil. He retains his hold on Local Union No. 2, which has a membership of almost four thousand men, and through affiliations he is able to influence a great many more. I was told at the Employers' Association that Sam Parks controls thirty thousand men, and can dictate to these any policy of graft he chooses.

The cause of the present deplorable labor situation is simple. It is the result of an unprecedented condition of prosperity in the building business, and the appearance of a man unscrupulous enough and of sufficient power to turn the situation in his own account.

It is not necessary to recite the details of the differences between the old board of Walking Delegates and the employers. There was bad blood between them, and when Parks began his systematic campaign of grafting by buying blackmail on the builders, the latter were forced by the presence of a common enemy to organize. Up to the time of this organization there had been little in common between the builders of the city. Mr.





**Two Scenes from Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses," now playing at the Garden Theatre**

*The photograph on the right shows the meeting between "Ulysses" and his son "Telemachus," also the former's scene to Ithaca from "Calypso's" Isle. In the scene to the left "Ulysses" greets his wife "Penelope," also he has put her captors to flight with a shot from his great bow*



**Weber and Fields's new Piece**

*"Whoop-Dee-Do" is an re-enactment of the familiar Weber-Fields act. It has no plot, but much of diverting incident and humor. What action there is takes place in Paris, where Weber and Fields turn up as two would-be hotel partners, advertised for by Louis Maun, a highway innkeeper*

**"ULYSSES" AND "WHOO-P-DEE-DO"**



**MISS MAUD FEALY IN "HEARTS COURAGEOUS"**

*Miss Fealy is playing at the Broadway Theatre in a dramatization of Hattie Erskine Rice's novel "Hearts Courageous." Miss Fealy has the role of "Anne Tillson," an American girl of the Revolutionary period, with whom the "Marquis de la Romerie" (Mr. Orion Johnson) is in love. The "Marquis" has come to America charged with an offer of aid to the Colonists. He is thrown into prison by the Tories, but his purpose is finally effected through the help and love of "Anne."*



*A Detachment of the Bulgarian Army at Target Practice*



*The Artillery Corps in Action in the Field*

### **BULGARIAN REVOLUTIONISTS IN THE FIELD**

*In a recent number of the "Worker" two photographs were printed showing how the Bulgarian Military Academy trains revolutionists for the Macedonian cause. The Bulgarian army is now mobilized, and ready for the outbreak which may at any time precipitate a war with Turkey. The photographs show the infantry and artillery troops in action in the field.*



**A NEW NOTE In The EUROPEAN CONCERT**  
 Emperor William & King Edward Greatly Enamoured of Ragtime (The Press)  
 Drawn By Albert Levering



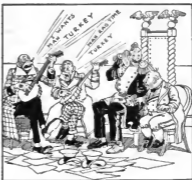
William "Vo's der madder een det et opvornal mask! Vagner, Gounod, Verdi! Niner anydigs but him, him, iddle, iddle, him! Go mit me det fiddle!"  
 Eddy: "I say, beauty old Vagner!"



William: "Ah, someone hat took a card to us. Ve will see dem. Des Americans as a gross, see it?"  
 Eddy: "I say, now, jolly old Americans!"



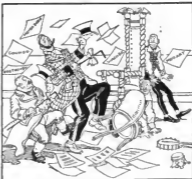
William: "Ragtime? Vach is ragtime—something to eat, no?"  
 Eddy: "I say, jolly old ragtime!"



William: "Umh! Eddy, dat's der worst finest music yet! I efer som pover myself, you."  
 Eddy: "O-o-o! But I say, ripping old ragtime!"



William: "Such a democret, such military walking!"  
 Eddy: "Good old walking!"



William: "Dat cumbaline—so make it so! How you say—no it do people?"  
 Eddy: "Jolly old—no, no!"

# Correspondence

AS TO FOLK

PUBLISHED MONDAY, July 15, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Under the head of "Comment," those splendid state papers that appear weekly in HARPER'S, in discussing the admirability of Joseph W. Folk as Democratic Secretary of his State, you raise two objections, one was, that in all probability he could not get the endorsement of his State in the national convention. Considering the quality of statements (?) who now control the Democratic party of Missouri, this would be, in his favor. Another objection you urged, that his State was certain to go Democratic in any event; it would be better for the Democrats to take their candidate from a close or doubtful State; this argument might have been effective in the days of mail-coaches and Conestoga wagons, but, in the in the days of mail-coaches and proper feeling between the States, days of swift intercourse, whether the country do not care a whit where a man hails from so long as he is the man they want; it would not make a bit of difference whether it was Vermont, or a Republican in Texas. It's the man. The politicians, of course, want it to appear otherwise. So-called favorite sons find that is about their only chance for the lightning stroke, that they live in a close State and they are indispensable for the success of the ticket; that is why the impossible Beveridge is mentioned as a running-mate for Roosevelt. Not one voter in a thousand cares whether the Republican party takes a man from Indiana or New York, providing he could take President Roosevelt's place in case of a vacancy.

Mr. Folk has been mentioned in Mr. Bryan's *Commoner* as worthy of the Presidency. That in itself is a great point in Mr. Folk's favor. No one can be elected on the Democratic ticket who was hostile to Mr. Bryan in 1900 or 1900, that might as well be recognized first as last.

The more one learns about Mr. Folk the greater he grows, from positive obscurity of a couple of years ago his name is now known in every "nook and cranny" of this big country, because he has accomplished the seemingly impossible, he has pacified, single-handed and alone, an American municipality; his latest utterance breathes forth a spirit that is most refreshing than comes to you from the broad Atlantic. He says:

"The greatest enemies of the Republic to-day are the glvers and false prophets."  
"The official who would betray his trust would sell his country if he could."

"No State or nation can be injured by getting rid of physical or moral evil."

"No more serious question confronts the American people than the eradication of bribery. Other problems concern the factions of government, while this strikes at the foundation of the government itself. Other offenses violate the law, while bribery poisons the very foundation of law."

Mr. Folk is quite right, bribery is the greatest foe to American institutions that exists to-day. Without bribery, Ohio and Montana would have Senators bearing different names from what they bear now, not to mention a few about Pennsylvania.

Hurrah for Folk! I am, sir, RICHMOND W. JENNINGS.

## A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S VIEW

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, September 27, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In the *Darkness* for August 5 is a letter from a Southern correspondent, with comments by the editor, from which I quote: "No white woman dares to travel the public highway alone; yet say negro woman can travel in absolute safety, on foot or otherwise, the highways from the Potomac to Texas. . . . If an uprising against lynching, it is also appropriate that there should be an uprising in favor of our white women. They are entitled to go unattended. Why should they be debarred from travel on the king's highway? Why should they not be accorded the liberty and privileges of a negro woman? Why should a farmer's wife sit in fear at her window, if her husband chanced to be in the field?" The editor adds: "It may be that this letter exaggerates the fears; it may be that the fears exaggerate the dangers. But our first duty is to remove these dangers and allay these fears."

I am a farmer's wife, and I wish to say that neither the dangers nor the fears are exaggerated. I literally "sit in fear" when my husband is in the field. My pistol is always loaded and lying in a convenient place, for, when alone in the house, I feel that I must rely on my rifle. I do not dare to stray alone to the neighboring town, nor do any of my women neighbors. It is hardly considered safe for ten women to drive together, though they are often obliged to do so. Not long ago two women were driving from town when a negro man cut off the brush by the road, and stopping their horse, demanded that they give him the groceries they had in the back of the carriage, adding a threat which so frightened them that they were glad to give him the groceries and escape without worse harm. I have known of five cases of assault of white women by negro men in this vicinity, and in no case has the negro been lynched or even pursued by a mob, in spite of dragging justice in delayed trial and conviction. I cannot visit my neighbors several miles away, because I do not dare go alone and my husband is too busy to accompany me. In building our dwelling-house we built it on the extreme edge of the farm, in order that it might be nearer the house of a neighbor upon whom I could call for protection in the absence of my husband. Earlier down the road I have a negro family—respectable, law-abiding citizens, and respected by their white neighbors. I notice that the negro woman drives

back and forth to town alone; she does not need a male protector. I notice that Northerners who come here to live quickly recognize the necessity for and accept the many cases of assault which we do not take; for, I take it, even the strongest partisan for the negro does not wish to expose his wife or daughter to the risk of rape.

Northern papers chronicle and comment upon the few cases of lynching, but make no mention of the many cases of assault when the negro is not lynched, and in some cases escapes punishment altogether. I am not advocating lynching—nothing could be more horrible. I am simply stating facts, hoping that in time a remedy may be found. I am, sir, FANNING WYKE.

## SEMITIC INSTINCTS

CLEVELAND, OHIO, September 4, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In the article, "The Marquis of Salisbury," which appears in your issue of September 6, I find a statement to me unmistakable by reason of its absolute inconsistency with historical truth. "Disraeli, in obedience to his Semitic instincts, was being again dragging England into a war for the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire." Why "in obedience to his Semitic instincts?" The Semitic nations have never been antagonistic for their warlike qualities. There has never been an instinct of territorial aggrandizement among peoples of Semitic race. By their very environment they have been compelled to become defenders rather than aggressors. Semitic history, if such there be, cannot record a single instance of a forced war, waged with the motives and for the ends you charge. I am, sir, ALFRED A. BRESCHER.

[It was not intended to give the idea that Disraeli's "Semitic instincts" were warlike, but rather that he had qualities of a fighting man, but a dreamer who meant to make his dreams come true.—EDITOR.]

## THE HOUSE-TAX AGITATION IN JAPAN

TOYO, JAPAN, September 1, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Seeing how utterly false the representations of the foreign house-tax question in Japan has become in England, it has occurred to me that the American public may likewise be imposed upon.

You, of course, know that this question has now become one of international debate and is in the hands of the Hague court of arbitration. A few days ago an English paper made the representation that foreigners and Japanese were living side by side in this country, and under like conditions; and yet the foreigners refused to pay their house tax, while the Japanese paid. This is a gross perversion of existing facts, from simple ignorance.

The plain condition of the case is as follows: Some forty years ago, by treaty with Western powers, Japan sold to foreigners in perpetual lease certain tracts of land, fixing an annual tax of ten dollars of American cents per every thirty-six square feet. These were the Concession districts. On this land the foreigners lived and carried on their business.

Three years ago, when the new treaties went into effect and the legal administration of the Concessions passed into the hands of the Japanese, the foreigners, for the first time in forty years, were called upon to pay a house tax in addition to the fourteen cents fixed by treaty, notwithstanding the new treaty declared that no new impositions shall be put upon this property.

The quibble is whether the word property in the treaty means the land only or the land and houses also; the Japanese contending for the former, the foreigners for the latter. It is contended by the foreigners that this house tax is unjust.

1. The fourteen cents per thirty-six square feet in the original treaty is more than three times what a Japanese pays on similar land. In fact, more than covers every tax a Japanese citizen pays. The Concession property-holder contends, therefore, that the tax is exorbitant.

2. This fourteen cents covers every expense to which the Japanese government has been put in caring for the foreign Concessions, except in some places where immense public works have been undertaken for the national good.

3. Forty years have passed by, and in all this time not a single intimation has been heard that the treaty did not cover the houses erected on the Concession lots. The Japanese government during this time has apparently acted on the supposition that the treaty covered the houses also, and never made any demand for the tax.

If it held by England, France, and Germany that the word property in the treaties includes the houses, and they have now laid the question before the Hague tribunal, America and the other powers interested have declined to take sides one way or another, though they claim exemption should the decision turn in the favor of the foreigners.

No foreigners living outside the Concession have declined to pay the house tax, since they hold their property under other conditions, and are treated just as Japanese subjects, while the Concession residents are in very different circumstances.

The question, therefore, concerns only foreign residents inside the Concessions; and the decision of the court of arbitration means much to them. If it goes against them, they will be subjected to most unusual, and, consequently, unjust taxation.

I am, sir,

E. SWANSON.

Editor *The Post*.

## How we Depend on the Tropics

The taste of the people of the United States for tropical products seems to be increasing at a very rapid rate. It is stated that the value of the tropical and subtropical products brought into this country in the past year was over 400 million dollars. In 1890 the value of this class of merchandise imported was only 200 million dollars; in 1875, 200 millions; and in 1870, 140 millions. Thus the value of the tropical products brought into the country in the year just ended was about three times as much as in 1870, twice as much as in 1875, and one-third more than in 1892.

EVEN these figures do not show the real increase, because of the great reduction in prices of many of the articles forming this huge total. The value of the sugar of tropical production brought into the country in the past year, for instance, was 104 million dollars, as against 79 million dollars in 1870; but the number of pounds brought in from the tropics last year was more than four times as great as in 1870. The total number of pounds of tropical sugar brought into the country last year was over five billions.

**ARTICLE IN MICHIGAN.**—MRS. WINDHAM'S BEHAVIOR STRIPPED AWAY BY THE WIND. Her children noticed it. It neither troubled, unless the gusts, nips all such, rips wind sails, and is the best remedy for distress. —[Adv.]

### IF YOUR PHYSICIAN

prescribes a milk diet, for its easy digestibility, it will be well to use Borden's **FRUIT FLAVOR CONDENSED MILK** to get a rich, delicious beverage with food, nutritive, and easy to digest, in any quantity, and in any season. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co. —[Adv.]

**Telephone Service** at your home will save many small expenses. Low rates. Efficient service. New York Telephone Company, 18 Bay Street, 111 West 20th Street. —[Adv.]

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**On catching earlier don't overlook a few odd bottles of your favorite.** It's the Best. —[Adv.]

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### ADVERTISEMENTS

# Pears'

We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to; if not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.

If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clear and soft and open and clear.

Sold all over the world.



## There is no biliousness in old beer

The beer that makes you bilious is what we call a "green beer." It is beer that is marketed too soon — that is insufficiently aged.

We store Schlitz Beer for months in refrigerating rooms, and this fact requires a storage capacity for 425,000 barrels.

We keep it there until it is well fermented. That adds to the cost, of course. That is why some beers are shipped green.

## We are that careful all through

Careful about materials — about cleanliness.

So careful that we filter all the air that touches Schlitz Beer.

And when it is bottled and sealed, we sterilize every bottle.

Your doctor will tell you to drink Schlitz Beer, rather than common beer; and it costs you no more than the common.

Ask for the brewery bottling.

## EXPERIENCED CANVASSERS WANTED

We can give remunerative, dignified employment to men and women in every city and village in this country—even to those who can spare but part of their time. We give four periodicals to work with, each distinctively the best of its class. Experienced canvassers, and all those who wish to increase their incomes, should write at once for what is perhaps the most attractive offer ever made.

HARPER & BROTHERS  
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

1875



## CANCER CURED

Dr. H. E. Hyatt's Cure for Cancer and Tumors are a positive cure. Most cases are treated at home. Paid for home giving what wonderful things are being done. Show instant relief from pain. Address Dr. H. E. Hyatt, 200 N. 1st St., Indianapolis, Ind.



# LETTERS OF MARQUE

ISSUED UNDER SEAL OF THE KINGDOM  
OF BOHEMIA TO ESPER INDIAN, ESQ.

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

## The Adventure of the "Queen of Spades"

I AM very fond of Esper Indian, but there are times when he is positively odd for humana nature. Last week, for instance, when for three days on end we did not exchange a single word, not even at dinner, where the amenities should, always, come on with the walnuts. I grant you that hum-drum wears upon the spirit, that the fetters of the daily road may be a harder thing to get over than even Mr. Bunyan's mill itself, but for a man to surrender himself mind and body to solitary agnosia weakness. Moreover, it was a ridiculous combination of the cards that Indiana invariably set himself to resolve; the chances were at least a hundred to one against the solitaire coming out, and, indeed, I never saw him get it hit once. Under certain curious circumstances, too, but I won't anticipate; let us begin with the beginning of the Adventure of the Queen of Spades. You will remember that there was a midnight letter whose possession had become a matter of supreme importance to a certain Great Prince in Russia. The Countess Golda (sister of the Ninety and Nine Kisses) had been on the point of obtaining the treasure, but the overconfidence of my friend Indolence, coupled with the blunders of a stupid detective, had brought about a premature explosion of the train. To Indiana, apologetic and remorseful, the Countess Golda had confided a single pregnant utterance, "Wait for the third appearance of the Queen of Spades." This was his cue; let him make the most of it if he would repair the mischief that he had unwittingly done.

Now the opera, on the night preceding the Countess's departure for Europe, had been *Tschickowsky's* "Queen of Spades"; the inference was inevitable that here was the first materialization of our mysterious heroine. That same evening we had encountered, at an Eighth Avenue ball, a number whose costume had been designed upon the familiar model of the court-card in question; so much for number two. But Fortune had been almost too kind, and immediately upon this promising beginning she had with drawn her smiles; for upward of a month nothing whatever had happened. As I have said, Indolence played solitaire and I smoked as much as I could. Dull work for all that it was the end of April, the height of the Easter season, and New York was at its gayest. A brilliant show; you and the same old one. Did you ever get a quilt a day for thirty days? Why not for three hundred or three thousand days, supposing that one is really fond of quilts?

For the thirty-third consecutive time the solitaire failed to come out, Indolence gathered the cards, shuffled them with infinite precision, and handed them in to be cut. I did so, Indolence took the pack and fang it into the air; the cards fluttered in all directions and one came sailing straight for my nose. I put up my head and caught it; it was the Queen of Spades.

"Here is the lady for the fateful third time," I remarked, jestingly. But Indolence was serious if not serious. He took the card from me and studied it attentively.

"Rather an interesting face, don't you think?" he said, musingly. "Somewhat Semitic in physiognomy, you notice; that comes from the almond-shaped eyes and the abnormally high arch of the brows. Would you know her in the actual flesh—say on Broadway? Brunette, of course, jet black hair banded à la Merveille over the ears, a little droop at the corners of her mouth. Voilà! the Queen of Spades, let us go out and look for her."

"A proposition," I remarked, judicially, "that savors of the rankest lunacy. And yet, why not? The lady certainly made the advance; it is an equivalent to an irritation to call. Pity she doesn't put her address on her card."

"Hym!" coughed Indolence, deliberately, "that savors of the street-director, with minds open and unprejudiced, and our faith will be rewarded abundantly in due time."

"We will pass over the numbered streets and avenues," continued Indolence. "I am not in the mood for mathematical sol-

itudes, although there is much of virtue in the digit 8, as every adept knows. Names are our quest to-day, as listen to them as they run—Allen, Bleecker, Bayard, Day, Division—now why Division, do you suppose? What was divided and who got the lion's share?"

"A delicate allusion to some eighteenth-century graft," I suggested. "Consult the antiquaries."

"Oh, it's enough for our purpose that the division itself exists; it must lie below the 'barbed wire fence,' somewhere across the line. To speak precisely, Division Street appears to start at Chatham Square, and it runs eastward to Grand Street. We will take the Third Avenue Elevated to Chatham Square, and then ask a policeman. Nothing could be more simple."

Downward the Elevated stairs, Division Street lay right before our eyes and further inquiry was superfluous. Indolence's spirits had risen amazingly. "Why, it's only an elementary exercise," he said, smilingly. "Divide an East Side street by a pack of cards and the quotient is the Queen of Spades; you simply cannot escape from the conclusion. Forward, then."

Now Division Street is something out of the ordinary as downtown thoroughfares go. It is the principal highway to that remote Yiddish corner whose capital is William H. Seward Square, and the entire millinery and feminine tailoring business of the lower East Side is centered at this its upper end. In the one short block from Chatham Square to Market Street there are twenty-seven millinery establishments—count them for yourself!—and with one exception the other shops are devoted to the sale of cloaks and mantles and tailor-made goods. All on the eastward of the street, you notice; there is a dollar and a shilling side in Division Street, just as elsewhere.

Talk of Bond Street and Fifth Avenue! Where will you find twenty-seven millinery shops in an almost unbroken row? What a multiplied vista of delight for feminine eyes—hats, hats, hats as far as the eye can reach. Black hats and white hats; red, blue, and greenery-yellow hats; weird creations so loaded with gump and passementerie as to certainly weigh a pound or more; dainty confections in gauze and feathers; parterres of exotic blooms such as no earthly garden ever bore; hats with bows no 'em and hats with birds on 'em, and hats with beads on 'em; hats that twitter and hats that squeak; hats of holed velvet and hats of pleated corduroy; felt hats, straw hats, chip hats; wide brims and narrow brims; sk-sewed, beribboned, belowed; finally, again, just hats, hats, hats, a phantasmagoria of primary colors and grays and fal-lal-lal-lal pure and simple, before which the masculine brain fairly reels. But the womanly contingents come with a scarcely perceptible flutter; the hat she wants is somewhere here, and it is only a matter of time and patience to find it.

There is always a Mont Blanc to overtop the lesser Alpine summits, a Koblitzer in whose splendor all inferior radiance is extinguished.

Indolence touched my elbow. "Look at that one," he murmured. Now that was a hat. To describe it—but let me first bespeak the indulgence of my feminine readers. I am not an authority upon hats—most distinctly not—and I shall probably display my ignorance with the first word out of my mouth. But what matter; I am simply trying to tell of what these poor mortal eyes have seen.

In effect, then, the foundation of the hat appeared to be a black straw, with a wide straight brim, the trimming being a lim-crackery sort of material whose name for the moment has escaped me. We will cut it *à la mode*, if you don't mind. The principal ornament was a large red apple in wax, pierced by a German-silver arrow, but the really unique feature of the entire creation was the pearl-like fringe that depended from the edge of the brim, a continuous row of four-inch filaments upon which large black beads were closely strung. An overbold device, perhaps, but it certainly caught the eye; there was a lurid suggestion in

those strings of glittering beads that made one think of the Congo and of tontones beating brazenly in the moonlight. A hat that was a hat, as I have previously remarked, and Indiana and I gazed upon it with undivided interest. It is hardly necessary to add that this particular hat had the place of honor in the shop window, it being mounted upon the wicker model of a sleeping lady with flaxen curls and a complexion incomparable. Assuredly, then, the pearl of the collection.

"Le Hernandez," said Indiana, reading the sign over the door. "Spanish Jew. I should say—yes, and the Queen of Spades in persona," he added, in an undertone, for Le Hernandez was standing in the open doorway of the shop and regarding us with a curious haziness of glance.

Now through the summer-time it is the custom of the Division Street modistes to occupy seats placed on the sidewalk; in a business where competition is an strenuous one must be prepared to catch the customer on the spot. Even in winter the larger establishments will keep a seat on duty outside, and the lesser proprietor must, at least, cast an occasional eye to window, if the balance of trade is to be preserved. Undoubtedly Madam Hernandez was taking a purely business observation, and we had chanced to fall within its focus.

The resemblance was indeed striking. There was the luscious hair over the eyes, the slightly drooping mouth, the peculiar upturning of the eyebrow arch—the Queen of Spades in persona, as Indiana had said. And this was her third appearance.

Indiana removed his hat with a sweep. "Madam," he said, with elaborate civility, "it is a beautiful day."

"What of it?" retorted Le Hernandez, ungraciously enough. "Or perhaps the sun isn't shining above Madison Square," she added, sarcastically. A strange voice, this, unusual in quality and abnormally low in pitch.

"I have'n't noticed," said Indiana, with undisturbed good humor. "Alike upon the just and unjust, you know. Now if you will kindly allow me to pass—"

"What do you want in my shop?"

"I desire to purchase that hat," replied Indiana, and pointed to the atrocity in the window.

"It is not for sale."

"I am prepared to pay liberally for what strikes my fancy." He took out a roll of bills.

"The hat is not for sale."

"Madam," said Indiana, with the utmost civility, "are you in this business for your health?"

"I am."

"Oh, in that case—"

"You may come inside; it tires me to be on my feet for so long. To my sorrow I grow stout."

"It is an affliction," murmured Indiana, sympathetically. We followed her within.

The shop was crammed from floor to ceiling with luncheons arranged in three or four rows, and glazed presses, filled with feminine hats and bonnets, lined the walls. Near the window was a small counter, behind which Madam L. Hernandez immobily installed herself in a placid armchair. From this vantage-point she proceeded to inspect us with cool deliberation, fanning herself with the while with a huge palm-leaf. "You wish to buy a hat?" she said, tentatively.

"That one," answered Indiana, stubbornly. "That hat on the model's head."

"Bah! Nonsense. It is fatiguing to look, like children, with pillows in the dark. You want that Russian letter; why not say so?"

"For a full half-minute their eyes met in silent throat and purry; it was to be a duel then, and each was an antagonist to be respected.

"If it is a question of money," said Indiana, shortly.

"It is not."

"Then I must take it where I find it, and so it appears," answered L. Hernandez, placidly. "But you must first find it; eh, my bold young man?"

"Be tranquil, madam—"

"I am tranquil; you are but wasting your time."

"I have it to spend in unlimited quantity; I am a solitary player."

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"Oh, you play *solitaire*; how many variations do you know?"  
 "One hundred and thirty-five."  
 "I can count one hundred and forty-two."  
 "Including the 'Bridge'?"  
 "The famous 'Bridge'? Do you know it, then?"  
 "I learned it from a Polish gentleman in Belgrade."  
 "It is difficult."  
 "Especially so; it may come out once in a hundred times."  
 Madam L. Hernandez produced a pack of cards from underneath the counter. "Will you oblige me, *señor*; I am anxious to see the play."  
 Indiman proceeded with the explanation. It was too intricate for me to follow; I could only understand that, with the *solitaire* properly resolved, the cards should finally divide themselves into four packs, *brides*, respectively, by the ace of clubs, king of diamonds, queen of spades, and leave of hearts. Indiman tried it twice, but the combination would not come out.  
 "We will try it again to-morrow," said Indiman, rising.  
 "With pleasure. Good day, gentlemen; mind the step."  
 As we walked towards Chatham Square a stout man joined us,

a man with one ear noticeably larger than the other. "Mr. Indiman," he began, deferentially.

"What, you, Brownson?"  
 "Yes, sir; I have an assignment on this job from the Central office. I saw you coming out of L. Hernandez's just now. Smooth old bird, ain't it?"

"You see this case!" said Indiman, stopped.

"Yes, sir. You see, the parties concerned finally determined to get it into our hands, and they'd have been enough sight better off if they'd done it in the beginning. Bless you! it's no great shakes of a layout. There's the letter, a slant shot of notes paper written in violet ink on one side only, and we know the party who has it up her sleeve. L. Hernandez—I don't mind saying it, seeing that you're also on it—I'll do the trick within three days, or you can hold my head for a cooked beef dinner."

"Well, good luck to you, Brownson," said Indiman, absently. There was a cob rack here in Chatham Square, and we drove up-town to the Ullmans Club for a late luncheon. While we were waiting for our diet to be prepared Indiman wrote a brief note and had it despatched by messenger; it was addressed, as he showed me, to Madam L. Hernandez. "Divine Stork," I'm not going to have that body upset the apple-cart for a second time," he said, savagely. "Now we will have to wait for at least three days."

This was on Monday; on Friday we presented ourselves again to Madam L. Hernandez. She received us politely, almost graciously; she sat in the great chair behind the counter, engaged in the truly feminine occupation of putting up her hair in curl papers. A pad of stiff white writing paper lay on the counter before her, and from it she tore the strips as she needed them.

"I am tired of these *bandeaux*," she explained, smilingly. "My friends tell me that curls will become me infinitely better."  
 "No doubt," acquiesced Indiman; "but tell me, madam, did you receive my note?"

"I did, *señor*, and I return you a thousand thanks. Ah, how these pigs of detectives have tortured me; you would never believe it. Twice my apartments at the back there, have been entered and ransacked from end to end; I even suffered the indignity of being personally searched by a dreadful newspaper woman who had answered my advertisement for 'Improvers Wanted.' Chloroformed in bed daylight in my own house!"

"But they didn't find the letter?"  
 "I was not here yesterday, *señor*."

"Good!" said Indiman, heartily. "What incredible police-men can be!"

"What, indeed! Behold, *señor*; I show you the ruin wrought by these swine. This way."

L. Hernandez rose, waddled stiffly to the back room, and there opened the door. "There!" she exclaimed, dramatically. Evidently these were the lady's living apartments, a bed-chamber and a smaller room at the left, in which were a gas-range and some other culinary apparatus. It was plain that the intruders had made thorough work in their search. The carpet had been removed and the flooring partially torn up; the walls had been scoured for secret receptacles, the pictures stripped of their backing, and the chairs and bedstead pulled half to pieces. "Not a square inch of anything here they left unprobed by their accursed needles," said L. Hernandez, furiously. "It will take me a month as I am, to get things to rights."

"An outrage," said Indiman, soothingly. "Shall we have a try at crossing the 'Bridge'?" and forthwith they set down to the great *solitaire* with the utmost anxiety. But again it did not come out; the combinations were insoluble.

The next day we paid another visit to L. Hernandez.

"The curl papers do not seem to be very effectual," remarked Indiman, glancing at the familiar smooth bands of hair drawn straight down from the forehead and over the ears.

"Ah, these wretched *bandeaux*!" sighed madam; "they are intricable. I shall have to wear my curl papers by day as well as by night. Excuse me, gentlemen, for a few minutes," and she disappeared into the back room, to shortly reappear with the rebellious *bandeaux* tightly swaddled in a dozen little rolls of twisted paper.

"Again the impossible 'Bridge,'" she said, pouting, and the pair waddled half a dozen times with the problem as of course, unsuccessfully.

On the following day the comedy was repeated.

"*Señor*, my memory is undoubtably failing; I go to repair the omission." Re-enter madam in curl papers and then the "Bridge" as before; do *rapé* for a week or so.

"It seems impossible to get that accursed combination," said Indiman, and he threw down the cards.

Madam L. Hernandez smiled, and there was a little silence.

"Madam," said Indiman.

"You are not treating me fairly. You have allowed those stupid detectives to search your apartments, and I demand as equal privileges."

"You shall have it, *señor*. I am going to make a complaint of the affair at Police Headquarters—perhaps *Señor Thorp* will kindly accompany me?"

"Excellent! I will remain here, and if the letter is within these four walls I shall find it."

"My best wishes, *señor*."

I called a coach; madam arrayed herself in a fur cloak and crowded herself, curl papers and all, with that atrocious fat from the window stick, a grotesque figure of a woman in all conscience. But I had avenged myself for the *solitaire*, and we drove away amid the jeers and laughter of the street crowd, for an hour we returned; Indiman was plaudibly smoking and working on his *solitaire*.

"You were successful, *señor*?"

"No; but I have hopes."

"Ah! Well, good day, gentlemen. Come again."

"Of course there was nothing," said Indiman to me as we drove home. "I even went through every halfpenny."



The squat, ungainly figure had fallen forward upon the counter



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<b>ASSETS</b>	
Loans and Discounts . . . . .	\$22,827,102.49
Due from Banks . . . . .	1,809,132.52
Banking Houses and Lots . . . . .	1,534,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc. . . . .	1,024,195.34
Cash and Ch's on other Banks . . . . .	9,386,064.23
	<b>\$36,565,818.54</b>
<b>LIABILITIES</b>	
Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits . . . . .	\$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check . . . . .	31,349,710.76
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ingly. Then she stopped and went white. It was not the knife of her, but the green of space and over it he had pasted a small *carte-de-visite* photograph—that of a man dressed in the coarse uniform of one of the Russian penal settlements, white plainly visible on the right shoulder as the breast of the coat, a small red arrow. With lightning swiftness Indiman leaped forward and twitched the wig from L. Heratole's head; the man himself was there before our eyes. Brownson and his hangers stood at the door, resolvers in hand. But there was no need. The squat, ungainly figure had fallen forward upon the counter, crushing the horrible nightmare of a hat of which I have an extra spoken, and which, quite by chance, as it seemed, had been lying there. Brownson sprang forward and raised the limp body. The red woman apple had been broken into a dozen pieces. Among them lay the fragments of a fragile glass vial, and the smell of almonds was in the air.  
 "Prussic acid," said Brownson, sententiously. "He wasn't the kind to be taken alive."  
 Indiman mechanically turned over the last card; it was the knife of her, and the fastidious silhouette of the "bridge" had been made at last. He slipped the cards into his pocket and rose to go. "Brownson," he said, with a little catch in his voice, "I hadn't thought it would come to this, but it had to be. I suppose, have him put away decently, and send the account to me."  
 "Very good, sir. But ain't it a pity about the letter. However, we can take a good look now, and maybe we'll turn it up yet."  
 "Perhaps so," said Indiman.

"His real name was Grilbyoff, and he was implicated in the famous assassination of Prince Trapsky," said Indiman to me as we sat over our cigars that night. "A desperate fellow, one of the 'Blacks' you know. I picked his picture out in a moment at Police Headquarters, after seeing his reflection in the mirror. I knew it was necessary to surprise him, and so I borrowed the photograph and used it to impersonate the quack optician etc. Just for an instant he lost his nerve, but that was enough."  
 "But as Brownson said, how about the letter?"  
 Indiman drew from his pocket the wig to which the curl papers were still attached. He unrolled one and showed it to me. "I could see that the strip was written in French on one side of the paper and in violet ink. "It will be easy enough to piece it together again," he said. "Plain enough now, isn't it, why L. Heratole raved to all his life after Brownson's men rummaged table-drawers and chair-seats. The letter was safe until the time should come to use it, only it never came."  
 "I suppose you are going abroad?"  
 "I shall sail Thursday."  
 "And you will be gone how long?"  
 "That depends, doesn't it, upon the pleasure of that most gracious lady, the Countess Gile. I may be back by August, and in that case I will make an engagement with you. We will take a ride together on a trolley-car."  
 "Agreed," said I.

Here ends the "Adventure of the Queen of Spades."

**Franklin Pierce and the Orator**

FRANKLIN PIERCE, at the time of his nomination for the Presidency, in 1852, was scarcely known to the public at large. When a well-known orator was addressing a Democratic meeting, The chairman whispered the name of the candidate to him. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have the honor to announce to you the nomination for President of that great statesman, that illustrious citizen, that noble man whose name no one knows wherever the flag flies—whose name is a household word—whose motto is 'None other'—(turning to the chairman) "what does the dickens do you say his name was?"



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A new industry is offering itself to the farmers and manufacturers of the United States. The fact that twenty-five million dollars' worth of goatskins are now annually imported into the United States, and that our enterprising manufacturers are now obliged to send half-way around the world for a large share of them, suggests that the farmers of the country have a great opportunity to put a large share of this sum into their own pockets, and that the entire sum may be divided between our producers and manufacturers. Importations of goatskins into the United States now amount to about twenty-five million dollars per annum, and a large share of these are brought from India, China, Arabia, and southeastern Russia. The increasing popularity of certain classes of kid leather for footwear, as well as gloves, has greatly increased the demand for goatskins in the United States within recent years. In 1883 the value of goatskins imported was about four million dollars; by 1900 it had grown to nine millions, by 1906 it was fifteen millions, in 1909 it was twenty-two millions, and in 1905, in round numbers, twenty-five millions. The farmers of the United States are apparently making no effort to reap any part of this golden harvest for themselves. The census of 1909 showed the total number of goats in the United States to be less than two millions in number, and when it is understood that the skins of probably twenty million goats were required to make the twenty-five million dollars' worth imported last year, it would be seen that the supply from the United States could have furnished but a small share of the total consumption. Yet the fact that a large share of our supply of this important import comes from India, China, France, and Mexico suggests that there are large areas in the United States which might produce goats successfully and in sufficiently large numbers to supply the entire home demand.



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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

## HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## COMMENT

The lively interest exhibited all over the United States in the Majority contest in the City of New York bears witness to the importance of the effort that will be produced by the example of the commercial metropolis on the cause of good municipal government. The interest is not due to the assumption that the outcome of the contest will have a material bearing on the question whether the electoral votes of the State of New York shall be given in 1904 to the Republican or to the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The enormous popularity obtained last year in the City of New York by Mr. Coles, as a candidate for the Governorship, must be accepted as a conclusive proof that honest Democrats will have nothing to lose in 1904 by Mayor Low's re-election. On the contrary, the influence of reputable New York Democrats in the national convention of their party will be sensibly increased by a second defeat of Tammany Hall. The national Democracy has never had any reason to regret ignoring the wishes of that organization. On the contrary, on the only two occasions since the civil war when it has managed to acquire control of the Federal government, it has achieved success by putting forward a candidate who had been furiously assailed by spokesmen of Tammany Hall on the floor of the convention. Tammany Hall, in office or out of office, is as powerless to assure the election of a weak candidate for the Presidency as it is to defeat the election of a strong one.

Democrats of the South, of the West, and of the East will do well to recall the events of 1864 and of 1892 when any attempt is made to convince them that the triumph of their next nominee for the office of Chief Magistrate is in any wise bound up with Colonel McClellan's attainment of the Majority in New York city. The latter's sole hope of beating Mayor Low lies in the dishonest effort of his partisans to confuse the public mind concerning the pivotal issue in the canvass. At the hour when we write, the effort seems destined to be futile. There is not a single clear-sighted and upright Democrat in New York who does not repudiate the assertion made by Colonel McClellan in his speech of acceptance that the public acts of the members of the Low administration have been prompted by a desire to influence the Presidential election next year. Especially is it ridiculous to accuse them of having turned the police force into a weapon of political terrorism for use on election day in 1904. The patent truth is that, since General Greave became Police Commissioner, there has been a merciless extirpation from the Police Department of the infamous practices encouraged under the Tammany régime, the practices of conniving at gambling and of blackmailing vice. Already the police force is relatively clean, and good citizens may reasonably look forward to its complete rehabilitation if a second term of the Low administration is secured. It is almost incredible that Colonel McClellan should fail to recognize the vast improvement in this department of the Low administration; that he should single it out for dispr-

approval reflects no credit on his personal candor and trustworthiness.

Colonel McClellan, in his speech of acceptance, went on to denounce the repudiation of Messrs. Grout and Farnes by the fusionists as a crowning act of inconsistency, which has stamped their professions of non-partisanship with hypocrisy. If the fusionists, he said, had really wanted a non-partisan municipal government, they would have allowed Messrs. Grout and Farnes to remain upon their ticket. Unfortunately for the effect of Colonel McClellan's imputation of partisanship to his opponents, Mr. Grout a few minutes later not only accepted the Tammany nomination for Controller, but went on to pledge his support to McClellan and all the other Tammany nominees. This public confession of his real predilections and intentions has, of course, put an end to the ridiculous purpose at our time entertained by him, the purpose, namely, of appealing to the courts to compel the Citizens' Union and the Republicans to retain his name upon their ballots. Now that Mr. Grout has been constrained to reveal himself in his true colors, he will be distrusted on all sides, and it looks as if he, at least, were certain to be beaten, no matter what may be the result of the contest between Low and McClellan. At the hour when we write, a large majority of the Brooklyn Democrats belonging to the organization headed by Mr. McLaughlin are confirmed in their resolve not to vote for Messrs. Grout and Farnes, who, under the circumstances, should run behind their ticket by tens of thousands of votes.

No more wholesome and bracing incident in political life could be imagined than the contemptuous rebuke at the ballot-box of Grout's wily and double-faced attempt to secure a nomination from two parties irrevocably opposed to one another. It is now plain enough to every one that if Grout had been allowed to remain upon the fusionist ticket he would have been a traitor in the camp. Exposed as his character now is, he is a loss that Tammany Hall would find it hard to carry even if he had not been publicly repudiated by Mr. McLaughlin. We await with interest the announcement of the view which Mr. Edward M. Shepard will take of the situation. We do not see how any clear-headed and sound-hearted man can deny the truth of the avowal made by Mayor Low in his letter of acceptance that he who is not for the welfare of the city as above every other consideration whatever is against it. Mr. Lewis Nixon, in a letter to the Metropolitan Democratic Club, seems distinctly to intimate the opinion that all high-minded Democrats ought to vote against the candidate of Tammany Hall under its present management. What other inference can be drawn from his statement that those who are Democrats from conviction feel that they should stand together at this time, and spare no effort to bring about such a condition that they can say without fear of contradiction that the party machinery, on the Democratic side at least, is not employed for private gain? That he also approves of the repudiation of Grout by Mr. McLaughlin seems evident from his further assertion that it is essential that no one overpowering influence should dominate all the boroughs in the city of New York.

Mr. Grout said at the Hoffman House on Saturday, October 10, that, as between Mr. Low and the "clean and manly candidate" of a party which, "in the past two years, has steadily done so much to clear itself of the faults" which he and others formerly charged against it, he should support McClellan. Mr. Grout omitted to explain what Tammany Hall had done to rehabilitate itself during the last two years. There is no doubt that it has made professions of good intentions, as it made them in the canvass preceding the municipal election of 1901. But what has it done, or for that matter, had the opportunity of doing? Well, it has put on its ticket Messrs. Grout and Farnes, who, previously, had been nominated by the fusionists. Obviously, however, this was a trick in order to rescue from defeat its candidate for Mayor, who would have a vast appointing power. As to McClellan's "cleanness" and "manliness," these are qualifications which were attributed to Mr. Robert Van Wyck before he was elected Mayor, and which, at that time, were not disputed by his political opponents. The question of vital moment to citizens of New York is, not whether the next Mayor has hitherto been looked upon as "clean" and



"manly," or, in other words, as a decent man, but whether he will deem it his duty to make such municipal appointments as shall be dictated to him by his political creators. That is the sole point worth considering, and nobody could put it more sharply than it was put by Mr. Low in the speech made by him in Brooklyn on Saturday, October 10.

The question with which voters have to deal in the present campaign is not, he said, whether this or that candidate has hitherto been regarded as respectable, but whether Tammany Hall is to be suffered to regain control of the great municipality. He was sure that the question would be answered by all honest men according to their conception of the nature and animating motive of Tammany Hall. Several well-known definitions of that body were quoted. George William Curtis once defined Tammany Hall as an "organized appetit." Mr. Groot described it two years ago as "a stench in the nostrils" and a "financial syndicate." It was not, Mr. Groot said, a "political party" at all, but a "mere business investment"; a combine into which some people put money and put time, in order that they may get more money out of it. Mr. Croker avowed the animating motive of Tammany Hall when he defined his own object in politics to be "to work for his own pocket all the time." Mr. Low suggested that Tammany could scarcely be assumed to have changed its nature because Mr. Croker is living off its profits in England, or because Mr. Murphy has transferred his activities from the Dock Board to Fourteenth Street. Of course Tammany is the same self-seeking organization that it always has been, bent on getting rich at the public expense. Mr. Low was right, moreover, in asserting that at this juncture the Greater New York is confronted with a graver danger than it ever before encountered; for, if Mr. Murphy's avowed determination to Tammanize Brooklyn shall be carried out, one of the chief safeguards of municipal safety will have been demolished, and the disgraces of the past will pale before those that shall stain the future.

Mr. Low sees, and he made his auditors in Brooklyn recognize, that Colonel McClellan's personal character offers no guarantee of security. It is precisely Mr. McClellan's narrow conception of loyalty, his conception of obligation to the nominating power, that constitutes the most perilous element in the existing situation. It was just such a conception of loyalty to his political creator that proved ruinous to Mayor Van Wyck's reputation and calamitous to the city of New York. How far Mr. McClellan's sense of obligation would be likely to carry him hereafter may be measured by the extent to which it has carried him already. Mr. Low reminds us that two years ago, when the city was horror-struck at the infamies engendered or fostered under the Van Wyck administration, Mr. McClellan could find in his "clean and manly" heart to say: "We meet here to-night to endorse the Democratic administration that has been provided over so ably and so successfully by that unwavering and fearless Democrat, Robert A. Van Wyck. We have no apologies to offer. We have nothing for which to apologize. We have done well. Ours is the credit, and ours the honor." Is it not obvious that the nomination this year of the man who could make such a speech as that is a challenge flung in the face of decent Democrats by Tammany Hall? It amounts, as Mayor Low well says, to a demand that clean and upright citizens shall admit to the red-light district, with all its horrors, was something to be proud of; that the conversion of the police force from an instrument the object of which is to enforce the law, into an organization for the systematic sale of law, was a thing to be commended; and that, in general, the mercenary spirit which breeds dishonesty in the public service is a spirit to be nurtured and sustained by public approval, instead of being visited with the severest condemnation.

It is no time to be mealy-mouthed or to mince matters in speaking of the amazing presumption exhibited by Mr. McClellan in seeking the Mayoralty of New York after his defiant declaration that no apology was needed for the Van Wyck administration. Mr. Low is perfectly right in saying that no nomination within the range of possibility, unless it had been the re-nomination of Mayor Van Wyck himself, could have raised the issue between good and bad municipal govern-

ment so sharply and unmistakably as it is raised by the nomination of the young man who could bring himself to utter the words that we have quoted above. To those supporters of Mr. McClellan who talk about Tammany Hall's ability to regenerate itself, and who take Mr. Tilden's omeu to vain, Mr. Low concedes that Mr. Tilden threw himself with all his power into the effort to purge Tammany Hall of Tweed and his iniquities; but he adds that he never heard that, two years after the overthrow of Tweed, Mr. Tilden lent his support to the election of a Mayor who had brazenly said of the Tweed régime that the Democracy had nothing to apologize for, but that, on the contrary, all the credit of that infamous régime was theirs.

According to a telegram from Washington, Senator Foraker has told the President that the Republicans are certain of overwhelming success at the approaching election in Ohio. Colonel Herrick, the Republican candidate for Governor, will have, he said, anywhere from 60,000 to 100,000 majority, and the Legislature will be Republican on joint ballot by from thirty-one to forty-two votes, thus insuring the return of Mr. Hanna to the United States Senate. It is difficult to reconcile this profession of confidence with the Macedonian cry for help sent forth by Mr. Hanna's managers to leading Republicans all over the Union. Not only a number of United States Senators, but several members of the cabinet, have agreed to stump the State, and on Friday, October 9, Secretary-of-the-Treasury Shaw made the first speech of his Ohio tour. Mayor Johnson, the Democratic nominee for the Governorship, and Mr. John H. Clarke, the Democratic candidate for Mr. Hanna's seat in the United States Senate, will have an easy time of it if they have no more effective opposition to cope with than that presented in the free-trade bogie put forward by Mr. Shaw. As a matter of fact, the voters of Ohio are particularly well informed, and they are likely to resent the imputation that they are densely ignorant of recent political history, an imputation involved in the Secretary's assertion that the Democracy propose to throw our commercial doors wide open for the free importation of all the products of foreign labor.

Mr. Shaw says that the Democrats urge that if the American people will but allow Europe to clothe them and to furnish them with glass, earthenware, hardware, steel rails, structural iron, and everything else produced in the United States, they will thus secure a wonderful export trade. We shall be obliged to the Secretary of the Treasury if he will point us to any proof that the Democracy demand a tariff for revenue only. No such purpose was embodied in the Wilson bill, even as originally framed, and Mr. Cleveland, in the famous message which has been supposed to have impaired his prospects in 1888, expressly disclaimed any purpose of destroying such American industries as has been built up by protection and as still needed its fostering influence. We should have said that if anything is clear to American voters not willfully blind, it is the present attitude of the great majority of Democratic leaders toward the tariff. That attitude is limited to three demands:—first, that the tariff shall be lowered so as to prevent the harmful accumulation of surplus customs revenue in the vaults of the Federal Treasury; secondly, that the tariff shall be reduced as regards all trust products which can be and are sold abroad more cheaply than they are sold to American consumers; thirdly, that the reciprocity clauses of the McKinley act shall be promptly turned to full account, on the ground that otherwise the intention of their framers will be set at naught and American consumers defrauded. These fiscal reforms are practicable, and they constitute about all that the people have any chance of obtaining so long as the Republicans retain a great preponderance in the United States Senate. The notion that at this time of day the Democrats of the country are demanding unlimited free trade is preposterous, and Mr. Shaw must know it. The fact that he should think it needful to resort to such a scarecrow indicates that he is hard put to it for campaign ammunition and that he is uneasy about the outcome of the contest in Ohio. We infer that his apprehensions are shared by Senator Hanna; otherwise the latter would scarcely betray the bitterness which now for the first time he exhibits in speeches on the stump.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, the editor of which is well known to be a personal friend of Mr. Cleveland's, undertakes

in a recent issue to allay the alarm evinced by the Washington *Star* lest the admirers of the ex-President should insist upon making him next year the Democratic candidate for the office of Chief Magistrate. The *Star* had begun by admitting that while no American citizen had for three terms occupied the White House, it was equally true that no American citizen who has become Chief Magistrate through the death of his predecessor has ever been elected President. The *Star* undertakes to draw a distinction between these two precedents, on the ground that no warning has ever been uttered by any statesman against electing to the Presidency a man who has succeeded to it through a death. For that matter it might be pointed out to the Washington *Star* that no American statesman, not personally interested, has ever uttered a warning against electing a citizen to the office of President for three terms, when the three terms would not be consecutive. The objections to Grant in 1869 were manifestly hollow, and put forward in the interest of Blaine. Should Mr. Cleveland be invited by the people to re-enter the White House on March 4, 1905, no fewer than eight years will have elapsed since he left it. It is absolutely absurd to suppose that any harm could be done to the spirit or working of our institutions by Mr. Cleveland's acceptance of the Presidency under such circumstances.

It is generally taken for granted that the President in his message to Congress will announce what he purposes to do with reference to the transisthmian waterway, in view of Colombia's refusal to ratify the canal treaty. Senator Morgan of Alabama holds, as we have said, that Mr. Roosevelt is bound to regard the "reasonable time" allowed him by the Spouter act as already lapsed, and to make known to Congress his purpose to proceed immediately to secure from Nicaragua and Costa Rica the franchises needed for the construction of a canal by the alternative route. It may be, however, that the Bogota Congress, before the close of its extra session, will pursue such a course as would justify the President in waiting somewhat longer before renouncing definitely the hope of constructing a canal by the route which expert engineers have pronounced incomparably the best. Suppose, for instance, the Bogota Congress should abandon the attempt to extort any more money from the United States or from the French Canal Company, and should confine itself to a request that the provisions of the treaty relating to jurisdiction might be modified so as not to violate the Colombian Constitution; our State Department might then deem it reasonable to consider at least the question whether such modifications would not be tolerable in themselves and acceptable to the United States Senate. That some overture will presently be made to us by the Marroquin government seems certain, in view of the fact that the Bogota politicians of all parties will face a very grave responsibility if they permit Congress to adjourn without taking any steps toward the conclusion of a canal treaty, and thus provoke the province of Panama to declare itself independent.

The strife between Japan and Russia in the Far East springs from economic causes, and is therefore inevitable. In the view of both parties, the actual outbreak of hostilities has been, from the first, only a question of time and preparation. The moving force in Japan's case is self-evident: an immense population, full of energy and enterprise, shut up within a narrow territory. With an area of less than a hundred and fifty thousand square miles, Japan has a population of over forty-five millions, a large part of which is crowded together with a density of from four to five hundred to the square mile. Japan compares advantageously with Germany, in both size and numbers, if Bavaria be left out. As in Germany, the question of a future outlet dominates all others. Korea, separated from Japan by a narrow strait, with a population of perhaps eight millions, spread over eighty thousand square miles, and with great untouched resources, is for Japan a Promised Land, the goal of centuries of ambition. Manchuria, with the immense area of three hundred and sixty thousand square miles, sparsely peopled by some eight millions, is a prospective paradise. The Japanese have, therefore, dreamed of a great empire, of nearly half a million square miles, which, with their energy and resources, would make them one of the greatest of nations. They actually effected a landing through the war of 1895 with China, and occupied the peninsula of the Respect's Sward, on which Port Arthur and Dalny stand.

By the Shimonoseki treaty of May, 1895, Japan, under the combined pressure of Russia, Germany, and France, reluctantly abandoned her foothold on the mainland, taking the island of Formosa in compensation. Thereupon China leased the Port Arthur territory to Russia, with a narrow strip connecting the port with the Siberian railroad, Germany at the same time getting a leased tract at Liao-chau, while England entered Wei-hai-wai on the same terms. There has at no time been any question of Russia's relinquishing the leased areas of Port Arthur and the railroad, and great verbal confusion has been caused by speaking of it as if she had pledged herself to evacuate them. The evacuation applies to the areas outside the leased tracts, which Russia occupied much later, during the Boxer uprisings, which threatened the destruction of her railroad and ports.

Russia's presence in Manchuria is also the result of economic causes. Already far the largest of white nations, with a population of one hundred and forty millions, she is also the most rapidly growing, the birth-rate among Russians of pure race being the largest in the world. As a result, Russia will probably have a population of some two hundred millions within twenty-five years, and five hundred millions within a century. European Russia is already feeling the pressure of these vast masses of people, and colonists are finding their way to Siberia in a great and increasing stream, which already amounts to more than a quarter of a million yearly. It is probable that, before the century closes, Asiatic Russia and Siberia will have a population of two hundred millions, with a territory of over six million square miles, much of which is, however, a wilderness. The best Siberian land closely resembles the western provinces of Canada, and has similar resources. We have, therefore, an area about equal to that of the whole North-American continent, with a prospective population of two hundred millions, yet without a single ice-free port—until Port Arthur was leased from China. It is as though the whole of North America, with twice its present population, were compelled to carry on its commerce by the St. Lawrence River and to suspend it during the winter months. This is the future problem that Russia has, for the last dozen years, been straining every nerve to meet, at a cost of much sacrifice and even impoverishment of the present agricultural population, who are called on to furnish an insurance for their children. She saw her only possible doorway to the sea threatened by a coalescence of the yellow races, and she has, perhaps, somewhat overtaxed her strength in trying to prevent this.

Great hopes were expressed in both London and Paris that the Anglo-French understanding, and the recent steps for the conclusion of an arbitration treaty between England and France, would do much to mitigate the Far-Eastern crisis. France, of course, as the ally of Russia, as well as the largest holder of Russian securities, has the strongest interest in preventing anything which might tend to the detriment of her friend, while England is very apprehensive of being dragged, against her will, into the military whirlpool—something which neither the condition of the War Office and the Balfour cabinet nor the present depression in financial circles is likely to incline her to. England is haunted by the fear that her first act of participation against Russia would be the signal for an invasion of India, which is, of course, no less than the truth; and an invasion of India, whether successful or not, could not be otherwise than a calamity. So much is this so that it is in the last degree doubtful whether, were the question of a treaty of alliance with Japan to come up again, any English party would consent to it; the feeling of England has so completely changed in many things since the Boer war, and even Mr. Balfour found nothing too good to say about Russia's work of peace in the Balkans. We may be quite certain, therefore, that England views the prospect of a war in the Far East with genuine alarm, and will do all in her power to mitigate and mollify the hostile spirit. And France, for equally sound reasons, is not less earnestly on the side of peace.

It seems that in Kansas, where the unexpected often happens, a breed of mule-footed hops is becoming prevalent enough to be noticed. A correspondent of the *Kansas City Star*, who lives in Labette, Kansas, protests against the incoherency of persons who doubt the existence of these hops.

and says he raises them himself, and has them on foot at his farm ready to be seen. The first, he says, were brought from the South Sea islands forty-six years ago and turned loose in certain mountains of Indian Territory. He says they are exemplary hogs, and since he tried them he has raised no other kind. It may be disputed, however, whether a mule foot, novel and interesting as it is, is really any help to a hog. The variation has taken the wrong turn. A large number of our Jewish fellow citizens are estopped by the Levitical prohibition from using pork as an article of diet. Clever-footed animals that chewed the cud were recommended to the Hebrews as fit for food, but the swine, says the Scripture, "though he divide the hoof, yet he cheweth not the cud; he is unclean to you." Evidently a mule-footed hog that does not even divide the hoof would be even more unclean than the common kind. But if some one will train up a breed of hogs that will chew the cud, that may be worth while, as making bacon, pork, ham, and sausage available for persons who now avoid them for conscience' sake.

To us Americans German justice often seems a curious thing, especially when it deals with the brutalities of military officers. There was no military complication about the offence of Dippold, the tutor who fogged to death the fourteen-year-old son of Director Koch of the Deutsche Bank. He was tried and convicted. The evidence showed that he was a dangerous and revolting degenerate. His sentence was—what do you think! Death! Life imprisonment! No; neither. A Berlin despatch says that he was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. It says the people in the court-room were incensed at the prisoner, and cursed and threatened him, but it does not suggest that the sentence seemed insufficient. American justice is uncertain and too easily evaded. It is nothing to brag of. It might have fogged Dippold insane, and sent him to a mad-house, but it is hard to conceive of its giving him no more than eight years in prison, unless judge and jury were restrained by a statute.

Surgeon-General O'Reilly reports 1830 cases of alcoholism in the army last year, and 15,000 cases of disease due to personal licentiousness. He thinks the restoration of the post-exchange system of selling beer and light wines in barracks would result in an improved showing in both of these particulars. Whereupon the *New York Evening Post* comments derisively, calling the Surgeon-General's recommendation "remarkable," and asking why, if beer close at hand is really a cure for too much beer outside the barracks, we should not have a little gambling in the post to cure the passion for a great deal in civilian resorts. The *Post* affects more significance of comprehension in this matter than is consistent with its prosperity as a newspaper. The *Post* might take its usual stimulants in the back parlors of a red-light district instead of at its own dinner-table without perceptible prejudice to its morals, because the *Post* is a respectable citizen a hundred years old. But of course it makes a vast difference whether a lot of young soldiers drink their beer in decent places under reasonable supervision, or in dives where all manner of dangerous temptations invite them. A little gambling (penny-ante) in the post would be better than a great deal outside, but gambling is not so susceptible of restriction and control as drinking, and it has never been proposed to allow it in the post-exchanges. We regret to think that the *Post* is on the side of prejudice and bad morals in the post-exchange matter. It expects from the enlisted men of the army a degree of abstemiousness which it would not dream of attempting to exact from its own employees. Its attitude and its arguments on the canteen question are out of keeping with its position as a mature journal that has seen something of life.

In view of reports called from Berlin, that considerable bitterness had been aroused in Germany by the declaration of Professor Small of Chicago that Germany is determined to provoke war with the United States, Professor Small of Chicago has announced that a wrong inference was drawn from his words. There really is a Professor Small in Chicago. His name is Abner W. Small, and he is professor of sociology in the University of Chicago; an erudite person, who was born in Maine, has studied in Maine, Massachusetts, Germany, and Baltimore, and has been a minister and a

college president. Still it is not apparent why Germany is so rattled by his remarks, unless it is that his wife is a native of Berlin. They seem to take professors harder in Germany than they are taken here. But Mr. Small says there won't be any war, since we are going to have no many ships that it will not pay to fight us.

Pretty nearly a foot of water fell in New York and its neighborhood on October 8 and 9. Ten and four-hundredths inches fell in thirty-one and a half hours. Our average annual rainfall in New York is estimated at 44.8, so that we got nearly one-fourth of a year's supply in less than a day and a half. The storm beat all the Weather Bureau's records for these parts. It extended in great force up the Atlantic coast from Virginia, flooding the old "Middle States" and reaching the northern extremity of New York State. Comparatively few lives were lost, but a vast amount of damage was done by flood, especially in New Jersey, where Paterson and Passaic in particular, suffered very severely, and narrowly escaped much worse usage than they got.

Dowie professes that his special purpose in coming to New York is to convert Wall Street. He will find it particularly ripe for repentance. It has had severe discipline and heart-rending griefs, and was never more anxious to be so good and deserve the confidence of the country. There may not be Wall Street individuals who are not personally eager to be themselves brought to a sense of sin, but they all seem concerned that seats on the anxious bench should be reserved for their brethren. There never was a better time for a strong upward movement in righteousness, but how much Dowie can promote it is another question. He seems himself to be of a strongly speculative turn, and has risked a good deal of money and staked much of his prestige on what looks like a thoroughly crazy enterprise. Our local clergy by no means recognize him as a preacher of sound religion. He will get neither aid nor countenance from them, and though he and his hosts will undoubtedly stir the public curiosity and draw crowds, he will be a clever man if he can prevent his crusade from ending in a farce.

An electric car running on the Marionfelde-Zossen experimental line in Germany reached, on October 6, a speed of 125 4-5 miles an hour. Passengers are carried at that rate, and live to tell about it. The car used has four motors having between them about 1100 horse-power. Further experiments are likely to show speeds considerably higher, and the attainment of a velocity of 150 miles an hour is not unlikely. Whether this is to be the speed of fast trains on future railroads is open to discussion. The limit to possible speed no discerning observer is ready to define yet. The limit of speed at which passengers will ever consent to be hauled or railroad companies can ever afford to haul them will probably be considerably lower, but the facts are not yet forthcoming for the calculation of even that.

Thomas Kidd, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, is quoted as making the interesting suggestion that if the anti-boycott associations and associations of employers keep on using unions for damages and thereby tying up their funds, three hundred million dollars may be withdrawn from the banks and savings institutions of the country. Mr. Kidd thinks that would make a lot of trouble. Savings-banks, he guesses, would go down by the score, ruin would be started on all the banks in the country, and there would be a panic. Well, well! And where is he going to get his hands on so much money? He says the trustees of the country have a hundred millions on deposit, and that the individual members of the unions have two hundred millions more. He does not expect to see all the vast sum ordered out, "but I do believe," he says, "that as a matter of self-preservation this step will become necessary." Go chase yourself, Mr. Kidd! You are over sanguine. Without discussing whether the unions and the union men have command of so much dough, or whether its withdrawal would produce the effect that you anticipate, is it conceivable that the union workers of the country could find their advantage in unhooking all the banks and bringing on a panic? Would work be more abundant or wages higher after it? Are they the sort of folk who will sit on a limb and saw it off, under orders, between them and the tree?

## The Expected War between Japan and Russia

The latest news from the Far East confirms the belief that the interests of Japan and Russia are essentially irreconcilable by negotiation, and that a reference of them to the arbitration of war cannot be long averted. Nor can it be denied that, owing to the course pursued, with regard, first, to Manchuria, and, secondly, to Korea, the Petersburg government on entering the contest would lack the sympathy of Western peoples, which, by reason of racial affinity, it naturally would receive. The series of provocations under which the Russians are smarting began about eight years ago, when Russia refused to permit them to reap the fruits of their triumph over China, and compelled them to retrocede the Liau-tung, or Regent's Sword, peninsula, which had been surrendered to them by the Treaty of Shimonoeki. It is true that, in lieu of this territory, China agreed to pay an additional pecuniary indemnity, and it is probable that the Tsar's government, which profited all the more by the Tsar's government, which profited all the more without much resentment had the peninsula remained under Chinese sovereignty. But it was inevitable that the Japanese should be wrought to exasperation when Russia extorted for herself from China the tract of which they had been deprived, a tract exceptionally valuable, not only on account of its commercial relation to Manchuria, but also containing the naval fortress of Port Arthur, which commands at once the Gulf of Pechili and the Yellow Sea. From that hour the Mikado's advisers have been under no illusions with respect to the ultimate designs of Russia upon the three great provinces comprising the region known to us as Chinese Manchuria; and, undoubtedly, they would have tried years ago, before the completion of the Trans-Manchurian Railway, to oust Russia from her claim of advantage could they have relied on the neutrality of the other maritime powers. But for a number of years Russia has been in a case of need, without the cooperation of France, if not of Germany, and that Japan, for her part, would have no counterbalancing support. The situation was materially changed by the treaty concluded between Japan and Great Britain, whereby the latter power agreed to assist the former should she be assailed by more than one antagonist. Meanwhile, it seemed possible that the pressure exerted by the United States on Russia in connection with the maintenance of an open door in Manchuria might qualify, if not mitigate, the effect of Russia's control of the Liau-tung peninsula and of the Manchurian branch of the Trans-Manchurian Railway. For a time events seemed to warrant an optimistic view of the immediate future, for on April 8, 1902, Russia and China signed a convention, in pursuance of which the evacuation of the three Manchurian provinces was to be carried out in three successive periods of six months each, the expiration of the first of which it is true that the convention was not ratified, but, subsequently, the Petersburg government pledged itself in writing to the United States that the evacuation should begin on October 8, 1903. Skeptical as to the fulfillment of this pledge, the Mikado's advisers are understood to have proposed to renounce opposition to the practical absorption of Manchuria by Russia, provided the latter power, in return, would recognize Korea as exclusively within Japan's sphere of influence. This proposal, we are told, has been cordially rejected by the Viceroy of the Russian possessions in the Far East on the extraordinary ground that Japan has nothing to do with the Manchurian question, and a counter offer has been made to divide Korea, Russia reserving the northern half, and conceding to Japan the southern half, of the Hermit Kingdom. In view of this imperious rejection of the compromise suggestion we heard without surprise that a body of Japanese troops had been despatched to Korea, and that a very much larger force was in readiness to follow. Russia, on her side, had already encroached on the territorial independence of Korea. On the pretence of turning to account the lease of a timber tract, she had placed soldiers on the southern bank of the Yalu River, which forms the boundary between Korea and Russian Manchuria.

Such is the state of things at this hour when we write. It is obvious that the truce is proposed, and that a spark may cause a conflagration. October 8 has come and gone, yet the Russians have made no pretence of keeping the promise given to the United States to begin on that day the evacuation of Manchuria. Moreover, we learn by a telegram from Yokohama, dated October 11, that M. Lamer, the Russian minister to China, has announced that the Manchurian evacuation has been deferred above, has lapsed. If, in addition to its repudiation of the pledge concerning Manchuria, the Russian government shall adhere to the position that only the southern half of Korea will be recognized as within Japan's sphere of influence, it will probably prove impossible for the Mikado to restrain the warlike ardor of his subjects. It is true that negotiations concerning the Korean question are still going on between Japan and the Russian Viceroy, and there is no doubt that a santer so vital will be referred to Peking. It is also true that both England and France are doing their utmost to avert a collision, because they do not want to be drawn into the conflict. The British Foreign Office, however, cannot reasonably expect the Japanese to submit to ex-

clusion, not only from Manchuria, but from the northern half of Korea, while, on the other hand, the French Foreign Office may find it extremely difficult to persuade Russia to concede the whole of the Korean peninsula to Japan. They may find it difficult, because, since the retirement of Mr. Witte from the Ministry of Finance, the war party is in the ascendant at Petersburg, and the war party believes that Russia is entirely competent to deal the single-handed with Japan, both on land and on the sea. The single-handedness is based partly on a mistaken estimate of the military and naval efficiency of the Japanese, and partly on the fact that nearly a quarter of a million of Russian soldiers have been collected in the region between the Amur River and Port Arthur, while almost all of the best vessels in the Russian war fleet have been assembled in Far Eastern waters.

There are good grounds for the opinion that the Russians underestimate the military and naval efficiency of the Japanese. It would probably be easy to show that, of all the contingents that took part in the recent expedition of the allied powers against Peking, the Japanese force was the most efficient, by applying to the several commanders the test which was applied to the Greek captains after Salamis, when each of them, it will be remembered, claimed the highest credit for himself, but gave the next highest credit to Themistocles. It is certain that, for courage and discipline, the Japanese soldiers proved second to none, and it is not likely that they would have captured the Empress-Regent, and thus have cut the knot of the Chinese entanglement, had they not been forbidden to do so by the representative of another contingent in the allied force. The Russian common soldier is brave and does not know when he is beaten, but this is the very characteristic of the Japanese, and with respect to technical training it is probable that the Japanese officers are, on the whole, superior to the Russians. It is, therefore, by no means impossible that the first collision between Japanese and Russian troops may result in a humiliating surprise to the commander of the latter. As regards numbers, there is no doubt that Japan—provided she retains control of the sea—can land considerably more than a quarter of a million soldiers on the Asiatic mainland. It should also be incomparably easier for her to keep them supplied with food and ammunition, for their opponents in Manchuria and Korea will fight at an immense distance from their base, which will be, of course, European Russia.

We have been assured that Japan will retain control of the sea, it being obvious that, should she be deprived of such ascendancy, she would not only lose Korea, but herself be exposed to invasion. A comparison of Russian and Japanese naval strength will be found in another column. The capabilities of Japanese seamen and naval engineers were tested in the great battle off the Yalu River, where, as will be remembered, with cruisers alone, they lost several armored battle-ships, some of which were commanded by Europeans. Notably, the Japanese torpedo-boats did not hesitate to attack and capture the Chinese fleet anchored in the harbor and under the forts of Wei-hai-Wei. For a long time the efficiency of the personnel of the Russian fleet has not been tested. Russian ships took part in the battle of Navarino, but that was three-quarters of a century ago. Since then they have done next to nothing, having made no attempt to face their British and French enemies during the Crimean war, and having had no adequate opportunity of testing their competence during the last war with Turkey. It remains to be seen whether the embarrassment, wastefulness, and regret, which crippled the Russian army a quarter of a century ago, will impair equally the fighting qualities of the Russian navy. Meanwhile, there is a widely current impression that the corruption which notoriously pervades Russia's military administration, provides her naval department also, in which event it may well happen that Russian war-ships, like the Spanish, when tried, will be found wanting.

## The War Forces in the Far East

The navies of Russia and Japan should first be considered. Japan can land troops only in Korea, to make an attack on Russia's position in Manchuria, if her transports are covered and guarded by powerful battle-ships and cruisers. At the same time she must guard her home ports against possible and even probable Russian attack. Therefore Japan, as she determined on her great anti-Russian campaign immediately after her war with China, saw that she absolutely needed, first of all, a powerful navy, and to gain a strong navy she set herself vigorously to work. In 1904 she launched two powerful battle-ships, the *Tashima* and *Fuji*, of over twelve thousand five hundred tons displacement, with armor belts of enormous thickness, not less than eighteen inches thick, almost all battle-ships, except those of Russia's Black Sea fleet, they have primary batteries of four twelve-inch guns each with secondary batteries of six ten-inch quick-firing guns, sixteen six-pounders, and five torpedo-tubes. They can steam about eighteen knots an hour, the average speed of Japan's first fighting line. In 1905 Japan followed these two battle-ships with six con-



and others who had suffered from the boycott inaugurated during the trolley strike of the spring would vote against any representative of that boycott. They believed that a conservative element in the unions themselves would take this time to rebuke a leadership whose aggressive methods during the trolley strike were popularly regarded as the exciting cause of riot, assault and murder. They did not fear the cry of "capitalist" against the sort of capitalist represented by Mr. Elton; nor the cry of "trust" in the case of a trust recognized as such. The Republicans, by continuing to keep labor, the Republicans were greatly helped in emphasizing the issue by the character of Mr. Lynde's two principal supporters, the men whose scheming and work secured him the nomination—the ex-president of the local trolley union and the president of the Central Labor Union. Both justly identified with the conduct of the trolley strike, and held jointly responsible for continuing it long after success was hopeless. Additionally the latter stood publicist committed to a similar aggressive policy to "bring the factories into their houses," having already made a beginning by securing a boycott of one large factory because of its manager's refusal to submit to the demand of the Buffers' Union and discharge a so-called "pacer." The issue then, as finally presented, was simply that of rebuking or endorsing unionism "pushed to the limit," with the menace of great loss for all, rich and poor alike, and possibly of the city's business.

The answer was the election of Mr. Elton by 577 majority, overcoming a normal Democratic majority of about 600, or a gain of some 1600 votes. The total vote, 6586, only 338 short of the largest ever cast (that at the Presidential election of 1900), was brought out almost without a campaign beyond newspaper discussion. The Waterbury papers contain graphic accounts of the strenuous early morning competition to vote which crowded the polling places beyond all precedent, so deeply was the city stirred. The membership of the Waterbury union is estimated at about 9000, with a voting strength of from 4000 to 5000. Mr. Elton's total vote having been 4782. These figures speak for themselves of the vote of unionism against unionism when "pushed to the limit." They carry cheer to every city and town which has shared Waterbury's experience in the assurance they give that courage will "win out" in the end; that the way to face the issue of unionism, as to face every other issue in American life, is to put the people squarely to the test.

## The American Business Man and His Vocation

In Pierre de Conleuvre's *Noblesse Américaine* a Frenchman's American wife, taken to visit Avidis, perplexes and scandalizes the venerable Marquis, her mother-in-law, by her slow appreciation of the glories of the saints whose devoted lives have immortalized that town. She even regrets, "in the stipulation of the Marquis," that St. Francis and St. Claire never married, and the discovery of the old adage about the saintliness of their own and naive leaves her still puzzled and still somewhat incredulous. Doubtless the author exaggerates her lack of imagination in spiritual concerns. Accepting her mother-in-law's discourse as true of the people it concerns, the still says:

"Ah! there will never be any saints in America."

"Who knows?" said the Marquis.

"No, no! I don't see an American divesting himself of his goods, preaching poverty, and talking to doves. Instead of St. Francis we shall maybe have men who will lessen poverty and make the world a more comfortable place."

We have had saints in America, though they may not have been canonized, and we have them now, and shall continue to have them, but there is a good deal of timely truth in this suggestion that the typical American who aspires nowadays to help his fellow-brains to conquer himself chiefly with the multiplication of material blessings. He does not withdraw from the world for the fuller development of his own spiritual nature, nor embrace poverty for his own soul's good, nor enjoy the patient endurance of it upon others as a source of spiritual advancement. Rather he looks upon it as an objectional condition, and seeks to abolish it altogether, for himself first of all, but incidentally for just as many other people as he can. The young American lady, with a pretty sound conception of the working of the contemporary American mind when she says, "We shall maybe have men who will lessen poverty and make the world a more comfortable place."

That truly seems the best of American energy in the most conspicuous of its current phases. If you ask the American business man why he works, he will tell you that it is to make a living. That is the chief compelling motive for labor in all lands, and it does not constitute an idiosyncrasy in the American that he should feel and acknowledge his love. But when he has made his living in simple measure and provided abundant sources of income for himself and his immediate descendants, does he stop? As a rule, he doesn't, and in that he is somewhat peculiar. He hoards driving ahead, as though, he said, still he should him, and though he loves to spend money, as well as to make it, and invites his soul and cultivates his taste and rests and enjoys himself as well as

he can, he is loath to give up work while his strength lasts, and usually he dies in the harness. To be sure, we have seen Mr. Carnegie and a number of his associates and rivals take advantage of an unusual opportunity to get out of the steel business, but that was an exceptional case, and most of the "retired" steel men are still proportionately active in affairs, and deep in all sorts of industrial enterprises.

It is matter of the commonest observation that the American business man's vocation takes a very strong hold on him. The reason why the saints stuck to self-abnegation, poverty, and good works was because they found that life empty remunerative. No other seemed to them so good, and for them discipline no other was so good, for the saints, all things considered, were happy people. The successful business man sticks to business for the same reason the saints stuck to saintliness—because it is his job and he likes it. When he has once become an important part of the great industrial machine, upon the working of which the progress of civilization so largely depends, the machine uses him even more than he uses the machine. For all that his profit may be great and his income unmanageable, he is still in a way a devoted man. Sometimes he talks on with conscious and willing self-sacrifice because he sees the immediate welfare of thousands of other people dependent upon his knowledge and discretion. Very often a sense of duty, which has stiffened into unconscious habit, binds him to the work which he can do best, and in which he is most useful. Often too he is loath to lay aside the power that he has won, and relinquish the advantages of a position which enables him to dispense benefits, offer opportunities, and directly influence the lives and fortunes of other men.

Very many American rich men who have made money in business give freely of their wealth to all sorts of good causes, but especially to institutions for education, which shall qualify young people to live more wisely, enjoy life better, and turn their natural abilities to better account. These benevolences are made possible by the profits of successful business enterprises, but lavish and frequent as they have come to be, and important as their results are to civilization, they are incomparably less important than the direct results of the business that has made them possible. Almost all the great fortunes are results of labor and enterprises which have created wealth by multiplying commodities, developing natural resources, or binding remote places together by railroads, canals, and telegraph and steamship lines. The man of business hopes to prosper by supplying his fellows with something that they want the most, competition by cheapening his processes or bettering his goods—often by doing both. His constant study is to be able to supply his customers with better commodities at less cost. His vocation is to distribute wealth not less than to produce it; to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to make two blades of grass grow in place of one, to make human life easier, pleasanter, more comfortable, and more profitable. To be sure, he changes something for his services, usually all he can, often a great deal too much. But that does not alter the fact that his exertions promote human comfort and human welfare, and that he is one of the most active and important agents for the spread of civilization and the advance of humanity.

A nation may be rich without being righteous, and if it pays its mind more on riches than on righteousness it is bound to have a self-lack. But all nations being more or less faulty, its rule in our day seems to be that the richest nations are the wisest, and that those wisest nations, which know best of poverty, are the ones, on the whole, in which righteousness most abounds.

## Faith Cure in New York State

J. LEVISON PIERSON and his wife, of White Plains, are Dentists, and have no faith in drugs or doctors of the regular schools. Their adopted daughter, sixteen months old, was taken in January, 1904, with whooping-cough, which developed into pneumonia. They called in no physician, and gave the child no medicine. The child died. Pierson was prosecuted, convicted of neglecting the child, and sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars or spend a day in jail for each dollar not paid. The case was appealed. The Appellate Division reversed the judgment, and the State withdrew. The Court of Appeals has decided that the conviction and sentence were right, and Pierson must pay his fine or go to jail.

Judge Haight, who wrote the opinion, briefly reviewed the whole history of medicine, and the gradual substitution of trained medical men for religious practitioners in the treatment of disease. But without committing the court to any opinion for or against any kind of faith or mind cure, he found that the defendant's attendance "which our penal code contemplates to be furnished to miners is the attendance of a person legally qualified under the laws of the State to practice medicine. Only persons who have been licensed and registered, or have a diploma from a satisfactory medical college, are authorized to practice medicine in this State. So in New York, at least, it is not lawful to take faith-cure chances with sick children.



### A FOX-HUNTING EPISODE

*This striking photograph is a snap shot taken at the moment of a recent accident in the hunting-field near Rome. The horseman who has just been dismounted is Prince Ruffo, an Italian nobleman, and one of the best-known sportsmen in Italy. The accident very nearly cost him his life. Fox-hunting is a popular sport with the Italian nobility, who are expert huntsmen*

# Diversions of the Higher Journalist

## An Eye for an Eye

THE lady wore a sort of ornamental fillet over her eyes, and the Higher Journalist, fresh from the news of the late life of Laura Bridgman, was led by the natural association to suppose her a pupil from a blind asylum. But the fact that she had a curious power of mechanism in one hand, and a conversance in the other with which he was already supplied, suggested another conjecture, and he said, with attempted severity, "Agents and peddlers are not allowed here. Didn't you see the notice as you came up?"

"No," the lady gently replied, "my sight is rather imperfect, and besides I am not an agent or a peddler. Nothing is farther from me than buying and selling of any kind. My name is Justice, and these little objects which have misled you are my emblems."

The higher journalist jumped to his feet with an alacrity which did him honor. "Oh, I beg your pardon, a thousand times! Will you be seated?"

"No, I always prefer to stand. I can explain better, if I stand. I suppose that if I had appeared with the sword, which I used to wear, and the scales which I sometimes threw at him, you would have recognized me instantly."

"Of course!" the higher journalist responded, glad of this way out, and she went on.

"Instead of the sword I now bear the dynamo, for I think it a great deal wiser to inflict the supreme penalty, which the sword once symbolized, by a certain number of volts and amperes, than to make a bloody mess of it by decapitation. Electrocutation—a most unobscure word, I must confess—is wiser even than guillotining, or fustigation, or any of the old methods, except perhaps drinking hemlock, which had an Attic elegance. Hanging is not to be compared to it, though hanging, when I used to inflict it for the theft of anything above a walking-coght to have been improved far more than it ever was. It did not keep pace with modern civilization, and nothing really could be said for striking a criminal in the temple with a leaden mace except that it was the custom in the jurisprudence of the Holy Father. This other little thing, which you can see a great deal better than I can, is by adjusted that a hair will turn the scale. It is in a sort of telepathic sympathy with the electric force which excites my will, and is something like throwing the sword into it in obnoxious respectability."

The higher journalist was listening with profound veneration, "Urrning—hemlock—hemlock," he murmured respectfully.

"Yes," she returned, "I better myself that those appliances are signs, and in spite of her declared resolution of standing she dropped into the chair which he had set for her, and being her cushions fell together into her lap, she remained pensively silent."

"And yet," he ventured after a time to prompt her, "and yet?" "And yet they don't seem to work satisfactorily, as far as the moral effect is concerned. Would you have said," she appealed slaughter were devised, and an agency so swift, painless, and really successful as electricity was introduced, nothing more could be urged upon the death penalty? That the utmost demands of humanity, if carried out, had been fully satisfied?"

"That," he replied, "would have been my conclusion, at least on first thought. But what reason have you to believe that these mechanical customs, and the simply founded in our nature that assemblies of leading citizens in our most enlightened communities take, on mere suspicion of crime?"

"It was rather a long sentence," she went back to the question recent successful State homicide of those three wretched Van Uncle's boys, when I have just had killed for the murder of their uncle?"

"Yes," the higher journalist confessed, "How could anybody keep from reading them?"

"Nobody could," she grinned. "And what was their effect with you?"

The higher journalist rubbed his brow, and was glad that she could not see the trouble he had failed to erase from it. "Well," very frank with her, "I am afraid it was a mixed effect. May I be?"

"Do!" she extracted.

"He went on. "Then, I should say, that up to the infliction of your supreme penalty, I had no sort of sympathy with the three criminals for whose sentence could be said. But—"

"Go on!"

"But when it came to that point, I fell into a strange bewilderment—I lost my bearings—I come to feel a regret that was altogether a respect for them; a pity which I suppose you would say was de-

"I felt it myself!" she moaned. "I don't know what to make of it! The grounds for abhorring them remained the same as ever."

"Yes, quite. But somehow the grounds of emotion were shifted. We saw three miserable, blood-stained men, who have done the foulest and cruelest murder, advancing to meet their deaths with the dignity of martyrs. They were examples of serene courage; they were the converts of a church which feels itself authorized to bless and to bind, to absolve the sinner, and promise heaven. They bore themselves with tenderness toward each other, and with mildness towards all others. They contended which should go to the death-chair first, each in pity of the others' weakness. They had, in view of their approaching doom, won upon the compassion and the liking of their jailer and of all about them. Their sentence supported and sanctified these. Instead of leaving the sense of the monstrous crime first in the mind, they left the impression of a soul heroism which has never been surpassed. I suppose this is not what you intended?"

"As far from it as possible!" Justice lamented.

"I understood that when you introduced this great improvement in the means of official homicide, you had arranged for an entire privacy in the application, and had forbidden any publication of the facts concerning it."

"I had," she said, "but it wouldn't work. A free and independent press was too much for me. Its enterprise steadily and successfully defied me from the beginning."

"Yes. If you could have kept the scene a lasting secret, and had destroyed the dead bodies, as you proposed, with quinine in the prison-yard, instead of giving them over to the families of the felon—"

"I proposed that, yes, but it couldn't be done. It was regarded as an outrage on common humanity. I had to abandon it."

"So that all you achieved was a speedier and more workmanlike manner of killing. I believe that even the death-chair has had its moments of repugnance!"

"At first. But we don't treat them as we did at first. It is done much more scientifically now."

"That is, you have called a skilled electrician to the function of the headman?"

"Oh, you can give it an ugly name!"

"I should be sorry to do that. I do not see why the electrician should feel himself a more active agent than the judge who passes the sentence exacted by you, or merely happens to be the last link in the chain from cause to effect, and he is unhappily but necessarily present at the unpleasant moment when your will is carried out. The worst that can be said of the whole matter is that it seems to be a failure. That the benefit to the community has been said to lie in the deterrent consequence of the punishment, and it appears not to deter. There was Colquhoun; but even the great brothers from heaven; that he was going to give his uncle a Colquhoun shot in the stomach. His fate incited to crime, if anything. Are not you afraid that the ostensible martyrdom of the Van Wozzers may have some such effect with the millions who read of their heavy loss in meeting death?"

Justice did not answer; she seemed lost in a miserable reverie. The higher journalist had seldom had such an easy time with a visitor, and he went on volubly.

"In countries like Italy and Switzerland, and even that wicked Russia, where your extreme penalty is unknown, the life-imprisonment inflicted is not less deterrent, if it is not more. No one seems conscious of the fate of the assassins of the King of Italy except every purpose otherwise. I wish that a lady of your well-known good sense and admirable common-sense could look a little more at the facts of the case. Are there more murders in Maine, where there is no death penalty, than in New York, proportionately to their respective populations?"

"It is a nice question," Justice admitted with the candor of her sex.

"Well, in a certain sense. But it is a very nasty one in others. It involves the shade where a people which has not got beyond the old notion of your character, and misanthropic you as vengeance, is not still in rather a barbaric condition. You see I do not put hard utilitarian ground the ground of sentiment at all. I put it on the parade, your guillotine, your gallows, your block, your headman's axe, is a failure in the very point where its success could also serve the community."

"There is something in what you say." Justice acknowledged, "I—I will think it over. And would you mind letting your fellow-boy show me out? I got in easily enough, but I feel all shaken up, and I doubt if I could find my way."

"I will show you myself," the higher journalist politely said.

"Do let me carry your dynamo for you!"





*A Scene on West Street during the Storm—The Water up to the Platforms of the Horse-cars*



*One of the Contrivances which were used to carry Commuters from the Ferry-slips to dry Land*

## **INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT STORM IN NEW YORK**

*The recent deluge in New York city broke the local rainfall record, tied up traffic, and destroyed property valued at thousands of dollars. In thirty-one and a half hours 20.27 inches of rain fell. Trains from all directions entering New York were delayed from two to twenty-four hours. West Street was flooded to a depth of three feet, and commuters arriving on ferry-boats in the down-town sections of the city had to be carried across the street on tracks.*

# Parties in England

By Sydney Brooks

London, October 5, 1915.

ENGLAND has been rubbing along as best she might without a Colonial Secretary, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Secretary for Scotland, a Secretary for India, and a Financial Secretary to the Treasury. The delay in getting them filled was the really significant feature. In part that delay appears to have been due to accidental circumstances. Agis, London gossip declares that the King has been leniently roused by the report of the war commission, and insisted on the appointment of a man who will thoroughly reorganize the War Office. The difficulty, first, of finding such a man, and, secondly, of disposing of the former War Secretary, Mr. Hendrick, is said to have accounted for a good deal of the delay. But I can hardly believe this. It sounds so indifferently unlike all our knowledge of the King's temperament and of the accepted injunction of the British crown. To suppose a British monarch really putting his foot down and insisting on efficiency and reform is to suppose a personal and constitutional revolution. I suspect that Mr. Balfour's difficulties are susceptible to a much simpler and more general explanation. No man cares to join a sinking ship, and the conviction that Mr. Balfour is steering a doomed vessel is now all but universal. That explains why he found it so hard to enlist new recruits, and why whatever success he has met with is of little final consequence. The cabinet will face Parliament discredited in public opinion, and more or less secretly distrustful of itself. It will be torn, it is already torn, by enduring cleavages among the rank and file as well as among the leaders. It will be further divided by a jobless Opposition that fails itself, beyond all hope, save more a united party. It will be acted upon by the impotence of the country, and particularly of the business interests, to have this question of tariffs settled at the first possible moment. England has already entered a zone of acute trade depression; councils stand today at the lowest figure they have known for more than thirty years; Lancashire is suffering from the severest cotton famine since the civil war; the number of unemployed threatens this winter to be large beyond precedent. I do not see how Mr. Balfour's cabinet has definitely "plunged her" into three various factors. An early dissolution, possibly before Christmas, probably next spring, certainly before the autumn of 1916, is something to which the whole country seems to have made up its mind.

Besides this, the situation is one of the most complex and baffling that English politics have yet produced. What is the policy of the government? None can say. Up to a point it is clear enough. Mr. Balfour's cabinet has definitely "plunged her" into three various factors. An early dissolution, possibly before Christmas, probably next spring, certainly before the autumn of 1916, is something to which the whole country seems to have made up its mind. Besides this, the situation is one of the most complex and baffling that English politics have yet produced. What is the policy of the government? None can say. Up to a point it is clear enough. Mr. Balfour's cabinet has definitely "plunged her" into three various factors. An early dissolution, possibly before Christmas, probably next spring, certainly before the autumn of 1916, is something to which the whole country seems to have made up its mind.

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tax? It is here we part company with what is fixed and clear and find ourselves in confusion and speculation. Mr. Balfour's sympathies, as he has confessed, are with the Chamberlainian policy, but he does not think the country is yet ripe for it. He is, therefore, he has struck it off his programme. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, sticks to his guns, and has pledged himself to a campaign on the preferential and food-tax issue. To this end he has organized a perfectly equipped, very wealthy, and actively intelligent propaganda. He will take the field himself, and he will take it with an extraordinary chain on the affections of a generous people. He has sacrificed office, position, and prospects for the sake of the empire. That is something unique in English politics, and it will tell on the electorate with immense effect. Agis, one has to remember that Mr. Chamberlain is the only British statesman of the moment for whose efficiency the average

Englishman has perfect confidence, that he is also a supremely effective platform-speaker, and a past master in all the arts of agitation. I do not question that when he has fairly launched his campaign there will be a tremendous revelation of feeling in his favor, and, as an inevitable consequence, in favor of his policy.

From now onwards to the general election and probably for long after that, we shall have, then, this amazing situation—official unionism proposing retaliation, and Mr. Chamberlain, whether he be in the cabinet or out of it, is still the mainstay of the Unionist party, advocating retaliation, too, but also going a step further and proposing for preferential treatment of the colonies on the basis of a food tax. The possibilities of such a situation are almost endless, but it may, I think, be taken for granted that a vote given for retaliation means a vote eventually given for preference, and that if the former view it will not be long before the latter triumphs also. And that, of course, will mean Mr. Chamberlain's return to official life with a power and prestige such as no British politician has possessed since Palmerston. I do not doubt for a moment that Mr. Balfour would applaud the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's programme to-morrow if

he thought it "politically advisable." Retaliation is surely the sticking-point, the easy approach to the final goal of preference and food taxes. Of disagreement between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain there is absolutely none, fifth fervor preference as well as retaliation; both admit that the country, while ripe for the latter, has to be educated up in the former; both, therefore, are pursuing the same ends, and if their means appear to differ, that, too, is by agreement. I emphasize this because, to judge by the cable reports, some American papers seem to think that the resignation of the Colonial Secretary implied a rupture which, in fact, is not so. Each is playing most shrewdly into the other's hands, and their apparent divergences are but moves in an ingenious and boldly calculated campaign.

But, then, will retaliation win? It will appear before the electorate, remember, freed (for electioneering purposes) from the onerous burden of the food tax; it will rightly appeal to the British instinct of hitting back; it is undoubtedly regarded by many thousands of English manufacturers, whether rightly or not, do not attempt to decide, as their own road to salvation. One can but give one's personal impressions. My own, after many weeks of inquiry in all parts of the country, is that retaliation will win.



The new English Cabinet—Latest Portrait of King Edward VII. The intervention of King Edward in the reconstruction of the British Cabinet marks the first time in half a century that an English sovereign has taken an active part in the national politics.



### A SUCCESSFUL ENGLISH AIR-SHIP

*The recent failure of Professor Langley's air-ship experiment at Wash Water, Virginia, lends especial interest to this illustration of a flying-machine which has lately been put to a successful test in England. The machine made an air trip from one end of London to the other—the first on record—without mishap. The photograph shows the air-ship starting on its voyage*

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

IN a review of some recent novels in the October *Bookman*, Dr. Frederic Taylor took—some of our smart and most acute critics—advice himself, by way of introduction, of a neat, compact little essay on what may be termed "The Single Idea in Fiction." I quote it without comment—it gives some—and adorns our readers with it upon the tablets of their memory. Not only would-be novelists, but many who are now practicing the art, may profit by its observations of a fundamental principle in successful fiction. "The single-idea nature of the successful novel is a safe way that few stories have obtained a genuine and lasting success which did not contain some simple, clear-cut idea capable of being summed up in a single terse sentence. It is probable that no better advice could be given to the young writer of fiction than to warn him not to begin a book until he was quite sure that he had some definite, central motive, capable of being condensed within the brief space of a telegraphic hook. The best novels of the past, those that really deserve a permanent place on our shelves, can nearly all of them be summed up in a few words; and this includes not merely problem novels, a class which in its essence pre-made a definite clear-cut problem, but also the big stories of adventure, the romantic novels of the Scott and Dumas type; even a book such as *The Three Musketeers*, containing episode after episode and story within story, can, after all, in its simplest form be reduced to the terse word limit: "How four heroes saved the Queen's honor and outwitted Richelieu." Of modern novels the only one in this respect are distinctly superior to the English and American writers. They confine themselves much more closely to the point at issue. Having selected their problem they try to reduce it to its simplest terms, to eliminate extraneous events and characters, and make the case they are studying a typical rather than an exceptional case. The great trouble with a large proportion of our new novels is that in their search for novelty, in their desire to produce something original and startling and bizarre, they complicate and confuse the central theme until one is often left in doubt whether they themselves have a clear idea of just what they are trying to do."

No better example of what Dr. Cooper desiderates could be cited at the present moment than Miss Alice Brown's new novel, *Justice*. It is a model of perfection in the art of storytelling. From the title to the last word it is the logical and consistent development of a definite central idea. It is the artistic embodiment of the historical and practical idea of the Old and New Testaments translated into modern commonplace—the Hebrew idea of Justice tempered and interpreted by the Christian ideal of Mercy and Charity—

To turn not only by a woman's wish  
But a man's faith in the grandeur, God—  
But the comfort, Christ.

The story is not a long one, nor the characters many, yet it moves swiftly, truly, and with quiet irresistible force from one compelling turn of the wheel to another through a series of incidents happening within a few hours that seem to cover a life's experience. We can understand the author might have expanded the book to twice its length, but in nothing is her art so wonderful as the way in which the reader is made aware of what has gone before in that unwritten half of the story, so that her very silence is more eloquent of feeling than the audible word. It is the most direct and dramatic piece of fiction Miss Brown has yet written, and directness and dramatic power are qualities which we had almost come to believe were denied her in sustained fiction.

It is difficult to give an idea of the power and intensity of *Justice* in my review of the story, the manner of the telling being an essential in its success as the material used. It is the story of a wife who finds in the safety and happiness of several lives. The situation is not unlike that in *The Mistle* of the

Pastor, Kent Markham is on his way from the Cape to espouse Rosamond, who is in a flutter of happy expectancy. There was an ugly affair in his foolish youth, it transpires, which was repeated and stoned for—so far as such an act can be met by stonement. His father knew of it, but stonement and stoning also, for Kent was honest if headstrong, but Rosamond knows nothing of the blot on the scutcheon. The girl is dead, she was a ghastly, light-patched thing, avowed of much account, but her mother conceives a plan to get her "just dues" in order to satisfy her. She procures certain incriminating letters of Kent's to her daughter which she has preserved, and threatens to inform Rosamond unless she is paid ten thousand dollars for the evidence against Kent. Helen Markham's solicitude for Rosamond is as strong, stronger, in fact, than for Kent, her stepson, and she is thrown back on her own resources—she can't raise so large a sum—by her husband's telegram in answer to her written appeal in the young lover's behalf. John Markham is absent from his home at the time in the thick of a strike among his employees. His attitude

toward the strikers is skillfully used as a shadowy background to emphasize the man's character. His telegram read, "He must take the consequences of his own acts." "That's just like my father!" cries Elizabeth to Helen Markham. "It's his everlasting glorification of what he calls justice. Do you know what will happen to my father some day?"

My father believes in the old Hebrew law—an eye for an eye." There's something in it. But as sure as he's a living man and tries to administer it himself, some day it will turn on him." Helen loves her husband and he adores her. He is the sort of man who sets with rigorous justice, and when punishment comes to him, he does not regret it as such. She is the sort of woman who suffers in silence and takes to herself the larger portion of that pain which follows the crushing acts of justice. Elizabeth divines truly that life will strike him one day through his love for his wife. "He has left people alone to fight out what he presumes to think they have deserved. He will be left alone. That will be his judgment. He has stood here, leaning and beckoning to it. It will come." And it does come. The passage of tragedy is only averted by the blinding flash of judgment which strikes John Markham at the summit of his pride, and gives birth to that "poor impulse" which is having its way at last.

Seems the only work of a lifetime,  
Which away the rest had tried.

The situation between Kent and Rosamond, which I have likened to that between Isabel and Henry in *The Mistle* of the Pastor, is not a vital issue as it is in Mr. Allen's novel. Indeed, Kent does not appear in the story at all. And when Rosamond is told in the end, "she was an image of immortal grief," but her love and trust are unshaken, "It is that which troubles Helen," she asked, "Was she afraid I should find out?—afraid I should blame him, judge him? Why, I'll tell her!—Neither death nor life—that was what she said the other night—'see principles not powers.'" The moral of the story is in its creative art. The characters reveal themselves as in a drama, yet without artifice; the drama itself is solved through a comprehension and larger view of life than belongs to mere mechanics. "You can't fight off law," says Elizabeth when confronted with events. "That's what it is—this course of things. It's law."

"There is a law above the law," answered Helen, poetry meeting fact. "They are like the steps to an altar. I shall fight my way up over them, to that last appeal. . . . We decree love and we get it—for somebody."

That in the keynote of the book.

An English reviewer of Mr. Robert Barr's new book, *Three for a Dozen*, a romance of Cromwell's invasion of Scotland, says, "Mr. Barr was born in Scotland, and so has not had to go north for local color." Mr. Barr was taken to Canada when he was four years old. What an observing talent he must have been!



Alice Brown  
The Author of *Justice*



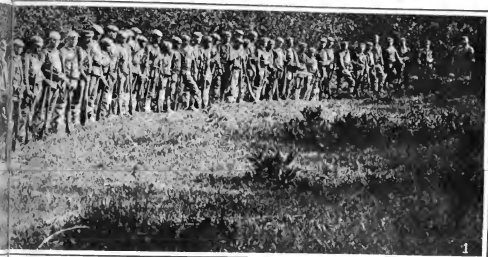
### AN OIL-WELL ON FIRE IN THE NEW TEXAS OIL-FIELDS

*The discovery of rich oil-fields in the neighborhood of Sour Lake, Texas, has created a city of boom people in what two years ago was an unpopulated prairie. The oil flows in such abundance that if all the wells were allowed to yield their maximum quantity 200,000 barrels daily could be produced. The oil is running to waste in the vicinity of Sour Lake. Where the oil catches fire, as shown in the photograph, such embankments are frequently built to keep it from spreading.*



## THE STORM CENTRE IN THE BALKANS-

1. A band of Macedonian revolutionists starting from a mountain camp on a marauding expedition <sup>45</sup> for war—they are making grenades and dynamite bombs at one of their native villages. 3. A revolt



## -REVOLUTIONISTS PREPARING FOR WAR

not the Turks. 2. A remarkable photograph, showing a group of revolutionists in active preparation  
tionist camp in the Balkan mountains, showing some of the principal leaders of the insurgents' army

# The Fight for Clean Government

SHALL TAMMANY HALL AGAIN CONTROL NEW YORK'S AFFAIRS?—WHAT THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF TAMMANY WOULD MEAN.—GRAFT, CORRUPTION, VICE, CRIME, NEGLIGENCE OF THE POOR AND INFIRM.—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.—AN HONEST AND EFFICIENT MAYOR, WHO WILL SAVE THE CITY FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE.—WHAT REFORM HAS DONE.—HOW ARE YOU GOING TO VOTE?

By Franklin Matthews

**R**EDUCED to its simplest terms, the present municipal campaign in New York city is a campaign for or against the Ten Commandments. The question is, Shall Tammany Hall again gain control of the city's affairs? This second Hall campaign shall be established again? Shall there be open sales of the violation of law? Shall the children of the city be exposed to daily contact with vice? Shall the gamblers and crooks be permitted literally to "own the town"? Shall the city treasury be looted by indirect methods for favored contractors? Shall the leaders of Tammany be allowed to become enormously rich through swindles and jobbery?

## What the Return of Tammany would Mean

Shall the paupers and criminals, the sick and infirm, and the insane and feeble-minded be half-starved, half-clothed, and subjected to the personal profit of some Tammany plunderer? Shall the streets of the city be only hell-scapes and cemeteries? Shall the public institutions be allowed to run down while the money for their maintenance goes into the pockets of a coterie of hivers? Shall exorbitant prices be paid for supplies, the real excess in go into the pocket of a Tammany leader? Shall the great public improvements now under way be utilized for loot?

Shall school fittings be denied to thousands upon thousands of children, so that the public money, expended in other channels, may find its way into some Tammany man's pocket? Shall the Board of Health again become a political machine and the death-rate go up again, or, in other words, shall 5000 poor persons be permitted to die each year, so that Tammany men may enrich themselves? Shall the tenement-house population, especially the children, be exposed to fifty per cent. shall the taxes be increased twenty-five per cent.? Shall the crooks of this and other cities be invited to again pursue their callings upon a basis of absolute, division, and silence with police officials?

Shall young girls be dumped in constant streams and be kept in prison—white slaves—in dens of vice for the personal profit of some ward heeler? Shall we have the Brass Checks that Jerome showed in the last campaign back again? Shall we have a dummy Mayor in the City Hall and a real Mayor in Tammany Hall, or shall we have a Mayor while is Mayor? Shall the city be sold for the benefit of the people, with better street pavements, better lights, better public health, better police protection, and fewer undetected homicides, fewer and fewer tenements, more parks and public buildings, clean air and more sanitary tenements, the lowest collection of public money, the cessation of extravagance, or shall the city be raked for the benefit of a coterie of Tammany Hall men who are out "for their pockets all the time"?

## The Choice—Tammany or Clean Government?

Appeals not to permit the return of Tammany need be made on two lines alone. One is to recall what Tammany Hall is, has been, and always will be, and the other is to show what the administration has done in the way of actual reform and in making what almost might be called a model city government. There may be some in whom statistics of good municipal work will not appeal. District-Attorney Jerome has said that you cannot win election in this way. Well, then, recall what Tammany was under Van Wyck, a tool of Croker, and try to figure out how it will be under McEllin, mere of a tool of Murphy then Van Wyck was of Croker? Shall Murphy be the fresh coat of paint on the inside of the question? Shall the methods of the New York Department be put in force in the other city departments? That is the important side of the question. Mayor McEllin may not permit grafting? Mayor McEllin? Why did Murphy select him as the man who is absolutely necessary for Tammany to have a man under his complete domination so as to insure his leadership of Tammany Hall at its very beginning? Because Murphy knew his aim, and knew he could be trusted to do exactly as he was told.

## Crime, Incompetency, Neglect

Extra if Murphy does not "improve" upon the methods of the Van Wyck administration, do we want that kind of a regime in power again? What was the result? Incompetency everywhere, graft supreme, jobs, like the Rambo water shod in the air, brookings on all sides in appointments, Alliance with crime of evils of prostitution, child labor, children exposed to the vice of the Brass Check system, swindling profits paid for supplies, Pay-roll padded, Public buildings neglected, The city's poor badly fed and clothed, Public health and public safety neglected. Why prolong the list? The main thing is the situation?

Who dares defend the Van Wyck administration? Not Murphy George B. McEllin only. He shows his said of the Van Wyck regime: "We have no apologies to offer. We have nothing to apologize for." Not the man who has sold the city for a chamberlain's league with vice, nothing but trafficking in fire and blood, nothing but looting the public treasury, nothing but the innocent and the few Trust, nothing but a high death-rate and hundreds of children of the poor lying in their graves instead

of being saved, nothing but an open alliance with gamblers, policy swindlers, probably being the worst—nothing but filthy streets and overcrowded schools. Nothing to apologize for? Not one thing? That is what making means. That is Tammany. The cry of the injured children none ought to make George B. McEllin throw his fingers into his ears. The "starch in the nostrils of men," of which Comptroller Great, the modern politician James, has spoken, ought to make him hold his nose. The closure of the ragged doorway during the Van Wyck administration ought to be his tongue. How can George B. McEllin say "I have nothing to apologize for" and look an honest citizen in the face?

## What the Low Administration Has Done

And what about the Low administration? Well, in the first place, Deveryism to go. For a year after Low went into office Devery practically ruled the police. He doesn't now. Police appointments are being made on a longer and longer basis. According to the Tammany method of making promotions, have been made without tribute. The "System" has been worked, and only a few wrigglers of its tail are left. General Grever, the Police Commissioner, practically destroyed it when he sent the infamous warden back to the streets. Crooks have been banished, policy playing is dead, open prostitution has been checked, the children, at any rate, being safe from it; gamblers have been made to seek the darkest of dark places, murder is less frequent, police tyranny is gone, the good name of the police has been almost completely restored, no less than thirty-four high police officers when Devery ruled have been dismissed or retired "for the good of the service." The police force has been made decent, and its very best man on it may now hold up his head.

## Reducing the Death-Rate

And the public health? Let the figures tell the story. In the year 1902 under Low it was 18.75, and in the year 1903 it will be about 18. The smallpox epidemic, inherited from the Sexton-Van Wyck administration, has been stamped out. Milk adulteration has almost entirely ceased. Special summer treatment for the poor has been established. Consumption has been fought, showing a great decrease in the number of deaths; North Brother Island has been made civilized. The city hospitals have been made pure and decent. As a touching tribute to the efficiency of Dr. Lester in this department, it may be said that there are about twenty-five men in New York who would have died had the Tammany methods of caring for the public health been continued.

And the public schools? Figures talk again. In four years under Van Wyck Tammany appropriated \$13,324,742 for new schools. In eighteen months the Low administration has appropriated \$14,980,000. By September 1, 1904, every child in New York that demands a school sitting should have one.

A recreation has been made in the charities department. It would take pages to tell how the poor suffered needlessly under Tammany. They have good food now and plenty of it, and yet the best charity is \$30,000 less than under Tammany, while their quarters are in an excellent sanitary condition. Destitute children are better cared for; there are no more delinquencies in the management of the department; graft has disappeared.

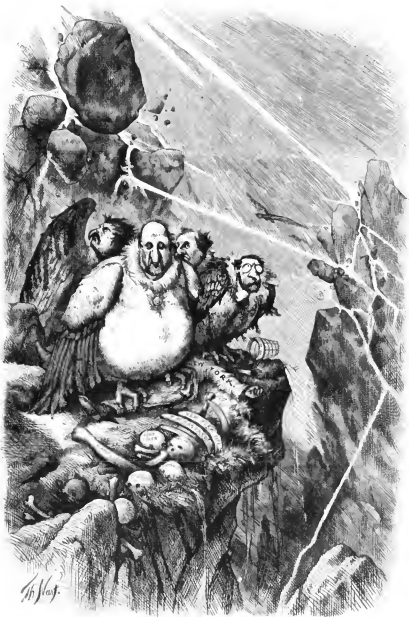
In street cleaning, the days of Waring have returned. Yet better than the Waring days have come. No longer is the city's refuse dumped in the streets, and the sweepings and the refuse piled up the steps of Bloor's Island, and when the place is filled up it is not only so now—a property worth more than \$500,000 will be ready for the city's use, having an area greater than Blackwell's Island. The public institutions on that island can be moved there, and Blackwell's Island will be available for park purposes. Refuse is now being buried in incinerators, and the city is actually making money out of it.

The new tenement-house department has done prodigious work. Vice has been driven from the tenements from the tenements. The people who live in these places know that the Low administration is a friend and not an enemy. No better work for the masses has been done in any department than under the new tenement-house regime.

## Honesty in the City Departments

And so the story might be prolonged indefinitely. Six parks and seven public playgrounds have been opened, against only one park in the Tammany regime. The parks have been cared for intelligently and faithfully, and lost has been diminished. The docks, the wharves, and the piers have been managed on business principles. The great fact in the administration made from the business management of the city's interests that it has given, is that graft and the sale of law and the league with vice have gone. Every East Side rascal, every "red-light" promoter, every profiteer of a house of prostitution, every gambling establishment, every crook, every swindling contractor of the old regime, is for the return of Tammany to power. How are you going to vote?





**TAMMANY WAITING FOR THE STORM TO "BLOW OVER"**

*This famous drawing by Thomas Nast is one of the series in which the great cartoonist exposed the iniquities of the Tweed Ring. It was published in "Harper's Weekly" of September 22, 1871.*



*Robert, who has been disguised as a Hunter, discloses himself to Perpetua as the King*



*King Robert, in the House of Lyrabetta, discovers that he has been transformed into the Fool Diogenes for his Misdeeds*

### **THE NEW YORK STAGE—MR. SOTHERN IN "THE PROUD PRINCE"**

*Mr. Sothern is appearing at the Herald Square Theatre in the dramatized version of Justin Huntly McCarthy's novel "The Proud Prince." The action of the play is founded on a romantic legend of which King Robert of Sicily is the central figure. As a penalty for certain misdeeds, the king is transformed into a beggar, and a new king enthroned in his place. After a series of stirring adventures, King Robert is restored to his throne through the good offices of the girl with whom he is in love*



**MISS ELEANOR ROBSON IN A NEW PLAY BY  
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD**

*Mrs. Humphry Ward will be well represented in the dramatic field during the present season. The stage version of "Lady Row's Daughter" was recently produced with Miss Fay Davis in the title role; and later in the winter Miss Eleanor Robson is to appear in a new play by Mrs. Ward and Louis N. Parker entitled "Agatha"—Mrs. Ward's first venture as a playwright.*

Mr. Alfred Lamberton  
New Secretary for the Colonies

Mr. Almond Francis  
Secretary of State for War

Lord Balfour of Burleigh  
Secretary of State for the Colonies

Lord George Hamilton  
Secretary of State for India

Lord Balfour of Burleigh  
Secretary of State for the Colonies



Lord Balfour of Burleigh  
Secretary of State for the Colonies

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain  
Secretary of State for the Colonies

Mr. John A. Roberts  
Prime Minister

Mr. Herbert Asquith  
Secretary of State for the Colonies

Mr. Charles Chamberlain  
Secretary of State for the Colonies

Mr. John A. Roberts  
Prime Minister

### THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN ENGLAND—THE CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY

The revolutionary effect of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals on British politics is illustrated in the drawing, which shows the former Cabinet members and their successors.



# Correspondence

## ANOTHER CHANCE FOR MR. CARNEGIE

Merion, Kansas, September 30, 1923

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—While the establishing of public libraries is something so much attention throughout the country, and while the pursestrings to Andrew Carnegie's millions remain slack, I desire to call attention to a few facts and make a suggestion—a suggestion which, if favorably heeded, may be the source of much benefit to many people and at the same time add materially in letting the great, and now liberal, steel magnate slip into a poor man's grave. This benefit, too, of which I speak would be in favor of many who now receive no such benefit.

The suggestion which I would make is that the passenger-trains of all railroads which exceed a hundred miles in length in the United States be supplied with books and magazines for the free use of passengers. In particular do I suggest that they be supplied to all through trains and trains carrying colonists or house-movers. While the establishing of public libraries, is a laudable work, this, in my opinion, would be fully its equal. Besides being a source of enjoyment to all travelers it would be such in particular to that class of people who make long migrations from one part of the country to another in quest of a suitable location for a home—country folk who have little or no opportunity to visit the public libraries located in the large and medium sized cities. The migration of house-movers is a wearisome journey, and to those who are unable—as many are—to buy reading matter, the trip in this way would be made a hundredfold more pleasant.

The carrying out of this suggestion would take little time; and no large sums of money would be required for the erection of buildings. In addition to the books and magazines to be supplied, only a depository would have to be established in each train and a person employed to take care of the same. In Sweden there is already a system of this kind in operation, and I am informed that it is doing a noble work.

It is true that on some of the Western trains few magazines are now found for the free use of passengers, but the system deserves to be known until the whole of the country is included. "Knowledge of books is a form of business," says the English proverb, "is a torch in the hands of one who is willing and able to show those who see bewildered the way which leads to prosperity and welfare." Let us put such torches in the hands of as many men as possible, and especially so since it is Mr. Carnegie's favorite hobby.

I am, sir,  
CHARLES ALMA ITERS.

## CONCERNING MUSICAL PROGRAMMES

MORRIS, PENNSYLVANIA, October 2, 1923.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—Musical education would be advanced and receipts increased if symphony concert programmes were modified and hearts given a fine hymn of praise, serenade, a snatch from an opera, some master-composer's melody. This would be a welcome relief to the better half of the audience; weary, sleepy, headachy, bored; and many, too, trying hard to appreciate! In a concert of classic music, who has not noticed the general outbreak of hearty applause that never fails to follow the rendering of a chœur number, the restrained can appreciate. Rag-time? No; Mendelssohn's funeral march, perhaps; Handel's Largo, the Austrian or other national hymn, waltzes from Tell, a Schubert serenade. How much more fascinating is the music we love when rendered by a large live orchestra. May not the autographed have one number of such programmes? It has had always one or two numbers that do not please, as distinguished from the successful in it, could appreciate, an individual or a single orchestra; the public itself would probably have held a dozen.

I am, sir,  
EVERETT STEWART.

## MUSIC AND THE PROGRAMME

PERVARDIA, FLORIDA, October 5, 1923

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—Noting in the columns of your valuable publication the interesting discussion of music, and the popular programme given to me, I wish to contribute my mite to the general fund of opinion. Speaking from a personal standpoint, which may, perhaps, represent the tastes and preferences of many others, I would say that the programme of a music-lover, a classic programme would offer untold attractions on any occasion, music, wherever such predominates, is not to be despised in whatever form or shape it may be presented.

I am not, in this connection, alluding to the flashy productions of ambitious bandmasters' assistants, nor to the rag-time conga song. I am merely offering a protest against the arbitrary line which seems to be drawn between good music and bad, as defined in the suggestion herein offered. In my judgment, the emotional interpretation of a simple folk song, or ballad requires not only the art of the trained musician, but the soul of the natural one. Under such treatment, even the despised "My Old Kentucky Home" (which has been lauded in no represent the dividing line) might become "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The poetry of Chopin and the sublimity of Beethoven entrance on any programme. The lover of classic music finds in this form of expression, short of all redundancy, an intellectual stimulus beside which the mere tinkling of melody fades into insignificance. Yet, it seems to me, there should be no appreciable "let down" in this exaltation of feeling—rather a variation in degree—when, with exquisite fullness of harmonic tone, a simple, old-time folk song strolls out upon the ear, bearing on its electric wires messages which throng thick and fast, as though borne to the soul with the perfume of a flower.

As to rag-time, it in having its day, its crazy movement sometimes considered a retrogression, or rather outcome, of syncretism it has its lovers—as exemplified in the reply of a certain person who was asked if she liked Beethoven.

"Oh yes; very good, indeed, for An'—but then, you know, rag-time had and been invented."

As regards the mixed programme, I should suppose that to be a mere matter of taste, regulated by time, place, environment, taste, and good judgment. But from the local productions which ordinarily delude a musical programme in recognition of the supposed popular demand—the ornate rendering of merely "show pieces"; the variations; oh, the exorbitant variations, with their endless dragging on some broken-down theme (which bear the same relation to music that a hanging tongue does to a harassed soul!)—from all such we say, reverently, "Good Lord, deliver us"—at any time.

I am, sir,  
LARA PETERSON PRESTON.

## THE NEW WEST POINT—A CORRECTION

MISSOURI—UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,  
2307 POINT, NEW YORK, October 2, 1923.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—I am much disturbed by the statement made by the author of the "New West Point," in a recent issue of the WEEKLY, that eight million dollars more are to be asked for to carry out the proposed plans for the new West Point. The statement, I feel, is calculated to do much harm; it certainly misrepresents the expectations and intentions of the authorities. One of the chief factors considered in accepting the plans decided on was the belief in the economy of their construction and that the needed buildings could be built within the appropriation.

These buildings are to provide for the present maximum number of cadets—not for 1250. If, however, in the future Congress should decide to increase cadets to that number, there will be a place for the additional buildings necessary without disturbing any important ones then existing; but even the cost of such additional buildings, together with the amount already appropriated, would be much less than a total of eight million dollars.

I hope you will kindly correct the wrong impression in the above matters your article gives.

I am, sir,  
A. L. SMITH,  
Colonel, United States Army, Superintendent.

## STREET ADVERTISING

New York, September 30, 1923.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—"The art of advertising" is a phrase common enough, and yet too common when it approaches the meaning that one is compelled to give it in these degenerate days; for the allowance has become no other than a synonym for vulgarity. There is no reason why the cheap show-up of a manufacturer of flimsy, form corsets should not, if he deems his business honorable, advertise it in an honorable way.

The day is at hand when a censorship in this affair is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary, and the quicker we have it the better. We long for the time when an unbarred way safely be left in the street overnight without being decorated by the advance agents of "The greatest living wonder" or "The marvelous mystery of a coming musical performance. There is a deference due to public opinion, a deference due to public morals, and a deference due to public decency—all of which will be satisfied when the advertising matter shall be confined within his proper limits.

I am, sir,  
J. W. V.

## APPRECIATED

VERMONT, MONTPELIER, September 25, 1923

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—To a recent article in your paper on "Booker Washington and the Negro Problem" I was moved and again amazed. That was the brightest ray of hope that has shined over us from the North in many a weary day. Send us more. I have been working with and for the Africans at home and in Central Africa for ten long years, and I endorse every word you say.

I am, sir,  
S. P. VERSTER.





# A DEAD CITY

By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

whereas in reality as well as seeming; nowhere did they see a miner's hat or a hater's cabin; only nature in her most savage form.

The little group of horsemen were silent. The Candidate's head was bowed and his brow bent. Clearly he was immersed in thought. Mr. Heathcote, amused to such a degree, turned forward in his saddle in a state of semi-astonishment. Harley said at last to the guide: "A wild country, one of the wildest, I think, that I ever saw."

"Yes, a wild country and a bad 'an' too," responded Jim. "See off there to the left."

He pointed to a mass of bare and rocky ridges, and when he saw that Harley's gaze was following his long forefinger he continued:

"I say it's a bad 'un because over there Red Perlin and his gang of horse thieves, outlaws, and outcasts used to have their hiding-places. It's a tangled up stretch o' mountain, so wild, so rocky, and so full of coves that they could have hid there till Judgment-day from all Montana. Yes, that's where they used to hang out."

"Lead to?"

"Yes, 'cause I ain't heard much of them for some time. They came down in the valley and tried to stampede them new blooded horses from Kentucky on Sifton's ranch, but Sifton and his men were waitin', and when the smoke cleared away most of the gang was wiped out. Red and two or three of his fellows got away, but I ain't heard of 'em since. Guess they're scattered."

"Wiseest thing they could do," said Harley.

The guide made no answer, and they plodded on in silence until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when they stopped in a little cove to eat lunch and refresh their horses.

It was the first grateful spot that they had seen in hours. A break led by the cove above formed a pool in the hollow, and then, overflowing it, dropped down the mountain wall. But in this sheltered nook and around the life-giving water green grass was growing, and there was a rim of goodly trees. The horses, when their riders dismounted, grazed eagerly, and the men themselves lay upon the grass and ate with deep content.

"Shall we retrace Crow's Wing by dark?" asked the Candidate of the guide.

Jim had risen, and, standing at the edge of the cove, was gazing east over the rolling sea of mountains. Harley noticed a troubled look on his face.

"If things go right we bin," he replied; "but I ain't akeer that things will go right."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you see that brown spot down there in the southwest just atop the hills? Wa'd it be a cloud, or it's comin' this way. Clouds, you know, always brin' somethin' in 'em."

"That is to say, we shall have rain," said the Candidate. "Let it come. We have been rubbed on too often to mind such a little thing, eh, Harley?"

The correspondent nodded.

"I don't think it'll be rain," said the guide. "We are so high up here that mornin' Hilly'll be snow. Ah! when there's a snow-storm in the mountain you can't go climbin' along the side o' cliffs."

The others too now looked grave. They had not foreseen such a difficulty, but the guide came to their relief with more cheering words; after all, the cloud might not continue to grow, "no! it ain't worth while to holler afore we're hit."

This seemed sound philosophy to the others, and dismissing their cares, they started again, much refreshed by their stop in the little cove. The road now grew rougher, the guide leading and the rest following in single file. By and by their cares returned. Harley glanced toward the southwest and saw there the same cloud, but now much bigger, darker, and more threatening. The sunshine was gone and the wrinkled surface of the mountains was gray and somber. The air had grown cold, and down among the cliffs there was a wild, moaning wind. Harley glanced at the guide and noticed that his face was now decidedly somber. But the correspondent noticed nothing. Part of his strength lay in his ability to wait, and he knew that the guide would speak in good time.

Another hour passed and the air grew darker and colder. Then Jim stopped.

"Gettin' on," he said, "there's a snowstorm comin' 'n' winter. I didn't expect one so early even on the mountains, but it's comin' anyhow, an' if we keep on for Crow's Wing they'll have to dig our bones out of the mornin' drifts next summer. We've got to make for Queen City."

"Queen City?" exclaimed Mr. Heathcote. "I didn't know there was another town anywhere near here."

"No! a-standin' all the same," replied the guide, brusquely, "an' I wouldn't never be startin' out on a trip to Crow's Wing if there hadn't been such a stoppin'-place betwixt an' between, in

WHEN the special train was at Blue Earth, in Montana, among the high mountains, three came to Jimmy Grayson on appeal, compounded of pathos and despair, that he could not resist. It was from the citizens of Crow's Wing, forty miles deeper into the yet higher and steeper mountains, and they recounted, in mournful words, how no candidate ever came to see them; all passed them by an either too low or too difficult, and they had never yet listened to the spell of oratory; of course they did not expect the nominee of the great party for the Presidency of the United States to make the hard trip and speak to them, when even the little fellows ignored them; nevertheless, they wished to inform him in writing that they were alive, and on the spot at least they made as big a dot as either Helena or Butte.

The Candidate smiled when he read the letter. The tone of it moved him. Moreover, he was not deficient in policy—no man who rises is—and while Crow's Wing had but few votes, Montana was close, and a single State might decide the Union.

"These people at Crow's Wing do not expect me, but I shall go in there," he said to his train.

"Why, it's a full day's journey and more, over the roughest and roughest road in Montana," said Mr. Curtis, the State Senator from Wyoming, who was still with them.

"I shall go," said Jimmy Grayson, decisively. "There is a break here in our schedule, and this trip will fit in very nicely." The others were against it, but they said nothing more in opposition, knowing that it would be of no avail. Obedient, generous, and soft-hearted, the Candidate nevertheless had a temper of steel, when his mind was made up, and the others had learned not to oppose it. But all shunned the journey with him to Crow's Wing except Harley and Mr. Herbert Heathcote, a National Committee-man from Eastern State.

The going of Harley with the Candidate was taken as a matter of course by everybody. Silent, useful, and strong he had been almost imperceptibly into a residential relationship with the nominee, and Jimmy Grayson himself did not realize how much he relied upon the quiet man who could not make a speech, but who knew the American people so well and who was so ready of resource. As for Mr. Heathcote, being an Eastern man, he wished to see the West in all its aspects.

They started at daybreak, guided by a taciturn mountain man, Jim Jones, called simply Jim for the sake of brevity, and, the hour being so early, but few were present to see them ride up the hanging slope and into the slightly wilderness.

But it was a glorious dawn. The young sun was gilding the sea of creeps and crevices with burnished gold, and the air had the sparkle of youth. Mr. Heathcote threw back his slightly narrow chest, and drawing three deep breaths of just the same length, he said, "I would not miss this trip for a thousand dollars!"

Harley said nothing, but he too looked out upon the morning world with a kindling eye. Far below them was a narrow valley, a faint green line down the center showing where the little river ran, with the irrigated farms on either side, like beads on a string. Above them towered the peaks, white with everlasting snow.

"A fine day for our ride," said the Candidate to Jim.

"Looks like it now, though I never gamble on mountain weather," replied the taciturn man.

But the promise held good for a long time, the sun still shining, and the winds coming fresh and brisk along the crevices and ridges. The trail wound about the slopes and steadily ascended. Vegetation ceased and before them stretched the bare rocks. Harley knew very well now that only the sunshine saved them from grimness and desolation. The loneliness became oppressive. It was the



now n' trouble with the weather. An' let me whisper to you, Queen City's quite a stinkin' place. We'll pass the night there. It's got a fine hotel, the finest an' biggest in the mountains.

He looked grimly at Mr. Heathcote, as much as to say, "Ask me as much more as you please, but I'll answer you nothing."

"Scouring cold and damp touched Harley's cheek. He looked up and saw the faintest of snow, descending softly, settled upon his face. The clouds rolled over them, heavy and dark, and shut out all the mountains save a little island where they stood. The snow, following the first few flakes, fell softly but rapidly.

"It's Queen City, or something in the drifts till next summer," cried Jim, and he turned his horse into a side path. The others followed without a word, willing to accept his guidance through the greatest danger they had yet faced in an arduous campaign. Despite the danger, which he knew to be heavy and pressing, Harley's curiosity was aroused, and he wished to ask more of Queen City, but the sinister face of the guide was not inviting. Nevertheless, he risked one question.

"How far is this place, Queen City?" he asked.

"Just two miles," replied Jim, with what seemed to Harley a desire to get on, and it's tared lucky for us that it's so near."

Harley said no more, but he was satisfied with nothing in the guide's reply save the fact that the town was only two miles away; any shelter would be welcome, because he saw now that a snowstorm on the wild mountains was a terrible thing.

The guide led on, Jimmy Grayson with best head followed; Mr. Heathcote strank in his saddle, came next, and Harley, who had dropped back, brought up the rear. Now and then the vast veil of snow parted before the wind, as it fell down the crevices by a sword-blade, and the correspondent looked upon a grand and awful sight. Below him were all the peaks and ridges rising in white cones and pillars against a cloudy sky, and the effect was of distance and sublimity. From the clouds and ravines came a desolate moaning. Harley felt that he was much nearer to the eternal here than he could ever be in the plains. Then the vast veil would close again, and he saw only his three comrades and the rocks twenty feet away.

They turned around the base of a cliff, rising hundreds of feet above them, and Harley caught the dull red glare of brick walls showing through the falling snow. He was ready to raise a shout of joy. This he knew was Queen City, lying snugly in its wide valley. There was the typical, single mountain street, with its row of buildings on either side; the big one nearby was certainly the hotel and the other big one farther on was as certainly the opera-house. But nobody was in the streets, and the whole town was dark; not a light appeared at a single window, although the night had now come.

Harley rode up by the side of the guide. "The place looks like snow," he said.

"Maybe they're all gone to bed, but they ain't nuthin' here to keep 'em awake," replied the guide, with the old puzzling and desirous smile.

Harley turned coldly away. He did not like to say so to make Jim of kin, and that he saw clearly was the guide's intention. Jimmy Grayson was still thinking of things far away, and Mr. Heathcote, chilled and shrank, seemed to have lost the power of speech.

The guide rode slowly toward the large brick building that Harley took to be the hotel, and at that moment the snow slackened for a little while; the last rays of the setting sun struck upon the brick walls and the gilded trim, and the red and brass panels of glass gave back the red glare, but mostly the windows were bare and empty, like cyclops' sockets. Harley looked further, and all the other buildings—the opera-house, the stores, and the residences—were the same, desolate and desecrating. About the place were snow-covered heaps, evidently the refuse of mining operations, but no other saw so human being.

The effect upon all save the guide was startling. Harley saw the look of chilled wonder grow on Jimmy Grayson's face. Mr.

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Heathcote raised himself in his saddle and stared, incomprehending. Harley had been deep in the desert, but never before had he seen such desolation and ruin; because here was the body, but all was dead from fire. He felt as one alone with ghosts. The guide laughed dryly.

"You guessed it," he said, looking at Harley. "It's a dead city. Queen City has been as dead as Adam these half-dozen years. When the mines played out it died; there was no earthly use for Queen City any longer, and by and by everybody went away. But I've Queen City in my mind when it was alive! Five thousand people here, seen the old town when it was alive! Five thousand people here, Money a-blowin'; drinks a-passin' over the counter one way and the coin the other, the gamblers' houses at the theatre check-full, all women, any kind you please. But there ain't a soul left now."

The snow thinned still more, and the buildings rose before them, stout and grim.

"We'll stop to-night at the Grand Hotel—that is, if they ain't too much crowded," said the guide, who had had his little job, and who now wished to serve his employers as best he could, "but first we'll take the horses into the dinin'-room; nobody will object, I've done it afore."

He rode toward a side door, but over the main entrance Harley saw in illuminated letters the words "Grand Hotel," and he tried to shake off the feeling of weirdness that it gave him.

The door to the dining-room, which was almost level with the earth, was open, and with some driving the horses were persuaded to enter. They were tethered there, sheltered from the storm, and when they moved their feet rumbled hollowly on the wooden floor. The candidate and his two friends, driven by the same impulse, turned back into the snow and re-entered the house by the front door.

They passed into a white hall, and at the far end they saw the clerk's desk. Lying upon the desk were some fragments of paper fastened to a chain, and Harley knew that it was what was left of the hotel register. It speaks vividly of both life and death that the three stopped.

"Would you like to register, Mr. Grayson?" asked Harley, wishing to relieve the tension.

The candidate laughed mirthlessly.

"Not to-night, Harley," he said, "but gloom as the place is we ought to be thankful that we have found it. See how the storm is rising."

The snow drove in at the unsheltered windows, and a long white arched around the wind whirled around the old house. The guide came in with cheerful haste and stamp of feet.

"Don't linger here, gentlemen," he said. "The house is yours; come into the parlor. We've had a piece of luck. Now and then a lone tramp or a miner seeks shelter in this town, just as we have done; they come mostly to the hotel, and some feller who gathered up wood failed to burn it all. I'll have a fire in the parlor in five minutes, and then we can ring for hot drinks and a warm dinner. I'll take straight whiskey, an' after that I ain't particular whether I get putty-do-fay-graw or hummis'-bird tongues."

His good humor was infectious, and they were thankful too for the shelter, desolate though the place was. All the wood had been stripped away except the floors, and the brick walls were bare. In the great parlor they had nothing to sit on save their saddles, but it was a noble apartment, many feet square, built for a time when there was life in Queen City.

"I've heard the Governor of Montana speak to more than two hundred people in this very room," said Jim, reminiscingly. "He was to have spoke in the public square, but snow come up, an' Bill Fowler, who ran the hotel and run her wide open, invited 'em all right in here, an' they come."

Harley could well believe it, knowing, as he did, the miners and the mountaineers and by report early Montana.

At one end of the room was an immense grate, and in this Jim

heaped the wood so generously left by the unknown tramp or miner, lighting it with a ready match. The ruddy blaze leaped upward and threw generous shadows on the floor. The men, sitting close to it, felt the grateful warmth and were content.

"An old hand traveller" in the mountains always provides for a snowy day," said the guide, and he took from his saddle-bags much food and a large bottle.

They drank a little and ate heartily. The last touch of cold departed, and the fire still sparkled with good cheer, casting its comforting shadows across the stained floor.

"I've brought in the horse blankets," said the guide, "an' with them under us, our overcoats over us, an' the fire afore us we ought to sleep here as snug as a worm as a heaver in his house."

Harley walked to the window and looked out. The night was black, save for the driving snow, and when he looked back at the

room it seemed a very haven of delight. But the strangeness of their situation, the weird effect of the dead city, with the ghost-like shapes of its houses shewing through the snow, was upon his nerves, and he did not feel sleepy.

Mastering some excuse to the others he went into the hall. It was dark, and a gust of cold air from the open window at the end

struck him in the face. At the same moment Harley saw what he took to be a light further down the hall, but when he looked again it was gone.

It might be a delusion, but the matter troubled him: if a lone tramp or miner were in the building he wished to know. Any stranger would have a right in the hotel, but they were comradeship and welcome in Jimmy Grayson's party.

Harley's instinct said that all was not right, and taking off his boots he crept down the hall and among the cross halls with noiseless feet. He did not see the light again, but he heard in another room the hum of voices, softened so that they might not reach any one save those far whom they were intended. But they reached Harley, crashing just behind the

edge of the door, and hearing, he aubounded. A great danger threatened the frontier for the Presidency of the United States. Such a thing as the present had never before happened in the history of the country.

The door was still on its hinges, and it was still slightly ajar. Harley, peeping through the crack, saw the faint light from the window, saw the fire occupants of the room, and because the man who drew the curtains and who showed himself so evidently the leader had red hair he knew him instinctively. It was Red Levy and the rest.

Harley was in a chill as he listened, and then his professional instinct leaped up. What a tremendous piece of news the kidnapping and holding of Jimmy Grayson would be! But it was only a momentary thrill; above it and beyond it swelled his sense of comradeship and duty and of devotion to the man whom he had come to regard as his chief. The candidate must be saved, he thought.

But Harley, thinking his hardest, could not think how. There were five men well armed in the room before him: the guide probably had a pistol, but he had none, and he was sure that Jimmy Grayson and Mr. Heathcote were without them. He passed a long time, undecided, and at last he drew his gun to his waist and toward the great parlor. Then he put on his boots, re-entered the room, and spoke in a low voice to his comrades.

"The guide's fighting blood was on fire at once. 'I've a revolver,'



The guide led on; Jimmy Grayson, with bent head, followed

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he said; "we his barricade the room and hold them off. There are but two windows here, opening out on the snow, but they are so high they can hardly reach 'em with their heads. We kin make a good fight of it."

"No," said Jimmy Grayson, "there's not a shot to be fired, because I've a better plan. How long do you think it will be before they come for me, Harley?"

"About fifteen minutes I should say, at least that is what I gathered from their talk."

"And they have not examined the building or the town?"

"No, they merely came down the trail behind us and slipped into that room, waiting their chance."

"Very good. Joo, you told me a while ago that the Governor of Montana once spoke to two hundred people in this room; it was a famous remark of yours, because I shall speak to an easy people to-night in this same room. Shut the door there, put the saddles before it, and then load the fire as high as possible."

**A Desperate Expedient**

The Candidate's voice was sharp, decisive, and full of command. The born leader of men was asserting himself, and the guide, without pausing in reason, hastened to obey. He opened the door, put the saddles before it, and draped upon the fire all the remaining wood, except a stump, reserved by Jimmy Grayson's express command. The fire leaped higher and the room was brilliantly lighted.

Jimmy Grayson stood by, erect, calm, and grave.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "you are a crowd, come from Crow's Wing to meet me here and to hear what I have to say. I trust that you will like it, and indurate your liking by your applause."

The stump was placed in the middle of the floor, and Jimmy Grayson stepped upon it. His face at that height was visible through the window to any one outside, although the others would be hidden. Just as he took his place Harley thought he heard the soft crunch of a footprint on the snow beneath the window. He felt a burning curiosity to rise and look out, but he restrained it and did not move. The guide was staring at the Candidate in open-mouthed amazement, but he did not speak. A few big white flakes drove in at the open window, but they did not reach the room before the fire that blazed so brightly. Harley again thought he heard the soft shuffle of footsteps on the snow outside, but then the burning wood crackled merrily and Jimmy Grayson was about to speak.

**The Great Speech**

"Gentlemen of Crow's Wing," said the Candidate, in his full, penetrating voice that the empty old building gave back in many an echo, "it is indeed a pleasure to me to meet you here. The circumstances, the situation are such as to inspire any man who has been so honored, I would like to have seen your little town, the home of brave and honest men, dwelling as it does among these mighty mountains and far from the rest of the world, but I cannot do so, so reluctant. I appreciate too your kindness and your thought for me. Seeing the advance of the storm and knowing its dangers, you have come to meet me in this place, over so full of life. I sad something singularly appealing and pathetic is this. Once again, if only for a brief space, Queen City shall ring with human voices and the human tread."

The Candidate paused a moment, as if the end of a rounded period had come and he were gathering strength for another. Then suddenly arose a mighty chorus of applause. It was Harley, Henthobte, and Jim, and their act was spontaneous, the inspiration of the moment, drawn from Jimmy Grayson's own inspirations. The guide bent upon the floor with both hands and both feet, and the other two were not less active. Moreover, the guide opened his mouth and let forth a yell, rapid, continuous, and so full of volume that it sounded like the whoop of at least a half-dozen men. The room resounded with the applause, and it thundered down the halls of the great empty



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building. When it died, Harley, listening again intently heard once more the crash of feet on the snow outside, but now it was a rapid movement, as if of surprise. But the second cause to him only a moment, because the Candidate was speaking once more and he was worth hearing.

As an orator Jimmy Grayson was always good, but sometimes he was better than at other times. The audience from Crow's Wing, the consideration they had shown in meeting him here in the dead city, and the wildness of the night outside seemed to inspire him. He showed the greatest familiarity with the life of the mountains and the needs of the miners; he was one of them, he sympathized with them, he entered their houses, and if he could he would make their lives brighter.

Never had the Candidate spoken to a more appreciative audience. With his foot and hand and voice it thundered its applause; the building echoed with it, and all the time the fire burned higher and higher, and the merry crackling of the wood was a minor note the chorus of applause. But Jimmy Grayson's own voice was like an organ, every key of which he played, it expressed every human emotion; full and swelling it rose above the applause, and Harley, watching his expressive face, saw that he felt these emotions. Once he believed that the Candidate, carried away by his own feelings, had become oblivious of time and place and thought now only of the troubles and needs of the mountain men.

### The Enemy Routed

Harley's attention turned once more to the wideness. He thought he was a lucky chance it was that no one standing on the ground outside was high enough to look through them into the room. He blessed the unknown builder, and then he tried to hear that familiar shuffle on the snow, but he did not hear it again.

Jimmy Grayson spoke on and on, and the applause kept pace, until at last the guide slipped quietly from the room. When he returned a quarter of an hour later the Candidate was still speaking, but Jim gave him a signal look and he stopped abruptly. "They are gone," said Jim. "They must have been gone a full hour. The snow has stopped, and I guess they are at least ten miles from here, ruzmia! for their lives. They know that if the men of Crow's Wing put hands on 'em they'll be hangin' from a limb ten minutes after."

Jimmy Grayson sank down on the stump, exhausted, and wiped his hot face.

"See, Mr. Harley," whispered the guide to the correspondent. "I've heard some good speeches in my time, but to-night's was the greatest."

The Candidate spoke the next day at Crow's Wing, and his audience was delighted. But Jim was right. The speech was set as great as the one he made at Queen City.

## What a Locomotive Engineer has to Remember

By Leon Edgar Reed

OFFICIALS who operate the fast trains recently put on between New York city and the West are just now facing a problem in philosophy which, on paper, looks something like this:

"How many iron-rod rules on the human mind keep within instant recall, if death is the penalty for forgetting?"

The answer is supposed to lie somewhere in the code of rules and signals which the officials have developed for the operation of these fast trains. These rules, of which there are about 700 for each 125 miles between New York city and Chicago, were made for the safety of the public, but the public may look askance when it learns that one man must remember 700 of them, and that a slip on any one rule may mean a shocking loss of human life.

### Six Thousand Rules

These 700 rules are the average for each division of the chief railroad lines running



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west from New York. Each set covers the work of one engineer, who drives his train until another engineer, with a fresh set of rules and, presumably, a fresh memory, releases him. In other words, eight men, the average number of locomotive engineers who drive a fast train between New York and Chicago, must keep constantly in mind nearly 6000 different rules in order that patrons of these trains may travel without risking their lives. What this means to the public, in twenty-four-hour's ride on one of these trains, can be judged from the following list of what an engineer on a certain 100-mile run has to watch, while his locomotive is going at a speed of sixty miles an hour:

**A Few Things to Look out For**

Five hundred "cross-over" switch-lights, to learn whether they are red or white. Fifteen "interlocking" switch-lights, to learn whether they are red, white or green. Seven "non-interlocking" switch-lights, to learn whether they are red or white. Three "non-interlocking" switch-lights, to know whether they are red or green. Nineteen arms at twenty-five way stations, for possible red lights. Four hundred highway crossings, to know whether they are "clear." Locomotives of a dozen trains approaching on parallel tracks, for red or green lights. Three graph operators at twenty-five way stations, who may be walking near the track with orders. For a red flag at any conceivable point in the 100 miles, displayed as a danger signal. Whether one or two explosions are exploded at any point in the 100 miles, signifying "caution" or "stop." Whether his clearance card is good for each of twenty-five way stations. Whether there is enough water in the engine boiler. Whether there is enough water in the engine tender. Whether there is enough coal in the engine tender. Whether the steam pressure is being kept up. Whether the fireman is chafing. Whether the other long set of rules. Whether the engine-bell rings at 400 highway crossings.

**Reading Signs at a Mile a Minute**

These rules apply to the terminal division of a certain great railroad, where 100 miles is covered frequently at an average speed of sixty miles an hour, and spurts of eighty miles an hour are occasionally made. If the color of one of these 500-and-odd lights is overlooked or misunderstood, a catastrophe is possible. But in addition to these duties the engineer must watch: The rattle of his locomotive, to detect a loose or broken part. The exact location of four water-troughs, filling the tender without stopping. The position of the track ahead of his engine. The approach to every small hill or incline in the track.

By day the switch and signal-lights are replaced by signal boards and "blocks," the color or direction of which must be read as literally as the lamps. The engineer who notes 600 of these signs from his cab-window, and mixes the 100th, has taken, in true-track language, a "700 to 1 shot" with a train-load of human lives.

**Has the Safety Limit been Reached?**

The engineers who drive the limited trains on the 100 miles of road cited above, which is shorter than the average division, but a fair example, either "double" the distance by taking a train each way in one day, and resting the next, or else are allowed to cover it in one direction daily. Why they are not made to work longer hours needs no explanation. A short time ago, the most expert engineer of this railroad, after being offered an apoplectic stroke while quitting his locomotive after a two-and-a-half hour run on a twenty-four-hour New York-Chicago "limited."

The public has good reason to ask whether the safety limit has not been reached by the good and bad rules. There must be a point where the locomotive is so large and its speed so great, that one human mind cannot safely control it, no matter how few the levers are. A 10-ton passenger locomotive going at seventy miles an hour, as operated by one man "inside" is so much a mechanical freak as a 200-pound human athlete would be, if turned loose with the brain of a three-year-old boy.



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We cannot undertake to find employment for them, or to assist them in starting in business, but we can—and will—help them to the extent of giving them such information as will be of great benefit.

The condition is this: Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, and Texas need more men. In these states and territories are vast areas of unimproved and unoccupied land—land which does not yield the crops Nature intended it should. The same thing, in a different way, prevails in the towns and cities. Few lines of business are adequately represented. There are openings of all sorts—for mills and manufacturing plants; for drug, grocery, and dry goods stores; for banks and lumber yards. Mechanics are needed. Professional men are in demand.

The other side of the story is this: The East is overcrowded. Competition is keen. Expenses are high. Opportunities are few.

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Here is my suggestion: Write me a letter stating what line of business you wish to engage in, how much money you have, and where you prefer to locate. As soon as I can, I will place before you full and complete information as to desirable locations. You can then decide for yourself whether or not you wish to "try the Southwest."

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE TAMMANY INFERNO

## HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## COMMENT

ALBUQUERQUE the Majority campaign this year in the city of New York is to be exceptionally short, it is being prosecuted with energy by the fusionists. The determination of District-Attorney Jerome to take a part in the contest has encouraged the friends of Mayor Low. Jerome is the one speaker on the fusionist side who has proved his ability to shake Tammany's control of the densely populated section of Manhattan Island that lies east of Broadway and Fourth Avenue. The election returns from that section in 1902 bore witness to the tremendous influence exercised by him on voters of German and Hebrew descent. Jerome's co-operation is the more needed this year, because there have been some indications of apathy in the districts where Republicans preponderate. His appearance in the field and Mr. McLaughlin's inflexible refusal to support Moers, Grant and Forman are the two circumstances that lead close observers of the situation to regard Mr. Low's chance of success as somewhat better than his opponents'. The attempt to convince honest Democrats that a victory for Tammany Hall this year is an indispensable condition, precedent to the triumph of their party in the nation a twelvemonth hence, seems likely to fail. A like effort was made in Indianapolis to convince decent Republicans that they must uphold their party candidate for Mayor if they wanted to carry Indiana for Mr. Roosevelt in 1904. The citizens, however, made up their minds that there was issue before them was good government, and that their Republican Mayor, who had given them a "wide-open" town, must not be re-elected. Accordingly, they gave his Democratic competitor a plurality of about one thousand, although the normal Republican plurality in the county in which Indianapolis is situated is some forty-five hundred. No person acquainted with the facts imagines that the outcome of this municipal election will have any sensible effect upon the position to be taken by Indiana next year.

Senator Gorman, when he was in New York recently, is said to have expressed resentment at what he termed the President's interference in a Maryland local contest. In our opinion, Mr. Roosevelt, as the official head of the Republican organization, is perfectly justified in attempting to allay factional dissensions within his party in any State, so long as he confines himself to advice and admonition, and makes no use of official patronage, as at one time he was accused of doing in Delaware. Maryland having given her electoral votes to Mr. McKinley in 1896 and 1900, it was not to be expected that the Republicans would renounce the hope of carrying the State next year. It is true that Mr. McKinley's majority dropped from upwards of 52,000 in 1896 to less than 14,000 four years later, and that since then Mr. Gorman has been

returned to the United States Senate. But, owing to the considerable volume of the recent emigration from Northern States into western Maryland, it is the opinion of close observers that the Republicans, were they united, would have an even chance of carrying the State this autumn. To unite them is Mr. Roosevelt's perfectly legitimate purpose, but whether he can carry it out is doubtful. United States Senator McComas, who is a candidate for re-election at the hands of the Legislature to be chosen next month, is bitterly opposed by Representative Wachter and by Representative Mudd. The two last-named gentlemen declare that in no event can Senator McComas be re-elected, inasmuch as a considerable fraction of the Republican legislators will vote against him. The feeling of hostility is so widespread and intense that it is expected to give to the Democrats a number of legislative districts in which friends of Mr. McComas have been nominated. Mr. Roosevelt has been told that the Republicans can elect their candidate for the Governorship and carry the Legislature if Mr. McComas can be prevailed upon to announce that he will not be a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate. Naturally, the President does not like to exact such a sacrifice from the Senator.

It begins to look as if the factional dissensions in the Republican party might be offset to a certain extent by a lack of unity in the Democratic camp. Senator Gorman is understood to have promised Senator McComas's seat to Governor Smith as a reward for calling an extra session of the Legislature at which a ballot act was passed, the practical effect of which, it was supposed, would be to disfranchise a good many negroes. Governor Smith, however, is certain to have at least two competitors for the Democratic nomination, namely, ex-Governor F. E. Jackson, who can probably rely on a good deal of support from the Eastern Shore, of which he is a resident, and Mr. Lidger Bayner, Attorney-General of the State, who, it will be remembered, defended Admiral Schley before the Court of Inquiry. One of Senator Gorman's friends, Mr. J. P. Poe, formerly Attorney-General of the State, has also entered the race, but his candidacy is regarded as a blind, and whatever votes he can secure in the Legislature will go ultimately to Smith.

Not only Republicans, but Democrats all over the country are interested in the State election of Maryland. If Senator Gorman cannot carry his own State this year, he is unlikely to be seriously considered as a candidate for the Presidency in the Democratic national convention. From this point of view, it might be auspicious for the Republicans to connive at his success next month, and thus improve his chance of obtaining the nomination for the Presidency, for nobody who has been suggested as the Democratic nominee could be more easily beaten. It is certain that Mr. Bryan's friends would refuse to support Senator Gorman, a defection that would be fatal in such doubtful States as Indiana and Connecticut, while, on the other hand, there is no reason to believe that Mr. Gorman is trusted by the high-minded and conservative Democrats who in 1896 voted for McKinley and Hobart or for Palmer and Buckner. We would not underestimate the firmness of the control which Mr. Gorman possesses on the Democratic machinery in many States, owing to the influence which he exerts as chosen leader of the Democratic minority in the United States Senate. Those States are far, however, from being able to give him the two-thirds vote which is necessary for a nomination in a Democratic national convention.

Mr. Bryan has declared, it will be remembered, that under no circumstances will he support Mr. Gorman as a candidate for the Presidency, while as to Mr. Olney he has merely denied that he has ever expressed approval of his candidacy. With regard to Chief-Judge Parher he has made no definite declaration of his intentions. To Mr. Cleveland he is openly opposed, yet we doubt if Mr. Bryan would ultimately set himself against a popular upheaval in favor of the ex-President. Of such an upheaval there are already not a few indications, and they are likely to multiply from this hour henceforward. We directed attention some time ago to a species of phibiscite taken in Tennessee, the outcome of which was an immense preponderance of opinion favorable to Mr. Cleveland. A similar result has attended the attempt of the Chicago *Farm* and

Homes to ascertain the preferences of its subscribers as regards a successor to Mr. Roosevelt. It appears that almost every Republican subscriber signified a wish that Mr. Roosevelt should succeed himself, but of the Democratic votes cast, which amounted, in the aggregate, to some 32,000, Mr. Cleveland received an immense plurality, the figures being—Cleveland, 12,833; Bryan, 4921; Parker, 4552; Johnson, 4335; Hill, 2135; Hearst, 1445; Gorman, only 179; and scattering, 2491. This may be only a straw, but it shows that a strong wind is blowing. There is no doubt that Mr. Cleveland's recent visit to Chicago evoked even more conclusive proofs from the rank and file of the Democracy than did his visit to St. Louis of a desire to see him once more occupy the White House. This, too, although Mayor Carter Harrison forms with Mayor Tom Johnson and Mr. W. R. Hearst a triumvirate which is aiming to persuade the Democratic national convention to put forward a nominee of the Bryanite stamp.

Will the Senate, at the extra session of Congress which will open on November 9, ratify the commercial treaty with China which has recently been signed at Peking, and which, among other things, gives to the United States the privilege of trading at two additional ports in Manchuria, to wit, Mukden and An-tung. This is a matter that may have an important bearing on the situation in the Far East. It is premature to talk of our using force to make good our treaty rights at Mukden and An-tung which at present are in Russia's possession; because, as yet, we have no treaty rights, nor shall we have any until the commercial treaty has been ratified and the ratifications shall have been exchanged. The intimation, however, distinctly made by our State Department, that, if and when the treaty becomes valid, we shall not submit to a frustration of it by Russia, is tantamount to a declaration that we mean to fight for our Manchurian trade, and that any attempt to bar us out of New-chwang, Mukden, or An-tung, on the plea that Russia has not evacuated Manchuria, will be regarded as a casus belli. In other words, the military and naval power of the United States will henceforth figure as a factor in the Far-Eastern situation.

There is no doubt that Senator Morgan of Alabama and his coadjutors in the House of Representatives will take advantage of the extra session of Congress, which will begin on November 9, to demand that the President enter forthwith on negotiations for a canal franchise with Nicaragua and Costa Rica. They will insist that the "reasonable time" given to the President by the Spooner act for the purpose of securing from Colombia the concessions necessary for an interoceanic waterway across the Panama isthmus has expired. They may even try to pass a joint resolution expressing that opinion. The President could veto such a resolution, however, if, in his judgment, the public interest requires delay. It is not quite clear what the President expects to gain by delay. What reason is there to imagine that a new Colombian Congress would ratify the canal treaty which the present Bogota Parliament has rejected, or any substitute for it which would be acceptable to us? The members of the present House of Representatives in the Colombian Congress were picked out for the express purpose of ratifying the treaty, and so were those Senators who have been newly elected. Nevertheless, every member of the Bogota Senate voted against ratification. A suggestion has been made to the effect that if the last extension of the French company's franchise—which was made, it should be remembered, not by law, but by executive fiat—were to be declared invalid, and the property of the company were to be confiscated, Colombia would become entitled to all of the purchase-money—forty million dollars—which we have contracted to pay the French corporation for its franchises and plant. Those who make this suggestion fail to foresee that public opinion in France would compel the government to protect the rights of the canal company, even if it had to proceed to the bombardment of Cartagena and other Colombian seaports. We should then find ourselves confronted with a question involving the interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine such as was raised when war-torments of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy blockaded La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. An even more delicate question would be presented if French squadrons should undertake to blockade the harbors of Colon

and Panama; for, under the treaty of 1846 with New Granada, we are bound to safeguard freedom of transport across the isthmus. We add that, having entered into a contract to buy the property of the French canal company, we could not, with any show of decency, connive at Colombia's attempt to rob that company of its assets.

At the conference of the National Civic Federation in Chicago, Senator Mark Hanna, the president of the association, made a speech of some length in which he managed to say nothing of importance. On the other hand, interesting speeches were made by Mr. John Mitchell, president of the United Mine-Workers, and by Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. Opposing the so-called "open" shop, Mr. Mitchell argued that the refusal of labor-unionists to work with non-union men is no more unreasonable or objectionable than it is for a life-insurance or fire-insurance company to decline certain risks, or for a church to withhold membership from certain classes of people, or for any association to prescribe conditions on which it will have dealings with certain persons. He thought that with the multiplication of trade-unions and their growth of strength there would probably be a lessening of the intensity of feeling against the non-unionists, but no abatement of the determination to exclude non-unionists from shops in which labor-unionists are employed. Mr. Gompers also compared the so-called "closed" shop to various organizations, societies, and professions which bar out persons unacceptable to them. Boycotting also was defended by Mr. Gompers. He expressed the belief that there were no gentlemen or ladies in the hall who had not engaged in boycotting at one time or another. It is an expedient, he said, to which everybody has recourse in a social, financial, or business way. Those who practise the boycott, he contended, are simply reducing to a minimum their dealings with dilapidated or distracted persons, while living up to the principle that we should stand by our friends.

A very different position was taken by Mr. T. F. Woodlock, of New York, who maintained that if the principle of the "open" shop be rejected by union labor, then union labor must deny the justice of its own demands, and, ultimately, dispute the natural rights upon which our democratic polity is founded. He revealed association for the purpose of fair competition as defensible morally and legally, but he denounced association for the purpose of establishing a monopoly of employment in any field of industry as a restraint of trade which in a democratic state or society is morally and legally wrong. Meanwhile, it has been settled that the Federal government under the Roosevelt administration will not tolerate the establishment of "closed" shops among its employees, but will permit no distinction to be drawn between unionist and non-union labor.

That the United States are deeply interested in the free-food campaign now proceeding in Great Britain is recognized by Mr. C. T. Ritchie, lately Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, in a speech to his constituents, has pointed out that Mr. Chamberlain, by his proposal to give a tariff preference to breadstuffs imported from the colonies, is risking the substance while grasping at the shadow. He is risking the loss of American good-will in order to cement a colonial loyalty which, according to the Cassandras, is already assured. Mr. Chamberlain commends his scheme to the British proletariat by telling them that in the course of a few years, provided a preference is given to grain imported from the colonies, the Northwest provinces of the Canadian Dominion will be able to supply all the breadstuffs that Great Britain is now compelled to import. In other words, the British Empire would be self-sufficing from the view-point of food. He forgets to explain what will become of the enormous existing export of British manufactures to the United States. The vast quantities of British manufactures which are now imported annually into the United States are paid for, not with cash, but with cotton, petroleum, and food products sent across the Atlantic to the United Kingdom. If food products should cease to be exported from the United States to Great Britain, the amount of British manufactures which could be purchased by the former country would be immensely diminished. It would be obviously impossible for five or six million Canadians to offer a

market equivalent to that which had been furnished by eighty million Americans.

What would become of British factories if, through a preferential tariff, they were to lose their American customers? It is certain that a very large proportion of them would be shut down. Such would be the inevitable outcome of Mr. Chamberlain's project in times of peace. What would happen in the event of war between Great Britain and a European coalition? It would be the primary purpose of such a coalition to subjugate Great Britain by starvation, to which end it would forthwith declare food contraband of war, unless it feared thereby to array the military and naval power of the United States on the British side. If we should be at the time, as we now are, the principal purveyors of food products to Great Britain, we should unquestionably fight to uphold the rights of neutrals, conspicuous among which is the right to furnish food to belligerents. But if, owing to England's enactment of a preferential tariff in the interests of her colonies, we had ceased to supply her with food, we should cease to have any interest in the matter, and could not reasonably be expected to lift a finger in order to rescue England from famine. That, in the event of a war with a European coalition, Canada's breadstuffs would punctually reach Great Britain must be pronounced extremely improbable. Needing all the warships she could assemble in her home waters to shield herself against invasion, England would not be able to spare war-vessels enough to convoy grain fleets across the Atlantic. Under the circumstances, England would be exposed to starvation, even should our government preserve a strict neutrality.

It begins to look as if Republican spoilsmen would give Mr. Roosevelt precisely what he wants, to wit, an opportunity of proving that he meant just what he said when he requested Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad to investigate the frauds in the postal service, and announced a determination to turn the rascals out. It is hard for Republican politicians of the old-fashioned type to believe in Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity, and we should not be surprised if Secretary Shaw, like Postmaster-General Payne, should need one or two hard knocks before he is thoroughly enlightened. As we have formerly pointed out, the report of Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad, who, at Mr. Roosevelt's request, investigated the scandals laid bare by the Tulloch charges, reflects severely upon Mr. Tracewell, Comptroller of the Treasury, and intimates that his retirement would be for the public good. It seems that Secretary Shaw resents the implication of the Treasury Department in the postal frauds, and has threatened to quit the cabinet if Tracewell is dismissed. Mr. Shaw asserts, so we are informed, that if the President prefers to follow the advice of "outsiders" like Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad, rather than his own, on a matter affecting the administration of his department, there ought to be a new Secretary of the Treasury. If he imagines that the verdict of Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad would not have more weight with the people of this country than his desire to protect an Indiana wire-puller, the term of his usefulness to the President has expired, and the sooner he returns to Iowa, the better.

Since we last mentioned him, Boris Sarafoff has been killed twice. He has in each case promptly come to life again, which, in so young a man, is the more astonishing. In this, the great Bulgarian leader is but the type of Slav insurrection against Turkish misrule. Slav resistance has been dying and coming to life at intervals since the fall of Constantinople. And we are, therefore, well prepared to learn that the Turks have once more stamped out the insurrection, and that peace once more reigns in Macedonia and Adrianople. We shall be just as well prepared to learn that the insurrection has broken out again next spring, whether or not Russia and Austria get their reforms accepted by the Porte. For as to these reforms, the truth is that they will never effect much; at least, never enough to satisfy the Bulgarian revolutionists. Nor is this wonderful. For the Porte will always find ways and means to make them nugatory. Thus there are already hundreds of Swedish and Norwegian gendarmes in Macedonia, introduced wholly in the interests of reform. Yet they are practically under guard all the time, and have no real power. So it would

be if these hundreds were turned into thousands. Until the powers are in a position to collect the taxes and pay the bills, their agents will never have any real power. Until they are backed by armed force, they will never be allowed to collect the taxes and pay the bills. Therefore, unless the powers agree to enforce a programme of Macedonia autonomy, with a Christian governor, on Turkey, and further insist on the withdrawal of Turkish troops from the Slavonic area, the condition of Macedonia will remain practically unameliorated, and the work of the insurgents will continue. The best hope, therefore, for the miserable Macedonians is a coalition of the more humane powers—England, France, Italy, Austria, and Russia—strong enough to ignore or override the opposition of Germany, and to dictate to the Porte the conditions of autonomy for Macedonia. In due time an autonomous Macedonia will, doubtless, give in its adherence to Bulgaria; just as did autonomous Eastern Rumania, by the peaceful revolution of 1855. In this way another step will be taken towards the settlement reached by the San Stefano Treaty, which was upset by the Berlin Congress, from motives of frank hostility to everything Slavonic.

In the present ministerial crisis, the most interesting thing in Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone is the revelation of the fact that Mr. Gladstone declared that, had Queen Victoria asked him to advise her as to his successor, he would have named, not Lord Rosebery nor Sir William Harcourt, but Lord Spencer. This will doubtless help to determine King Edward. In the event, which cannot long be postponed, of the resignation or collapse of Mr. Balfour. We recently gave certain details of Lord Spencer's past achievements, showing his great administrative ability and high character and prestige, and in a speech delivered a few days ago, Lord Spencer showed great penetration in pointing out that the preferential tariff scheme of Mr. Balfour is a two-edged weapon; that the United States could very easily retaliate on England for favoring Canada at the expense of this country. Lord Spencer added that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's declaration that, rather than sacrifice one item of legislative independence, Canada would quit the empire, was sufficient of itself to damn the scheme of Mr. Chamberlain. A Liberal ministry formed by Lord Spencer would doubtless include Mr. Morley, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Beyer, Mr. Richard Haldane, Mr. Lloyd-George, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, while it is improbable that Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery would so far sink their own pretensions as to serve under any one whom they would consider a successful rival. Meanwhile, Mr. Balfour is determined to hold on to the last moment, and what Adam Smith called "the higgling of the market" is in full swing between the Premier and Mr. Balfour.

The visit of King Victor Emmanuel II. and Queen Helena to Paris is a good deal more than the mere merry-making of royalties. It is yet another of the symptoms of the new era in European politics, which was half unconsciously inaugurated by two such dissimilar personalities as Tsar Nicholas II. and King Edward VII. The first step towards this new order was taken when Russia joined forces with France, not merely in a formal alliance, but much more in a united protest against the Teutonic idea, as revealed in the politics of Bismarck, and the equally aggressive, equally opportunistic neo-Bismarckianism of Kaiser Wilhelm II. The older Bismarckian policy had accomplished the humiliation of Austria and the partial destruction of France; it had further committed Italy to a ruinous militarism, the results of which are found in the bread-riots, destitution, and emigration which are the chief features of modern Italian life. The new Bismarckian policy of Wilhelm II. expressed its spirit openly in Kiao-chau and Venezuela, and secretly in the Balkans, in Asia Minor, in Hungary. The visit of King Edward to Italy, France, and Austria stimulated these three powers to a mutual fricadelle, whose fruits we see in President Loubet's visit to London, in the new arbitration treaty between England and France, and, lastly, in the visit of the Italian royalties to Paris, which is thus once more asserting its claim to be the capital of the world, and eclipsing its rival, Berlin.

The acquittal of former Lieutenant-Governor James H. Tillman, of South Carolina, tried for the murder of editor

Gonzales, has surprised and shocked the country. Tillman was displeased with criticisms printed by Gonzales in his paper, and announced that he would shoot Gonzales at sight. Gonzales, relying on the protection of the law, went unarmed about his business, until Tillman shot and killed him. The defence was that Tillman acted in self-defence. To be sure, his victim was unarmed, but one of his counsel said, "We do not concede that Mr. Gonzales was unarmed, but he should have been armed if he was not." "I was forced to do what I did," explained the prisoner. James H. Tillman is a quarrelsome brute, profane in insults, and since it has been demonstrated that he can defy South Carolina law with impunity, his future course will be watched with special interest. There must be many decent people in South Carolina as well as out of it who are outraged by the verdict that set him free.

A "Platform of the Massachusetts State Democracy, 1903," is in print, which declares in its first paragraph that "the Democratic party, . . . the defender of Man against the Dollar, shall fight the trust oligarchy now as it fought the political oligarchy with Jefferson." Just at the present moment to fight the trust oligarchy seems rather like jabbing at a drowning dog with the butt end of an ear. Plenty of plain water seems likely to deal effectively with a large proportion of the trusts without violence from bystanders; but without dissenting that, does Man in Massachusetts want to be defended from the Dollar? Here in New York he doesn't. Here in New York when Man sees the Dollar coming for him he stands out in the open and clutches for it, and elapsé it to his bosom. He thinks no one who scores the Dollar off when it is coming his way. What he is after, and will think the Democratic party, or any other party, to promote, is the more perfect domestication of the Dollar, so that it will be less fugitive and timid, and will come and nestle in his pocket, and, if possible, breed freely in captivity. Present concern hereabout centres in the apparent disposition of the Dollar to run away and hide. There is no fear of it at all; on the contrary, the burden of current solicitude as it finds expression in this great Democratic stronghold concerns the ability of President Roosevelt to put salt on the Dollar's tail so as to make it easier to catch. A good many sober and anxious observers are afraid that the President is not so proficient as he might be in that use of salt, and are looking at all likely men and all likely parties to see if there is not some one in whom the Dollar would be sure to confide. For it is the Dollar that is scored, not Man.

A Paris correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* tells an interesting story about alcoholism in France. The average consumption of alcohol at 100 degrees in France in 1850 was 6½ litres to each inhabitant. It was then drunk chiefly in the form of wine. A litre is a little more than a quart. The average consumption in 1900 was 15 1-5 litres, half in wine, a fourth in beer or cider, and a fourth in spirits. As some districts in France are still reasonably abstemious, the consumption in other districts is much above the average, Normandy and Brittany being especially drunken, and showing very serious results from it. It is not that the people get violently drunk, but that they keep themselves constantly drugged with alcohol, with ominous results in the form of disease and degeneracy. The average consumption of alcohol is estimated to be 13½ litres in Switzerland, about 10 in Belgium, Italy, and Denmark, about 9 in Germany, England, and Austria, 6 in Holland, 5 in the United States, and 2 in Canada. The poorer classes are most affected in France. The middle and higher classes as a rule have intelligence enough to restrict their potations. Other countries have been as drunken as France and have reformed. In Sweden in 1825 the average annual allowance to each inhabitant was 25½ litres of pure alcohol. Now it is 5 litres. Finland between 1850 and 1900 came down from 20 litres to 2. England, where there is a special effort now to restrict the indulgence of the drinker, has in twenty-five years reduced her annual per capita allowance from 10 litres to 9. The great trouble at present in France seems to be that the government is not strong enough to restrict the manufacture and sale of liquors. Government in France needs votes. There are very nearly half a million wine-shops in France, and last year, in spite of repressive legislation, there were 1,137,328 private distillers who made alcohol as handy from their own produce for their own use. This enormous prevalence of private stills seems appalling.

Their number has increased sevenfold since 1879. Government not only needs the votes of distillers and wine-sellers, but the revenue from alcohol is indispensable. So the problem is a hard one, but it must be solved, because to neglect it means destruction.

There is to be a school of journalism in Columbia University, and possibly preparation for it has gone so far that one or two gentlemen are already sifting notes—books with thoughts and instances proper to be brought by lecturers to the notice of its students. Such persons, if there are any, will go far without finding a more delightful illustration of the value of familiar knowledge of good literature to a newspaper writer than in the comment of the Charleston (South Carolina) *News and Courier* on certain remarks of Senator Tillman. A newspaper compared President Roosevelt's omission of McClellan's name from his Antislavery speech to the failure of Tillman to mention Wade Hampton in his lecture on South Carolina's Redemption from Carpet-bag Rule. "We had not noticed it," observed the *News and Courier*. "No matter. Hampton's place in history is secure." But it mattered to Tillman, who cried, "A dirty attack!" "a falsehood!" "a manufactured lie!" and wrote a letter violently denying that he had ever delivered such a lecture. The *News*, declaring that the letter was characteristically vulgar, impertinent, and disingenuous, quoted from the *Enquirer*:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jambuhl gloried and drank deep;  
And Balaam, that great Hoaxer—the Wild Ass  
Stomps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

Without having any opinion as to the merits of the controversy, it is impossible not to rejoice in so admirable an exhibition of the skillful use of weapons. What Senator Tillman said next does not appear. There are occasional instances of a conclusiva retort which stops argument, and possibly this was one.

At this writing Dowie's campaign in New York has begun, but if we may trust the unanimous testimony of the newspapers, the Chicago prophet has not made at the start so deep a dent in the equanimity of New York as he expected. He is universally commended for the discipline he maintains among his followers, who are described as exceptionally orderly and peaceable people. The same characteristics were noticed by the Boston newspapers in the Christian Science hosts who made a pilgrimage last spring to the home of Mother Eddy in Concord. There never was a better-natured lot of people seen in those parts than the Scientists. But as for getting any real hold on New York, there is no sign yet that Dowie will do it. He is compared with Moody, much to his disadvantage. Both were remarkable men, but the message Moody brought was that which every Christian preacher preaches, or tries to preach, all the year round. He preached the religion of the country without any variations, except as his personal power and earnestness varied the method of its presentation. But Dowie is a bird of quite another feather. His assumption that he is the reincarnated Elijah appeals to the public sense of humor. New York is ready enough to be amused by him, but as for taking him seriously—the town seems not nearly ripe for that. In a population of three millions there are a good many individuals who are anxious to try a fresh start of some sort, and some of these Dowie may enlist, but the town as a whole is not in the least likely to get excited over him. It seems fitter to compare him with Brigham Young than with Mr. Moody. His whims are not noxious like Brigham's. He preaches sound morals, and his faith-healing beliefs are such as other sects have made use of. But the industrial side of his enterprise is not so Mormon-like, and we should be more sure that his bubble would burst disastrously if the Mormon bubble had not held its own so long. After all, his persuasion that he is Elijah is not a very pestilent heresy, and if the business end of his enterprise seems so recklessly developed as to excite the suspicion that his mind is unduly fixed on the main chance, at least he gives his followers government, discipline, morality, and so far contentment, which is more than any of the get-rich-quick concerns give to theirs. If one must be a duped, there may be worse chances than to be the dupe of Dowie.

## The Decision of the Alaska Boundary Commission

The decision rendered by the Alaska Boundary Commission through the concurrence of Lord Chief-Justice Alverstone, the British commissioner, with the three American commissioners, Secretary Root, Senator Lodge, and ex-Senator Turner, is, as regards not only its actual, but its prospective, consequences, one of the most momentous events in the history of the relations between Great Britain and the United States. After marking the effect of the decision on the boundary between our Territory of Alaska and the Dominion of Canada, we shall indicate the counterbalancing influence which the decision seems likely to exert, by postponing the establishment of an international tribunal, to which all future disputes between the United States and the United Kingdom may be generally referred, and thus accomplishing the purpose of the wise arbitration treaty which was negotiated under Mr. McKinley's first administration, but which our Senate failed to ratify. We should premise, however, what some of our contemporaries seem to overlook, the fact, namely, that the decision rendered by the Alaska Boundary Commission on the specific questions submitted to it is not of itself legally binding on both of the countries concerned, but, in order to become obligatory, will have to be embodied in a treaty, which, like other treaties, will need to be ratified. We assume, however, that the Ottawa government will not attempt to prevent the signing of such a treaty



by the British Foreign Office, and that the ratification of it by our Senate is assured, notwithstanding the fact that one of Canada's claims, a minor one, is allowed. If this relatively small concession had not been made by the three American commissioners no decision could have been reached, and the proceedings of the commission would have been abortive.

It will be remembered that the main question in dispute between the Dominion of Canada and the United States turned on the question whether the thirty miles which were to constitute the breadth of the strip of land conceded to Russia by the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825 were to be reckoned from the outer littoral of the outlying islands, or from the situations east-line of the mainland. Had the former of these two constructions of the treaty been adopted by the commission, the Klondike gold-fields, which lie in Canadian territory, would have gained access to the Pacific through a port on the inlet known as the Lynn Canal. As it is, Canada is entirely barred from communication with the Pacific, except at and near the southern terminus of the boundary, where the commission have given her Plover and Wales islands at the juncture of the Observatory Inlet and Portland Canal. The islands have only a strategic value, but this is considerable, with reference not only to Fort Simpson, which is expected to be the Pacific terminus of the new Transcandinavia Railway, but also to Nanoga Harbor, from which the British Columbia, Northern, and McKinnon Valley Railway has been projected to run through Canadian territory to Dawson City and beyond. While admitting that the decision is certain to be completed quickly, some British-Canadian are inclined to regard the decision of the Alaska Commission, however unacceptable to them in other respects, as a blessing in disguise. The Toronto Globe, which is the organ in Ontario of the Liberal government headed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, also seems disposed to make the best of the situation. While admitting that the decision, so far as it affects the Lynn Canal, through which the ports of Dyea and Skagway, the gates of the Klondike region, are concerned, is very discouraging, it thinks that the practical consequences will be minimized, because the practice of landing imports consigned to Canadian territory has done away with the obstructions encountered at one time by Canadians who desired

to traffic with the Yukon district. The Globe also recognizes, what is unquestionably true, that if Lord Alverstone had not seen his way to arrive at an agreement with the three American commissioners, there would have been no decision at all, in which event, the Alaska boundary question would have remained an open one, likely at any time to cause serious trouble between the United States and Canada, in which Great Britain could not have avoided implication. Of course there are a good many Canadians who resent bitterly Lord Alverstone's conclusion that justice constrained him to side, as regards most of the points at issue, with the American instead of the Canadian commissioners. The Canadians to whom we refer denounce what they term the weakness of British statesmen to conciliate Americans, and the alleged failure on their part to appreciate the importance of Canada. They assert that the interests of British-Americans were sacrificed on previous occasions in the surrender of Detroit and of the territory which now forms the northeastern section of Maine. They forget that if we, on our part, had adhered to our professed determination to fight rather than concede 34° 46' as the northern boundary of Oregon, we would have been no such thing as British Columbia.

The ultimate significance of the high-minded act performed by Lord Chief-Justice Alverstone transcends infinitely its immediate bearing on the boundary interests of Canada. The so-called loyalty of the Dominion is of infinitesimal value to the United Kingdom, compared with the good-will and confidence of the United States. Lord Alverstone has fitted the keystone to the arch on which an indissoluble fabric of good-will and confidence may be erected. By the decision rendered in the case at hand, he has convinced the American people that a British jurist can be trusted to act on an international tribunal without any improper bias in favor of his native land, and with an eye single to the dictates of justice and of equity. He has gone far to convince us, for the first time not only that it might be at once safe and wise to refer to arbitration all future disputes between Great Britain and the United States, but that the arbitration might well be of a simple and imposing kind, reflecting equal honor upon both of the parties thereto. It now might be well to reconsider a proposal already submitted and discussed, the proposal, namely, that, instead of selecting a Swiss or a Russian for an umpire, and giving him the casting vote, we should agree upon a tribunal for the settlement of Anglo-American controversies, composed of six judges, half of whom should be members of the United States Supreme Court and half representative of the British judiciary. A year or even a month ago such a proposal would have had no chance of acceptance on this side of the Atlantic. Thanks to Lord Alverstone, the establishment of such an august and beneficent tribunal is now possible, if not even probable. To have rendered practicable such a change in the relations of the two halves of the English-speaking world—to have rendered unbroken peace attainable and war almost impossible to be waged between the two halves of the globe—fourth-century Americans will have cause to place Lord Alverstone's name in the list of Englishmen that have rendered us memorable service, the illustrious list that includes the names of Chatham, of Shelburne, and of Salisbury.

## The Gold Standard for China

WRITHIN a generation the chief countries of Europe and the United States have practically all adopted gold as the basis of their monetary systems. When Japan and the Russian Empire entered the circle of the gold countries about 1897, the list of silver countries was narrowed practically to Mexico and China. Mexico seemed to prosper for a time as an silver country, because of the increase in the face value of her exports. Examination of the facts has shown, however, that the increase in the trade of Mexico was largely fictitious, and that when reduced to gold values she was paying for a given quantity of foreign products a steadily growing proportion of the products of her own capital and labor. It appeared that the prosperity of Mexico, so much vaunted for a time by Mr. Bryan and his friends as due to free silver, was really due to the firm and wise administration of President Diaz, the restoration of order in every part of the republic, the abolition of custom-houses on State frontiers, and the security afforded for the extension of trade and the safe investment of capital.

The man who should have proposed, as recently as two or three years ago, that silver should in her turn adopt the gold standard would have been looked upon as one who saw visions. There are indications, however, that a new China is growing up who is soon to take her place in the circle of other advanced nations. Not less than four railways are in actual operation in China, five more are in process of construction, and another five are projected. As is pointed out in an article on this subject in the *North American Review* for November, with railways must come the commercial use of coined money and the adoption of the modern habits of the West. Railways cannot do passenger charges and freight tariffs in Chinese products; they cannot pay their fares, eight-



ness, and trackmen in yards of silk or chests of tea. On both sides of their operations—rail and river—stations—they must use coined money, and their use of it must inevitably introduce it into all the localities through which the road runs and throughout the district from which it draws its freight supplies. Moreover, every new railway opens new markets, increases commercial activity, and thereby increases the demand for the medium of exchange, even where work is medium already exists.

Late China, therefore, with the introduction of railways must go a national monetary system. It is a gratifying fact that the United States have taken the lead in a comprehensive scheme for planting China on the gold standard. Mexico and China joined in an appeal to the United States last winter to take up the question of restoring the unity of relationship between the moneys of the self-styled countries east of those countries which are now using silver. In compliance with this appeal, a commission was appointed by President Roosevelt, made up of Mr. Hugh H. Hanna, of Indianapolis, chairman of the committee which has been fighting since 1896 for improvement in our monetary laws; Mr. Charles A. Conant, of the National Trust Company of New York, who formulated the system for the Philippines; and Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, of Cornell University, who made a study of currency conditions on a recent tour through the Orient.

This commission, known as the Commission on International Exchange, has just made public a report of its consultations with the European powers regarding the introduction of the gold standard into China. The report is, on the whole, most favorable, in view of the necessity of the proposition. At one leading capital was admitted that the introduction of the gold standard into China would bring great benefits in its train to the manufacturing and exporting nations and to the Chinese people. The commission of the United States has been able to report that the diplomatic obstacles have been cleared away which would have undoubtedly arisen if the American commission had gone directly to China without explaining its purposes to the European powers. So encouraging was its success in Europe that the President has designated Professor Jenks, upon the recommendation of his associates on the commission, to go to China to present the subject to the Chinese imperial government, and to endeavor to secure the adoption of a well-considered plan for a monetary system based on the gold standard.

Planting China on the gold standard means enormous economic benefits to the manufacturing nations, because it opens a wide outlet for the great output of machine-made goods which in every period of relaxed consumption weighs upon the markets with the menace of an economic crisis. More important in some respects is the opening which will be afforded for investing capital with the certainty that, so far as the currency system is concerned, it will retain its value and earning power in gold. Capital has held back from investment in both Mexico and China while it was uncertain whether a given sum turned from gold into silver to-day might not shrink to half its gold value to-morrow by the fluctuations in the value of silver bullion.

For China herself the advantages of the gold standard will be not only economic, but political. Coupled with the expansion of railways, which will knit together the different parts of an extended empire, the adoption of a national currency system will tend to a unification of national life which will make China no longer the inert, helpless mass which she appears to the Western world, but will tend to give her a distinctive national character. Such a character can only be attained in the near future under foreign leadership and suggestion, but with China now well started upon this road, and with the well-known intelligence and efficiency of the Chinese people, it is not improbable that her progress will be so rapid and striking as that of Japan, her sister empire of the Orient.

### Mr. Cleveland on a Citizen's Duty

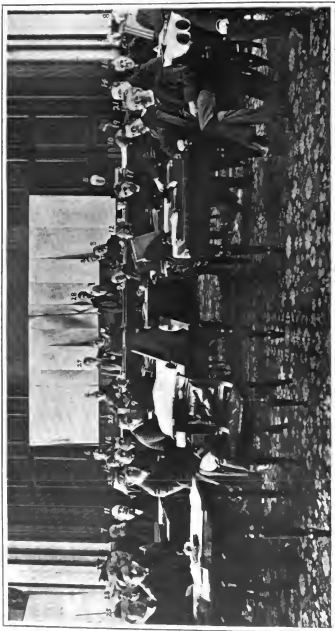
EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has never made a speech that deserved wider circulation or more serious consideration than that which he addressed on October 14 to the Commercial Club of Chicago. He was speaking to men who might have been expected to take the side of the rich against the poor, and to assume that national prosperity covers a multitude of sins. He was speaking, moreover, in a city which notoriously has suffered from misgovernment, an experience which it might have escaped had every citizen acted on the belief that it is not only his right, but his duty, to take an active part in political work. It was in this stern, unflinching spirit of the Hebrew prophet who said "Thou art the man" that Mr. Cleveland pressed home to the business men who permit private interests to divert them from public affairs the responsibility for corruption in municipal, State, and national politics. He reminded his auditors of the self-complacent assertion too often heard in business circles that "we are not politicians." The advice that business men do all that is required of them as patriots when they make profession of faith in the creed of good citizenship, and abstain from the commission of palpably unpa-

triotic acts, is, Mr. Cleveland showed, the parent of a self-righteous contentment which inevitably puts them under the thumb of those who make political activity a trade. To such ex-prophets of patriots, as to those church members who hold that they have discharged their whole duty to religion when they live honestly, at least worship regularly, and contribute to a clergyman's support, the ex-President applied the words of Scripture: "If any be a lover of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beheldeth himself and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

Mr. Cleveland proceeded to point out that there is in this country an habitual associate of civic indifference and listlessness, an associate who, professing immutable faith in the invulnerability of the national greatness, invites our admiring gaze to the flight of the American eagle, and assures us that no stroke of weather can ever tire his wing. Thus, as a few well-meaning men are led into a condition of mind that will not suffer them to harbor the uncomfortable thought that any neglect or omission on their part can check American progress or impede the country's continued development, such multitudes of patriotic aspiration lurk everywhere, but nowhere in the world can they cause such desolation as in the United States, for our whole scheme of government, Federal, State, and municipal, is based upon confidence in human nature, upon the assumption of a close interdependence of interest and purpose among those who make up the body of our people. It is true, as Mr. Cleveland told the Commercial Club at Chicago, that our government was made by patriotic, unselfish, and self-sacrificed men. It is not surprising that the fault-finders for those who see selfish, corrupt, and unpatriotic, it is the worst government on earth. It is so constructed that it needs, and must have, for its successful operation the constant care and guiding hand of the people's abiding faith and love. Such unremitting guidance is indispensable to keep our national mechanism true to its work.

Are such conditions present to-day? That is the question which Mr. Cleveland asked upon his auditors to answer. Is not our public life, he asked, saturated with the demands of selfishness? Is it possible to deny the existence of still more odious and detestable evils which, with steady, cumbering growth, are threatening the health and safety of the nation? The ex-President was, of course, referring to the open and notorious corruptions of our suffrage; to the buying and selling of political places for money; to the purchase of political favors and privileges; and to the traffic in official duty for personal gain. What is most distressing in the spectacle is not the huge proportions to which, from small beginnings, such evils have attained, but the calmness and imperiousness with which respectability by the thousands and hundreds of thousands serve the debasement of political life. Mr. Cleveland, for his part, maintained that a new and sinister meaning has been given to national prosperity. He is not disposed to accept the national splendor built on the shabby ventures of speculative wealth as a proof of genuine success. He declines to rejoice contentment upon the masses of our people, whose share is the alleged prosperity if insignificant or non-existent. How can they be expected, he asked, amid the bare subsistence of their scanty homes, to rejoice ecstatically over statistics exhibiting an immense expansion of the country's exports and imports? We can hardly wonder, he said, that the masses of the people are dissatisfied, and inclined to demand a better distribution of the fruits of our vaunted prosperity. Of such dissensions will be the outcome in the disposition of the proper relations between labor and capital, a disposition mischievous already, but darkly ominous of more harmful developments to come. We see growing up among the toilers a disregard for the restraints of law, and a disposition to evade its limitations, while strictures on the action of our courts lead to undermine popular faith in the administration of justice, and complaints of imaginary short-comings in our financial policies furnish an excuse for the propagation of all sorts of monetary nostrums.

Is Mr. Cleveland, then, a pessimist? Can he discern no remedy for the state of things which he decries? On the contrary, he does not believe that the saving grace of patriotism is dead among his countrymen. He believes that it can be reawakened by the revival and activity will bring about a realization of the forgotten hope of a free nation. The time has come to reorganize, however, that, as in municipal, so also in State and Federal politics, the general well-being depends exclusively on the disinterested participation of good men in public affairs. It is in time that there should be an end of self-satisfied gratification or pretense of virtue in the phrase "I am not a politician" to sinister ends. Every citizen should be politician enough to bring himself within the true meaning of the term, as one who concerns himself with the "regulation or government of an action or State for the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity." This is politics in its best sense, and this is good citizenship. By service in this field men not only do patriotic duty, but in so doing it is time to themselves the share of benefits due them from our free institutions.



7. Leaf Abernethy.  
 8. Ellis Park.  
 9. W. L. G. Foster.  
 10. W. L. G. Foster.  
 11. Allen H. Alderman.

12. George Towner.  
 13. John W. Foster.  
 14. W. L. G. Foster.  
 15. Sir Robert Finlay.

16. David T. Watson.  
 17. Gustavus Johnson.  
 18. J. C. H. H. H.  
 19. Alexander F. Anderson.

20. Robert Lansing.  
 21. L. C. D. G.  
 22. J. C. H. H.  
 23. W. C. Hodgkins.

24. H. C. McArthur.  
 25. G. F. Johnson.  
 26. J. C. H. H.  
 27. J. C. H. H.

28. G. F. Johnson.  
 29. J. C. H. H.  
 30. J. C. H. H.

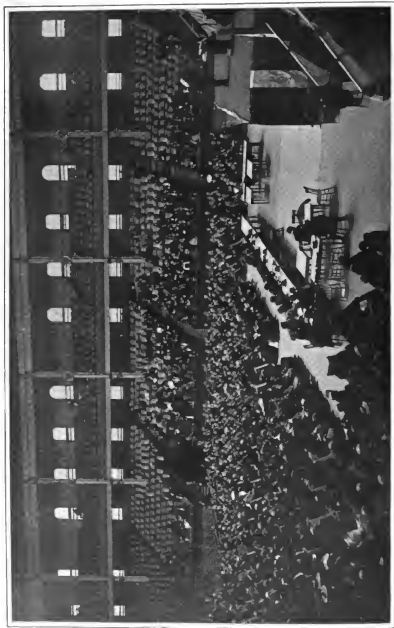
**AMERICA WINS THE ALASKA BOUNDARY AWARD**

The claim of the United States to the disputed Alaska territory was confirmed, with the exception of one concession to Canada, by the Commission sitting in London. The photograph shows the final session of the Tribunal at the Foreign Office.



### WHERE A FALSE STEP MEANS DEATH

*One of the most difficult feats of mountaineering in England is the ascent of the peak known as the Great Gable, in the Lake District between Keweenaw and Scafell. The photograph shows a climbing party who have just succeeded in reaching the summit of the Napes Needle on the southwest face of Great Gable. The mountains in the background are the Scafell range, where four mountain-climbers recently lost their lives*



### "ELIJAH THE RESTORER" AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

*John Alexander Dowie, the self-styled prophet, who has come to New York with 4,000 followers to rededicate the city, holds his sublimation meetings in the amphitheatre of the Madison Square Gardens. He is listened to by audiences numbering from 4,000 to 11,000, many of whom leave the building before the end of the services. The proceedings consist of prayers, extemporaneous addresses, announcements by Dowie, spoken by a choir of men, music by a band, and practitioners and terrepreneurs according to the rate of Dowie's "Church of Zion."*



**THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA,  
DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND, AND KING OF DENMARK AT CARDS**

*This unusual photograph was taken recently at Fredensborg, near Copenhagen, the summer residence of the Court of Denmark, and shows King Christian and his three daughters playing a game of whist. The players around the table, from left to right, are Thron, Duchess of Cumberland, Queen Alexandra, King Christian, and Dowager Empress of Russia.*

# MASSACHUSETTS



State House, Boston

## THE STORY OF THE STATE

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

**T**HE ocean and rivers of Massachusetts made that commonwealth what she is and always has been. Typically American, settled originally as a place of religious asylum for those who craved and who secured freedom to worship God in their own way, the people, from colonial days down, have been foremost in American struggle and triumph. Her men of indomitable energy, have probably prospered more consistently than the people of any other of our States, have been devoted to high ideals, especially self-government and religious freedom, with a zeal that has seldom flagged and with a persistence that could not be checked.

Every one who knows anything of American history knows the story of Old Massachusetts. The Massachusetts of to-day is not so well known. Every one knows of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, the establishment of town-meeting rule, the development of religious freedom in the commonwealth, the important part the people played in the great American Revolution, its proud rise in commerce, its antislavery agitation, its share in the glories of the civil war. Mention Massachusetts and the names of some men eminent in American history are recalled than from any other part of the United States. Eadwitt, Bradford, Higginson, Mianish, the Adamses, Otis, Bevere—the list could be prolonged indefinitely—who does not recall them?

The Old Massachusetts still lives. Its influence is the most potent power in the commonwealth. Nowhere else in the United States are the old traditions and influences more active; nowhere else are the ideals of the past more respected. The same qualities that made Massachusetts a leader in colonial and revolutionary days make her to-day a leader in all that makes for real progress—devotion to civil and religious liberty, to local self-government, to both elementary and higher education, to rigorous and just business methods, to thrift, to respect for law, to culture, using that word in the broad sense of uplifting the masses.

And what is the Massachusetts of to-day? She had giants of old and she has them to-day. The perspective of history is needed to see them in their true light. Let there be a call for public services and her heroes will stand forth. Her statesmen are as able as of old, even if they are not so conspicuous; her merchants are as energetic and thrifty as in the former times; her thinkers are in the pulpit, at the bar, in educational fields, exercise their more pre-eminent influence that they did of old. She is American in spirit from end to end. She knows no other ideals. Anarchy has

never lifted its head and backed in Massachusetts sunshine. Patriotism has no letter exponent than the people of the State.

Only four States of the Union are smaller than Massachusetts—Rhode Island, Delaware, Connecticut, and New Jersey—and yet it ranks fourth in importance as the manufacturer of the country. The State has only 8670 square miles, and its population is now about 2,000,000. According to the census of 1900 the population was 2,805,348. Its chief city, Boston, has about 500,000 people within its narrow corporate limits, giving it fifth rank in the cities of the country, but in its metropolitan district fully 1,000,000 people live. Boston never had the ease for association of suburbs like New York and Chicago. The people of the small surrounding cities and towns have inherited a love for self-government that interferes with any desire of Boston merely to be big. Strictly speaking, Massachusetts has ceased to be an agricultural State, although 61 per cent. of its territory is included in farms.

Massachusetts wrang her prosperity from scant native resources. Developing these resources gave her rich character. In the early days she became a power in maritime commerce. She led all her sister commonwealths in this respect for decades. Her settlers upon the coast gradually moved inland along the streams. They cultivated the land chiefly for self-support, not for trade. They cut the trees for ocean trade. They built ships, and these ships carried the flag of the country all over the world.

Half-way in the first part of the nineteenth century American commerce on the sea began to decline. Massachusetts had to turn to other fields of mercantile effort. She became foremost in manufacturing, according to population, and she holds that rank to-day.

Here is a State almost bare of raw material. She leads all the rest of the country in cotton manufacture, and does not grow a pound of raw cotton. She makes more shoes than all the rest of the country and produces almost no hides. She leads in the wool and woollen trades, but really grows no wool. She produces no coal, iron, lumber, and yet most of her great industries have to do with these commodities. All the raw material is brought in, some from far across the sea, and when she has made up her goods she has to go outside the State for her chief markets. There is no parallel to this in the United States. Little commonwealth resembles the England that has her own coal and iron.

A glance at the topography of the State will reveal the part it has played in developing not only the industries but the char-



Hon. John L. Baker, Governor of Massachusetts

acter of the people. The western end is crossed by two low mountain ranges. The Berkshires are beautiful in scenery, but they are not productive agriculturally. In the valleys in the mountain region the land is fertile, but there is little of it. The hills are stern, rocky, and, aside from forest growth, forbidding to vegetation. A rugged lead extends eastward to the Connecticut River. East of this river the land is undulating, beautiful to look at, and for the most part arable. The lakes that are sprinkled all through the region make it unusually attractive to the eye, and the hills and knolls give it a rolling character that makes it desirable for home-building in almost every part. The land gradually slopes toward the Atlantic, terminating in flat sandy beaches in the south-east, and a more or less rugged and rocky coast on the northeast. The numerous rivers have rapid falls, giving superb water-power that was first used in manufactures and that gave the State a commanding lead in that form of industry.

The great harbors along the coast, especially that of Massachusetts Bay, made it a safe refuge for ships, and encouraged settlers to a degree that no other part of the Atlantic coast did. The famous Captain John Smith in his explorations paved the way for the Pilgrims and Puritans. Curiously enough, Captain Smith named the place where the Pilgrims landed Plymouth years before they actually got there under the patronage of the Plymouth Company. All along the coast and in the first inland lowland settled English names are found. Boston and Cambridge are familiar names. The first settlers grew prosperous in fishing and in dealing in furs and the like. Gradually they moved inland, settling houses along the rivers and on the hills, where they could be safe from Indians and the French.

Gradually their seaport towns became famous trading marts. They built their own ships, and they learned to sail them as well as the hardy mariners of Europe. They were essentially a seafaring people. They grew to be prosperous, and their chief town, Boston, became one of the great American ports.



## THE ADVANCE IN INDUSTRY

WHEN shipping declined the people turned to manufacturing. England had forbidden the exportation of textile machinery. The Yankees got men who could make machinery to come to Massachusetts; they smuggled plans in through France; they sent their men abroad to pick up all the ideas they could. What else was to be expected from a community which on December 31, 1767, at a meeting in famous Faneuil Hall voted that "no one should purchase from abroad any of certain articles, among them cordage, men and women's hats, ready-made wearing apparel, gloves, gold, silver, or thread lace of all sorts; broadcloth that cost above ten shillings a yard; silk or cotton velvet, or silk of all kinds for garments; or gauze, laces, or embroideries." All this here had been upon the wumodnik, but they stood by, and the pledge was kept. In 1780 an association was formed at Worcester to make cloth, and in April of that year the first piece of corduroy was made in that town. Other associations of like aims were soon formed throughout the commonwealth, and in that way manufacturing was begun. It was a stern school of self-reliance, but the Massachusetts people were just the kind to pass through the ordeal with profit to their characters and their purses.

After 1830 shipping began to wane. The great ocean front and easy methods of transportation by water in the State had caused that industry to become foremost. Railroads were coming on, navigation laws were being modified, and the outlook was serious. In twenty years the commercial decline set in with a speed that would have meant ruin had not the people long before this gone into manufacturing. In the absence of coal and machinery for steam-power they set to work developing the splendid water-power with which the rivers were equipped. The enterprise that made Lowell, Jackson, Lawrence, and Appleton famous was set in motion. Every place where there was a natural waterfall or where an artificial one could be secured was seized upon, and Yankee ingenuity soon made Massachusetts first in the line of American manufactures.

The people also seized upon all the newest ideas in machinery making, and what machinery they could not secure elsewhere they invented themselves. And what is the situation to-day? Water-power at Holyoke and Turner's Falls on the Connecticut, and on the Deerfield, Millers, Chisago, and Westfield rivers, tributaries of the Connecticut; on the Merrimack at Lowell and Lawrence, at Fall River from the Watappa pond, and from scores of small streams and natural reservoirs is still used, but coal has largely supplanted water-power, and the mills have grown by the hundreds of acres into square miles. Massachusetts leads all the rest of the country in the making of textiles, cotton-woolens, and woollens. The State is foremost in the making of boots and shoes. It is first in the manufacture of writing-papers, and it has the proud distinction of making all the paper at Pittsfield needed by the government for national bank-notes, bonds, and certificates of various kinds. Four-fifths of the left-dried paper made in the United States from 1865 to 1897, as the recent census bulletins pointed out, was made within fifteen miles of Springfield. The State has led in the manufacture of india-rubber goods. It has done much in the making of forge steel, and probably has worked scrap steel and iron over to a greater extent than any other of the States. It has third rank in the making of jewelry, and has practically gone into every field of manufacture where there was a profit and a market that could be cracked readily. But its great prosperity and its great strength as a manufacturing State lies in the making of cotton and woollen goods and in the making of shoes.

The census of 1900 showed that Massachusetts had 22,000 manufacturing establishments, employing an invested capital of \$840,000,000 and 509,000 wage-earners, who produced \$1,038,000,000 worth of goods. What this means may best be understood by the fact that New York, with a population of 7,208,804 and 49,170 square miles of territory, produced only \$2,178,000,000 in manufactures, against Massachusetts, with a population of 2,850,000 and a territory of 8000 square miles. Pennsylvania, with a population of 1,302,115 and 45,215 square miles of territory, made \$1,533,000,000 worth of goods. Illinois, with a population of 4,821,550 and 56,650 square miles of territory, made \$1,256,000,000 worth of goods, and then Massachusetts comes next. The census of 1900 showed that in the previous year the State made \$214,000,000 worth of textile goods, exceeding Pennsylvania, its nearest competitor, by \$56,000,000. It made \$117,000,000 worth of boots and shoes. It made \$58,000,000 worth of foundry and machine-shop materials. It made \$22,000,000 worth of paper. And here are some of the other leading items: confectionery, \$7,800,000; cordage and twine, \$9,000,000; electrical apparatus, \$10,000,000; jewelry, \$10,000,000; lumber, \$12,000,000; leather, \$28,000,000; printing and publishing, \$29,000,000; rubber and elastic goods, \$14,000,000; slaughtering products, \$32,000,000.

In the agricultural side Massachusetts shows a peculiar development of the East in a striking degree. It lies in the increase in dairying, market-gardening, and horticulture. Although the



A View of Boston from the Cambridge Bank of the Charles River



The Boston Public Library

average of fertile lands is less than in 1840 the profit is greater. The total value of farm property in the State is \$182,000,000. The number of farms is about 38,000, and their value has increased wonderfully, especially near Boston, where an increase, owing to trolley extensions and the demand for suburban property, is reported amounting to 319 per cent. in ten years.

With its superb harbor and excellent transportation facilities Boston has become the chief city of the State and of New England. It is the second city of the country in commerce, taking rank next to New York. It is the commercial capital of our Northeast. It is in and around Boston that the industry of the State centres. Rich in historical associations, its business history is also memorable. Its banks are conservative, and its civic institutions take rank with the highest.

Boston, like all other American cities, is undergoing a transformation in the erection of steel-framed buildings. In one respect, however, it seems to be different from most of our cities. It has more of a finished and less of a torn-up look than



Tremont Street and Lafayette Mall, Boston



The City Hall, Boston

any of our municipalities. There is a uniformity in its new building construction that is lacking elsewhere. The height of buildings is regulated by law according to the width of streets. The result is that tall building is not excessive, and there are few monstrosities in architecture jumping up into the sky. Moreover, the city that displays to the best advantage the architecture of a Richardson and his colleagues is producing to-day an architecture in office buildings that well supports the best traditions of a noble profession, and, consequently, Boston has taken on an aspect of pleasing compliance with the demands of good taste in building that is seen nowhere else in the United States. Even now the owners of a building are removing several stories from one built in defiance of the law limiting the height of buildings in the city. The case was fought out to the end in the courts, and enabling legislation was sought for in vain from the State. It has seemed a pity to mar a beautiful building by cutting it down

at the top, but law is law in Massachusetts, and the effect of its stern enforcement has been inspiring upon observance of building operations.

There is a public demand for the beautiful as well as the enduring in all things that pertain to municipal matters, and an instance of this probably the greatest glory of Boston and the public spirit that finds its best expression in the commonwealth is to be found in the unequalled public-park system that is being developed. Boston has its own superb city parks, but in addition to this there is the metropolitan park system under the supervision of a State commission, which has laid out the most elaborate, comprehensive, and beautiful system of parks probably in the world.

This metropolitan park system consists of 9245 acres of land, and already there are 24.6 miles of parkways in it. It lies in thirteen cities and no less than twenty-six towns. The entire cost of the park system of Boston and this surrounding country thus far has been \$28,000,000 in round numbers. Boston's city park is the southern part of the city, Franklin Park, is one of the most beautiful in the country, while the Back Bay Park, the little Marine Park on the water-front, are striking examples of what may be done in the densely settled parts of a city. But the great Boston Common and the Public Gardens adjoining cannot be deemed by any system of parks however elaborate. They are unique.

But to hark back to other cities than Boston in the State. It is interesting to note how the industries of the State are localized. Fall River, Lowell, New Bedford, and Lawrence are all textile cities. Brockton is almost wholly given over to the manufacture of shoes, as are Lynn and Haverhill. Hopedale is a city of paper-making. Worcester leads in the making of foundry and machine-shop products. Gloucester shares with Boston in being the great fish market of the coast. Springfield, Fitchburg, and Taunton are the homes of diversified industries. Boston itself has a wide range of diversified industries, and nearly every city and town and specified has some large manufacture as its leading means of support. More than 22 per cent. of the population of the State are active wage-earners in these industries which Massachusetts has established and has maintained, despite her lack of raw material and with few natural advantages, except her great water-supply power. The record of Massachusetts in manufacturing is a lowering tribute to the ingenuity and persistence of her people. It is typically American from first to last.



# AN IMMORTAL OF BOSTON

BY W. D. HOWELLS

WHEN the Higher Journalist was summoned by the Authorities to write something about the literary situation in Boston for their Massachusetts number, he was generally refused on the ground that if he wrote of anything so hypothetical he would have to say the things which were not, or the things which had better not be said. But an answer had he done this than his mind began to work in the direction he had turned his face from, and without assignable reason he recalled a story of Edwin Booth, of which the relevancy will act at once appear. The great actor, who was also a great and thoughtful man, rose one morning, after his arrival from New York, and stood at his hotel window looking down on the streets and chimney-pots of Boston, and in the reveries which there was no one to overhear he murmured, "A beautiful city, a beautiful city! But how lonely!"

This story happens to work found in the Higher Journalist's opinion for its true significance, very different, as he felt, from the disadvantageous meaning of its surface, and before he knew how, it had related itself to a Boston book about a Boston man by a pair of Boston authors, and so had related itself, however vaguely and remotely, to the literary situation which he had refused to consider. In this aspect the story ceased to be the merry jest which it appeared at first glance and became a praise of Boston almost equal to the dreams of Boston. That loneliness, which it seemed to ascribe to the beauty of our most beautiful city as a qualification of its beauty, put on the distinction of the spiritual solitude in which Boston is without a peer, and almost without a rival, among the cities of America, if not the whole earth. For, whatever the conditions that electrical air, whatever the perpetuity of that volcanic soil, it has produced souls of a fiery purity and aspiration unknown elsewhere; and though the glory seems now to have passed from it for a while, still the just endeavor, the strong thing that moves us, the right feeling is first of Boston. Still she stands lonely in the beauty of the deed that goes with the noble purpose.

The higher journalist who in his Bostonian avatars always knew himself alone and estranged in the city that adored him, was reminded of all this and more by the book which is ostensibly the life of Laura Bridgman, the famous deaf and blind mute who the patience and the courage of one of the greatest Bostonians rescued from the fate of being an object of pity, and delivered her to an enjoyment of liberty without the powers which are the birthright of all. But such more it is the story of that unlimply unselfish man, whose deed in her behalf it could not celebrate without tarnishing the light upon his whole figure, and incidentally and almost helplessly, for without the inclusion of

his larger life the lesser life of Laura Bridgman could not be understood. Fully to understand what was done for her, we must understand who did it; we must know that the ardent young American student, who founded the first American school for the blind had first heard the call of struggling Christianity in the Turkish night, and had left his books to take part in the Greek revolution of 1824, and to help constitute the Greek nationality which continues a menace to the powers of darkness in that unhappy region of Europe where the night of Islam still prevails through the memories of Christendom. He came home and took up the work to which he gave himself with grand abandon as well as profound intelligence and unflinching perseverance. But in the eagerness of this service, stretching over the period of nearly a half-century, there was no forgiveness of other duties and good causes. He remembered all those in



The old Corner Bookstore—One of the literary Landmarks of Boston

and the American slave had his heart and his help throughout the long agitation for freedom ending in Lincoln's proclamation. When John Brown offered himself in his hopeless sacrifice for the freeing of the slave, the teacher of the blind and dumb was his ally and adviser, and he shared the dangers which Brown's failure brought upon those who stood behind him or beside him. It was universal freedom that was sacred to him, and he worshipped her, whether her vision hovered over Missolonghi or Harper's Ferry.

But he did not suffer these activities of his heart and hand to interrupt him in the work to which his gifts had dedicated him. Constantly, quietly, strenuously he labored in upbuilding the institution at South Boston which can never be dissociated from his name, and which only in less degree is related to the fame of Laura Bridgman. The story of her liberation from the prison-house which he found her early swept over the world, and everywhere stirred the springs of humanity. It was indeed a triumph for humanity not less than for science, and in our own day it has renewed itself in the celebrity of the more gifted Helen Keller. The methods which Dr. Howe invented, and the means of their application to the case of Laura were those which an equal patience has brought to such splendid effect in the case of Helen; and the last is but a more splendid flower of the culture blossoming in the first. The day of Laura Bridgman was not the day of the visible speech which has been so wonderfully translated into palpable speech for the development of Helen Keller, but all the rest was done for Laura Bridgman.

Laura had not indeed the rare intellectual qualities of the wonderful Helen; nature had denied her that some of them to which we yield the name of genius. She had no more rhythmical poetry, constructive imagination, and graphic expression, than she had sight, hearing, or speech. But she had a great deal of the "charms, ripeness from the affection and attraction of childhood into a womanhood of the gentlest and sweetest amiability. This is what the authors of the present life of her make us feel, in a succession of wisely and skillfully managed details which are never allowed to become trivial or tiresome. Nothing here is without significance: all is telling and important.

But inevitably it is in the case of the teacher rather than the pupil which remains, and it is he who rises the position of that great spirit which like the city itself must improve in witness with the hardihood in its beauty. Till some other city stands alone who reason for self-devotion like hers she must needs stand alone. Who shall be her rival? Inevitably New York? Truly Chicago? The time is not yet when this can be confidently affirmed.

In the mean time there rises before the higher journalist, at an altitude considerably greater than his own, "the tall form of other years," to use the Socratic phrase, which the keen not more adored by an unexpectant people than by a poor blind child, used to present himself to the eyes of other men: a spare tall and gaunt and somewhat bent, taking in without tolerant wide eyes, albeit somewhat absent, whatever less commanding aspect it looked upon, and promising a sufficient consideration of humanity in every fellow man. In the later years of his life when the higher journalist knew him, and now and then saw him in Boston, on those social occasions to which he lent himself so little, he somehow felt himself judged by the nobler personality of the man. This was the man's involuntary, not his voluntary, effect with people who had led lives indifferently devoted or devoted, and perhaps this will be his effect, upon the same terms, with readers who acquiesce themselves in that admirable book with his most modest, most magnanimous personality. If so, it will be no less effect for the reader, and it will be a sufficient attestation of the nodding greatness of that which we must need call Boston when we mean the patriot, the poet, the philanthropist, her immortal sons.

# THE STATE'S MONEY-POWER

BY EDWARD S. BRADFORD

State Treasurer and Receiver-General

**T**HE Commonwealth of Massachusetts, one of the thirteen states joining in the Declaration of Independence and afterwards constituting the new nationality of the United States, was prominent in her part therein. In all this national life, from its birth to the present day, her prominence has been continuous and unchallenged, and always as a factor in advancement and leadership. The regular and constant demands for executive, legislative,

and for the issuing, under reasonable and creditable restrictions, of State bonds or certificates of indebtedness, maturing in terms ranging from twenty to forty years, and in each and every instance accompanied by the immediate establishment of sinking-funds to provide for the redemption or payment thereof at maturity. No Commonwealth in the Union enjoys better credit in the financial world to-day than does the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. No securities are better known or in better demand than are here; and as it is true that the purposes for which these bonds have been issued have been largely accomplished, the amount to be added thereto in the future must be comparatively small, so it would appear also to be true that their intrinsic value and attractiveness are sure to be maintained, if not enhanced. Below is appended a résumé of the financial status of the Commonwealth, as of January 1, 1903, according to the figures as published in my last annual report:

The population of the Commonwealth estimated by the Bureau of Statistics of Labor is..... 2,925,704

The wealth of the Commonwealth (as reported to me by the Tax Commissioner, for the purposes of this article) is:

Real Estate .....	\$2,474,898,282
Personal Property .....	1,673,462,218
Total .....	\$4,148,360,500

The direct bonded indebtedness of the Commonwealth contracted for purely State purposes, as follows:

Abolition of Grade-crossings Loans.....	\$9,300,000 00
Fitchburg Railroad Securities Loan.....	5,000,000 00
Harbor Improvement Loan.....	310,000 00
Massachusetts Hospital for Consumption Loan.....	300,500 00
Massachusetts Hospital for Epileptics Loan.....	821,800 00
Prisons and Hospitals Loan.....	345,000 00
Massachusetts War Loan.....	1,174,200 00
Bedford Housing Auction Loan.....	1,174,200 00
Metropolitan Parks Loan, Series Two (one half).....	1,377,500 00
State Highway Loan.....	2,825,000 00
State House Construction Loan.....	2,825,000 00
State House Loans.....	225,000 00
Boston, Hartford & New Bedford Loan (containing coupon).....	975 20

Amounts to.....\$27,415,325 20  
Which is reduced by sinking-funds amounting to..... (2,940,000 21)

Net Direct Debt.....\$24,475,325 00

The indirect bonded indebtedness of the Commonwealth (contracted for the benefit of certain municipalities and metropolitan districts, so called, the communities of which are annually assessed for the payment of interest and eventually the principal at maturity), as follows:

Armory Loan.....	\$1,805,000 00
Metropolitan Parks Loan.....	9,292,500 00
Metropolitan Sewerage Loan.....	11,140,812 50
Metropolitan Water Loan.....	24,568,000 00

Amounts to.....\$46,806,312 50  
Which is reduced by sinking-funds..... 4,381,034 25

Net Indirect Debt.....\$42,425,278 25

In this statement no account is taken of the unexpended balance of the proceeds of the sale of these securities,

Amounting to.....\$5,104,952 74

Total Net Indebtedness.....\$69,964,600 74



Chamber of Commerce, Boston

judicial, benevolent, and reformatory departments, as well as her large contribution to the educational interests of her people, are provided for annually, through taxation, direct and indirect. But the further demands of an advanced idea and higher ideal for the benefit of generations, such as the development of State highways; the abolition of grade crossings at the intersection of highways and railways; the establishment of hospitals and asylums for the insane, the epileptic, the dipsomaniac, and the consumptive; for State House construction and improvement; for harbor improvements—all these have been recognized and met. They have been



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300, or a total of 150,000 members. The trade-unionists consider a "strike" their most potent means of securing the aid aimed at by their organization. During the year ending June 30, 1903, there were 211 strikes in the State of which 29 per cent. succeeded, 20 per cent. were unopposed, 40 per cent. failed, while at the close of the period the decisions in the case of 11 per cent. had not been arrived at.

The Legislature of 1903, as well as those sitting in previous years, voted liberal financial aid to the textile schools in New Bedford, Fall River, and Lowell. A special report will be made to the Legislature of 1904, as to the expediency of establishing free-employment offices. The Legislature of 1903 passed a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee to consider and report on the laws governing the legal relations between employers and employees.

### To Modify the Laws

The treasurer named as members of this committee the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor; Henry Sterling, a trade-unionist; Davis R. Dewey, professor in the Institute of Technology; Royal Robbins, a manufacturer; and William N. Oggood, counsel-at-law. The committee has held a number of hearings, at which all interested were invited to be present. Among the subjects considered are the following:

Fixing its textile-works; a Saturday half-holiday on election day; employer's liability; disability or pension funds and the related subject of working-men's insurance; conduct of strikes and injunctions; picketing, boycotting, and black-listing; violence and intimidation; arbitration and conciliation, including the question as to whether investigations by the board should be compulsory; industrial courts; the attachment of wages; profit-sharing and industrial partnerships; the furnishing of work for the unemployed.

### The Sentiment against Arbitration

The sentiment of the trade-unionists is decidedly against compulsory arbitration or the incorporation of trade-unions. It is thought by some that the trade-unionists should register, but the plan is opposed by the working-men, who look upon it as the first step towards the end desired. The indications are that the next Legislature will amend many existing statutes and pass some new ones.

Generally speaking, the manufacturing industries of the commonwealth are in a most satisfactory condition. Mills, factories, and workshops, as a rule, are running on full time with a full complement of employees. Considering all industries, wages had advanced six per cent. in 1902, as compared with 1900, and the average annual product per employee had been greatly increased.

Notwithstanding the fears expressed by some that the Massachusetts cotton-mills would suffer materially from Southern competition, the New England cotton-mill owners at their recent convention expressed their opinion that the supremacy of the New England cotton industry could not be successfully assailed for the present at least.

### Natives and Foreigners

At the beginning of this article it was stated that but little more than a third of the industrial force of the commonwealth is of "native stock." The pessimists refer to this fact as an evident sign of industrial decadence. If they will examine the population statistics of the twelfth census of the United States, they will discover that the native stock has not died out, but has simply been transplanted to more fertile and productive fields in other States of the Union. Despite the great influx of immigrants into Massachusetts, the Americanizing of them has been a slow but steady and sure process. The native-born number 1,856,922, as compared with 446,324 foreign born. If the tide of immigration should cease entirely, in two generations they would be, theoretically, more of foreign birth, so of foreign descent, for all would be "native and by the mother born." In time, immigration keeps up to former proportions, it will be many years before the native born gain the ascendancy.

THE FINANCIAL CENTRE

THE financial interests of Massachusetts centre, as a matter of course, in Boston. The history and tendencies of the city's banks are marked by conservatism and extreme caution. Boston's banking reaches to a large extent the operations of the banking methods of Philadelphia. There is evident at all times a spirit of painstaking care in investment and in safeguarding investors' investments with the inherited business tenacity of the people of the State. In addition to this, those who have displayed in recent years a marked tendency toward consolidation of banks and retrenchment of capital not only to a similar extent in any other city.

Second only to New York

Within five years or less than twenty-five national banks have gone out of business by means of consolidation with other institutions. The banking capital has been reduced from \$50,000,000 to \$35,500,000, with a surplus of nearly \$14,000,000, and a divided profit of about \$7,000,000. This record of capitalization, surplus, and New York. It is especially noteworthy also in that the clearing-house records show a constantly increasing business. The figures for four years make this clear. Here they are: 1909, \$611,573,000; 1909, \$291,545,000; 1901, \$662,755,000; 1902, \$647,558,000. A striking tribute to Boston's conservatism in banking is also shown by the clearings thus far in 1903. The outpouring of the stock market in New York has affected Boston only slightly. In fact, the bank clearances, like those holding their own, revealing that the New York panic has been almost strictly local and due to over-speculation. It has been a stock-optimizer's panic.

Enormous Clearings

The official record of the bank clearings in Boston for January, 1903, was \$670,000,000, against \$647,000,000 in 1902. For February they were \$525,000,000, against \$532,000,000 in 1902. For March they were \$536,000,000, against \$556,000,000 in 1902. For April they were \$593,000,000, against \$618,000,000 in 1902. For May they were \$618,000,000 in 1902. For June they were \$777,000,000, against \$732,000,000 in 1902. For July they were \$704,000,000, against \$625,000,000 in 1902. For August they were \$407,000,000, against \$498,000,000 in 1902. The clearings for September and October were not available when the data for this article were secured. For the eight months of 1903 included in this summary the clearings were \$4,540,000,000, against \$4,060,000,000 in the same months of 1902, a falling off of only \$96,000,000 in eight months, or a little more than \$8,000,000 a month, less than one and one-half per cent. This makes a really startling showing for Boston's banks and Boston's business output. It shows that the city's financial interests are in a healthy, strong condition. It is a matter to be proud of.

Banking Interests

It was in 1782 that the famous Bank of North America, started by Congress, began business in Philadelphia. Two years later the first bank in Boston was started, the Bank of Massachusetts. It is still in existence.

Eight years later another bank was started with much opposition, because it was feared that there would not be sufficient business for both. By 1808 the bank had grown to sixty-one in number, and then the conservative spirit called a halt on the rapid expansion of the business. Twenty-five banks went out of business and five new ones were established. It is even now predicted that in time the number of banks in the city will be reduced to twenty-five and possibly fewer.

There are eighteen savings-banks in Boston, out of 186 in the State. Their deposits aggregate about \$100,000,000. The savings-bank laws of the State are stringent, and make these institutions eminently safe. These banks have assets in the entire State amounting to more than \$600,000,000. Some of these assets are investments in the stock of the prospective national banks of the city of Boston.

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ADDED to the banking business is that of the stock-market. Boston has a Stock Exchange with a membership of 125, membership being valued as high as \$25,500. The board has been in existence for sixty-nine years. It has dealt in more than 10,000,000 shares of stock in a single year, and its sales of bonds have aggregated nearly \$25,000,000 in one year. Some of the foremost names of Boston have been associated with the banking history of the city. The Peabodys, Nickersons, Thayers, Humeswells, Coledges, have made their names memorable in banking and financial circles, and it is largely to the high character of the men who have engaged in the business that Boston's enviable financial standing is due. Boston is peculiar in Stock Exchange transactions in that it is the home, practically, of the great copper companies. It is the copper-emporium centre of the United

the Boston Exchange amounts to about 4½ cents, and the earnings on the stock have been, on the average, about 1½ per cent.

The relation between the shrinkage in value of the stocks and the earnings forms a basis of interest that may account for much of the activity in the sales of the investments. Mr. Walker summed up the situation regarding the values of the stocks of these companies as follows:—  
 "Their stocks have recently sold on the basis of about 37½ cents for each pound of copper produced annually, and as their output is made at an average cost of less than nine cents a pound, there is approximately an average profit of 4½ cents per pound on the entire production."

Early in January Mr. Walker published a table to show that, if copper should sell to 1905 at an average of 15 cents a pound



Bird's-eye View of one of Boston's Trade Districts

States. The great successes in the last fifty years in mining copper in this country have been due chiefly to Boston capital. The most active of the Stock Exchange transactions in the city are copper stocks. Some of the investments have brought fabulous returns. Many have resulted in failure. There has been much manipulation of the market from time to time, and fortunes have been won and lost, not so much in the actual mining of copper as in speculating in copper stocks.

There are more than twenty companies listed on the Exchange, and, to illustrate the fluctuations in value, one has had to refer to the weekly letter of a recognized expert in copper stocks and mine values, George L. Walker, who printed a table on December 5 last, giving a summary on this subject. Mr. Walker showed that the highest value of the 4,415,000 shares of the twenty-two listed companies was \$475,281,600, and the lowest value, according to the stock quotations, \$297,497,000, a shrinkage of \$278,684,600. On the other hand, according to figures compiled by Mr. Walker and published on August 15 last, the approximate profit a pound of the companies listed on

for the year, the earnings of the corporation listed on the Exchange would be between \$0,500,000 and \$7,000,000 greater this year than last, when the average price of copper was 11½ cents a pound. The price is now above 15 cents a pound, so that the outlook for the earning capacity of the copper stocks held so largely in Boston is much brighter than a year ago.

Boston's interest in copper-mining began as far back as 1844, when the Cliff Mine in the Lake Superior region was developed. It was worked out at a profit of more than \$2,500,000, and the shareholders received \$22 for each dollar they invested. In the ten years following, some of the fabulous mine-paying investments in copper were developed, the most famous of which was the Calumet and Hecla, which, on an investment of \$1,500,000, has already paid more than \$80,000,000, and is now paying on the basis of 24,000,000 a year.

It was these early successes in copper that made Boston pre-eminent in this field. Early successes made Boston capitalists eager to go into this field, and the result was that the city came into possession of a large part of the world's best mining properties.



PROGRESS IN BUSINESS

IN the amount of capital invested and the amount of business done, the cotton-manufacturing industry of Massachusetts really leads all the rest. In the value of the product, boots and shoes in ahead of it slightly, but considering what the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, under the able management of Horace G. Wadlin, calls the "mitter of industry product, the amount paid to wages and the profit and minor expenses fund," cotton-goods manufacture stands foremost among the nine lead-

ing industries of the State. Here are the figures as presented in the last census report: number of establishments, 171; less than in 1890; capital employed, \$190,000,000, \$29,000,000 more than in 1890; average number of wage-earners, 92,000, an increase of 17,000 in ten years; total wages, \$32,000,000, an increase of \$7,000,000 over the record of ten years before; value of product, \$111,000,000, an increase of \$11,000,000 for ten years.

The cotton-making figures for the present

year are not entirely fair as a basis of comparison, for the reason that, owing to the high price of raw cotton and strikes of operatives, many of the mills were closed for weeks. The year 1901 may be taken as the banner year. In that year the mills of this industry did a business up to their bell girth. The business of the other leading industries of the State aggregated only about 91 per cent. of their capacity. The average earnings of the cotton mills were about five per cent. and the total amount of wages paid to operatives was almost twelve per cent. larger than the year before. Nearly one-half of these operatives are women and girls.

The first cotton-mill in the United States was started in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1785. The various inquiries into the trade show that between 1800 and 1814 about fifty companies were organized to make cotton goods, and in 1815 there were fifty-seven mills engaged in the industry, operating about 60,000 spindles. In 1815 a large mill was erected in Waltham, with 1700 spindles, and for the first time in this country all the processes of cotton manufacture were carried on under one roof.

The power loom, however, revolutionized the industry in this country. It was first erected by Francis C. Lowell, of Boston, and Paul Moody, of Amherst, illustrative manner. England would not allow the exportation of this kind of machinery. Mr. Lowell went to Edinburgh and Manchester in 1811, and got sufficient information wherewith to start a power loom here. It was put into operation at Waltham in 1814. England had such machinery in operation for ten years. The cotton-cloth making business, as it exists to-day, however, did not come into successful operation until 1842, when it was established thoroughly at Lowell. It has grown steadily, and although the number of establishments has decreased, owing to consolidation, it remains the foremost industry of New England, and Massachusetts leads all other States of the Union in its production.

**SOUTHERN COMPETITION**

It has been feared that the South would take the industry away from New England. Wonderful as has been the progress of the South in this field, New England still holds her own. In 1900 Massachusetts had 41 per cent. of all the spindles and 39.3 per cent. of all the looms in the United States. The value of its products in cotton goods was 33.2 per cent. of all the goods of this kind made in the United States, South Carolina, the second State in rank in the industry, made only 8.9 per cent. of the goods. When it is considered that the neighboring States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire make a large amount of cotton goods, the danger of being overwhelmed by the South does not seem imminent, although in the last two or three

years the Southern States have made marvelous progress.

Four reasons are given why New England continues to retain supremacy in this field, despite the fact that all the raw material has to be brought to its mills, while the mills of the South have the raw materials at their very doors. One is that a superior line of goods is made in New England. Another is that the circumstances and surroundings in which the goods are made are superior to those of the South. Still another is that peculiar advantages in the transportation of finished goods are enjoyed in New England, and yet another that the business character of those managing the industry of New England is the most acute in the world. The opening of China to the cotton trade after the recent disturbances there brought a great impetus to the industry in this country, and the New England men were prompt to take advantage of it. The industry is pre-eminently chief among all those of New England. In this respect it is worth while to note that no less than 671,000 bales of cotton were received in the port of Boston in 1897, and that of this sum only 115,000 bales were exported.

**WOOLLEN GOODS**

In the manufacture of woollen goods this country has come to surpass all others of the globe, and in this work Massachusetts leads all the other States. The State in 1899 made 26.1 per cent. of all this kind of goods, a loss of seven-tenths of one per cent. over the record of 1898. The capital involved showed the same relative position as in 1890, but the wages paid showed an increase of seven-tenths of one per cent. over that of the rest of the country. The Bureau of Statistics of the State in 1901 showed there were 180 establishments engaged in the business, employing a capital of about \$35,000,000. They used stock worth \$21,000,000, and the product was valued at not less than \$50,000,000, an increase of \$6,000,000 over the previous year.

Back in 1791, Alexander Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury, rebuked in the woollen industry of the country as entirely confined to families. It was all of the home-spun kind. The first woollen factory was established at Ryefield in 1784. There the first spinning machine was set up, but there was little further progress until the Embargo Act of 1807 and the Non-Intercourse Act of 1809 threw the people of this country on their own resources. The start of 1812 soon came on, and in that year the government issued no less than 237 patents on textile machines. The people of New England pledged themselves to produce all the woollen goods that the army needed. They fulfilled their pledge. Asso. Whittemore, by the introduction of his wool-carding machinery, had transformed the trade. Spinning jennies under water-power had been put in operation in Uxbridge and Pittsfield

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Surplus, 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, 7,000,000.00

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**CONDENSED STATEMENT, JULY 6th, 1903**

RESOURCES		
Manufacturers' Bonds	- - - -	\$50,000.00
Municipal Bonds	- - - -	600.00
Stocks	- - - -	2,000.00
Cash and Disbursements	- - - -	\$61,340.07
Loans on hand and in Bank	- - - -	\$1,145,944.25
<b>Total</b>		<b>\$1,759,884.25</b>
LIABILITIES		
Capital	- - - -	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profit, less Expenses and Taxes	- - - -	25,000.00
<b>DEPOSITS</b>		<b>\$634,884.25</b>
		<b>\$1,145,944.25</b>



A Massachusetts Cotton-Mill





made in England. The first real shoe-factory was started in Danvers, about twenty miles from Boston, and as early as 1740 cutting, cutting, and shoemaking were begun in this establishment in Danvers. There was great prejudice against machine-made shoes, and not until recent years did it die out wholly. The entire shoe was formerly made by one person, and it was common in the early days for farmers and women generally to engage in the work in the winter time. In 1814 Joseph Walker invented shoe-pegs to take the place of sewing and in 1831 a pegging machine was introduced. It was in 1861 that the sole-sewing machine was put into use, and since then ingenious inventions have been applied, one after another, until the industry has been transformed, and the hand-made shoes have been driven practically out of general use. In the matter of value of output, the boot and shoe industry of Massachusetts leads all the rest.

In iron and steel manufacture Massachusetts has an enviable record. It does not compare in output with Pennsylvania, but it has done some noteworthy things. At the last census the State had eight establishments engaged in this industry, with 6125 wage-earners, whose produce reached a value of \$12,500,000. There was an increase of nearly \$3,000,000 in the value of the product in ten years, or 24.2 per cent. The first iron forge in America is asserted to have been set up at Haverhill, Massachusetts, by James and Henry Leonard, who "were the first adventurers from England to this country who were skilled in the forge-iron manufacture." The first rolling-mill established in the State was at Middleboro. The iron deposits in the Berkshire region were drawn upon for raw material, but the use of this was found impracticable after a time, and the raw material was brought from outside the State. Massachusetts has a somewhat special line of iron and steel manufacture. This lies in the fittings for steamships and marine engines. Ship iron-work has progressed there to an extent probably that it has in no other place in the country, but in recent years a new process of making steel has commanded the use of a large amount of capi-

tal. It is for the making of steel from scrap steel. All kinds of waste steel and junk are transformed by this process into new steel, especially in the form of tools, and with a remarkable tensile strength, and the government ship-building firms have adopted it in general use.

Foundry products play a large part in the nine leading products of the State. It is the third industry of the State. It centers in and about Worcester largely. The 825 establishments engaged in the business in 1900 employed no less than 32,000 wage-earners, and the product of their industry was \$26,500,000, an increase of \$7,000,000 in a decade, or more than 44 per cent.

In the seventeenth century the work of making iron castings was begun in Bristol and Plymouth counties. It may be seen that it is one of the oldest established in the industry. In 1642 the Colony Court granted a monopoly to Joseph Javala for fourteen years to make engines for water-mills and to make saws and other edged tools. Lewis, the historian of Lynn, says, "Joseph deserves to be held in perpetual remembrance in American history as being the first founder who worked in brass and iron on the Western continent." Hugh Orr made in Massachusetts the first market ever made in America, a fact that stood the colonists in good stead in later years when serious trouble began requiring the use of markets.

Nail-making machinery was put into use in Plymouth County as early as 1730, and then, in Worcester County, there was developed the extensive industry, that still holds a very large, of working hardware, tools, and machinery. The extension of the textile and leather and shoe and other important industries stimulated the still greater development of the foundry industry, and this led to one of the most important branches of iron and steel workings in the State.

TEXTILE-MAKING

THE people of Massachusetts were really under great obligations to England for prohibiting the exportation to any for-



A Scene from the Abattoir Industry of the State



Mechanic's Hall, Boston

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own country of "utensils made use of in the cotton, linen, woollen, and silk manufactures." The Yankees had to make the machinery themselves. If Massachusetts's manufacturers have had any one superior quality it has been to invent or adapt upon all the latest ideas in new machinery. They have always been seeking labor-saving devices, and chief among them has been machinery used in textile manufacture. England even went so far in her prohibition as to try to stop the sending of plans and patterns of textile machines to the New World. The first shops for the building of this kind of machinery were erected in 1746 in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. In response to a demand from the legislature to encourage the industry, a committee was appointed "to view any newly-invented machines that are making within this commonwealth for the purpose of manufacturing sheep's and cotton wool, and report what measures are proper for the Legislature to take to encourage the same." As a result of this committee's report a sum equal to \$1000 was appropriated to finish certain machines for carding and spinning cotton. These machines were not put into use, but were shown about the State as models, and this led to the introduction and manufacture of textile machinery on an extended scale, an industry in which Massachusetts still excels. The first American spinning machinery was used in a cotton-factory in Beverly in 1789. Twenty years later the introduction of carding-machines in the woollen industry was made in Hopedale, near Newburyport.

Then came the introduction of the power

loom, already referred to, and the making of textile machinery received still another impetus. At first the machine-shops were run as parts of the textile-mills, but about 1845 most of them became independent concerns, and finally, breaking away entirely from the textile-making of goods, established their own centres of trade. The market for this machinery is not confined to Massachusetts. Millions of dollars worth is sent abroad every year. The American lightness and strength cause the machinery to be in demand in foreign lands. Interchangeable parts are also another feature that leads to its success. Every part of a machine made in America comes from one shop, while in Europe the reverse is the case. It has been said that American machinery leads the "American invasion" of Europe. If this is the case American textile machinery is peculiarly at the head of the invasion.

## PUBLISHING

THE first printing-press in America was set up in Cambridge, and in January, 1639, a printer named Day printed on it what is known as the Freeman's Oath. The press had been brought to this country in 1638 from England by the Rev. Mr. Glover. Day in 1640 issued the Bay Psalm Book, the first book printed in the American colonies. He continued to do the printing-work for the colonies until 1645, when Samuel Green succeeded him. In 1655 a new press was sent over from England, and on it Eliot's famous Indian Bible was printed. For forty years all the printing that was



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LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES  
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etc., etc., at home.*

**The Walter M. Lowney Co.**  
BOSTON, MASS.



State Street, Boston

from abroad used in the manufacture have been obtained. The best workmen that can be procured are engaged in the industry, and the result is that the product of their skill and the progressive business methods of the manufacturers have produced a trade that is unsurpassed in this industry, viz. anywhere in the country and you find the chocolates made in Massachusetts in general use on the table and in the countless forms of confections. Indeed, Boston early took the lead in making novelties in confections, and heavy shipments of these are sent consistently to every part of the country and even abroad. The secret of preserving this class of goods has been studied out and mastered, and a steady increase in the making of goods for consumption in far-off places has followed.

There are fully 250 large confectionery establishments in the State, employing more than 3000 workers, whose wages probably amount to not less than \$1,200,000 a year. More women than men are employed in the industry, the ratio being about 1200 men to 1800 women. More than \$4,000,000 worth of raw material is used each year in the factories, and the output is valued at more than \$7,000,000 each year. The quality of the goods produced has made a high reputation for the manufacturers, and has placed the trade in a commanding position among the industries of the State.

### CARRIAGE-MAKING

**A** FORM of manufacture in Massachusetts that has attracted attention outside the limits of the State is the making of carriages and other vehicles. The industry is not a large one compared with that of other States, but the superior kind of work turned out has caused it to be established thoroughly and to grow constantly. There are more than 600 of these establishments in the State, and their output is valued at fully \$6,200,000 a year. More than 2500 men are employed in the industry, and their wages amount to \$1,700,000 a year. In the making of cars, another branch of what might be called the transportation industry, more than 3000 men are employed, and the value of their output is nearly \$8,000,000 a year.

### SPORTING GOODS

**I**N the manufacture of firearms and other sporting goods Massachusetts has a reputation that is enviable. The State is well known for its hunting and fishing grounds of the great north, and many devotees of sport reach the woods from Massachusetts. Probably there is no city in the country which has so large a proportion of men who hunt and fish from the true sport of it. There are

ten concerns in the State that produce firearms, and they employ a capital of \$2,000,000. They employ about 1000 men, who produce fully \$2,000,000 worth of goods each year. The guns and revolvers made in Massachusetts command high prices because of the excellence of their workmanship, and it is conceded that they are among the finest made.

### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

**A**S a centre devoted to music, it is to be expected that the manufacture of musical instruments follows as a matter of course. Some of the best-known piano firms of the United States have their factories in Massachusetts, and Holyoke Street in Boston furnishes what may be called Music Row. There are scores of salerooms and offices of piano-makers, especially along that busy and attractive street, and the business they do is extremely large. There are more than sixty factories in the State engaged in the manufacture of various kinds of musical instruments, and they employ about 2500 men, with wages amounting to fully \$2,000,000 a year. The value of their output is close to \$7,000,000 annually.

### FLORICULTURE

**A**LTHOUGH it is in no way related to manufacture, no review of the industries of Massachusetts would be complete without mention of the cultivation of floriculture. Widespread attention was called to this industry several years ago when the celebrated Lawson pink was originated by Thomas F. Galvin, 600,000 plants of which were sold before the crane subsided. This sale alone gave great impetus to the propagation of pinks in this country, and that was accentuated by the habit of the late President McKinley of always wearing one. When Prince Henry visited Boston he was met at the Floral Display in his honor, and pronounced it the most elaborate and beautiful he had ever seen.

There is no doubt that Boston has what might be called the flower belt developed to a greater degree than any other city. One reason for this is that it is so far north that in the summer those who can afford to buy flowers do not leave town to the extent that the people of New York and Philadelphia, for example, do, and therefore there is a constant demand for flowers even in the so-called dull months of the year. The extent of this industry, as shown by the census returns, amounts to about \$1,800,000 a year. Massachusetts is acknowledged to be one of the leading States in this branch of agriculture. There is a capital of nearly

**T**HE first mill driven by power for the production of woolen cloth in this country was started in 1788 and after a little more than a century the American Woolen Company was formed, which produces goods equal to any in the world. Many changes have taken place during that century but there still remains a little of the old Tory prejudice in favor of English customs and foreign goods. To satisfy this prejudice many people ask for imported fabrics and do not know whether the cloth they are given comes from abroad or is made in this country. If the latter, they are getting the most for their money. A foreign cloth, while not superior to an American Woolen Company fabric in corresponding grades, is the more expensive when made up in this country. The whole question is largely a matter of knowledge. A person who is familiar with the quality of the American Woolen Company goods will ask for them and not pay a premium for a prejudice.

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The whole duty of the waitress—  
what to serve and how to serve it.  
Cloth, \$1.00

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The Tremont and Suffolk Cotton Mills at Lowell, Massachusetts

\$5,000,000 invested in the business, and the valuation of the land alone on which some of the greenhouses are situated runs as high as \$450 an acre. There are nearly 700 greenhouses in the State.

**INSURANCE**

**A** MATTER of pride to Massachusetts business men is the fact that no regularly incorporated life insurance company of the State has ever failed. Probably there is no State in the Union where

such close supervision of life insurance companies is made as in Massachusetts. The present rigorous system of watching investigation made by the authorities of the State is due chiefly to Kilmer Wright, who was Insurance Commissioner more than thirty years ago. He perfected a system of examination that has revealed the weakness of many a company and that has stood policyholders in all companies in good stead. One of the requirements of the State's laws is that a duplicate policy written in the State must be filed with the Commissioner of Insurance.

In fire insurance there is the same careful method of protection to policyholders. These companies do an enormous business in the State, with Boston as their headquarters, and their financial standing takes similar rank to those of the best and truest companies. In supervision of its great financial institutions Massachusetts does not take second rank to any State, and the result is a splendid testimonial to its sound and conservative business methods.



**WIRE CLOTH, NETTING, FENCING, LATH.**  
**Electrically-Welded Fabrics and**  
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PAINTED WINDOW SCREEN CLOTH  
**CLINTON BRAND** POULTRY NETTING, WIRE MATS.  
BRONZE WINDOW SCREEN CLOTH  
**POMPEIIAN BRAND**  
SILVER FINISH BRAND GALVANIZED CLOTH, POULTRY NETTING.

**CLINTON WIRE CLOTH COMPANY.**  
CLINTON, MASS. BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO.



**TRANSPORTATION**

**I**N every large American system the problem of local transportation is still an unsolved condition. Boston, however, is an exception. There is probably no city in the world where this municipal system has been perfected to such an extent as in the capital of Massachusetts. All the serious questions have been settled, and what changes are to be made in the future are to be along well-established lines already laid. The system might be called a model one.

There are two great steam railroad terminals in the city, one in the south and the other in the north. Boston resembles London, owing to its circular shape, in the matter of steam railroad terminals. The roads enter either on the south or on the north. In London, however, there are half a dozen northern terminals, as there are in the south. Here in Boston, now, however, all the roads entering Boston from the south and north-west enter one massive terminal, one of the largest in the world, and all entering the city from the north and northwest also enter one on the north. These two terminals are connected directly by an elevated railroad and numerous street-car lines. It is also possible to shut cars from one terminal to the other by using freight tracks in the heart

**BIGELOW CARPET CO.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

*Bigelow-Lowell Wiltons*      *Bigelow Axminster*  
*Bigelow-Lowell Brussels*      *Lowell Ingrains*  
*Bagdad Lowell and Brussels Rugs*

The carpets made by the Bigelow Carpet Co. have been always of the highest standard, and have received the highest awards when exhibited, including Gold Medals at the Paris Exposition, 1878, and at the Centennial, 1876.

They have a deserved reputation for excellence of fabric, richness and durability of color, and beauty of design.

For the protection of the public, the Company has adopted as a trade-mark the words "BIGELOW-LOWELL," which is woven in white capitals into the back of the fabric. See it on all the leading brands.



Rear of the South Union Terminal, Boston, showing the twenty-eight Tracks entering the Station

of the city and also by going out into the suburbs in a roundabout way.

The elevated and street-car lines are all under the management of one company, the Boston Elevated Railroad, and the result has been the simplifying of the transit problem to a marvelous degree, and the satisfaction of the traveling public's interests in such a way that no city in the United States enjoys better transit facilities. The suburban trolley system, owing to the large number of surrounding towns in close proximity to Boston, is probably more elaborate than elsewhere in the United States. This system covers no less than thirteen cities and towns and reaches for a score of miles out into the surrounding country.

The consolidation of local transit facilities has been of tremendous advantage to the city. It has brought about a singular circumstance, namely, an elevated railroad operating its trains in a subway for that part of its lines where the city travel is most congested. This Boston subway was the first to be constructed in this country. It is only about a mile long, and runs from north to south. It was intended to take the street cars off Tremont Street, one of the most crowded thoroughfares in the city. It runs along the edge of Boston Common. The use of it for elevated trains came after the consolidation of the various transit companies.

Briefly, the way Boston takes care of its street-cars and elevated railroad is this: An elevated railroad five miles long runs from Charlestown on the north to Dudley Street, far below the business centre of the town, on the south. There is a great terminal at each end of this elevated railroad. From each of these terminals the trolley roads spread out all over the surrounding country like a fan. The trolley-cars are brought up to the elevated's terminals on

raised tracks, so that the passenger simply alights from the car in which he has been travelling through the crowded part of the city and takes his place in the street-car which is awaiting him. He needs no transfer check. There is no delay, and the large terminals are cleared of passengers almost as quickly as they arrive.

There are also two great clearing stations in the subway itself for trolley-passengers. These lines from the southwest, which enter the city pass into the subway in the southern end on tracks of their own, go nearly half-way of its length, and then loop around a station where the elevated stops, and pass out the way they came. Similarly trolley-cars enter at the northern end, go a short distance, and then loop back, having deposited their passengers at elevated railroad stations in the subway. One of these great exchange stations in the subway, that at Park Street, at the top of the Common, is probably the largest clearing house station of travel in the world. It is estimated that it is used by no less than 80,000,000 people a year. That is to say, 30,000,000 enter it, 30,000,000 leave it, and 20,000,000 transfer there from elevated to trolley or from trolley to elevated. In the subway, as in the case at the terminals of the elevated, no transfers are required, the passenger simply stepping from one car to another.

It is possible for a traveller on the Boston elevated line to get on the cars without going up one step. He has only to go downstairs at a subway station, and soon his train emerges from the tunnel, climbs an elevated structure, and goes to its terminal. There the passenger gets into a trolley, glides down to the street level, and gets off on the surface at his destination. There is no such co-operation in transit facilities anywhere in the world. The present system will undoubtedly remain. The elevated



An Interior View of the Subway, Boston

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structure may be extended further north and south, but this system of transfers to trolleys at great terminal stations, keeping the suburban trolley-cars from entering the city, will remain. A spur of the elevated runs along the harbor front, out of the great congested part of the city, and connects the two great railroad terminals. It is the only place in the business part of the city where an elevated structure runs, and it does not mar the symmetry of the city at all. Taking the tracks of Tremont Street has made that thoroughfare one of the most beautiful in the country. Except for the neat station entrances along the Cosmos's edge one would not know there was a structure underground. The subway is well lighted and ventilated, and travel in it is exceedingly comfortable and rapid.

The subway cost about \$4,500,000. It was built by a transit commission and leased to the company operating it. The allied local transit companies of the city carry nearly 1,000,000 passengers a day. Up to September 1 of this year the traffic had amounted to 222,500,000 passengers. Of those who travel on the lines, fully one-half get free transfers. It is possible to ride more than twenty miles in Boston and its suburbs for five cents.

The great South Station in Boston has been described so often that it is well known to all well-informed persons, but it will not be amiss in an article of this kind to recall some facts concerning it. It covers an area of about thirty-five acres, and the main station is 850 feet long by 725 broad. About 800 trains a day enter and leave the place. There are four miles of track under one roof, and 344 sixty-five-foot cars can stand beside the platforms under the train-shed. It is used by about 28,000,000 passengers annually. Architecturally, the station is not imposing. It is of a severe, low-structure type of building, but it is more adapted to the uses of a terminal station probably than any in this country.

The great Union Station is the north is almost as large as that on the south. It has a frontage of 967 feet and is 605 feet deep. About 600 trains a day enter and leave it. There are more than two miles of track under its roof, and its standing car capacity is 161. It contains twenty-five tracks. The trains that use it in one day would, if put together, reach a distance of thirty-five miles. The station is ornamented in front with a beautiful arch, giving the building an imposing effect which the other great station of the city lacks. The elevated railroad does not come so near the building as to hide its architecture, a circumstance from which the South Station suffers materially.

Railroading in Massachusetts is so safeguarded that accidents rarely happen. In the year 1901, for example, not one passenger out of the 87,000,000 carried on the steam railroads was killed, and only three railroad employees met their death. These railroads employ fully 45,000 persons. The freight-carrying system is as well regulated



A Station on Boston's Rapid-transit System

as that for carrying passengers. The average rate for passenger travel in the State is now only 1½ cents a mile, and for freight it is only 1.25 cents a ton mile. These are among the lowest figures for railroading in the country, and of themselves they reveal one reason for the prosperity and great amount of business done in the State.

## AGRICULTURE

BY J. LEWIS ELLSWORTH

Secretary of State Board of Agriculture

IT is one of the commonest of statements that Massachusetts is not an agricultural State. Nor can it be gained when the comparison is made between the output of our farms and that of our factories and workrooms, or, again, when the value of our agricultural property and products is compared with that of those of the great farming States of the Middle West. It must not be thought, however, that our agriculture is a little thing, or one of no importance in the economy of the Commonwealth. Our 27,715 farms, of an average value of \$4180 each, producing in 1900 farm products to the value of \$42,358,274, considered by themselves, form an industry of prime importance and deserving of consideration and support.

With our immense urban population, the farmer of Massachusetts finds his most profitable field in the supplying of the home market with the farm necessities and luxuries of the table. The production of the cereals is limited practically to the raising



The North Union Station, Boston



of eggs and oats for consumption by the grower's live-stock, to appear upon the tables of our city houses in the form of fancy dairy or creamery butter, or as milk and cream.

Our dairy interests are of constantly increasing importance, 37.0 per cent. of our gross farm income being derived from this source, and the consumption of milk, cream, and butter is increasing in our cities in more rapid ratio than in their production on our farms. The poultry industry is also a rapidly increasing one, the percentage of increase in the production of eggs alone being 44.8 per cent. in the decade from 1889 to 1898. On the other hand, the number of sheep and the clipping of wool have steadily decreased for many years.

The production of fruits and vegetables for the home market is an important feature of our agriculture, and one constantly increasing in the area devoted to it and the money value of its products. In 1898 the value of all vegetables produced in the State



Agriculture in Massachusetts  
Loading cranberries for transportation

was \$3,546,298, or about one-eighth of the total value of all farm products. The value of orchard and small fruits combined was in the same year, in round numbers, two million and a half dollars. In the same year our florists and market gardeners had almost nine million square feet of land under glass, yielding a product for the year of \$1,638,700.

It is among these lines—the production of fancy dairy products, fine fruits, and fresh eggs, with fresh and well-ripened fruits and vegetables, for the home market—that the future of our Massachusetts agriculture lies, and our farmers are awake to the opportunity presented. Intensive cultivation and fine quality is their watchword and the key to success. That the lesson has been well learned is shown by a simple comparison with the great agricultural States of Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Illinois, and Missouri. In the production of flowers and plants, nursery products, onions, potatoes, miscellaneous vegetables, tobacco, hay and forage crops, and dried fruits and small fruits, Massachusetts excels all these States in the average value of products per acre as well as these classes, the margin being substantial in each case and more than twofold in many instances.

Our official agricultural machinery is in the hands of a Board of Agriculture elected from the agricultural societies of the State, with three members appointed by the Governor, and has in the past been well and efficiently administered. The appropriations made for the improvement of agriculture, while not as large as in some of the purely agricultural States, have been generous, and we confidently expect that the commonwealth will meet the future needs in the same liberal spirit that it has those of the past.

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## THE NEW BOSTON

BY JOHN LIVINGSTON WRIGHT

**D**URING the past ten years there has arisen within the city of Boston the most remarkable municipal revolution this country has witnessed. Here in this town, famous for its conservatism, have been inaugurated municipal works that are not only stupendous in themselves, but are especially imposing because of the place of their origin.

Boston is a city in which the general public sentiment clings with seemingly iron-bound tenacity to bearing constantly in mind the epigram some traveller made of Rome, "There are many feet here, and every foot historic." A proposition to raise a building or to open a new street is measurably certain to bring out the protest that historic landmarks are being destroyed. Every inch of the ground on which Boston stands is sacred, to some part of her population at least. It is not a matter of vague imagination, this disposition to memorialize the past. It is profound, absorbing, consuming—a part of the nature of Bostonians. Any yet, since 1860, groups of towering buildings of the radical "skyscraper" pattern have been set down in the midst of the sparsely relics of ancient Boston. A magnificent transit tunnel of over a mile and a half in length has been opened through the heart of the graveyards, famous statues, narrow streets,

and alleys of the business district. The railway terminal have been brought in center in two great stations, one on the north side of the business district, the other on the south, this latter being the largest railway station in the world. Its construction involved, in order to provide new and adequate railway approaches, the opening of an avenue of a mile in length through the southern boundary of the business center.

In these thirteen years calm, slow-going Boston has brought under construction the most comprehensive park system in the world, the most effectively and scientifically equipped water system in the world, the most extensive sewerage system in this country, the finest electric street-railway system; has developed the most beautiful suburban district; and, as incidental superlatives, has the finest public library in America, the largest grain-elevator in the world, and the only municipal music commission and printing-plant in this country.

That is to say, thirteen years have seen the birth of a New Boston. The physical appearance of Boston has been revolutionized. The presence of three towering office, hotel, and theatre buildings creates in a bird's-eye view of Boston a spectacle of contrasts the like of which can be seen nowhere else in the country. Nor is the sight which greets the eye more interesting and curious

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### ADVERTISEMENTS



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than the unique municipal system which has come to prevail in Boston, the gradual outcome of this mighty effort at "metropolization."

In the face of the overwhelming obstacles, the narrow streets packed with venerable business blocks and revered memorials, the fact that traffic must, somehow, go on while engineering works in progress, and, most discouraging of all, that avowed conservatism of the city—is it wonder, in view of the marvellous material achievements that have lately been accomplished of one being accomplished, that Boston should be the Mecca for students of engineering, of sociology, of municipal problems?

The construction of the avenues—strong sky-scraper, the Ames Building, in 1890, was the enterprise which really aroused this gigantic building and engineering upheaval. The engineers and sociologists, the publicists, men who realized that the city was at the stage where absolute necessity must create new systems of transportation, water, and sewerage, and other civic functions, were helpless. It was utterly impossible to get measures of conservative magnitude voted through the Common Council or the Legislature. It remained for a private business undertaking unwittingly to breach the barrier of conservatism. The trustees of the Ames estate set out to erect a building that

million-dollar Bapstet church. An indication of the value of real estate in prominent sections of the down-town district, it may be noted that \$850,000 was paid by the promoters for the site of a new theatre. Going still westward, out in Copley Square—the finest square in the city, and in which stands Trinity Church, the noblest example in America of the pure Gothic type of architecture—are found the noble Public Library and the well-known apartment building which was the undertaking of a Chicago man, who meant to go up twenty stories, but had his aspirations somewhat curtailed by the passage of a law limiting the height of buildings for the future to twelve stories, or sixty feet. Even the sacredly aristocratic premises of Commonwealth Avenue have been assailed by the materialistic skyscraper.

In what is now called "The Fens," or "Fenway," are a series of attractive greenhouses, paths, and della, constructed out of what was but a few years ago, a great, useless, unightly area of marshes. On the Huntington Avenue side of the Fens is located Mrs. John L. Gardner's famous "palace," one of the most remarkable buildings in America in that it is the finest private temple of art.

But it is not in her private commercial enterprises, but along municipal lines, that



Copley Square, Boston

should amaze the city and prove an enduring advertisement. The great structure appeared in a definite stage essay of the big building plans that had been talked of for years, yet always fell a little short of actually being under way. The first evidence of the new impetus was the Chamber of Commerce Building in India Square. The big sky-scraper hurried in the new North End Union Station project, so that by 1893 the third largest railway headquarters in the country stood at the northern edge of the city. This became the terminal house of the Boston and Maine and Fitchburg railroads. About this time was erected the four-million-dollar Nickel Exchange on Kilby Street, not far from the Ames Building, a magnificent structure covering a whole block. Taken the inspiration for building went on. In this vicinity were constructed between 1895 and 1898 a number of ten or twelve story buildings of the sky-scraper style. One of them is noteworthy in being the work of Chicago contractors, marking the entrance of the Western builder into Boston. It is built of steel girted in Jeddite Illinois.

To-day, go to the top of the Ames Building and you behold its steel-skeleton offering scattered like garish ornaments among the low, dingy gray structures of other generations. Near by, in Fenborough Square, is the new Court House, a stately edifice completed in 1903 at a cost of \$2,250,000, and by its side, the new newspapers, the Pemberton and Barristers' Hall. Just beyond is the three-million-dollar addition to the State House. Looking southeast down Tremont and Washington streets, we see on Tremont, Tremont Temple, the unique

Boston has made the most astonishing advance. In 1877, the Boston Park Commission began constructing a system of parkways designed ultimately to form a continuous link from the Charles River on the north clear around the city to South Boston. A mammoth enlargement of the foregoing project was authorized when the Metropolitan Parks Commission was established in 1892. This was assuredly one of the most comprehensive undertakings ever attempted by any city, and was one of three great features in a far-reaching plan to provide for a "Greater" or "Metropolitan" Boston, these other features being the "Metropolitan Water District" and the "Metropolitan Sewerage District." In this grand process of "metropolization," Boston proper and surrounding cities and towns were included, the conviction being that, eventually, Boston and her neighbors would enjoy public benefits absolutely impossible without such unity of interests. The Metropolitan Parks District, under direction of a gubernatorial commission, comprises what will soon be a vast range of parks, boulevards, and pleasure grounds covering a radius of thirty miles about Boston. This area includes twelve cities and twenty-five towns. Up to the present time over ten millions of dollars have been placed at the disposal of the commission. Under special laws providing that the State must pay suitable damages, the commission has acquired one million of dollars in buildings nearly 5,000 acres of park and woodland reservations and over twenty-three miles of parkways.

The population included in the district grew from 524,742 in 1870 to 1,918,515

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The new Court House, Boston

In 1888, and will far exceed 2,000,000 before many years. To gain an adequate realization of the public blessings to be bestowed by this vast system of parks, boulevards, and playgrounds, one must drive over the territory. Every resource of the woodman, road-maker, and landscape-gardener has been put forth, and thousands of acres of wastefully and useless land have been turned into resorts of surprising picturesqueness and beauty. Roads have been built through filled-in swamps. Shrubbery has been adapted to denuded localities. Flower-beds have taken the place of weeds, and the rose blooms in the desert. On the reservation at River Beach a seventy-thousand-dollar bath-house has been erected, and has been used on hot days by over 100,000 persons. A splendid driveway has been laid out along the seashore. And recently the famous Nantasket Beach came under control of the commission. The commission has created a line of delightful parks and pleasure grounds along the Charles River, as well as a dam boulevard and "spadway." These extend clear from Cragie Bridge at the "West End" in Boston, to Waverston, a distance of twelve miles. Westward, the works extend clear through the aristocratic Newton to a point beyond Wellesley, sixteen miles!

In the work of the Metropolitan Sewerage District, established in 1890, an extensive sewerage system is intended for Boston and twenty-two cities and towns. The area of this district is 187 square miles, divided into

three sections—the north, Charles River (west of the city), and Neponset, southeast. The entire length of the three systems is sixty-nine miles.

Within recent years Boston has been making strides in the construction of school buildings. Public bathing facilities have also become a prominent feature of municipal Boston, and in this innovation she is ahead of any city in the country. Out in Brookline is the first all-the-year-round bathing-concrea operated under municipal management east of the Mississippi.

Of course it was inevitable that in the midst of Boston's renaissance "municipalizing" there should arise the humorous and the delectable. The comic paragraphers scented a feat when the first report about Boston's Music Commission and Art Commission filtered forth, but when the music arbiters went over to the North End and undertook to gauge the tone and the timbre of the hard-gurdy the paragraphers grew busy indeed.

The Municipal Printing Plant has been the basis of many a squabble among the city officials, and the wisdom or wisdom of its establishment has been argued. A dispassionate statement of the Municipal Printing Plant situation would seem to be that, while the greatest care was not exercised in stocking the institution, there are many reasons why it might become a thoroughly satisfactory branch of Boston's activities.

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New Old South Church, Boston

about Boston have been prosecuted important improvements on her harbor, the second in the United States in commercial standing. The harbor of Boston consists essentially of an inner and outer harbor, the former twenty square miles in area, and the latter twenty-six, and is noted by a deep and narrow water-way known as the "Main Ship Channel." The State Board of Harbor Commissioners has prosecuted works that have changed almost the entire water-front of the city. Since 1896 it has been allowed over a million dollars for use in pier-building, a notable evidence of its labors being the Commonwealth Pier in South Boston, costing \$200,000.

Other examples of its enterprise exist at the Hoosac Tunnel docks in the vicinity of the Northern Union Station, the work on the New England Railroad docks, and the Commonwealth Piers in South Boston and the neighborhood of the new Southern Terminal Station. The water-face of the city—below bridges, that is, as distinguished from the water-face inland—is about eight miles. Among the ventures of the Harbor Commissioners has been the improvement of this area of land in South Boston, known as the "Flats," and owing to this step developed the project of opening a new avenue to be known as "Northern," running on a bridge over Fort Point Channel and to those lands, the latter, it may be remarked, being valued at \$3,000,000. Further illustrations of the new era in harbor and maritime affairs are the huge grain-elevator of the Fitchburg

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BACK BAY

Railroad in Charlestown and the new apartments' warehouse.

Now, in regard to this momentous physical regeneration of Boston, what is the first thing to be said? In viewing this uprising of a modern city within the old, what is the one fact that is really the truest tribute? The answer lies in two words: no waste! Among all these mighty engineering undertakings, this surmounting the labyrinthine problems of digging huge tunnels and rearing steel-skeleton buildings without "elbow room," in financing the legal messes incident to the construction work, the greatest honor to Boston is that these demonstra-



The Boston Massacre Monument, Boston Common

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tions have taken place without the public being wrought upon with stories of jobbery, bribery, and political corruption. If there is magic in this Titanic evolution that entitles the event to admiration, it is that busy professional and commercial men of Boston have been found who were willing to give of their time and brains, without salary in numerous instances, to the rehabilitation of their home. It is the simple truth that, in view of the peculiar material obstructions that stood in the way of construction, what these men have achieved constitutes a marvel of the present age.

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Curiosities of English

By Herbert W. Herwill

THE other day a firm of Edinburgh publishers received from an Italian newspaper editor, in the following terms, an application for a book that had recently appeared:

"Sir,—You will make a thing glorious to us and at the same time useful to diffusion of knowledge, if you will send to us as a gift your recent publication signed in the address. That might be useful, in the limits of our power, to the diffusion of the book. We will send to you the fascicles, in which the book will be announced and examined, and if the exchange of gifts will be pursued, our Review might be sent to you regularly."

A Pæthetic Appeal

Where the style of composition is dictated by "Cupid's productive hand" and "the intellectual creation has been entangled in thoughtful attitude," as in one compilation, it is not surprising that the writer should become dithyrambic. This same tone may be observed in the following application for a clerkship:

"I beg to say that philosophic saying of days of yore and of modern theologian based on best truths to the effect that the sunshine and storm of life go hand in hand, are but theoretical and negative to me alone, since my introduction to the sphere up to the present stage. I am journeying through the vale of life with none to help and none to free me from the cruel jaws of chill penury though possessed of minions of splendor. Nevertheless I am, which keep up my feelings of patience, and to stand on firm feet amidst the heart-rending difficulties by the phantoms of melancholy."

A Calcutta editor once received an offer of assistance which, if accepted, would undoubtedly have placed his paper high on

the list of comic journals. "I would be appearing in your columns," wrote a literary aspirant, "as 'A Political Bohadur.' The tone of my style would be mostly high-class refined humorism and narrative style. *Acrostichon Paradoxe, The Makarim, The Hindu, The Chaudhri*—these four blither fops of the Government would be made the target of my sound criticism. Force of arguments, skill of reasonableness, and logic of facts would mark my style. Vituperating remarks, ribald writing and scurrilous logic will be avoided. Strengthening of assertions and theories will be based on conclusive evidences. Native reptile proverbs, which constitute the reproach of Indian societies, will be cured of their Babophobia malodior by the reasonable strictures of my remarks. Below I hand you over a specimen of my writing which I give in as brief words as possible. I request the favour of a reply. In case I may not be approved of as said Correspondent, I shall feel obliged of hearing a negative reply."

The desired obligation, doubtless, were not lacking.

An Equestrian Feat

The opening of Karna to outside influences has produced a certain infusion of the English language into the studies of the more progressive members of the native community. The following extract from a local publication is a specimen of the result:

"Latey the Police Headquarters ordered to forbid the servants, etc. to run the horses freely on the big streets as they sometimes pounced the children down and hurted them on the ground, and the police stopped a maoop running a horse hardly on its bark, but a number of soldiers came along quickly and captured the police away."

This equestrian feat was certainly unique, and it seems a great pity that Messrs. Barman and Bailey were not present to take advantage of it.

ADVERTISEMENTS



Morton's Restaurant, Boston

THE DRYDEN COMPANY of Haverhill, Mass., the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in America, and the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in the world, has just completed a magnificent project of evolution. In fact, as their motto is, "Progress is the only way to live," they have taken the which means, the more rapid acquiring a machine with the best of them. This is the Dryden Company, which has been for many years the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in America, and the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in the world. The Dryden Company, which has been for many years the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in America, and the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in the world. The Dryden Company, which has been for many years the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in America, and the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in the world.

The establishment of the manufacturing of Dryden in Haverhill, Mass., was the result of the cooperation of Mr. E. D. Dryden, with a business community, who is settled in Haverhill, Mass., and who has been for many years one of the best of them. The Dryden Company, which has been for many years the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in America, and the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in the world. The Dryden Company, which has been for many years the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in America, and the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in the world.

As noted, the history of this development is not necessarily different from that of other similar developments. The importance of the product, however, has been of a distinct character. It has been the result of the cooperation of the Dryden Company, which has been for many years the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in America, and the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in the world. The Dryden Company, which has been for many years the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in America, and the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in the world.

The best form of literature, wherein this industry is engaged, is a great volume, not merely a book, but a masterpiece, situated in the midst of a bright and sunny landscape, and within the reach of the hand of every man, woman, and child. The Dryden Company, which has been for many years the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in America, and the largest manufacturer of cotton machinery in the world.

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**Our Business with China**

THE recent completion of a new treaty of commerce between the United States and China leads interest to some figures presented by the Department of Commerce and Labor, through its Bureau of Statistics, regarding the trade of the United States with that country. These figures show a very rapid growth in the exports from the United States to China.

In 1873 merchandise imported into China from the United States amounted to 1,018,000 Haiswan taels in value, out of a total importation of 89,948,000 Haiswan taels. In 1885 the value of imports from the United States was 3,317,000 Haiswan taels, out of a total importation of 89,407,000 Haiswan taels. In 1898 merchandise from the United States amounted to 5,093,000 Haiswan taels, out of a total importation of 179,947,000 Haiswan taels in value. In 1900 the merchandise from the United States to China amounted to 16,724,000 Haiswan taels, out of a total of 211,670,000 Haiswan taels in value, and in 1902, 30,138,713 Haiswan taels in value from the United States out of a total importation of 315,263,982 Haiswan taels. Thus, in 1875, the share from the United States was less than 2 per cent. of the total imports into China, and in 1902 grows by 10 per cent. of the total imports. These figures are from the official reports of the Chinese government. Taking our own figures of commerce with China, the growth in exports to that country has been from \$1,501,383 in 1880 to \$2,946,200 in 1890, \$15,259,167 in 1900, and \$18,063,369 in 1902.

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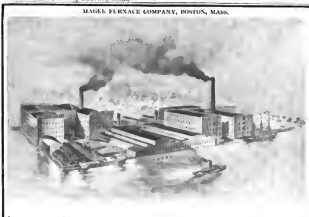
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Story-telling as a Business

By Henry Harrison Lewis

Mr. Dewey sat in his office reading a letter that had arrived in the morning mail. There were two enclosures in the envelope, one an invitation to dinner, the other a brief note. The latter said:

"MY DEAR DEWEY,—I have put you down for a response to the toast 'Niagara.' I expect your few remarks to prove the hit of the evening. Don't disappoint us."

Mr. Dewey smiled as he touched a button on his desk.

"William," he said to the attendant, "are what we have on Niagara. Something about harnessing the water-power and the electrical developments. Bring the clippings to me. I want a couple of stories, too."

The secretary ran over the letters of a filing cabinet in an adjoining room, and glanced through a row of neatly indexed cards until he came to one labelled "Niagara." This card referred him to another cabinet, from which he brought forth a number of clippings. Selecting several, he placed them upon his chief's desk and retired.

In the course of the day Mr. Dewey examined the clippings, made notes, and finally

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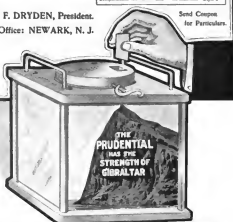
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Where they live and how to get there—their houses, handicraft and customs—as interesting book of more than two hundred pages—written by Gen. A. Dwyer, Ph.D., Curator of Anthropology, Field Columbian Museum, on authority of the "Anatomist"—profusely illustrated with half-tones from special photos—handsome cover in color—sent anywhere on receipt of fifty cents—valuable for schoolrooms or libraries. Address General Passenger Office, A. T. & S. F. Ry. Co., Chicago.

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dictated a résumé of his prospective speech. That night at Sherry's, after the formality of eating was over, Mr. Depew spoke for ten minutes, reviewing the great work accomplished at Niagara, and concluding with the following story:

## Unwilling Heroism

"I seldom hear Niagara mentioned," he said, "without recalling a little episode that occurred several years ago. I happened to be one of a small party of Wall Street men who went to view, with awe and envy, the mighty volume of water which was then going to waste. An interesting feature of the programme was a trip on the *Head of the Mist*, which, as you know, carries venturesome sightseers to the foot of the Falls.

"Shortly after we started, the captain of the boat, whom I had seen in earnest conversation with my friends on board, came up to me. He asked if my name was Depew. I acknowledged the truth with the usual reticence.

"I did not know you were on board, sir, until I was told just now," he said. "I am very pleased to meet you, sir, and I want to do something to celebrate the honor of your being on board my craft. I understand that you are a very daring man, and that you are never happier than when you are risking your life."

"I looked at the man in amazement. "Senator, your wishes shall be gratified," he continued. "To commemorate your visit I intend to take this boat nearer the Falls than she has ever been before!"

"I expostulated in vain. I assured the captain on my word of honor that it would not please me, that it wasn't my risk-taking day, and that I had an important engagement in Buffalo, but he evidently thought I was modest and did not wish to cause him trouble. Leaving me while I was still pouring objections into his ear, he went to the wheel, and may I never make another speech if he didn't take that frail steamboat so close to the cataract that the spray ruined my new silk hat. I thought my time had come. I solemnly assure you."

The speech and this story, it was reported at the time, were the results of a most happy impromptu effort on the part of Senator Depew. The truth is, however, that both were the result of most careful preparation. In discussing the question of after-dinner speaking, Mr. Depew said:

## Mr. Depew's Method

"Speech-making is a trade to me. My theory is that a man can work only a certain number of hours at business, and then must get his recreation. This speech-making habit of mine, which is a tonic and not an occupation of wear and tear, answers the same purpose as the Greek or Latin translation of Mr. Gladstone, or an horse-driving habit of mine, which is a tonic and not an occupation of wear and tear, answers the same purpose as the Greek or Latin translation of Mr. Gladstone, and as regards did to Commodore Vanderbilt, and as regards to nine-tenths of the business men of this country. The difference between my recreation and that of other business men is that mine is all in public.

"The pleasure to me in after-dinner speaking is not only in the actual speaking, but also in the preparation of speeches. It has been said that I speak on the spur of the moment. That is not true. I have never made more than one or two after-dinner speeches without careful preparation. I have a regular system. If the subject is historical, I seldom fail to read over several of Macaulay's incomparable essays. And if it is political, I glance through the writings of such past masters as Lincoln and Douglas. The stories I tell?

## Stories in Stock

"Oh, I have a supply on hand suited to all purposes. I never am asked that question without thinking of the odd circuit-riding who was a great favorite among the young people of his section. Returning one evening from a long and fatiguing journey, he found half a dozen couples waiting to be married. He was no more out with travelling than he decided to make a wholesale job of it, so he told them to stand up together and join hands. While they stood he repeated a part of the marriage rites, concluding with the announcement: 'Now, dearly beloved, you are all married. Go your ways

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and be happy.' This was satisfactory to all but two couples who, in the excitement, had joined hands with the wrong persons. When they expostulated with the old circuit-riding, he thought a moment, then, with a smile of calm content, said: 'That's all right, brethren and sisters. I've married the wads and hatches, haven't I? Now you can assort yourselves!'

'That's the way with my stories,' continued Mr. Depon. 'I put out a batch and let them assort themselves. Whenever I hear the accusation that my speeches are too long, he reminds me of the story told by Horace Porter. It was about an Irishman who went into an East Side barber shop to get his hair cut. He had been imbibing pretty freely, and fell asleep as soon as he got fairly settled in the chair. The barber, a son of Italy, began his work, but presently a fight in the street caused him to look around, and in the act he slipped off the lower part of one of the Irishman's ears. Seeing what he had done, he set up a terrible howling and awoke his customer.

'"Pshaw! the matter!" demanded Pat. "'Matter! Suppise! I cut a off part of your ear," wailed the barber.

'"An' pshaw if ye did!" he growled. 'It was too long, anyway. U'wan wid yer job!"

#### The "Dead-Beat" and the Pass

Among after-dinner speakers Joseph Jefferson ranks as one who can tell a good story in a dry, delightful way. His stories deal principally with theatrical subjects. Here is one of his best:

"While strolling through Indiana several years ago," he said at a dinner the other night, "my manager was approached by a man who had the local reputation of being a *pass* worker, or dead-beat. He told the usual yarn about being an actor and ended by asking for professional assistance.

"I would be glad to oblige you," said the manager, "but, unfortunately, I haven't a card with me." Just then a happy thought struck him, and he added, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write the pass where it will be easy for you to show it."

"Lending over with a pencil he wrote 'Pass the bearer' on the fellow's white shirt-front, and signed his name. The best thanked him and hastened to the gate. The ticket-taker gravely examined the writing and let him take a few steps inside, then he called him back and said, in a loud voice, "'Hold on, my friend; I forgot. It will be necessary for you to leave that pass with me!"

#### Nat Goodwin and the Lunatic

It seems to be a part of an actor's attributes to tell a good story. Sol Smith Russell was famous for his anecdotes, and Nat Goodwin cannot be excelled in the telling of humorous experiences. To see the latter relate one—really to "see," because his acting of the characters in the best part of it—is worth travelling miles. His story of the lunatic he encountered on a country road, though an old one, is still good.

"I was playing in Austin, Texas, at the time," he said, "and one day strolling on a country road which skirted the river, I had walked probably half a mile when, suddenly, a man scrambled from the bushes near the water and advanced toward me. I saw at a glance that he was crazy. His clothes were torn, his face flushed, and his eyes glittered with the fire of insanity. In one hand he grasped a huge knife.

"I confess I was dismayed. The lunatic meant mischief, and there I was without a weapon of any kind to defend myself. There was not a house or human being within from thing to do, and I did it without loss of time. I took to my heels and sprinted down the road. The lunatic, shrieking with fury, hurled yells I knew that I was no match for him in a race. Just as I made this discovery I tripped over a stone and sprawled could feel the lunatic's hot breath upon my face. Something touched my shoulder. I thought it was that horrible knife. It tingled his feet, he darted away and called out shrilly:

'"Tag! You're it!"'

There are few after-dinner speakers more

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and good health is the basis of the profit."  
—Wm. L. Garrison

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warn us that winter-time is fast approaching. And we prepare for it. But how about the winter-time of life? When the winter of your life approaches, will it be bare and cheerless as that of the tree stripped of its leaves?

An adequate endowment policy in the Equitable makes a sure provision for your maturer years,—and meanwhile will protect your family.

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welcome at a banquet than Bishop Potter. He has a fund of humor that makes his stories extremely entertaining. Not long ago he told the following:

"When one has lived for years in America without any special title in ordinary conversation, it is not easy to become accustomed to being hailed as 'my lord' whenever any service is rendered. During my season-trip to Europe, I found it impossible to go anywhere or do anything without being 'lorded' right and left. At last I was in a fair way of becoming spoiled when a little occurrence mercifully delivered me. I had reached London after a run abroad, and while descending the gangplank met a friend, an old vestryman of mine. He was hurrying on board to receive his wife and daughters. Passing midway up the plank, he grasped my hand and shouted:

"Why, hello, His! How are you!"

### A Leading Question

In what might be called the spirit of good American after-dinner speculation, he included Joseph H. Choate, or "Joe" Choate, as he is familiarly termed by his friends despite his august diplomatic position. Mr. Choate's appreciation of a humorous story is as keen as his knowledge of law. He tells with gusto this story of a brother lawyer:

"A certain judge living in the upper part of New York who, during a case, listened with pain and displeasure to the testimony of a colored woman who was describing how she had whipped one of her offspring. She enlarged on the harrowing details until the judge stopped her.

"Do you mean to tell me that you were cruel enough to punish your own boy that?" he demanded.

"Oh no, I did, you know," she replied.

"How dare you be so brutal!"

"The colored woman looked at him in the contempt for a moment, then asked aloud:

"Look a-beeh, judge, was yob ever de father ob a white-messenger boy?"

"My friend almost fell from the bench.

"'Ri yob ain't," continued the negro, "then yob don't know nuffin' about de race!"

### He Had the Bait

Another story attributed to Mr. Choate is equally good. The incident occurred while he was travelling through Georgia. He was driving across a bridge spanning a river and had just noticed two darkies, one a boy and the other considerably slier, who were fishing from a string-pier, when the boy fell into the stream. The colored man leaped to his feet with a shout, and immediately sprang to the rescue. Before Mr. Choate could reach the spot the slier darky had succeeded in dragging the boy to a place of safety on the bank.

"My good man," exclaimed the lawyer, "that was a noble act of yours. Isn't it fortunate you were able to save your son?"

"Tain't mah son," granted the negro. "But you risked your life to save him. What impulse caused you to act so promptly?"

"He had de bait in his pocket!"

A new set, comparatively speaking, in the ranks of after-dinner speakers is Simon Ford.

### Trials of a Speechmaker

"There are three species of guest," he said at a recent dinner. "One, the letter man, being who is invited solely to eat, drink, and be merry at some other fellow's expense. Another, the gifted being who travels on his shape and who by reason of his greatness is invited to throw a bomb of respectability over the occasion. And last, the distinguished yet unhappy guest, who the host is to work his passage. To the latter I present my felicitations; to the first, my heartfelt sympathy.

Some few orators really enjoy speaking, but they are men without any way of escape. Chassey Depew was one of these. As fairly tired after after-dinner speaking. As for me, I would rather be the humblest bar-tender serving you, and sit down and drink with you, than be up here in the red-hot light which has been upon the head since, and get my dinner for nothing."

The Progress of Science

The Science of Food

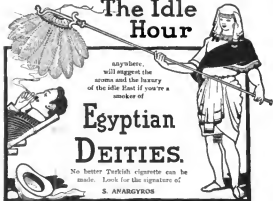
Some months ago elaborate experiments were conducted in this country with the object of discovering whether or not certain food preservatives in common use were seriously detrimental to the human organism. Another investigation in connection with human nutrition—to determine the minimum amount of protein or albuminous food requisite for the maintenance of health and strength under ordinary conditions, and whether economy in food usage be practiced with distinct advantage—is being carried out, the War Department co-operating with the Sheffield Scientific School in the work. These experiments deserve close attention and all encouragement. It is a marvellous thing that science, which has weighed the moon and measured the orbits of the planets and split the atom into electrons, has not yet been able convincingly to tell man what is and what is not his proper food. And yet it is evident to every intelligent observer that a very large proportion of men and women are poisoning themselves every day, ruining their bodies and their minds, shortening their lives, and bringing upon themselves pain and misery, through eating and drinking unwholesome quantities that are not fitted for human assimilation. And who shall say how much of the vice and perversion of the world is directly due to this evil? Reformers are at work everywhere, but the reformer who could, with authority, show humanity what it should eat and drink, would surely do more good than a whole army of well-meaning tinkering at the effects of the evil. Every community has its contingent of quacks and cranks urging their fellows to eat this and avoid that, and most physicians have some fad or other to prescribe for their dyspeptic patients; but what the world needs is an authoritative science of food. Of course, people would not always obey it, and at first, at any rate, that gradually many would conform, and in a generation or two the effect would surely be striking, and the example of the healthy would spread rapidly. Every important nation, and especially the United States, ought to have an endowed institution for the scientific investigation of questions relating to human nutrition, for the conduct of experiments on a large scale, and for the constitution and development of a real and definite science of food. Meantime, the efforts that are being made by the Sheffield Laboratory and other institutions are a step in the right direction.

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# HARPER'S WEEK

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLVII

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No. 449

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**"I COME TO BUY, NOT TO BEG, SIR"**

## ER'S WEEKLY

No. 2446

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

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## COMMENT

The elections are still to come as the WEEKLY goes to press, and comment on their results must be deferred until next week. In the City of New York, the large registration process that the voters are thoroughly alive to the importance of the municipal election, and experience has shown that, under such circumstances, Tammany Hall is likely to be beaten unless its opponents are divided, as they were in 1897. In 1901 Mr. Edward M. Shepard, the last man ever nominated for Mayor in our time by Tammany Hall, with the exception of Abram S. Hewitt, obtained in round numbers only 265,000 votes, yet he had the enthusiastic support of the regular Democrats of Brooklyn, and there was no secession from the Tammany Hall forces, such as Devery has attempted this year to organize. Devery was expected to secure at least five thousand votes, which, under normal conditions, would go to the Tammany Hall candidate, and the latter should lose more than twice as many of those that Mr. Shepard obtained in Brooklyn, owing to the indignation and resentment caused by the deposition of Mr. McClellan from the leadership of the regular Democracy. On the other hand, there is no doubt that what is known as the "liquor vote" will be cast with a close approach to unanimity for Mr. McClellan. Although this vote has ceased to have the weight it formerly possessed, it is still a factor of considerable importance, and may possibly turn the scale against Mayor Low. Whichever candidate is elected, his plurality is not likely to be large.

As a rule, but little attention is paid to the attempts of newspapers to forecast the outcome of an election by means of canvassings, whether these take the form of personal interviews or are conducted by postal-cards. It has been observed that a newspaper prosecuting such an inquiry is very apt to arrive at the result which it desires. Two years ago several forecasts of the kind which professed to have been undertaken in an impartial spirit, and to have covered a wide field of investigation, were favorable to the election of Mr. Edward M. Shepard in the New York Mayorality election. Nevertheless, Mr. Low was elected by a plurality of about 32,000. This year the New York Herald has sent out a multitude of postal-cards requesting the persons addressed to indicate their preferences for Mayor. On the other hand, the *American* and the *World* have employed large bodies of canvassers, for the purpose of securing oral statements of the intentions of voters. Curiously enough, the *Herald* and the Brooklyn *Espe* reach different conclusions from precisely the same data. From the returns thus far received by it, the *Herald* induces Mr. Low's election by over 37,000 plurality. The *Espe* concludes from the same returns that Mr. McClellan will win by 25,000. What makes the divergence of opinion odd is not only the fact that both of the newspapers use the same poll, but the circumstance that both of them are opposed to Tammany Hall. The *American*, formerly known as the *Journal*, maintains that

its canvass justifies the belief that Mr. McClellan will be elected by a plurality of 35,000. The outcome of the *World's* investigation has not been definitely announced at the hour when we write, but the newspaper is inclined to think that, while Mr. McClellan is slightly in the lead, Mr. Low will, nevertheless, be successful by a small plurality. For our own part, we put but little more faith in such canvassings than we do in the odds given by letters. But by the time these lines meet the reader's eye the contest will have been decided, and all that we need to say at present is that if Mr. Low is not elected, he ought to be.

The Ohio Republicans profess to expect an overwhelming victory on November 3, but, curiously enough, the Democrats seem not in the least despondent. Before 1896 the election of a Democratic Governor in Ohio was by no means unprecedented, but, in order to win, Mayor Johnson would need the votes of every Gold Democrat, as well as of every Bryanite. Can he count upon loyal and strenuous support from the faction which is headed by Mr. John R. McLean? After a review of Ohio's election statistics for the last ten years, and after a perusal of representative newspapers on both sides, we incline to think that the Republicans will not only elect their Governor, but also carry the Legislature, though we should not be surprised to see their majority in that body cut down. That the Democratic vote will be larger than it usually is in non-Presidential years is probable, not because Mayor Johnson is particularly qualified to reconsecrate the Democratic party in his State, but because there is a growing feeling of uneasiness touching the duration of the prosperity which has been popularly attributed to the Dingley tariff and to Republican administration. The feeling of uneasiness, however, seems to be playing no part in the Maryland canvass, for, if it did, the Democrats would be sure of victory, owing to the signal reduction of the colored vote caused by the new ballot act. It is noteworthy that in 1901, when the new election law became operative, almost 50,000 fewer votes were cast than in 1897, when precisely the same fewer votes were to be filled. It seems to be generally conceded that, in spite of the shrinkage of the negro vote, the Republicans will come to Baltimore city with a small majority, which, however, is likely to be overcome, unless nearly all the Independents in Baltimore should support the Republican ticket.

That Iowa will go Republican is almost as certain as that the sun will rise on the morning of November 4. Neither does the most optimistic Democrat expect to see Colonel Gannon elected Governor of Massachusetts, although an earnest effort will be made by Mr. Olney's friends to cut down Governor Bates's majority, which, last year, was only 57,000, in order that, in the next Democratic national convention, Massachusetts may be depicted in rainbow colors as a doubtful State. In Rhode Island it looks as if the Democrats, assisted by anti-machine Republicans, would re-elect Governor Garvin. We doubt whether the check experienced by manufacturing prosperity has as yet made itself felt in New England with sufficient distinctness to influence political elections. Most of the cotton-mills, which were closed during the summer, have been reopened. A year hence, if a large proportion of the operatives engaged in every branch of manufacture should be thrown out of employment—an event that now seems not improbable—we may witness some startling political changes in Connecticut and New Hampshire, and possibly in Maine and Massachusetts.

On Saturday, October 24, Senator Gorman, in the early speech which, up to that time, he had made during the political campaign in Maryland, denounced President Roosevelt for interfering in the contest for Governor and for control of the Legislature in that State, and for having forced the race issue to the front by inviting Booker T. Washington to dine with him in the White House, and thus asserting the social, as well as political, equality of the blacks. Mr. Gorman would see nothing surprising in an exhibition of lively interest by members of the Republican National Committee in a State election, the outcome of which may be the loss of a seat in the United States Senate. How, then, can he regard as improper a similar exhibition of interest by Mr. Roosevelt, who is the official head of the Republican party, and at least as deeply concerned in its fortunes as any member of the Republican

National Committee? There is more ground for Mr. Gorman's charge that the President's act of courtesy to Booker T. Washington—an act which we prefer to think impulsive rather than calculated—has had the effect of aggravating the race issue in the Southern States. About the fact there seems to be no doubt, though we cannot believe that Mr. Roosevelt had any such result in mind.

Whether the race issue, which Senator Gorman, by the speech above mentioned, has tried to inject into the Maryland canvass, will prove a considerable factor on election day remains to be seen. If it does, we shall hear much more of it next year, not only in Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, and Kentucky, but even in Indiana. When we call to mind the position taken by the United States Supreme Court with regard to the alleged infringement of the Reconstruction amendments of the Federal Constitution by the restrictions of the suffrage in Alabama, and when we also keep in view the doubt expressed by Secretary Root of the wisdom of the sweeping enfranchisement of the negro by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, we must recognize that Republican politicians cannot wish to see the race issue brought forward prominently in 1904. If that issue should become pivotal, it would be difficult for Mr. Roosevelt to carry any of the doubtful States, and he might even lose Ohio and Illinois. We are inclined to think, however, that the time is not ripe for testing the opinions of white men at the North touching the expediency of allowing the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to remain unexecuted. For the present, at all events, it might be judicious to heed the maxim *quis non movetur*—let sleeping dogs lie. There are other issues on which the Democracy should be able next year to recover control of the Federal government, provided it is sensible enough to put forward a conservative candidate who commands public confidence. It begins to look as if, by November, 1904, the Republican brand of "Progress" will have become an unsalable commodity.

Congressman Littauer will not be prosecuted by the War Department under the statute which prohibits members of Congress from making, or sharing in, contracts with the government. The Secretary of War having asked the Attorney-General whether the government should take action on one of the glove contracts in which Mr. Littauer seemed to be implicated, the Attorney-General has replied, that because the statute orders prosecution for money "advanced," and the contract in question has been fully executed, the goods delivered, and all payments finished, the government may not hope to sue successfully for money paid on it. That is to say, it is too late to take action. So as to prosecuting Mr. Littauer for misdemeanor in violating the statute, and collecting a fine of \$3000 from him, the Attorney-General says it is too late for that also, "since the statutory period of limitation within which such a prosecution would be brought elapsed more than a year ago." This decision relieves Mr. Littauer of the danger of government prosecution, but leaves untouched the question whether or not he violated the law. It may be said for him that so far as has appeared the government has lost nothing by the contracts with which he was suspected of being concerned. The gloves made in his factory were good, so far as appears, and the price not excessive. But Mr. Littauer can hardly exult in the position in which the Attorney-General leaves him. In an open-air sermon that the President preached in Washington on Sunday, October 25, he called earnestly for honesty—"not only the honesty that keeps its skirts technically clear, but the honesty that is such according to the spirit as well as the letter of the law." Doubtless a man may violate a statute and still be an honest man, but in no far as Mr. Littauer's honesty was affected by the charge that he violated Section 3739 of the Revised Statutes its skirts are as yet not even technically clear.

As we expected, the decision at which the Alaska Boundary Commission was enabled to arrive, through the impartial position of Lord Alverstone, has started a movement for a revival of the arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which in 1897 fell short by only four votes of the two-thirds vote required for ratification by the American Senate. It is an interesting fact that Lord Alverstone had a good deal to do with the framing of that treaty, and a characteristic feature of it was reproduced in the convention

which created the Alaska Boundary Commission. The international tribunal contemplated by the abortive treaty of 1897 was not, to speak strictly, a board of arbitration, but a board of conciliation. That is to say, there was to be no umpire, but the court was to consist of a certain number of justices of the United States Supreme Court and of an equal number of persons occupying high judicial posts in Great Britain. It is obvious that the composition of the proposed tribunal involved the assumption that the members, or some of them, would be open to conviction, even in cases wherein the interests of their country were deeply concerned. Some of the Senators who opposed the treaty of 1897 took for granted that no judge could be found to decide any question against his native country, and that, consequently, no decision could be expected from the suggested tribunal. Lord Alverstone has proved that the assumption was unfounded. It must be admitted, however, that the London *Saturday Review* and some other British newspapers, by their outcry at Lord Alverstone's refusal to uphold the Canadian claim, whether right or wrong, are doing their best to deter any other British jurist from conforming to the honorable precedent which he has established.

It is improbable that the Colombian Congress will invalidate the extension of the canal franchise to 1910 which was given to the French company by an executive decree, because it would then be necessary to return the one million dollars in gold paid for the extension, and, in the present straitened condition of Colombia's finances, it would prove difficult, if not impossible, to find the money. It is by no means certain, however, that France would permit Colombia to rescind the contract. Public opinion would probably compel the French government to undertake a coercive demonstration against Colombian seaports. It is quite possible, however, that some of the Bogotá politicians have planned to protract the negotiations with the United States until 1910, so that the extension of the canal franchise may expire by limitation, whereupon the plant of the canal company would become the property of Colombia, and the forty million dollars which we have agreed to pay for it would be demanded by the new owner. We doubt, however, whether the derivers of this precious scheme would remain faithful to one another for six years. It is much more likely that some of them would, at the last moment, betray their co-conspirators and accept a bribe for granting a further extension to the French company. There is another reason why this iniquitous project is destined to prove abortive. The United States government could not afford to make itself an accessory after the fact to such an infamous transaction as the confiscation of the French company's rights. It would be infinitely better to renounce the hope of building any canal at all than to become an accomplice in such a shameless deed. The forty million dollars which we have covetously to pay the French company for its plant, provided we could secure the desired privileges from Colombia, represent but a small fraction of the savings enabled by French presents to the company headed by M. de Lesseps, and it would be an indelible disgrace to continue at an attempt to rob that company's legal successors of their sole remaining asset. We are not reduced, however, to the alternative of countenancing a discreditable project on the part of Colombia, or of abandoning our intention to construct an interoceanic canal. We can always fall back on a Nicaragua canal, and, although, as we have often pointed out, the Nicaragua route is, on several grounds, inferior to the other, we may have to take it, if it shall turn out to be the only route that we can adopt with promptitude and honor.

We have elsewhere directed attention to the remarkable pamphlet in which the labor question is discussed from an employer's view-point, by Mr. David M. Parry, president of the National Association of Manufacturers. We desire to note here what Mr. Parry says with reference to the lawfulness of boycotting. Replying to a question on the subject addressed to him by the Central Labor Union, he expressed the opinion that the courts of last resort in cases now pending in several parts of the country would, at an distant date, demonstrate that boycotting is contrary to law, and that boycotters are personally liable in damages for the injury they cause. There is no doubt that among the cases which Mr. Parry has in mind, and, doubtless, chief among them, is the appeal to the United States Supreme Court, which raises the question of the

constitutionality of the anti-boycott statute of Wisconsin, the validity of which has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of that State. Alabama also has lately enacted a law against boycotting, the provisions of which are particularly stringent. It is, of course, the manufacturers of Birmingham who have secured the enactment of the Alabama law. It is to be hoped that the legislatures of all the great manufacturing States will follow the example. If Pennsylvania had an anti-boycott statute, the last strike in the anthracite-coal region would have been quickly terminated. Hitherto it has been found impracticable to secure the passage of an anti-boycott law at Harrisburg or at Albany, because the Pennsylvania and New York politicians are afraid of alienating the labor-unions vote.

The appointment of Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, British ambassador at Madrid, to be the successor of the late Sir Michael Herbert, bears witness to the importance now attached by the British Foreign Office to the embassy at Washington. This is the first time that a British diplomatist who has reached the rank of ambassador has been deputed to represent his country at our Federal capital. Lord Pauncefote, then Sir Julian Pauncefote, was simply the permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs when he was made minister to Washington, and we scarcely need point out that Sir Michael Herbert had by no means reached high rank in the diplomatic service when he succeeded Lord Pauncefote. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand's appointment shows that a transfer from Madrid to Washington is now regarded as promotion, and we shall not be surprised if, within a decade, the embassy to the United States shall be placed on a level, in respect of pay and distinction, with the embassy to France, which, hitherto, has been accounted the blue ribbon of the British diplomatic service. Sir Henry, or, as he is said to prefer to be called, Sir Mortimer, although but fifty-three years old, has been employed in important posts for a quarter of a century, having been for a decade Foreign Secretary to the Calcutta government, and for some six years minister at Teheran, from which place he was transferred in 1900 to Madrid. The date mentioned disposes of the report that, as British ambassador at Madrid, he showed himself unfriendly to the United States during our war with Spain. He was thousands of miles distant from the Spanish capital in 1908. The new ambassador is not only a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, a Knight Commander of the Star of India, and a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire, but also a Privy Councillor, and he will, doubtless, be made a peer at an early date. He has some pretensions to be a man of letters, having published two books of his own and edited his father's history of the first Afghan war. The fact that he has been admitted to the Athenæum Club indicates that his writings are deemed to possess considerable merit.

Notwithstanding the attempts at reassurance that have been made by diplomatists, the latest news from the Far East is of a very ominous character. According to a telegram from Tokio, the outcome of a prolonged conference held there on Sunday, October 25, by the ministers and the so-called "Elder Statesmen" was the decision that Japan shall adhere to the policy previously announced, and insist that Russia fulfill her pledges touching the evacuation of Manchuria. This, it will be observed, is a very different position from that which some of the Mikado's advisers have been supposed to favor. The Marquis Ito, for example, is believed to have advocated a compromise whereby, in return for Japan's refraining from a demand that Russia forthwith evacuate Manchuria, the Czar, on his part, would pledge himself to respect the territorial integrity and political independence of Korea, or, in other words, would practically recognize that this peninsula belongs exclusively within Japan's sphere of influence. The chances are, though, that, after Russia had firmly established herself in Manchuria, her encroachment upon Korea would be resumed. The interests of Russia and Japan in the Far East are essentially irconcilable, and a conflict, therefore, is irrepressible. The conflict may not come immediately, but that it is much more imminent than has of late been supposed may be inferred from the significant fact that the marine underwriters in London, who last week doubled the premium for war risks on vessels going to Russian or Japanese ports

in the Far East, now refuse to accept war risks on Japanese steamers, even at the tempting price of twenty-five guineas per hundred.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has for the third time made clear in what light he views the imperial connection. He has already declared that Canada would assert her independence, rather than give up a single iota of her right to arrange all fiscal and financial matters wholly in her own interests. He has firmly refused to let Canada be drawn into the maelstrom of militarism; that is, pay a reasonable contribution towards the total war bills of the empire. He tells us now, in connection with the Alaskan award, that Canada should herself have the treaty-making power, and that her interests are constantly sacrificed, because she must present her demands to Washington through the British ambassador, who is far more preoccupied with establishing good relations between England and the United States than with serving the interests of the Dominion. Should he carry his point, and actually obtain the treaty-making power for Canada, it is difficult to see in what way Canada would differ from an independent sovereign state, except in the pagantry and form of receiving an English governor-general, who exercises some of the functions of royalty, and in the perpetuation of titles, such as that of Sir Wilfrid himself, as would hardly be done were Canada a republic. One cannot fail to be struck by the fact that in this growing desire for one after another of the functions of independent sovereignty we have a force making for separation, much stronger and deeper than the forces of union foreshadowed by Mr. Chamberlain, supposing, what is by no means certain, that the ex-Colonial Secretary ever lives to see his schemes carried into effect.

The success of the new Austro-Russian plan of reform for Macedonia depends almost wholly on the attitude of three powers—England, France, and Italy. Without their help, it is certain that Count Lamsdorff and Count Goluchowski, however humble their intentions may be, will find their progress barred at every step by the invisible hand of Germany. With the hearty co-operation of the powers, Russia and Austria can so far introduce better conditions in the three valleys of Monastir, Kosovo, and Salonica, and the Bulgarian parts of Adrianople, that, when spring brings new opportunities to the insurgents, they may find their occupation taken away by the comparative well-being of the peasants. Two assessors are to be attached to Hilmi Pasha's staff, an Austrian and a Russian, with a body of assistants, secretaries, and dragomans, who are to exercise supervision and control over all the acts of the provincial authorities. A European general in the Turkish army is to be appointed to command the gendarmerie, who will be assisted by a number of Austrian and Russian officers familiar with the languages of the country, and, if necessary, by a number of Austrian and Russian non-commissioned officers. Further, communal autonomy is to be secured, and the communal boundaries are to be so altered as to bring together, so far as possible, families of the same race and faith in the same commune. This will mean a separation of the Bulgarian, Servian, and Albanian elements from each other, and the removal of a fruitful source of discord. Then the starving refugees, who are hiding in the forests and mountains, are to be relieved and resettled; villages, schools, and churches burned by the Turkish troops are to be rebuilt; irregular troops and bashi-bazook "headhunters" are to be disbanded, on the ground that they are the chief agents of plundering and outrage. The future well-being of the Macedonians, therefore, is in the hands of England, France, and Italy, with whom it lies to undo, as far as may be, the mischief wrought by the Berlin Treaty, and, even more, by the failure honestly to carry out its provisions, so far as they protected the Macedonians and provided for their autonomy.

There are indications of a new ministerial crisis in France, which may mean the upsetting of M. Combes's cabinet, and the formation of a new "ministry of all the talents" out of all parties. It is becoming evident that M. Combes has far exceeded the intentions of his wiser and more moderate predecessor, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, dealing with the religious orders in a spirit of extreme intolerance and severity, and yet

so far as one can learn, without actually accomplishing much. Under various guises the religious orders continue to teach and to exercise a great influence as ever, while the feeling stirred up by the violent methods of M. Combes increases. A much graver matter is raised by his declared intention to denounce the Concordat, and break the slender bonds which still bind Church and state together in France, or, to speak plainly, to put an end to the salaries and expenses of the priests and their superiors. As in the case of the temporal power, there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question, even from the point of view of the Church. There can be no doubt that the moral prestige of the Holy See has risen since the Pontiff ceased to be an Italian prince. In just the same way, when the Catholic Church in France is dependent wholly on the support of its followers, it may take a new base of moral and spiritual life. This has been notably the case in Ireland, where the Catholic Church was not only not supported by the state, but, on the contrary, was proscribed and persecuted; it is largely the case in the United States, where no Church is supported by the state, and where all religious bodies are, therefore, dependent on the zeal of their adherents.

Replying apparently to assertions which have been made (though not generally credited) that a considerable percentage of the graduates of Tuskegee Institute turn out to be idlers and criminals, Principal Booker Washington begins his twenty-second annual report by saying that "not a single one of our graduates has ever been convicted of crime or sent to a State penitentiary." This statement, he adds, is based on a carefully kept record. The institute had an average attendance of 1441 pupils during the last school year. Its income from funds and appropriations for the year now in progress is estimated to be \$71,993, and its estimated expenses are \$155,000, leaving about \$83,000 to be raised. From the first it has been a part of the mission of the institute to try to reach and help the colored people in the country districts, but Mr. Washington finds several influences which are constantly working at present to detach the negro from the soil. One is the lack of public-school facilities in the country, and another the lack of police protection. In the larger towns and cities, says Mr. Washington, negroes can usually get eight months of good schooling in a comfortable schoolhouse, as against from three to five months of poor schooling in a wretched schoolhouse in the country. As for the attractions of police protection, he says, "I think I do not overstate the matter when I say that for every lynching or attempted lynching, that takes place in the country, a score of colored people leave the vicinity for the city." This is an effect of lynching which has not been much discussed, and Mr. Washington is right in thinking that it should receive serious attention. We are all used to hearing, and to believing, that white women who live in the country in some parts of the South don't dare go far from their homes without an escort, for fear of being attacked by some dangerous negro, but this fitting of colored families after a lynching, for fear of dangerous white men, is also worth thinking about. In a district where white women are not safe, black men—decent black men—seem not to be safe, either.

The WEEKLY lately remarked that though nine-tenths of the discussion about the lynching of negroes deals with it as a punishment for crimes against women, a large majority of the victims of lynchings are lynched for murder, arson, or other violent crimes. Commenting thereon, the *Masses Telegraph* says that while that may be true, the WEEKLY overlooks the very important point that in the South, at least, crimes against women provoked lynchings in the first place, and that if such crimes ceased "there is every reason to believe that lynchings for other crimes would cease also, the cause of meddling race having thus been removed." The consciousness of this among Southern people explains, says the *Telegraph*, why nearly all the discussion of lynching is confined to its bearing on crimes against women. This is the first explanation of the phenomenon of which it treats that we remember to have seen; and no such it is at least interesting. But it is an explanation that works both ways. The argument that lynching is a necessary and inevitable punishment for negro crimes against women is not helped by the admission that the lynching of one negro for criminal assault

eventually involves the lynching of two more negroes for crimes of another species. It comes natural to lynch a man who has committed an atrocious assault on a woman or a child. The most effectual reason why the natural inclination should be curbed in such a case is that the consequences of yielding to it are subversive of law, destructive of security, and fruitful of far-reaching indirect effects which hurt society.

The newspapers report that the messengers employed at the White House have appeared in dark blue uniforms accented with plain silver buttons. It is intimated that if the foundations of our liberties do not vibrate too violently under this innovation the President's messengers will go further, and put other of the male employees of the White House into special clothes. The White House itself has been fixed up at large expense, and the inclination of its keeper to give its human accessories a stylish appearance in keeping with their environment is at worst a very human weakness. Private Secretary Loeb is theoretically responsible for the new clothes, and if he incite the rural press to uncork vials of wrath, it is on his head that the vial should be emptied. For our part, our sensitiveness to uniforms, and even to liveries, has been a good deal blunted by living a good while in a large city. The coachmen and footmen in this town wear all sorts of ornamental raiment, the retainers of the big hotels have clothes that are thought to be proper to their jobs, and our policemen, messenger-boys, car-conductors, motor-men, firemen, street-cleaners, and others have gone about in uniforms under our observation so long that our sense of the impropriety of prescribing distinctive garb to retainers is all but lost. To us, demoralized as we are, it seems rather fit to put the White House messengers in blue coats and trousers, and even the silver buttons do not stick in our crop. But if the country papers, insured to a higher standard of simplicity, disapprove this departure, the man to assail is Secretary Loeb. He ought not be pounded too hard, however, until Congress has met and the people have had time to hear from their accredited representatives how the uniforms look.

The very latest development in the organization of labor is the formation of a book agents' union at Syracuse, New York. The founder of this union, which already numbers a good many members, and is about to apply for affiliation to the Trades Assembly, has explained in an interview that he has personally sold books for twelve years, has during that time walked about five thousand miles, and has been subjected to all kinds of rebuffs and insults. He has come to the conclusion that the time is ripe for the assumption of a bold stand by book agents, and for concerted reprisals against all those who display hostility to book-purveyors. The rules of the new union have been published, and will be found of considerable interest. One of them prescribes that any member who has been subjected to an insult by a business or professional man must forthwith report the same to the secretary, whereupon a special meeting of the union will be called, and a committee appointed to wait upon the offending person. In the event of an apology not being offered, the person insulting the book agent is to be placed under a boycott, notice of the same being made public on the telegraph and telephone poles, and on the billboards of the city or town in which the boycotted person resides. Business men in whose offices are displayed signs reading, "Book agents not allowed here," are warned to remove such signs, under penalty of being boycotted. Any member of the union who purchases supplies of any kind from a business man that has been boycotted is to be fined five dollars, and union book agents are also fined if they patronize merchants who sell to a boycotted person. It may strike our readers that some of these provisions sever strongly of blackmail. From the fact that the founder of the union proposes to drop the book-selling business in order to become the walking delegate, we infer that he sees some promising opportunities of profit. We observe, further, that a business or professional man must not only be careful how he treats a union book agent, but must refrain from purchasing a book of an agent not a member of the union, lest in this case also he be subjected to a boycott. We note, finally, that it will be impossible to get rid of a book agent's impertunity by offering fifty cents or a dollar for a cheap publication, because the union forbids its members to "handle" any book that sells for less than two dollars and fifty cents.

## A Representative American Manufacturer on the Labor Question

It is well known that the organization of labor in this country has impelled employers to organize in their turn by forming the National Association of Manufacturers. The attitude of the one body toward the other is defined in a pamphlet just issued by Mr. David M. Parry, who, as president of the organized manufacturers, discusses the labor question from an employer's viewpoint. The pamphlet is prepared in the form of replies to a number of queries submitted recently by Mr. E. P. Parry, of Indianapolis, president of the Central Labor Union. As the queries go straight to the point, and as no attempt is made to excite, labor-unionists will know hereafter precisely where American employers have made up their minds to stand.

Let us mark, first, some general propositions which Mr. David M. Parry lays down. Man must work, he says, for a living, and each man is entitled to the results of his own exertions. Personal ownership of property in a necessary deduction from the law that man must work for a living. Again, each individual is entitled to freedom of action. It follows that each man has a right to dispose of his own time and labor as he sees fit, or, in other words, that he is entitled to the right and just to work out his own destiny. Over more, it is right and just that one man should receive more of this world's goods than another. Attempts to distribute rewards of toil would prove, if temporarily successful, fatal to the interests of the whole nation concerned; and the indolent and inert, in whose behalf these efforts presumably would be made, would inevitably suffer with the rest. What we call capital arises from the fact that one man can, as a matter of fact, and does, produce more than another. Some men find that they can produce more than others, and absolutely need for themselves, and for their families, the extra goods which they produce. This stored-up labor is capital. In a word, Mr. David M. Parry is a believer in the individualist régime, under which, in all enlightened countries, men live and work. Under this individualist régime industry is unquestionably regulated by the law of supply and demand. This law operates to direct the energies of a nation along channels that will be the most profitable to all; it makes, on the whole, the wisest possible use of every individual, according to his capability, and according to the need that exists for the kind of service he can perform. It regulates the accumulation of capital, tending to increase the accumulation of it more at one time than another, according to the urgency of the need for it. Finally, it increases nominal wages, and decreases the prices of commodities, thus automatically giving to labor the benefits of capital as fast as it is to the interest of labor that this should be done.

No much for the general propositions formulated by the president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Now let us note some of the replies to questions put by the representative of labor-unions. Should, for instance, unions have anything to say about the wages of their members, the hours of work, and the conditions under which work is to be done? Mr. David M. Parry answers—we are obliged to repeat his full name to distinguish him from the president of the Central Labor Union in Indianapolis—that it is the right of every man to get honestly all he can, and men may associate themselves together for that purpose. Neither an individual, however, nor an association should be permitted to adopt methods of force to increase wages or reduce hours of labor. Considered as means of bettering the industrial condition of the masses, or such measure as their own purposes, instead of raising the general rate of real wages, they must necessarily lower it. If a particular labor union succeeds in forcing the payment to its members of a wage scale above the economic level fixed by supply and demand, it takes a share of the aggregate production larger than it is justly entitled to, and there is left a smaller amount than there should be for division among the other classes of labor. Inasmuch as the wage extracted by a labor-union is charged up to the cost of the product which its members are engaged in creating. The effects are, first, to raise the price of the product to the consumer, thus making it impossible for some people to purchase it who had previously been able to do so, while those who pay the advanced price have their power to buy other articles proportionately diminished. Secondly, to throw men into idleness or to put them in such positions as to make it impossible for them to demand for articles occasioned by the decrease in the purchasing power of labor in general. Thirdly, to discourage the investment of capital, and check its accumulation, because of the instability and uncertainty of business conditions resulting from the power of a labor organization to dictate terms to employers.

Turning to the demand of labor-unions to prescribe the hours of labor, Mr. David M. Parry discusses as follows the assertion that a man can do as much in eight hours as he can in ten. To insist that the same pay shall be received for eight hours which was given for ten makes, obviously, an advance in wages of twenty-five per cent. The cost of production is inevitably increased by the same percentage. It is true that, during the last hundred years, the number of working hours per day has been reduced from

sixteen and fourteen to about ten, and that the cost of manufacturing many articles has not proportionately increased. This reduction has been the result, however, not of the efforts of organized labor, or of any cause so much as the increased use of capital, which has so enhanced the productive power per capita that a nation's necessary work can now be performed in a much shorter time than formerly was the case. Mr. D. M. Parry also denies that labor-unions should be credited with causing the general rise of wages in this country or in any other country. Industrial development under free conditions is what has raised wages and reduced the hours of employment. Mr. Parry, in truth, does not hesitate to describe organized labor as an effect, rather than a cause, of prosperity. He points out that in periods of industrial depression labor-unions disintegrate. It is only when there is a great demand for labor, and wages, consequently, are advancing, that the ranks of labor-unions become full and the labor agitator becomes active. The demands which he enforces, however, instead of effecting a permanent increase in wages, are more apt to be the means of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Of what benefit, asks Mr. Parry, is a high-wage scale if you cannot obtain work under it? The prostration of the building trades during the last summer, not only in New York, but in nearly every large city in the United States, offers an instructive lesson on this point.

It is interesting to note the replies made to two other questions put by the representative of labor-unions. Is not the laborer, Mr. D. M. Parry was asked, on an unequal footing with the employer when he attempts to settle the question of his wage individually, and is it not a reasonable proposal that laborers should undertake to settle wage questions collectively through accredited representatives? As to a workman's alleged inability to settle the wage question individually, Mr. Parry directs attention to the fact that labor-unions comprehend only fifteen per cent. of the workers in the United States, and that the other eighty-four per cent. habitually settle the wage question by individual bargains with their employers. Why could not the other fifteen per cent. do likewise? At the same time, Mr. Parry sees no good reason, in cases where a large number of men are employed in the same kind of work, why a readjustment of wages, when conditions appear to demand it, should not be arranged by a committee of the men dealing with the employer in behalf of the rest? He insists, however, that, in this dealing with employers, through a committee named by the workers, there must be no coercion or intimidation, express or implied; and that, if an agreement is reached, and the men exercise their right to quit the employment, they shall in no wise interfere with the employer in his further conduct of his business, or with the men he secures to take the vacant places. It must, in a word, be understood by labor that it has no more right to say to the employer that he shall employ certain men, than the employer has the right to say to his employees that they shall work for no other person than himself. Mr. Parry's ultimate conclusion is that the fight waged by organized labor is more of a fight against the accumulation and the utilization of capital under private ownership than it is anything else. In such a fight the owners of capital may incur some temporary inconveniences, but eventually the hardship and suffering fall upon the masses of the people. When this fact comes to be generally realized, the destruction of labor-unionism, or its radical reformation, may be expected to ensue.

It must not be inferred from what we have here written that Mr. D. M. Parry denies that labor-unions have accomplished any good in the past, or are qualified to accomplish any good in the future. On the contrary, he gives them credit for the part they have taken in securing legislation calculated to promote the health and safety of workmen in factories, and to regulate the employment of women and children. He recognizes that the great reformatory brotherhoods have often followed rational methods in their dealings with employers. Nor is he unwilling to concede that trade-unionism, as a business institution, operating on lawful lines, and contented to assume the responsibility that other business institutions have to bear, could be made a source of valuable assistance to its members. As a society, on the other hand, organized for conducting lawless strikes and boycott conspiracies, trade-unionism is denounced as illegitimate, un-American, and deserving of disintegration or suppression.

## Canada and the Alaska Boundary Award

Our Canadian friends seem to have imagined that either the Alaska Boundary Commission would be equally divided, or that which event the arbitrament of a line of delimitation would be committed to diplomatic negotiation, or else the "chain" would be upheld by the force of the six commissioners. In other words, they took for granted that the three British commissioners would not diverge by a hair's breadth from the position taken at Ottawa, and that the soundness of this position would be eventually conceded by at least one of the three American members of the commission. Nor is there any doubt that had one of the American commissioners arrived at the conclusion that, on the whole, a right construction



of the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825 upheld the Canadian claim, he would have been applauded throughout British North America as a Daniel come to judgment. When, however, a precisely analogous case is pursued by one of the three British commissioners—when Lord Chief-Justice Alverstone holds that in many, though not in all particulars, the American claim seems to be sustained by the terms and purpose of the treaty aforementioned—the decision which his opinion entitles the commission to reach is disowned by his two Canadian colleagues as "non-judicial," and they decline to sign the award. Moreover, the firm adherence on the part of the American commissioners in a belief in the correctness of their country's view of the treaty of 1825—an adherence which, in the case of the Canadian commissioners is preliminary—is depicted by the Canadian press as little short of discreditable, and is imputed to the ill-fated fact that the American commissioners are not "jurists of repute." Evidently the Canadians are "bad losers." We by no means suppose that the Canadians consented to refer the boundary dispute to a commission with the deliberate intention of relinquishing the decision unless it should be favorable to themselves. This would be an avowal of playing with loaded dice; of violating the Elizabethan principle, "heads, I win; tails, you lose" into a solemn international scamper. We prefer to believe that they have been carried away by invitation, and by their keen disappointment are disabled for availing the equanimity, the recognition, the cheerful acceptance of accomplished facts which were exhibited by the American members of the board to whom the Bering Sea controversy was submitted. There were some Americans who thought that the decision rendered in this case, as also the decision rendered about the Vancouver boundary, was a diplomatic compromise rather than a strictly judicial interpretation of the facts; nevertheless, they recognized the wisdom of acquiescing in the decision without protest or complaint.

It is, of course, the case of the Conservative Opposition in the Canadian Dominion to lament the outcome of a commission for the creation of which the party in power at Ottawa is responsible. We think, however, that when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other clear-sighted and cool-headed persons examine the text of the commission's award, and the maps that accompany it, they will arrive at the conclusion that Canada's interests have not, by any means, been so ruthlessly sacrificed as has been hastily alleged. They will find that, throughout a considerable section of the Alaskan coast, the commission has recognized and marked ranges of mountains so near the coast that the riparian strip awarded to the United States is very much narrower than the territory which our counsel claimed. They will find, moreover, that, though their claim to Dyes and Skagway is disallowed, yet, inasmuch as the commission has drawn the boundary through the western, instead of the eastern branch of the country known as the Portland Canal, it will not be difficult to connect the Klondike region by railway with a Canadian port on the said eastern branch of the Portland Canal. Sir Wilfrid, moreover, is too reasonable a man not to acknowledge that, since he permitted two representatives of his government to take part in the Alaskan Commission, he is now stopped from objecting to the composition of that tribunal on the ground that the American commissioners were not jurists in the technical sense of the word. Neither is Sir Wilfrid likely to deny that, even if the commission's decision may be regarded as an equitable compromise, rather than a rigorously judicial construction of treaties, the Americans have had to suffer a considerable abatement of claims from which our State Department, before the commission was created, had firmly declined to recede. In other words, Canadians see not the only losers through the assumption of equal powers by the commission.

There is another question which sensible Canadians will not themselves. Is it a bad thing or a good thing for Canada that the impartiality exhibited by Lord Chief-Justice Alverstone may possibly tend to dispel the feeling of distrust and dislike with which Great Britain has long and generally regarded in the United States?

### Sir Henry Mortimer Durand

The new English ambassador will represent at Washington a side of the British tradition which has never heretofore been brought close to the imagination of the American people; the Indian Empire, which is, in its way, the greatest work of administration ever carried out on earth. If we think of a teeming population, more than four times as great as that of the United States, made up of varied races with wonderful histories, woven of the very material of romance, and consider that this vast and overwhelming multitude is ruled and well ruled by some six hundred men of British race, we shall have some reasons by which to judge an achievement beside which all the triumphs of the Roman Empire read like local and provincial exploits. If we further remember that, mainly through the instrumentality of these alien rulers, there will be preserved to posterity one of the most venerable and beautiful languages in the world, with a splendid literature going back to the very dawn of time, the traces of a mar-

vellous culture which in many things, and those of the deepest import, begins where modern nations end, we shall have a further view of what England has accomplished in India. And this wonderful empire will now for the first time be represented in the American nation in the person of our new ambassador.

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand is a man of fifty-three, the son of a distinguished general, whose name he bears. He entered the English diplomatic service, and became joint attaché in the Foreign Department in 1874, and assistant secretary in the same department in 1877. His destiny soon after called him to India; and during all the years he spent there he was treated chiefly with one great and ever-recurring question, the threatened approach of Russia over the Hindu Kush Mountains or through the passes of Afghanistan. The Indian Empire had suddenly entered on a new and seemingly epochal epoch of its history. For more than a hundred years a solitary and isolated power, cut off by immense distances from every civilized neighbor, India had gradually been consolidated and uniformized under its white rulers. Then, about 1874, the great change came. The forces of Russia, moving southward and eastward from the mouth of the Volga, began to attack the northern frontiers of Turkestan, Skuderief, the province of war in the campaign against Turkey, and Karakortak, the present Minister of War at St. Petersburg, won their spurs in that advance. The weight of the Russian armies was overwhelming, and by rapid stages the whole of Turkestan, down in the northern frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan, passed into the power of the Tsar.

The English in India were full of apprehensions, well or ill founded. They at once inaugurated a new policy, founded on a new principle, which has dominated all Indian history from that time. Formerly the frontier of India towards the northwest was drawn beneath the giant ranges which about the plains of the Indus off from hill Afghanistan and Baluchistan. It was decided now to advance the frontier among the hills, so that the battle with the expected foe should be fought away from the Indian plains, out of sight of the Indian people. With the whole of this policy, from its inception, Sir Henry Mortimer Durand was identified, and among the Afghan hills he first won honor and distinction.

The Afghan campaigns of 1879 and 1880 had one prime object, and made one first-class reputation in military history, and one great success in diplomacy. Their object was to secure a ruler of Afghanistan who should be friendly to England, and if not actually hostile to Russia, at least in no wise disposed to receive any advances from that power. There all was suspected of receiving subsidies from Russia; and his days as Amer of Afghanistan were numbered. A quarrel developed; and we find an Indian army, one column of which was led by Sir Frederick Roberts, on its way toward Kandahar. Shere Ali fled, leaving the power in the hands of Yakub Khan, and if not actually the British Indian Empire was planted at Kabul, and, whether through treachery or mutiny, most of its members, with Major Cavagnari at their head, were attacked and murdered. Sir Frederick Roberts was at one seat to invade Afghanistan and occupy Kabul; and his wonderful march thither and the rapidity and decision with which he retrieved one prime disaster won universal admiration, and gained him the title of Lord Roberts of Kandahar.

As the outcome of this campaign we find the late Abdurrahman Khan on the Amer's throne, a man who for a series of years strongly upheld the British policy in the Afghan hills, and a man who possessed a genius and force rare in any epoch or in any land. From this campaign emerged also one first-class civil reputation—that of Sir H. M. Durand. This belongs to the vicereignty of Lord Ripon, famous for his liberal policy towards the natives, and of Lord Dufferin, who added Durand to the British dominions, and gained for himself the title of Marquis of Ayn. During this period Sir H. M. Durand was first Under Secretary and then Secretary to the government of India in the Foreign Department, where his chief exploit was the successful Afghan expedition of 1878, which won for him the title of Lord of the Indian Empire and Sir Durand of India. Here again the question was the advance of Russia, and the possibility of stemming that advance by annexing the hill regions to the northwest of Kashmir, with whose history the name of Colonel Durand, brother of the new ambassador, is so intimately bound up.

In 1874 Sir H. M. Durand was sent to Tehran, as minister plenipotentiary to the Persian court, and he ever since has been himself free to fare with Russian expansion. Here, however, all the successes were on Russia's side, and it is in this period that Russia's two greatest achievements in Persia belong—the securing of the exclusive right to build railroads in Persia, and the reduction of Persia almost to the position of a vassal state, by bringing her finances under the control of St. Petersburg. This was largely accomplished by recognition by the new Persian ruler, who was enabled the Shah Nuzar Mir Dja to pay a long desired visit to Europe, in the spring of 1890. A few weeks before the Shah started on his journey Sir H. M. Durand left Persia on leave, and during his stay in England he was transferred to the court of Madrid, thus at last turning his back to the gorgeous East and setting his face towards the West. One wonders what impression will be made by the world's newest ambassador and young-





## THE TRAINING OF ITALIAN CAVALRY OFFICERS

*The school of the Torre di Quinto, in Rome, was established fifteen years ago for the training of Italian cavalry officers in difficult feats of horsemanship. A recent photograph in the "Weekly" showed some of the dangerous feats performed by cavalry riders who were trained in this school. The above snap shot shows an officer in the school going through one of the exercises in high jumping.*





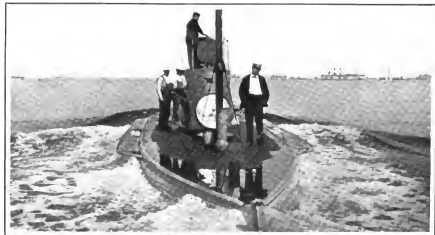
*All of the Boat under Water—the Flagstaff would be removed in Action*



*Almost completely Submerged, and going at full Speed*



*Rising from a Dive-half under Water*



*The "Protector" going on the Surface*

## **TRIAL TRIP OF THE SUBMARINE "PROTECTOR"**

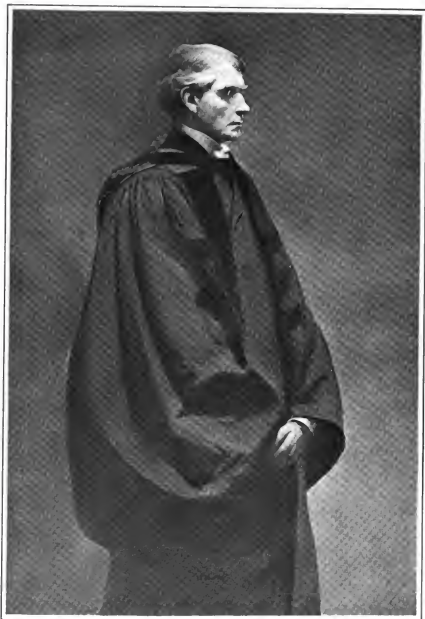
*At the last session of Congress half a million dollars was appropriated to encourage the builders of submarine boats, and on November 16 the Navy Department will make exhaustive competitive tests for the purpose of determining the type of boat best fitted for the government service. At these maneuvers the submarine development "Protector," designed by Captain Simon Lake, will compete. The distinctive feature of this boat is that it may be submerged and run on an even keel, instead of having to dive downward from the surface, as in the case of the Holland boat. The photographs show the "Protector" starting on a submerged run, from the time when the keel is to sink until she is entirely under water.*

*Photographs copyright by R. G. Shoen*



### UNVEILING THE NEW SHERMAN STATUE IN WASHINGTON

*A new equestrian statue of General William T. Sherman by the Danish sculptor Carl Rahl-Smith was recently unveiled in Washington. The American flags which concealed the statue were removed by General Sherman's nine-year-old grandson William Tecumseh Sherman Thornecke. President Roosevelt delivered the dedicatory address, and a military and moral parade was held in honor of the occasion. The statue, which was built through the efforts of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, measures nearly seventy feet in height, and is decorated at the base with groups and bas-reliefs.*



**ALEXANDER'S PAINTING OF DR. FRANCIS L. PATTON**

*This portrait of Dr. Patton is Mr. John W. Alexander's most recent work. It was painted by commission of the alumni and trustees of Princeton University at the time of Dr. Patton's resignation of the presidency of that institution, and has just been hung in the Princeton University Library.*

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

THE year has brought no greater treat—I was going to say that Mr. Howells has given his readers no greater treat—than is to be found in *Letters Home*. It may not be, as some aver, his greatest book, though I cannot recollect any book of his that left so vivid an impression with me and gave me so much pleasure. And in delivering this opinion I find myself in excellent company. Veteran readers of Mr. Howells who have taken him for granted, so to speak, as a novelist who reached his meridian with *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, declare that *Letters Home*—to quote the words of one of them—stands unequalled in contemporary fiction, and marks a new epoch in his distinguished career. Together with his maturity of power and execution, its ripeness of thought and uncollected vision, there are charm and vivacity of an imagination still young and throbbing with freshness of feeling and the warmth and glow of youthful outlook. This latest effluence of Mr. Howells's rejuvenescence recalls a saying of his favorite, Swedenborg, to the effect that the angels are always advancing toward their spring. It would seem to be so with the remarkably

found genius of Mr. Howells. There is a spring-time wonder and glory about his young Americans, but the idealism of Mr. Howells is tempered by the wisdom of maturity, and his young gods are found to be compounded of human elements and to wear natural habiliments; not one of them is very far from any of us. The story itself is happily conceived, and unfolded in a surprisingly novel manner. I confess that the epistolary form in which the story is related appealed to me at first, and I realized from reading the Letters as they originally appeared serially until they were published in book form. Then I took the book up no matter of course, and because Mr. Howells long ago had become a habit. The first letter is written by a Bostonian resident in New York, caught my interest, but it was personal. It had the Howells touch—the reserve, which came to New York trailing intellectual clouds of Boston. Not with the second letter, from Wallace Ardith to a friend in Wotomina, Iowa, written three days after his arrival in New York, one lost sight and touch of Mr. Howells and was engrossed in the very live young Westerner who had come on to the great city in search of heart-cure, and who is already writing of New York: "She has inspired me with a new passion; she herself is my passion, and I will never learn to love her over-meer. . . . I ache to get it all in verse; I want to write the epic of New York, and I am going to." But, like a reverse post, Wallace Ardith had first and that's the story. With the advent of Amer J. Boyley, a victim of the "Trust," in the third letter there was a fresh departure, and with the Letters following from Miss Annetta Balton, the heiress of the "Trust," and Miss Frances Deeman, who becomes companion and secretary to the heiress and her mother, the reader had forgotten all else in a still hunt for the story. These are the letters told, and the chief actors in this very modern comedy—the Letters are all written between December, 1901, and March, 1902—the other dramatic personae being drifts wrought into the fabric of the correspondence. And what a delicious comedy it is, with what a bit of heart-break consistent on the tragic seriousness of youth, to make its appeal to life deep and enduring!

Ever since Mr. Henry James wrote his charming papers on London, accompanied by Mr. Pennell's admirable drawings in the *Custary*. Fifteen years ago, and afterwards collected in *London and Elsewhere*—one of his most delightful and readable volumes—I have wished that some writer might be inspired to do the same service for New York. Mr. Howells has not only come nearer than any previous writer to visualizing for us the fresh, crude, big effects that the great American metropolis produces on the mind as a whole, but his inscription of the life and spirit peculiar to New York, its individuality as a living, throbbing organism; he has made it all more real and appealing by dramatizing its char-

acteristic elements, and passing them through the sensitive perception of his characters who hail from every corner of New York State, and Boston. Thus he enables us to gain a fresh point of view from various angles; a recourse to imaginative ends which is at once enlightening and entertaining; causing familiar things to take on a new and sometimes startling significance, and our brains to pause in the most unlooked-for places. I had intended to quote several passages by way of illustration, but space forbids; besides, it is difficult to quote where all is of a tempting excellence that clamors to be read. Mr. Howells has redeemed the epistolary art in fiction in *Letters Home* from an odium the last few years, in the hands of spurious writers. In that first letter, his Bostonian writes to an invalid sister: "Your nature may be good for you, or it may not; but for me I am sure it will be good if it gives me back that long period of life, when I wrote letters willingly and wrote them long. I have already a pleasing presence of an earlier time; in the mere purpose of writing you, I feel the glow of that charming adolescence of the world in the eighteenth cen-

ture, when everybody, so matter of what age, willingly wrote such long letters as to give the epistolary novel a happy air of verisimilitude." It remained for Mr. Howells, all of those who have sought to revive it, to recover the lost art of the epistolary novel in the twentieth century, and to impart to it the recollection of the magic and forgotten delights of letter-writing. I have indicated the maturity and ripeness of power and vision which have gone to the making of this book; it is the fruit of a long life, years of rich observation and mellow philosophy. It will bear pondering. The book has written itself at no single moment, but through all the years of Mr. Howells's sojourn in his native Western State, in Boston, and finally in New York. When it did come to write itself, it may have been a happy inspiration; if we see but the effluence of the moment we can still trace, if we have a mind to, its roots lying deep in the experience of the past. In this lies its charm and power, almost hidden, certainly without any pretentiousness, but so sincere in its art, a charm that gives it to our writer at least an imperishable quality.



The latest portrait of W. D. Howells. Mr. Howells's new novel, "Letters Home," has just been published.

In a child's *Letters to her Husband*, by Helen Watterson Moody, the epistolary form of fiction has been applied to a refreshing and novel end. It is scarcely fiction, for story there is none; it is simply a passing episode in the solitary life of a child, and the letters are written with an air of "happy verisimilitude," which, but for the intrusion of certain traces of the author's unuttered retrospection, read as if they might actually have been written by a Virginia, aged ten. "There is a tide in the affairs of children," it was a tide in the affairs of Virginia which led her to seek a respite from her exiled childhood in an imaginary husband, and to accompany herself in him with a new mother and simple hut which are only known to children. Sent from her motherless home in New York "to Uncle Devere's to stay all summer," she comments on her neighborhood and her companions and experience, with a mingling of gravity and amusement, provoked by humor which are only known to children. Sent from her motherless home in New York "to Uncle Devere's to stay all summer," she comments on her neighborhood and her companions and experience, with a mingling of gravity and amusement, provoked by humor which are only known to children. Sent from her motherless home in New York "to Uncle Devere's to stay all summer," she comments on her neighborhood and her companions and experience, with a mingling of gravity and amusement, provoked by humor which are only known to children. Sent from her motherless home in New York "to Uncle Devere's to stay all summer," she comments on her neighborhood and her companions and experience, with a mingling of gravity and amusement, provoked by humor which are only known to children.





**MISS MARY JOHNSTON**

*Miss Johnston's new serial, "Sir Mortimer," which is now appearing serially in "Harper's Magazine," is a romance of Elizabethan times. It deals with the love-story of an officer in the Royal Navy and one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, and is a searching study in character as well as a story of action and adventure.*



Blessing the Hounds before starting on the Hunt

## Wild-Stag Hunting in France

By Frank Sherman Peer

**O**UR first day in stag was with the celebrated pack of French hounds owned by the Marquis de Courmouler. These hounds are certainly the most musical pack I have ever heard. They are said to have originally been produced by a cross between the bloodhound and the greyhound, or, possibly, the greyhound was in some cases used as the sire.

The stag in this particular chase kept twisting and doubling his track, not going more than a mile in any one direction, until finally, as they usually do, he took to water, a small pond of some twenty or thirty acres. The shores for the most part are fringed with cattails, marsh grass, and flags. The stag was quite fresh when he entered the pond. The hounds, however, were right at his heels, and twenty-five couples went plunging over the bank—a drop of three or four feet—in the most fearless style that can be imagined, all giving tongue, and the lot of them swimming as fast as possible after their game. Across the pond the stag took to a patch of thick-growing rushes, which closed in behind him, and shut out the hounds, as they were unable to touch their feet on the bottom or penetrate the mass by swimming. They finally went ashore in open water. The stag, meanwhile hid in the rushes. The hounds are now sent in from shore, the huntsman wading through the break to encourage them on. In ten or fifteen minutes out goes the stag into the pond again, the hounds plunging after him, and once more the "heavenly music" fills valley, hill, and forest for miles around. Forward and back, up and down the pond goes the deer, with the same stately air and majestic carriage of the head as he had on land, plunging through the water like a steaming, with forty or more hounds swimming after him.

On the opposite shore some men are unloading a flat-bottomed boat. The huntsman fastens a short sword to a pole, and with another man to help paddle and punt the craft along, goes in pur-

suit. The stag's strength begins to fail. Every time he crosses the pond it is at less speed. Game as he is, the hounds are never so. Finally they overtake him and literally crawl upon his back. One grand hound, more emboldened than the rest, swims along until he catches hold of the stag's ear. The stag, to throw him off, ducks his head under the water, but when he finally comes up the hound is still hanging fast. With half a dozen hounds clawing and actually riding on his back, and another holding to his ear with the grip of an iron vice, the poor stag can do no more. The ten men in the row-boat wade the craft alongside. A well-directed thrust of the glistening blade, and the hounds are literally swimming in blood. A rope is meantime thrown over the stag's antlers and the men at the oars tow the creature to shallow water. The grand hound that nearly drowned himself, rather than let go his hold, reared the bank, but reeled and staggered, and fell prostrate on reaching land. Two attendants set to rubbing him dry, and he was soon restored and joined the pack in their reward. It was dark by this time, but a bonfire lit up the scene, and the funeral dirge was sounded, the hounds giving tongue the while. When the last honors had been paid to the stag and the story of the chase, and the entrance of the hounds had been recounted in song, we said farewell to one of the most interesting day's sport it has ever been the writer's good-fortune to participate in.

After two days' wild bear hunting with the Baron de Berlede's hounds, and the day to the Marquis de Courmouler's staghounds, just described, it was arranged that we should spend the fourth and last day of my visit in following the staghounds of the Marquis de Chambrey, some twenty miles distant.

"For," said mine host, "the Marquis de Chambrey is the most noted master of hounds in France, and his hounds are the direct descendants of the royal pack of King Louis XI."



Pursuing its Game across a Pond—the Stag's strength begins to fail

"But twenty miles is too far to go to a meet."  
 "We will go in the automobile. I will wire to a livewoman in the neighborhood to meet us with a two-wheeled cart, and we will see what we can, driving along the roads and lanes of the forest."

The next day, just as the clock had gone eleven, we started for the meet, which was at noon and twenty miles away. My host, the Baron de Durbodet, sent the machine flying over the beautiful roads at the rate of forty miles an hour for a good part of the journey. We arrived at the meet in time for a good part of the day. We had time to inspect the hounds before going on to covert.

Lambert and the inspection of the hounds over, the venerable master sounds the horn as a signal for moving on to covert, and we look at the two-wheeled cart which the Baron de Durbodet said he would wire to have on hand. Imagine the writer's surprise to see the Baron making for a big, lumbering, two-wheeled cart, a sort of a gig. At least it had a top, let down for the occasion, and was hung on platform-springs. The wheels of this cart were quite heavy enough for a farm wagon, the shafts were great big poles of natural second-growth oak, while between them was a great white Percheron stallion, over sixteen hands high, weighing something like 1600 pounds. The trap itself was about half that weight, and the three occupants added at least 500 more.

"Fancy," said the writer to himself, "our trying to keep the pace of a pack of hounds after deer in such a torment as this." The whole thing seemed such a farcical that the writer never expected to see even the tail of a crippled hound. He felt sure he could get on quite as well, and probably quite as fast and a great deal more comfortably, on foot. Fortunately he kept most of these thoughts to himself, but he evidently said or looked enough to call from the Baron "You shall see."

The driver probed himself upon an improvised seat on the dashboard, his feet braced against the crumple of the shafts, while the grained Baron and the writer occupied the blanket-covered seat behind him. The traces were very slack, and when this great stallion went into the collar the conveyance started with a jerk that nearly upset as all backwards into the top. The hounds and riders had gone on to take up their respective stations, two or three couples only remaining with the master in charge of one of the hunt servants. These hounds in England are called "tufflers," and are the most trusty and obedient hounds of the pack. The forests are full of deer, therefore it is necessary to single out and get the one to be

hunted well away before letting on the pack. The stags of ill age are the ones hunted. Such a one is located in the early hours of the morning. Presently we arrive at a place where deer tracks cross a road in such numbers as to suggest a flock of sheep. The master invites me to alight and inspect the footprints made by the stag we are to follow. While we are carefully examining them the relays of hounds and kennels have stationed themselves as the master has directed. At a signal from the master the "tufflers" are slipped, and away they go into the forest, covered on by voice and horn to the lair of their game.

What, he, there! back to our stallion! No longer can he be called a lumbering cart-horse, for at the sound of the horns he rears in his track until it looks as if he would turn a somersault backwards into our laps. With a flourish and a creak like the report of a gun, our driver draws down under his blue-jean jacket, what in the Western country would be called a "blacksnake," a limber black leather cutting whip about four feet long. The great stallion coaxes down to the earth again, with a wild challenging neigh that fairly shakes the forest. He springs into a canter with his feet stride, and away we go. Talk about riding on a gun-carriage of light-artillery, or on a fire-engine at full gallop, or being run away with in a lumber wagon over a rutted road in the timber woods! Well, this two-wheeled French gig, with a wild stallion to draw it, and a very devil of a driver with a blacksnake to drive him, was gun-carriage, fire-engine, and a runaway lumber wagon combined.

Out from their retreat broke at least twenty wild and startled deer. It was as grand a sight as ever a hunting-man could wish to see. Among the lot, his head with towering antlers cropping high, came forth the lordly stag. What a sight! The females and younger members of the herd bounded away, but not the monarch. Stately and proudly he moved along as became his station. The woods, meanwhile, were ringing with shouts of men, tossing of horns, and baying of hounds, to which heavenly music our stallion bowed such a roar as would shame a lion. The writer has witnessed many stirring sights in the forests after the lordly monarch, but the carriage and grandly bearing of this noble stag was a sight never to be forgotten. He recalled that portion of an old school-day complot among the favorite selections for "speaking pieces."

Ho, regards, have ye left me in meet them all alone.

Thus our grand, our happy, our noble game disdaining to run, walked across the opening and disappeared among the dense



The Marquis de Chaulbray, who has taken 2000 Stags



The End of the Chase

underbrush. On came the hounds, joined by reins from different directions.

Crack! Crack! went the Mecklenbe, and the chase was on. What a ride! It was not enough along the forest road. We entered a lane with such a sharp turn to the right that the left wheel of the cart went spinning around in circles. There were no carriages in front of us, and the way that great wild stallion snatched that two-wheeled trap down this lane was, I am sure, a record-breaker. Farm wagons had cut great ruts in soft places during the wet season. Now it was dry, hard, and lumpy. In some places the undergrowth met over the centre of the lane, for which we had to duck our heads and be sharp about it too. Dead sticks and limbs sprang from trees lay here and there across the track. Some of them crushed beneath our chariot wheels, others sent us in midair above the seat, which piked us up now and again in a way to loosen our back hair. On we rode, hanging on for dear life. My saw it all, at least we believe we saw us much of the run as any one mounted driver. Halls! Halls!

We are driving more slowly now. At last the stag appeared not two rods away, moving slowly along parallel to the way we were going, both arched, his tail drooping and shaking like a horse—down to a turn. His head, however, he still carried erect, but not in the jaunty light air as at the beginning; his crown of antlers

was getting heavy. Thirty hounds were barking and baying in his wake. The end was near at hand. He halted, thrown up his head in his usual lordly fashion, and stands as motionless as a bronze statue. Halls! Halls! about the riders. Halls! Halls!

All fear seems to have left the stag. He is entirely oblivious to anything and anything about him. He looks as unconcerned as the great bronze stag on the lawn in front the Chateau de Chambrey. He seems to be listening for some far-away sound in a dreamy sort of a way. This is his last stand. The master inquires who would like to dispatch him. A young gentleman in a coat and carrying the head of the stag in his hand quickly dismounts, walks straight up to the stag, which neither turns nor moves a muscle. In fact, one would think this young man was going up to his amount. That comes the careful blade, a straight short sword, from his scabbard. Who is the point of the sword as he fixed at the heart—just back of the elbow-joint—a quick, banging thrust lays the crimson fount. A shudder passes through the noble frame of the stag, but there is still the grand and noble carriage of the head; the legs begin to weaken. At this the hounds come boldly on, and are permitted to pull down their game. The notes of the death-song from the accompanying horns tell the great forest for miles about that the noble spirit at the stag has paid the debt.



The Pack and the Huntsmen—After the Chase

## The Science of Flight

By Louis Bell, Ph.D.

THE failure of Professor Langley's experiments will in no way daunt him or other students of aerodynamics. The reasons for this are therefore worthy of some attention. To begin with, there are two entirely distinct lines of attacking aerial navigation. The easiest and most obvious is through automobile and dirigible balloons. These have been tried many times, with varying success, most thoroughly and successfully by M. Santos Dumont. An airship of such kind is merely a balloon, reduced to the shape of a blunt spindle in order that it may drive the easier, and furnished with propellers and with horizontal and vertical rudders. In the earlier trials of such airships electric motors were used to drive the propellers, and in spite of meagre power. Transmitters and afterwards M. Renard and Krebs demonstrated the possibility of the type. The great work of Santos Dumont and some of his confederates in the adaptation of the gasoline motor to driving the screws, gaining sufficient power to make headway against moderate winds and to get a moderate speed as that of a fast clipper ship when the air is not unfavorable.

The weak points of the balloon type are lack of carrying capacity, mechanical weakness, and inability to combat heavy winds. It does not seem at present possible, excepting on an entirely rough and powerful enough to give a balloon big enough to carry it an adequate amount of reserve power. Nevertheless, it does seem feasible to build such airships strong enough and speedy enough to do some useful work in military reconnaissance, and in solving some important scientific problems. Their design is difficult and their operation seems to be rather dangerous, but they are by no means to be despised.

All this, however, is very far from flight in the ordinary sense, and a second group of experiments are working on an entirely different plan. A bird has no initial buoyancy, but is borne up by the air through which it drives. The flight of birds is in-day an open secret as regards its vital features. A bird is practically an automobile kite. Any one who has ever flown a modern kite of the "box" or "Molly" varieties understands that the wind forcing under the standing planes of the kite surface bows the structure, and that so long as the string tension keeps it from reasonable lightness. This fact alone is enough to render successful with the materials of construction so far available, and to it is to be charged the failure of all experiments who have, like Langley, tried to work on a practical scale. Nature keeps witness to the same effect, for there are no very large birds capable of flight, and is there any record of such in past ages.

holds his balance in a sudden gust. When he dies into the wind's eye it is with frequent strong strokes that urge him forward, and in a calm he strikes less frequently, sliding along between strokes with his kite surfaces tilted up in the way that every boy understands.

If, therefore, one could put a propeller on a kite so that it would be driven forward with its planes at the proper slope, it would slip through the air unharmed as when flying unaided in a wind, with the upward component of the air rushing against the slope. The motor would replace the eagle's wing beats, and the wind would have a flying machine in the proper sense of the word. Along just this line have worked Sir Hiram Maxim, Professor Langley, and others.

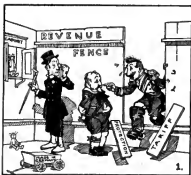
But there are many and grave difficulties to be overcome. The first is the design of motor power sufficiently light and powerful to drive the structure hard enough to give it the requisite lift and speed. A kite cannot fly any considerable weight except in a high wind, and the automobile kite has to make its own wind. At the present time the steam-engine gives the best promise of success in machines of any considerable size, but even so, it is a feat of rapid and perfect balancing, the intricate result of ages of evolution. How far it would be possible to balance a soaring-machine in a few minutes will be seen. The late Herr Lilienthal, with skillfully planned hite-planes attached to his body, was able by a running start down a declivity to windward to set distances of several hundred yards, but finally lost his life by a downward gust that plunged him earthwards.

It is quite possible to construct small soaring-machines, driven by inflated bands, or the like, capable of flying yards; but, unhappily, the difficulties of the problem increase rapidly with the size of the machine. Hence the larger machine one builds the harder it is to get an adequate margin of strength while retaining reasonable lightness. This fact alone is enough to render successful with the materials of construction so far available, and to it is to be charged the failure of all experiments who have, like Langley, tried to work on a practical scale. Nature keeps witness to the same effect, for there are no very large birds capable of flight, and is there any record of such in past ages.

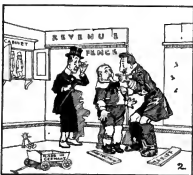
# Made in Germany

The Cause of the Visit of the Kaiser to the King, and What Came of It

By Albert Levering



Wilhelm: "You rich you are schmand copping dem Vanden, no? Dem who is it not make dem beds on de blue sea? I come you to wash you all off dem sea and other stags, yes? Look me in de face!"  
Eddy: "No-nobody dahn—I did it myself. I-I-I'm looking."



Wilhelm: "I know best! Yes, I bet me what, it's dat long Chamberlain's boy—and he got his kins out off dat cabinet, no? You look at me, boy?"  
Eddy: "I-I-I'm looking."



Wilhelm: "You so dem big waddel fers? Dat's not Chamberlain gas you he free dem protection marks, passers out off dat cabinet met me? Look at my eye?"  
Eddy: "I-I-I-I'm looking."



Wilhelm: "Cher yes! Ain't you got no back spine? Now you go ahead and tell dat Chamberlain fellow you will fix dat cabinet yourself, yet; and dat dem Chamberlain axons and dahn his two waddles—and dem me and you... see fix dem Vanden. Do you look on me I say?"  
Eddy: "I am looking."



Chamberlain: "FI fix dis cabinet?"  
Eddy: "Cwas!" Cwas!



Chamberlain: "Nite, then, at your Majesty's command, we will go— with our iron-building!"  
Eddy: "Wilhelm, I am still looking!"





Mr H. B. Stanford as "Giotto"



Mr William Wolfson as "Cardinal Cosimo"



Act III.—"Dante" and the Spirit of "Pis" in the Valley of Asphodels

### SIR HENRY IRVING'S PRODUCTION OF "DANTE"

Sir Henry Irving opened his American tour last week at the Broadway Theatre, appearing for the first time in this country in Savlow and Moreau's spectacular drama "Dante." The play, which was produced last spring at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, is based upon several real and imaginary episodes in the life of the Florentine poet.



Dress by Charles A. Booth

IRVING'S "DANTE"—MISS LENA ASHWELL AS "PIA DEI  
TOLOMEI"





Drawn by Charles A. Buckel

**"DANTE"—SIR HENRY IRVING IN THE TITLE ROLE**

# Correspondence

## A COLORED CLERGYMAN SPEAKS

By MATTHEW BARRETT.  
 Detroit, Michigan, October 25, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—Your valuable and widely read paper has been entertaining the public at large on the criminal classes of the negro race in this country. Your editorial comments on various phases of this question seem to tacitly accept the views of many of your Southern correspondents, to such an extent, that you have been pleased to manufacture for the crime in question a name which is not only inappropriate, but historically incorrect. The "Negro Crime," as you call the raping of white women by negro men, is a term which very naturally impresses the ordinary reader with horror and disgust, and implants a spirit of revenge; both of which the public press should, for the peace of society, endeavor to modify as much as possible. But since these seem to be a journalistic propaganda to instill into the minds of Northern people a bitter prejudice against the negro—ostensibly of the criminal classes, but actually to give prominence to the views of white men of the South—I beg to offer a protest against much that has recently appeared in your periodical on this question.

Your version of the Boston incident, and the motives you attribute to the colored men who opposed Mr. Washington there, I am unable to dispute. Your deflections, however, leave the very impressions on my mind which you seem to seek by the use of not politicians or public leaders, but have forced upon them. Any impartial reader must realize how very intimately you have associated Mr. Washington's work in Alabama with the sentiment of a class of men whose desire is to find such a remedy for the ills with which they are surrounded as to step the readily—but no more. Mr. Washington's tonic seems to suit their purpose. But that the negro should be possessed of manly energy; native aspiration to reach out for the best which a citizen of this country may hope to enjoy; and to have an unshakable pluck thrown in the way to block his door to opportunity, is the rock of defense which the intelligent negroes of this country have set up as their feet, and against which the Southern white people strike and separate from us.

But we are considering the condition of the criminal classes, and your use of the term "Negro Crime" is misleading. Neither you nor your correspondents are true to the history of amalgamation of the races in the South when you separate the victim who is able to be heard in her own defense from the one who must bear her disgrace in silence. Do you know, sir, that no one purloined African can be found among any hundred negroes that can be hurriedly collected together in this country? and I am credibly informed that mulattoes are also the victims of lynch-law for the very crime in question. Do you account for this by the mixing of the blood of these criminals? or shall we be more charitable to the example which the white men in those parts have set the colored people? Verily, if we see the wind, we shall reap the whirlwind.

I am not condoning the action of the lawless and criminal classes of my race. I desire, however, to be emphatic in declaring that the raping of white women by colored men is a crime which has been tolerated; and in the perpetration of which the white men of the South still indulge—for there are numbers of mulatto and octoroon girls who are thrown upon the world to seek colored husbands after they have satisfied the passions of white men. We colored men have feelings as well as white men; and while the social class among us revere the Caucasian for all that is good, and imitate his virtues, it is no more surprising that the victims among our race should imitate his vices, and that our race should produce criminals as well as other races. The crime of raping is not the "Negro Crime," and all men alike who are guilty of it should be summarily dealt with by the laws of the land.

Mr. John Temple Graves suggests a remedy which vitiates the force of his denials, and must horrify the feelings of those who lay claim to a higher civilization. Tostrate a negro for the crime would not only bring us to the level of the Turk, but would present a very unseemly side of our civilization to the world.

Perhaps you would like to have a colored race as to what should be done. Let a conference be held, at which both colored and white leaders be assembled to discuss prominently this matter, with the end in view of speedily silencing the disordered state of society as it exists in the Southern today.

I am, sir,  
 J. R. MANNING.

## THE NEW NATIONAL GUARD

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 21, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—In HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 5, 1903, an article appears under the heading—"The New National Guard," by Frank Matthews. In this article a national guard colonel of the State of New York of twenty-five years' experience, is credited with the following statement:

"I never had from 150 to 200 colored men on the Governor's staff list, the staff of the Illinois National Guard, at St. Louis in April cavalry, made up of raw recruits."

I have the honor to inform you, and through you the readers of your valuable publication, that the above statement is so broad,

false, and misleading that the writer feels it his duty to correct the same.

The old military and naval code of Illinois provided that the staff of the commander-in-chief "shall consist of an adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier-general, an inspector-general, a surgeon-general, a judge-advocate-general, one general-in-chief of rifle practice, each with the rank of colonel, one aide each of each congressional district, each with rank of colonel, and one assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of colonel." This gave the Governor the right to appoint and commission twenty-five officers, as aides on his staff, to represent the Twenty-Eight Congressional districts in the State of Illinois. In March, 1862, the new military and naval code for the State of Illinois, known as House Bill No. 609, was introduced in the Forty-third General Assembly, passed by the House and Senate, and approved by the Governor, becoming a law on July 1, 1862. It provided for ten aide-de-camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief, four of whom he may appoint in any grade not above that of colonel, and all of whom shall have served in the national guard or naval reserve, or in the regular or volunteer forces of the United States; the remaining six shall be appointed by the Governor from the commissioned officers of the Illinois National Guard and the Illinois Naval Reserve in active service, of grade below that of colonel, and their appointments shall operate as a commission as aide-de-camp, but shall not add to the actual grade of the officers so appointed.

At no time has a Governor of the State of Illinois had from 150 to 200 colored men on his staff, and therefore so untruthful a statement is calculated to bring contempt upon the service.

At the dedication of the World's Fair in St. Louis, in April, last, the staff of the Governor, commanding-in-chief, consisted of the adjutant-general, assistant adjutant-general, eight officers of the line, and seventeen aides, a total of twenty-seven officers. The Governor of Illinois was formerly a member of the Fifth Regiment of Infantry for a period of five years, has seen active service, and was an efficient soldier. Several of the staff served throughout the civil war, one of them with General Custer in his Indian campaigns, and eight are veterans of the Spanish-American war. Among these officers are former cadets of West Point and other military academies in the State of New York. Therefore, to classify the staff of the Illinois Governor at St. Louis as representing "a regiment of cavalry, made up of raw recruits," is absurd.

The writer was detailed to represent the State of Illinois on the staff of Major-General Corbin, U. S. A., grand marshal upon this occasion, and was at the reviewing stand when the Governor of Illinois and staff passed in review. He is therefore in a position to refute the allegation that the staff of the Illinois Governor resembled a regiment of cavalry, made up of raw recruits.

The regulations for military forces of the State of New York, article 1, section 8, "Military Discipline," provide as follows:

"Deliberations, discussions, statements, or remarks with respect to military matters, whether oral, written, or printed, by officers or enlisted men of the National Guard of this State, criticizing or reflecting upon others of the military service, in this or any other State, or of the United States, are prohibited."

The colonel of twenty-five years' experience, while sitting on a camp-stool outside of his tent during the State encampment of the National Guard of the State of New York therefore violated section 8 of the regulations governing his command.

I am, sir,

WALTER FELDHOUSE,  
 Colonel and Inspector-General, Illinois National Guard.

## THE NEW NEGRO CRIME AGAIN

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 19, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—It is one of the remarkable discoveries of this remarkable age, which some of your correspondents have claimed to have made, that the deplorable crime committed by negroes against white women is a modern crime. In other words, that from Amos down to 1862 the crime of rape was a white man's crime. One would think that this virtue of the negro race would have been discovered and commented on long since by some ethnologist or criminologist, but from the beginning down to A. D. 1862 such a thing was not suspected.

The writer, in order to enlighten himself on this point, has made a hurried examination of the digest paragraphs under the above title "rape" in the United States Digest. This digest, as the above title-page, digests the cases from the beginning of our history down to the year 1870, which have been appealed to the highest courts of the different States. One-sixth of the cases under this title, as appears from the wording of the digest paragraphs, are cases of crimes of negroes against white women, or the reverse. In other words, that as a rule, the digest paragraphs would not state the color of the defendant, and the further fact that few of the slaves would be able to carry a case to the Supreme Court of the State, we are inclined to believe that the one-sixth of the cases cited is but the minimum fraction of the number of such crimes that occurred during the early part of the last century, and that some other cause for their remains to be discovered than the Emancipation Proclamation.

I am, sir,

E. H. W.

Millions for Rubber Boots

More than fifty million pounds of india-rubber, valued at over \$20,000,000, were imported into the United States last year. In 1890 the quantity was only thirty three million pounds; in 1899, sixteen millions; in 1910, nine millions; and in 1911, the earliest date at which it was separately shown in the import statements, only 2,125,561 pounds. This very rapid growth in the importation of crude india-rubber is due to the great increase in its use in manufacturing, both as to rubber garments, shoes, etc., and its use in machinery and as tires for vehicles. Over one hundred million dollars' worth of manufactures from india-rubber is now turned out from the factories of the country every year, and about half of this total is in the form of boots and shoes. So great is the demand for india-rubber for its use in manufacturing that its importation has grown from two million pounds in 1862 to over fifty million annually at the present period.

Always use Mergal—Man. Wagoner's Mergal. First should always be used for children. It makes the child, when the gums allow all pain, warm wind cold, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.—[Ad.]

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are so vastly improved by the added richness imparted by the use of Borden's Eagle Brand Milk. The Eagle Brand is prepared from the milk of cows of tall, hard, graceful cows of select breeds. Every cow is tested and is therefore reliable.—[Ad.]

Telephone Service lightens the cares of house-keeping, and saves time, and makes life more enjoyable. Ask Telephone Company, 15 Day Street, 111 West 34th Street.—[Ad.]

Get strength of bone and muscle, purify the system with Anker-Pain-Expeller, the Original Anguiter Bitters. Druggists.—[Ad.]

If you are going hunting, you should provide yourself with COON'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CIGARETTES.—[Ad.]

Don't neglect a cough. Take FINE'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION in time. By druggists. 25 cents.—[Ad.]

If there is a purple stain widespread than all others, it is the Violet; unfortunately the great majority of the Physicians who have ascribed to chemical combinations, essences, who have upon the discovery of violet in his blue shell tobacco, has succeeded in obtaining the satisfaction of attacking Violet patients in life. Please quit now.—[Ad.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIKED HIS "NIP"

Not a Whiskey but a Coffee Toper.

Give coffee half a chance, and with some people it sets its grip hard and fast. "Up to a couple of years ago," says a business man of Brooklyn, N. Y., "I was an constant coffee-drinker as it was possible to be; indeed, my craving for coffee was equal to that of a drunkard for his regular 'nip,' and the effect of the coffee drug upon my system was indeed deplorable.

"My skin lacked its natural color, my features were pinched, and my nerves were shattered to such an extent as to render me very irritable. I also suffered from palpitation of the heart."

"It was while in this condition I read an article about Postum Food Coffee and concluded to try it. It was not long before Postum had entirely destroyed my raging passion for coffee, and in a short time I had entirely given up coffee for delicious Postum.

"The change that followed was so extraordinary I am unable to describe it. Suffering it to say, however, that all my troubles have disappeared. I am my original happy self again, and on the whole the soothing and pleasant effects produced by my cup of Postum make me feel as though I have been 'lulled at another station.'"

"Not long ago I converted one of my friends to Postum, and he is now as loud in its praise as I am." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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It is easy to claim "pure beer," but one must double the cost to make it.

Schlitz is actually pure.

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We spend fortunes on cleanliness.

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We age the beer for months, so it cannot cause biliousness. We Pasteurize every bottle after it is sealed.

For fifty years we have insisted on purity, and now all the world knows it. The result is a sale exceeding a million barrels annually.

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This great remedy cures the most stubborn, itching and burning hemorrhoids, piles, and hemorrhages for your relief. Only a few hours' use will cure you. See advertisement in Harper's Weekly, Boston Edition, and Washington Edition. Putney's Book Store, 100 West 34th Street, New York. Solely by the Manager, Harper's Weekly, 100 West 34th Street, New York. Address: E. L. KILMER, Box Manager, Boston, Jan. 22

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BOKER'S BITTERS

Anti-dyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer, and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

# THE SUBCONSCIOUS FINNEGAN

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

THEY were on the after part of the superstructure deck—the loading place of officers off duty—and they were discussing poor old Finnegan. Mr. Clarkson, the executive, was there; Mr. Parmlee, the chaplain; Dr. Bryce, the surgeon; and the chief engineer—a man sceptical of all things unproved by mathematics. Finnegan was down in the "brig"—the slatted ship's prison on the berth-deck—sweeping off the effects of the drink that had infused him, and so could take no part in a discussion affecting himself. But he had an able champion in the surgeon, who had just answered the chaplain's assertion that he was past redemption.

"Not at all," he had said. "All he needs is enough Dutch courage, and he is a better man than he ever could have been without it."

"But is not that an index of failure?" asked Mr. Parmlee. "God never created man in His image to then depend upon whiskey. At no stage of intoxication is the ordinary man roused to his fullest mental activity."

"Yes, he is," quickly rejoined the surgeon. "Only he doesn't realize it. The mood passes too quickly. In Finnegan's case, seasoned as he is, he can make the most of this stage. In fact, he falls back upon his subconscious mind. And the subconscious mind, gentlemen, though almost absolute in its intelligence and knowledge, will believe anything told it, no matter how absurd."

"Do you mean," said the executive, "that if Finnegan's subconscious mind were told that he didn't like whiskey it would believe it?"

"Not only would it believe, but would act upon it, and Finnegan would lose the taste for it."

"Then, in the name of all that is good, let us try," said the chaplain, enthusiastically.

"There are strong reasons why we should not," said the surgeon. "First, Finnegan is already in the subjective, or subconscious, state when drunk, and bound by auto-suggestions in favor of whiskey that would overcome any from an outside source that would conflict. When sober he is a nervous wreck, unable to be hypnotized—too irritable and antagonistic, you see. Second, he is better off under his present form of subjectivity than he ever could be otherwise, either as a normal man or a continuous hypnotic subject. Third, it might kill him. Though the spirit might be willing, as Mr. Parmlee would say, the flesh is weak, and with his whole nervous system attuned to alcohol—every brain cell charged with it—he could not survive the change."

"Well," said Mr. Clarkson, determinedly, "you could watch him, couldn't you, and, if things went wrong, straighten him up with whiskey?"

"Yes, provided I could make things go wrong. I am not a hypnotist."

"What is a hypnotist?"

"Any person who is positive, for lack of a better term, compared with the subject's negative. Any person whom Finnegan fears, loves, or respects—in short, any one who has a commanding influence over him—can hypnotize him by the ordinary method. "I am all that," said Mr. Clarkson. "What are the methods?"

"The simplest is to induce the subject to look steadily at some bright object—such as a brass ball or button, a dancing spot of sunlight reflected from a mirror, a star in the sky, or anything that will fix the attention and slowly distract the objective mind—the brain—from the world. Then that brain will close off, as it were, and the subjective brain will arise to the situation."

Mr. Clarkson stepped to the break of the superstructure, then looked back and said to the surgeon: "He's been in about four hours. Is that long enough to order him up?"

"Plenty, if he has slept."

"Always does," said Mr. Clarkson. Then he called down to an orderly to direct the master-at-arms to release Finnegan from the brig and bring him up.

Finnegan soon appeared, in the custody of the master-at-arms, unkempt and unwashed, his gray hair tousled over his wrinkled face, his eyes blinking stupidly in the strong sunlight. "Just waked up, sir," said the master-at-arms. "Hungry and on my bed terms with himself. His language is very disrespectful to the service, sir."

"Very well," said the executive officer. "We'll attend to him." The petty officer departed; Finnegan looked sourly around on his investigators, and smiled. They returned the scrutiny, and all answered the salute.

"Finnegan," said Mr. Clarkson, sternly, "fix your eyes on that gilt ball of the flagstaff. Look at it steadily, and see if you can see anything wrong with it."

"Got a twist in it, sir. The shelve looks don't lay 'neathships. One's foreword and 'other aft. But I'm an old man, sir; I can't climb like I—"

"Never mind. Look at it."

Finnegan looked. "Wants a new coat, sir," he said at length. "Yes, we know that. What else. Look steadily at it."

"Flagstaff has a little list to port, sir. It got warped in the graving-dock at Malta, when we lay one way so long."

"That's all right. Look at it. Look hard."

Finnegan stared at the ball; the rest stared at him. Mr. Parmlee with almost boyish eagerness in his face, the engineer with grinning incredulity.

The surgeon beckoned the first lieutenant aside. "Ain't it won't work, Clarkson," he said, softly. "Try pure mesmerism. Sit him down, make him look into your eyes, and pass your hands downward before his face. Command him mentally—that it, will

that he go to sleep. It is possible that you have perceptive force. There is such a thing distinct from the subjective power of the other."

"Sit down on that skylight," commanded Mr. Clarkson, approaching Finnegan.

Finnegan gingerly seated himself, looking around nervously. Mr. Clarkson faced him, and said, sternly, "Look me right in the eyes."

**The Experiment**

Finnegan did so. Mr. Clarkson elevated his hands and brought them down with a sweeping gesture before the face of the victim. The victim looked curiously at him. Agria the officer raised his hands and brought them down, while his face assumed a stern, almost fierce, expression.

"Tell him he's sleepy," whispered the surgeon in his ear.

"You are sleepy," said the officer. "You are very sleepy. Go to sleep."

"I never could sleep on deck, sir," protested the old fellow. "Some men can talk of the whole water in a coil of rope, but I have to turn in, sir."

Mr. Clarkson continued the passes. "You are sleepy," he repeated. "Look me right in the eyes and go to sleep, my boy, sir."

"I ain't sleepy a bit, sir."

"Look me in the eyes," sternly commanded the lieutenant. Finnegan obeyed him, and the magnetic passes continued.

"They do say, sir," said Finnegan, with a half-confident, half-depressing smile—"the fellows on the water, I mean, sir—they say that at times, a-sakin' yer pardon, I say, that sometimes yer not quite yerself, or—that is, not quite right in yer head, sir."

A year of laughter went up, and Mr. Clarkson desisted.

"That'll do," he said, angrily. "Go below." The old man arose saluted and departed.

"Did he speak from his subconscious knowledge?" asked the engineer. "What do you think, doctor? Did Finnegan diagnose correctly?"

"Contrary Auto-Suggestion"

"Not at all," answered the surgeon, gravely. "The experiment has failed because of contrary auto-suggestion, and because of the presence of suspicions. An incredulous engineer, whose soul never rises above grain surface and coal supply, will spoil any psychic investigation. Clarkson, does Finnegan ever take the wheel?"

"No; he's not a quarter-masthead."

"Can you put him there to-night?"

"Why, yes; but what for?"

"This: I've talked with many sailors in my time, and they all agree that when at the wheel on a dark night with no stars to range by—no that they have to steer by compass alone—they get into a sleepy, half-conscious condition, in which they calculate their pay, dream of home, hear voices, talk to people a thousand miles away, and—in fact, give every evidence to me of being in the subjective state. Yet they credit that when at the wheel on a dark night or 'steyr a straight course from pure habit or steyr a straight course from blind faith of muscle and brain. The compass, properly illuminated, by-passes them. But there must be an engineer around." He spoke meaningfully at the sub-pilot, who left the party with a grin on his face.

"Go ahead with your experiment," he said over his shoulder. "I prefer sleep."

"Finnegan's a good fellow," said Mr. Clarkson. "I'll try him in the first watch. It'll be a dark night."

**Through the Fog**

It was more than a dark night. It was foggy; and the big steel hull-ship ebbed through it with a dozen lookouts posted about the deck from right to left. Mr. Felton, near the bridge himself, to right, stood bleaker of darkness ahead. On the other side of the binocular stood his assistant, a was to look at the compass and say nothing. Though not a watch officer, Mr. Clarkson was on the bridge, as were the surgeon and pilot-house—there he had gone grudgingly—a quarter-master, kept watch beside the door to relieve Finnegan at a second's notice.

"How long, doctor," asked the executive



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tain, with full confidence in his officers, was asleep.

"Five bells struck, then six and seven; and the last half-hour of the watch was drawing to an end when the subalternant peeped into the binnacle and started them all with a yell.

"She's four points off her course," he said, earnestly. "What's the matter with you? Are you asleep?"

### The Command

Mr. Clarkson had been looking at Finnegan through the window a moment before. The old man had not changed his attitude. He still looked steadily at the compass with eyes that were wide open, yet dead—in the dimmed light. But now, as the subalternant's voice broke the silence, and the first lieutenant looked again, he saw Finnegan's face working convulsively, though his posture was rigid as before and his eyes still dead in the dim light from the binnacle. He sprang to the bridge binnacle and looked in.

"Finnegan!" he shouted. "Wake up! Stand by your wheel and bring her back to the course. Jump in there, quartermaster, and take the wheel!"

"Yessir, yessir," answered Finnegan, in the nervous tones of one suddenly awakened. Then the convulsions left his face and an anxious look came to it, while he ground the wheel over. Then the quartermaster hurried him headlong against the door of the pilot-house and seized the spokes. "Coming back, sir," he called, after a moment's scrutiny of the compass.

### "Hard Aport"

But at that instant an uproar of shouts sounded from the various lockouts.

"Ship dead ahead, sir," they cried. "Steaming dead ahead, sir—port the wheel, sir—for God's sake."

Mr. Clarkson took one look into the darkness and fog, then almost screamed the order to the quartermaster: "Steady as you go, 'hard aport' again. 'Hard over the wheel.'" Then he jammed the engine-room telegraph to "stop." The quartermaster spun the wheel, the rudder responded, and the ten thousand tons of steel shot past the stern of an equally large, but dimmer, ocean greyhound, from whose multitude of windows and headlights shone the light of a thousand electric bulbs—from whose decks, rising as the masts in the fog, came the shouts of startled men and the screams of women and children.

Mr. Clarkson moved the telegraph to "full speed ahead," and again directed the quartermaster to return to the course; then he called Finnegan from the pilot-house.

"You were asleep," said Mr. Clarkson, sternly. "What have you to say?"

"No, sir," answered Finnegan, "no, sir. I swear before God, Mr. Clarkson, I wasn't asleep. I know my watchin' off; I saw the lubber's point a-minut' over to starboard, but I couldn't see my binnacle, and I was a dead man. I know, but I couldn't move."

### An Unsolved Problem

"Finnegan"—and Mr. Clarkson's tone was very gentle considering the enormity of his offense—"go down, ask the main-deck surgeon to awaken the surgeon, and send him to my room. Then turn in."

An hour later, at the end of a long conversation between the surgeon and first lieutenant, the former said: "There is no doubt in my mind, Clarkson, that Finnegan put himself into the subjective state, and that his subconscious self took charge of him—that is, his subconscious mind had clairvoyant knowledge of the position of that steamship, out of sight in the fog, and simply prevented his muscles from acting until you commanded him to 'wake up.' That command awakened him, and the ignorant and very much limited objective brain took charge, and he moved the wheel."

"But," said Mr. Clarkson, "admitting this—what put him into this subjective and clairvoyant state? Was it whiskey or long gazing at the compass?"

The surgeon reached for a cigar, lit it, and puffed vigorously before replying. "I do not know," he said. "Neither, I believe, does any man on earth."



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Why the Stomach does not Digest Itself

When we consider the extraordinary dissolvent potency which the juices of the human stomach possess in order to digest the strange assortment of substances that we are in the habit of putting down our throats, we wonder how it is that these juices do not turn the walls of the digestive tract and the whole digestive apparatus into chyle and clogs. The digestive tract is filled with ferments capable of dissolving food; but these ferments do not attack the intestinal walls nor the parasitic worms that inhabit its tube. Recent investigations conducted by E. Weizsäcker have shown that this immunity is due to the secretion by the living tissues of certain anti-ferments. The following interesting experiment was made: A mixture of fibrin and trypsin or pepsin was prepared and, after the addition of a small quantity of the juice of succinea or round worms, it was found that no digestion of the fibrin took place. The ferment did not attack the fibrin even when no trace of the juice of parasitic worms was added for an hour. It is thus not the living tissues that resist digestion, it is the juices that impregnate them, which they themselves have produced.

The Unity of Creation

"The nineteenth century," says Dr. Newcomb, in an article on the "New Problems of the Universe," in the current number of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, "cannot so it has done, set forth a new problem for this century to solve than it has ever itself succeeded in mastering. . . . The nineteenth century was marked by a separation of the sciences into specialties. But the great work of the twentieth century will be to combine many of these specialties. . . . The physical philosopher of the present time is discovering his thought to the demonstration of the unity of creation."

In this connection, it is interesting to note how many great problems seem to be resolving themselves into a sort of common denominator, the problems of electro-magnetic energy. Such problems as those of radium energy, auroral light, the manifestation of sun spots, the light and heat of the sun itself, the Heronian electrical waves, magnetic storms, electric waves, even the constitution of matter and the organization of life, all seem to be converging into his field of inquiry. The whole universe, indeed, has all come together spontaneously into his field of inquiry. It is fair to yield itself up to explanation, as far as it ever can be explained, by a process theory of universal electro-magnetic action.



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## Immigrants and Music

By Charles Johnson

"IMMIGRATION under present conditions," said Commissioner Sargent, referring to the annual report just issued, "presents a serious problem. I am not an alarmist, but when I see hundreds of thousands of ignorant foreigners coming into our great cities every year, I think I can realize in some degree the danger that will come from their discontent and dissatisfaction, when there are no wages to be earned."

The report shows that, in the twelve months up to July 1, the tide of immigration overhauled all previous marks. The number of aliens entering the States exceeded nine hundred thousand; and every indication shows that, for the twelve months following, they will total more than a million.

What becomes of them? One interesting example came under my notice. Last summer I was up in the northern corner of Maine, where the fir forests pour down to the cold coast. They were building a trolley-line from opposite Portland up to Green-  
 arre. We had been having a good deal of folk music, and some one suggested a concert of Italian music by the Italian laborers. The invitations were delivered, and that same evening we had our first rehearsal. The accompanist found the Italians hard to satisfy. They finally decided that he could not play accompaniments, and took the matter into their own hands. Discarding the piano, they fell back on the primitive "under-song," or "burden," singing a wordless bass, as a background for the tenor solo. This was a revelation to every one who heard it, showing how a certain kind of orchestral richness may have existed in folk music, long before our modern harmony had any existence.

At the concert the next evening we had an audience of nearly two hundred to listen to Italian solos, duets, and quartettes, with and without the "monotonous under-song." Many of the songs were full of poetry, and all were sung with a dramatic verve that would be simply impossible for the self-conscious and untrained Anglo-Saxon. We had, among others, the love-song to "Marie," which is fairly well known; another, of high tragedy, the chorus of which was:

Proché (tradit' me?)  
 Proché (tradit' me?)

"Why did you betray me? Why did you fly from me?" a song as poignant and high-spirited as Burns's "Bonnie Doon." Another was frankly and delightfully comic, describing the wooing of a wifful daughter of Eve, of whom it is declared, at the end of every verse:

Dice No! jesus si!  
 Dice No! jesus si!

"She says No! but she thinks Yes!"

The general effect was very melodious and musical, and the notable thing was the great musical enthusiasm and varied resources of our singers, and, even more perhaps, the intrinsic value of the words of their songs. My great regret is that I did not copy several sets of words, but they are probably included in collections of Italian folk-music. We were riveted, however, in reviving among the hills of Maine a wave of Italian song that had reached for generations among the hills and valleys of Naples. For days after the roads and fields about Portland echoed with Italian folk-songs, producing an effect as charming as it was strange.

### By Way of Chicago

A FEW of one of the public schools in Chicago sends this communication to the *Illustrated*—in our school this morning an amusing dialogue took place.

A primary teacher of Chicago, wishing to impress upon her pupils the necessity of that way of you, yet I don't make any noise when I walk round the room."

"Perhaps," remarked little seven-year-old Kenneth, "you don't wear shoes."

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Kenneth surveyed them carefully. "Yes," he replied, slowly, "once,—in a show."

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# HARPERS BOOK NEWS

BY PETER NEWELL AND  
LEWIS CARROLL

The author of immortal *Alice in Wonderland* wrote many merry poems in addition to "Jaberwocky" and "The Walrus and the Carpenter." Chief among these is "The Hunting of the Snark," known to all disciples of nonsense. These poems, gathered under the title of *The Hunting of the Snark*, and *Other Poems*, in themselves are a charming collection for any household; but, illustrated as they are by Peter Newell, they become invaluable to any family where children are. Yet why call the book a juvenile? Grown-ups who do not rejoice in Carroll's verse are in a very small minority.

## ORCHARD-LAND

Mr. Robert W. Chambers, one of our most brilliant novelists, a year or two ago wrote *Outdoorland*, a book for little folk which had great success. Mr. Chambers has just written a similar book called *Orchard-land*, which was published recently. In it the trees, birds, insects, and animals tell their stories to the same little children whom we knew in *Outdoorland*. Reginald Birch has made many beautiful pictures in color for the book.

## THE STORIES OF PETER AND ELLEN

These delightful tales for little folk are by the author of the well-known *Roggie and Reggie Stories* and *The Lovable Tales of Janie and Josie and Joe*. It is an entertaining book for very young children, full of simple, pleasing stories that can be understood without help from grown-ups, and of large pictures in bright colors.

## A NEW FAIRY STORY

One of the daintiest and most successful among the elaborately illustrated juveniles is Bennet Mussen's *Maisie and her Dog Snip in Fairyland*. For charming simplicity and rare adventure the book commands comparison with *Alice in Wonderland*. F. Y. Cory is at her very best in the illustration of the book—and that is saying a great deal.

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**JOHN SEBASTIAN**, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



NOV  
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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK CITY

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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CONGRESS ON HIS HANDS

## HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## COMMENT

If Tammany can furnish the sort of government New York wants, New York will have that sort of government after New Year's. Perhaps Tammany can do it; perhaps not. In the doubt lies hope. At any rate, Tammany's chance has come again, and, on the whole, it is a very good chance for Tammany. Its leader, Charles Murphy, has won a conclusive victory over all his rivals and foes, inside and outside of his organization. He has beaten Finney, beaten McLaughlin, beaten Devery, and beaten all the mutinous subchiefs of the Tammany fold who were ready to defy him the moment it became safe. Murphy comes strong to the throne in Manhattan. His victory is first to be considered; let us think of it as longly as we may. He drove out Devery. That was a courageous action at least. He chose for Comptroller Mr. Grout, a man of proved ability, who will doubtless administer the office at least as well in the two years to come as in the two years past. He chose for Mayor a presentable man, of good private character, good manners, and, we doubt not, good intentions. Mr. McClellan has borne himself well in a trying campaign. We don't doubt that he means to be as good a Mayor as he can, or as Charles Murphy will let him. How good that will be we must wait to see. It seems to be the desire of a majority of the people of New York that certain individuals shall enjoy special privileges, and that the laws shall be enforced with reservations. Under Murphy the laws will doubtless be enforced in that way, and favors will be granted at the cost of the public to persons whose deserts seem to the boss to warrant it. If that is what the people of New York want, they are going to have their desire. We cannot believe that there is any general mourning among the great corporations, whose interests are mixed up with those of the city, because Tammany has won. It has always been possible to do business with Tammany. That Murphy and McClellan will forthwith contrive and promote the reformation of the police force, the protection of all forms of vice as a means of political revenue, and the prostitution of all branches of the city government to purposes of greed and graft we shall not believe until we have to. After all, Tammany has had a lesson. We shall have time enough to see whether it has learned any part of it.

We discuss elsewhere at greater length the result of the elections, so far as this is deducible from the early returns of Wednesday, November 4. We desire to say here that, while it was impetuous for the fusionists to refuse a renomination to Mayor Low if he desired it, yet if that gentleman had himself declined to run again, and had urged his friends to put forward an Independent Democrat, he would have rendered it impossible for the adherents of Tammany Hall to pretend that the defeat of their candidate would imperil the success of the Democracy throughout the nation in 1904. That the argument has but little weight is known to well-informed residents of the city, for Mr. Van Wyck, a representa-

tive of Tammany Hall, was Mayor in 1900 when Mr. McKinley carried the State of New York by a plurality of more than 143,000, and Mr. Low was Mayor in 1902 when Mr. Coker carried the city by a colossal majority. It is true, nevertheless, that, outside of the city, and especially in distant parts of the Union, many doubtful voters might be influenced by the fact that the voters of New York had been afraid to confide their municipal interests to a Democrat. The utmost was made of this argument by Mr. McClellan's supporters, and it probably exercised a good deal of influence. We must, on the other hand, admit that nothing could be more reasonable than Mayor Low's desire to see his administration stamped with popular approval. He has tried to do his duty, and he was entitled to his reward. Nor was it, perhaps, to be expected that, as a Republican, he could feel particularly anxious that the announcement should go forth on the eve of a national election that Democrats, even of the Independent type, had gained control of the commercial metropolis.

Another point must not be lost sight of by those who assert that the Citizens' Union should have ignored Mayor Low's claim to recognition and insisted upon nominating an Independent Democrat. The Citizens' Union had to reckon with Mr. Platt, who defeated their candidate in 1897 by putting forward General Tracy on a regular Republican ticket. It is by no means certain that he would not have pursued a similar course this year had an Independent Democrat been named by the Citizens' Union. Under all the circumstances, there seems to have been nothing for the fusionists to do but to renominate Mayor Low, in spite of the fact that he had ceased to be popular among German-American citizens and had given offence to some powerful corporations. We add that one of the best, if not the best, of Mayor Low's appointments, was that of General Greene to be Police Commissioner, yet the latter's connection with the Asphalt Trust presented a weak point in his armor, upon which the opponents of the Low administration concentrated their attack during the last week of the canvass. By thus assuming the aggressive against General Greene, and by their overthrow of Mr. McLaughlin in Brooklyn, the leaders of Tammany Hall managed somewhat to improve their prospect of victory at the ballot-box.

When Mayor Van Wyck went out of office on January 1, 1902, there was a general expectation that some, if not many, of his appointees could be punished for malfeasance in a criminal court. The expectation has been disappointed. The conviction, however, remains unshaken that the leaders of Tammany Hall used their control of the municipal government for the purpose of making money. How could this purpose be fulfilled without entanglement in the meshes of the criminal law? This is a question of keen and abiding interest to taxpayers, and Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has undertaken to answer it in a book entitled *The Boss, and How He Comes to Rule New York*. This book purports to be an explanation of the methods by which "graft" is secured and punishment avoided when the government of New York city is in the hands of Tammany Hall. Mr. Lewis begins his exposition by saying that each year of the Van Wyck administration a valuation would be made of the personal property of the residents of the city. Ostensibly this valuation would be a reasonable one; nevertheless, in the course of a few months it would be cut down to less than one-ninth of the estimated total, on the affidavits of the individuals whose property had been appraised. Mr. Lewis gives us to understand that those persons whose personal-property tax bills were thus reduced contributed a fraction of the sum saved to the representatives of the machine. Now there is no doubt that this method of procuring funds was practised under the Tweed régime. The records of the Tax Commissioners will show, for instance, that, not long before Tweed's overthrow, the valuation of the personal property of a citizen who was then the largest wholesale dry-goods merchant in the city of New York was cut down to an insignificant fraction of the original figure, through the interposition of a Republican lawyer suspected of being one of Tweed's agents.

Mr. Lewis goes on to assert that of the \$20,000,000 which, in round numbers, were annually allotted to official salaries, five per cent. was annually assessed for the benefit of the machine, and that of the one million dollars thus accruing



two-thirds found its way to district leaders of Tammany, and the other one-third into the general coffers—that is to say, into the hands of the chairman of the Finance Committee, who was never called upon to render an account of his receipts and disbursements. Of the \$40,000,000 annually expended on supplies for public needs, one-fifth, according to Mr. Lewis, went to the machine under the guise of "commissions." The further avowal is made that of the \$65,000,000 representing the yearly payments on contracts, the machine received at least forty per cent. How can these charges be proved? They cannot be proved, we are told, because the only persons who could prove them were themselves accomplices in the swindling of the city. Mr. Lewis goes on to enumerate other sources of illicit revenue. He points out that a guaranty company was organized for the purpose of bonding officials, contractors, and purveyors of supplies. As the annual charge was two per cent. on the amount guaranteed, and as the aggregate guaranteed amounted to nearly one hundred million dollars, the resultant profit for certain representatives of the machine would not fall far short of two million dollars. As regards face-banks, pool-rooms, and disorderly resorts, Mr. Lewis alleges that the monthly ransom paid by each ran from fifty dollars to two thousand dollars, and that the aggregate return from this source was about four million dollars. Large sums are also said to be paid by corporations doing business in New York for the purpose of securing favors or averting extortion. We are assured that many millions were obtained in this way during each year of the Van Wyck administration. We need not say that Mr. Lewis's charges will hurt nobody in particular, so long as they are unaccompanied by legal proof. They might suggest, however, to a fusionist municipal government some fruitful lines of investigation. There is one question, nevertheless, which taxpayers would have been glad to hear Mr. Lewis answer. If it be true that so much was stolen under the Van Wyck régime, and that absolutely nothing is stolen under a fusionist administration, how does it happen that the budget approved by the Board of Estimates on October 31, 1903, was the largest ever made up for New York city? The total figures are \$106,674,955, which represent an increase of \$9,555,923. If every dollar received from the taxpayers during the last two years has been honestly expended on salaries, supplies, and contracts, why is so large an addition to the budget required? No doubt an explanation can be given, but we wish that it had been forthcoming.

The important news of the secession of Panama from Colombia as a consequence of the rejection of the Hay-Herran canal treaty by the Colombian Congress was not unexpected. That Panama would be likely to take such a course when the ratification of the treaty became hopeless has been repeatedly suggested in this paper. The canal means vastly more to Panama than to any of her sister states whose votes threaten to deprive her of it. That she was convinced that she ought to have it was well understood. It appears now that she has the courage of her convictions. If she can maintain her position as a separate republic she can not only insure the building of the canal, but can keep for herself the considerable emoluments that will result from the concessions she will be able to make. In the course of another week fuller and further news may indicate how this interesting situation will work out.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, speaking at Boston on October 29, advocated a subsidy for American ships. It is well known that a bill framed for the purpose was introduced in the Fifty-seventh Congress, and had the earnest support of Senator Frye and Senator Hanna, but was nevertheless defeated. Mr. Shaw says that he had the experts of the Treasury Department compute what it would have been the cost to the nation of that bill had it become a law. They showed, we are informed, that, under the provisions of the bill, not more than nine million dollars could have been expended in any one year. Mr. Shaw contrasted that sum with the large amount now annually paid by us to foreign subsidized ships, in order to get our foreign commerce carried. He put the amount thus annually paid at two hundred million dollars. What Mr. Shaw omits to mention is the fact that the subsidy bill was killed, not through Democratic opposition, which, taken by itself, would have proved futile, but through the refusal of influential Republican Senators—among them Sen-

ator Allison—to support it. There is no reason to believe that the leaders of the Republican party will permit final action to be taken on the subsidy bill at either the extra session or the first regular session of the Fifty-eighth Congress. Should Mr. Roosevelt be elected President in November, 1904, the bill may be taken up and passed at the second, or long, regular session. No measure that would put the Republican party on the defensive during the approaching campaign has any chance of being passed. The same determination to do nothing that may require apology or explanation on the stump is expected to smother any project to expand the currency or render it more elastic. It is also certain that economy will be the watchword of the Republican majority from November 9 until the first regular session of Congress ends. The virtual disappearance of the surplus is a warning that Mr. Roosevelt's advisers will be sure to heed.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the Citizens' Industrial Association of America, the formation of which was completed on October 30, at Chicago. Delegates from nearly sixty cities, ranging geographically from San Francisco to New York, and including several large towns in Canada, took part in the convention by which the society was organized. Not only is this association national in scope, but it is catholic as regards the interests represented. It admits employees as well as employers, and its fundamental purpose is to establish harmony between capital and labor. Its aims are set forth in detail by the constitution and by-laws, which state the object of the organization to be to assist by all lawful means the properly constituted authorities of the State and nation in maintaining and defending the supremacy of the law and the rights of the citizen. Also, to assist local, State, and national associations of manufacturers and employers in their efforts to establish and maintain industrial peace, and to create a sentiment in opposition to all forms of coercion, violence, and intimidation. The resolutions which were adopted, with a close approach to unanimity, set forth that while determined to carry on a firm and uncompromising contest with the abuses of labor-unions as now constituted and managed, the association, at the same time, acknowledges the right of workmen to combine, and admits that their combination, when rightly effected and conducted, may prove highly useful to the community at large. That is to say, the Citizens' Industrial Association of America declares that while it is resolved to afford ample protection to all seeking to earn a livelihood, and would, therefore, favor the "open shop," it will set in the true interests of the great mass of working-men themselves. Mr. David N. Parry, of Indianapolis, was elected president without opposition. That the association will be well provided with funds is evident from the provision that all members of the association shall pay an initiation fee of \$25 to \$100, and annual dues which shall be not less than \$10 nor greater than \$200. The large resources thus secured will be employed primarily to extend the organization of the movement throughout the country. Mr. C. N. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, one of the speakers in the convention, insisted that no initiative was intended to encroach upon the right of the new association, which was organized with no other intent than to put down tumult and disorder, and uphold the constitutional right of every American citizen to work when, where, and at what wage he chooses. The action taken at Chicago means, of course, that hereafter labor-unions will find themselves confronted all over the United States with a mighty organization formed for the specific purpose of putting an end to boycotting and to the intimidation of non-unionist workers.

The irritation caused in Canada by the award of the Alaska Boundary Commission might possibly have some serious consequences but for the tempting prospect opened by Mr. Chamberlain of a preference for Canadian wheat in the British market. The Halifax *Chronicle* has not hesitated to say that the Alaska episode has made it clear that the existing relations of the Dominion to the British Empire cannot be continued much longer. The Nova Scotia paper goes on to declare that there is much to be said in favor of asserting complete political independence for Canada. Such a step would free her from the danger of being entangled with the United States on account of her relation to Great Britain, and at the same time would secure for her the benefit that would accrue

from the application to her of the protection of the Monroe Doctrine. More important than the utterance of any newspaper was the avowal made in the Ottawa House of Commons by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of the Dominion. He had arrived, he said, at the conviction that, so long as Canada remains a dependency of the British Crown, the powers that Canadians now have are not sufficient for the maintenance of their rights. They must ask the British Parliament, he added, for more extensive power, so that hereafter, if the Canadians should ever have occasion to deal with a boundary question, they can deal with it in their own way. This means, if it means anything, that Sir Wilfrid would ask the British Parliament so to amend the British North-America Act of 1867 as to give the Dominion of Canada the right to conclude treaties in her own name, and through her own diplomatic agents. We scarcely need point out that the concession of such a right would be tantamount to the acknowledgment of entire political independence on the part of Canada. We do not believe, however, that Canadians will go so far, unless Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of a preferential tariff should come to be looked upon as hopeless.

It may be that Senator Gorman found it indispensable to inject the race issue into the Maryland canvass this year in order to elect his candidate for Governor. As we have often pointed out, the negro vote is an important factor in New York, New Jersey and Indiana, but, of late years, in those States, it has been divided to a considerable extent between the two great political parties. Senator Gorman's introduction of the race issue into the Maryland canvass provoked the Washington Suffrage League, an influential association of colored men, to send circulars to negro voters in all the States where elections took place this year, urging them to vote the Republican ticket, on the ground that negro suffrage is in peril. The same association has issued a call for a national negro suffrage convention, to be held in Washington on December 14 and 15. We repeat that there will be time enough for Democrats to raise the race issue when the Republican administration introduces in Congress a "force bill," for the purpose of compelling Southern States to respect the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution. We would not for a moment deny that the cry "No force bill; no negro domination!" had much to do with the defeat of President Harrison in 1892, but we submit that no proposition of the kind has been given in the Fifty-seventh Congress, or is likely to be offered in the Congress that convenes on November 9. Not only have long-headed Republicans ceased to talk about force bills, but some of them have openly expressed regret for the passage of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

The statement issued by the Federal Treasury on October 31 will tend to check the discussion of the disposition of the surplus. Undoubtedly there has been for some years a large excess of revenue over expenditure, and, so far as this excess was due to customs duties, it represented a continual drain of currency from the pockets of the people into the Treasury vaults. Without some change in the existing law, the surplus arising from customs duties cannot be brought back into circulation. There seems to be no likelihood, however, of any further increase of the surplus. The receipts and expenditures of the Federal government during the first four months of the current fiscal year practically balanced one another. The surplus for the same four months of the last fiscal year amounted to about \$18,500,000, including \$5,000,000 of anticipated interest. The present shrinkage of revenue is due to a decline of the customs receipts, especially in the sugar and steel schedules. There is no reason to expect a material change in this respect during the ensuing twelvemonth. Moreover, the falling off in the importation of articles of luxury is likely to be even more noticeable six months hence than it is now. As regards the crops, it seems to be now generally admitted that this year's yield of cotton will fall considerably below the estimate which was current a fortnight ago. A trustworthy computation of the wheat harvest will not be forthcoming before December 10, but the news from some of the most important wheat-producing States is encouraging, and it now looks as if the output of this cereal would not drop below that of 1902 by more than a few million

bushels. It appears, from an estimate just issued by the Director of the Mint, that the gold output of the United States for the calendar year 1902 was 3,570,000 ounces (valued at \$80,000,000), which represents an increase of 64,500 ounces over the yield of 1901. The output of silver during the same twelvemonth was 55,500,000 ounces, or 298,000 ounces more than in 1901. The coinage value of the silver produced in 1902 was \$71,757,575, but the commercial value was only \$39,415,000. Obviously, there are some suspicious features in our economic situation, but, on the whole, it seems probable that the readjustment of values and of wages rendered necessary by overproduction and overpeculation in certain fields of enterprise is by no means completed.

The latest news from the Far East is, to some extent, reassuring, and indicates an interposition on the part of England and France in favor of the maintenance of peace. As we have formerly pointed out, neither Russia nor Japan is willing to commit an overt act of aggression, lest the aid of an ally be lost. The treaty between Russia and France on the one hand, and that between Japan and Great Britain on the other, provide that assistance shall be rendered only in the event of one of the signatories being attacked by two or more powers. It follows *a fortiori* that no signatory could claim co-operation if, instead of being attacked by even one power, it was itself the aggressor. Now, neither Russia nor Japan feels absolutely certain of success in a naval contest, and both powers, therefore, hesitate to put themselves in a position where they would forfeit the right to call on an ally for help. As things are now, both France and England are desirous of avoiding entanglement in a conflict that would compel them to oppose one another. The only way of averting such an unwelcome collision is to exert moral pressure on their respective allies: to make the Czar and the Mikado understand that the Russo-French and Anglo-Japanese treaties will be strictly construed. Under the circumstances, it is manifest that neither Japan nor Russia would feel like beginning a war. The visit of Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, to Paris has convinced him, apparently, that while France will support her Russian ally, should she be attacked by two enemies at once, she will not transcend by a hair's breadth the precise terms of her treaty with the Czar, provided she would thereby risk a collision with England. It is a curious fact, as showing the influence still exerted by royal personages on public affairs, that, but for the visit of King Edward VII. to Paris, and the subsequent establishment of extremely friendly relations between France and England, a war between Russia and Japan would probably have broken out ere now.

Count Lamsdorff's visit to President Loubet and Premier Combes is a further development of that new phase of European politics, several factors in which we have from time to time commented on. It is of a piece with the creation of jealousy between Austria and Russia, in the face of the dire need of the Macedonians; with the visits of King Edward to Rome and Paris; with the better relations, thenceforward resulting, between England, France, and Italy; and in an even closer degree with the meeting of King Edward and the Emperor Franz Josef. To speak more directly, Count Lamsdorff has gone to Paris to strengthen and advance the Austro-Russian policy in Turkey, the main obstacle to which lies in the interested opposition of the German embassy at Constantinople. In writing of the new Macedonian programme, we said that its success largely depended on the western European powers acting as a counterpoise to Berlin, and Count Lamsdorff shows how well he realizes this by his visit to Paris, bearing a message which frankly acknowledges, and rejoices in, the cordial relations between France and England, since, without the help of both, the Macedonian reforms are doomed beforehand. It must be remembered that France and England, as well as Russia and Austria, and, for the matter of that, Germany also, were all pledged by the Berlin Treaty to introduce just such reforms in the three vilayets and Adrianople twenty-five years ago; and this promise has been violated year after year, owing to dissensions and jealousies between the powers. To remove this stumbling-block, there was needed just such a general establishing of truce and more honest

relations among the powers as was foreshadowed, though not effectively achieved, by the Hague conference; such relations resting in the same connection is the declaration of Mr. Macdonald in favor of England's more effective intervention in Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Asquith may, perhaps, be Foreign Secretary in the next Liberal cabinet.

The death of Theodor Mommsen removes almost the last of a great generation of Germans, though, indeed, Mommsen was by birth a Dane, rather than a German, as was also Von Meibler. Both belonged to the great cycle before "Bismarck made Germany great and the Germans small," as Sir Robert Morier puts it. Mommsen further represented the iconoclastic epoch of criticism, which inclined to disbelief everything which cannot be demonstrated by legal evidence. He was of the school whose Homeric criticism has been happily parodied by Homer, but by some one else of the same name. Much of the so-called Hübner Criticism of the Old and New Testaments, in the hands of men like Strauss, took on a similar coloring, and, in the same spirit, Theodor Mommsen played havoc among the early kings of Rome, almost as great havoc as was played by one of them among the poppies of his garden. The peculiar bent of his mind came from his study in inscriptions, and his editorship of the great *Corpus Inscriptionum*, and he came to his *History of Rome* imbued with the idea that only that was to be accepted as true for which there was documentary or monumental evidence. But the chief value of his work is when we come to fully historical times, where his keen insight and clear sense enabled him to analyze characters like Caesar, Cicero, and Pompey in a manner full of originality and force. Like his great contemporary Virchow, Mommsen was not merely a servant, but was also a citizen, full of the best old German traditions of liberty and responsibility, and his uncompromising spirit of independence brought him more than once into collision with the authorities. He was a noble representative of a great type, which becomes rarer every year.

At the very hour when Mommsen, the historian of Rome, and the editor of the *Inscriptiones*, was dying, the Gallery of Inscriptions in the Vatican caught fire, as though igniting a classic pyre to the departing hero. Happily the loss to the Roman collections was not very great, for any serious damage to the Vatican would mean a loss irreparable for Christendom. Whether we think of the invaluable early Christian manuscripts in both Greek and Latin, or the Renaissance paintings of the great Italian masters, we cannot but be heartily grateful that the damage was so small; and it is pleasant to record that the fire made an occasion for Pope Pius X. to impress his personality, courage, and possession of mind on the Roman populace. Here, as elsewhere, there are symptoms of better relations between the two powers which still divide Rome.

It would seem as though the efforts of the American Federation of Musicians to discipline the Marine Band of Washington were somewhat disproportionate to the possible result. The Marine Band is about the only government band which competes with the union musicians to any important extent, and if the organized musicians succeed in destroying its efficiency, or driving it out of their field, they will not be so very much ahead. Twenty-five hundred musicians refused to play for the parades in the Chicago centennial celebration because the Marine Band took part. The wages lost on that one occasion must have amounted to a greater sum than the members of the federation have lost by the Marine Band's competition for many years. The federation does not demand that the band shall disband, nor even that it shall play only in the government service. It can play if it plays gratis. The union objects to its playing for money in competition with private bands. It is the enjoyment of this privilege that has brought in money enough to make the band the efficient musical organization it is. Government pay is not liberal enough to retain musicians of the degree of skill the band needs. The federation has asked Secretary Moody to forbid

the band from accepting contracts from private parties, and the Secretary has excused himself from complying. Now Congress is to be asked to pass a law on the subject. The difficulty for the union.

If it is permissible to find amusement in anything pertaining to so grim a miscarriage of justice as the acquittal of James Tillman for shooting Editor Gonzales, food for mirth might be found in the letter of W. J. Risinger, one of the jurymen who found Tillman not guilty, to the *Spartanburg Journal*. Mr. Risinger complains of the criticism which the jury's verdict has called out. Declaring that the "annals of history" fail to disclose a simple conviction of any man for shooting an editor, he deprecates the apparent desire of the press for "more blood, which can be found by walking in the footsteps of N. G. Gonzales." The State and "the masses" being apparently satisfied with the verdict, the press, he thinks, ought not to complain. And he adds: "If I was an Editor, and not satisfied with the Defendant's acquittal which would be more patriotic to my fellowman than to sit in my sanctum and abuse him with my pen. In extending if I should prove the unfortunate one in the affair not to call it murder but suicide by the abuse of liberty with the wrong man." Mr. Risinger is evidently a survival, and in some respects a delightful one, of the good old times. That a person of his sentiments should bring about a miscarriage in a jury of which he was a member would not be surprising, but that the whole jury in the Tillman case felt as he did about the veracity of shooting editors does seem extraordinary. He seems to be an honest man according to his lights, but his lights are the lights of the eighteenth century.

President Merrill of Colgate University finds much fault with football as at present played, as being a game that is seriously deficient in the element of sport, but he credits it with some virtues, and, among others, with cultivating observation. President Eliot, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* about schools, mentions it as one of the ill results of the great increase of interest in sports among schoolboys, that the boys' powers of observation are less cultivated than formerly. That children should learn to observe he considers of great importance, and thinks boys fortunate who go to school in the country, where animals, tame and wild, and natural growths and objects provoke their attention. But he finds that the present overpowering interest in sports draws away the minds of the boys from nature study, and as for the observation that games develop, he says it becomes automatic, and therefore not of much educational value. Not that he disparages sport as sport, for he does not.

No doubt the best speaker who took part in the recent political campaign in New York was Mr. Bourke Cockran. He is a born orator with a wonderful voice, a rare and edifying command of language, the power to think on his feet, and most of the other talents and arts that oratory comprises. In the recent Mayor's race in New York he spoke for Tammany. At the Mayorality campaign preceding he spoke against it. He usually speaks on one side or the other whenever an important campaign is on. We hope he will continue to do so. His art is highly remarkable. His display always entertains and edifies thousands of listeners. But why should Mr. Cockran speak only on one side in a given campaign? His disposition to favor each side turns about in different years is very fair and friendly, but why not speak for both sides in each campaign? That would be friendlier and fairer still. The same brass bands play for both sides every campaign. Mr. Cockran possesses and plays upon a rarer and more delectable instrument than is in use in any brass band in town, but he only plays for one party in any given season. It restricts himself. He could certainly have made better speeches for Dr. Low last month than for Colonel McClellan, but he only spoke for McClellan. We don't think he does his talent justice when he restricts it in that way.

## The Municipal Election in New York City

There has seldom been a more sweeping victory than was won by Tammany Hall on Tuesday, November 3, in New York city. Not only was Mr. George B. McClellan elected Mayor by more than 50,000 plurality, but the fusionist ticket was beaten in every one of the five boroughs, except the borough of Richmond, where it secured a very small plurality for Mr. Cromwell, who headed it. Besides the Mayor, the fusionists have lost the Comptroller and the President of the Board of Aldermen, and the presidents of the boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx. The result is that, whereas the fusionists now have fourteen out of sixteen votes in the Board of Estimates, it will have during the next two years but one vote. In the next Board of Aldermen Tammany will have fifty-five votes, against twenty-four votes belonging to Republicans and fusionists. In a word, Tammany Hall has secured absolute control of the American commercial metropolis for two years to come.

What do these facts signify? We do not concur with Police-Commissioner Greene in thinking that they prove that the people of New York do not like the sort of administration they have had since January 1, 1892, but prefer a "wide-open" town. We do not believe that the fusionists mean anything of the kind. We believe that the majority of independent Democrats voted the Tammany ticket for the following reasons: first, they thought, whether rightly or wrongly, that the election of a Democratic Mayor in New York this year would help their party to carry the State of New York for a Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1904; secondly, they thought that Messrs. Grout and Foran had been proved to be honest men, and could be trusted to remain honest, notwithstanding their acceptance of nominations from two political parties; thirdly, they regarded Mr. George B. McClellan as an upright and able man, who would not disgrace his personal and family record, but would make the most of a splendid opportunity. The astonishing result in Brooklyn, which, in spite of Mr. McLaughlin, gave pluralities to Messrs. Grout and Foran, as well as to Mr. McClellan, although, two years ago, the same borough gave Mr. Low a plurality of more than 25,000, proves that the voters could not be persuaded that they were threatened with an invasion of "red lights," or that any one of the three gentlemen named was unworthy of the confidence of his fellow citizens. As to the willingness to put faith in Mr. George B. McClellan, it must be acknowledged that, although a microscope has been applied to his public and private life, not a single net or weed that could be criticized has been discovered, except the over-zealousness and indiscriminate approval of the Van Wyck administration expressed by him in 1891. That he has no intention of following Mr. Van Wyck's example may be inferred from the fact that, instead of going to Lakewood, for the purpose of distributing appointments under his forthcoming administration, he announced on the evening of November 3 that he should proceed at once to Washington, there to discharge his duties as a member of the Fifty-eighth Congress; and that there would be time enough to talk about appointments after he had taken the oath of office as Mayor of New York.

What, then, is the conclusion to which the municipal election in New York city must lead? It is this: District-Attorney Jerome was right when he said that if the Citizens' Union really desired to beat Tammany Hall in a year preceding a Presidential contest it must nominate an independent Democrat. We have no doubt that the Citizens' Union would gladly have taken Jerome's advice, if Mayor Low had rendered such a course possible by declining a re-nomination. We are also inclined to believe that Mayor Low, had he been left to himself, would, in his single-hearted devotion to reform, have accepted the desired declination. If he refrained from taking that step it was because he yielded to the pressure of Senator Platt, Governor Odell, and President Roosevelt, who, for their part, were under no illusions as to the effect of the municipal election in New York city on the outcome of the Presidential campaign. As for Mr. Platt, we have the best of reasons for thinking that, had Mr. Low declared a re-nomination, and had the Citizens' Union put forward an independent Democrat, the Senator would have refused to support him, and would have caused the Republican organization in the city of New York to set up a candidate of its own. Independent Democrats have not forgotten that Mr. Platt in 1888 did his best to beat Mr. Hewitt, and to throw the city into the hands of Henry George, by persuading Mr. Roosevelt to run as a Republican nominee for Mayor. We also have a lively remembrance of Mr. Platt's performance in 1897, when he forced General Tracy to accept the Republican nomination, though he knew that the inevitable result of the maneuver would be the capture of the Mayoralty by Tammany Hall. When the whole truth is known we shall very likely find that Mayor Low has been unjustly blamed for accepting a re-nomination, and that he personally concurred with District-Attorney Jerome in thinking that this year as an independent Democrat should have been nominated by the fusionists. We shall probably learn, too, that he was privately informed that, if any such course should be taken by the Citizens' Union, the

Republicans would nominate a candidate of their own, on the pretext that it was needful to keep their organization intact, with a view to the approaching contest for the Presidency.

## Results of the Election throughout the Country

There is no doubt that the elections, viewed as a whole, have a bearing on the prospects of certain candidates for the Republican and Democratic nominations for the Presidency. We are unable to concur with those students of the returns who discern in them any particular encouragement for Mr. Roosevelt. To us it seems that whatever he was vitally interested in, and wherever he personally interposed, the response of the voters was by no means satisfactory. Before we attempt to elicit the true significance of the outcome of the appeal to the ballot-box we shall do well to eliminate certain States wherein the result might have been predicted with absolute certainty. The news that the Republicans have carried Pennsylvania and Iowa by immense majorities excites no more surprise than would the announcement that the Dutch have taken Holland. No sane man has ever imagined that either this year or next year Massachusetts could be carried by the Democrats. So far as the Old Bay State is concerned, the result of Tuesday's contest means nothing with reference to Mr. Roosevelt, but it deals a quietus to the notion that ex-Secretary of State Olney might be seriously considered in the next Democratic national convention as a candidate for the Presidency. A man who has not the slightest chance of carrying his own State may as well be counted out of the race. At the hour when we write it seems probable that Governor Garvin will be re-elected in Rhode Island, though by a reduced plurality. The matter is of no great consequence, except as throwing light upon what may happen next year in Connecticut, provided the Democrats put forward the right sort of nominee for the Presidency. The Republican success in Nebraska is not unexpected, because, although Mr. Bryan succeeded in effecting a fusion between the Democrats and the Populists, it has been for three years evident that his former ascendancy in the State has vanished. It was in Ohio that the surprising strength of Bryanism was to be tested, and nobody will deny that there Mr. Bryan's principal lieutenant, Mayor Johnson, conducted the campaign with extraordinary energy. Moreover, an earnest effort was made to reconstitute the Gold Democrats and the Bryanites, by the nomination of Mr. John H. Clarke for United States Senator. Mr. Bryan personally sanctioned the effort, but it was unavailing. Mr. John W. Bookwalter being the only former Democratic candidate for Governor who actively supported the Democratic State ticket. Such men as McClain, Powell, Nest, Chalmers and Kilbourne maintained an enormous influence, the significance of which is disclosed in the electoral majority obtained by Colonel M. T. Herrick, the Republican candidate for Governor. Even more portentous, so far as the future influence of the Bryan-Johnson combination is concerned, are the tremendous gains secured by the Republicans in both branches of the Ohio Legislature. So overwhelming, indeed, is Mayor Johnson's defeat that his chance of heading the Ohio delegation to the next Democratic national convention seems well-nigh extinct. On the other hand, the unexpected magnitude of the victory gained by Senator Hanna, whose seat, it will be remembered, is to be filled by the Legislature just elected, has driven home to the consciousness of the Republicans all over the country that he, and not Mr. Roosevelt, is the real leader of their party. In all appearances Mr. Roosevelt's State, New York, is lost irreversibly to the Republicans, who have no man, on the other hand, not even Mr. McKinley, has shown himself such an unmitigated master of Ohio as is Mr. Hanna. We should not yet be surprised if the contrast between the results of the elections in New York and in Ohio should have a profound effect on the next Republican national convention.

We pass to the two border States, Kentucky and Maryland, which have been regarded as doubtful. It is now evident that Kentucky has resumed her former place in the column of States that may be relied upon to go Democratic. In Maryland, as we write, it seems likely that the Democratic majority in Baltimore city will be large enough to overcome any unexpected reverse in the rural districts. The success of Mr. Warfield, Senator German's candidate for Governor, will naturally be looked upon as a personal rebuff to Mr. Roosevelt, inasmuch as the latter was at much pains to reconcile the Republican factions in Maryland. Unless, however, Senator German shall manage to obtain larger majorities for the Governorship and the Legislature than were secured by the Democrats in 1899, he will not receive much credit for his victory, and his prestige will be utterly eclipsed by that of Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the triumphant leader of Tammany Hall, in the next Democratic national convention. On the whole, the impression made upon us by a review of the whole contest is that Senator Hanna has been thrust once more into the Republican foreground, while on the Democratic side, events seem to be vitally preparing for the advent of ex-President Grover Cleveland.

## What Can King Edward do for England?

A Briton who signs himself "Anglo-American," but who is described as an Englishman who was some years ago an observing visitor to the United States, contributes to the November North American Review an article which has as its somewhat startling title "An Incident of the British Monarchy." It is not an argument for the removal of the British throne to the British Museum, and the setting up of a British republic, but for something different. The writer speaks of the propensity of the modern Englishman to self-depreciation—a propensity that is a new development, quite out of keeping with the English spirit as history has known it. It is to be ascribed, he thinks, chiefly to the passing of the age of monopoly in which England became the workshop of the world. It is the expression of the feelings of "a monopolist who has lost his monopoly and finds himself singularly unequal to the stress of competitive conditions." The very qualities that monopoly fosters are precisely those that competition begins by discarding. But the Englishman has been very loath to discard them. The peculiarities of his temperament have made the monopolistic atmosphere excessively congenial, and therefore excessively hard to grow out of. Consequently, there comes first to him a resentful assessment that any change should be necessary, and then a want of acknowledgment that England is unprepared and has lost her ability to "rough it."

Hence the low spirits which England, alone among the great powers, has met the opening of the new century. In every section of the national life is heard the "note" of self-criticism, complaint, discouragement. All things, all systems and dogmas, are questioned and distrusted: witness Mr. Chamberlain's revolt from free trade. The comfortable faith that whatever is British must be a law of nature has yielded to a suspicion that the opposite of that is nearer the truth. Things are suspected merely because they are British. This, at any rate, says the North American's contributor, is the true spirit of reform, and it has led to the discovery of that blessed word "Efficiency." Efficiency: that is what Englishmen now clamor for. They see Parliament falling into incapacity and indifference, the standard of administration deteriorating, politics becoming an affair of friends, and rich friends at that, their educational system weak in science, privilege, vested interests, and nepotism dominating the army and the diplomatic service—in short, a state where the career is not yet open to talent, where almost every form of inefficiency is condoned so long as it is not too palpably tainted with dishonesty. Englishmen to a surprising number are desperate at the spectacle. An awakening has begun which "we only end in a readaptation of the national spirit, and hence of the national framework, to the new needs of these changing times."

But while all things else are being overhauled, nobody wants to meddle with the monarchy. It is by far the strongest institution in the kingdom. Republican talk so prevalent thirty years ago is no longer heard. The crown to-day finds an unshelving reception. Politically, its direct power is largely a convention. Socially, it runs never so much a reality as to-day. Now, in this social influence of the crown a good or bad thing? Asking that question, "Anglo-American" answers that depends of course on how it is wielded, and in England's case the conclusion of any thorough and dispassionate inquirer must be that the monarchy militates against national efficiency, emphasizes and encourages what is least desirable in the national character, and perpetuates an atmosphere which is fatal to the realization of the country's best self. This conclusion, he adds, is not based, or, at any rate, not entirely, on the actions or personality of the present King. King Edward lives and acts about as England expects and likes her monarch to live and act. He devotes himself to court ceremonies, domestic and foreign visits, society, sport, and what his critic calls "charity mongering"—that is, to the patronage of hospitals and charitable institutions, and to the encouragement of those who support them. As to this last royal occupation our writer suggests that it would have been far better for England if the crown had patronized education more, and got its documents for that, instead of spending its influence in behalf of philanthropy, and letting education shift for itself. We have not heard it suggested before that the lack of royal instigation was the secret of the dearth of gifts to education in Great Britain, but it may be true.

That, however, is only a detail of the comprehensive complaint that the English monarchy is not an intellectual force, that no stimulus radiates from it, and that it patronizes naturally the wrong thing. Of course an English monarch cannot do that. No one expects him to rule. Efficiency on his part consists in making no trouble about things that really matter. The present King, to be sure, is credited with being an important factor in promoting advantageous relations between his country and various of the continental powers. "Anglo-American" suggests to mention that, but, at home, at least, he says, the monarch, restricted by the limitations of his position, is unable to do anything. He is, in fact, not so much a ruler as a benefactor. He indulges in a little easy philanthropy, or frankly gives himself up to "pleasure." The

example of such a life, we are told, cannot make for efficiency. The habit of honoring a monarch who is nothing, as though he were everything, "puts a premium on make-believe, and propagates the fatal notion that the office makes the man, and that birth and worth must necessarily go together." Monarchy and aristocracy gravitate naturally towards one another. In England the peerage and the great land-owning families form a sort of governing class, make politics an affair of friends, and restrict the highest honors to themselves and a limited number of rich people who are in "society." A Disraeli, a Bright, a Chamberlain may from time to time break into their circle, but it remains substantially true that a man who is not congenial to the court cannot hope to play a foremost part in English affairs. Consequently, in every monarchy far too many places go to members of the aristocracy who are not the best men for the offices they fill, and who are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of a monarchy that is without firmness or vigor of any sort. Only the King's example and pressure could break them up, and the British King is not like the German Kaiser. "Tact, amiability, graciousness, are the qualities in which the English monarchy has buried itself." Monarchy begins by restricting the largest share of the national business to a set of wealthy, titled, coast-guarding amateurs, and then sets them an example of resplendent idleness. The results may be learned from the report of the inquiry into the loss of the "Batavia," an whole system of honors, of which nothing can prevent monarchy from being regarded as the source, sets efficiency equally at defiance. The honors go to the wrong people, with the result that "the system of precedence and honors in England is nothing but a grotesque sham." The common run of Englishmen don't see it. Those that do see it suffer from it, but can't help it. "That unapproachable monarchy which infects the American mind like a kind of challenge and brown error, America has no illustration that has a chance in life, is something that the English have so utterly lost as to be incapable of realizing it. The caste system makes for stagnation, just as certainly as it makes for that class reform which gives to English trade-unionism its peculiarly bitter strength."

So speaks an observer who seems to have tried to see the thing that was, and to write it down dispassionately. We have quoted at length from his discourse, because it is both novel and intelligent. He is not a sepiableness seeking to apout a throne. He simply avers that monarchy in England is not only not worth its salt, but is doing a vast damage. The cure he suggests is not to abolish it, but to reform it. "I do not see," he says, "how England, being what she is, the caste system with its enormous disabilities, its pretensions, and its habits, can be constitutionally in so ready a reprobation should not, in England as in Germany, flow from the top downwards. The monarchy must lead England in the path of efficiency; but to do it most first must effluent itself."

How can a monarch become efficient who is constitutionally constrained to inefficiency? The Kaiser can be efficient, but would England tolerate in her King the sort of efficiency that Germany sustains at her Kaiser's hands? The Kaiser has some real power. The King—well, to be sure, the King has enormous social influence at home, and very important personal and official influence with other monarchs and heads of European governments. Possibly King Edward could stimulate efficiency in England if he bent himself to the work—a camel may pass through the Needle's Eye—but it would be difficult. Caste, more than royalty, is hurting England. The aristocracy is on trial more than the throne.

## Congress should not Overlook the Philippines

The sole reason given by the President for proroguing the Fifty-eighth Congress in extra session on November 9 is the necessity of securing with all possible promptness such legislation as will render operative the reciprocity treaty concluded with Cuba, and already ratified by the Senate. As we have often pointed out, such legislation is required by the plainest dictates of justice and of decency. We obtained certain concessions from Cuba, including two naval stations, on the express understanding that Cuban products should receive a preference in our markets.

But is our duty to Cuba the only moral obligation which Congress ought to discharge without delay? Do we not owe to the Philippines, which belong to us, as much as we owe to Cuba, which is already indebted to us for political independence? Do we not owe to the Philippines as much as we owe to Porto Rico, the sovereignty ever which we secured from Spain by the same treaty? The answer to these questions is self-evident. It cannot be denied, however, that there is a flagrant difference between the treatment which Porto Rico has received and that which we have given the Philippines. The products of Porto Rico are admitted to the ports of the United States duty free, whereas the products of the Philippines have to pay for admission to our markets 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates levied on foreign commodities. By the act of March 3, 1902, 25 per cent. of the Dingley











### THE ROXBURGHE-GOELET WEDDING

*The marriage, on November 10, of Miss May Goelet and the Duke of Roxburghe, at St. Thomas Church, New York, adds one more to the list of American girls who have married into the British Peerage. The Duchess of Roxburghe is the daughter of the late Ogden Goelet, and is one of the richest of living heiresses. Her husband is head of the Scotch family of James Kerr, and a direct descendant of John Churchill, the original Duke of Marlborough. He is an officer in the Royal Horse Guards. In the photograph the Duchess appears in the costume of Cleopatra, which she wore at a fancy dress ball given last spring in London.*

# King Edward as a Statesman

By Sydney Brooks

London, October 21, 1913.

A GOOD deal of nonsense has been written of late about the King. The worst of it has appeared, I am afraid, in American papers, but even over here, where journalists might be supposed to know something of the constitutional prerogatives of the crown, the King's actions, or supposed actions, in the recent cabinet crisis has been made the text of I know not how many fantastic editorials. "The King insists on War Office reform"; "the King no longer a mere figure-head"; "the King, and not Balfour, the true cabinet-maker"; "the King ruling as well as reigning"; "the truest of the truest journalistic comment." Now, what are the facts? It is, I am assured, the bare truth that King Edward seized upon the reconstruction of the cabinet to press upon Mr. Balfour the necessity of reorganizing the War Office and bearing up the army. I am told that he is somewhat astonished the Premier for the closeness of his acquaintance with the findings of the Commission of Inquiry and the warmth with which he spoke of the state of affairs it had revealed. So far the two men were substantially at one, but when the King went on to urge that Mr. Brodrick had not shown himself quite the man to deal with so complex and difficult a crisis and ought therefore to be dropped, they differed. Mr. Balfour's loyalty to his colleagues is one of his fundamental and most endearing traits; he would not admit that Mr. Brodrick's failure had been an egregious one to warrant his dismissal from the cabinet. There was for a while a sort of deadlock, ending, as every one knows, in a compromise. Mr. Brodrick left the War Office, but not the cabinet. He was transferred to the Secretaryship for India.

This, surely, is a somewhat flimsy basis on which to enthuse the King as cabinet-maker-in-chief. In fact, only ignorance of a peculiarly unnecessary kind can excuse much of this talk about the crown's "increasing prominence and activity in public affairs." We are still far from knowing everything about Queen Victoria as a politician, but we know enough to assert that her intervention in affairs of state was more constant, close, and effectual than King Edward's is ever likely to be. We know, for instance, that during the crisis of the Schleswig-Holstein question she protested, and protested successfully, against English interference on behalf of the Danes—this, too, in the face of a noted episode and an allied unionist. We know that before that episode was settled she had three fought and three beaten Palmerston in his own cabinet, for the sake of peace. We know how sharply she rebuked Palmerston for taking decisions of grave importance in foreign affairs without consulting her; how she insisted on seeing, studying, and at times altering every despatch of any significance that was sent out by the Foreign Office; how she made it a rule to attend all important conversations with foreign ambassadors reported to her. We know how she commanded that the British ambassador in Paris should remain passive and neutral during the *crise d'effort*, and how she caused Palmerston's dispatch to the Emperor to be signed with that lightning stroke of policy. We know that more than once she flatly refused to approve of the Queen's speech that ministers had prepared for her, and that she altered it to her own liking. We know that, through her insistence, the royal proclamation that closed the Indian mutiny and laid down the lines of future policy was rewritten and amended to square with her suggestions. We know, too, that these suggestions were an immense improvement on the original draft, and showed the Queen a better statesman than all her ministers. We know how she modified and toned down the despatch demanding the release of Sidiell and Mason, and that it was her modifications, as Seton admitted, that preserved the peace between England and America. We know how it was her influence and tact that persuaded the House of Lords to pass the bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church—a measure of which she heartily disapproved. We know that she fought Gladstone over the abandonment of Kanahar, that she severely criticised the ministry for its failure to relieve Gordon, that she did all she could to induce the Duke of Devonshire to form a cabinet in 1880. We know that a letter from her to the old German Emperor was largely instrumental in preventing a war between Germany and France in 1873. We know that throughout her life she entered thoroughly into all political questions, and was free with blame and praise, criticism and suggestion; that she made many appointments, especially to high offices, and practically vetoed others "off her own hat." She was, in short, a sort of Permanent Under-Secretary of State, as much the counsellor of her ministers as they were her advisers, never withdrawing their when they were unanimous, but insisting that all their policies and proposals should first of all run the gauntlet of her shrewd, stout, and often informing criticism.

It is strictly constitutional and strictly normal, the King did absolutely nothing that Queen Victoria had not done a score of times before him. The only difference is that Queen Victoria was not aware at the time, and even now only half-realized, how far the late Queen was from playing a merely passive and decorative part in public affairs. Publicity is greater now than it used to be; cabinet secrets are not so long kept; the press grows in candour and ubiquity. The consequence is that people know what before was hidden; and, seeing, they think it novel; and thinking it novel, they begin to spin the most astounding theories to ac-

count for it. But the tale itself is really an old one; better printed to-day and more widely circulated—otherwise the same.

What are the constitutional rights of an English sovereign? According to Walter Flagghed they are three in number—the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn; and he shrewdly added that a king of great sense and sagacity would want no others. He is entitled to full knowledge and full discussion of all public transactions. He cannot overrule the cabinet's decisions, but he may criticize and so alter or modify them. He may suggest amendments, raise doubts, propose alterations, and he may help to clarify the ministerial mind. Mr. Gladstone once insisted on the great advantages a King has in these consultations. He is permanent and his ministers are fugitive; he is an onlooker and they are the combatants; he can take a calm and leisurely survey, while they are blinded by a thousand bewildering details. "Every discovery of a blot that the studies of a sovereign in the domain of business enable him to make," said Mr. Gladstone, "strengthens his hands and enhances his authority." Rightly used these, obviously, are very real powers; and the late Queen, through long practice and intuitive clear-headedness, learned how to use them to perfection. "No minister," it has been rightly said, "in all her long reign ever disregarded her advice without afterwards feeling that he had incurred a dangerous responsibility."

For this function of adviser, mediator, King Edward VII. has all his mother's qualifications. He is an excellent judge of men and affairs; he learns and assimilates with extraordinary quickness; he has no prejudices; he is a pastmaster at staying off friction, bringing men together, and putting them at their ease; and he knows England and Englishmen as Mr. McKinley knew Americans. There are excellent assets, and in the last thirty months the King has shown that he knows how to turn them to excellent account. All through the Boer war his attitude was admirable; in fact, the expression he gave to English sympathy at the time of President McKinley's assassination. His decision not to delay or interrupt the colonial tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall showed real statesmanship. His visits to Lisbon, to Rome, to Paris, and to Vienna were all triumphant examples of his social skill. His Irish tour was something more than that; it was a token of the royal determination that Ireland and England shall henceforward be friends. This is a cause which the King has closely at heart, one too which his encouragement of Mr. Wyndham and the Land Purchase Bill has done more to further than any act of the last century. Moreover, the King has proved himself unexpectedly "manageable." He gives way with a grace and readiness that the late Queen could not always command. He has re-established the court, and made the sovereign once more a real leader of society; he has revived, in something like its ancient pomp, the splendor of the monarchy. England, in short, is absolutely satisfied with King Edward as a ruler. He has done many sound and useful things; he has increased, and is yet increasing, his wonderful popularity. But no one can pretend that he is yet the power in the state that Queen Victoria was, or that he has pushed his prerogatives anything like so far as she did.

## Singing He Rode

By Fanny Memble Johnson

SONG that clangs like the battle,  
Song, keen as the wind that slips,  
I rode away to the dawn of day,  
And such song rose to my lips.

Youth—surely I spent it!  
Life—it was mine to spend!  
And the clear red line of the morning lay  
Eastward without an end.

Further than thought could reach them,  
Backward into the dark,  
The Lords of my House were ranged away,  
The men of might and of mark.

Possessing the heights behind me,  
The Towers of my own brave line—  
Mine as the arrow true of the heart  
And the bend of the bow be mine.

My shadow galloped behind me,  
The heights of my home were lit,  
A gold sun broke through a scarlet sky  
And I rode in the blaze of it.

And ever recurrent singing—  
I sang it under my breath—  
The gathered flower of the singing,  
The chorus of Love and Death.

Till I knew not the time that knew me,  
Was now from the past apart,  
For the song that clanged on the line of swords,  
For the chorus that broke the heart.

**The ROYAL GAME OF GOLF**  
 In Which the Kaiser & the King discuss the Russo-Japanese Question  
 Drawn By Albert Levering



Wilhelm "Der Russos-Kapitaneer gesesselt? Au, est de you know  
 almost go? I can realize der whole business right here on this golf  
 game, and I?"  
 Edly "Au—er—what I want to know is, where Chapp?"



Wilhelm "You notice der little nice ball—1—2—3, huh? Well she  
 is Chappin, no?"  
 Edly "Yes; but where's Chapp?"



Wilhelm "P—o—o—o! Hah! He's mad! Now he'll you agree der  
 chharrack—yes? Also he der Russos?"  
 Edly "H—er—no, now which is Chapp?"



Wilhelm "Au, don't bother me! Now you look fast on der ball's  
 ball—such der Chappin—and you see not happens to her from der chharrack,  
 such der Russos—er—yes—does?"  
 Edly "What did you say stands for Chapp?"



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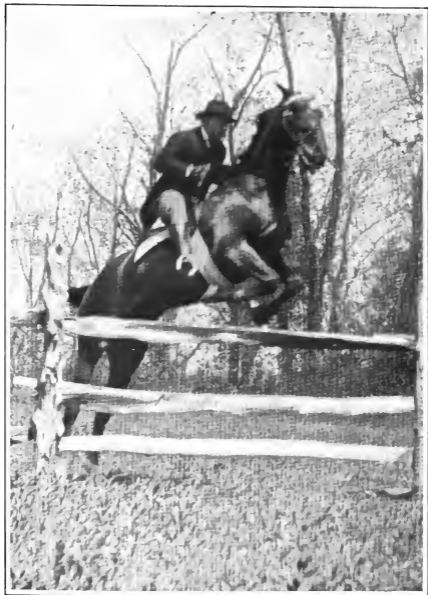


Wilhelm "You see not you get you stand to wear by Chappin?"  
 Edly "And I stand for Chapp?"



### A NOTABLE STATUE FOR ST. LOUIS

A new decoration for the St. Louis Exposition has recently been completed by the well-known sculptor M. Tonnin. It is a statue of Victory and is to be placed above the main entrance of the Manufactures Building. Victory is represented as a winged female figure, who stands in her right hand a laurel wreath and in her left a palm branch. The realistic effect of the flying draperies was secured in an interesting manner. The drapery on the model was kept in motion by a current of air from an electric fan, and by working rapidly from this Mr. Tonnin succeeded in getting an admirable reproduction.



**A SNAP SHOT OF THE PRESIDENT AT CHEVY CHASE,  
WASHINGTON**

*In the hour set apart by the President for daily exercise, it is his custom to send a horse and groom to the outskirts of Washington, and to start from there on horseback over the surrounding country. One special photographer met the President recently at Chevy Chase, the Country Club near Washington, and secured this interesting snap shot of the Chief Executive.*



## THE SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS—SCENE

A composite photograph from actual snap shots, showing forty-seven well-known men and

- |    |                                     |    |                                  |    |                                 |
|----|-------------------------------------|----|----------------------------------|----|---------------------------------|
| 1  | Secretary of War, Hay               | 24 | Senator Eliot, Vermont           | 37 | Senator Elliott, West Virginia  |
| 2  | Senator Bacon, Georgia              | 25 | Senator Brand, Ohio              | 38 | Dr. Hays, Huber                 |
| 3  | Senator Morgan, Alabama             | 26 | Senator Cannon, Illinois         | 39 | Senator Fairbanks, Indiana      |
| 4  | Senator M. J. Fox, Louisiana        | 27 | Albion S. Paine, New York        | 40 | Yancy Snow                      |
| 5  | Representative A. A. Sabin, Georgia | 28 | Secretary of Agriculture, Wilson | 41 | Senator Free, Maine             |
| 6  | Senator Tillman, South Carolina     | 29 | John A. Hooper                   | 42 | Herman Sawyer                   |
| 7  | Secretary of the President, Loch    | 30 | Representative H. C. Allison     | 43 | Senator Callahan, New Hampshire |
| 8  | Senator Tillman, Louisiana          | 31 | Senator C. C. McMillan, Missouri | 44 | Secretary of Interior, Hildreth |
| 9  | Senator Elliott, Vermont            | 32 | Senator Brand, Ohio              |    |                                 |
| 10 | Senator Cannon, Illinois            | 33 | Senator Fairbanks, Indiana       |    |                                 |
| 11 | Albion S. Paine, New York           | 34 | Yancy Snow                       |    |                                 |
| 12 | Secretary of Agriculture, Wilson    | 35 | Senator Free, Maine              |    |                                 |
| 13 | John A. Hooper                      | 36 | Herman Sawyer                    |    |                                 |
| 14 | Representative H. C. Allison        |    | Senator Callahan, New Hampshire  |    |                                 |
| 15 | Senator C. C. McMillan, Missouri    |    | Secretary of Interior, Hildreth  |    |                                 |



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## WOMEN ON THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL BUILDING

Women who will be prominent in Washington politics and society during the coming season

Senator Cullum, Illinois  
 Senator Nelson, New Hampshire  
 Senator Taylor, Ohio  
 Senator Foraker, Pennsylvania  
 Senator Sherman, New Jersey  
 Senator Williams, Rhode Island  
 Secretary of Senate, Brown  
 Senator Platt, New York

Ex-Senator Hendrison  
 Senator Lodge, Texas  
 Secretary of Senate, Randall  
 Ex-Senator Mason, Illinois  
 Senator Nelson, Massachusetts  
 Senator Hoar, Massachusetts  
 Senator Dyer, New York  
 Senator Burton, Michigan

Senator Clark, Montana  
 Senator Perkins, California  
 Senator Spooner, Wisconsin  
 Commissioner of District, McFarland  
 Edmund Dyer  
 Mrs. John Bigg  
 Mrs. Payne Whitney





Cannon started in bravely, hands in pockets, and held himself under unobtrusive restraint for fully sixty seconds; then, in an impassioned flight of eloquence, out came his left hand followed immediately afterwards by his right. Cox called "time," and the House rose. He had the trick of pulling his coat-sleeves tautly over his shoulders, as if he were stripping for the fray, and his waistcoat is generally open or only closed by the two lower buttons. His voice is rather hoarse, and he has no gift of eloquence, no wealth of classical allusion, no power to make phrases, none of that mordant sarcasm that seduces the fatuous and flatters. But although he has an eloquence, he is not without the power of oratory.

The power of direct speech, the use of simple words, homely similes, and a certain quaint philosophy convey what he has to say in such a way that no man misunderstands him. His speeches, which are never prolix, (but his facts always are), do not stand the steno-grapher very well; and there is so little of vanity in him that, unlike most of his colleagues, he does not revise and polish his manuscript before it goes to the printer; but although his speeches make little impression when read, they produce their effect at delivery. That effect is due to the fact that when he talks he is more anxious to accomplish results than he is to embellish literature with rhy-ming phrases; and also to the fact that his words carry conviction, men believe in his sincerity and are assured of his honesty.

Cannon has to a limited degree the gift of repartee. He can deliver a rough streamer that makes him a formidable opponent in all American speaking, that man of superb courage, mightily in-terpreted by his own imagination, unapproached power of sarcasm, and lofty self-conception of public duty. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, is the only one who can match him, and especially has power to spar men with severity. To kill, as the mood possessed him. No man could tell, would simply scorch his antagonist, or bound him for the rest of his days, or slay.

Mr. Reed could gauge his words so exactly that he could tag a man by ridicule or annihilate him. Cannon is no such captain of two-and-a-half. Equipped for the fray, he fights with a sword, a weight. He is no master of the path ahead of him by shrewdness of his art; he has some of those tricks, knows nothing of the anatomy of suppleness, subtilty, that scintillating wit, which opens like lightning, to crush by ridicule, to mock and jeer and make sport of an opponent. But his speech, even when not in the way of repartee, is vigorous. He is impatient of words, more words; of silly non-sense which simply wastes time. Once during the last session, when he was presiding over the Committee of the Whole, a motion was made, from the Democratic side, naturally, solely to put the majority on record and with no hope that it would be carried. A rising vote was demanded, and Cannon, as in duty bound, put it to the committee. Half a dozen members stoged to their feet in the affirmative and then half the House rose to the negative. Mr. Cannon began to count, "One, two, three," he said; "four—oh, hell! a hundred," and a hundred the vote stands on the record until this day. And yet with all his fighting proclivities, his hard hitting, his rough-and-tumble methods, there is no man who has a softer heart, no man who overdoes more with the milk of human kindness. His speeches show this.

There runs through them a vein of tender sentiment; he constantly quotes poetry, the poetry which takes out a man back to his boyhood, and from the picture of his mother. Cannon is an intense partisan. Republicanism, the faith of Lincoln, whose lustre sheds imperishable renown on the State of Illinois, the mere recollection of which pride, is to him a creed, may be that it is a conviction. But all this in whom party means every-



Miss Helen Cannon  
Daughter of Speaker Cannon

thing, he has never been accused of being unfair or playing politics partly for the sake of temporary party advantage.

Cannon is self-made, as he says. At fourteen his father died, and he had to leave school and go to work. He was a clerk in a grocery store for six years, working like a Trojan and becoming a practical lawyer. He went into politics early, and won his wife and his first election, for State's Attorney, in the same case. Cannon comes of Quaker parents, to whose dancing and other immoderate amusements were anathema. For some reason that no one has ever yet been able to explain—perhaps it was in the blood derived from a long forgotten ancestor and had to come out—young Joe was passionately fond of dancing, and every night after the old folks had gone to bed he had tagged out in his best and most un-Quakerlike garments, stole off to village dances, for his partners were the prettiest girls from the country. His terpsichorean skill was acknowledged even by his rivals.

And then the young fellow fell in love, loved over his head, with Mary Reed, a girl of unusual beauty and still more unusual character and intellect. But although she smiled on him, she wanted something more for a husband than a mere dancer.

Joe discovered the state of affairs he did some serious thinking. Mary Reed's brother was the opposition candidate for State's Attorney, and the problem Joe had to face was this: If he can and enough of women to know that they, even more than men, would support him for having defeated her brother. Cannon wrestled with nature, and finally came to the conclusion that success would come word was the hand of the girl he loved and won, and his man he defeated. To Mrs. Cannon, for years they studied together, and she knows more about some things of practical value than her married life when the wisdom of her husband was his teacher.

He is a just student of the art of listening, as well as of his colleagues. A few Congresses ago, in the course of a story told by a colleague, he was called upon to give a speech, a usual number of small jobs which he had done after the House had passed the bill, which Cannon was determined to eliminate. The conferees on the part of the Senate were Hale Allison, the most courteous and polished man in the Senate, one end of the Capitol in his other an egg and not break one; and

George M. Maynard, smooth, serene, unshuffled. With Cannon representing the House were Moody of Massachusetts, now the Secretary of the Navy, and McFarr of Arkansas. The end of the session was only a few hours away, and the conferees were as hopefully apart as at the time they first met. Then said Cannon: "Gentlemen, either take the bill on its own merits, or else take the responsibility of its falling." Then up got Senator Hale, "I thought," he said, "this was to be a full and free conference. Of course if we are to be covered we might as well end this conference now as at any other time." Mr. Allison got up, and rebuked the sentiments of Mr. Hale, and Mr. Garrison repeated them. Cannon, looked around the room. "Here," he said to his colleagues of the House, "shall we call this a dead bill now or do it later?" To Moody, an Eastern man of Puritan ancestry, the liberal term was almost new to him, but it was his duty to stand by his chief, and he nodded assent. To McFarr, a Western man, the language was familiar. "Call them," he replied. Mr. Cannon got up. "Very well, gentlemen," he said to the Senators, "let it go at that," and, followed by his colleagues, he walked out of the room. The Senators went back to the Senate and deliberated about the House of Lords, but in the end they agreed. Cannon had called their bluff.



Mrs. A. P. L. Cannon  
The speaker's married daughter

# The Machinery of a Campaign

By Arthur F. Cosby

Chairman of the Citizens' Union Committee on Press and Literature

THE entire country has watched with interest the feverishly fought municipal campaign in New York city. It was recognized in the first instance by the fusion party that the old issues of 1901 which had so stirred the city had changed. The first work before the fusion party, therefore, was to get the record of the administration in such shape that it could educate the public and bring that record home to every voter. As New York is a city covering some hundred and forty square miles of space, divided into five different boroughs, separated by waterways, and having a population of many different interests, this was a difficult problem.

The work of preparation for the campaign of education was begun last summer by engaging an expert newspaper man. As reports came in from the various departments the newspaper expert prepared a brief digest in the form of a chapter of a book. This was then sent to the head of the department for verification as to the facts and figures, and then stored away for future use. In this way by the end of the summer a mass of accurate information had been obtained and put into shape for immediate use. Occasionally a one-page leaflet or a two-page circular was issued, so as to have something to send to the local headquarters to help stir up their interest. A statement was given showing how the percentage of losses at fires had been lowered by the present administration as compared with that of Tammany's. Again, a one-page leaflet was issued showing how many bridges, tunnels, subways, and railroad terminals had been started by the Low administration as compared with Tammany's. Wherever one of these was prepared, copies were always sent to the different newspapers, and in this way the matter was brought before the general reading public. Early in September the work of preparing these different chapters for the campaign book had been completed. Bids were called for from various printers for printing ten thousand copies of the campaign book, and the contract was awarded to one. As the proofs were received they were sent for publication and editorial notice in the great daily newspapers.

By the end of September the different organizations had made their resolutions and the campaign proper was on. It then became necessary to extend the work of education beyond the newspapers and bring it home directly to the people. In a political campaign there are certain oral symbols, such as signs, lanterns, lithographs, etc., which bring the public from long usage less grown to expect, and these insignia have a considerable influence in arousing enthusiasm among the voters. Some of the quantities used are as follows: In the campaign of two years ago the Citizens' Union alone, irrespective of the Republicans and Tammany, used 275,000 small lapel-buttons of Lin.

After the candidates were nominated, seventy-five thousand lithographs of Mayor Low were ordered at six dollars a thousand. The lithographs, as well as the buttons, were then sent to all of the local district headquarters, there to be given free of charge to such citizens as cared to use them. The lithographs were to be put up in

local headquarters, shop windows, and the windows of private homes.

Next the question of street banners was taken up, and ten were ordered to be made and set up in the leading points of the city by the Citizens' Union. Each banner had the one general phrase which it had been decided to repeat again and again as representing the special issues of the campaign: "Vote for Low and keep the streets out." In addition, there were notices and inscriptions suitable to the local neighborhood. One banner was made entirely in Yiddish and placed in the Russian Jew quarter.

Two years ago Tammany Hall spent an enormous amount of money in its outdoor advertising of all kinds, its printing bills with one concern alone being over \$400,000, and its total amount for advertising probably footing up as much as between \$130,000 and \$200,000. During the present campaign the Citizens' Union took all the available empty space from one of the sign painting companies, from the battery to the Bronx, covering them—no matter how large—with a solid background of brilliant red, and then having in large conspicuous white letters the campaign slogan.

Very little bill-posting proper was done outside of the painted signs, although a few boards were taken on the Elevated railroad stands. "Snapping"—posting on empty barrels, boxes, walls, fences, and so on—was reserved until the last ten days of the campaign. This is of questionable value, but it is the only way of reaching the people in certain sections of the city, and it is not very costly.

Probably one of the most important bits of successful campaign work accomplished by the Citizens' Union was preparing for each of the six Assembly districts, in all the different boroughs of the city, a one-page circular mentioning by name the specific benefits accomplished by the Low administration for that district. In preparing these it was found that there was not a single district in the city that did not have one peculiarly local benefit, such as a park or a playground, a public bath, or a new schoolhouse hall.

While these pamphlets were being printed and distributed, signs painted and placards posted, a general discussion of the campaign was getting well under way. In a New York municipal election the speaking end of the campaign is always of short duration. This year, owing to the mix-up in candidates, this was especially true, neither side having its first big ratification meeting until within three days of election-day. The campaign signs on both sides began a "white-heat" two weeks' campaign of large indoor and outdoor meetings. For two weeks the struggle went on, and on certain of the leading thoroughfares you could see the "speakers" and "couriers" manning the crowds from the top of a truck or express wagon. Other crowds thronged the leading halls, where the men of the respective parties hurriedly appeared, made their addresses, then dashed off in an automobile to the point to which they were scheduled. By election-day it is safe to say that voters knew at least how good the fusion managers thought was the record of the Low administration. That Mr. Low was not elected is in no wise due to failure in getting the issues before the people.

## A New Light—The N-Rays

By Louis Bell, Ph.D.

SINCE the discovery of the X-rays, the announcement of a new and queer kind of radiation has gradually ceased to be a startling novelty. Most of the new-rays, however, have been radiant freaks, very curious, indeed, but refusing to be properly co-ordinated with each other or with the good old established radiations familiar to science. Therefore the very recent discovery by M. Blondlot of a new variety of light, which behaves as light ought and yet displays some rather unusual properties, is no small comfort to the puzzled investigator. I use "light" here in its broader sense of a regular wave-radiation irrespective of color, or, in fact, of visibility to the unaided eye.

M. Blondlot started in to investigate the "X-rays," using as an indicator a tiny, faint, electric spark from a little induction coil. The spark flashed more brightly when the X-rays fell upon it, and by its aid he was enabled to measure their velocity and thus to clear up much of the mystery which had surrounded them. Presently he found that with the X-rays appeared a new kind of radiation which obeyed all the ordinary laws of light, although the visible light had already been filtered out of the beam by an opaque screen. The new rays penetrated freely aluminum foil, black paper, and other apparently opaque substances, but were readily reflected, refracted, and polarized. They were as powerfully refracted by a quartz lens as prism as to appear at first sight, denizens of the extreme ultraviolet, perhaps only a half-millimeter of an inch long.

As if this discovery were not sensational enough to suit the most exacting, M. Blondlot presently found a similar group of radiations from a common Argand flame, and even from a bit of silver heated to incandescence.

The new radiations are grouped by their discoverer under the

tentative name of N-rays. In their properties they are unmistakably light, but of as yet unknown wave-length, and possess properties which vary upon some of these qualities, as refractivity. Their behavior, however, refrangibility and their powerful action upon electric discharges would naturally suggest a very short wave-length, but their fire radiation from comparatively low temperature sources points in exactly the opposite direction. The mere matter of high refrangibility does not decide the question, for substances refract because they slow down the light waves, and disperse the various colors because they slow down and absorb one wave-length more than another. Great local absorption and great dispersion go hand in hand, and the latter is frequently associated with extraordinary transparency for some particular colors, as if all the opacity of the stuff were concentrated against a single enemy. Thus it appears that while a substance which is fairly transparent to light in general always disperses that light rainbow-wise, with the colors in the order red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, a prism of strongly colored material may mix up the rainbow order in the most chaotic fashion.

The great refrangibility of the N-rays does not, therefore, prove that they are of short wave-length, since quartz has powerful local absorption enough at, unhappily, each end of the spectrum, extreme ultraviolet and extreme infra-red, to account for the most erratic freaks of refraction. Briefly one sort of refraction is as entirely as the other; in the general concentration of the colors, but to generalize in this direction is probably nothing wholly opaque or wholly transparent. We do not know the nature of the complete relation of any one substance to all kinds of light, but the discovery of the N-rays is likely to stretch far the bounds of knowledge.



*Developing the Film on Shipboard.*



*Attaching the Negative to the Pigeon*



*Setting the Pigeon free with the photographic Film which is to be carried to Land*

## PHOTOGRAPHS AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AT SEA

*A new feat in news transmission is being tried in connection with the use of wireless telegraphy at sea by which a photograph of an event may be sent ashore almost simultaneously with the message describing it. A snap shot is taken and rapidly developed. The negative, in the shape of a film, is dried, rolled into as small a compass as possible, and secured to a carrier-pigeon. The bird is then released, and the photograph sent to its destination on shore.*



**"Marta of the Lowlands"**

"Marsick," a peasant, is induced by the village landlord to marry "Marta," a naive girl whom he has wronged. After the marriage the landlord again becomes estranged with "Marta," but is finally killed by "Marsick," who has been told by his wife of the squire's design to betray his former master.



**"The Man from Blankley's"**

Mr. Hawtry plays the part of "Lord Southcopper," who appears as a guest at the wrong house, and is mistaken for a hired detective from "Blankley's." The governess, whom he takes to be dressed, turns out to be the old nurse of his. The situation is embarrassing, but matters are cleared up, and the governess is asked to become his wife.



**"The Fisher Maiden"**

In Mr. Van Tilver's opera, "Marilyn" ("The Fisher Maiden") is in love with a sailor whom she has not seen since childhood. An extraordinary coincidence, in order to further his own ends, persuades an officer to play the sailor. The plot is based on the situation which follows the arrest of the real lover.



**"Raffles, the Amateur Crackman"**

"Raffles" (Mr. Bellet) is a gentleman burglar who steals for the sport of the game. The theft of a diamond necklace at a country house in which he is a guest very nearly brings about his capture by the detective "Captain Bellet" (E. M. Hollenb). The final escape of "Raffles" is one of the most thrilling incidents of the play.

## AMONG THE NEW PLAYS

Gwinna's Spanish drama, "Marta of the Lowlands," has recently finished a successful run at the Manhattan and West End Theatres, New York, and has now gone on the road. At the Garrick Theatre Mr. Charles Hawtry is appearing in Anstey's comedy of London life, "The Man from Blankley's." "The Fisher Maiden" an opera by Harry Van Tilver, is playing at the Victoria, and at the Princess Theatre "Raffles," with Mr. Cyril Bellet as the amateur crackman, succeeds Mr. D'Oray and "The End of Punctured"



### MISS ROSE COGHLAN AS "PENELOPE"

*Miss Coghlan plays the part of "Ulysses's" faithful wife in the poetic drama by Stephen Phillips now running at the Garden Theatre, New York. During the hero's long absence from Ithaca she has remained constant to him in spite of the offers of many suitors. When "Ulysses" finally returns, he finds that she has agreed to accept that one among her suitors who can bend her husband's great bow. Each tries and fails, whereupon "Ulysses" appears in disguise, performs the required feat, and is reunited with "Penelope."*



What We Sell to Manchuria

The trade of the United States with Manchuria, China, shows no perceptible change in 1932 as compared with 1931. Figures just compiled by the Department of Commerce and Labor show that the total imports into the port of Newchwang, the principal doorway through which Manchuria is at present supplied, amounted in 1932 to eighteen million baikwan taels in value, against seventeen million in 1931, and eight millions in 1930. The official report of the Chinese government does not specify all classes of merchandise received into Newchwang from the United States, but does specify the four principal articles—American jeans, drills, sheetings, and kerosene. The total value of these four articles of American production reported as brought into Newchwang in 1932, either coming direct from the United States or from other parts of China, was 6,118,920 baikwan taels, which at the official valuation of the baikwan tael in 1932 would make the total value in United States currency \$3,934,920. (The average value of the baikwan tael during 1932 is shown by the Chinese government in its report as sixty-three cents.) The total value of merchandise from the United States imported into China in 1932 was 30,138,713 taels, against 23,326,096 taels in 1931.

ARMOR to MORGAN—Has. W. Morgan's business wears should always be used for children clothing. It washes the child, soothes the skin, softens all parts, grows tired out, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.—[Adv.]

IF YOU ARE LOOKING for a perfect condensed milk guaranteed to hold sugar, top Borden's Patent Brand Evaporated Cream. It is not only a perfect food for infants, but its delicate flavor and richness make it superior to any cream for cereals, coffee, tea, chocolate, and general household cooking. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.—[Adv.]

Telephone Service in your home will save many small conveniences. Low rates, excellent service. New York Telephone Company, 16 Day Street, 111 West 20th Street.—[Adv.]

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's, the original and famous Bitter—the best known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.—[Adv.]

When you are in the Club, drink a nice cold bottle of COCA'S DESSERT SODA. This Champagne. An extra class beverage.—[Adv.]

Choose the Peer's CIGAR. It is pleasant to take and never tires the tongue. At druggists. 25 cents.—[Adv.]

Use BROWN'S Camellion Soap—BROWN'S CAMELLION SOAP for the face. 25 cents.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS

Pear's'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made—the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pear's'

Sold all over the world.



On October 1, 1933, a regular stock model Columbia 34 1/2 P. Gasoline Touring Car reached New York City from Chicago, having covered 1,137 miles in 76 hours (total elapsed time), establishing the greatest road records. During this wonderful run a repair was made to the machine other than stopping a puncture.

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# The Alterkrontz Conspiracy

By N. G. Smith



"I took seven days to make the world and forty to destroy it," the ex-Chancellor smiled. "For thirty years I have labored to uphold this kingdom. In six months it shall be no more. Ritzler," he said, and turned half-condescendingly to the earnest man at his elbow, "together we must inevitably triumph."

The other nodded. "If it were not for the Crown-Princess," he said, finally, "there would be nothing easier. His Majesty, as you know, can't live through the war."

The knob turned and the door swung open, revealing a young man who looked about him with a slow deliberateness that in a person of more energy might have been curiosity. "What the devil are you doing here?" the Count, asked, angrily.

"You don't seem to be glad to see me," said the young man, "Fritz."

The ex-Chancellor looked at his son, and his face relaxed. "Seriously, Fritz," he said, "you ought not to be here at this time. And you interrupted a sale. But"—turning to Ritzler—"if I decide to take the horses, I'll let you know by four o'clock."

Ritzler rose and bowed with some formality. "At your service, Chancellor, at any time," he said. "Good morning, Count."

The old man sighed. "Now you are here, what are you going to do with yourself?" he asked. "I suppose you've already been made to feel that I am no longer Chancellor."

"Can't say I have. I met Prince Ludwig at the club, and he insisted that I go to the ball to-night. Wants me to see his royal facade. It's a pity any woman should have to marry that little scub. By the way, he says she's pretty."

"Yes," replied the ex-Chancellor, "she is."

"It is rather warm for dancing," the young Prince was saying, "but I have known it warmer. I remember the night that I came of age." What happened on that evening the Princess never knew. In that instant her eyes, resting on Fritz von Linden, grew large and wonderfully lustrous, and her face became as suddenly white.

"Take me where I can get a breath of air!" she said. And not waiting his answer, she led the way to the nearby balcony. "I have danced too much and need the air. You may come for me in five minutes."

His Royal Highness rose with alacrity. "I'll smoke a cigar and come back," he said, and stepped into the ball-room.

The Princess was relieved to be alone. She closed her eyes, and before she opened them again knew that von Linden had stepped from the window on to the balcony. Dazed by his audacity, she was hardly conscious that, fighting to see her for the first time, he stammered, "I beg your pardon!" and started, very slowly, to withdraw.

It was then she remembered her rank and its privileges with a sudden thrill of pleasure. "Will you get me a glass of water?" she said, calmly.

When von Linden returned she drank the water slowly, and looked at him critically between sips.

"You are the new lord-in-waiting?" she asked, finally.

"No," said von Linden.

The brevity of his answer was annoying. "I thought you must be. I don't think I ever saw you before," she continued.

"Possibly not, your Highness." His manner was frankly admiring, and his forgetfulness of her rank was contagious.

"Oh, I know who you are?" she retorted. "You are the Chancellor's son."

"Yes," he said, smiling, "as rather the ex-Chancellor. How did you know?"

She hesitated, then lowered her eyes. "I think I must have known you from description. I have heard the maids of honor talk about you."

The young man hesitated. "I had never seen your Highness before to-night," he began.

"I have an liberty in town," she interrupted. Then added meditatively: "We are going to the summer palace next week, you know. At Kronheim I run about quite like a country girl, and take long rides or walks in the woods. We have a summer-house overlooking the Stralitz Valley where I sometimes sit for hours in the afternoons. It is such a relief to be alone."

"But Prince Ludwig will accompany you!"

"No. He says it would be too quiet for him. But he will visit us from time to time. I think we will stay there till—" She paused, overcome with a sudden emotion.

"Till the autumn," she amended, quickly.

The night air had become oppressive, uncharged with the cloying odor of roses that bloomed below. Far off in the palace garden a fountain plashed, and from within came the notes of a Strauss waltz. But the Princess did not hear the music, nor smell the roses, nor yield to the soft influence of the night. For the young man bending over her seemed to have absorbed the beauty of the earth and sky, to exhale the freshness of spring and the ardor of its sunshine. She felt his gaze upon her face, and the next instant his fingers closed over hers. She felt, she knew that he was about to kiss her, and all the danger of the situation rushed upon her. Her rank, her betrothal, her own self-respect, but for one moment she experienced what seemed the obsession of all sensation, perhaps one of those short eclipses of the moral sense which the good know only in dreams; the next he had kissed her, and she more shocked than she at his presumption, sank to his knees in an appeal for forgiveness that was nevertheless a tremulous protestation of love. But the Princess had risen to her feet, her face had sunk suffused. "I must go in," she said, in a dazed way.

Von Linden raised his eyes. "Please forgive me," he pleaded.

She looked at him, and her eyes softened. "It must have been my fault or it couldn't have happened," she said; then added, tremulously, as she moved away, "I will forgive you if you will forget it."

Von Linden bent his head. "I prefer to remain unforgiven," he said, and looking up saw that she had gone. For a moment he wondered if she had heard him.

In the course of the succeeding fortnight young von Linden smoked a little more, and perhaps played a little higher than was his custom. And he wondered at intervals whether the Princess in telling him she was going to Kronheim where she often went about alone, had meant to give him a rendezvous.

It was one day while in this shifting mood of indecision that the ex-Chancellor said to him, "Fritz, when are you going to Kronheim?"

The question had presented itself to his own mind so often that mechanically he gave the stereotyped reply. "I don't know that I'll go at all."

The next morning, however, when he remarked that he thought of running up to Paris for a day or so, his father received the announcement in apparent good faith, and remarking that it might do him good, stirred his coffee, reflectively. And the same afternoon when the Princess Isabel, looking tired and slightly pale from the heat, took her way to the little summer-house overlooking the Stralitz Valley, the figure which she had expected to see, in the same time suddenly appeared, and she darkened her face a little. As she stood, slender, dark, glowing with delight in his presence, she seemed so little the Princess he remembered and so much the woman he loved that von Linden at once lost sight of the barriers of decorum and the common sense of the morning after had raised between them.

"Your Highness is glad to see me?" he asked, as he kissed the hand she extended.

"Don't call me your Highness," she answered. "It reminds me of a rank you must try to make me forget."

"I would have to forget it myself first," he bantered.

She looked at him between half-closed lids. "Such things have happened," she smiled. "But they must never happen again!"

Von Linden laughed. "Does the Princess say that or the woman?" he asked.

She sat down. "I think it ought to be both, don't you? A house divided against itself cannot stand," she added.

Then, involuntarily she touched his arm with a light caressing movement. "I am so glad you have come," she said. "Prince Ludwig is expected this afternoon. Is it anything to you that they will make me marry him?"

Her remark recalled to von Linden all the difficulties of a



situation, which is the enjoyment of the moment he had forgotten. "You needn't have him unless you like," he protested.

He smiled bitterly. Had she guessed the wild dream he had been indulging as he sat beside her, and moaned to shatter them with a careless word? But the next moment she smiled. "You know there is very little choice in princes."

"Then a prince is not your ideal? What is your ideal?" he asked abruptly.

She turned and looked at him.

"What a magnificent view!" said a voice behind them. Von Linden sprang to his feet. Small, compact, self-assured, His Royal Highness nodded to him. "This is an unexpected pleasure," he said glibly. "They told me I'd find you alone, Isabel. Von Linden, what are you doing here, more than twenty miles from a diw-lax?"

It was a long speech for His Royal Highness, and delivered with much apparent ease. In reply the Princess greeted him cordially and simply. Of the three, only von Linden seemed embarrassed, and perceiving this returned to him, smiling. "I am afraid Ludwig wants me to think you a gambler, Count."

"A gambler!" echoed Prince Ludwig. "I rather think so. He plays for higher stakes than any man in Europe."

Isabel looked at him in amazement. There was no mistaking the point of his words. "And generally wins them?" she asked.

For a month the King treated his daughter's refusal to marry Prince Ludwig as a joke; indeed, not until their return to the capital did he realize that she was wholly serious in her determination.

Since their meeting at Kronheim the Princess had not seen von Linden, but the day after his departure he had received a slip of paper upon which the announcement of the rupture of her engagement was written by a woman. It had puzzled him greatly at first, but after ten minutes' reflective musing it occurred to him that it might have come from her, and as he heard nothing about it at the palace, this soon grew to be a conviction. And he had written her several notes which in some way found their way to her hands. Short, disconnected, sincere, and with a tendency to anti-climax, they nevertheless served to sustain her during many stormy interviews with the King. But where argument had failed, where abuse and threats against von Linden had been met with contemptuous silence, her father, older and more broken than she had ever seen him, had by an appeal to her honor as a member of the reigning house, and to her filial affection, extracted a half promise that she would do as he wished, and had left her. For ten minutes she held back the tears, but when the room began to swim and her head seemed full to bursting she flung herself upon her bed and wept. How long she never knew. She was aroused by a knock at her door.

"Young Highness," said the young woman who entered, "Chancellor von Alter and Count Mindheim ask an audience."

"Now?" said the Princess, startled. "What can they want with me?" But, red-eyed and with disheveled hair, she walked into her drawing-room.

The old Chancellor bowed over her hand, then looked at her long and gently, but did not speak.

"You asked for me?" she began, in a puzzled voice.

His glance turned to Count Mindheim, as though for assistance, but the Count did not break the silence. "We bring your Majesty sad news," he said at last. "The King was stricken with apoplexy while driving in the park." Then, in a voice that was scarcely audible, "He is dead."

Isabel, Queen of Alferkraatz! She looked at herself in her trailing black and wondered if she could be the creature of careless moods and fancies of a young lover. The week succeeding her father's death had been full of haste and incident; save in her sleeping hours she had not had a moment's solitude. She saw ever more the swollen body as it lay in state, the sombre pageantry of the majestic funeral that had been followed by countless interviews with self-important ministers whose attitudes seemed to blend defiance to the Queen and condescension to the woman.

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The outcome of these interviews she hardly knew; she had signed the papers brought her, reading them sometimes, but without grasping their meaning. One brief conversation with von Altler she remembered clearly; it concerned her marriage.

"I hesitate to approach your Majesty upon such a subject at this time," he had begun, "but your Majesty is at an age when it is natural to think of marriage. Among the princes whose proposals are known to you, has your Majesty any choice?"

"No," she answered, curtly, "none."

"I may infer, then, they are all equally acceptable?"

"Equally unacceptable."

There was a silence. "Has your Majesty any one else in view?"

he had asked. Finally,

"The question

of your Majesty's

choice of a husband

is one of paramount

importance. The

situation in the

country is one that

needs a strong

head and a united

ministry to meet it.

It would be a relief

to have these minor

questions settled as

soon as possible."

"These minor

questions!" The

young Queen almost

laughed. "I will

consider your sug-

gestions, Baron,"

she said, and the

slight tinge of wre-

ddiness in her voice

closed the interview.

Perhaps the per-

son most aggrieved

by the King's death

in all the country

had been ex-Chan-

cellor von Linden

for with the news

his slowly maturing

plans of vengeance

had collapsed. His

stern, the man who

had humiliated him

by his ingratitude,

was dead. He had

no longer any desire

to make Altkrona

a republic. He cer-

tainly knew the

young Queen no ill

will. Perhaps, if

she were really in

love with his son,

but, even so, the

thing was impos-

sible. Nevertheless,

the fire of an un-

quenchable ambition

rose in his heart,

and within twenty-

four hours he had

notified Bittler that

their agreement to

overthrow the gov-

ernment was at an

end. It was two

days later he deter-

mined to get some

definite grasp of the

situation from his

son. Touching a

bell, he said to the

old servant who an-

swered it, "Send the

young Count to me."

When his son en-

tered the ex-Chan-

cellor looked at him

gavely, "Fried-

rich," he began.

The young man

looked puzzled, then

his face broadened

into its slow smile. He

remembered that when

he was a child his

father had never

called him Friedrich

except when about

to beg him.

"Tell me just how

matters stand between

you and the Queen,"

he continued. "It is

important that I should

know."

For three minutes



Drawn by T. de Thuldoer

"My reign is over," she sighed, wearily

for; then they passed out. Suddenly there was a succession of crashes, and from the windows above a shower of shattered glass. The Queen swung forward. She was no longer frightened, but determined. She surveyed the crowd below. She raised her hand as a sign that she wished to speak to them.

"I don't know what you want," she said. "Perhaps you do not. But if there is anything I am responsible for it can soon be settled. If you have any leader who can guarantee protection to my people I will surrender the Palace to him and the crown to you."

Then she turned to von Linden, who now stood beside her, silent and dazed by the sudden turn of events. "My reign is over," she sighed, wearily.

He took her hand and kissed it, holding her eyes with his.

"No," he said, smiling brightly, "it has just begun."

had been a dairy-maid and I a gardener's assistant I suppose we might have been considered engaged. But," he added, with assumed carelessness, "of course it is all over now."

"I don't know that," was the reply. "You are taking a man's point of view. There is an accounting for women."

Young von Linden sighed. A servant entered and handed the ex-Chancellor a note. One glimpse of the handwriting and the young man sprang forward. "That must be for me!" he said.

Young von Linden read it.

"Please come to the Palace at once."

He laughed joyously. Then he turned to the waiting serv-

vant. "Who brought this?"

"An orderly. He

appeared to be in a

great hurry to go

and said you were

to follow him. The

streets are full of

strikers," the man

added. "The order

for a general strike

went out at four

this morning."

The ex-Chancellor

started. Bittler was

evidently playing it

alone. But Fritz

had already arisen.

"We must go at

once," he said.

It was five blocks

to the Queen

Boulevard, and

along it fifteen to

the Palace. The

side streets seemed

deserted, but the

avenue was throng-

ed, not with its

usual holiday

crowd, but with

groups of excited

strikers.

When they reached

the Palace they saw

that already a large

crowd had gathered

about its gates,

above which rose

the royal lions mas-

sively impressive.

They were shown

into the Queen's

apartment. Fritz

von Linden's eyes,

eagerly seeking

Isabel, ignored the

group of gray-

bearded men gath-

ered about a table,

and saw only the

slender figure at its

head, and in the an-

swering glow of her

eyes and the sudden

troubling of the

fingers that rested

on the great table

he read that she

was glad of his

presence.

She walked to the

window where he

was standing. "Let

us go out," she

said, indicating a

small balcony. "We

are nothing more

than spectators, you

and I."

She put her arm

in his, and for a mo-

ment they stood re-

fracted in a large ma-

hedral of crashes,

and from the windows

above a shower of

shattered glass. The

Queen swung forward.

She was no longer

frightened, but de-

termined. She sur-

veyed the crowd below.

She raised her hand

as a sign that she

wished to speak to

them.

"I don't know what

you want," she said.

"Perhaps you do not.

But if there is any-



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### The Progress of Science

#### A Picturesque Fact

In that admirable record of scientific achievement, *The Story of Nineteenth Century Science*, written just before the discovery of radium, Dr. Williams says that chemistry has by an exact calculation the resources of the earth's supply of raw material. During the preceding year two new terrestrial elements had been discovered; but one of these had for years been known to the astronomer as a solar element and named helium because of its abundance in the sun. The spectroscopist had reached out millions of miles into space and brought back this new element, and it took the chemist a score of years to discover that he had all along had samples of the same substance unrecognized in his terrestrial laboratory. There is hardly a more picturesque fact than that in the entire history of scientific investigation.

#### Nitrogen the Inexhaustible Fertilizer

There is a happy coincidence in the appearance, in the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, of Mr. Ray Standaard Fisher's article on "The Scientist and the Food Problem." In it he states the facts in connection with the exhaustion of the soil in agricultural lands, the resulting depletion of nitrogenous products, which are the greatest of all natural fertilizers. "The problem," he says, "as seen by the pessimists, is simple: The world is reaching the limits of its capacity for food production, while the population continues to increase enormously. How soon will starvation begin?" But Mr. Fisher is not pessimistic.

When man seems just at the limit of his resources, science and invention step in and open new fields, literally as well as figuratively. The writer proceeds to give an account of the fine work in scientific fertilization that is being accomplished. Almost simultaneously with the publication of this useful article comes the announcement that two American electrochemists, Mr. C. S. Bradley and Mr. D. R. Lovley, have perfected an invention by which the nitrogen of the atmosphere is readily turned to nitric acid and made available, in abundance and at a moderate cost, for agricultural fertilization and commercial use. This fixation of nitrogen is effected by electrolytic treatment of the atmosphere. The inventors of the process seem to have arrived at this important achievement by following up a clue furnished by Dr. Priestley, a famous philosopher, as long ago as the eighteenth century. Sir William Crookes, too, recently proposed that nitrogen be obtained in this way. There are seven tons of nitrogen gas weighting down every square yard of the surface of the earth. Thus a building the size of Carnegie Music Hall holds about twenty-seven tons of nitrogen, and if this could be fixed in the form of nitrate of soda it would be worth at least \$10,000. The immense quantities of the new invention may be gathered from the following remarks of Mr. Baker in the article before mentioned: "The failure of the nitrogen of the soil, the lack of ability to supply it in sufficient quantities by artificial means has formed the basis of the prediction of coming starvation made by Sir William Crookes and others. Indeed, if the world ever starved it will starve from lack of nitrogen; and yet if such starvation takes place it will be a world full of nitrogen."

#### The New Edison Battery

It is now announced that Mr. Edison's new "charging machine," as he calls his perfected battery—to which reference was made in this column last week—will at first cost \$450, but a reduction in price is promised. It is still claimed that this battery will run your automobile, light your house, cook your meals, and do almost any other odd job of a motive order that you like to impose on the laws of nature. The cells of the battery have just been made public. The cells are oblong in shape, 14 inches high, 4 inches wide, and 3½ inches thick. They weigh a fraction over 14 pounds each, and three of them represent one horsepower. These cells fit the body of a vehicle, side by side, and are connected by insulating wires. There is no leakage or deterioration in the batteries. They are made of nickel and iron oxides immersed in an alkaline liquid.

Music

The Season's Opening—Mr. Wetzier's Concert

The musical season of 1903-4—the most promising and momentous in several years—was opened with impressive ceremonies on October 20 at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Hermann Haas Wetzier, his orchestra, and M. Jacques Thibaud serving as the important incidents of the occasion. Mr. Wetzier cherishes a wholly laudable ambition to become a commanding figure in the local orchestral field. It has been questioned whether he is as yet quite adequate to the demands of so eminent a place as he aspires to fill, and it must be admitted that judgment, poise, and authority are scarcely his most striking possessions. On the other hand, he has individuality, ideas, and a most contagious enthusiasm. His reading the other evening of Liszt's "Mazepa" was eloquent and telling; rich in color and emotion; one must, however, emphatically dissent from his view of the Beethoven symphony (the seventh) which he played, for this was ragged, ill-balanced, at times feeble-minded.

M. Thibaud, the young French violinist whom Mr. Wetzier's concert served to introduce to America, is a musician of exquisite cogarity. He has a tone like spun honey, a singular purity and refinement of technique, and is severely unconscious of the heights, and he makes a continual sacrifice of virility and significance to more lusciousness of effect; but he is, nevertheless, in his slight and limited way, a master.

Paul Once More

Adrián Patti, otherwise the Baroness Cedersjö, returned to the American concert stage last week for what we are earnestly assured is "the very last time." The wits have done admirably in the past with the subject of the diva's bear-takings, so we may verge to them the surprising opportunities of the present. But what of that sonorous voice which has been for generations an international tradition? The most scrupulous palliast cannot blink the fact that the voice which so valiantly projected itself into the spaces of Carnegie Hall last week has lost all but a pitiable remnant of its former loveliness, its inimitable and haunting magic. The art which is its controlling impulse is as dexterously heedful as of old, but the voice itself is soulless and worn. It has still its appealing tones—but these are occasional only. And at the end one realizes, a little sadly, that the Patti of yesterday—the Patti of our mothers—is but a unique and receding memory.

The Kneisel Quartet

That rare flower of the musical life of America, the Kneisel Quartet, seems happily to have become active to our immediate neighborhood. The twelfth season of the quartet in New York was inaugurated last week at Mendelssohn Hall by a concert of familiar complexion—familiar in its fairness of accomplishment, its loveliness of mood, its charming artistic dignity. Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Theodorovic, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Schroeder played Schubert's B minor quartet as they alone can play it—with superb and flawless excellence, and, at the end, a slight but charming quartet in G major by one of the neo-Rossinis, Alexander Kopylov. With Mr. Schroeder played the beautiful A major waltz, sonata of Beethoven—a eloquent and virile performance.

Music and the Solar Plexus

We print herewith a portion of an interesting communication which has been received from Mr. Adair Weicker, of San Francisco, concerning a recent noteworthy achievement in American music.

"The Rosemary March, by my sister Miss Henrietta Weicker, is one that, played on the piano, it has caused in some cases, when he to them seemed like an almost unendurable or irresistible impulse to do so, and, played on the piano, warmth will be conveyed in and fire aroused in the Solar plexus."



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The latest Portrait of Margaret Deland, whose new Volume of Stories, "Dr. Lavender's People," has recently been published

## Margaret Deland

FIVE years ago Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford wrote: "Mrs. Deland may write many books rich with love of nature and knowledge of human nature, with well constructed and sustained plot and all the fine sparkle of the give and take of dialogue; but both she and her readers will be very fortunate if she ever achieves any finer work than the best of that in *Old Chester Tales*." It would be interesting to hear Mrs. Spofford's judgment of the new volume of this Chester tales just published under the title, *Dr. Lavender's People*. We may be sure that she would find in it not only finer work, but back of it a richness and maturity of power, a fertility of imagination, a deep and moving sense of the human drama which have ripened and expanded her vision and strengthened her grasp of reality. Her faculty of observation is as acute, her intuition as profound and

true, her characterization as firm and sure, her humor as subtle and searching, and her ethical insight as keen and clear as in the work of five years ago. But there is that something more in *Dr. Lavender's People* which is better felt than described; that something which is the reward of living to the imaginative mind, and the secret of genius. For the growth of the imagination is as subtle and elusive as the processes of biology.

It is a significant fact that Mrs. Deland's literary efflorescence bloomed first in verse, and that some of those early poems were scribbled on the leaves of a market book which fortunately fell into the hands of a sympathetic friend who recognized and encouraged the awakening of the young writer's power. The justification of poetry and the market-place has been strongly marked in Mrs. Deland's work from the beginning. Her hold on the



The Hallway and Stairway

Mrs. Deland's Home in Boston



The Library and Study

physical and material needs of life has been as strong as her grasp on the moral and spiritual. It is this deep humanity in her, this breadth of sympathy and comprehensive insight which sees life whole and enables her to present all sides of the drama that asks so close and intimate an appeal, and gives nobility and sanity to her view of life. The waywardness and limitations of human nature are ever present with her in sight of the depths of human tragedy and the heights of spiritual victory or defeat. The case of Alvington Keen and Mary Gordon in "The Note" is one of the best examples in the new volume. "I tell you," says Dr. Lavendar, himself an exponent of this truth, "only the Lord knows what is lying in the darkness of human nature. In fact," he proceeds, as he reflects on poor slumped Almy struggling with "the stirring of God within him,"—"in fact, as I get older, there is nothing more constantly astonishing to me than the goodness of the Bad;—unless it is the madness of the Good." One feels the insistence of the note struck by Almy: "I guess God's more easy than some people"; and in this enlightened optimism and its dramatic development in these stories Mrs. Deland's genius is more spiritually allied with George Eliot's than some others for whom the claim has been made. That is an illuminating passage in which the clergyman and the physician are arranged humorously by Miss Harriet—and, like George Eliot, it is more often than not by a shaft of humor Mrs. Deland wings her moral: "The trouble with you doctors is that you make people think about their insides. It's stomachs with Willy and souls with you. Nobody ought to know that they have a stomach or a soul. I don't. A tree don't. And there isn't an oak in Old Chester that isn't pleasanter than Mrs. Drayton. Yet she's always frowning about her insides—spiritual and material!" To which Dr. Lavendar rejoins, "It's when you don't have 'em that you fuss; the trouble isn't too much soul, it's too little. And I guess it's the same with stomachs." And there is this phrase which crystallizes the truth that finds dramatic solution in all of Mrs. Deland's work: "It was the elemental protest of the flesh, which cannot understand the regal and unacquainted soul."

Not by that *tour de force*, *Johanna Ward, Preacher*, will Mrs. Deland find permanent place in literature any more than will Mrs. Humphrey Ward by *Robert Elwood*, which rose and fell with the wind of religious controversy that raged around their respective problems; but by *Old Chester Tales* and *Dr. Lavendar's People* and the novels which we hope are to follow soon, will Mrs. Deland assert herself of her best, and take that distinctive leadership in American fiction which we believe is now at her command. She has never shown so perfect and supreme a mastery of her art as she does in this new book, and she bids us instinctively look for a work that will combine the variety and

range of her ripened gifts with the sustained and more elaborate proportions of the novel. Not that *Old Chester Tales* and *Dr. Lavendar's People* are to be measured by the common collection of short stories. They have a reality and community of place and people with a variety of theme and situations, which pertain to the quality of a long novel, and in the central figure of Dr. Lavendar, surrounded by his people in Old Chester, we are made to perceive the separate stories as sketches composing a single picture. Mrs. Deland's loving portraits of Dr. Lavendar has reached Dr. Maclure and other large human figures in fiction to some minds; her imaginative use of the village of Manchester, near Pittsburg (Mervee in the stories) for the quiet setting of Old Chester, where her childhood was passed, has tempered others in like her habitat to Cromford; and her style and treatment of village life have brought to mind Jane Austen and Miss Mitford. But the fact remains that Mrs. Deland has shown an original quality, and a selection of material which is indubitably her own. In her own field she is inimitable, and has invited no one. There is no one writing to-day whose work more undeniably possesses that distinction which is the hall mark of literature, and which conveys the classic touch that ensures remembrance.

Mrs. Deland has never sought publicity, although she is no recluse. Her days are spent mainly out-of-doors, and it is the odor of flowers and not the smell of the lamp that exudes from her fragrant pages. Her passion for flowers and old gardens is apparent in her work were there so other evidence. In *An Old Garden*, her volume of poems, was a spontaneous expression of this passion, and was the impulse that led her into literature. One of the prosaic bits of ruled paper torn from the market book aforementioned is still in existence, I believe, containing the pencilled lines of "The Clover," with a graceful sprig of the flower traced over the page. Her home on Beacon Hill, Boston, blossoms within like spring with plants and flowers in the chilled New England water. Her study window looks toward the Common, and the eye sweeps a wide horizon over the neighboring chimney-tops from the south to where in the north Mrs. Deland takes her flight with the swallow to her summer home at Kennebunkport, Maine. Here she loves to work for hours in the large garden surrounding the long, low attractive house that breathes an atmosphere of content and peace. The jongsils which are seen in the picture below are her special pride. Like the author of *Laura's Poems*, the creator of Dr. Lavendar and his people is jealous of her personal life, though sharing an unlimited hospitality with a wide circle of friends, content to live her own life in her own way, and when her books are written to "throw them over the garden wall," as Blackmore put it, for that larger hospitality of intellectual commonwealth which has made the world of readers greatly her debtor.



Mrs. Deland in her Garden at Kennebunkport



# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

**I**N *The Reluctant City*, Mr. E. F. Benson has given us a novel of London and New York which, like everything he writes, is clever and lively reading. There is a body, so to speak, a solidity of mind in English fiction, even of the most mediocre, which is generally lacking in American novels. We have our compositions, to be sure. We are not profound thinkers perhaps, like the Earl of Fawceter, but we are at least superficially alert. And so to us much English fiction is dull and stupid. But Mr. Benson has a lively wit and brilliancy which give sparkle to his profuse passages, and it is entertaining, not to say enlightening, obviously enlightening, to see ourselves as Mr. Benson sees us in *The Reluctant City*. The *Reluctant City* is, of course, New York, though why "of course," one might pause to ask who has laid the grim brutality of London with Henry James—she as like a mighty ogre who detours human flesh." This reluctance is carried like a dominant note throughout the novel, and is not without its dramatic effect.

It sounds it in the opening chapter in a passage that has the ominous forecast of a prelude: "All the old landmarks, as the great wheel of human life whirled down the road of the centuries, seemed to be passing out of sight; the world was racing westward, where America sat high on the sea, grown like some portentous mammoth in a single night. There, at the present moment, the inexorable, the relentless, the inevitable of nature was working out its everlasting proposition that the oneforce in the material world was wealth. England had had her turn, as Rome had had her turn, and even as the borders of barbarism had swept over the countries that had been hers, till they reached and took the capital itself—even so." "It must be confessed," Mr. Benson admits, "that England has fallen into the hands of very kindly foes."

Again, later in the story, when it is asked of America: "Is he quite unscrupulous?" the answer is: "Not unscrupulous exactly, but relentless. That is the spirit of America. It fascinates me and it repels me. Some of them remind me of destiny." At first the reader may, like Bertie, be "jaded by the voices, manners, aims, methods of looking at life of the society" that Mr. Benson has satirized in his novel, but the ready wit of the native will quickly demonstrate the truth of character and the exaggeration of caricature which this satirist

has used to paint and adorn a tale. The satire is seldom biting or bitter except where deserved; one is made to feel that Mr. Benson, while not quite sure what to make of us, admires us, and stands just a bit in awe of us. He appreciates the wider area and latitude of our general geography. He appears to like, more and more, the quality of mind in us which may be broadly rated wealthlessness. And the effect which a visit to New York has upon Mrs. Nydal Massington is surely a tribute to our strenuous life.

"To work—that was the impulse she had brought back with her from America; not to scheme merely with her busy brain, to intrigue, to flail, as she always had found, endless amusement and entertainment in watching others, even though she carried her intellect to its fullest in intently watching them, but to make some plan, and carry it out, to find some work to do and do it." After all, it is very much with London as with New York the Reluctant: not in obstinacy does she fill her man and play the ogress (in call on Mr. James again), but to keep herself alive and in her tremendous work.

No novel of character is without its moral, but the moral of *The Reluctant City* is lightly winged, and speeds home through

kindling mirth and laughter. Mr. Benson's purpose was primarily to amuse, and his characters, whether English or American, serve that end. The plot has a touch of melodrama, and we can scarcely forgive Mr. Benson the inconsistency of character in making a heavy villain out of Mr. Hilton, who, as type of the enterprising American improviser or theatrical manager, is drawn with rare fidelity and truth to life. Dolly Eastworth, too, the clever actress who comes to see and conquer an American audience on her first appearance, is a pitifully reminiscent of her kind—the embodiment of vitality and serene passion. Not even her friends, and they were many, ever accused her of morality, but, on the other hand, all children adored her. That is an item not to be disregarded when the moralist adds up his balance-sheet." It is Dolly who is the innocent cause of all the trouble in the story, for she thought she had destroyed Bertie's "lyrical love-letter" to her in a magnanimous moment, but it is subsequently used as a means of black-

mail on Bertie, who marries the American millionaire's daughter; and it is Dolly who, in the nick of time, averts the domestic tragedy which threatens to engulf the peace and happiness of the Anglo-American alliance. As frequently happens where beautiful women play the devil and the angel with equal charm and vivacity, Dolly is the most alluring and attractive creature in the book. The story is certainly highly amusing, and if viewed as affording glimpses of some aspect of the social world, and not the whole world, or the best of it by any means, one will close the book with a sense of having been entertained a lot, and coiffed a little, by the spectacle of a comedy of manners in high life. Otherwise one might be tempted to say to Mr. Benson: "Almost thou perchance me to be a cynic!"

Is the influence of Mark Twain's earlier work being missed to any extent in our fiction? It looks like it. I heard it contended the other day that the greatest American novel was Tom Sawyer and not *The Scarlet Letter*. I believe that library statistics show that no living author's old books are so widely read in this country as Mark Twain's, so that the influence of Tom Sawyer and *Huckleberry Finn* must be widespread indeed. Mark Twain sought his heroes among the boys of the lowest democratic level, and if you have observed the trend of current fiction lately, you will find that

present-day novelists are emulating Mark Twain's democratic and simple ideals. Not to multiply examples, I have in mind three works of fiction issued within the year in which the hero emerges from a boyhood of obscure parentage and the rudest surroundings. It is *Robert in our democracy* that the child who is shown to be father of the man should spring from pioneer stock and be fitted with picturesque credulity and practical romance. Tom Sawyer is the natural forerunner of "Jawn" blood in *The Whirlwind*, of Billy Williams in *The Vagabond*, and of Chad in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. And the notable thing about these three novels is that their finest and most original quality resides in their portrayal of boyhood life. It is when the boy reaches manhood that the story in each case becomes more conventional and less original. A curious coincidence, by the way, has led these three authors to lay the track of their story through the colossal field of the Civil War, and in the beginning both the "Little Shepherd" and the "Vagabond" ran away to the large adventure of their boyhood dreams. Both boys come into their kingdom and win the lady of their choice, as romance would have it, stays on the opposite side, the Southern, of the national struggle until it is ended. The *Vagabond* has already been reviewed in these columns, and some



E. F. Benson  
Author of "The Reluctant City"

months ago I called attention to Mr. Hughes's remarkably strong work, *The Whirlwind*. Of Mr. Fox's *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom* I may be said that it contains the most mature and artistic work, and makes a strong case for popularity. It is built on broad romantic lines, and has little to do with the realism of human events, but it is a healthy, picturesque romance of civil-war days which will attract many readers. I will have a lingering fondness for this work, which I like to see neglected, and should be a phase of existence which was distinctively American. Nothing this young author has yet written will live so long as his *Ball for Madam*, A Cumberland *Widdowet*, and *A Mountain Karoon*, which I admonish the reader to procure if he has neglected them. Of the three novellas named, I like to add that *The Whirlwind* seems to me to be by far the most finished and original work. Mr. Hughes had the courage of his artistic convictions, and refused to strain probability for the sake of the momentary triumph of sentimentalism. Nothing in the book excites me so much as his convincing study of the inevitable tragedy at the close, which instinctively imparts a thrill that compels submission to the mysterious drama of life. It is also noteworthy that *The Whirlwind* possesses a spiritual quality without which no literature can touch greatness.

Mr. Herman Klein, in his *Thirty Years of Musical Life in London*, just published, contributes an interesting chapter of reminiscences of Adeline Patti at home which will attract attention on account of the great prima donna's forthcoming reappearance in this country. The purely personal incidents relating about her, as about other great singers and musicians in these pages, are printed for the first time. It has been a frequent cause of wonder why Madame Patti, at the end of her professional career, should have cherished her home at Craig-y-nos castle with the elaborate structure of "a Boyouth theatre on a miniature," as it has been called. To Mr. Klein she made this explanation: "I love the stage. I love to act and to portray every species, every shade of human emotion. Only I want freedom—more freedom than opera, with its restricted movements and its wear and tear on the voice, can possibly allow the actors. I care not whether it be comedy or tragedy, so long as I feel that I can devote my whole energy, my whole being, to realizing the character that I have to delineate. . . . I want to act, to live myself upon the boards, playing to myself and a few chosen friends on each side of the footlights. . . . Give me only a dramatic idea, with music that aids in depicting it, and I will play you any part you choose (in pantomime), from one of Saech Bernhard's down to Paganini in 'Siseland.' . . . While they are rehearsing one of these musical pantomimes with 'La Tosca' or 'The Three Kings,' Mr. Klein's visit to Craig-y-nos in 1891, Sir Augustus Harris, the famous impresario, quietly slipped in and took a seat in the dark auditorium of the theatre. He watched the proceedings with the amusement of a spectator of the same exciting a holiday. Madame Patti soon perceived him, and called out: 'Gus, what are you doing there? Why don't you come on the stage and help us?' 'My dear Adeline,' answered Sir Augustus, 'if this were an open or a play I should with pleasure. But it is neither, and whatever it may be, there is no need of my help long as you are there. I am just beginning to realize that if you had not been the world's greatest singer you could have been one of its best actresses.' He meant it, adds Mr. Klein,—and it was true. Mr. Klein's memoirs of these thirty years in London present a most delectable panorama of gossip, personalia, and intimate narrative of events pertaining to the notable personages and movements in the musical world. The galaxy of vocal and instrumental stars and impressive that swing into his ken during these years is fully represented by the numerous portraits which are scattered in profusion through his pages.

A translation of the Countess Agathe Potocka's intimate study of Theodore Leschetzky, which appeared in French ten years ago, has just reached us from the pen of Genevieve Seymour Lincoln. It is the record of a happy and romantic life, rare in musical annals. For over half a century this greatest of living piano maestrae has been a prominent figure in the social and musical life of Russia, Hungary, and Poland. The same observations a holiday. Madame Patti soon perceived him, and called out: "Gus, what are you doing there? Why don't you come on the stage and help us?" "My dear Adeline," answered Sir Augustus, "if this were an open or a play I should with pleasure. But it is neither, and whatever it may be, there is no need of my help long as you are there. I am just beginning to realize that if you had not been the world's greatest singer you could have been one of its best actresses." He meant it, adds Mr. Klein,—and it was true. Mr. Klein's memoirs of these thirty years in London present a most delectable panorama of gossip, personalia, and intimate narrative of events pertaining to the notable personages and movements in the musical world. The galaxy of vocal and instrumental stars and impressive that swing into his ken during these years is fully represented by the numerous portraits which are scattered in profusion through his pages.

*Hawthorne and His Circle* is one of the richest literary heritages of the year, a gossip chronicle of significant events and memorable faces, becoming invaluable in the mass, concerning the author of *The Scarlet Letter* and his circle of friends, recorded by his son, Julian Hawthorne, who remains to this generation one of the best links connecting us with the glorious names of the post-half-century. The pages abound in recollections of Hawthorne and many of his great contemporaries in the personal side, which have not appeared in print before. It is a study of people of events, and not a study in literary criticism. One very naturally turns to the

chapter in which Mr. Hawthorne tells how *The Scarlet Letter* came to be written, and under what distressing conditions Hawthorne sweated and labored to find himself degraded by political chicanery of the income of a custom-house surveyorship with which he supported his small family. He was then forty-five, and his son Julian three years old. He closed his desk in the Salem Custom-house for the last time, and went out alone to face with the disaster which was instrumental in giving *The Scarlet Letter* to the world. When he reached home and broke the bad news to his wife, she opened a drawer and disclosed a store of bank-notes which she had saved from his income by frugal economy. Stimulated by this unexpected miracle, Hawthorne readily recalled the nebulous elements of a story that had been for months past rumbling around in his head, a story in which was to figure prominently a letter A, cut out of red cloth or embroidered in scarlet thread, and fastened to a woman's bosom. His spirits rose. After all, it was a relief to be rid of the surveyorship, and donning his borrowed dressing-gown and slippers donned at bed, he sat down at the old mahogany desk, so long unused, by the window. There would be time to dash the story before the marvellous store of bank-notes gave out, and then he could go on writing others. The *Dissociated Review* only paid twenty dollars for four pages, and terribly shy pay at that, but he would work out the problem somehow.

Upon coming in close quarters with *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne found that his temperance in what he would do himself within the limits of the sketches he had been used to writing, and that instead of a month it was more likely to take over a year to complete. But he had started the work, and even if it had been ungenial he could not turn back or put out, for he had had his mind set to substitute for it, he could not free himself from the thrall of the story until it had been told. He began the book, jaded from years of office drudgery, with the wolf almost at the door. The noise of traffic in the narrow street without and the anxiety domestic affairs within unceasingly attacked him as he worked on. His mother, whom he deeply loved, fell ill and died, and interrupted the work for a while. His health was shaken, his children became ill, his wife was suffering acutely, and financial need was pressing, but through it all he wrote on. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, he "stared to his paralysis." He wrote moments till night at this time, though afterward he never worked after noon. As a child, his son ran dandy remember the quiet quaking sotto voce the smooth paper, with frequent quick dips into the ink-bottle—a few words scribbled, he would write swiftly, then a pause, he would scribble a while the pen lay idle, and then a word or two to his mind. Then the shadows closed in on the child, who was written with illness after his grandmother's death. What happened subsequently was learned later in life. When *The Scarlet Letter* was at last complete, Hawthorne said the story was forming in his wife; his voice faltered and broke as he proceeded, and she slipped to her knees and hid her face on her arms in the chair beside him. "I had been suffering," Hawthorne said long afterward, "from a great diversity and severity of emotion. One day a big man with a brown beard and shining brown eyes, who I never saw or knew with enthusiasm and fan, made his appearance in the Hawthorne home. The child noted that he talked volubly about something, and that when he was gone, the mother and father smiled at each other. The mother cried that she was forming a new idea. Fields had read it and declared it the greatest book of the age. That was the last of Salem for the Hawthornes.

"Artful fiction being more convincing than artless fact, it is not likely," says Mr. Janvier by way of introduction to his new work, *The Dutch Foundress of New York*, "that the highly untruthful impression of the Dutch colonists of Manhattan given by Washington Irving ever will be effaced." Yet when Mr. Janvier comes to tell the plain truth about those rough old Dutchmen who settled here in Manhattan nearly three hundred years ago, his charm of historical virtue is well-nigh as pleasing in the narrative as Irving's fancy in his subtly mendacious *History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty*. The mother critic had been written, and James T. Fields had read it and declared it the greatest book of the age. That was the last of Salem for the Hawthornes.

Mr. Janvier deserves grateful recognition for his arduous task in delving among old documents and dusty archives for his data, sifting to the laborious hunt, and resolving the results of his research into a clear and graphic narrative. Some of these valuable documents and plans are reproduced for the first time, and are of popular note of old Dutch New York, dedicating the new edition to Mr. Janvier.

# William Makepeace Thackeray

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY



VOL. XLVII

New York, Saturday, November 21, 1903

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HELD UP THE WRONG MAN

El Principe  
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KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

76 cont'd

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W.A. ROGERS

**HELD UP THE WRONG MAN**

one State convention cannot possibly bind its successor; nor should it be able to do so, as events may entirely transform the political situation in the interval. Inasmuch as a bare majority of one suffices to determine the choice of a Republican national convention, there is no doubt that if the delegations of the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois should decide to co-operate with the delegates of Ohio and the Solid South in support of Mr. Hanna, he would be the nominee.

It virtually lies with five United States Senators—Mr. Platt of New York, Mr. Quay of Pennsylvania, Mr. Cullom of Illinois, Mr. Allison of Iowa, and Mr. Spooner of Wisconsin—to say, at the last moment, whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hanna shall be put forward as the standard-bearer of the Republican party. In view of what happened in New York on November 3, it is pretty clear that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Odell, nor both combined, can prevent Mr. Platt from controlling the delegation of that State. As for Mr. Quay, it is certain that he will hold the delegates of Pennsylvania in his hand. The same absolute local supremacy cannot be predicated of the three other Senators named, but each of these would have great influence in his State delegation. This is emphatically true of Senator Cullom and Senator Allison. It follows that Mr. Roosevelt cannot feel absolutely sure of the nomination for the Presidency until it has been actually made. Senator Hanna, for his part, protests that he adheres to the resolution formally expressed not to be a candidate before the national convention, and declares that he himself favors Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. No doubt the declaration is sincere, but it would not prevent the five Senators just named from arranging to give their colleague from Ohio a surprise party if they should arrive at the belief that such a demonstration would be for the good of the party. There are many New-Yorkers who think that Mr. Hanna would run incomparably better in the State of New York than would Mr. Roosevelt, and should the prospect of carrying the Empire commonwealth look doubtful, Mr. Roosevelt may be set aside. Senator Hanna may not want the crown, but he is scarcely the man to refuse it if it be offered.

The fact that the net outcome of the election on November 3 was to show the Republicans decidedly more preponderant in the State of New York than they were in 1902, when Mr. Odell was re-elected Governor, or than they were in 1898, when Mr. Roosevelt gained the Governorship, must needs have an important bearing on the candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. What reason is there to suppose that Senator Gorman, an outsider, could secure more votes than were given last year to Mr. Cole, who, nevertheless, was beaten? No well-informed person will deny that Mr. Roosevelt will get more votes for President in New York next year than Mr. Odell got for Governor in 1902. Mr. Gorman, therefore, would have to do considerably better than Mr. Cole to have any chance of success. It is possible, of course, that a twelvemonth hence the whole political situation may be profoundly changed; but if a Presidential election were to take place next week, we know of but three possible Democratic candidates for the Presidency who could with any show of confidence be pitted against Mr. Roosevelt. Those three are Judge Gray of Delaware, Chief-Judge Parker of New York, and Grover Cleveland, now of New Jersey, but formerly of the Empire commonwealth. That, under existing circumstances, Mr. Cleveland could beat Mr. Roosevelt in New York we have not the slightest doubt, and we think that either of the other gentlemen named would have a fair chance of victory. Any one of them would secure more votes than would Mr. Gorman.

Nor is this all. It would be hopeless for Mr. Gorman to try to regain Connecticut for the Democracy, and for him the recovery of New Jersey would be even more impracticable. There is but one Democrat alive who is absolutely certain to carry New Jersey, and that is Mr. Cleveland, who, aside from his other qualifications, is a Jerseyman by birth. Now Jersey-men have never had a President, and there is no commonwealth in the Union where State pride is more pervasive and deep-rooted. The sentiment is the more widespread and indelible because, for upwards of two centuries, New-Yorkers have habitually sneered at Jerseymen. Whether Mr.

Cleveland could carry Indiana and two or three of the States west of the Rocky Mountains it is difficult to say at this time, when the election is a year distant. Nobody can doubt, however, that he would run better in Indiana than would Mr. Gorman. There is no difference between them as regards the chance of securing Mr. Bryan's personal endorsement. He has proclaimed himself opposed to both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gorman, but we do not believe that he would commit political suicide by organizing a bolt against the nominee of the Democratic national convention, no matter who the nominee might be.

We long ago expressed the conviction that Mr. Bryan and his friends had not the slightest chance of securing a majority of the delegates to the next Democratic national convention, and of thereby shaping the platform of the party in 1904. It will be remembered that in 1900 they only managed to get the Chicago platform reaffirmed at Kansas City by a majority of one in the committee to which the question was referred—the one indispensable vote being furnished by the delegate from Hawaii, which, being a Territory, could take no part in the election of a President. We have always admitted, on the other hand, that should the Bryanites secure enough delegates to constitute a third plus one, they would be able to prevent the selection of a nominee for the Presidency unacceptable to themselves. In other words, they would be able to do precisely what was done by the opponents of Martin Van Buren in the Democratic national convention of 1844. There was a time—some months ago—when it seemed not unlikely that Mr. Bryan and his coadjutors might secure such a fraction of the delegates. Such an event now seems improbable. Mr. Bryan's influence is rapidly dwindling,—not so much by reason of his connection with the will of Philo S. Bennett, for, although some high-minded lawyers would shrink from drawing wills in which they were made legatees, Mr. Bryan has been absolved from the charge of undue influence by the judge of the Connecticut probate court.

When we say that Mr. Bryan's influence is weakened, and, in truth, seems tending to disappear, we mean that his ideas and his adherents have lost ground in the States where they seemed most likely to retain a good deal of strength. If there is one State in the Union which the Bryanites might have hoped to carry on November 3, it is Colorado, yet even there they were beaten. Nebraska, which Mr. Bryan carried in 1900, but lost in 1900, he hoped this year to regain, and he did succeed in effecting a fusion of the Democrats and the Populists. The fusion ticket, however, was disastrously defeated, even in Mr. Bryan's county, where his neighbors might have been expected to stand by him. It was in Ohio, however, that Bryanism received its death-blow. In view of the overwhelming repudiation of Mayor Tom L. Johnson, who has been looked upon as Mr. Bryan's chief lieutenant, it is by no means improbable that the Ohio delegation to the Democratic national convention will be anti-Bryanite. In that event, Mr. Bryan would be unable to control a third of the members, and he would, consequently, be powerless to interfere with the selection of candidates.

It seems certain that no serious attempt will be made in the extra session of the Fifty-eighth Congress to prevent the enactment of the legislation needed to render the reciprocity treaty with Cuba operative. Representative Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, in returning thanks on November 7 to the Republican caucus for its unanimous nomination of him for the Speakership of the House, declared that, in his judgment, the policy of the majority party should be to consider and pass the legislation proper for carrying out the convention for reciprocal trade between the United States and Cuba. The only question as to which there is some difference between the House and the Senate is whether the enabling legislation should take the form of a joint resolution or of a bill. There is no doubt that the reciprocity treaty with Hawaii was made effective by a joint resolution, and the Senate evidently had this precedent in mind when it amended the treaty with Cuba by adding that the approval of the Congress should be needed to give the agreement validity. Many influential members of the House, on the other hand, insist that the Hawaiian precedent was a bad one and should not be followed, but that the tariff changes called for by the treaty with Cuba ought to



be embodied in a bill. As it would be absurd for the two Houses to quarrel on a matter of form, we assume that the Senate will assent to the wishes of the popular branch of the Federal Legislature.

We should find it hard to treat as serious the demand uttered by some Canadian newspapers for the concession of the treaty-making power to the Dominion, but for the declaration made by the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the Ottawa House of Commons. We have seen no contradiction of the statement that he drew from the award of the Alaska Boundary Commission the deduction that hereafter Canada must be permitted to conclude her treaties for herself, without interference on the part of Great Britain. As we have previously pointed out, the exercise of the treaty-making power would be tantamount to an assertion of absolute independence. But how could the establishment of an independent Canadian nationality be reconciled with the preference for a monarchy over a republic professed by many of the descendants of the United Loyalists of the eighteenth century? There is a curious report that, if the Dominion should secede from the mother country, it would organize a government monarchical in form. Where would it look for a king? Would it invite a member of the family now reigning in Britain to become its sovereign? There is a rumor that some of the British-Canadians would prefer the Scottish Duke of Hamilton, who is descended, through the Princess Margaret Tudor, from the Plantagenets, who were claimants of the throne of France, through Isabelle, daughter of Philippe IV., King of that country. On the other hand, the French-Canadians are said to look with more favor on the present Baron De Loquand, a descendant of one of the founders of Montreal, and now chief of the seigneurial Order in the province of Quebec. If we mention these matters at all, it is only to show how wildly Canadians talk when they try to reconcile their alleged liking for monarchy with a proposed declaration of political independence. In our opinion, the present agitation for a concession of the treaty-making power is pure bravado, if which nothing will be heard a few weeks hence.

We at first regarded as incredible the report published in a Vienna newspaper that at Wiesbaden the Emperor William II. entered into an agreement to support the Czar Nicholas II. in the Far East, provided Great Britain should co-operate with Japan against Russia. The report has since been accepted as trustworthy in quarters usually well informed, though it is said that the agreement was made, not at Wiesbaden, but some time before the recent meeting of the Emperor, and that Count Lamdorff's visit to Paris was intended to explain it to the satisfaction of the French Foreign Office. We are unable to imagine an explanation that would be satisfactory. It was hard enough for Frenchmen to brook the joint action of Russia, France, and Germany in the Far East in 1895, although the victim of the action was Japan, in which, at that time, Frenchmen were not much interested. Now, on the other hand, if the report to which we refer is well founded, the Russian sovereign is practically asking France to side with Germany, her worst enemy, against Great Britain, whom she is beginning to regard as one of her best friends. What must render the complication peculiarly objectionable to the French Foreign Office is the knowledge that, by the Anglo-Japanese treaty, England is not bound to aid Japan as long as the latter power and Russia are engaged in a duel. Only in the event that Russia is assisted by some other power can Japan call upon Great Britain for counterbalancing success.

As long as France was the only power to which Russia could apply for help, it was practicable for the French Foreign Office to exert a moderating influence on the St. Petersburg government, pointing out that only with extreme reticence would it pursue any course likely to involve it in war with Great Britain. On the other hand, if Russia has an understanding with Germany, she might bring the last-named power into the field, and, when German interposition made the Anglo-Japanese treaty operative, Russia would remind France of the agreement whereby each of the parties bound itself to assist the other, should the latter be assailed by two powers at once. So far as France is concerned, however, the

Franco-Russian League never had Great Britain for an objective, but solely Germany, or rather the Triple Alliance, in which Germany was the preponderant partner. So to mix the cards as to make France a partner of Germany and an enemy of Great Britain is a piece of manipulation at which French common sense is likely to revolt. We have dwelt upon this possible new phase of the entanglement in the Far East because Americans are obviously interested in it. The validity of our new treaty of commerce with China is at stake. Moreover, if France should allow herself to be drawn into a combination of Russia and Germany against Great Britain and Japan, it is practically certain that we should be earnestly entreated to take the opposite side. Nor is there much doubt that our commercial interests would tempt us to do so.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Alaska Boundary Commission failed to finish the work assigned to it, and that, as regards a considerable section of the frontier, the delineation will have to be arranged by diplomatic negotiation, or confided to another commission, or to a board of arbitrators. Some support seems to have been lent to this erroneous supposition by a remark attributed (perhaps incorrectly) to one of the counsel employed to present the Canadian case. He is said to have declared that Canada will never assent to another commission for the purpose of defining the undetermined part of her boundary. The remark, if made, must have referred to some section of Canada's frontier other than that which borders on Alaska. It is true that on the map which sets forth the award there is a fraction of the boundary—the length of which is variously estimated at from 130 to 300 miles—that could not be precisely fixed, owing to the fact that materials adequate for the purpose had not been placed before the Commission. All that will be needed, however, in order to draw the line will be a joint survey. It will be practically impossible for the American and Canadian surveyors to differ, inasmuch as the Commission carefully laid down the principle upon which the survey is to be made, namely, from peak to peak. The application of this principle will be the same in the case of the unmarked section as in the rest of the boundary. How soon the joint survey will be undertaken is unknown, but it might be well to present the work with promptitude, lest a discovery of gold in the undelimited region should again cause friction between American and Canadian miners.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the operation which on November 7 was performed on the Emperor William II. does not justify the apprehension that he is threatened with his father's fate. According to the official diagnosis made and published by Professor Johann Orth, the successor of Professor Virchow at the Berlin University, the polypus which was removed from the patient's larynx consisted of a soft, white membrane, some of the cells of which contained brown-colored grains. So far as an investigation has been made, Professor Orth does not regard the polypus as of a malignant character, but he adds that it remains to be seen whether the grains just mentioned are really benignant. The fact is recalled that, after the first operation on Emperor Frederick, an international inquiry was instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether what seemed to be benignant tumors might develop eventually into malignant ones. The outcome of the investigation was that in some cases the development of a benign into a malignant type of tumor has been observed. The Emperor himself is said to make light of the matter, but the German people are not easily reassured, remembering, as they do, that both of his parents died of cancer. The fear that he may be doomed to suffer from the same affliction will have the effect of demonstrating how deeply William II. is beloved by the great majority of his subjects, and how thoroughly he is respected all over the world. Nowhere outside of Germany is he more certain of commanding heartfelt sympathy than he is in the United States. We have sometimes smiled at his extravagancies, but we have esteemed him and admired him as a man.

The salient feature in Mr. Balfour's great speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet was his extremely friendly feeling towards Russia, and Russia's attitude in both the Near and the Far East. This is in part due to the very close relation

now existing between England and Russia's ally, France, and in part to the larger and more generous views which now characterize England's foreign policy, and which are, in part, due to the moral lessons of the South-African war, and in an even greater degree to the personal power and statesman-like qualities of King Edward, in honor of whose birthday the Lord Mayor's banquet was held. In responding to the toast of His Majesty's Ministers, Mr. Balfour said that there was every reason to feel sanguine that there would be no serious outcome to the situation in the Far East. This assurance he based on the passionate desire of the Tsar of Russia to promote the general peace, and on the fact that Japan, as the ally of Great Britain, would be certain to display moderation, discretion and judgment in its demands. Mr. Balfour was equally clear in what he said concerning the Near East. The Macedonian question, he told his auditors, raised issues more difficult and more complicated than even those of the Far East, because it touched the almost perennial difficulty of the problem of the government of its European and Christian subjects by the Sublime Porte. This question had been the cause of infinite political complications, and serious wars, bringing anxiety to every court in Europe; and Mr. Balfour declared that it was impossible for a disease of such long standing to be instantaneously cured, but he was convinced that the question would be ultimately settled by the concert of Europe, which could not more effectively carry out its designs than through the medium of those great powers, Russia and Austria, which had undertaken to deal with the situation. This strong declaration from Mr. Balfour comes most opportunely, at the moment when the Sultan Abdul Hamid is once again trying his tactics of delay and intrigue, hoping that some question will turn up, which may sow the seeds of jealousy in the concert, and give him the chance he usually finds, of evading his undertakings. The meeting of the Tsar and the Kaiser at Wiesbaden makes this much less likely, and all things seem to point for a general clearing of the Macedonian sky, especially as the insurgents have been compelled, by the approach of winter, to suspend their martial operations for the present, thus opening the way for more peaceful methods, and removing a valid excuse for Turkey's inaction.

We cannot fail to be struck by the announcement, just published by certain of the great transatlantic lines, that there is a rush of stowage passengers to Europe, that is, of returning emigrants, such as has never been known in all their history. In the spring months, we spoke of the marvelous returns, which made the immigration record something to wonder at, and caused grave apprehension as to the ultimate result of adding to our nation great masses of Italians, Sicilians, Polish Jews, and Austrian and Hungarian Slavs. The present ebb-tide is in a measure an answer to these apprehensions; but it is also a symptom of conditions in this country, which we may find to be somewhat more serious than even the addition of droves of almost pauper immigrants. Many of these Italians, Poles, and Austrians are now going home again because, having made a good round sum during the spring and summer months, at gang labor of various kinds, and disliking out-of-door labor in our climate in winter, they prefer to take their savings home and spend some months in idleness. But many more are returning to Europe because they have sought, and failed to find, work here for the winter months. The announcement, which, by one of those undesigned coincidences that the press so often furnishes, appears in the column next to that concerning the returning tide of immigrants, that one hundred thousand miners have just struck, in the coal-mining regions of Colorado, because they failed to secure an eight-hour day, sheds a flood of light on this question. We are familiar with strike conditions here, and the misery which they entail; we remember the coal-strike in the anthracite region. We can, therefore, understand that the gang laborers of the Italian, Austrian and Polish type, many of whom work as miners, should prefer to winter in some warmer land. Nevertheless, there is an ominous note in the announcement of their departure.

The Atlanta Constitution heartily indorses Booker Washington and the Tuskegee Institute. It has printed a long,

illustrated article about the Institute, describing its work, and commending it with frank admiration. Of the Institute's head it says editorially: "Booker Washington is a sane, serious and sufficient man for the lifework in which he is engaged. . . . Opposition to fitting citizenship education for the negro race in the South is archaic, unwise and unjust. . . . The sane and sensible thing for every man to do who is interested in the safe and profitable future of the South is to encourage that practical education of the negro that will fit and inspire him for useful and creative service for the general welfare." This is excellent sense, propounded by an influential authority. Booker Washington is fortunate in his friends, and fortunate too, perhaps, in the enemies he has made. These latter include a few prominent negroes in Washington and Boston and a few moss-grown white men in the South. The disaffected moss-backs decry him because he is lifting up the negroes; the disaffected negroes decry him because he concedes that the negroes need lifting up, and because he keeps out of politics. The hostility of both these groups is valuable evidence of the sanity of his ideas.

The theatres in New York report an unsatisfactory rate of attendance. There are many theatres—half a dozen new ones have been opened this season—and there seem not to be theatre-goers enough to fill them, even when the shows they offer are acceptable. Probably the trouble is not a deficiency of people, but of dollars. Good seats at the theatres—when the box-offices have them for sale, which is seldom—cost two dollars apiece. Few persons go to the theatre alone, so that it costs at least four dollars to see a play. Four-dollar lumps of money are not so prevalent as they have been. Considerations of thrift come this year between many willing theatre-goers and the plays they would like to see. What seems to be needed is something in the nature of a bargain-counter where theatres that have more seats than they can fill may offer them at reduced rates to persons who are constrained to get as much as possible for their money.

We don't hear so much of the American pie habit as we did twenty years ago. Americans eat other foods than pie now. Patent breakfast foods compete anxiously with pie for the supremacy of the breakfast-table. Pie does not advertise, and a food that does not advertise cannot expect to maintain its tyranny over the digestive apparatus of a nation of madders. Pie is no longer the champion of the food list, but it is still far from extinct. The New York papers have reported that owing to the unseasonable heat of a recent Monday 750,000 pies were thrown away by lunch-room keepers in the city of New York. These pies spoiled on the lunch-room keepers' hands, and the pie trust would not take them back. Pies used to be returnable, but when the pie trust was formed it issued an edict that no pie that was once put into circulation would be taken back. Before that when pies deteriorated on the lunch-room keepers' hands they were exchanged for new pies of a later edition. What the pie-bakers did with spoiled pies is not known. Maybe they broke them up, melted them, and had them reconstituted; but, at any rate, they took them back. But since the bakers have joined the trust it has been different. Ten thousand lunch-room keepers in Greater New York object to the change. They protest against having the responsibility for the conduct of the pie-trust pies thrust upon them. Not being seventh sons they cannot tell how many pies they need on a given day, nor what the weather will be, nor whether the pies will keep. Nor can they embalm their left-over pies and so preserve them, for embalmed pies are not good. It is the irony of the situation that when the weather is warm and pies don't keep less pies are eaten, but the lunch-room keepers can neither dictate nor foresee what the weather will be. They have formed the United Lunch-room Keepers' Association, and propose either to compel the pie trust to take back the impaired pies or to bake for themselves. It is an interesting contest. What seems especially remarkable about it is the lack of individuality about the pie of commerce. The lunch-room keeper recognizes only two kinds of pie—good pie and spoiled pie. Consumers must be equally indiscriminating. In the age when pie was king it was not so. Then there were pies and pies.

## The Revolution at Panama

The revolution which began on November 3 in the city of Panama, which quickly spread to other points on the isthmus, and which eventually compelled the evacuation of Colon by a detachment of Colombian troops, thus had recently been sent thither, should have been a surprise to no intelligent person in Bogota. President Marroquin said the members of the Colombian Congress had been repeatedly warned that the inhabitants of the State of Panama, almost without exception, looked upon the ratification of the naval treaty with the United States as of vital moment to their actual and prospective interests, and that they would deem a rejection of it ample ground for a declaration of independence. No heed was paid to the warning, and the Colombian Congress, after a unanimous rejection of the treaty, adjourned *pro tempore*. Thereupon the inhabitants of the isthmus proceeded to do precisely what they had threatened. They seceded from Colombia, organized a provisional government, and proclaimed their political independence under the name of the Republic of Panama. In order that Americans should get clear notions of their duty in the premises, it would be well for them to consider and answer the following questions: Is the State of Panama justified in seceding from Colombia? Is there any analogy between her secession and the present case of the Confederate States in 1861-7? What position ought we to take toward the new Republic of Panama in view of the paramount obligation contracted by us toward the civilized world, and unqualified by us for more than half a century, the obligation, namely, of maintaining peace and order on the isthmus, and of assuring freedom of transit between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans?

There has seldom been a revolution more thoroughly justified on economical and moral grounds than this which has taken place at Panama. There has scarcely been a year since the repudiation of Spanish authority in Latin America when the inhabitants of the isthmus have not had reason to deplore their political connection with a country to which they are linked by no geographical, industrial, or commercial ties. They have had even stronger reasons for political separation than those which prompted Venezuela in 1829 and Ecuador in 1830 to secede from the original Republic of Colombia. Almost all the taxes levied on the isthmus by the Colombian government in the form of harbor dues and other imposts, together with the annual revenue subsequently derived from the Panama Railroad, have been spent at Bogota, the most modest requests that small sums might be appropriated for road building and other elementary public needs of the isthmian population having been persistently rejected. For upwards of seventy years Bogota has been a stepmother to Panama, which, on her part, has missed no promising opportunity of relieving herself from a hateful association. Scarcely had President Hertran acquired control of the Republic of New Granada in 1841 than the provinces of Panama and Veragua seceded, and proclaimed their political independence under the title of the Republic of the State of Panama. The restoration of these provinces was before long effected, however, partly by force, and partly by promises of concessions that were not kept. In 1853 a new Constitution was framed for New Granada, which recognized the right of every province to declare itself independent, and to enter into merely federal connection with the central government. Panama and Antioquia soon availed themselves of the permission, but discovered that the Bogota politicians had no intention of granting to them practical autonomy, including the control of their own revenues. Again, during the Presidency of Santos Gutierrez (1868-70) the inhabitants of the isthmus made up their minds that their sole hope of industrial and commercial development lay in political separation from the remote central power, and they organized an independent government, which succeeded, however, to superior fate. Once more, driven to desperation, the natives of Panama fell back on the remedy of secession in 1885. This time they might have made good their independence, and escaped massacre and spoliation at the hands of their Bogota oppressors, had not our government permitted the Colombians to despatch by sea large bodies of troops to the isthmus, the outcome of the invasion being not only the interruption of railroad transit and of work on the canal, but the annihilation of Colon by fire, the fate of which town would have been shared by Panama had not some American and British war vessels eventually recognized the duty that they owed to civilization, and interposed to save the last-named city.

Now experience had taught the natives of the isthmus that they would never receive a penny of the heave, ten million dollars, or of the annual contribution of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be paid by the United States for the right to construct a canal through their territory. They were resigned to the wholesale diversion of those sums, and also of the Colombian taxes, which, under various pretexts, would be imposed on the contractors employed to complete the interoceanic waterway. Of one thing, however, the inhabitants of the isthmus could not be deprived, to wit, the tremendous stimulus which the prosecution of the colossal work would apply to their industries and trade. That is all

that they could hope for from the completion of the canal, but that would have sufficed, for activity and prosperity would have been forthwith substituted for the existing stagnation and depression. From this last hope of rehabilitation the natives of Panama now themselves cut off by the decisive rejection of the canal treaty at Bogota. Had they acquiesced in this shameful sacrifice of their fundamental interests, the State of Panama would have received a deathblow. They thought themselves, however, that the isthmus was their own property, and that it was for them, rather than for a far-distant government, to say what should be done with it; they recalled, also, the examples set by their fathers in 1829, and by their grandfathers in 1841; and they resolved, in their turn, to organize a government independent of Colombia.

Is there any analogy between the secession of Panama and that of our Confederate States? In 1861 our Union had been unborn for eighty years. It had been embodied in two documents, one of which, the Articles of Confederation, declared it to be perpetual, while the other, our existing Constitution, proclaimed the purpose of establishing "a more perfect union." The South alleged that any State had a right to withdraw from the Confederation, and there is no doubt that, theoretically, such may be said for the assertion. The North, on its side, contended that, even if the right of secession actually existed, it had been lost by non-user, and that the uninterrupted maintenance of the Union for eighty years had established a prescriptive right to perpetuity which the South ought to recognize. The counterpart of this state of things is not presented in Colombia. Within the region which bears that name innumerable constitutions have been established and swept away during the seventy-seven years which have elapsed since the United States recognized the independence of the Colombian Confederation which, at that time, as we have said, included Venezuela and Ecuador, as well as New Granada. The right of secession has been formally acknowledged by Colombia herself in the case of Venezuela and in that of Ecuador, and no tenable distinction can be drawn between their claims to independence and the claim of the State of Panama. Just fifty years ago, as we have mentioned, the right of any province of New Granada to proclaim its independence was declared to be constitutional. In the repeated subsequent oppressions of Panama's passionate desire for liberty there has never been any pretence of an appeal to constitutional law; the appeal has been simply to brute force. There is, therefore, nothing in common between the present secession of Panama from Colombia and the secession of the Confederate States from the American Union in 1861.

In view of all the facts above set forth, what position ought we to take with reference to the Republic of Panama? Are we stopped from recognizing the new Commonwealth by any obligations contracted under the treaty with New Granada (into which our interests in 1848)? That treaty bound us, in the first place, to maintain peace and order on the isthmus, and to safeguard freedom of transit between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. Incidentally, also, in order to show that we meant to throw the axis of the Monroe Doctrine over the isthmian territory, and in order to prove that we have no intention of seizing the territory for ourselves, we vowed that to uphold the authority of New Granada, which, at that time, happened to be the political entity that claimed sovereignty over the isthmus. This was a covenant, however, which ran with the land. We never held that it bound us to defend the sovereignty of New Granada when that political entity became defunct, and was succeeded by the Republic of Colombia. We did not hold that it bound us to defend the authority of the Republic of Colombia when, in 1853-7, the States of Panama and Antioquia proclaimed themselves independent. It follows that we are not bound at the present time to co-operate in restoring the authority of Colombia, which has been unconstitutionally repudiated on the isthmus, but, on the contrary, are justified in recognizing the provisional government established at Panama as the only *de facto* government of the territory affected by the treaty of 1848. It also follows that, when a constitutional convention shall have been held, and permanent executive and legislative departments shall have been created, we shall be justified in recognizing the new political entity thus evolved as a government *de jure*.

But, it will be asked, on some former occasions, when the natives of Panama have declared their independence, have not permitted Colombia to land troops at Panama and Colon, and to use the Panama Railroad for the purpose of subjugating the isthmian republic? It must be admitted that on several occasions we have allowed Colombia to perform such high-handed acts, and that, in this misconstruing our duty in the premises, we have lost sight of the primary purpose of the treaty of 1848, which was the uninterrupted maintenance of peace and order on the isthmus. Whenever we have allowed Colombia to land troops for the purpose of extinguishing the provisional government established at Panama as a consequence of the massacre and spoliation of men whose only crime was their position for self-government, and we have continued at a prolonged interruption of the peace and order which lie the eyes of all maritime nations, we were pledged to uphold. By such a mistaken view of our duty we practically made ourselves

responsible, as accessories, for the conflagration which eighteen years ago swept out the flourishing town of Colon. There is scarcely any doubt that, infuriated by the present animosities arising against their jurisdiction, the Bogota authorities, if we suffered them to land an army on the isthmus, would now level not only Colon, but Panama also, to the ground.

We can only maintain peace and order on the isthmus by acting hereafter on the theory that the covenant into which we entered in 1846 is one that runs with the land, and imposes on us the obligation to uphold the *de facto* government at Panama against exterior aggression, no matter from what source it may emanate.

### Will the new Canals assure New York's Commercial Supremacy?

ALTHOUGH the official returns have not yet been published, there is no doubt that on November 3 the people of the State of New York ratified the amendment of their State Constitution which authorizes the issuance of bonds to the amount of \$101,000,000 for the purpose of widening and deepening the Erie, Oswego, and Champlain canals, so as to make them traversable by barges of one-thousand-ton burden. From the popular vote thus registered there is an appeal. It is a mistake to suppose that any further legislation is needed. There is no doubt that the first installment of the bonds authorized will shortly be put forth, and that the work of canal improvement will soon thereafter be begun. As to the nature of the security thus offered to investors, we need only say that the bonds are to be sold to the highest bidder, that each bond is redeemable in eighteen years from the date of issue, that the bonds will pay three per cent. interest, and will be exempt from taxation. The law provides for interest and a sinking-fund by levying a very small annual tax on the real and personal property of the State subject to taxation. If the whole \$101,000,000 were to be paid in one year, the canal tax on each one thousand dollars' worth of assessed property would be about \$16.84, but as the bonds are to be issued in installments, as that the payments will be spread over a period of fifty years, the annual tax will be small. We add that more than 90 per cent. of the whole tax will be paid by the two cities, New York and Buffalo, which form the terminals of the Erie Canal.

It has been alleged that the cost of widening and deepening the two canals is likely materially to exceed the estimated sum of \$101,000,000 named in the constitutional amendment. Touching this assertion, it should be pointed out that the estimate of \$101,000,000 is based on a survey, the work was carried out by State Engineer Bond, assisted by a corps of eminent experts in civil engineering, and the other by the Deep Waterways Commission, called into being by the Federal Congress. For the purpose of guarding against an under-computation of the cost, twenty per cent. was added to the figures at which the two boards of engineers arrived, and the cost of deepening the upper Hudson and the Niagara rivers was also included in the estimate, although there is good reason to believe that this work will be undertaken and paid for by the Federal government. There are not the only precautions that have been taken to prevent the expenditure for canal improvement exceeding the sum which has been voted by the people. The law provides that all work authorized shall be done by contract, and that no contract shall be awarded if the pay demanded for the work shall exceed by more than ten per cent. the cost of such work as estimated by the State Engineer, or by more than twenty per cent. the cost of any item in the State Engineer's calculations on which the sum named in the constitutional amendment was based; unless, indeed, such award shall be approved by the State Engineer with the consent of the canal board. It seems scarcely credible that such consent could be improperly given, when we call to mind that the canal board consists of the Lieutenant-Governor, the State Treasurer, the Attorney-General, the Commissioner of Public Works, the State Comptroller, and the Secretary of State, as well as the State Engineer.

Why was the expenditure of so vast a sum for canal improvements needed? For two reasons. First, in order to lower the charge for transporting freight from Buffalo to New York; and, secondly, in order to abolish the differentials in railroad freights which, for many years, have been steadily diverting commerce from the port of New York to other *entrepôts* on the Atlantic coast. The differentials now operative against traffic to and from New York range from 25 cents to 81 per cent in favor of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Newport News. According to a report issued by the New York Chamber of Commerce, the result of railroad discrimination against the port of New York during the two decades following 1877 has been a decrease of the commerce to and from New York from 53.7 per cent. to 51 per cent., and an advance of all other ports from 45.3 per cent. to 49 per cent. Instead of starting according to its former ratio in the growing commerce of the nation, it is computed that, during the last twenty years, the port of New York has fallen behind to the extent of

\$300,000,000. Will this relative decline of the commercial metropolis accredited by the proposed deepening and widening of the canals? It has been computed by experts that the improved waterways will enable one-thousand-ton barges to carry freight at a profit for a rate of about half a mill per ton-mile, or for 20 to 1.10 cents per ton from Buffalo to New York. According to the New York State Canal Committee, which made a careful investigation of the matter, there is no likelihood of railroads being able to carry freight at one mill per ton-mile. Can the vessels which are expected to be used as improved canal craft forward in securing return freights in considerable quantities? The advocates of the widening and deepening of the New York canals are counting upon the one-thousand-ton barges to restore the coal-carrying trade to the Northwest, which has gradually been transferred from canals to railroads. If the one-thousand-ton barges are able to secure real and heavy manufactured goods for their return cargoes, they should be able sensibly to reduce the charge for conveying grain from Buffalo to New York city.

Whatever may be the outcome of the immense expenditure proposed for canal improvement, there is no doubt that the arguments put forward in its favor have convinced the people of New York. It is settled that a tremendous effort will be made to renew in the twentieth century the economical triumph achieved by De Witt Clinton about eighty years ago.

### Liquor at the Capitol

A QUESTION which disturbs some good Americans, and which will soon be to the fore again, is as to the sale of liquor in the restaurant of the House of Representatives at Washington. It is a question which a few people take peculiarly, treating it as one which affects the personal rights and liberties of individual Representatives, and rather holding those who raise a hardly-berly to be kin to the wiles in "Macbeth," or at least to be interlopers who should be taught a lesson.

As a matter of fact, the question is not as to whether liquor should or should not be sold in the Capitol. The root of the matter is quite different; the question is whether or not the Representatives are going to keep their word to the people of the country, who do not like to think that liquor, beer, or wine are sold in the national House of Representatives. Are members of Congress honest gentlemen, or are they unscrupulous tipplers? This is the point at issue. It has sometimes been suspected by the well-informed that Congress has been fooling the temperance element in their constituencies for the purpose of getting their votes. Now it is for members, and Senators, too, to say whether or not this is a just suspicion. They have surrendered to an attack on the army rations, which many people believe to be, on the whole, a salubrious institution, especially if it be permitted to sell only light wines and beer. Congress, however, took the view of the extreme temperance people, or total abstinents, and excluded wines and beers from the canteens. There has been a great deal of complaint from officers and men, but Congress has remained firm; it has gone with the total-abstainers people, and the soldiers cannot have wine and beer on their posts because the law of Congress is enforced by army officers.

Congress has also joined the total abstinents on the question of wine, beer, and liquor selling in the restaurants of the Capitol. But here there has been double-dealing. The law as to the canteens is expected to be enforced. The sale as to liquor-selling at the Capitol is made to satisfy "civilians" and is to be evaded. The only question is, will Congress be so considerate to their own rank as army officers have been in enforcing the rations law which they think to be antagonistic to the best interests of the service. Eminent Congressmen have not dealt honestly with the people to whom they appear to have surrendered, and who, for this reason and for others, have the right to believe that the national legislators have only apparently denied themselves stimulants, for the purpose of "pleasing the temperance vote." Now, a right-speaking legislator who upholds the rule excluding all intoxicants from the public restaurant, but who drinks whiskey there out of a teacup, is an unworthy person. The deceived temperance people have a right to complain of him; more than that, honest and sane tipplers ought to decline his company. The rule being made, the Member who drinks champagne, bought at the restaurant, in his private room, or the ordinary member who hides his whiskey in a teacup are both doing that of which they ought to be ashamed, and they who sell them to account for not abiding by their own rules and keeping their own promises are not only right in selling them to account, but ought to have the support of the community. What kind of law-makers are these who, to secure the temperance vote, deprive the soldier of his beer and wine, but who, for the same purpose, only pretend to deny themselves, and resort to subterfuge to conceal their violating of their promise! A teacup of whiskey ought hereafter to be the sign and symbol of the dissolvent and skulker.

Notwithstanding the many signs to the contrary that may be

seen in our great cities, the American people are for what is generally called temperance, and especially is this true of the generally honest and the personal acquaintances of our Congressmen. The stoutest and the personal acquaintances of our Congressmen. The honest men and women from our small cities and from our rural districts, who visit Washington to catch a sight of the great machine of government, are shunning people to whom drink is an abomination. When the Representative is at home he goes to the restaurant at the Capitol is a rule, in effect, which directs him to observe his customary habits. Being adopted, it ought to be observed by those who have agreed to it and for whose benefit it was made. But, above all, let us have done with the wretched leopards. There are honest tipplers who would have none of a man who is willing to satisfy his thirst for whiskey by drinking it behind a door, or by pretending to be consuming the cheering and non-intoxicating beverage of China while all the while he is swallowing whiskey and breaking his own law.

## Russia and Germany in the Far East

The reported alliance between Germany and Russia, as a result of the Test's meeting with his cousin the Kaiser at Wiesbaden, is apparently to be taken rather as a warning than as an accomplished fact. It is, of course, certain that the two Emperors talked of the difficulty between Russia and Japan; it is even quite likely that they came to certain arrangements on the subject, but it is in the last degree unlikely that, having done so, they would hand a copy of their pact to the press, for immediate dissemination by telegram.

We must, however, hold in mind that such an agreement is wholly possible. We well know that the Kaiser holds the most extreme views of the "Yellow Peril," and that he regards Japan as a standing menace to all Christians, not only in its Asian possessions, but even at home. He cannot fail to see that the Japanese are daily gaining ground, if not at the coast of Peking, at least in the various departments of government at the Chinese capital. The whole course of the negotiations with Russia over the evacuation of Manchuria shows this. The probable future result is equally clear. Inspired by the example and guided by the experience of Japan, China will presently try to become mistress in her own house, and this will bode no good to the German settlements at Kiao-chau, and German influence generally. It will be remembered that the Chinese Emperor Kwang-Su, during the brief period of his independent rule, was strongly pro-Japanese; the Emperor-Dowager is not immortal—her influence will presently give place to his, and the court will throw its whole weight into the scale for Japan, as certain of the departments of government have already done. The Kaiser knows this very well, and wisely apprehends the future outcome. He has large ambitions in connection with China, and the leased area on the southern side of the Shantung peninsula is, for him, merely the thin end of the wedge.

Germany would, therefore, have many good reasons for making common cause with Russia as against Japan. Not only so, but she has already done this, at a most critical moment. After the war with China, ten years ago, Japan, in the first peace negotiations, proposed to annex the whole of Manchuria. Russia had previously declared that she could not consent to any acquisition of territory on the Asian mainland by Japan, and Japan had declared that she intended so annexation. When she announced her desire to acquire the whole of Manchuria, a territory more than twice as large as the entire Japanese Empire, Russia naturally sought to prevent this, and was able to do so, because she called to her aid not only Germany, but also France. Through the united influence of these three powers, the treaty of Shimoda was barred Japan from the mainland, while giving her Formosa and a large indemnity. This union of France with Germany and Russia should dispose of the rumor that accompanied the report of the Wiesbaden treaty—that France would so strongly resent the alliance of Russia with Germany that this would mean the dissolution of the dual alliance and a new grouping of the powers. France would not only not resent such an arrangement, but has already been a party to it, as much as eight years ago.

Therefore the alliance between France and Russia would in no way bar the latter from making an arrangement with Germany. The French Foreign Office is too modern and practical for that. Further, Germany has recently shown a decided disposition to come in with the other powers in the Balkan peninsula; the German ambassador supported the representatives of the other powers when they recently called on the Sultan, to press for wider reforms in Macedonia, with less delay and more through application of the principle of control. Germany has, therefore, already taken the first step in a rapprochement with Russia in the Near East, where rivalries are far more bitter and deep-seated than in

Eastern Asia and the Pacific. And in this rapprochement France entirely acquiesces, while England has recently become decidedly more Russian than of old.

An understanding between Russia and Germany, touching the situation in the Far East, is therefore altogether possible and even probable. Let us consider what would be likely to bring such an understanding about. The menace of Japan would hardly do this, since it has existed in much the same degree for three years at least, and the present time is no more propitious for a Russo-German entente than any time since 1900. Something more would be needed. Nor must we lose sight of the fact that the present account of the dispute between Russia and Japan does not stick very closely to the real facts. Japan has no such invincible superiority to the presence of Russia in Manchuria as the telegrams aptly to the presence of Russia in Korea. The matter is really somewhat otherwise, would have us believe. Japan does want certain things in Korea. Her influence was paramount there shortly after the war of 1894-5, but it began to wane, and much ground was lost, which Japan is anxious to regain. She has large and defined views, but they concern Korea and not Manchuria. To further these views she seized on the Manchurian question as a plausible pretext and a basis of bargaining.

Japan then evidently persuaded the Chinese Foreign Office to drag on the negotiations with Russia, on one pretext or another, until after October 8, precisely to create a cause of complaint against Russia, and to give Japan something solid to seize, something which she could urge as a substantial argument when pushing her Korean claims. The various war-scars of the past few weeks have been simply a part of the bigging of the market; as was rumored that China meant to go to war with Russia after the occupation of Mukden. (China never had the remotest intention of doing anything of the sort, but it was hoped that the Russo might strike a point, her sake of peace and as the price for being let alone.)

Therefore the Japanese question would not be sufficient in itself to drive Russia into the arms of Germany. It would need something else; and we cannot conceal the uneasy consciousness that this something else is to be found in the proposed American treaty, which would open Jantung and Mukden to the world's trade, and the very definite pressure which has accompanied the negotiation of this treaty. The papers speak of Mukden as a new "treaty port," this is, of course, a misunderstanding, as Mukden is an inland town, whose case connection with the sea is by Russia's Manchurian railroad. Not only does this suggest all kinds of practical obstacles, but there is the further serious difficulty of what is called "extra-territoriality." Every treaty port has its group of foreign settlements. They are not under Chinese law, but under the jurisdiction of its own consul. There are now within Russia might foreign colonies in everything but name. Now while Russia might not object to any amount of foreign trade, under whatever pretext so formed, would open the door to Japanese colonies, under Japanese jurisdiction, within her sphere of influence in Manchuria. She has, in fact, a kind of Manchurian Monroe Doctrine, which is recognized formally by France and Germany, and tacitly by England; and we can best understand her feelings by comparing the German question with the proposition to establish coaling stations for Germany at both sides of the Panama isthmus. Russia is as unwilling as we are to see German colonies in Columbia, under the rule of Berlin.

But the proposed treaty with China does exactly this: it opens the door to such Japanese colonies, and thus violates Russia's Manchurian Monroe Doctrine. And with this doctrine is bound up the status of all the leased areas in China, such as the British Wei-hai-wei, the German Kiao-chau, the French district opposite the island of Hainan. Therefore, if all these powers are practically on Russia's side, and say attempt to force the clause of the treaty making Mukden an open field for colonization will reap the power mentioned in opposition, and will inevitably do, what is the last thing in the world to be desired—drive Russia into Germany's arms.

One consideration more. Germany's political dispositions are often platonic, but not always. They may not be so in the case we have supposed, let us imagine Germany saying to Russia: We invincible Teutons, together with our special Providence, are most willing to safeguard your position in Manchuria against barbarous nations from both shores of the Pacific. Our mailed fist is at your disposition. Our luck is good—but not invariably so. For instance, there was Venezuela. There is also Argentina. And Margarita Island, where we took soundings last summer. Also Mandingou. In all these our luck has hitherto imperceptibly melted. We are most anxious to try again, in the spirit of the French aphorism: "Après trois saluts, le drapeau! Après trois Français, la chance!" By the way, "Vive la France! Hech!" Suppose we make a deal—

Here the conversation may be imagined to grow impassible; but it may suggest that the "extra-territorial" settlements in Mukden might come high.



### WHERE A CITY CAMPS OUT IN WINTER

Yosemite House, in Southern California, is situated a single mile west here in Yosemite Park. It is a city in winter, with just about everything, sporting facilities, a police force of its own, restaurants, a mail-delivery service, a library, messengers, mail-carriers, etc. There are accommodations in the city for several thousand people.



### A VERMONT MARBLE QUARRY

One of the largest marble quarries in America is situated at Proctor, Vermont. The photograph gives a graphic idea of the size of the quarry. The pillar of marble standing at the left is almost a hundred feet high, and the workers on the bed of the opening look like pinpoints beside it. From these quarries and those at Thetford, Vermont, is obtained the marble used in the construction of many of the most noted buildings in America, a recent instance being the new building for the New York Public Library now in course of construction on Fifth Avenue, between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets, New York.



A Detachment of Marines on their Way to the Capital at Panama



Map showing the Colombian States and the new Panama Republic Mr. W. B. Russell, United States Minister to Bogota, Colombia



American Marines at Colon, Panama

**RECOGNITION OF THE NEW PANAMA REPUBLIC**

The rebel government of Panama, which seceded from the United States of Colombia, was recognized by President Roosevelt on November 11 as an independent republic, and Colombia has been warned against any further opposition to the new State. American war-ships which have been sent to the straits have loaded marines at Colon, the capital of the new republic, for the purpose of maintaining order and protecting American interests



# The New Cabinet

By Sydney Brooks

London, November 7, 1918.

As I sat, within limits, where we are. After a delay almost without precedent in English history Mr. Balfour has succeeded in republishing his cabinet. The result has been given to the world in the daily papers. They are interesting, and not so interesting as the item which appeared alongside of them. Still less are they so interesting as the circumstances with which that item is attended. The Duke of Devonshire's resignation and Mr. Balfour's reply are comments upon it. It is that primarily engages the public. To Americans there must be something strange in the position which the Duke has won for himself in the public life of England. He is a man of whom the masses have an unusually accurate perception. It was my fortune some few years ago to spend several hours with him. I found him to be, what one rarely finds any one to be, just what I had expected, just what a knowledge of his public career and a study of the man from the outside had led me to think he was. I question whether there is any prominent Englishman about whose agreement or disagreement with my own most friends do not state for him any sort of bewilderment. His most eager detractors, if he had any, would not deny to him the possession of a robust common-sense. He is naturally a slow, heavy, lethargic temperament. I doubt whether he has ever had any real political opinions. There is probably truth in the gossip that has always ascribed his interest and activity in public life, not to personal inclinations, but to the domestic pressure of the Duchess. Even in the most moving crises, he always impressed people as yawning mightily at the part.

It is a pity that the Duke's first speech in the House of Commons, and of how the spectacle of such imperturbable indifference drew from Disraeli an admiring, "He'll do." I have heard him deliver many speeches on all sorts of occasions, and never one which rose above the commonplace, never one in which the thought and expression were not of the most platitudeous order, and the delivery a palpable mirror of the speaker's boredom. A man more destitute of fire, of "magnetism," never lived. And with all this he has never shown himself anything but the most business-like of administrators. He has originated nothing, has written nothing on the statute-book, has really achieved nothing. How comes it, then, that thousands of Englishmen have grown to look upon him as their leader, and that his resignation can be so generally and truthfully regarded as a shattering blow to Mr. Balfour's ministry? Well, one reason is that the Duke is a duke, with all the influence and authority that in England go out in such fatal abundance to a man of his position. But a greater reason is that the country has learned to trust the Duke absolutely in every political crisis, and that the Duke says he believes, and it has nurtured down his mind so packed with honesty and common sense. No one has ever dreamed of suspecting that in anything he might do or say the Duke has been moved by personal considerations, by motives of self-seeking, by narrow party expediency, or, indeed, by anything but an irrevocable devotion to what he believed to be best for the country. Not for a single moment has his sincerity or his disinterestedness been called into question. He twice refused the Premiership, and again and again he gave evidence of supreme political courage and independence. So that this sluggish, stolid man came to exercise an influence over the minds and respect of his countrymen altogether disproportionate to his abilities and capacity for affairs. The shock of his resignation, which, even though it had been prepared for and to some extent discounted, is still enormous, is one more tribute to the transcendent political value of character.

Of the new men brought in and of the old ones promoted or transferred, Austen Chamberlain is the one in whom the country feels the most interest. He is rather a difficult man to describe, and will probably continue to be so during his father's lifetime. No one, even of those who know him well, can quite say whether he is capable of standing alone. He has a good head for affairs, though not a remarkably good one, certainly nothing like so good as his father's. Nor has he inherited his father's force and energy. On the other hand, his character is cast in a finer mould than the ex-Colonial Secretary's. He would never do the violently mean things or say the violently partisan things that come so naturally to his father. Education and an early mingling in good society have brought him to a higher pitch of refinement. His manners are exceptionally polished and agreeable, his flow of talk easy and attractive in a mundane way, his tastes are all wholesome. Both at Cambridge and on his first entrance into public life he made a wide impression as a man fundamentally sound, careful, without his father's "foynness," a man who could be trusted to the uttermost. He added to that impression by making himself widely liked. I have never come across any one who disliked him. He is a warm favorite with Mr. King and Owen, with his colleagues (especially with Mr. Balfour) and to some extent with the public. His rise has been phenomenally rapid, and if it would be too much to say he has earned it by his own merits, it is not too much to say that he has so far proved every step he has taken. Essentially of course, he is about the same as Chamberlain of the Evesham. He is only finer, and he knows next to nothing about Disraeli. Everybody wishes him well, but no one pretends that he is likely to be a great Chamberlain. It is, as in all the offices he has hitherto filled, as in all he is ever destined to fill, he will do nothing distinguished and nothing undistinguished. He is quite an adequate man, but no more than adequate; that is really about all that can be said for or against him.

Mr. Horder's removal from the Secretaryship for War to the

Secretaryship for India is an immense relief. I do not suppose it will particularly please the English in India; in fact, I know that nothing could be less to their liking than to have Mr. Horder over there. Nor does it greatly gratify that growing number of fanatics who are preaching the most un-English doctrine that a man who has failed in one office is not bound to be given a chance of failing in another. But to the country at large, to the average intelligence, to have Horder out of the War Office seems like that of a great relief. Nor does it greatly gratify that growing number of fanatics who are preaching the most un-English doctrine that a man who has failed in one office is not bound to be given a chance of failing in another. But to the country at large, to the average intelligence, to have Horder out of the War Office seems like that of a great relief. Nor does it greatly gratify that growing number of fanatics who are preaching the most un-English doctrine that a man who has failed in one office is not bound to be given a chance of failing in another. But to the country at large, to the average intelligence, to have Horder out of the War Office seems like that of a great relief.

—yes, if possible, false still. He is the most official Englishman and the most English type of official I have yet come across. He departs unawares from the War Office, almost bewildered by his failure, and quite unconscious that he is not a constructive statesman of the first rank. At the India office he will be kept busy by the limitations of his post, and may therefore do well. His successor at the War Office, Mr. Arnold-Forster, is, I think, the man of all others whom the unanimous vote of the country would have chosen out. Much is expected of him, and he has given proof in the past that much may be expected of his successor. He is a poor consolation. Mr. Horder has done much that is really good in the way of military reforms and reorganization, and from the first he meant extremely well, but his basic conception of the military needs of the country was an altogether false one, and the form in which he gave expression to that conception—the six army corps—was, if possible, false still. He is the most official Englishman and the most English type of official I have yet come across. He departs unawares from the War Office, almost bewildered by his failure, and quite unconscious that he is not a constructive statesman of the first rank. At the India office he will be kept busy by the limitations of his post, and may therefore do well. His successor at the War Office, Mr. Arnold-Forster, is, I think, the man of all others whom the unanimous vote of the country would have chosen out. Much is expected of him, and he has given proof in the past that much may be expected of his successor.

## The Land of the Open Air

By Burgess Johnson

BLOW, ye sweet southwestern breezes.

See, the sky is grim and grey!

Blow ye, for my heart's blood freezes

In lands where ice-lies every day.

Soften these unloving faces,—

Mould them with a gentle hand,—

Bring a hint of Latin grace,—

Whisper of a lady land!

See ye any cactus blooming?

Heavy-scented, white as snow?

Saw ye cane-fields waving their plumes,—

And against a sunset glow

Ragged purple mountains looming?—

Saw ye night of Mexico?

Blow, ye turbulent northeasters,

Sleeping down on mighty wings!

Blow, ye from the arctic wastes,

Whence devour the buds of spring.

Howl ye, howl about my caemnet,

Spirits of a leaden sky!

Leave ye your mantles of effacement

Gleaming white as ye hurl by.

See, my spirit leaps and strides you,

Shouting with you as ye go—

Toward the fair southwest it rides you,

Hands outstretched to Mexico.

Toward a balmy dawn it guides you,—

Sweet and sunny Mexico.

I am driving great-horned cattle

Where the tiny chuckles lead.

I am bent in merry battle

With a wry, stubborn steed.

While my soul sings glad sonnets,

Eaching life and leaving care

To a land and far "manana" —

In the land of open air.

Then though every word be sweeping

Through this gray abode of woe,—

In my dream I am leaving

In some wild sweet song I know,—

Leave me, leave me to my sleeping

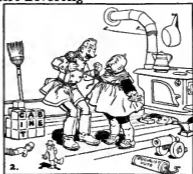
When I dream of Mexico!

# QUIXOTE WILHELM And Faithful SANCHEO EDDY

In Which the Kaiser liberates the Unfortunate Cjar  
 Drawn By Albert Levering



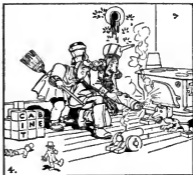
Quixote Wilhelm: "Der unuerpogge says der Jar ell Raxta is  
 raus! azens holden mit dem Nihilist. Lrap dem Jostak cabent dach  
 and lassen at me! If I was der Jar ell Raxta!"  
 Sancho Eddy: "But you're not the Cjar!"



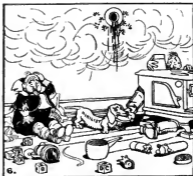
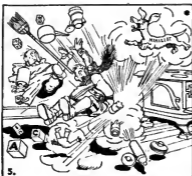
Quixote Wilhelm: "Keep quiet! I can settle the matter without your  
 over. If I was der Jar ell Raxta I would put das cat out of  
 my you!"  
 Sancho Eddy: "But, I say, you're not the Jar!"



Quixote Wilhelm: "Hark, dead talk! How I would put dass  
 leben on you - and you look clean like the Russian chief of policeman,  
 Vaz! Den mit der jar disquise-posta! I am de Jar ell Raxta!"  
 Sancho Eddy: "The wall Tachar!"



Quixote Wilhelm: "Und was wir die crecher, such tin der maist fel,  
 and die dshward, rich te voll call der Nihilist. I, as der rest Jar ell  
 ell der Raxta -uch' such me. Here comes der Nihilist!"  
 Sancho Eddy: "Are you sure you are the Dichtar?"



Quixote Wilhelm: "You asked me?"  
 Sancho Eddy: "Nobstut! I know you are der Jar."

B-u-n-ell



### "THE BIRDS" OF ARISTOPHANES AT AMERICA'S GREEK THEATRE

The new operatic Greek theatre of the University of California is the only structure of the kind in America. The theatre stands in a quadrangle near the campus, and is almost entirely surrounded by trees. The photograph was taken during a recent performance of Aristophanes' comedy, "The Birds," given by the students of the university. The photograph was not retouched in the auditorium. The photograph was taken during a recent performance of Aristophanes' comedy, "The Birds," given by the students of the university.



### CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING BY ITALIAN OFFICERS

*The Italian cavalry officers are enthusiastic sportsmen, cross-country riding being one of their favorite pursuits. The photograph is a snap shot taken of Lieutenant Bertolotti, a prominent officer and sportsman in the Italian army, as he was jumping a stone wall during a cross-country ride near Turin, where the lieutenant's squadron is quartered. Photographs of Italian equestrians at drill, published recently in the "Weekly," show that the officers of the army are carefully trained to meet the most difficult problems in horsemanship. No cavalry officers in the world are better trained in daring feats of riding.*

# Views of the Stage and Players

By Booth Tarkington

MANY years ago, an American paragraphist for a weekly humorist paper, being hard pushed for a joke, cited some sad examples taken from the periodicals on this side of the water, to prove that Englishmen had no sense of humor. The idea was accepted seriously; it prospered, and, by the habit of imperious confidence exhibited by our English visitors and by Parson's singular practice of explaining puns in parenthesis, until sunny, many Americans are solemnly convinced that Englishmen have no sense of humor.

For those who have been reared on this coast, the prevailing humor of the London streets, from the fanciful delusion of retail clerks to the historical subtleties of the custom, need suffer the explanation that London is the chief city of Ireland.

And the London stage could not but strike home with a series of pleasant shocks; for surely it affords more surprises of humor than any other in the world, and when a bit of humor does not carry surprise it is not particularly humorous.

The American, in pursuit to his creed, may take refuge in believing that Mr. John Hare, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Hootery, Miss Vanbrugh, Miss Bowdler, Miss Moore, and many others are all Irish or Scotch, but he cannot quite claim that the audiences which greet these players in London are American. It must appear to the observer that London audiences are of all the world the readiest in their perceptions of the humor given forth from behind the footlights, quickest to understand, and pleasantest with the desired laughter.

And yet it is true that for some species of humor Englishmen and Americans vary in readiness of perception in accordance with the difference in their customary surroundings, climate, and habits of thought.

Some very intelligent Western American audiences were, once on a time, totally befogged by W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged," and there have been American comedies, well received at home, which one could not imagine succeeding over here.

However, many old fogies will agree with me in believing that we are to be facilitated because we prefer to read the "literary" play at home in the library corner, rather than to sit publicly with some discomfort to hear it declaimed across the footlights. I should be only too ready to confess a mistake in this, but it does not appear that the most conspicuous English playwrights are more and more possessed by a feeling that all types and situations available for pure comedy have been exhausted; it is as if they believed it impossible to be original in the old way, and were impelled by the necessity to be original in a new way. More and more, therefore, their comedies are disturbed by interpolations of verse, satire, or allegory, often delicious in themselves and possibly valuable, too, as indicative of a transition stage, but a grief to the unaided.

I do not think that such American playwrights as Mr. Augustus

Thomas, for instance, feel a like exhaustion of types and situations. Some of our "typical" characters have been exhausted, thank heaven! the "Western Millionaire" (with daughter) and the New York banker (with niece) and the silver king and the kermis-like rambler and the dashing Southwestern and the politician with silk hat and lambskin moustache—we go to see them as never.

There are those, however, who believe that actual types are never to be exhausted, that even in the case of an old type, a new view of him is always possible, and that an old type very truthfully treated is not so much rejuvenated as actually new. We had been seeing Southwestern sheriffs in dramas for years, but when Mr. Thomas and Mr. Goodwin gave us the real sheriff in "In Missouri," we were sure we had never seen him before—except in Missouri.

If there is an obvious distinction between the better English comedies and the better American, it is that usually the former exhibit a greater general excellence of taste.

Perhaps that is not so much the fault of our actors as of a system we have come to labor under. Many of our "stars" find the footing insecure a few steps in any direction from the centre. The brief scenes (which grow shorter and shorter) in which the "star" does not appear, we hurried over inconspicuously; the great one is also very often given all the "good lines"—the sense of the play being sacrificed to maintain for that purpose—and when he isn't given them, he takes them.

American actors in me to have a more vehement interest in the personality of the player; when they go to see a play in which Miss Marlowe appears they want to see a lot of Miss Marlowe; they want her on the stage all the time; they want to hear her voice; it is she they are interested in much more than in the character she is presenting. Their interest in the latter is usually in seeing what Miss Marlowe will prove herself to be.

I believe the most ardent American patron might be brought to suspect that England possesses more actors of distinguished merit than we have at home, but however that may be, our appreciation of fine English acting is not tempered by our loss in such useless comparisons, as the happily protracted visits of many English companies in the United States must testify.

I imagine that nothing could be more impossible than to formulate a set of rules for the conclusions of plays. A little originality combined with a great deal of craft might sport any of them at will. Probably people who care for art only might hold such a creed to be of a vicious outliness, but speaking as a human being, I do believe that all plays, whether courting "happily" or "unhappily," should end wholesomely. I mean the difference in feeling between Mr. Barrie's or Mr. Shaw's or Mr. Pinero's conclusion and d'Annunzio's.



Is Not Pursuit—The Hounds crossing a stream

## A Day with the Essex Otter-Hounds

By Frank Sherman Peer

FOX-HUNTING men who have never hunted with otter-hounds generally look on the sport as something suitable only for boys and girls to play at when foxes are scarce or fastidiously. The writer's preconceived ideas of the game were after the prevailing notion, but he believes it is only fair word to be used to bound music, for the men and women, too, who have the true hunting instinct in their blood, otter-hunting takes the writer's experience in the hunting fields may be surprised to find him say that he has never had a day in hounds that for unflagging interest and hunting excitement outranks the day's sport with the Essex otter hounds.

The most of the Essex hounds was at Bishop's Hall Mill, Chelms-

ford, Essex, England. Most of the men of the company were dressed in flannel knickerbockers, with shirt and jacket to match, puff stockings, and heavy shoes. Dark blue with white trimmings was the dress for master and whipper-in. The ladies—bless their smiling faces—wore short skirts of some homespun material that would stand grief, a blouse to match, stout shoes that held up high, and head gear in variety, from a high theater hat covered with posies to a plain straw sailor. Some of the ladies wore the hunt club blue. All carried a straight, iron-pointed staff, about six feet in length, a most useful instrument in negotiating fences, ditches, brooks, etc. Besides being very useful at times, it was like carrying a gun, it made you feel as if you were really going hunting. In older times it was customary for the followers to use a spear on the otter whenever the opportunity offered, but this

is not nowadays considered "good form" in sportsmanship, and the spear of former days is now carried as a staff like an Alpine walking-stick.

Hark! No—yes—in the sweet, mellow note of a distant horn that announces the approach of hounds. It is quite enough to set our blood going. Conversation comes to a standstill; the otter stops for want of a listener. It is a sound that cheers you like the view of your dearest friend.

"Vagabond! Vagabond! Croak! Vagabond!" It's only the huntsman ruffing a hound, but it puts your heart in the right place without further ado, and your blood at a gallop in anticipation of the pleasure that's coming on.

"Here they come!"

Headed by three little wire-haired, go-as-you-please fox-terriers, the huntman,

Marching as for war,

comes leading the pack around the bend on the road.

Here they come, hard as nails every one of them. The fox-hounds come on with a grand, stately air, the heavy artillery of the command, the otter-hounds look as if they would hold on like death. They are the infantry. Then the lighter Welch hounds, the cavalry contingent, full of endurance, speed, fire, and dash. Finally the little wire-haired Irish terriers (three of them), with each particular hair standing by itself. Their importance, in their own estimation at least, was in reverse ratio to their diminutive size. They went as they pleased, and took upon themselves the welfare of the whole command. They barked at a small boy who only sat on a fence and looked at the hounds, and again at a big traction-engine for committing the same offense. Chickens and farm dogs, however, were beneath their notice. However, they drove a vile-smelling motor-car down the road in a hurry, and a rattling mowing-machine to the other side of the field. They went anywhere without let or hindrance,



Mr. L. Rose  
Master of the Hunt Otter-hounds

and acted as if they were it all the while. If a big foxhound jumped down a four-foot bank into the stream the little wire-haired threw himself headlong after. When the master rallied the hounds to the "drag" of an otter, the little beasts were as like as not in the very middle of the fray.

The horn was sounded, and headed by the master, Mr. L. Rose, the skirmish begins. After a short turn down stream, the hounds retrace, and all move on up water, the followers and hounds about equally divided on either bank, with two whippers-in on one side of the stream, the master with another whipper-in on the other side.

Hounds were making good every inch of the way, some on land, some swimming along either bank, and poking their sensitive noses in every crevice likely to harbor an otter. Up the stream for a mile or more go the followers in single file along the narrow trails. Presently an otter-bound gives tongue under an overhanging clump of bushes on the right bank. Into the water rush the hounds from either shore, each one straining to obtain a nostril full of the seductive scent. 'Twas a false report, or a drag so old as not to be considered worth mentioning, and a hairy-faced otter-bound, Harmaid, who had much to say about it was reproached by the master with, "Now, then, far medd, hold your tongue," the woe for another forty rods; meanwhile most of the hounds have clustered out and gone racing up the bank, shaking themselves free of water that flew in all directions like sparks from a pin-wheel. Some halted and braced themselves for this relief, while others managed it as they went. They were never at all particular where they shook themselves; the dresses of the ladies made a good sponge for absorbing it; the grass, of course, was wet from their dripping, but the ladies paid not the slightest heed to these shower-baths, and marched on through the wet grass with no concern.



The Master and his Pack

As we move up stream the challenge becomes more frequent and more pronounced. Half the pack are now coming to it with increasing clamor. They are working now with ever-increasing vigor, until presently it becomes an almost unbroken song, the utter-hound leading in depth of voice, the Welsh hound exerting in sweetness, and the fathomed for melody.

Thus the trial moves on with ever-increasing interest. Halting, trying back, and again going forward. The hounds are now full of fire, and their dash and drive through branches and under-bush is something beautiful to see. And again when they jump off the bank and land in the stream, three to five feet below, splash, splash, three, four, or five at a time disappearing beneath the water to appear again while actually giving tongue to the scent as they come to the surface with a mouthful of water. Then again when slipping backwards into the stream is attempting to climb out at some wet, slippery or yielding bank, dog, dog goes their tongue as if they would sooner die in the attempt than neglect to proclaim the good news. More than one hound was thus seen going under with a flounder, then bravely coming to the surface just as another lost his footing and fell onto him. Again he comes up, like an otter with more than a half-drowned beneath, to try again in a different place, only to repeat the fruitless exertion. Such fortitude, such endurance, and amidst it all such manifestations of joy: the joy of living; the joy of hunting; it was indeed a glorious sight.

On pushes the crowd, nearly every hound taking to land that he may get on the faster. A few old reliable hounds, however, are taking their time or are waiting the horn. They have learned that when you see an otter come to the surface he's not there. The next time he shows himself he will probably be many rods either up water or down.

The river-tallyho was near a large elm-tree that leaned far over the stream. It stood on the very brink of a perpendicular bank, which at this point was some four feet above the water. It was about the roots and bank beneath this tree the hounds had gathered. Two or three even climbed the slanting trunk for twenty feet or more, giving tongue as they went. Those in the water, if they had been growing more clamorous as the drag went on, were now at the very climax of rage and fury. While the eagerness of the hounds for scent of fox and wild bear is very great, that of the otter seems to put them in a state little short of madness. The otter-hounds were particularly free of tongue, especially Barnmaid, who was many times corrected by the master, for she loved too well to hear the notes of her own musical tongue, which went clanging on when nearly all the other hounds had said their say. "Barnmaid, Barnmaid, pretty; more pretty, Barnmaid," calls the master; then, with a half-stifled bay, she plunges on, muttering her disappointment. In the water at the roots there was a regular football scrimmage, while on the bank the little terriers were digging at a "holt" (a hole in the earth). When the fury of the onslaught had somewhat spent itself, the master walked on up stream, calling to the hounds, who reluctantly obeyed. Even then some of them kept returning to the tree, until raised on to the call by the whippers-in. From now on for the next forty rods hound music ceased. This brought us to a grier-mill. The master tries for a little way above it, and then we all return to the leaning tree. Again the hounds proclaimed the find. This seemed to settle the question beyond a doubt. Then the master casts back or down water for forty rods or more, working slowly back again to the leaning tree. Then from the opposite bank he wades, waist-deep, across the stream for a more critical examination of the bank under the tree. By prodding the bank under water a "holt" was discovered. This was awkward for the otter who evidently went into a "holt" above water might escape by the one beneath water

if they were connected. Some one was therefore despatched to the mill below to ask the owner if he would draw off the water so as to leave the stream at this point, which was much too deep for successful otter-hunting. The situation was also described to the sport-loving miller above this point, and straightway his mill ceased turning.

For about an hour now all hands gave themselves to rest, goup, woadsiches, and tete-a-tetes against cocks of new-mown hay. Tires.

Once more the within hounds, men, bills, Rocks and woods in full concert join.

The self-appointed members and the whippers-in have stationed themselves on either bank, both above and below the holt, to see that the evasive otter does not go away unnoticed. The master, wading across the stream, which is still nearly leg-deep in the middle, makes another investigation. He one hound he carries his staff. In his arms the three wet, dirty wire-haired terriers are squirming in their eagerness to reach the holt; meanwhile two or three followers go into the water about the tree to keep back the hounds and fool, if they cannot see, the artful otter if he swims past their legs under water. Sometimes a shovel has been brought in the event that the terriers are unable to enter the holt.

It was rare fun to see the courageous little terriers charge these bolts, one on the bank, the other at the holt, which was formerly under water, but now exposed. How they did make the mud and dirt fly in their frantic efforts to dig their way in, but the numerous roots prevented their entering much beyond their length. Just as the master had made up his mind to take off the terriers and resort to pick and shovel there was a great cry from twenty or more rods down stream, *Tallyho Otter, Tallyho Otter!* Hounds and followers rush along down stream to the view-hallo, then on further down to another view. Now comes a long wait, with much swarming and music from the hounds. Presently from way up stream comes another view, this time some distance above the leaning tree, and as it went on for three whole hours, first up stream, then down, then back to the holt. By this time the followers were well strung out on either bank for possibly forty rods above and as far below the slanting tree. Now the master cheers on the hounds, and the game grows steadily in interest and excitement. Views are now becoming more frequent up stream, then down. Finally, after a grand rally far up stream, in which direction the master was always endeavoring to drive the enemy on account of getting him into more shallow water, a dozen new followers go into the stream (standing side by side, forming a sort of fence to keep the otter from again going down stream). The water here was about knee-deep. From now on the battle was a hand-to-hand engagement. The otter was coming abreast of the surface to breathe, and excitement among followers and hounds was very great. Finally the otter came up in reach of a hound, and such a struggle between beast and game I have never seen. The otter went under and the hound went with him, and stayed with him until he brought him to the surface. By this time the other hounds had gathered, and the death struggle began. The followers were cheering, hounds were furious, while the otter probably seemed greater than it was, owing to its being in the water. Finally the master succeeded in getting the otter by the tail, while others were engaged in whipping off the hounds, and when finally he handed the otter up the bank by the tail, the three wire-hairs were hanging to the surface like leeches, never letting go their hold until brought to the bank and their mouths were forced open by a staff. The trophies—mask, pads, and tail—were presented to whichever the master thought best to have. A splendid luncheon followed at a fine old manor-house near-by.



The End of the Hunt—The Otter, with the Dogs still hanging to it

# The Plaza of the Three Dumas

By André Sardou

QUITE recently the sculptor Saint-Marceaux, commissioned to execute the statue of Alexandre Dumas fils, placed the plaster model in the position where the monument is to be erected at the Place Malherbes, which will soon change its name and be known as the *Place des Trois Dumas*. The statue of the son will look upon that of the father and that of General Dumas, soldier of the republic, the general standing, sword in hand, between the two celebrated writers. What a splendid dynasty! Grandfather, father, and son, united in glory, and presenting themselves to the admiration and respect of all who pass that way.

And on this autumn morning, lit by the pale sun, in the midst of the committee invited by the artist to be present and judge the effect of his work, a number of memories of Dumas, more vivid than ever, came back to me, charming and intimate remembrances, and I saw again at Marly-le-Roi, Dumas climbing slowly up the hill on the way to see my father, his body swaying markedly, with a sort of heaving of the shoulders, his hands behind his back holding his cane. His property was only about a couple of hundred yards from ours, and often in the evening he would come up after dinner to our place to chat while smoking on the terrace. As soon as he appeared, I used to run to him, and he would bid me good day, pat my cheek with his hand, and ask me if I was still working well.

He was a great friend of mine. Sometimes he would take me across the country in his little carriage drawn by two Oriental ponies, and teach me to drive.

In private life Dumas was simple, affable, inclined to grumble good-naturedly, and generally rather sad; he hid his natural good nature under a rough exterior, but his eyes always betrayed him in this. A charming conversationalist, he would become quite animated in telling anecdotes. How I wish I could remember all the conversations which he had in this way, in my presence, with my father, in which every subject was discussed—art, drama, literature, philosophy, adjectives of every sort! I used to listen most eagerly to these long evening conversations. A great friendship bound me to my father, a friendship which dated from the day when Dumas lost his mother. He was much grieved at her loss. The author of *Le Drame aux Chénobos*, ten, always had the greatest affection for his father, and the following pleasantry, often quoted, is rather apocryphal: "I recognized my son, and he wrote *The Natural Son*." I raised myself for my son, and he wrote *The Product Father*." Alexandre Dumas never uttered such words, for the greatest filial love united the two, and it was never disturbed by anything whatever. Besides, he could never reproach his son with his rita, for he himself took care to spend more than he earned. The younger Dumas passed his entire youth with his father; it used to please him to recount how, until the age of twenty-five years, he led a life which, if not useless, had at least no other aim than pleasure. His was a life of caprice; he was made much of by all women, loved by all women; he lived at the property of Monte Crisio, between Saint-Germain and Versailles, and followed his father in his travels. It was an adventurous and delightful life, and how would it be adherent with the author of *The Three Musketeers*? Here is an anecdote which he related in my presence. One day, on arriving at Lyons, the elder Dumas gave

a porter his valise to carry. At a turning of the street the man disappeared, carrying off his booty as quickly as possible. Dumas perceived that the man was making off. Rushing after him, he caught him on the bridge. Seizing him by the arm, and confident of his own herculean strength, he dangled him over the balustrade of the Rhone. Frightened out of his wits, the man screamed and wriggled. After a few moments, Dumas put him back quietly on the sidewalk and took no further notice of him, but hinted the valise on his own back and went on his way looking for a hotel. The elder Dumas, indeed, was a coxcomb; he inherited rich, young blood, which was not cooled by successive generations worn out by civilization; his kinky hair and his flat nose recalled his agrarian origin; he did not attempt to conceal it, but used to joke about it, by replying to persons who asked him what his father was,

"A mulatto." "And your grandfather?"

"A negro." "And your great-grandfather?"

"A monkey." His mother was a poor negress from the Antilles, a servant whose parents were almost slaves, as the origin of his name indicates—in *du*, which means, of course, of the house. Also, through heredity, the elder Dumas had the culinary taste highly developed, and he loved to prepare special dishes which he himself invented and into which he put various ingredients of the most violent order. Many a person repented of having tasted of these dishes. He was such a gourmand that one day, his son told us, having gone to his father's house at Marseilles, he found him in the act of cutting up a fine melon. At that time cholera was raging. "What," said the son, "you are eating melons?" To which the father calmly returned this admirable phrase: "My dear boy, there is nothing in them."

Travels and a life of adventure form and develop youth, says a proverb. The younger Dumas had proof of it. He had matured early, in spite of his dissipation; but the future author of *Le Drame-Ronde* pulled himself up, settled down, and saved himself by work. He wrote novels, and later on he was proud to remember this conquest which he had made over himself.

Moreover, like his father, he felt the need of holding a pen in his hand, one of those goose-quills of which he always had two or three scree before him, and temptingly, with their points well trimmed. Very often he would take one up to write to friends, to correspondents who consulted him on such and such a problem of morals and to whom he delighted to reply; for he was a correspondent all his life. What a splendid monument his correspondence would form if it were ever published! Precisely because he had lived much when he was young, it pleased him to speak frequently of his life as a young man. He told us one day how his father read his first dramatic work. He had made a play from his novel, *Le Drame aux Chénobos*, and was carrying the manuscript out of the house; his father met him on the staircase, stopped him, and asked him what he had under his arm. "A play," replied the son. Without saying a word, Alexandre Dumas took the sheets, obliged his son to follow him into his study, read the pages without interruption, and after having finished took his son in his arms, exclaiming: "My dear boy, you are a dramatic author! What a fine conversation, simple and touching, of the son by the father. That day, I remember, under the light of the lamp, Dumas was much moved by this remembrance, but soon he continued in



Dumas standing in front of the Palais at the Entrance of the Park of Marly-le-Roi, Victorien Home

three scree before him, and temptingly, with their points well trimmed. Very often he would take one up to write to friends, to correspondents who consulted him on such and such a problem of morals and to whom he delighted to reply; for he was a correspondent all his life. What a splendid monument his correspondence would form if it were ever published! Precisely because he had lived much when he was young, it pleased him to speak frequently of his life as a young man. He told us one day how his father read his first dramatic work. He had made a play from his novel, *Le Drame aux Chénobos*, and was carrying the manuscript out of the house; his father met him on the staircase, stopped him, and asked him what he had under his arm. "A play," replied the son. Without saying a word, Alexandre Dumas took the sheets, obliged his son to follow him into his study, read the pages without interruption, and after having finished took his son in his arms, exclaiming: "My dear boy, you are a dramatic author! What a fine conversation, simple and touching, of the son by the father. That day, I remember, under the light of the lamp, Dumas was much moved by this remembrance, but soon he continued in



Remarkable Group—Dumas at the Right; behind him, Sardou; in the Crater, the Princess Mathilde. Niece of Napoleon Bonaparte; and at the Left, R. Haustraen



Sardou and Dumas walking in the Park of Marly-le-Roi—Sardou's Property, and that of Dumas, and the author of "The Three Musketeers" and after he Visit Sardou at his House







"Ariadne Abandoned,"—By Bryson Burroughs



"Autumn,"—By John W. Alexander



"A Woman Reading,"—By F. W. Benson



John S. Bergen's Portrait of Mr. A. J. Conant

**REPRESENTATIVE PAINTINGS AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE EXHIBITION**

At the annual art exhibition of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg, Mr. Frank W. Benson's "A Woman Reading" received first prize, and Mr. Bryson Burroughs's "Ariadne Abandoned" second prize. Other notable paintings shown at the exhibition were "Autumn," by John W. Alexander, and the portrait of Mr. A. J. Conant by John S. Bergen.



Miss Elliott and Mr. Robertson in "The Light that Failed"

In the dramatization of Kipling's novel, now playing at the Ambassador Theatre, Mr. Forbes Robertson has the part of Dick Dicker, an English artist and war hero wounded. "Maud" (Miss Gertrude Elliott), with whom he is to live, is also an artist, but refuses to give up her work to become "Dick's" wife. He loses his sight during her absence in Florence, and at the same time learns that his murderer has been destroyed by his model in a fit of rage. At this juncture, "Maud" is visited by "Dick's" friend "Farrington," who tells her of the artist's desperate plight. Her heart is softened by the news. She returns to England, and offers to become "Dick's" wife.



James K. Hackett as "John Ermine"

Mr. Hackett's new play, "John Ermine of the Wilderness," by Louis Frank Robinson, was suggested by Broadway's abolition of Western life. "John Ermine, a white man, has lived from his childhood among the Indians. He is persuaded to become a scout in the United States service. He finds on the trail a photograph of a young girl whom he is told he may meet among the white dress people. It turns out that the photograph was lent by the girl's lover. He demands it of "Ermine," and during the quarrel which ensues is shot by the scout in self-defense. "Ermine" is accused of murder, but his innocence is promptly established, and he wins the girl for his wife.



Miss Jessie Millard in "A Clean State"

Miss Millard is appearing at the Madison Square Theatre in a new comedy by Mr. R. F. Carter, whose "Lady Love" was once one of Miss Millard's most successful roles. In "A Clean State" she has the part of "Miss Tompkins," a young man in a woman, who discovers her husband having his flirt with another woman. This woman's husband is not of the able of the district lawyer by "Mrs. Johnson." They prostitute each other as former acquaintances, their mutual affection is revived, and they return to each other. The playing pair has many other scenes from their past, and when they return and each forsakes the other. "Mrs. Johnson" finally marries the man of her choice.

AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES



### MISS FRITZI SCHEFF IN COMIC OPERA

Miss Fritzi Scheff, who has hitherto been known chiefly as a grand-opera singer, makes her appearance this week in a new comic opera, "Babette," written for her by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. Miss Scheff has the title part of "Babette," a villain letter-writer in a small Belgian town. She quarrels with her betrothed, a travelling painter, and becomes a strolling player. Eventually she is heard by Louis XIV. of France, while on a hunting expedition. He is enchanted with her voice, and sends messengers to find her and bring her to court. At the same time a Spanish embassy is on its way to the French court. "Babette" and her fellow strollers take the place of the ambassadors. The fun comes from their misadventures.

# Correspondence

## THE DEMAND FOR MR. ROOSEVELT

MEMPHIS, TENN., November 6, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In a recent issue of a weekly periodical I notice Mr. Roosevelt is spoken of as "one of the best Presidents since the war." I also observe in a more recent issue another weekly that "the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt by the Republican party is conceded by everybody." I am at a loss to know what is meant by the word "best" as implied here; and what authority has any writer in assuming that the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt is conceded by everybody? To say that he is one of the best Presidents since the war is to place him among such officials as Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, and McKinley. Best, as applied to these men as Presidents, means that they came nearest to pleasing all the people than did any of the other Presidents since the war. It means that they were great men because they knew how to handle the affairs of the government in any emergency without disturbing or jeopardizing the welfare of the people. Best as applied to Presidents is the President that creates the greatest confidence.

"The people are for Theodore Roosevelt," says one writer; "the West, the East, and the Pacific coast Republicans and a good many Democrats in these sections will support him with vigor and earnestness." Are the people for Mr. Roosevelt? Have they conceded his nomination? Not in the sections where I have travelled. During the past year I have been in every State east of the Mississippi River and I have yet to find the section where even half the people concede Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. And I have yet to find the section where even one man in five will class him as one of the best Presidents since the war. If Mr. Roosevelt's nomination by the Republican party is conceded it is by the politicians and office-holders of the party and not the people who vote the Republican ticket. Mr. Roosevelt may be able to force his nomination, but the people will defeat him at the polls if he is opposed by a man with sound common sense, with the united party supporting him.

I am, sir, MONROE DOMINIS.

## A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S VIEWS

GREENSBORO, N. C., October 20, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—I am a most interested reader of every number of your paper. Your Comments give me a most correct and just view of all I wish to know of the doings of the world—correct, and correct, almost entirely, even according to my Southern ideas. Your remarks on the negro question are so true, so to the point, that, living as I have for fifty years in a country where this very important issue, I could not advance any better. Like all great historical questions, time, with its conservative movements, will smooth over and bring the desired result. We of the South love the negro as parts of our families, in many instances, even yet, after thirty-eight years of unbridled liberty, which means to the most of them work two or three days through the week, then spend what wages that may bring, in—what is to them their idea of freedom—frolic. But there are those of this race who work the entire year, with only the ordinary holidays of Christmas and Fourth of July, together with one outing of a week to a church conference; who save their wages, and have good names among white and black. These will save the day and solve the question. The Southern people know the South and negro, and in no manner will they impose upon them. Actual contact with all problems is indispensable in their solution. There are men of brains in the South to work out the negro problem; women of culture and kindness of heart to look these poor and dependent upon them to higher and nobler lives.

As to lynching for the "new crime" (you so justly named), the world might just as well stand entirely by and leave it just as it is. To stop the crime will stop the lynching.

I am keenly interested in—who shall be the next Democratic nominee for President? Have read every word you write on the subject. My choice is Jim Gray; for many reasons he is, and will continue to be growing all the time the most consistent and popular man. His ability and learning alone should place him in the highest position of this government; then consider what he has done for the peace, safety, and prosperity of the country within the past few years. I admire Cleveland, but it is not polite or Democratic principle to give the same title the same office three times.

I am, sir, L. W. F.

## THE NEGRO CRIME AGAIN

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 2, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In your article "The New Negro Crime Again Considered," I think you have entirely missed the mark. This is a subject which I have studied much, and I have had excellent opportunities for doing so, making my observations and getting my information at first hands. You conclude that these assaults of negroes on white women are prompted by a desire of the negro and popular prejudice—a resentment at being deprived by law to be a wife, be some ten and the usual custom of the law to be a woman on the white man in regard to the negro woman; but we never hear of criminal assault as a consequence. You say that the negroes of the present generation have not that high regard for

the white woman that the slaves and ex-slaves had. In this you are right, and you are approaching the truth of the matter. The state of law in this country is a fiction, causing the negro of both sexes is such as to destroy all respect and reverence for anything. The most of them think, and with reason, that there is no such thing as a virtue. Such is the case among those they know. The negroes that commit these crimes know nothing of Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, or any of the civil-rights acts. They simply have no respect for women. You say such assaults do not occur in those countries where marriage between the races is not against law and popular sentiment. If you will notice you will see that such assaults do not occur in this country on negro women. And for the same reason in both cases, that the luxury of morals is such that there is no occasion for it.

We have, then, this condition—given a man without the restraint of religion, or morals, or social position, and with the animal desires more strongly developed than usual, and with no idea of the unapproachableness of any woman, and what else can we expect but that which now so often happens? A man himself intoxicated or drugged cannot distinguish between others not in his condition and himself, so those unused to virtue are unable to conceive of it.

I have given you my diagnosis of the disease. I will now suggest a remedy. The one that is being tried now is terror. I do not think it is the best. People who have been used to act, or rather, who have been restrained from acting, entirely by fear, cannot all at once be relieved from it. A man without law is not a natural man. How many of us could have been brought through childhood without it? It is certainly one of the most useful safeguards, and the one on which the body politic mainly depends. But Christ taught a better way—of the most universal and most desirable to do good and not evil. He would get us away with fear, but would add another motive to influence actions, and one that would be ever present. The cause of the moral decline of the negro is apparent to every observant person who has been with them for the last thirty years. It is the bad religious leadership they have been under. Substitute for the present set of libertines true, virtue-loving Christians, and in ten years there would be such a change that to be a Negro would not be a byword and "The New Crime" would be a thing of the past. Create a foundation for respect and respect will come. The same remedy would not only cure the new crime, but the many others that are now filling our jails and leading to the horrors of civil war. Speedy trials and executions would have some effect. But nothing will create a real reformation of character, such as would raise up friends for the negro, will save him.

I am, sir, C. N. MELLWEATHER.

## DESERTIONS IN THE NAVY

November 2, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—The great number of desertions in the navy at the present time is appalling. It is one of the most serious of the great problems with which the Navy Department has yet had to contend. During a single month recently there were three hundred deserters. The reason for this disgrace to the "pride of our country" can be attributed to many causes.

Within the past two or three years an experiment has been made which has, it seems, proved a complete failure. Reformatory stations in charge of naval officers, have been opened throughout the interior of the country. Here are enlisted men of almost every occupation. When a sufficient number are recruited they are sent in crowds in the different training-ships on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, where they are again transferred to training ships. On these they are given a few weeks' training in the rudiments of seamanship; they are then drafted to regular ships of war and entered upon the routine of their service. Here they become known as "incubator sailors." As a general rule these men have never seen salt water, and have less idea of what constitutes a sailor's life than it is possible to imagine. This sudden change of living invariably brings on dissatisfaction. All of this course only tends to increase the raw recruits' dissatisfaction.

Our navy is by no means free from foreigners—it is, in fact, overladen with them. Many of them, on account of their seamanship, are made petty officers. Thus, here and here American men are superadded to the service of their own country by foreigners, many of whom can hardly speak the English language. Though these foreigners are always good mariners, being for the most part Norwegian and Swedish, they have not the knack of discipline, and are intolerable to any one with American principles. Again, according to the present system of maintaining the navy, a sailor is never settled—that is, he never knows how long he is to remain aboard the vessel on which he is serving. Hence he loses all interest in his own ship, being constantly thrown among strangers.

In spite of the new ration introduced into the service it is not much better off. The men are now, as always, required to pay in part for their meals, out of their own pockets. The equivalent ration served is supposed to be thirty cents, in which case the men never receive the benefit of their own country. Here they, if all rations were consumed, instead of every fourth or one as at present, which necessitates a lieutenant, whose pay is only \$16 a month, in paying \$3 of this amount for his own subsistence, it would be far more profitable for the service of one of its own sailors than for that in paying great numbers to draw their pay and return to their homes.

I am, sir, H. H. BYRNE.

**A Touching "Appele"**

The following notice is said to be posted over the altar-box of a certain outdoor altar in northern Italy: "Appele to Christ! The Brothers, so called, of Mercy, asks slender alms for the Hospital. They harbour all kinds of diseases, and have no respect to religion."

**APPELE TO MOTHERS.**—Miss WIGMORE'S "SOCIETY" WOULD send five copies for each of the children passing. It contains the full address the goods, prices of each, prices with color, and is the best society for charities.—[Adv.]

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taken out to human will; that holds the mother down as soon as the child is in the world. BROWN'S EARLY Baby Conditioner. Made in a pure milk and is perfectly adapted to the human infant. Stated first for forty-five years.—[Adv.]

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In many cases of **ARTHUR FAY'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION** gives relief that is almost equal to a cure.—[Adv.]

There are some which are really properly made, and as a good history of each of them is in a book of the late "Napoleon," a perfectly business proposition, some which have been adopted by our government.

Ladies whose delicate skins are still the most delicate even of the **Superior Cream**—although quite sensibly "old-fashioned" in its origin—ought to use the latest creation, "Ladies' Cream," which is applied to the face with regularity, and which is used in the guise of a soap.—[Adv.]

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**BAD HABITS**

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Improper food creates abnormal tastes, and there are many cases on the medical records where the liquor habit and tobacco habit have been caused by wrong food and have easily been cured by the use of the scientific food Grape-Nuts, which so thoroughly nourishes and rebuilds the nerves that they stop the cry for stimulants.

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"Last May I was so run down I only weighed 111 pounds, and I realized that I must stop smoking, and stuck to it for about 10 days, but was so nervous and out of sorts my family told me I had better go back to smoking, as it was impossible to live with me. It was just about this time my wife brought a package of Grape-Nuts on the table one morning, and as I could eat nothing else she induced me to try a little of that. So I took a teaspoonful of it, and, strange to say, it tasted good, and by the time I had it down I knew it had gone to the right spot, so I took some more, and it was the first food I had relished for weeks."

"So I kept up the use of Grape-Nuts, and as my appetite came back added other foods, and I am now back to my old weight of 133 pounds, never felt better in my life, and, strange as it may seem, I have no further craving for the tobacco, and I thoroughly believe that only the cereals and nutrition I got out of the food Grape-Nuts has given me the strength to quit smoking. If every one knew the power of this wonderful food you would not be able to build a factory big enough to supply it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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## Christian Science in Cow-camp

By William R. Lighton

"DEAR SIR,—Well Billy god Widing & no more rain the roundup will be at foot Cloud tonight Noon may 17th or if not there then at the lower Windmill down on Six Mile Creek, the Boss & the Boys says you better come down you Prodiggle & get you a good feed of Beef & besides there is lots of folks here that you know, the D-Bar boys & Blacks Jim with the comick eye & Coffey's fellows & a lot from the P.F outfit & more, 37 head of men for dinner today not counting no much don't feed much a man at this Cooking job. You can find the Way if you want too by following the Rawhide trail to below Coffey's & if we ain't at the Steugh you go up on the flat south & keep Spoon Butten a little to your left & keep a Gowing till you see our horse herd. Come there, Yours resp. STEVE."

This letter came to me at Lusk, and Red Cloud Steugh lay fifty miles away on a new trail. To hunt for an isolated and unsteady cow-camp in the heart of those measureless plains, with nothing but Steve's single offhand sentence for guidance, would be much like searching out a particular misplaced type in a Sunday newspaper. No matter; it was worth a far journey to investigate once again with that company; for they were known to me of old—a mighty herd, men to their heart's core. Missions and strays were quite forgotten when at noon of the second day I sid from my saddle beside the big mess-wagon on Six Mile; for there was the giant Steve at the cooking job, with his gut-die, his downy-busted Dutch ears, his attendant cloud of wondrous odors, and, best of all, his brown and friendly face.

His greeting had all the unimpaired melancholy of out-door Wyoming. He did not even take his huge fist out of the biscuit-dough.

"Hello!" he said, simply, as though our last parting had been but yesterday, instead of three years gone. "Strip your harness and turn him loose. He'll be took care of."

When that was done, I stretched at my ease in the shadow of the wagon, rolling a cigarette, and we talked the talk of reunion.

"The boys is late to-day," he said, presently. "Rein's been holdin' us back ever since we left the Platte. But they'll be comin' in soon. Oh, say!" His face flashed into an animation which belated the unusual in his thoughts. "We've got a new one—a brand-new kind. The Bosses fetched him in day before yesterday. He's right from Missouri, and awful unusual to this country; but that ain't the worst. He's all bungged down in religion. What is it, now, you call them shapes that burrs and don't know it?—Christian Scientist! That's him. Say, did you ever go against one of them?"

I shook my head. "They're mostly too many for me, Steve."

"It's a religion a woman made up. This chap has got a book along with him she wrote—a whole of a big book, like some kind of a harness doctor book, it is, and he knows how to it same as them Hebrew children did to that Pharaoh-king's bull calf. He's awful wroty over it. When he reads any kind of a physic he says he just read himself a dose out of his book, and that's sufficient. Do you understand that? The boys is terrible hawthered to know what they're goin' to do with him, because he sure don't believe here, and that news has got to be broke to him somehow."

He stood erect, and his face took on the look of duty. "There comes the boys," he said, and beatified himself.

Topping the brow of a hill two miles in the distance appeared three shapes, dark against the brilliant sky; then half a dozen; then a score; more and more—horsesmen riding free and wild across the big, empty plain, lusty banners urging them in haste. On they came in full charge, sitting their beasts as none can but those Western cousins of the gods—as inspiring a sight as ever I looked upon. While they were yet afar off I stood up and swung my hat in gladness, and on that rare and wonderful air, across a full mile of space, came their shouts answering yells of recognition and welcome. Two minutes more and my hand was squared numb and overripe.

Then we fed. O feed of blessed memory! Open air, open plain,

open sky, and open hearts! I felt indeed a "Prodiggle" returned to my own. Never was fatter, half of old to compare with that grass-fed Wyoming steers; all the fat of the land besides was heaped upon my pletter, and I was arrayed in the purple of a royal hospitality, a matchless friendliness. It was fat, fat!

But there was one who had small share in this. He sat with the rest and ate with them; nevertheless, he was plainly an alien. He secured a meaningless sort of fellow, lean as to body, pallid as to face, anemic as to mind, with lips that hung loosely apart and eyes that wandered aimlessly. I knew him at once; Steve's word helped me: "sooty." He was the "Christian Scientist."

He felt his separateness, without knowing what to do about it. In the intervals of feeding his lips were a fixed snarl of weak, vague animosity, and in his eyes was a look of wistfulness, as if for a word or a sign of comradeship. But none was given him. I felt sorry for him, knowing what the silence meant. To be mercilessly belittled by husky pitilessness is sometimes hard to bear, even though you know it is merely a friendly test of your temper; but to be ignored—that is altogether different; it is a very final way of saying that you "don't believe." The situation was curious. A man who had done a murder might have been heartily welcomed to that company because of some stanch, manlike quality that was in him, while this mild, colorless, harmless little fellow was outlawed.

While we ate, cloud masses gathered from beyond the purple chain of buttes that loomed against the west; the air grew opaque with thick mist; and then the rain came in broad, gray sheets, blotting out the horizon, ablunting the world away behind an impenetrable curtain. It would clear by four o'clock, the weather-wise Boss said, and in the mean time we could loaf. A big salt-tan was put up, and within it we gathered, two-score strong, and surrendered ourselves to a jocund forgetfulness of duty and of every stern thing. Robust, out-door masculinity dissolves dissolves in its diversions, inclining to heresy; and there was plenty of it here, with much speech between-usuals—such speech!—about wit that deep, kindly humor that managed every hurt of the wounds, with sometimes a word or two that showed these men to be masters of the truest wisdom of earth—the wisdom that let them enjoy their days.

"Billy, when did you shave last?" one asked, presently, gravely studying my chin.

"Day before yesterday," I answered, in unassuming simplicity.

"Billy needs a shave!" they chorused. I was stretched upon the ground, head and feet, with one sturly fellow seated on my chest to officiate; my face was smeared thick with exorcise, a butcher-knife was brought from the mess-wagon, and I was treated to the shave of my life. It was not an indignity, but a compliment rather, for it acknowledged me as one of them.

Then the giant Steve was fringed with ropes and hung head down from the centre pole, not to be released until he had said a prayer aloud; which he did promptly, in a fashion that earned a thunderous applause. The pity of it is that the prayer was quite appropriate.

They did not treat the Christian Scientist to any such tokens of brotherly feeling; they merely let him alone. For a time he sat looking on, grinning his weak, foolish, wistful grin; then from somewhere he brought his "kind of a harness doctor book," and withdrew into a corner. By and by they observed him, as he followed the lines with a slow, phobbing flap of his loose lips whispering the words inaudibly, and they gave him a brief, puzzled attention. Noon Red Metjee spoke, not at all inaudibly.

"Seems to get a lot of comfort out of it, don't he?"

He looked up from the page, marking his place, flushing with pleasure because of this timely notice. Big Steve was the one nearest him, and in Steve he spoke.

"It is mighty comfortin'," he said, taking Red's remark at its literal worth. "Did you ever investigate Christian Science?"

Steve answered gravely: "I've never had no right healthy. A healthy man don't neither much about religion, I reckon."

Black's Jim—lie of the "cumack eye"—laughed aloud. "Steve

and religious Steve and the angels! I'll bet Steve don't never think of heaven except as a place where he could have a ball of clay.

"That's no lie," Steve said, in placid earnest.

"You healthy folks don't know," the Christian Scientist cut in crossly. "But I know. I used to be a Baptist—all my kin was Baptists—but it didn't seem to do me no good. I was that unhealthy! I had a terrible indigestion. If I'd eat just the bottled ones of fried potatoes for breakfast I'd bech an' suffer awful till I took up Christian Science. An' that taught me to know I didn't have no such thing as indigestion; it was only a belief in evil, that my spirit could demonstrate over. All I had to do was to deny the evil, an' now I can eat all the fried potatoes I want to, an' never bech a nut."

They listened without a word. It was not a hostile silence, but quite fascinated; they were giving the man his chance. It was Steve who spoke next.

"Then you saved religions just to get shot of a disease you didn't have now?" he asked. "That seems right funny to me."

"But I thought I had it," the other returned. "My spirit had the belief in it, an' that was just as bad as the disease."

"Was it only your spirit that belied them there apes?" another questioned, gravely matter of fact.

The Christian Scientist appeared a bit dubious. "I guess maybe you might say it was," he hazarded.

"I don't rightly understand you," said Black's Jim. "You say there ain't no such thing as a disease, unless a man believes in it first. Look here; suppose I was blind an' deaf an' dumb, an' stood close to a feller that had the smallpox, with my back to him, you not knowin' he was there at all, wouldn't I catch it?"

"Maybe you might catch the belief in it," the other explained.

"An' wouldn't it peck-mark me?"

"Why, maybe the belief might peck-mark you, if you didn't deny it; but the disease couldn't, because it's like I tell you: there ain't no disease. Of course, there's some beliefs that's more ketch'n' than others. A feller with them strong beliefs, like small-pox, you'd have to have right smart of practice before you could deny 'em proper; but after you'd had some experience you could do it." Evidently the indulgent was warmed to his subject. "Mind is superior to matter," he said, in the sounding phrase of his faith. "The body don't catch no disease the mind ain't willin' it should have. If the spirit will just keep on denyin' evil, faithful, the body won't never have no diseases whatever. That's what the book says."

"If I was a Christian Scientist, would it keep me from gettin' no horrible sick when I'm drunk?" asked Red Meeker.

"It would cure you of wantin' to drink," answered the zealous devotee.

"Oh, Lord!" cried the critic, in quick disgust, and there was one possible convert the less.

Something of the missionary motive stirred in the simple fellow's soul. "Just lemme try, you, he argued, and proceeded to blunder lateriously through a long and awful page in his "bible's" volume. None of his listeners could make head or tail of it; indeed, they were not trying, having something else to think about just then. Black's Jim was edging nearer to the reader, his face a mask of blood, absorbed attention; but in his hand he clasped a dried, thorny frond of prickly pear. We all divined his purpose. It was feebly contrived. I would have saved the hay if I could have seen my way clear; but one must be very sure before the trick is interposed with manifold dangers. Besides, I really wanted to see the outcome.

"You see!" the enthusiast cried, when the paragraph was finished. "The body's reborn! only except just a little matter, without no feelin' to it except what the mind gives it; so it's really the soul that suffers when you're hurt. But then, don't you see the mind won't suffer, because it's just another part spirit, an' can't get no substance to it to hurt. So there can't be no such thing, show you fix it, as sickness or pain; they're both just evil material beliefs."

Interest was completely centered in him



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Illustration by L. Boyd Smith

"With clutching hands he cast himself bodily upon his prey"

now. He drew his stooping body erect, shifting to an easier posture for argument—and sat full upon the cruel carter which the sinful Jim adroitly shunted beneath him. With a shrill shriek of agony he flung himself into the air—a very volcanic eruption of blue overalls, spurred boots, wide hat, and pain-distorted face; and the carter, its inch-long spikes bedded deep in the most material part of his material body, swung close.

Far across Wyoming sounded the din we made. I helped, because I couldn't help it.

"It's nothin' but a evil belief that's stickin' to your pants!" one shouted. And another: "Deny it, Chris! Keep up a faithful doavin' of it, an' it can't hurt you none whatever!" "Better try belchin' it off!" another cried. "Let your spirit rise and prescribe herself!" clamored Steve. "It's only your spirit that's hurt; let her rise up and be strong, and that thing 'll drop off by herself."

A good twenty minutes passed before the barbed spikes were all pulled free. Then, pale, humiliated, crushed, the poor chap returned to his corner and sat him down, leaning tenderly to the left. He had nothing more to say thereafter. Truly his spirit was suffering sorely.

The next day we moved camp down on Red Cloud Slough. In the interval the boy had managed to triumph over his hurt pride, and was smiling his mild, meaningless smile—"It to numbah his teeth," Micie said, it was not all a comedy. He wanted no such to "believe," and his desire was so impossible of fulfillment. We sat at our dinner, our thoughts grossly centered upon our platters, when the outcast suddenly asked, "What's that there?"

It was a great black-and-white-striped skunk, as large as a middle-sized dog, missing along over the sands near by, regarding the camp with the impudent and insatiable curiosity of its tribe. It was on my tongue to pronounce the name of the beast, but the Boss got in ahead of me.

"Look at that, boys," he said, with a pleased surprise whose aim was exquisite. "It's a conger's kitten, George! I wish I could get it to take to the kids in the ranch. They've been wantin' one."

The Christian Scientist was on his feet, eager for approval.

"Won't it bite me?" he questioned.

"Bite mekin'!" the Boss assured him. "It's a regular 'skinkin' dove for bitin'! It's kinder on its hoofs, that's all, so it takes a sin, quick man to get hold of it."

That was enough. Straightway the boy was off, stepping warily forward, using his light voice in soft endearments. The animal seemed unafraid, slouching easily along, stopping now and then to regard its pursuer with alert, inquisitive gaze, as if it enjoyed the game. Twice the boy had it almost within his grasp; twice it eluded him.

"Kitty, kitty!" he cooed, drawing slower; then, with clutching hands, he cast himself bodily down upon his prey. In another

moment he was afflicted with a most desperate case of belief in an evil odor.

When next I realized myself my cheeks were tear-stained, stiff with the pain of laughter, and the sands about me were strewn with the prone bodies of hysterically happy men. The angry little skunk was sidling away into the sage-brush; and where the Christian Scientist had fallen, there he lay, inert.

Slowly he got to his feet and stood, his eyes tightly shut, his nose spilted to the breeze, his gasping mouth wide open, his arms hanging limp at his sides, his whole presentment one of sick, faint, utter weariness of life.

"Come on! help me, somebody!" he wailed. "What 'll I do-o-o?"

Blindly he started to grope his way towards us; but Steve halted him. "Don't you come near here," he bellowed, "till you've demonstrated over that thing some! It's an awful hatchin' smell! You stay right where you be, or I'll fill you plum full of lead." And his huge Colt's thundered a warning second.

"Change them damp clothes, Chris, quick," another called to him, "or you'll be gettin' your death o' cold."

"Nrip! nrip!" they chorused; and slowly he did as they bade him, casting the discarded garments into the brush.

"I ain't got no more clothes," he moaned, wretchedly; and pandemonium broke loose again.

"I don't need but one o' my spurs. You can have the other one." "I'll lend you a chew o' tobacco." "Say, old man, I've got an 'xtry cartridge-belt in the wagon; that 'll help a lot."

Various things were flung to him across the sand, from which he might make up a costume. When he returned to us he wore a ragged woollen shirt, a hat that sat upon his ears, and a pair of riding-boots.

"Ain't nobody got an 'xtry pair o' pants!" he pleaded. "This one 'll peel the hinges off o' me."

Steve regarded the thin shanks with disfavour. "No, it won't," he said. "Them ain't hips; them's only a sinful belief in legs." But a gray blanket was found, and thus the boy secured about his waist with twine. That garb would have to serve him for a day or so, until we came within speaking distance of a friendly ranch-house.

Of course he could not ride, and in his smother outfit, so he remained at camp with Steve and me—a sorry figure, deeply dejected, mooping mindlessly about. There was little for him to do, and through long hours he sat in the shadow of the wagon, his beloved look open upon his haecus. It seemed to give him the cheer he sought; or perhaps there was some good stuff in him, after all; for by mid-afternoon his grin returned to him—a little dimpled and the worse for wear, saveing less of mirth than of a sheepish melancholy; still it was a grin, and in my secret heart I admired him for it.

**Our Oriental Customers**

Commerce between the United States and Turkey amounts to \$4,000,000 annually. This seems like a very considerable sum, but its apparent magnitude is somewhat reduced by the matter-of-fact announcement of the Department of Commerce and Labor, through its Bureau of Statistics, that a piaster is only four and a half cents in value (or, to be more accurate, 4.4 cents). These are the figures of the Turkish government. Reduced to United States currency, they give a total value of a little more than two million dollars. The figures of the Bureau of Statistics, however, state our total commerce with Turkey last year at about six million dollars with Turkey in Europe and about five million dollars with Turkey in Asia. If that of Turkey's dependency in Africa—Egypt—were included, the total would be about twenty-three million dollars, but the figures of the Turkish government do not include that of Egypt.

With Turkey in Asia the commerce of last year was over five million dollars, but of this sum only \$276,347 was exports and \$4,897,428 was imports. If we consider Egypt as a part of Turkey, the total would be considerably enlarged, though still with a heavy balance of trade against the United States, as the figures of our commerce show our total exports to Egypt last year to be \$476,375, and the total imports from Egypt \$10,861,978. The Bureau of Statistics, it is proper to say, classifies Egypt as a part of Turkey, under the title of "Turkey in Africa," including all of the possessions of Turkey, our total commerce with it last year was, in round terms, twenty-three million dollars.

**How the British Museum was Started**

AN observer recalls the interesting circumstances of the establishment of the British Museum. The funds for the institution were raised by a lottery which was authorized in 1753 by an act of Parliament, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker being the managers and trustees, each to receive £100 as an honorarium. The amount of the lottery is said to have been a million and a half dollars (\$390,000), which was raised by 13 tickets, to provide £390,000 for prizes, varying in value from £10,000 to £10, and £100,000 for the purchase of the Museum's nucleus—the Sloane collections and the Harleian Library; also to provide cases for the acquisitions and to meet other expenses. It will be remembered that the lottery became notorious through the activities of a certain Peter Leboep, who absconded with the tickets and had them sold at a premium. Leboep was afterwards prosecuted for breach of trust and fined £1000, which could not have troubled him much, as his profits from the deal were £40,000.

**What Constitutes Death**

Is the cessation of the heart's action an inflexible sign of death? There is an anecdote of a woman whose heart action was revived by artificial respiration some time after she was supposed to have died; but the heart stopped again when the artificial respiration was given up. There is on record, also, the case of a decapitated murderer whose heart continued to beat for an hour after the execution. Was the man dead? Obviously the cessation of the brain's activities is no criterion. A medical authority who has lately considered this absorbing and important question offers the following definition of what we call "death." "Death," it is suggested, is the name given to the inability of the organs of the body to act together with that harmony which is characteristic of "life," although the derangement of this vital harmony does not preclude a possible activity of the individual organs. Which recalls Herbert Spencer's well-known definition of life as a continued adjustment of internal relations to external relations.



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## Music

### Boston Romance

It was during the intermission. The men from Boston, otherwise the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had just played the "Waldsehn" from Wagner's "Siegfried"—that magic idyl of woodland life—and now one was complaining of the lack of poetic truth in the interpretation, which was inelastic, metronomic, icily regular. These, surely, it was observed, were not Siegfried's words!

"Oh no," was the illuminating response: "these were Boston words."

It was an admirable criticism. These were, essentially, Boston words; and, by the same token, Mr. Gericke's emotion in Boston music: his impulses, his method of approach, are characteristic. To praise his orchestra—that orchestra whose virtuosity has become almost vulgarly traditional—is merely to indulge in the unacknowledging postulate of acknowledging the obvious. But perfection has its disadvantages. Do we not too complacently witness the splendor and purity of tone, the flawless technical accomplishment, of this unique band, ignoring the vital shortcomings which are palpable under the present direction, in its performances? If our memory serves, it is Mr. Finck who has frankly declared his preference for an inspired pianist and an indifferent piano over a perfect instrument and a poor performer. Not to make too harsh an application of the parable, one may say that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the perfect instrument, and Mr. Gericke, its conductor, the—well, let us say, unsatisfying performer. For color and movement, for passion, for romantic suggestion, you are offered the metronome and the stop-watch. We recall his conducting at the second of the orchestra's recent performances in New York. There was the brilliant "Sakuntala" overture of Goldmark, played with an entire disregard for suspense and suspense; there was a new tone-poem by the Frenchman, Vincent d'Indy—"The Enchanted Forest," a vividly imagined paraphrase of a ballad of Voltaire, and here again Mr. Gericke was mechanical, insipid, although the orchestra played exquisitely; there was a new and agreeably unimportant symphony by Glazounoff—his fourth—and in this Mr. Gericke was acceptably effective.

The subject is not brought forward in any zealous spirit of discovery; for the inadequate direction of the Boston band is a matter of familiar observation. But what an unseemly peak of fortune it is that so superb an instrument should suffer for lack of a master player!

### Elgar's new work

Critical authorities in England are not agreed as to the merits of "The Apostles," the new oratorio by Edward Elgar, whose "Ivan of Terrible" set music in New York by the opera last spring. The reviews of the recent performance of the new work at Birmingham are diversely various. For Mr. Vernon Blackburn, the most glowing superlatives barely suffice. "What have we here?" he declares. "A masterpiece, an invaluable contribution to the art of the world; a score of pure gold throughout." Mr. Ernest Newman, on the other hand, finds the music "not sufficiently inspired to satisfy the musical mind," and "impressive only to minds that are already disposed to consider anything beautiful that is associated with a sacred text."

### Has Oratorio had its Day?

Mr. John F. Runciman, whose ideas on musical matters are refreshingly unorthodox, takes a pessimistic view of the condition of the oratorio form in our day. "The moralizing chorus in which lay the strength of the old oratorio," he says in the *London Standard Review*, "has no longer any raison d'être." The mixture of the dramatic and narrative method adopted by modern composers can be productive, he thinks, of no fine result. "Oratorio has had its day; it was an Old World form, and it went out with the Old World. Opera or music drama has taken its place."



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W.A. Rogers

**GIVE HER A GENEROUS SLICE**



to obey the Spooner act and proceed at once to negotiate for a canal by way of Lake Nicaragua. We doubt whether the Gulf State Senators can be controlled by Mr. Gorman in this matter. They not only want a canal, but they want to see it finished as soon as possible. They will recognize that by a defeat of the treaty with Panama the fulfillment of their desire would be indefinitely postponed. The Spooner act makes the President the sole judge of the reasonableness of the time required for gaining the right to complete the canal by way of Panama, which, by the Spooner act itself, is acknowledged to be the superior route. It is extremely improbable that Mr. Roosevelt would consider that the reasonable time allowed him had been brought to a close because Mr. Gorman had temporarily availed the rejection of a particular treaty. Moreover, all engineering experts admit that many more years would be needed to construct a canal by way of Lake Nicaragua than would be required to finish the partly dug canal at Panama. If the Gulf State Senators wish for an interoceanic canal—and about the sincerity of their wishes there can be no doubt—they can probably be trusted to adopt the surest and quickest means of getting one. They are likely to hear from the Chambers of Commerce of New Orleans, Mobile, Galveston, and Memphis on the subject. To throw away such privileges as the Republic of Panama seems likely to offer would be an act of stupendous folly.

It has been decided that the legislation needed to render operative the reciprocity treaty with Cuba will take the form not of a resolution, but of a bill, introduced in the House of Representatives. Thanks to the good sense and foresight evinced by Mr. John Sharpe Williams, of Mississippi, the leader of the Democratic minority in that body, the bill is likely to be passed with reasonable promptitude. At a caucus called by him, for the purpose of determining the position of the party, the enabling bill encountered a good deal of opposition from the spokesmen of Louisiana, Texas, and California. Mr. Williams, on his part, pointed out that the Democrats could not set their faces immovably against a reciprocity treaty, without renouncing the issue of tariff reform on which they must go before the country in 1904. The passage of the Cuban reciprocity bill would prove to the American people that there was nothing sacred about the Dingley act; and the Republicans, having lowered the tariff wall in one place, could not, with any show of consistency, resist hereafter a demand for lowering it in some other places. The real objection to the reciprocity treaty was, he added, that it did not go far enough. It would be improved by an excision of the provision that, while the convention should be in force, no sugar imported from Cuba should be admitted into the United States at a reduction of duty greater than twenty per cent. from the Dingley rates, and the further provision that, during the life of the treaty, no sugar the product of any foreign country except Cuba should be admitted into the United States at a lower rate of duty than that prescribed by the Dingley act. These provisions deprive the House of Representatives of its constitutional power to reduce duties at any time.

Mr. Williams also thought that fidelity to the cause of tariff reform required the Democrats to insist on a removal of the differential on refined sugar, which is alleged to have been inserted in the reciprocity treaty for the benefit of the Sugar Trust. That the new leader is likely to give a long-needed unity and energy of action to the Democratic minority in the House was indicated by the derivation of the caucus, which, by a vote of 95 to 15, resolved that while it would advocate an amendment of the treaty making the changes which we have described, yet, upon the adoption or rejection thereof, the Democratic Representatives should vote for the bill, as at least a step in the direction of freer trade between the United States and Cuba. There is no doubt that any amendment of the treaty will be rejected by the Republican majority in the House, and the position taken by the Democratic caucus simply means that the Democrats will allow the bill to pass after recording a formal protest against two of its provisions.

That the now assured passage of the Cuban reciprocity bill will impart a considerable stimulus to the sugar industry of the island is indisputable. The hope of a revival of prosperity will come in the nick of time to allay the unpopularity of the

insular Executive, due to the new stamp taxes on wine, beer, alcohol, tobacco, and other luxuries, levied for the purpose of providing interest and a sinking-fund for the loan needed to pay the officers and soldiers who fought for the independence of the island. The law imposing these taxes was enacted on February 27, 1903, but it did not become operative until eight months thereafter. Under the new law, wines of home manufacture—these, we scarcely need to say, are seldom, if ever, made of grapes, since very few grapes are grown in Cuba—pay twenty-five cents a litre, while imported wines pay only two cents a litre. This discrimination may seem, at first glance, unreasonable, but it must be remembered that imported wines pay an import duty. The tax on native alcohol is acutely felt, for the reason that the manufacture of rum from sugar refuse is an almost inseparable feature of a sugar-plantation. The stamp tax on beer is not high—only five cents a half-dozen bottles; cigars pay five cents on each box of twenty, and cigarettes one-third of a cent on each package of sixteen. The price of a package of cigarettes, consequently, remains the same—five cents—but the vendor ceases to throw in a box of matches.

By the death of Mr. Andrew H. Green, New York city has lost a man who had earned and received the splendid title of First Citizen. He had earned it by forty years of zealous, intelligent, and upright service. There is scarcely one of the reforms, the enlargements, the improvements, and the embellishments of which New York city has been the theatre, from an epoch antedating the civil war, in which Andrew H. Green failed to take an active and conspicuous part. It is almost half a century since he became president of the Board of Education and began a drastic transformation of the city's educational system. As successively commissioner, secretary, president, and comptroller of the Park Board, he is largely to be credited with the magnitude and the beauty of Central Park. It was he who caused the northern boundary to be extended from 106th to 110th Street, and who secured the retention of the natural features of the site within the widest practicable limits. It was the commission of which he was the controlling spirit which was eventually authorized to lay out the northern part of Manhattan Island, and a considerable section of what is now the Borough of the Bronx. To him, more than to any other man, the city owes the Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. When Samuel J. Tilden, Charles O'Connor, and other honest Democrats combined with honest Republicans—there were Tweed Republicans in those days—to overthrow the Tweed Ring, it was natural that Mr. Tilden should turn for assistance to Andrew H. Green, who was his law partner. When Mr. Green succeeded Consoley as Comptroller, he found the city treasury empty, and, on his personal credit, borrowed half a million dollars with which to pay the policemen, the firemen, and other indispensable public servants. In 1876 a nomination for Mayor on the Citizens' ticket was offered to him, but he declined it, believing that his acceptance might impair Mr. Tilden's chance of carrying the State of New York.

In 1881 he was appointed by a Republican Governor one of the commissioners to revise the tax laws, and two years later Governor Cleveland made him a member of the Niagara Park Commission, of which he subsequently became president. It was due largely to his advocacy of the project that the eastern shore of Niagara Falls was set apart by the State of New York to be a pleasure-ground for the people. It was in commemoration of his services in this direction that the Niagara Reservation Commission lately changed the name of Bath Island, just above the Falls, to Green Island. In 1890 the Legislature made him a commissioner for the New York and New Jersey Bridge, of which he had long been a promoter, pointing out that if Long Island was conceded to require many bridges, the continent itself, which lay behind New Jersey, must be acknowledged to need one. He also had much to do with the creation of Fort Washington Park and the annexed district parks, including the New York Zoological Park, with the authorization of the East River Bridge and the new aqueduct, and with the consolidation of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden libraries. By far the greatest of Mr. Green's services, however, to his fellow citizens was the part he played in effecting a union of New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and parts of Queens and Westchester counties in one vast metropolis. It

was in 1868 that he began, single-handed, the long struggle to this end, and never were his efforts relaxed until the plan was consummated in 1898. When in that year a Charter Commission was appointed, he became one of its most useful members, and on October 6, 1898, his seventy-eighth birthday, he was presented with a gold medal, which had been struck to attest his relation of fatherhood to the Greater New York. It is an interesting fact that one of the latest projects to which he devoted himself with characteristic ardor was the erection in Central Park of a statue of the author of "Paradise Lost" and of the "Aeropagitic." He deplored the fact that the Puritan poet should have waited so long in vain for adequate recognition at the hands of descendants of the Puritans.

We pointed out last week that the outcome of the elections which took place on November 3 was to make Senator Hanna by far the most commanding figure in the Republican party, next to the President himself. Mr. Roosevelt forthwith proceeded to test the Senator's relation to himself by requesting him to retain the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee during the campaign of 1904. Had Mr. Hanna accepted the invitation, he would have been stepped as a man of honor from countenancing the undisguised efforts of his friends to bring about his nomination next year for the Presidency. It will be remembered that Mr. Blaine, the moment that he had made up his mind to be a competitor of President Harrison's in the Republican national convention of 1892, resigned the office of Secretary of State. Mr. Hanna still proffers that he is favorable to Mr. Roosevelt's nomination for the Presidency in 1904, but he has thus far refrained from promising to retain the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee during the next campaign, on the plea that he is reluctant to assume for the third time the burden of so much responsibility. Meanwhile, the "Lily White" Republicans in the Southern States are arranging to send Hanna delegations to the next national convention, and Postmaster-General Payne, with the patronage at his command, has begun to build up Roosevelt organizations, superseding so-called "McKinley postmasters" by appointees whose faces are turned toward the rising sun.

That is the kind of service for which Mr. Payne was presumed to have been made Postmaster-General, and he is certainly better adapted by past experience to perform it than he is to post as a purger and reformer of the Post-office Department—a pile in which, much to his own surprise and uneasiness, he has been, of late, constrained to figure by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow. We repeat what we have formerly said, that, in the eyes of multitudes of Republicans, Senator Hanna, not Mr. Roosevelt, is Mr. McKinley's true heir, and there is no doubt that he would have received the Republican nomination in 1904 but for Mr. McKinley's assassination. As events have shaped themselves, he is the only member of the Republican party who conceivably might beat Mr. Roosevelt in the Republican national convention, and even he could not do it without the support of Mr. Platt of New York and Mr. Quay of Pennsylvania, both of whom, it will be remembered, opposed Mr. McKinley and desired the nomination of ex-Speaker Reed in 1896. It was also against Mr. Hanna's will that Mr. Platt forced the convention of 1900 to nominate Mr. Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency. That is ancient history, however. As things are now, it is doubtless true that Messrs. Platt and Quay would rather see Mr. Hanna in the White House than Mr. Roosevelt, and probably the same thing may be said of Senator Fairbanks, Senator Cullon, Senator Spooner, and Senator Allison. Unless Mr. Hanna consents to retain the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee next year, there is a chance that, even at the last moment, Mr. Roosevelt may lose the nomination for the Presidency.

It was to be expected that professional politicians would look without much sympathy on the popular movement in favor of a re-nomination of Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency by the Democratic national convention. Mr. Cleveland has never been liked by men who make a living out of politics, because from the outset he has declined to regard public office as a private "snap." It is because the people have divined the motives for the disparagement of Mr. Cleveland on the part of professional wire-pullers that they have been said to

love him for the enemies that he has made. The evidence is becoming, with every week, more overwhelming that they love him, and want him once more for Chief Magistrate. On Friday, November 13, Judge John Martin, of Topeka, now a fusion Democrat, but formerly a Populist United States Senator from Kansas, came out in favor of the nomination of Mr. Cleveland for President. He admitted frankly that Mr. Cleveland was not precisely the kind of Democrat that he, Martin, would pick out were the choice delegated to him, but he went on to say that, in his opinion, the ex-President was a stronger man intellectually than Mr. Roosevelt, and would cause the country less trouble. What is even more to the point, Judge Martin is convinced that Mr. Cleveland is the only man living whom the Democrats can elect in 1904.

Of course the Western Democrats do not like his position on the silver question, but that is at present a dead issue, and, according to Judge Martin, they have too much sense to let it determine their selection of a candidate at this time. They want to win, and they recognize in Mr. Cleveland the man to win with. Much the same view of the situation is taken by the editor of the *Montgomery Advertiser*, who, while he admits that Alabama would be carried by any nominee of the Democratic national convention, is convinced that in doubtful States Mr. Cleveland would poll more independent votes than could any other candidate of the Democracy. He bears witness to a marked change of opinion on the subject in Alabama, many influential citizens who were decidedly opposed to Mr. Cleveland two years ago now advocating his nomination. Another Alabama newspaper, the *Mobile Register*, sees in Cleveland a "magnetic name," and *New Orleans* papers report that an allusion to Mr. Cleveland caused an outburst of enthusiasm at a recent meeting of the Mississippi Levee Association, in which twenty-four States were represented. Mr. James H. Eckels, of Chicago, has expressed the belief that Mr. Cleveland can obtain a larger vote than any other Democrat, and, if he can be nominated, will be elected. He appeals to more citizens, irrespective of party, than does any other man in the country. There, too, is ex-Senator Allen of Nebraska, who, like Judge Martin, is a quondam Populist; he sees that the result of the New York city election points to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. According to ex-Senator Smith and Mr. Staff Little, of New Jersey, the present leader of Tammany Hall, Mr. Charles F. Murphy, was favorable to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland as long ago as last summer. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Murphy has changed his mind, now that events have given him the power to dictate the choice of the New York delegation to the Democratic national convention. It seems to us scarcely credible that Democrats from the Southern States would turn their backs upon a candidate supported by the united delegations of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. That the ex-President can have these delegations we have no doubt.

The member of the Democratic national committee from Illinois has expressed in an interview a doubt whether Mr. Cleveland could secure the support of the delegation from that State in the national convention of his party. He adds that Senator Gorman is popular in Illinois. We dare say he is, among the professional politicians, but nobody this side of Boddam imagines that Mr. Gorman could carry Illinois in 1904. That State has never been carried by a Democratic candidate for the Presidency since the civil war, except by Grover Cleveland in 1892. Mr. Cantor, president of the Borough of Manhattan, said on Sunday, November 15, that he was sure ex-President Cleveland would be elected if nominated. Mr. If the feeling in the South should prevent his nomination, Mr. Cantor thought that Judge Parker would run almost as well. We deem it probable enough that Chief-Judge Parker would run almost as well as Mr. Cleveland in the State of New York. But could he carry the State of New Jersey, which also would be indispensable? New Jersey Republicans would be saying that Mr. Cleveland is the only Democrat delegates to be afraid of. Our own belief is that Southern delegates to the Democratic national convention in 1904 will pick out the man that they think has the best chance of winning. They have too much at stake to allow their selection to be shaped by any other consideration.

The fight in the Senate against the promotion of General Wood seems at this writing to be pretty serious. We hope sidetrack in the matter is the effect on the army of making General Wood a major-general. He may have studied wisely and unlawfully with Major Rathbone's trial. We hope he was not at fault in that matter; indeed we hope he was not at fault at all, though if Major Rathbone has done it, he is accused of licensing invidiously in Havana for gaming purposes, and of receiving gifts of considerable value from its proprietors. He did receive the gifts, openly, but we should be sorry to see misconduct in either of these particulars brought home to him. We prefer to think well of General Wood as a brave and able man who has served the country with ability. Opposition to his confirmation as major-general is quite consistent with such an opinion of him. We don't want to see him a major-general at this time because he has never earned that rank in our army, because he has already had more military promotion than he was entitled to, because there are scores of officers of merit and long service who are better entitled, and—so far as any one can judge—far better qualified to be major-generals than he is. If he is confirmed, and lives, in a very few years he will be the ranking general of the army. He will have attained that rank not by distinguished military service, but by administrative service. What he would amount to in a military way as a general officer nobody knows. There is basis for the opinion that he is an efficient doctor. There is basis for the opinion that he is of force and courage, but there is scarcely any basis for an opinion one way or another as to his competency as a general officer. His case is like that of the man who was asked if he could play the fiddle and said he had never tried.

The cause of freedom and civil rights in Russia is distinctly furthered by the report of the Tsar's commission on peasant poverty. The commission, appointed some time ago, is thoroughly representative in character, being made up of leading villagers, landowners, and officials, in due proportion; it cannot, therefore, be suspected of favoring any one class, whether the bureaucracy, the nobility, or the cultivators, at the expense of the rest. This commission supports the view, recently expressed by many of the foremost Russians, including Minister Plevne, that recent developments in Russia have been carried on to some degree at the expense of the peasant class; Minister Witte bears a good share of the blame, it being questionable that his policy of fostering manufactures by a high tariff, and of making great government outlays, such as the Siberian and Manchurian railways, in the interest of prosperity, has impoverished the agricultural class. It is, therefore, well that, having practically completed his plan, he should give way to a more conservative man. The commission, however, finds the chief cause of the peasant's low status in his low power of self-protection; the militant agitation of the Anglo-Saxon being wholly missing in the grainless Slav, who has so keen individual sense, whether of pain or pleasure. The commission therefore suggests that the legal status of the peasant must be heightened and individualized; such things as collective ownership and collective responsibility for taxes giving place to separate liability and property.

This is in the highest degree interesting to us, since we in America are going in exactly the opposite direction: towards collective ownership and responsibility, whether in trusts or trade-unions. The Slav is, therefore, Americanizing, while the American is Slavizing. This commission's decision marks a stage in the great struggle for civil rights now going on in Russia; and the leader of this struggle is the Tsar himself. He has two chief enemies: the sluggishness of age and the rashness of revolutionists. The former he can overcome; but the latter, if unbridled, may overcome him, and put off once more the day of constitutional freedom in Russia, as happened twice before: once through the December insurrection in the year of Nicholas the First's accession, and again, when the Nihilists assassinated Alexander II. on the very day on which he had signed a Constitution. The temper of General Dragomiroff, who ruthlessly put down the strike agitation

in Kieff. The Tsar dismissed him with the words: "I cannot keep him at Kieff. His hands are stained with human blood."

The recent contest in the French Senate is especially interesting, because it brought Premier Combes into direct collision with his predecessor, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, over the question of religious teaching in France. It will be remembered that, when M. Waldeck-Rousseau resigned, immediately after the general election had given him a substantial majority and distinctly vindicated the policy of his ministry, we were somewhat at a loss to account for his retirement. It was then suggested that, having successfully passed the law against congregations, and thus vindicated the dogmas of republican France, that "the clerical party is the eternal enemy," M. Waldeck-Rousseau rather feared the odium which would undoubtedly attach itself to the carrying out of this law, especially in his native Brittany, where the Church is held in special reverence, and party feeling runs high. We at that time reviewed a novel by "Gyp," which had this contest as its motive, and which was laid close to M. Waldeck-Rousseau's birthplace. "Gyp" made it clear that the aristocratic feeling was wholly on the side of the Church and the teaching orders, especially "the good sisters." It is fairly clear that M. Waldeck-Rousseau sees in himself an eligible successor to President Loubet, and was unwilling to impair his popularity, especially in his home province of Brittany; and for these reasons his retirement from the Premiership became intelligible. But it is evidently a case of King Lear and King Stork; and Premier Combes is fired with a persecuting zeal, a bigotry of unbelief, which M. Waldeck-Rousseau evidently did not bargain for or foresee. He has suppressed the orders with considerable rigor, only to see them reappear in civilian guise, to continue the work of teaching. He now wishes to strike at them again, and proposes that the French government should have power to suppress any school by administrative order, or being contrary to the Constitution, to law, or morals. It is further suggested that no one who has taken a vow of celibacy should be allowed to teach.

Here is an interesting comment from the outside upon recent municipal occurrences in this city. A correspondent writes: "I am much interested to observe that no one seems to realize the real reason why reform doesn't go in New York. There is a little milliner in Blankville who goes to New York once a year to do her shopping. She blows herself off to the good. Ben writes me that he is going to take ten days off and go to New York to have his hair cut. What rich man who would do something rash ever thinks of blowing in his money at home! He always waits till he can go to New York, and while that town is the receptacle for the money spent in self-indulgence and vice by a large part of the American community, there will always be too much profit in wrongdoing to permit of reform." It is true, as this correspondent points out, that New York is the pleasure-ground of a vast number of people who do not live here, and that the problem of keeping order and promoting righteousness on Manhattan Island includes not only the regulation of the folk whose homes are here, or whose work is here, but of a great multitude of visitors; and it is true, too, that an important proportion of the visitors come here seeking pleasure and are not disposed to take it sadly. But still it is the voters, not the visitors, who determine the character of the town. We never heard of a reform administration that sundered the town so good that the visitors stayed away. Cleaning the streets doesn't scare visitors off. Closing the gambling-houses would displease some visitors, but not very many. The lawful gaieties of the town—the theatres and restaurants and the like—and the shops and streets are ample to attract visitors, and the lawful profits of entertaining them are ample, too. Of course the tribute from vice is worth collecting, and of course it is vastly greater because of the patronage that comes from out of town, but it is not great enough to demoralize the town and determine the quality of its government provided the voters are getting what they want. We don't think the doing for a wicked New York carried the late election. The milliner from Blankville finds it quite as reviving this fall as when Van Wyck was Mayor, nor need Ben be bored a minute while his hair is being cut.

## Latest Aspects of the Panama Affair

Since the last number of the *Weekley* went to press, the Republic of Panama has been recognized by the United States as not only a *de facto*, but a *de jure* political entity. Such recognition was involved in the formal reception by President Roosevelt of Mr. P. Bonau-Varilla, ex-vice extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the new commonwealth. There seems to be no doubt that the course pursued by this country will be adopted at no distant date by the British, French, German, Italian, and other European governments. That their example will be ultimately followed by the Latin-American States may be taken for granted, although, for the moment, there would be among these some misapprehension as to the significance of the attitude assumed by the Roosevelt administration toward the revolution at Panama. Among the questions mooted by them are some that deserve consideration. For instance: Did the uprising at Panama against the Bogota government represent a spontaneous and practically unanimous outburst of local public opinion? Secondly, did our government invite or connive at the uprising? Thirdly, is our recognition of the independence of a second province of Colombia a violation of the Monroe Doctrine? Fourthly, did our Treaty of 1846 with New Granada tend us to assist any government that might happen to install itself by force at Bogota, in suppressing an Isthmian revolt against its authority?

Those who are inclined to question the assertion that the feeling on the Isthmus in favor of secession and independence is virtually unanimous, point out that the province or Department of Panama was represented in the Colombian Senate, which is said to have rejected the canal treaty by a unanimous vote. There must, then, it is argued, be some inhabitants of Panama who objected to the treaty, since their representatives in the Colombian Senate opposed it. The deduction would be perfectly justified if there had been even a pretence of honest elections in Colombia during the last three years since the *de facto* government headed by Marroquin established itself by force at Bogota. As a matter of fact, the mode of election which has been adopted in Colombia during the last three years has been characterized by a simplicity even more striking than that which is exemplified in Spain. The Governor of Panama, who, it must be remembered, is an appointee of Marroquin's, would be provided with a list of the persons who were to be returned from the Isthmus to the Colombian Senate and House of Representatives, and with a list of the persons who would be permitted to vote for those prospective lawmakers. Under the circumstances, the ostensible spokesmen of the Department of Panama at Bogota would represent nobody but the usurping Colombian Executive. As all the other Senators were chosen in the same way, the fact that they all voted against the canal treaty indicates that Marroquin must have secretly connived at the rejection of the treaty which his personal agent, Dr. Herrera, had negotiated. This is why the people of Bogota are now furious against the usurping President. They knew very well that Marroquin could have secured a ratification of the treaty had he really desired it. The supposition that any inhabitants of Panama, except appointees of the Colombian government, would favor a rejection of the canal treaty is inadmissible on a priori grounds, and is contradicted by all the evidence forthcoming. There is, in fine, no reason to doubt that the Colombian officials who have been politely requested to leave the Isthmus constituted the only persons in the Department of Panama who were disposed to defend the action of the Colombian Senate.

The completion of the canal begun by the French company is a matter of such vital moment to the natives of the Isthmus that the rejection of our offer to complete it gave ample provocation for secession than has ever been afforded for like movements on the Western Hemisphere. The original Republic of Colombia, to the creation of which Bolivar contributed so much, had nothing like equivalent ground for its separation from Spain. The Cubans never had so much justification for their revolts against the Madrid government. As for our own Declaration of Independence, set forth in 1776, the grievances of which we complained were decried compared with the sweeping sacrifice of her local interests, imposed upon Panama by the Colombian Senate. It should also be borne in mind that the ruin with which Panama was threatened by the rejection of the canal treaty was but the latest and deadliest injury in a long tale of wrong. Ever since the Isthmus became a part of New Granada it has been plundered and victimized for the benefit of its politicians. Over and over again have the inhabitants been driven to assert their independence. Of the income that used to be derived from customs duties and harbor dues, seldom was a dollar applied to the needs of the local government. The natives of Panama could not even secure from the central administration money enough to build a wagon road. Of the five thousand dollars which the Panama Railroad Company agreed to pay yearly for its franchise, the Bogota politicians have always taken \$1000 for themselves, and when they felt good-natured, would allow the Department of Panama to reserve five hundred dollars for itself. Of the huge sums of money paid by the de Lesseps Company as bonuses for the original canal franchise

and for the extension thereof, the Department of Panama has never received a dollar. In the matter of the bonus of ten million dollars and the annual subvention of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars offered by the United States, every penny would have gone to Bogota. All this, however, might have been assured, for the natives of the Isthmus understood that the construction and operation of an interoceanic waterway would be of incalculable benefit to the territory through which it should run. When they saw themselves assailed, however, with the loss of even the indirect advantage that might accrue to them, they comprehended that the hour had come to choose between revolution and despair. Who can doubt that, with such alternatives before them, their decision was practically unanimous?

As to the second inquiry, which has been posed by some Latin-Americans, whether, namely, our government incited or connived at the uprising in Panama, we are glad to be able to answer it squarely in the negative. We have not always been able to approve of Mr. Roosevelt's proceedings—we hold, for instance, that he transcended his constitutional powers when he appointed the Ambrosio Urdal Commission—but we believe him to be incapable of resorting to an indirect and surreptitious method of attaining a given end. That is not his way of doing things. He has shown himself on all occasions frank, bold, and straightforward. He has always thrown his cards upon the table. His worst enemies have never accused him of dissimulation, much less of treachery. From the charge of complicity in the Panama revolution we should willingly have absolved him on a priori grounds, but he has himself supplied conclusive proof of innocence and ignorance, by permitting to be published certain passages which he himself had incorporated in his annual message before the inhabitants of the Isthmus declared their independence. Whatever may be thought of the propriety or expediency of the intonation therein expressed—we have elsewhere glanced at this purely academic question—it must be pronounced absolutely certain that the intonation would never have been formed, much less reduced to writing, had Mr. Roosevelt even suspected that, before the opening of the regular session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, the case a problem would be solved by the natives of Panama themselves. It was not necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to publish those suppressed passages, which events have rendered superfluous. That he should have done so reflects credit upon his candor, however difficult we find it to reconcile with international law the conception therein expressed of his duty to his country and to civilization. The point to be borne clearly in mind is that reasonable and honorable men will acquit Mr. Roosevelt of being in any sense an accessory to the secession of the Department of Panama from Colombia.

It is almost incredible to regard our recognition of the Republic of Panama as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. What was it that President Monroe averred in 1823? He said that the United States could not view with indifference any attempt of European power to extend their political system to the New World; to treat the Western Hemisphere as a field for future colonization; or in any way to control the destiny of those American communities which had declared their independence. President Monroe never asserted that the United States would assent to each Latin-American community the possession of the territory which it then occupied, no against the claims and assaults of other Latin-American States. Had any such guarantee been given we should have found ourselves engaged in uninterrupted war for upwards of three-quarters of a century. As a matter of fact, since 1823 we have been impassive spectators of countless revolutions in the region, which now calls itself Argentina. We have seen the independent republic of Uruguay erected on a tract of land long disputed by Brazil and Buenos Ayres with force of arms. We have seen Paraguay attacked and dismembered by its neighbors. We have seen Bolivia made the theatre of almost continuous anarchy. We have seen Ecuador convulsed by a nearly ceaseless struggle between the Clerical and the Liberal parties. We have beheld without interposition the mutilation of Peru by Chile, and the refusal of the latter power to execute treaty obligations with regard to the districts of Tacna and Arica. We have seen all forms of government succeed one another in Mexico, from the empire of Iturbide and Maximilian to federal and unitary republics. We have seen the Central-American Confederation split into its five component parts. We have seen, lastly, the original Republic of Colombia, founded by Bolivar, shorn, successively, of Venezuela and of Ecuador. In every one of these instances we have recognized the succeeding or before has such recognition been looked upon as inconsistent with fidelity to the Monroe Doctrine. To take an example nearer home—we recognized the Republic of Texas, after its secession from Mexico, and, subsequently, at its request, we admitted it to the Union. We have never been told that the Monroe Doctrine was ignored in either of those acts. The Monroe Doctrine is, of course, limited exclusively at the interference of European powers with the Western Hemisphere, and has absolutely nothing to do with independent movements in which Americans may see fit to engage. We come, lastly, to the inquiry whether the treaty into which

we entered in 1846 with New Granada bound to assist any government that might happen to install itself by force at Bogota, in suppressing an insurrection revolt against its authority. What was the motive that prompted us to enter into this treaty? Our motive was twofold. First, to secure the maintenance of peace and order on the isthmian route, which, evidently, was about to be traversed by American citizens in large numbers on their way from the Atlantic States to California. Secondly, to prevent any European power—and especially Great Britain, which already occupied the Belize, and was encroaching on the Mosquito coast—from acquiring ascendancy also on the isthmus of Panama. What was the motive of New Granada? That republic had but one, namely, the desire to gain our assistance in the defence of the isthmus, which had become a tempting prize to European aggression. Such were the motives actuating the parties to the Treaty of 1846, and had that instrument been rightly construed, we should always have recognized that the only duties imposed upon us were those of preserving peace and order and of protecting the isthmus against European aggression. We certainly did not suppose, at the time when the treaty was signed, that it bound us to uphold the authority of New Granada, for, in that event, we should have deemed ourselves obliged to prevent the transformation of that political entity into the Republic of Colombia. In like manner we should have deemed ourselves constrained to put down the secession of the Department of Cartagena, the secession of the Departments of Panama and Veraguas, and, at a later date, the secession of Panama and Antioquia. Neither we nor the Bogota government took such a view of our obligations on those occasions.

There is, in a word no doubt that the province of Panama has as good a right legally, and a better right morally, to secede from Colombia than Venezuela had the right to do in the middle of the last century, or than Texas had in the fourth decade to secede from Mexico. Moreover, the Treaty of 1846 simply binds us to maintain tranquillity and order on the isthmus, and to protect the political entity which happens there to be established against European assault. If we now do what we ought always to have done, when the State of Panama has revolted against Bogota oppression, and prohibit Colombia from committing a breach of the peace on the isthmus, we are but obeying the primary, humane, and honorable purpose for which the Treaty of 1846 was framed.

### The Alleged New Sayings of Jesus

The reported discovery by archaeologists in Egypt of papyri containing sayings attributed to Jesus is, of course, extremely interesting, but is evidently of no great importance from a theological point of view. The dicta are all introduced with the words "Jesus saith," and, apparently, were all addressed to St. Thomas. With one exception, the significance of the newly discovered dicta does not differ materially from that of the sayings ascribed to the Nazarene in the canonical gospels. The exception to which we refer is the answer, said to have been returned to the question as to when Christ's kingdom should be realized, the reply being, "When ye return to the state of innocence which existed before the fall." The currency in Egypt of such a dictum, which virtually amounts to a prohibition of sexual relations between men and women, may help to explain the appearance of celibacy and monasticism in that country at an early date. No warrant for such a prohibition can be found in the canonical gospels, and the celibacy enjoined upon priests in a comparatively late date by the Church of Rome finds most of its support in what lawyers would describe as an abster dictum uttered by St. Paul. The precise date to which the papyri that we are now considering belonged seems not to have been authoritatively determined, though the discoverers, Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hunt, assert that the writing on them cannot be referred to a date later than three hundred years after Christ, and probably belonged to a period earlier by some two hundred years. That is a matter for experts to determine. Meanwhile let us point out how little such discoveries can affect the authority of the four canonical gospels, and especially of the first three, which are usually grouped together and described as the "Synoptics."

It is, we presume, generally known that, so far as the New Testament is concerned, a canon, or definite list of writings regarded as holy or inspired, was not formed until about 170 years from the coming of Christ. It is generally acknowledged that the earliest Church fathers did not use the books of the New Testament as sacred documents clothed with divine authority, but followed, for the most part, at least till the middle of the second century, apostolic traditions orally transmitted. In the second half of the second century, however, it is certain that there existed a canon of the New Testament consisting of two parts, called the "Gospel" and the "Apostle." The first was complete and exclusive, containing the four evangelists now accepted, and no others. The canon adopted by the Council of Laodicea, 363 A.D., contains our four gospels, and also the epistles of the sayings and doings of Jesus. The same thing might be said of the council held at Hippo (A.D. 393) and of the Council of Carthage (A.D. 397). Augustine

was the animating spirit of both councils, and it is evident that they expressed his views on canonical questions. It is true that, notwithstanding the numerous endeavors made both in the East and in the West to settle the New Testament canon during the fourth and fifth centuries, it was not finally closed as regards some of the Epistles and the Apocrypha, but was left to be practically determined by usage. There seems to be no doubt, however, that, from A.D. 170 onward, the four gospels translated in King James's version, and no other evangelists, were accepted as canonical. For at least a century, however, after the death of Jesus, disciples desired to learn about his life and teachings read such books as they had access to, often failing to distinguish between documents of genuine value and worthless fancies. They were uncritical, and there was an enormous swelling mass of unauthentic literature, including recensions of the gospel altered by heretical sects to suit their own dogmas. The earliest evidence on this point is given in the prologue to Luke's Gospel, which speaks of many previous essays as towards a regularly depicted evangelist history based on traditions handed down from eye-witnesses who had followed the whole course of Christ's ministry. Such recitals of the doings or such collections of the sayings of Jesus would naturally seek to give themselves authority by borrowing the name of one of the apostles. There is nothing surprising, therefore, in the fact that in particular collections of sayings, should be attributed to St. Thomas. It was doubtless in the course of their contact with the heretics of the second century that orthodox Christians were aroused to the necessity of their forming a strict list of really authoritative writings. It is certain that heretics on their part made collections of Christian writings for themselves. Thus Marcion in the middle of the second century selected for himself on dogmatical grounds a gospel which seems to have been founded on Luke. Nestorianism in tradition recognizes the Apostle Matthew as the author of the First Gospel, but the tradition is always combined with the statement that Matthew wrote in Hebrew, by which was meant, apparently, Aramaic, for the reason that Hebrew had long ceased to be a written language. From the time of Erasmus, however, the best Greek scholars have been convinced that the Greek evangelist attributed by us to Matthew is not a translation. Either, then, the tradition of a directly apostolic Aramaic gospel is a mistake, or what Matthew really wrote in Aramaic was different from the Greek book which now bears his name. The latter inference seems to be supported by the statement of Papias that Matthew wrote the *Logos* (oracles or sayings)—an expression which would be more naturally applied to a compilation of the words of Christ than to a consecutive gospel narrative.

The hypothesis that newly discovered sayings ascribed to Jesus on the alleged authority of St. Thomas or of some other apostle should be accepted as authentic will not bear scrutiny when we call to mind that a multitude of such traditions were current in the latter half of the second century of our era, but that, among them all, only the four gospels now accepted withstood the criticism of the fathers and of the councils of the Church. By the close of the second century A.D., the authorized gospel comprised the four evangelists, now known to us, and no others.

This is not to say that fragments of gospel narratives once current, but rejected by the judgment of the fathers, or that early translations of the canonical evangelists into Syriac or Old Latin, or into the Memphitic or Thebaic dialects of Egyptian, or into the Ethiopic and Armenian languages, may not be useful from the view-point of critics, who desire to arrive at a correct text. To suppose, however, that any dicta contained in spurious gospels would now be permitted by scholars or theologians to supersede statements of the canonical evangelists would be absurd. Yet this is precisely the suggestion that is indirectly made by some of the daily newspapers which have chronicled the recent discovery in Egypt.

### The Korean Question: Russia and Japan

The real apple of discord between Russia and Japan in the Far East is Korea. While Japan has certainly views and hopes touching Manchuria, the Tokio government is, nevertheless, upon the Manchurian question rather as the lover for its Korean policy than as a distinct and immediate goal. That Japan may have ulterior views for Manchuria, just as Russia may have ulterior views for Korea, is of course true. But that concerns the dim and distant future, and is not the cause of the present strain.

To understand the position we must see what it is that Japan wants in Korea, and in what way Russia may be inclined to object to these desires. When we have got so far we shall be able to see daylight, and to forecast with some probability the outcome of the present situation. The Korean question has a certain historical background, without some understanding of which the whole question is hopelessly obscure. We must, therefore, seek for the roots of the present in the past.

Strictly speaking, Korea is a Chinese colony, planted among Mongolian aborigines. But the planting of the colony is so re-

note that it goes back before the foundation of Rome—even before the traditional date of the Trojan war. Nevertheless, the Chinese coloring remains clear and definite to-day, though it is true that the picture has once or twice been reworked by later Chinese con-quests. Korea inherited from China the religion of ancestor-worship, and ideograph system still in use, the religion of a ancestor-worship, and the arts and sciences, as known to the ancient Chinese. Ancestor-worship, which fixes the memory in the past, is the most conservative of all forces, and inevitably tends to crystallization. All moral shrinkage, to narrowness, bigotry, and obscurantism. These things worked in Korea. Then Korea is in a sense more Chinese than China, because the Manchus conquered, and gave it its China up so largely in the seventeenth century, which stirred the present dynasty and ruling race, never touched Korea. The Manchus made the Chinese alter their dress, and wear pig-tails. In the present the Koreans preserve the old Chinese fashions unaltered.

Thus the Hermit Kingdom is, in a way, the museum of China. It is also the refuge of all Chinese abuses. Ten years ago its government, an absolute monarchy supported by a privileged aristocracy, was the most backward, obtuse, and obscurantist in the world. The "lower orders" were treated much as the Turks treat the Macedonians. The one function of government was extortion, through the burning out of taxable areas, with the descending cascade of bribery which that implies, and the endless misery therefrom inevitably flowing.

The "religion" of Korea was something like what we are accustomed familiar with in this country—a methodical spiritualism, lined by lies. The magicians, astrologers, necromancers, palmists, mid-wives, did a business almost as good as that testified to by our own Sunday papers, and superstition was rampant. Korea was in every way enlightened, miserable, weak, and corrupt. In 1876 Japan overthrew the Shogunate, liberated the Mikado as such Japan overthrew the feudal system, and set her feet firmly on the path of constitutionalism and progress. The process of law was made uniform, taxation was pruned with restriction, and the "career open to talent" was proclaimed with conviction, and this was the birth of "the new Japan." And, just as the fathers of this country, freed with their new evangel, looked with pity on the degeneracy of Old World, and hoped to see the benighted monarchies of Europe enter the path of democracy, so, no sooner was her own house set in order, then Japan began to consider the pitiable plight of her neighbor on the Asian continent. Something must be done, it was felt, to spread the light in darkest Korea.

Japan began to strengthen her position in Korea just as the powers have recently done in Belgium—by adding to her embassy guards. She gradually gathered the nucleus of a small army at Seoul, and at the same time her minister to the Korean court encouraged the Radical, or pro-Japanese, party, which opposed the court and all the abuses of the court. As a result of some of these abuses insurrection broke out in southern Korea some nine years ago. The Korean soldiers sent to quell them refused to obey orders, as they strongly sympathized with the insurgents. Then Korea appealed for assistance to China, as a victory for the pro-Chinese, or extreme Tory, party, and, as the Chinese troops were sent in spite of the protest, Japan replied by bringing a considerable number of troops to Chemulpho, the port of Seoul. The Japanese were soon in practical occupation of the capital, and held the Korean king in a sort of bondage, constantly bringing pressure on him to sign constitutional reforms and various measures of modernity. The Chinese resisted, and the quarrel soon led to war between China and Japan, which was a matter of course. The Japanese were completely victorious, though the Chinese fought courageously and with much persistence in adversity, and the Japanese armies were presently in occupation of Korea, southern Manchuria, and Wei-hai-wan, on the Shantung peninsula, directly south of Port Arthur. Japan proposed terms of peace which would have given her the whole of Manchuria, three hundred and sixty thousand square miles in area, the island of Formosa, and the Pescadore group, and a large money indemnity. China was by compromise by the cession of southern Manchuria and Formosa, and the payment of a smaller indemnity, when the powers intervened. Russia, Germany, and France acted together, while England strongly advised Japan to accept the decision of the powers. This was that Japan should receive a cash payment in lieu of Manchuria; that she should have Formosa, and that the independence and full sovereignty of Korea should be recognized by all parties. After the treaty of Shimonoseki, the Japanese, although coveting themselves as strenuously as before, began to lose ground at Seoul. The queen, the strongest antagonist of the Japanese, was murdered, and the flag fled for safety to the Russian Embassy, where she remained for over a year. The torosa of conservatism began gradually to get the upper hand, and it was soon evident that Korea was not to become a modern country within a few months by the fiat of Japan.

Nevertheless, the Japanese hold a position of great strength in Korea. They have flourishing settlements at Seoul, Chemulpho,

and Fusan. They have telegraph from the Yalu River to Seoul, and from Fusan, and thence a rail to Nagasaki. They have concessions to mine gold, anthracite coal, iron, and other minerals in their hands. They conduct a postal department, carry on twenty schools, and support twenty missionaries of the Buddhist faith. They have acquired out large hosiery reclamations at Chemulpho, Kusanapho, and Jusanpho. They own most of the Mokpho, Kusanapho, and Jusanpho banks, have built a mine, and keep the account of the Korean treasury. Twelve hundred steamer cargoes of Korean goods go annually to Japan, which sends more than half the total imports to Chemulpho. They are thus gradually acquiring the whole of the country, and the contest with Russia arises from the latter's apprehension that her own interests in Korea may thereby be prejudiced. But she is likely to give Japan practically a free hand in Korea in return for Japan's acquiescence in the Russian occupation of Manchuria.

## Great Houses in New York

A YONKS New York millionaire—a very rich millionaire—has interested his fellows who read the newspapers and Dr. Parkhurst have been quoted as declaring that home life is not practicable in a flat, but it is, if the flat is a good one and big enough for the family that lives in it. A good apartment that fits its occupants is a pretty good place to live in in town. The question is whether it is not about as much of a residence as it is worth while to have in New York. They tell us, and reiterate it, that practically every one who lives in New York will be living in flats and every one who lives in New York does not believe that is so, but it is apartments before long. We very bad prospect. There is not so much motive for keeping up in New York a bigger and more expensive domestic establishment than the comfort of one's house as requires as in some other cities. Great houses are useful here as places of storage. Rich men want a place to keep their collections in, and there are many splendid houses in our town that are filled with splendid objects of art.

But Manhattan Island is not especially well adapted nowadays to be a city of homes, and in that respect it is not improving. The whole island is "on the railroad." It is noisy; it is restless; it is crowded. It is also brilliant and stimulating—a good place to work in, a good place to visit, a good place to keep in touch with. But for people who do not work, and who have their own place to where they shall live, it is not really a first-rate place to live in. And the people who can choose do not live here. They have houses or apartments here, where they can lodge comfortably when they are in town, but they do most of their real living somewhere else. "Korea" the season" does not hold them. "The season" is pleasant for young people who like to dance, but to us who look at it from the outside it seems to lack motive and distinction. Society in Washington is going to be more attractive and interesting than in New York, and we suspect that society is more interesting and better worth while in Boston and Philadelphia than here. There are too many other labors and amusements here besides society. There is, of course, no lack of agreeable people. The trouble is rather that there are so many that they split up into a great number of little groups, most of which are too small to have any organization.

It is a curious town, full of busy people who hurry along, and in one way or another are amply amused; but it is not a place where it pays to sacrifice much to maintain a big house, for all people seem to think so. There were over forty new houses built here last month at prices exceeding two hundred thousand dollars each, and most of these are probably still on the market, though in these times a two-hundred thousand dollar house makes a comparatively modest establishment. The rich young man with a young wife, who seems to feel that a mere perch is all he needs in New York, can find ample support for his splendor. A person comfortable one—in New York is about enough for any one who works does not tie him to the town when his inclinations would take him else, whether thought whether the perch shall be a flat or a real house with a cellar is a matter of taste. Most of the great New York houses stand empty three-fourths of the time, and it must take skillful management to prevent the task of opening and closing them, and looking after them when closed, from adding oppressively to the cares of their owners. Then the servant problem comes in, and it is probably not an easy problem in a great house even for people who can bring to it all the help that money can hire.

Mr. Carnegie has built a great house in New York; Mr. Schwab is building another; but these gentlemen when they devised these undertakings were comparatively new to the town, and were looking ahead for some agreeable means of spending money. How pleasurable and advantageous to them their new dwellings will be in time is still to be determined. The natural use of a great house is for large entertainments, but the greatest ball given in recent years to "society" in New York was given in a hotel.



Drawn by Tim Kluge

## THE END OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

The victory of Princeton over Yale on November 14 gave Princeton the nation's championship of the "Big Ten." The result of the Harvard-Yale game at New Bridge did not affect the championship based on the season's record. The Army and Navy game on November 28 will be the last of the season.

# Diversions of the Higher Journalist

## The American Field for English Fiction

THE amelioration of English fiction is not such a burning question with us now as it was when we read more of it. At present we are primarily concerned with the reform of American fiction, but as a lesson in literary eye is much more difficult to extract than the mote which is in one's brother's eye, one naturally defers one's case to him. We can go to the oculist any time, but he may be very much worse if he does not go at once. There is the mere reason for haste with him because he seems to be entering a field which we have supposed our own, but which really has an open door where any alien power may come in and occupy the areas abandoned by us in our efforts to colonize the imaginary realms where our invention has of late curried the flag. His eye cannot be in too perfect condition for the location of his claim, and while he is about it, he had as well have his ears looked to. The strange phenomena, the novel secrets, of the natives will naturally form a large part of the effect he is seeking, and with an imperfect sight and hearing he cannot catch them perfectly. If he is an Englishman he will have a congenital defect of the senses to overcome, because of the self-satisfaction with which every Englishman is born, not so much as to his personality as his nationality. This thickens his hearing and clouds his sight in such measure that he sees and hears other people with difficulty, and though he sees and hears enough of them to perceive that they are not English, he does not see and hear enough of them to make out what they are like in their surprising difference from himself.

All this and more the reprobated expatriate who has figured in these studies before as a Mysterious Stranger, said, and said so much into the air, as it were, that the Higher Journalist was obliged to ask him, "What are you driving at?"

"A number of things, and so I am making what you may reply regard as a scattering shot." The mysterious stranger filled rapidly, but specifically I was thinking of Mr. Benson's comparative success in his treatment of American conditions and characters in his new—or, if we count by weeks, his old—novel of 'The Relentless City'. Most Englishmen, perhaps all Englishmen, who have dealt with us hitherto, have given us only their comparative failure to think of, for the reasons which I have generalized. We have always formed a temptation for them, apparently, both because of the family likeness which makes us seem easy, and because of the favor which our own literature has used to meet with in their fields. We have seemed to them that they had a right in their field of fiction, the right that Englishmen have in anything when they want it; and I rather wonder they have not neglected it more in the past. They would never have found many Americans in it to be so friendly as we are, and we are a people far more than a land in their native country. But when the English have made a frenzy amongst us it has been to make captives of our own and spear a selection of unfortunate whom we are not only unwilling, but honestly unable, to recognize as Americans.

"There is something in what you say," the higher journalist admitted.

"There ought to be," the mysterious stranger returned, "since I seem to be saying so much. If you will run your mind back over the English moralists who have tried to do American persons and things in the past, perhaps you will conclude that there is everything in what I say. We will let the tourists go, but the novelists have endeavored to be fairer, with a result almost as disappointing. If you begin with Dickens you have an assortment of impossibilities in which the traces of verisimilitude only lighten the grotesque want of reality. You may say that he always caricatured his own countrymen, that he never caught the look of life, but this hardly answers. His countrymen knew where to look for the truth which caricature always leaves itself on, but they had to take his caricature of us for the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Of course, it was not a thing to beat the breast for, even at the time, and now we know ourselves to be ridiculous too well to become more so by repeating ridicule. But the question is of Dickens's attitude in catching our likeness, and it was such a dreary failure that it possibly may have warranted Thackeray away from our ground. At any rate, he never attempted any but American sketches glimpsed at German watering places, and American novels, who were not yet Americans at all, but only in the way of being so. Charles Dickens made some attempts at wandering Americans, but his Captain Fallalero, and the like, had hardly the salt sea savor of our Deaconship skippers. When Trollope seems to undertake the same difficult work, he sees, in his way, as best as he can, though he was not so friendly to do."

"I think Mr. Hardy hasn't tried us, has he?" the higher journalist asked, in an interest he was just beginning to feel in the matter.

"I don't remember that he has," the mysterious stranger answered. "He is too wise to leave his men for another people, though they were too of the same speech, race, and religion, in their dissimilarity from the ancestral stock. Hardy shows his greatness not only in what he has done, but what he has not done."

"Oh! this," the higher journalist protested, "Do you think that sort of thing will hold? Besides, aren't you shooting rather wide of the mark? I think you began by praising Mr. Benson for his success with us, and here you fall a-cursing, by your applause of a novelist who has left himself far from our field. Besides, what have you to say of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's successful 'American girl, Lucy Foster'?"

"You mean in 'Eliot's'? Well, she certainly gives one pause.

But isn't she a proof of the skill with which some of our new novelists have studied a sort of American girl, rather than the English novelist's divination? Mrs. Ward has never been here; she may have met her Lucy Foster in some ground; but always in reading of her I was haunted by the feeling that I had met her before in American books, and that the author had corrected her really admirable likeness—her extraordinary likeness—by the frank knowledge of people who had been in America, in New England. The study of her affected me like a portrait painted from a photograph."

"Isn't that rather nasty of you, if I may be so frank?" the higher journalist commented.

"Perhaps it is, rather. 'Eliotism is nasty.'"

"And what does it prove to Mr. Benson's favor?"

"Merely that if he wished to do Americans he did well to come to America for them, and not trust quite to the stray examples, or the literary effluents of them in our own books. Of course, Mrs. Palmer, as a type of the sharking and screaming American nation, is his main success, but her husband, the dry, kindly, clean, ruthless financier is not so bad either. He is very fine. Their daughter might have been born anywhere. But her plate-earrings fitright fitted her to the universal aristocrat, who so more differs from country to country than hotels do. That Long Island 'house' of the Palmers is mighty well done, too, with its instantaneous perfection, and its exquisite details of impersonal taste. The water-party there, the holding for pearls by the household of noble and spiritless guests, is delightful, and not excessive, if what we read in our newspapers is true of the hospitalities of our upper classes elsewhere. The whole book is pretty good, and more than pretty good—since you won't let me be nasty. Of course there are breaks in it, and in the American palace which is commonly so well caught, there is an awfully bad break, where the author lets one of his educated, or semi-educated, Americans say, 'I want to know!' I fancy he got that out of a book."

"But what has all this to do with your opening proposition? Do you really believe that there is going to be an English invasion of the American field of fiction? Isn't it enough for their nobility to come here and marry all our heiresses, without their novelists following, and gathering up the rich harvests of our civilization? Is the Great American Novel, after all, to be written by an Englishman?"

"Who knows? And what is to kinder the invasions of the English novelist? The rich harvests that you talk of are rotting on the ground for want of native reapers, who have gone off gleaming in the barren fields of historical romance, or who at best gather a few sheaves from our touring acres, and here the alien to drive the self-riding reaper over their root extent. I like Mr. Benson's measurable success for his own sake; if it could lighten our own novelists back to their native fields I should like it still better."

"Ah," the higher journalist sighed, "these fine spirits will not be commanded, still less frightened."

## Reality

By Edith M. Thomas

THUS spake the seer of seers:  
"The world of sight is nought,  
Reality inheres  
But in the dreamer's thought."

"Thy brave time-dream unfurled  
Returneth unto thee,—  
Thou soul of all the world,  
And no world else can be!"

I shut my sage's book,  
I looked upon the rose;  
The rose sent back a look—  
Its purports?—ah, who knows?

It said, or seemed to say:  
"Not all of soul is thine;  
I only came to-day,  
But yet some share is mine."

"How dares thy seer of seers  
Exclude me from the Scheme?  
The World-As-It-Appears  
May be a rose's dream!"



# Quixote Wilhelm and Faithful Sancho Eddy

In Which the Kaiser Forecasts to Eddy the Result of next Season's Cup Races

Drawn by Albert Levering



Wilhelm - "Vor's also, Eddy? You are playing dum-  
dum through the der Atlantic Ocean, and der Lipton's boy  
will get a cup for der fastest boat that sails after it? You  
do you know about sailing, yes?"  
Eddy - "Well, I like the Americans."



Wilhelm - "Oh, indeed? Now, Lipton boy, you go east!  
I will write the crew up sixteen hundred! Now, you  
Eddy, you catch me?"  
Eddy - "But my friends, the Americans?"



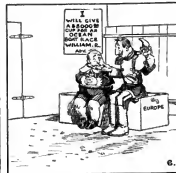
Wilhelm - "After wash down, I like the job. First you  
will wash said der Lipton ship, and then..."  
Eddy - "Yes. But the Americans-my friends?"



Wilhelm - "In a minute. Now, don't feel of that cup;  
that's only in Germany. And you see this boat? That  
will win-oh, well, after said race..."  
Eddy - "Ah-ah-ah in America?"



Wilhelm - "Now you are me, and my cup, and my boat,  
and my wind..."



Wilhelm - "I win! You lose, and I drink to your  
health!"  
Eddy - "But do my friends the Americans lose?"

# America in the Far East

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, November 10, 1903.

**H**AS America a Far Eastern policy? The question is one that threatens before long to become of such pressing significance that it will need to be solved for centuries. It concerns the United States primarily, it is only of little less moment to England, to Russia, to Japan, and, indeed, to the whole world. It may perhaps surprise Americans that there should be any doubts on this score. Did not the United States bear her share in the relief of the Peking legations? Has not Mr. Hay again and again asserted that his government stands for the open door? Is not the Manchurian question one of the great preoccupations of American diplomacy? Have there not been times within the last few years when Russia and the United States were obviously at diplomatic logger-heads, and at such times has Mr. Hay ever shrunk from pressing home with sharp insistence the American point of view? How, then, can there be any question that the United States must be reckoned an active, tangible factor in the Far Eastern crisis, or that her great and growing stake in the commercial development of China, and especially of Manchuria, has committed her to a fixed and definite policy?

Well, I can only answer these questions by saying that doubts do exist, and that the United States is still, in European eyes, the one inescapable element in the situation. In England especially these doubts are almost embarrassing in their keenness, all the more so at this particular moment, as the problem around which they revolve is fast becoming of crucial and immediate importance. The tension between Russia and Japan is, of course, mainly responsible for this. English opinion, official as well as lay, has all but reached the point of placing a conflict between Russia and Japan on the list of inevitabilities. Putting everything on the other side that can be put there—the financial necessities of Russia, the peevable instincts of the Tsar, the prudence and level-headedness of the rulers of Japan—it still remains the general belief that those primal forces, which statesmanship can neither guide nor even greatly restrain, are inexorably dragging Russia and Japan to the point of irreparable collision. That the Korean question must ultimately involve the two nations in war is now considered little short of axiomatic. The reasons for this belief are broad and pregnant. Like England, Japan is an island kingdom, destined to depend on other countries for the bulk of her food-supply; like England, it is less ambitious to become a great manufacturing and industrial nation; like England, she needs a strong fleet to protect her coasts and commerce and—more so perhaps in the future than at present—opportunities for expansion.

A mere glance at the map is enough to show what influence these considerations must exercise on the foreign policy of Japan. China and Korea are the natural, the obvious markets for her goods. They are the only ones that she has to seek, but they are able to produce precisely what she needs in the way of food and raw material. She is, therefore, committed by the simple necessities of her position (1) to the maintenance of the open door in China, and (2) to the independence of Korea. The latter, apart from all sentiment, is vital to her very existence. A hostile power in possession of the Korean peninsula would have an invaluable jumping-off ground from which to spring at Japan's throat. Russia in Korea could starve or strangle Japan or do both at will. It is on this consideration that Japan's Korean policy finally rests. She is linked to the country, of course, by many other ties. It was through Korea that civilization, Buddhism, and the arts first came to Japan. The history of the two nations has always been closely intertwined. At least twice the Japanese overran the country, and for some centuries Korea paid tribute to the Mikado. And besides this, there are to-day the more material ties of commerce and immigration. Japan already draws largely upon Korea for her rice and beans. Korea too is important, as in the future will be more so, as a source of emigration. Rights in Korea, America, Canada, Australia, and Hawaii, Japanese emigrants are sure and more being encouraged by the government to settle in Fokue, Formosa, and especially in Korea. Already there are flourishing Japanese settlements at Seoul, Chemulpo, and Pusan; they own the chief railway and holding all the mining rights; and a telegraph office; nine-tenths of the shipping and over half the banks are in their hands.

But there and beyond this heavy commercial and political stake, it is, I repeat, the aspect of Korea that most concerns Japan. A foreign power established on the peninsula would be a permanent menace to her security. It was to avert her still tale on the subject of the Hermit Kingdom that Japan brought on the war with China, and whenever the question comes up again she must and will risk all to maintain her position. At the point the nation has but one resolve—Korea must either be independent or Japanese. Russia for her part finds the peninsula a most inconvenient sledge driver in between Vladivostok and Port Arthur. To go from one to the other Russian men-of-war must pass through the Korean strait, where the Japanese island of Tsushima threatens them "like a second Gibraltar." Without the command of either shore of the strait, Russia cannot lead herself strategically secure. Hence or later she will be irresistibly tempted into meddling with the peninsula. The only connecting link in the absorption of Korea. To Japan that spells extinction; to Russia it is but one step onward in her imperial march.

The deduction from all this that war between Russia and Japan

is as inevitable as the Franco-Prussian war, as the Boer war, as the Spanish-American war, is a deduction that the present and recent tension in the Far East has enormously strengthened. As yet this matter was discussed not once, but often, by the American members of the Alaska Tribunal, and some of the leading soldiers and statesmen in Great Britain. I am betraying no confidence when I assert that the vigor of the American leaders' utterance on the subject and the boldness of their declarations that the United States meant at all costs to protect her treaty rights in Manchuria, created something like a sensation. Once more, it has just become known that an agreement exists between Germany and Russia by which, in the event of a Russo-Japanese war, Russia in return for another slice of China and for some commercial concessions, the former power is pledged to stand the latter to the utmost limits that are compatible with a formal show of neutrality. There is, I say, every reason to believe that this momentous agreement is actually in existence, and I do not think that either Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Hay would deny it except, of course, "officially." I have, at any rate, no hesitation in saying that both statesmen are regulating their policies in accordance with its terms.

These, then, are the circumstances which have brought the Far Eastern question into prominence once more, and led Englishmen to canvass the subject of American policy. It is understood perfectly well over here that the defeat of Japan would leave Russia the uncontest of Manchuria and in a position to kill American trade in that region at a stroke. But that is a point understood, what remains simply a subject for speculative guesswork, is this: How far is the United States prepared to go in safeguarding her commerce and her commercial rights in the Far East? To that question Englishmen can return no definite answer. Can America stand by? Do Americans themselves know their own minds in the matter? It all comes in the end to this: Is there any conceivable development in the Far East, not affecting American lives or property, that would tempt the United States to draw the sword? The English profess to see a good deal of significance in the appointment of "Bosh" Evans to the command of the Pacific squadron. They take it as a sign that any "accidental" chance for American intervention would not be neglected. But having accident out of account, Englishmen want to know whether America has any broad and settled policy. Diplomacy to be successful must rest ultimately on the implication of force. Does Mr. Hay's rest on force or is it despatch-writing the beginning and the end of it? Would America back him up in resisting, if need be by war, a Russian invasion of American rights? Or is it the fact that Mr. Hay is in the heart of America, a sort of final impotence, knows that public opinion will support him only so long as he spills ink, not blood, and is therefore all the time conscious that his "protests" and "demands" are founded really on bluff? And if the bluff were the real weapon, do Russians ever suddenly announce that she would "see" America, what would be Mr. Hay's next move? Could he do anything but throw the cards on the table and escape with more or less indignity from a position essentially that of the French at Fashoda? These are the sort of questions which Englishmen are asking with growing insistence, but without getting any very satisfactory reply. If any reply is possible, it would clear away a good many myths and uncertainties were some American journal of repute "inspired" to frame and publish it.

## A Plainsman's Song

By Philip Verrill Mighels

**O**h give me a cluck in my hand as my mouth  
Of desert and a horse and a hold  
And let his desire to be gone be able,  
And let him be soaring and bold!  
And then with a swing, on his back let me fling  
My leg that is naked as steel,  
And let us away, to the end of the day,  
To quiet the tempest I feel!

And keen as the wind, with the cities behind,  
And prairie before, like a sea,  
With billows of grass, that lash as we pass,—  
Make way for my stallion and me!  
And up with his nose, till his nostrils glow,  
And out with his tail and his mane,  
And up with my breast till the breath of the West  
Is smiting me—knight of the plain!

Ah, give me a gleam of your eyes, love, adream  
With the kiss of the sun and the dew,  
And mountain nor swale, nor scorch nor the hail  
Shall halt me from spurring to you!  
For wild as a flood—molten snow for his blood—  
By crag, gorge or trenched or shoal,  
I'll ride on my steed and lay, tho' it bleed,  
My heart at your feet—and my soul!



A recent Portrait of the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," and "A Keystone of Empire," which was published last Week



Drawn by H. R. Pott

### THE NEW FOURTEEN-MILLION-DOLLAR STATION AT WASHINGTON

The new Union Station in Washington, the site for which at the intersection of Potomac and Massachusetts Avenues was authorized by Congress last February, is to be one of the most completely equipped railroad stations in the world. The building will face a plaza 300 feet wide, by about 1000 feet long, into which new streets will converge. The station building proper will be 420 feet long and 135 feet in height. Around the ground waiting room, 126 by 220 feet, are to be grouped the dining-room, lunch-room, first-class smoking-room, and women's waiting-room. The building will contain also, as incidental rooms, dressing-rooms, and Turkish baths for the convenience of travellers, together with a library and recreation rooms for employees of the railroad. In all, twenty-eight tracks will enter the station. Two out of the twelve improvements in part at \$1,000,000

# LE VERGER

By Edmond Rostand

Member of the French Academy

[The following verses were written by M. Rostand, the Academician and playwright, on the occasion of a performance given recently in Paris in aid of the Actors' Home. This home—the "Maison des Comédiens"—is for actors who have grown old in their profession, and is situated at Cautilly, near Paris. It will be opened during the coming year. The verses are dedicated to M. Coquelin, who, as President of the French Society of Actors, was largely instrumental in making the Maison des Comédiens possible.]

QUEL est ce grand verger où le Cid se promène  
Et se chauffe au soleil en chevroant des vers?  
Où, moins impatient de la sottise humaine  
Depuis qu'il voit blanchir le front de Célimène,  
Aiceste à son habit met des feuillages verts? . . .  
Quel est ce grand verger où le Cid se promène?

Ses lointains sont dorés de gloire qui s'envole,  
Les passants sont raafs comme de vieux marquis.  
Quel est ce parc, Théâtre, où ta grande âme folle  
—Ta grande âme qui fait semblant d'être frivole! . . . —  
Se mêle au souffle frais d'un paysage exquis. . .  
Sous un ciel tout doré de gloire qui s'envole?

Des vieilles qui n'ont l'air que d'être un peu grimées  
Cueillent la fleur où luit l'insecte smaragdin.  
Plus de sombre avenir! de chambres enfumées!  
Et, de tous les côtés, c'est le côté Jardin!  
Et l'on voit doucement marcher, sous les ramées,  
Des vieilles qui n'ont l'air que d'être un peu grimées.

Un vieux châle est drapé d'un geste de princesse;  
La main de Hernani boutonne un vieux carrick;  
On se jette des noms à la tête, sans cesse. . .  
L'un entendit Rachel et l'autre Frédéric!  
Et les arbres du bois devenant un public,  
Un vieux châle est drapé d'un geste de princesse!

La tristesse s'en va comme un ridiau qu'on lève.  
Ah! ne vous doit-on pas verser du rêve un peu,  
Vous qui fûtes, longtemps, les échantons du rêve,  
Et, charmeurs de nos soirs, quand votre soir s'achève,  
Ne doit-on pas, pour vous, mettre la rampe au bleu? . . .  
Ia tristesse s'en va comme un ridiau qu'on lève!

Quel est ce grand jardin plein de songe bleuâtre  
Et de comédiens, comme un pare de Watteau?  
Où Mascariile errant, sans masque et sans couteau,  
Croît remettre un instant sa cape de théâtre,  
Lorsque l'ombre des pins vient rayer son manteau? . . .  
Quel est ce beau verger plein de songe bleuâtre?

Quel est ce beau verger que protège un Molière,  
Tout pensif de sentir l'amour profond du sol  
Envelopper son marbre avec les bras du terre,  
Tout souriant de voir Elmire et dona Sol  
Causer sous les berceaux de façon familière?  
Quel est ce beau verger que protège un Molière?

Ah! la treille au mouvant feston  
N'est plus un décor adventice!  
Le platé n'est plus en carton  
Qu'il faut que Gringoire engloutisse!  
Le malheur signe un armistice;  
Léandre devient châtelain;  
Scapin dort; Buridan raisise.  
C'est le verger de Coquelin.

Le traltes caresse un mouton;  
L'amoureux humant un calice  
N'a plus sa voix de mirthon. . .  
Mais garde encor l'œil en coulisse!  
L'Étoile voit avec délice  
Celle du ciel crépusculin  
Luire au miroir d'une onde lisse.  
C'est le verger de Coquelin.

Don César porte un bon veston;  
Harpagon, guéri de son vice,  
Redemande du miroton;  
Agnès rêve, un peu moins novice;  
Perdican pêche l'écrevisse;  
Quand Argan fait drelin, drelin,  
Vite on accourt à son service. . .  
C'est le verger de Coquelin.

## ENVOI

Princes, princesses, l'on vous tisse  
Des soirs d'or clair et de fin lin,  
Et le soleil n'est pas factice!  
C'est le verger de Coquelin.

# The Stranglehold of Labor

This is the first of a series of four articles on the tremendous power of labor as it affects the home, the actual cost of living—rent, the price of food, clothes, transportation, every-day necessities. These four articles emphasize most vitally the personal phase of a situation which seriously threatens not only business prosperity, but individual liberty. One article a week will appear in the forthcoming issues of "Harper's Weekly"

## I. The Rent Rack.—By John Keith

**T**HIF individual rent-payer whose pockets are affected by the price of food, the cost of an apartment, and of the every-day necessities of living—is beginning to pay the tribute of labor. In the matter of rent alone a conservative estimate places the advance at ten per cent. over last year. A large dealer in the rental of houses and apartments in New York has to say:

"The rents in living-apartments have generally advanced. The demand has greatly increased with the growth of the city, but the supply has not kept pace. The labor troubles have not only delayed buildings in course of construction, but have prevented many buildings from being started. Some of the large loan associations have refused to lend money at all for building operations. The prolonged strikes and the unsettled labor situation have rendered the building industry so uncertain that they dare not risk their money."

The opening of new districts for New York's growing population, the building of new houses, so far from providing at an increased pace in real-estate building at all. Throughout New York unimproved lots yaw in crowded districts; little two-story hotels squat on corners belaguered by night to sky-scrapers; in the outlying districts whole tracts lie unutilized. As late as November 14, Mr. Charles T. Borney, at the head of a speculative building Washington Heights properties valued at millions of dollars, withdrew these vacant lots absolutely from the market. These properties would be especially fed by the subway which will soon be opened, and buildings should now be under way upon them to be ready for rental next fall. Yet even the vacant lots are most restricted from the market because the general situation, of which the labor troubles are chiefly to blame, has turned these investments into a gamble and a "running of the gauntlet" for builders.

This means a further increase of rents in the apartment-houses, new ones, and what is here said of apartment houses equally to private dwellings and hotels. The burden of paying for a roof, a few rooms, and a little floor space in New York had almost reached the unendurable last year. This season rents have advanced. In one instance, an apartment in New York, of seven rooms and bath, rented for \$75 a month last year. The rooms were small and all were very dark except the front and back; at high noon one could not see without gas in the dining room or kitchen, or in two of the bedrooms. This year the price of that apartment has been raised from \$75 a month, or \$900 a year, to \$1000 a year. In the same building larger outside apartments that rented for \$1200, rent for \$1300 this year. All over New York the advance has been similar. In consequence of the small area of New York proper, the separate dwelling houses are increasingly less numerous in proportion to the apartment structures, and of the dwelling-houses a high percentage are used as boarding-houses, and packed full at high prices.

This great demand for homes and apartments with a relatively inadequate supply is, of course, one reason why New-Yorkers are confronted with increased rents at a time of general financial depression. But behind both the increased rents and the financial depression is the ill-advised ambition of labor. A prominent student of the situation wrote the other day: "In dealing with the present condition of affairs, one is dealing with a rather abnormal rent situation. Rentals of living-apartments are still higher than they ought to be—that is to say, higher than they would have been if labor troubles had not greatly restricted the usual and needed output of apartment-houses and tenements."

A writer in close touch with the financial side of the building situation says: "The most discouraging aspect of the situation is still the loan market. And when we have said that the outlook in this respect is unfavorable, we have said that the general situation is far from promising. Unless builders succeed in negotiating permanent loans for the numerous operations now nearing completion serious embarrassment is likely to follow. At present they are being carried by the operators, but actually this cannot go on indefinitely. New construction, under present conditions, are, of course, out of the question. With the economic outlook never better for middle class housing, its purveyors find themselves absolutely incapable of seeing their opportunities. The progress of the whole city is checked, as it were, by the impossibility of obtaining the wherewithal to do the work."

One of the leading authorities upon this subject said to me the other day: "It is due to the labor situation, the cost and expenses delays of strikes, that the building business has been as a rule a losing business in recent years. New buildings are rated commonly as only a two-per-cent. investment. The risk, however, he continued, 'is a striking strike for the various unions and combinations of unions. He gets 'struck,' harrassed, delayed, and his risk even then is heavily redoubled ten per cent. on his capital and his risk even when he gets as high as they are now."

"The speculative builder has almost no chance at all. We call his method 'running the gauntlet,' and it is well named. It takes about thirty different trades to complete a large building. All

these are strongly organized, of course, like the stone-cutters, the structural iron workers, the gas-fitters, the gas-fitters' helpers, the bricklayers, the carpenters, the plasterers, and the roof. All of these trades-nations have their clubs out for the building. Some of these are sure to land a man, and unless he's a good dodger, they may all get him at once. Then he's bankrupt. If he slips through one deal safely, he may clear up a good sum—'make a killing,' as we say, but he is almost sure to 'go broke' on the next. It's a proverb in the building business."

"Then there are all the other risks in building, the conspiracies and combinations, the jealousies and secret plots. These all tend to make building investments uncertain and unusually expensive. This raises the cost of the buildings that do go up, and prevents the erection of buildings in sufficient numbers and speed to keep pace with the demand. For two reasons, then, rents are raised as high as possible. The high-waged trades have bought things to this pass by their conspiracies. They have stirred up jealousies among the lower-priced trades, and some of these internal fights have lifted the lid off the hell that is boiling around us."

What, then, is the exact state of the building industry which brings a stuporous rent from all New-Yorkers and threatens yet a higher exacting?

In the first place, two schools of builders have recently been warring together over the heads of all this war of laboring men. These schools are the old and the new. They may be differentiated as the Sub-Contractor Method and the Department-More Method.

By the old custom, the owner let the job to a builder or contractor, who sublet everything here and there to the bosses or sub-contractors of the twenty or thirty trades needed for a large steel structure. The building of the big department store at Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue is a case in point. Trade after trade quoted on the same or another with the builder, made demands that were not merely exorbitant, but impossible to grant, and then went out on strike. The contractor had been over-enthusiastic on his splendid luck in winning so large a contract. The result of his struggle with the labor-unions and the reward of his energy was bankruptcy.

It is not easy to learn figures in matters of this sort, but the enormous cost of a strike to the builder may be roughly estimated. Above Fifth Street it is customary to erect a building which costs about the same as the ground itself. If a man had a strip of land above Fifth Street for \$300,000, he would probably put a \$300,000 building on it. The interest on building loans is usually estimated at six per cent., owing to waste and risks. If, then, a strike caused a year's delay in completing this building, which with its land cost \$1,000,000, the interest on the mortgage loss for one year would be \$300,000, and all this while there would be no rental coming in.

Take a more definite instance: the new building of the Stock Exchange was begun in 1903, and the builder, Charles T. Willis, was under contract to finish it by May 1, 1907. Various delays, especially strikes, hampered the work till the last of May, 1907, had passed. The last of May, 1903, had also nearly gone before the building could be opened to house the members. It is not actually finished even yet, and the scaffolding still shows where the job was not yet completed. Mr. Willis had incidentally to get the rent of the old Stock Exchange building for the year 1902-1903 when the members could not move as they planned. Since ground and building cost about \$4,000,000, there was a further loss of \$200,000 interest.

When the Ansonia apartment-house was building, the owner, W. E. D. Stokes, was the target for every inopportune strike. The Ansonia was taken as a sort of laboratory of industrial experiment. A disagreement as where in town between workmen and employers, or between the different trades, was usually fought out by calling a strike at the Ansonia. The building was delayed over a year, requiring two years to build, the loss was estimated at not far from half a million dollars in rental alone, to say nothing of the interest on the money tied up.

Mr. Stokes acted as his own contractor in the vain hope of avoiding labor disputes, and he managed to avoid difficulties on the vital questions of wages and hours. His difficulties were chiefly the family squabbles of rival labor-unions. They ran only down the margins and kept each other on the edge of starvation. They do one another as much harm as they do capital, and the hardship is the greater, as the laboring man's wage is at best not far off this side of nothing at all.

A typical instance of "professional jealousy" or rather of trade jealousy was shown here. The building trades unions were at that time about evenly divided under the control of two bodies, the Building Trades Council and the Board of Delegates. Each of the factions contained a union disputing the matter of mental health. Mr. Stokes was forced to make some choice, he favored the walking delegates. Immediately the Council pulled out all the other trades in its province. Mr. Stokes then gave the contract to the

ritual union. Immediately all the trades in the Board struck. Now no one was at work and neither faction would listen to a settlement till Mr. Frank Croker, secretary of the Roebbing Company, was called in as umpire, and at last work began again. The result of these unjustifiable methods of preventing industry was that the Amosia required, as I have said, over two years to build. Thousands of workmen spent months of idleness without pay, and hundreds of unfinished buildings rusted untouched because the Plumbers' Union fought the Steamfitters' Union on the question of which trade should have the honor of screwing the steam-boilers on the registers of steam-heating appliances. The trick is done in half an hour at most by any one with a little knack, yet for months almost every large building in New York was tied up, including the buildings of Columbia University, whose president was finally accepted as umpire, and decided in favor of the plumbers.

The Electricians' Trade Union and the Marble and Etched Metal Trade Union quarreled over the privilege of laying a certain groove in the ceiling after strike failed to settle the matter. Even when the Board of Delegates gave the latter union the award, the former would not yield till it had been suspended and fined.

The question of running electric wires through gas fixtures shook the latter world, as did the matter of punching holes through plaster for electric wires, and the Electric Workers' Union brought strike after strike against the unskily employers of the gas and Electrical Trades' Union till it was a victory through arbitration, and incidentally ruined the entire existence of the electric union, whose members after disbandment were paraded and received into the successful union.

Who is to continue such unions how suicidal their policy is, how hostile to the prosperity of labor, how much more expensive than a great and bloody war to the industries of the nation, and, most of all, how much harder they make the rent problem and the problem of their own employment!

The Portable Hoisting Engineers' Union had an annual strike, due to the exclusive right to hoist brick mortar, girders, and such other material as the United Brickmen had not already monopolized. The Electrical Workers' Union took away from the Elevator Constructors' Union the privilege of stringing wires for electrical elevators, after a long series of strikes and the suspension of the latter for a time from the Board of Delegates.

Now, if all this chaos of guerrilla warfare meant that the laboring men were rising in the scale of comfort and well being, there would be some consolation. But the increase of the scale of wages has not always meant an increase in the total earnings. It would seem to make little difference to a man whether he had \$2 50 or \$4 a day, if the year's income were the same in both cases. Yet this is frequently true.

Owing to the number of strikes, the heavy contributions to his union, and the fact that employers avoid hiring the high-priced trades as much as possible, the workman who has reached the handsome payment of \$6 a day will probably not earn more than \$300 a year.

There is at least one landlord in New York who does not want to let his houses to high-waged people. He says: "I'd rather have tenants earning only from \$12 to \$16 a week. They get steady jobs and are pretty sure of them. They know what is before them. But when the high priced mechanic is working, his wife buys plush photograph-albums, and crayon-portraits, and fine clothes. Then, in a week's time, a strike is called; the \$6 a day stops; and when I send round for my rent, there is nothing to pay it with. The workmen dream of a 'Porterhouse-at-Work Paradise.' I can tell you that the laborer has a far better chance for porterhouse steak when the average wage is \$3 a day, than when he is getting \$6 a day this month and making at all next month. The high wage increases the price of everything, raises rents and the cost of living; and, loaded, by its irregularity causes improvidence and shiftlessness."

As a proof of the solidity of the smaller wage, it may be stated

that in the steamfitters' trade there are two unions, the steamfitters who get \$4 50 a day when they get it; and the steamfitters' helpers who get \$2 65 a day—and get it. The latter have the stronger union and the higher influence.

Besides the impudence caused by the fanatic struggle for an unnatural increase in wages, there is the corruption to be expected on our indictment that he might expect trial on numerous other indictments. Others of his type have gone to Sing Sing, or soon will go there. In his vocabulary, Sam Parks warned his fellow laborers to cease the cross-knives of their relations with employers. He said:

"It's only taken a little more than seven years to get me here. I am the victim of a custom that is older than I am. I want the boys to know that the salvation of the masses lies in stopping the practice of having money transactions with employers. They must give up fines, waiting time, back pay for strikes, and everything like that. That's the loophole where 'grafting' creeps in." He branded the employees in the building trade as "the cross-knives set of men in the world."

But when laboring men refuse to work and refuse to listen, is it not foolishly Utopian to expect builders to go into bankruptcy and go out of business rather than slip a little dirty coin into the upturned palm of a delegate?

Henry J. Willis was a revenue-maker, living at 121 River Street, Brooklyn. He was only twenty-five years old. He had married and his wife had borne him two children. They had lived frugally and saved a little money. In August his wife bore him a third child. That very day a strike was called by his union. On only a few occasions since had he been able to earn anything at his trade, for his union had forbidden work for any of the firms in the Brooklyn Association. Neither the employers nor the walking delegates would yield, and the poor laborer was ground between the upper and the nether millstones. His savings coasted away and no earnings took their place.

Friday, November 13, he went into the kitchen where his wife was at work, and told her he was going to give up waiting for the end of the labor war. He produced a bottle of carbolic acid and tried to swallow it; she struggled and prevented him, but he broke away and ran into the next room, where he gulped down enough to kill him. It would have been hard to convince either Henry J. Willis or his wife that the attitude of his labor union had done much toward "the amelioration of the workman's lot."

In many other cities conditions are similar to those in New York. 10,000 men out of employment, and held up contracts estimated at \$4,000,000. In New York the sum tied up has been reckoned at \$70,000,000, and every street has its giant building skeletons, as deserted and as melancholy as stranded ships. On one tall structure a sunflower took root and flourished in the dust and soil of the neglected gardens. In Chicago the building situation has been so miserable for so many years, that the housing arrangements of modern requirements in no sense approach the city's needs.

It was the state of inaction in the New York building world that gave rise to the new school of builders. They arrived on the scene in the shape of the large construction company which sublets, practically no contracts (except to the malleable-workers, who have always stayed out), and does all its work by its own foremen and its own special staff of laborers, hired not for one job, but by the year. This was called "departmentalizing" the building industry. The expense saved by eliminating middlemen, while very great, was a minor feat compared with the fact that it was possible to finish a building on contract time. In fact, the speed with which these steel mushroomers with their veneer of stone soaring to the heights is nothing short of marvellous. Instances are familiar, but one will serve a double purpose.

The George A. Fuller Company was one of the first of the con-



The Real Victim

struction companies. It managed, during the postlude of strikes that marked the heyday of San Pedro, to keep clear of enforced idleness by various means which have doubtless been much misrepresented. The owner Company are constructors of the huge new building which is to occupy the old Macy site at Fourteenth Street. It was begun May 1 and was promised in time for its Christmas shopping! And it could have been done had not all its contracts been struck November 12.

"Another thing in the following statement was issued from the office of the company:—  
 "The United States Realty Company is not going to do away with its operating department, but on account of the extraordinary labor troubles of the summer we have reduced our working force to a minimum. We have discharged all the estimators, except the chief estimator. We will finish up our present contracts, but may not undertake any new ones until business is more stable in the building trades.  
 "Other contracting firms are reducing their working forces. Capitalists are not willing to invest, owing to the depressed state of the building trade through the labor troubles."  
 "This statement with the conditions prompting it is one of the most important comments on the financial side of the present situation which has yet come to public notice. When building contractors are forced to curtail business, it means not only loss of employment and hardship to the laborer, but more than that, an added tribute from the individual rent-payer.

In the war between the old school with its commissioned sub-contractors and the new school with its salaried staff, the walking delegate found his opportunity. The sub-contractor hired the walking delegate to assail the construction companies with strikes and boycotts of every description in order to prevent the completion of contracts and drive them out of business.  
 Thus the cut-throat contractors and the Stone Carvers' Union

made a solemn compact by which they united their forces. The masters agreed to pay one per cent. of all business into the union. All bids were to be referred to a central committee. This committee, a strike of an average of the remainder, and, without further ado, gave the contract to the man whose bid was nearest.

This scheme was meant to stifle all competition, and it added one per cent. to all bids as a "fall-off." The agreement was actually carried out into writing; it is laid out in other hands, and was published in December nineteen sheet-metal contractors were invited for a similar "compact."  
 "These compacts were so dangerous when put in writing that the latest fashion is for so-called 'gentlemen's agreements.' There is at least one association in New York whose members, after every meeting, stand up and solemnly revise in chorus their agreement.  
 "What would be the nature of such a clause?" I asked one authority.

"I don't know the words," he answered, "but the gist of it would be, 'We solemnly swear on our honor as gentlemen to stick together and ruin everybody who tries to interfere.'  
 "What is the result? The owner or the speculative builder must pay the freight. Therefore, he must collect it. But where? From you and from me when we go hunting for a corner in one of his buildings, whether a private house, an apartment-house, or a hotel. The consequence is that we must pay an exorbitant price for what we get, and must live in cheaper lodgings than our own homes. Rents are high, and with high rents the value of living goes up.

Thus the people in general suffer hardships and humiliation: the employer goes into bankruptcy, the walking delegates to the penitentiary, and the laboring men to the poorhouse. It is difficult to see who gets the benefit.

## A Bulwark of Finance

By Franklin Matthews

THE New York Clearing House is fifty years old. No special attention marked the event. The manager simply called the anniversary, and the most conservative and most potent force in the financial world of America went on about its business of exchanging debits by the millions, almost in the twinkling of an eye.

The Clearing House, however, is far more than a meeting-place where the representatives of banks come together and exchange obligations from one another, and then, later in the day, settle the balances due. It is the great moral power in the banking world. Without any actual authority it has a force the like of which exists nowhere in the world. The right to discipline its members is the mechanism by which it steers the great financial ship true and straight.

No bank, no banker dares to oppose its will or set against its frown. Its strength is not the strength of the fifty-six weekly banking institutions that compose its membership, taken individually, but rather the strength of those fifty-six and sixty-one others, with whom they are allied, all bound together, a power that can neither be broken nor bent, and that stands indelibly for the most elementary principles in business, conservation, and the prompt payment of debts.

It is through the medium of this great institution that in the fifty years of its existence more than one trillion, six hundred billions of dollars of debts of the business world, so recorded in banking transactions in New York city, have been settled. The figures stagger the imagination, and really mean little more than so many digits. No human mind can grasp what such a sum means; it can only partly comprehend what it means when thirteen figures are set down in a row. Almost incomprehensible as these figures are, let this summary of the transactions of the Clearing House be put down for the sake of the record:

The total transactions of the year ending September 30, 1903, were, in round numbers, \$74,150,000,000. The average daily transactions were \$244,000,000. The largest transactions on any one day of the year were \$492,000,000, on January 3, 1903. The smallest transactions were \$107,000,000, on April 11, 1903. The largest transactions on record occurred on May 10, 1901, when the ex-amount here what you see before 1:30 p.m. If you over the other banks bring assume all the debts and credits. If you over the other banks you come around here after 1:30 p.m. and get what is coming to you. Now present your checks, one to the other."  
 The clerks stand behind their desks ready to receive the claims and receipt for them. Each messenger stands in front of the clerk and his own bank. The check strikes two. The messenger up in the gallery rings a gong. Each messenger, with his bundle of checks, starts off on his rounds from desk to desk in rotation. He hands in his checks at each desk, gets his receipts, and through a slit in the desks leaves a memorandum of what is due his bank. When the rounds are over each messenger is back in front of his own desk. He gathers up the parcels left by the other messengers with the clerk, and hurries off to his bank, where the packages are opened and verified.

Now how does a clearing-house do its work? Every bank in its daily business accumulates checks on practically every other bank in the city. It would require a large company of men to go from any one bank to all the other banks, presenting claims and settling them. Instead of the use of thousands of men would be occupied with the work. It would be almost physically impossible to clear up the banking transactions of the community each day. The Clearing House is the place where the messenger of each bank says to the clerk of every other bank, "You owe me such and such money, and here are the checks of yours that are cashed yesterday," and he hands them over.

The clerk of each bank knows what each of the other banks owe his institution before the evenings begin. When the messenger of the bank has delivered to him the claims of the other banks he knows what his own owes the others. Each clerk looks up what the other banks owe him and what his bank owes the

others, and it goes down on the Clearing House books. That debit and credit must be equal, because the sum total of what is owed must be the sum total of what is due, and the Clearing House says to the banks:

"All right; don't go to the trouble and bother of carrying a lot of money around town in paying one another off. You banks that owe the others money send it here before 1:30 p.m. When it is all here then we'll pay it out to those to whom it is owed. Send it in the largest kind of notes or certificates that you can get.

The daily transactions of the Clearing House, therefore, consists of two functions, the first exchanging the checks that the banks hold against one another and of ascertaining how much balance each bank is to pay or receive from each other bank, these balances being assumed by the Clearing House, and, second, of paying out and receiving each check for what is due to the party to whom it is due. When evening claims are made every rent that has come to the Clearing House is paid out, and the cash drawer is here until the next day.

The work of clearing—that is, handing the checks around, usually occupies about seven minutes each morning. The work usually occupies about forty minutes more. Fancy paying millions of dollars, due from scores of banks to one another, in three-quarters of an hour. That is done every business morning in New York. Just before ten o'clock about 150 men stand the stairs of the beautiful million-dollar building in Cedar Street, erected by the building association of the Clearing House, and go to a large room on the top floor, lighted by a great dome. These men are of two kinds—the messengers, carrying large bags of claims and receipts, and the clerks to receive the checks. These bundles have been made up the night before. The clerk hands to the Clearing House manager a statement saying practically,

"We hold checks against the other banks to the amount of such and such."  
 "All right," says the manager; "when the claims against you are handed to you we'll figure up whether you owe the other banks money or whether they owe you money. For the time being we'll assume all the debts and credits. If you owe the other banks you come around here after 1:30 p.m. and get what is coming to you. Now present your checks, one to the other."  
 The clerks stand behind their desks ready to receive the claims and receipt for them. Each messenger stands in front of the clerk and his own bank. The check strikes two. The messenger up in the gallery rings a gong. Each messenger, with his bundle of checks, starts off on his rounds from desk to desk in rotation. He hands in his checks at each desk, gets his receipts, and through a slit in the desks leaves a memorandum of what is due his bank. When the rounds are over each messenger is back in front of his own desk. He gathers up the parcels left by the other messengers with the clerk, and hurries off to his bank, where the packages are opened and verified.

Each bank takes the word of the others as to what is in the envelope. There would be no time for verification. If any mistake has been made the individual banks settle it between themselves. The clerks do the footings from the little memoranda that have been made up. When the footings are made and each bank has made a memorandum saying it owes so much to Clearing House for what it really owes to the other banks, the Clearing House manager in the gal-



lery anonymous. "Proof is made," and the clerks hurry away to their respective institutions. The exchanging has been done; the balances must be paid or received later in the day.

Some of three bank messengers bring and carry away as many as 10,000 checks in a single morning. It takes a vast amount of clerical labor to sort those brought to the Clearing House, and takes just as much labor to sort and verify those that have been received.

The manager of the Clearing House, Mr. Sherer, says that banking transactions by checks have practically ceased in the last ten years, and the amount of the detailed work of banks has therefore increased tremendously. The payments of balances must be made in cash.

The Clearing House performs another function here peculiar to itself. It has one of the strongest safes ever built. The banks have deposited in it millions upon millions in gold, and in return have received from the Clearing House certificates of deposit. It would be inconvenient to carry a vast sum of money each day to the Clearing House and take it away in settling balances. The convenience is that most of the balances are paid in Clearing House certificates, the gold actually being in the Clearing House vaults all the time and remaining there. For example, the balance paid in the year ending September 30, 1902, amounted to \$3,313,000,000. Of this sum \$2,910,000,000 was paid in Clearing House certificates, \$323,000,000 in United States bearer gold certificates, \$21,250,000 in United States legal tender and change. These Clearing House certificates therefore play a most important part in the financial transactions of the metropolis. The sale of the Clearing House also becomes a handy place in which a bank may store its reserve of gold.

Still another function of the highest importance is assumed by the Clearing House—that of placing the entire resources of all its members in order when in trouble and when the most careful examination has shown that the bank is sound. This is done in time of panic, when unnecessary bank failures would mean untold disaster. Eight times have these certificates been issued, four of them in the civil-war days, on one of which occasions the



The Main Office of the Clearing House  
Through the lens of a camera  
The manager, Mr. William Sherer, is sitting in the chair; the assistant manager, Mr. W. J. Gilpin, is at the central desk

There are sixty-one banks and trust companies, not members of the house, that clear through it by means of those that are members. Several trust companies no longer make use of this medium of exchanging balances because the Clearing House has limited responsibility for their paper, but still insist that a certain reserve be kept on hand. These trust companies that withdrew simply seem to do business in their own way, and the withdrawal is no thought too much was required of them.

The Clearing House records are almost perfect embodiments of statistical work. Records of the business done are so tabulated that every phase of it is within reach in an instant. Statements are made and brought up to date, printed and transferred, until it is possible to learn any information involved in the transactions of the banks with one another in a few minutes. There never has been but one

Clearing House practically saved the credit of the government. After that they were issued in 1873, 1884, 1890, and in 1903. The highest amount outstanding at any time was in 1903, when \$38,250,000 were in existence. They were all redeemed, however, in about four months.

These certificates mean practically that the entire credit of the banking and business interests of New York, as represented in banking, are pledged to uphold the institution to which they are issued. They are put out in denominations of five, ten, and twenty thousand dollars, on the basis of seventy-five per cent. of the collateral pledged to secure them. They draw interest at six per cent. while in existence. When a bank gets ready to redeem them the Clearing House sends word to the holder to produce them, and they are cancelled. Since 1870 the enormous sum of \$169,774,000 of these certificates has been issued without the loss of a dollar, and all have been redeemed within less than six months from the date of issue.

The highest number of members in the Clearing House was sixty-seven in 1883. Since then the tendency toward consolidation has reduced the number to fifty-six.

There were fifty at the beginning. The Assistant Treasurer of the United States in New York is also practically a member.



The Interior of the New York Clearing House, where over Two Hundred Million Dollars' worth of Business is transacted daily  
Through the lens of a camera

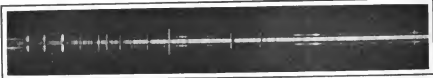
less, and that of only a few hundred dollars, in the history of the concern. An aged clerk, after twenty years' experience, even came over one day. A blind figure did it, and some one took the money. There is no reason to believe that he did it. The loss crushed him, and in a short time he died.

There have been times of storm and stress in the Clearing House, when the great bankers have been called in and their serious faces have been the barometer indicating financial storm. The officers of the Clearing House are loath to talk of these times. One of these was when, after the Grant & Ward failure, the exchanges of the Marine Bank were taken and held for a time. The receiver finally paid off most of the debts of the institution's history, and practically all of them have been bright days.

To handle all of these transactions a force of about seven men only is required. There have been only three managers in the

fifty years of the Clearing House's existence—George D. Lyman, who served from 1853 to 1860; William A. Camp, who served from 1860 to 1892; and the present manager, William Shaver, who succeeded Mr. Camp. Mr. Shaver has been engaged in banking since 1859. He has spent on three contiguous corners of Pine Street, for twenty-five years he was in the Sub-Treasury, and for six years was its cashier. He is assisted by William J. Gilpin, who has been in the Clearing House since 1871.

The expenses of the Clearing House are borne pro rata by the banks that make up its membership. The assessment is based upon a certain rate per million of its exchanges. To belong to the association is an asset of itself, and the great moral force of the institution exercises some severity toward its power to discipline its members. No bank could afford to have its membership cancelled.



Photographed Spectrum of the First-magnitude Star Alpha Centauri, made at the Lick Observatory. Used by astronomers to determine the star's motion through space relative to this particular photograph over the result: 2.5 kilometers per second, receding from the earth.

## Where is the Sun Going?

By Harold Jacoby, Ph.D.

Professor of Astronomy at Columbia University

**A**GAIN a small number of devoted astronomers have called themselves from home, and gone forth to a distant part of planet Earth to study a profound problem of the universe. This time it is an expedition from the Lick observatory, and its work is to be done in far-away Santiago de Chile, in South America, a long distance below the equator. The most gripping problem, in the active astronomer, as well as the general public, are certainly those that have to do with man's relation to the universe. There has never been a time when men have not wished to know whether our Earth is a sort of center, a body of special importance, because carrying that important creature, man himself, or whether our planet is but one of many similar bodies scattered through space, and man but one variety of a myriad different kinds of men. As to any complete solution of such questions as this exact science holds her peace. Only by an unshakable and improper use of the imagination can such problems be fully answered at present—that scientific imagination which successful investigators must possess to a superlative degree, but must yet check and curb at every moment.

To Newton we owe that beautifully simple law, the Law of Gravitation, with the help of which mathematical astronomers have been able to explain all the apparently intractable intricacies of planetary orbits within the solar system. The law declares that every particle of matter attracts or pulls every other particle of matter. It is true that there is a mystery involved in this, a mystery that has never been explained satisfactorily. For how can anything pull something else without a connecting link by which to pull it? The inability of the human mind to visualize just how this can be done has led many paradoxes to doubt or even deny the law itself, and has entrained not a few otherwise sensible persons to listen to such fallacies. But we have a simple laboratory experiment that proves at least the possibility of attraction between material bodies visibly unconnected. It is merely necessary to place a magnet near a small piece of steel. Instantly a strong attraction is set up between the two; the steel flies to the magnet. Why? The possibility of attraction without visible connection thus demonstrated, the fact that the law of gravitation can explain completely the most complex planetary and cometary orbits, and predict future motions with unerring precision, transforms the possibility of the law's truth into a certainty as great as human certainty can ever be.

The sway of gravitation throughout the entire extent of our solar system being thus admitted, we come next to the all-important cosmic question: Does gravitation extend also through outer space? Does it bind with its frictionless, impalpable moving chain alike the countless stars of the Milky Way, the clustered Pleiads, and the boundless Nebulae? To gather the means whereby astronomers of some generations far in the future shall have a glimmer of light on some such questions as these—for this the Lick astronomers have gone forth on their expedition to South America.

There is a popular notion that the planets in our solar system revolve about the sun. This is a close approximation to the truth but it is not completely in accord with the facts of Nature. The sun is so despot, ruling the motions of his subject planets. On the contrary, he is as much a slave of law and order as the smallest satellite. Like the planets, he is in motion. If there were in the solar system but two bodies, sun and planet, then it can be

shown mathematically that under the law of gravitation both bodies would pursue orbits precisely similar in shape, but different in size. If the planet were very small compared with the sun, then the planet's orbit would be correspondingly large compared with that of the greater orb. For it would be manifestly impossible for the little planet to pull the big sun in its orbit as much as the sun could pull the little planet. While, therefore, the two orbits would be of widely different sizes, yet both sun and planet would revolve about a common fixed point. That point is called the center of gravity of the system. It is a fact that such a center of gravity must exist in any system of bodies, no matter how complicated that system may be; and it possesses the remarkable property of invariability relative to all bodies of the system. It is the beginning of things, some particle of matter were placed at this center, then would that atom remain forever unswerving throughout all subsequent gyrations of cosmic motion.

In the case of our own system, the solar bulk is so vast compared with all the planets that the center of gravity is situated near the sun's own center. In fact, it is within the limits of the sun's surface; yet true orbital motion of the sun exists, since he revolves about the center of gravity of the system. So we see that every body in the solar system has orbital motion; the only fixed point is the center of gravity itself.

Having thus made clear the conditions of motion within the solar system, we must now consider motions of the system as a whole in relation to other possible suns in space. It is a property peculiar to the center of gravity, and quite distinct from its mobility, that the combined pull of sun and planets upon distant stars acts just as though all the matter comprising the solar system were combined into one vast globe having its centre at our centre of gravity. This point is not only unswerving, so far as sun and planets are concerned, but it acts like a sort of centre of inertia of them all in their relations with distant stars. It is in relation of this kind that the sun and planets to systems whose centres of gravity combine with ours and others to form an almost inconceivably vast system of systems. Visionary theories of motion of a central sun controlling the motions of all the stars must be discarded as far too daring; but there may be a central centre of gravity—indeed, there must be one, if Newton's law extends its operations into remote space.

Granting, then, that there is such a centre in the universe, we should expect to find orbital motions of the so-called "fixed" stars. The cause lies fixed in reality, but each must be pursuing some path or orbit, obedient to Newton's law of universal gravitation. It is a fact that small individual motions of this kind have been actually observed in the case of most stars. When we compare carefully stellar catalogues made by successive generations of astronomers we find that the relative positions of individual bodies change slightly, and that these changes seem to be progressing uniformly.

Having this now-tainted, both by theoretical reasoning and by actual observation, that the stars are really in motion, we now approach the most interesting question of all. Can we find out anything about the motions of our own solar system regarded as a star? The older astronomer, before the invention of spectroscopic methods, could attack the problem only by a consideration of stellar motions, determined from a comparison of star-catalogues in the

master explained above. It has been found that these motions are not altogether casual in character, as we should expect, but there is a tendency to a grouping of the motions—an arrangement other than fortuitous. It appears that the individual stars, forming the so-called constellations on the sky, are slowly rising up near a certain point of the heavens, and as slowly opening out near a point diametrically opposite. This is just what we should expect if the solar system is approaching the point where the stars are opening out. The phenomena has been compared to what we see when a regiment of soldiers marches toward us. At first there is visible a confused mass of men only; but as distance diminishes, the ranks open out, until each individual becomes at last plainly visible.

In this way it has been possible to determine approximately the position on the sky of the "apex" of solar motion, or that point toward which our solar system is at present travelling. It is in the constellation Hercules. We are obliged to assume that our path is for the moment a straight line; but we mean that "moment" which began when James Bradley commenced the first star catalogue of modern precision, about 1750, and which will end long after present generations of men have passed away. So mighty is the orbit in question that many centuries must come and go as moments before we can hope to detect the orbit's curvature. We are like travellers in the famous "corkscrew" tunnel of the St. Gothard Railway. Trains enter on a low level, and after going around a huge curve out in the mountains, emerge from the tunnel again on a higher level, and at a point almost directly above the entrance. Passengers, while in the dark tunnel, often sense themselves by watching the needle of a pocket compass, which makes a complete revolution during the passage. But without the compass they could not know whether the train was moving on a straight or curved track; and so we passengers of the solar system, too, cannot know by observation whether our great cosmic track is straight or curved until, like the compass, the astronomer's instruments shall tell us the truth.

We have now outlined briefly the state of our knowledge and the methods by which it was attained before the spectroscopy came into general use about twenty years ago. With this instrument it is possible to do something entirely different from what could be done with the older weapons of the astronomer. For these could measure the directions only of the heavenly bodies, never their distances. They could record the apparent rate of motion of a star although the face of the sky, but never ascertain whether any motion exists toward the earth, or away from it. It is just this lacking element of stellar motion that the spectroscopy supplies, and thus renders complete the kind of knowledge we get observationally about stellar motions.

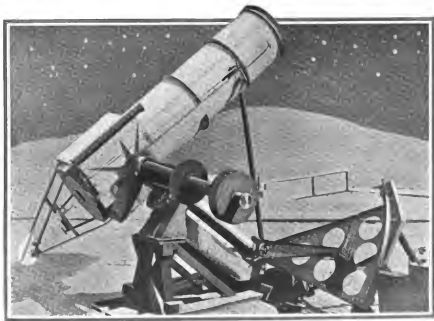
The manner in which the spectroscopy does this work is quite simple and admits of explanation without entering too much into technical details. The reader will remember that any star's light comes to us through space in the form of waves. A light-wave disturbance is set up at the star, just as a water-wave disturbance is started in a still pond by throwing in a stone; and then the light waves ripple out into space in all directions just like the wave-rings in the pond. It is a very general popular mistake to suppose that the waves of ocean are caused by great masses of water rolling along the surface. This is not the case at all. The water particles, in general, simply move up and down, and do not travel any considerable distance horizontally. Any one can convince himself of this by watching a wind-wave travel across a field of grain. Waves are plainly visible in the grain, yet the individual particles are certainly not travelling across the field, since each is fast to its own stalk.

What we call seeing a star, then, is merely the happening on our eye of a light-wave disturbance travelling toward us from outer space. But the eye or telescope can merely "see" the star, or become aware of its existence. The spectroscopy can do much more than this; it can count the number of waves per second reaching us from that particular disturbance. Now it is evident that this number will be different from a star at rest than from a star in motion toward the earth, or away from it. For if the star is moving toward us, the waves in its light will be somewhat crowded together, as it were, and more will reach us than would come from the same star if at rest. Similarly, a star receding from the earth will have its waves lengthened out somewhat, and fewer will reach the spectroscopy in a second than should normally be the case from a quiescent star.

The spectroscopy, in this way, can even evaluate the rate of motion, and tell us in miles per second whether the star is coming earthward or going hence. We see at once how this supplements and completes our old knowledge of the solar system's path. If we are travelling toward an apex, then stars near that apex must in general show spectroscopic evidence that their distance is diminishing. This has actually been found to be the case, and constitutes, perhaps, this generation's most remarkable observational advance in cosmic astronomy.

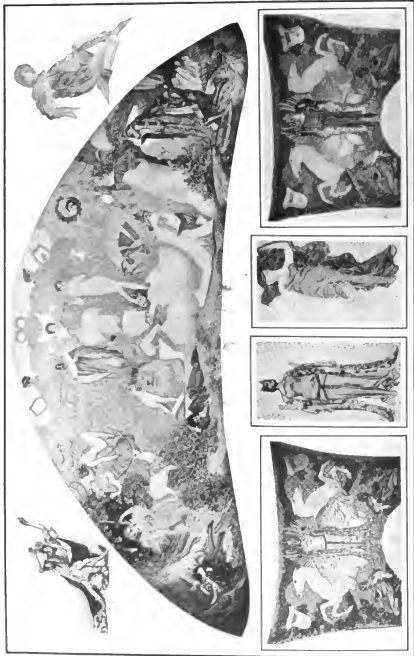
But the result has been secured for the northern apex only. It remains to check it in the southern hemisphere; to show that stars near the "anti-apex" are increasing their distance from us, and at a rate about equal to the rate of approach in the case of the northern "apex" stars.

It is for the study of this problem that the members of the Lick expedition have gone to the southern hemisphere, fitted out with a great telescope and photographic spectroscopy.



The New Telescope used by the Lick Observatory Expedition to Chile

The photographic spectroscopy at the lower end will be used to measure, for the first time, the speed with which stars of the southern hemisphere are approaching the solar system or receding from it.



**DECORATIONS BY WENZELL AND BLUM FOR THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE**

One of the outside doors of the New Amsterdam Theatre, in New York, is the scene of paintings depicting the central scene above the architectural arch, and the two side portions of this scene, which was subsequently finished by Mr. Wenzell, who executed also the statue, figures, drapery, etc. for the central scene, and the drapery and statue for the side panels, shown at the right and left hand side at the bottom of the page. The central scene and the side panels were both completed by Mr. Wenzell.



**MISS MINOLA MADA HURST**

*Miss Hurst, who played last season in "The Chinese Honeycomb," is to appear during the winter in a new comic opera on an Oriental subject which is being written by Robert Smith, the librettist, and the composer Raymond Hubbel. Miss Hurst is a daughter of the late Hal Hurst, the journalist and war correspondent*

# Correspondence

FAIR PLAY, ALWAYS

New York, November 4, 1901.

To the Editor of *Berger's Weekly*:

Sir,—Throughout the recent municipal campaign I have read your editorials with pleasure and gratification. They have seemed to me uniformly sane and right-minded in their opinions—strong and forcible in their expression, and always tending toward the one object—a clean and honest government.

To-day I read the opening paragraph on the results of the election in your issue of November 14. It is difficult for me to tell you the effect which this curiously non-committal piece of writing has produced upon me.

For weeks you have held up to your readers the inevitable results of a possible Tammany victory. Now that that victory has become actual, what is your attitude? You mildly regret the failure of the faction which has elected him, and the man who is certain degree of confidence in the forthcoming Tammany administration. You are "unwilling to believe," etc., that Murphy and McCellan have it in mind to revive the old and hated state of affairs in the police force.

You seem to have the same confidence in a politician who, though successful, has not, I believe, on a single occasion shown sufficient brains or character to justify the hope that he will be better than his party or of sufficiently large moral caliber to dominate the organization which has elected him, and the man who is, beyond question, the real power behind the throne.

What has given you this exalted opinion of Mr. McCellan, and why, if you have not such an opinion, is it not the better and more honest journalism to state openly the danger which now menaces the city, to renounce your intention of doing your utmost to elect Tammany in the future, as you have in the past, and to call upon all good citizens to follow in this direction.

"Because," you say, "it is possible that Mr. McCellan may, after all, give us a good administration." My dear sir, may I ask again what justifies this belief? Is there anything to be found in his earlier career, in his campaign for Congress, in his entire political life?

He has been throughout a man who has been willing to purchase political preferment at the price of personal honor, a man whose speeches during this campaign have been a miserably weak lie and insinuation and purilla in expression that the fusion papers have not sacrificed the space to ridicule them.

I am confident that no clear-minded man as yourself must agree with this view of the successful candidate.

This being the case you must lose your hopes on the belief that in these past four years Tammany Hall has reformed, has become a good government association in plans of the most corrupt and thoroughly dishonest political body that we have ever known. Surely this belief is poorly grounded.

Do you suppose that a hardened criminal, reared in wickedness from childhood, is converted into a gospel preacher merely because the law has taken him in hand and has deprived him of his liberty for a brief time? Areat number of Statistics will show you that ninety-nine times in a hundred the man will, on his release, care again return to his old ways, a little more covertly, perhaps, but for that very reason he is even more dangerous than before to public safety.

This seems to me a case exactly parallel with that of Tammany Hall. Can you say that it is not so? The organization, you admit, is dominated by the personality of one man—Charles Murphy. You place his name before that of Mr. McCellan in discussing this victory. He is a man who has held the entire situation in his grasp, and now holds it more absolutely than ever before. It has been said that he even dictated the subjects to be discussed in the speeches made by his "pupils" candidate.

He is a man who has made no pretence, he is crafty; he will doubtless cloak the misdeeds of the Tammany administration under a mantle of good and honest government, but it will still be a government by Tammany Hall, a government by an organization in which "graft" is always admitted, and dishonesty taken as a matter of course.

Do these things give you confidence? Sir, I congratulate you on your optimism. It is enviable, if misleading.

Why not express our opinions openly and honestly? Does it occur to the greatly of yellow journalism to denounce the vices of corrupt and indecent politics even in the hour of their victory? If it does, let us take refuge in this yellow journalism and be consistent. Above all, let us not content for a clean administration during a campaign and deny the futility of expelling it from Tammany, and then look writer and withdraw our protests from Tammany as on the point of assuming control and the voice of every respectable paper is needed to keep things from sliding back so far that it may be beyond the power of the people to prevent this disgraceful defect from recurring again at the end of another two years.

I am, sir,

JOHN B. MILLS.

[We have no time to try over spilled milk. Give the young man a chance.—EUPON.]

## A VIEW OF MR. HANNA

NEWARK, NEW YORK, November 1, 1901.

To the Editor of *Berger's Weekly*:

SIR.—The ship subsidy bill and Senator Hanna's advocacy of it constituted the chief argument of Ohio Democrats in opposing his reelection to the United States Senate. The voters of this elected 114 Republicans and 25 Democrats to the State Legislature. This

means that Senator Hanna will be returned to the Senate by a majority of 10. That is Ohio's answer to the attack on Senator Hanna because of his ship-subsidy advocacy.

The Ohio Republican platform declared in favor of legislation for American shipping. Senator Hanna said publicly in the beginning of the campaign that he had advocated the ship-subsidy bill and voted for it, and he wanted every voter in Ohio to understand that if he were re-elected he would again work and vote for a ship-subsidy bill.

Senator Hanna wants to protect our unprotected shipping in the foreign carrying-trade. When our ships were protected they carried 92 per cent. of our imports and exports; now, having been unprotected for more than a generation, they carry 9 per cent. The high wages paid to the men employed in building and running American ships make the cost greater than the cost of building and running foreign ships. Senator Hanna wants to maintain the American standard of wages unimpaired, and he realizes that this can only be done by giving the same protection to our ships upon the seas that is given to our industries upon the land. He wants to do an act of long-deferred justice for American shipping, and so he advocates subsidies for American ships. This indicates that proposition emphatically and unambiguously, and the fact and its significance cannot be too widely published and commented upon.

I am, sir,

A. E. SMITH.

## THE SCIENCE OF FOOD

LEVENSON, MICH., November 3, 1901.

To the Editor of *Berger's Weekly*:

SIR.—In your WEEKLY of October 31 appeared an article on the science of food. It was interesting to me, as I have made the study of food a lifetime vocation, and I write to express my own views regarding the same, believing as I do, that it is a world question, and one of which the majority of people are profoundly ignorant. Little thought is expended as to what and how we shall eat. Many people sit down to eat with an eye single to the filling up of their stomachs, not once giving a moment's thought to the after effects. Small wonder that so many of the humans race are afflicted with bowel complaints. Nor is an explanation required why doctors, druggists, and dentists reap such harvests. When God created man, He had to create elements to sustain life. He put into man a sound body and a sound mind, and it was not God's intention that this mind and body should be abused by very things He made for their sustenance. Intemperance in food and drink is a stain on the human family. It is the primary cause of the deaths of thousands of children annually, and has wrought havoc to millions of people. It has wrecked many a home, caused innumerable divorces, and lighted many a life. Asylums, hospitals, and prisons are filled with people who owe their confinement to this very cause. Everything seems to be taken into the human body nowadays regardless of consequences. The filling up pre-dominates. If every human being early in life would give more thought to the study of food and its relation to the health of the mind and body, we would have a stronger race of people and fewer infants' deaths. I firmly believe that the mind and body are as affected through the stomach, when that useful member is in an unhealthy condition, and as long as all manner of unwholesome food is consumed the stomach cannot be in a healthy condition. It is a well-established fact, and has been proved, that proper and nutritious food has an essential connection with moral and mental development.

I take it for granted that space would not be given to write more of this subject, suffice it to say that there is no one known to man that will benefit the human race more than a proper study of the science of food.

I am, sir,

OSCAR BATES.

## THE AWARD OF ONE MAN

New York, November 3, 1901.

To the Editor of *Berger's Weekly*:

SIR.—In the discussions about the Canadian boundary award it seems to be forgotten that the judgment of a court depends for its authority quite as much upon popular confidence in the impartiality of the tribunal as upon the righteousness of its decision. The vice of all mixed commissions is that the judges are not impartial, and the empire is the one who really decides. In the case Lord Alton was, in fact, the one judge who rendered the judgment. I do not doubt that his decision was just, but other considerations can be carried to a court composed of five or seven, or, as in the case of the Supreme Court of the United States, nine impartial judges, who should two nations submit an important question of boundary to the final arbitrament of one man, however wise? This was all the more unfortunate because in the Hague convention we have a treaty to which both Great Britain and the United States are parties by which they agree to submit controversies of all kinds to an impartial court, composed of five judges "of acknowledged skill on questions of international law, possessing the highest moral reputation." No one of these can be a citizen or resident of either litigant state. Ample provision is made for taking testimony and for solely and full hearing.

Can we doubt that if the Canadian boundary question had been submitted to this great international court its decision would have commanded far greater respect than that of the commission before whom, in fact, it was debated?

I am, sir,

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

Cash in the Treasury

A GLANCE over a recent official statement issued from the office of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington shows some interesting facts about our national bank account. On the day of issue, October 6, there was in the reserve fund of the "Division of Redemption," gold coin and bullion to the amount of \$150,000,000. The division of the statement, titled "General Fund" gives the available cash balance as \$237,974,323 73. On another page, under the heading "Receipts, Expenditures, Receipts, etc.," the customs receipts for the fiscal year are given as \$76,845,322 06; the receipts from internal revenue as \$64,363,087 64; and "miscellaneous" receipts as \$11,526,041 04—making the total receipts \$152,734,450 74. The tabulated expenditures are worth studying. They are stated for the fiscal year as follows: Civil and miscellaneous, \$36,224,314 06; war, \$37,702,314 75; navy, \$24,204,221 69; Indians, \$2,953,024 06; pensions, \$40,470,650 61; interest, \$5,971,760 34; total expenditures, \$147,713,097 28.

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Then the horse bolted, and that was all I ever saw of that calm and leisurely Belgian wolf.

## Wolf! Wolf!

By Robert W. Chambers

"**N**O," said I, "it's no use. Once upon a time, in my career, when anybody shouted 'Wolf!' I ran with the rest. But I'm too old now."

"Monsieur," persisted my driver, "do you not believe that there are very wolves here?"

"None at all," I replied. "I have hunted and fished in many lands. And in all lands and in all languages I have heard the same old song: 'Aha! You are too late. If you had only been here last week you could have had fine shooting. Why, everybody made fine bags last week!' And, again: 'Aha! You are too early! Come next week, and then you shall carry out tons of trout!'"

"And now you ask me to pick up my ears and run this way and that where you cry 'Wolf!' Alas, my friend, you are driving a disenchanted Yankee to-day; and of all living organisms, a disenchanted Yankee is the most hopelessly hopeless. Say so! Say so, my untutored Belgian friend. Prattle to me of the wolf and the coney and the behemoth, and any other kind of myth, or island. But don't, don't expect me to arise and caper and hit you for a guide. I would if I could sealow; I am so old that I am obliged to die. Voila!"

"Monsieur," said my driver, Nikola, "I swear to you by several species of holy saints that there are wolves in this country on both sides of the frontier!"

"True," said I, "Hagelbeek shows at Brussels and Sedan."

"Monsieur does not believe me!"

"Nikola, I came here to make the acquaintance of the Belgian trout. Let's discourse upon the Belgian trout!"

"Last week," said he, obstinately, "a wolf took two of our sheep."

"Suppose," said I, "a trout had taken them. That would be more wonderful still, Nikola. Why draw the line at a wolf!"

"Thursday," persisted the pig-headed Belgian, "a big wolf caught our turkey gobbler in plain daylight. My uncle saw him and threw his hat at him."

"A case of shoe-fly," I suggested. "Comment?"

"I was about to light my pipe, and had already struck the match when, happening to glance across a field of turnips, I saw a big, scuffling, dusty gray animal trotting along the edge of the woods. For a moment I took it to be one of those northern sheep-dogs peculiar to that region; the next instant I dropped my match and stared."

"What is it, Monsieur?" began Nikola, then broke off sharply. "Bow," he muttered, "there's your wolf!"

"It was useless for me to rub my eyes; the animal was a wolf, trotting along parallel with our road, skirting the dark edge of the forest. The fields only separated us. The wolf paid no attention to us, but kept on in a steady dogged trot, sometimes lazily jumping a ditch, sometimes running out among the turnips to avoid a thick waistfall, a loose, gray plodding shape, scarcely sixty yards away. For nearly two minutes he kept up with us, never once even glancing in our direction. Then, of a sudden, our horse caught the scent, bounded aside, and stood on two legs, while Nikola plied the whip and yelled."

"I had a glimpse of the wolf, halting, head turned in our direction. Then the horse bolted, and that was all I ever saw of that calm and leisurely Belgian wolf. But that was enough for me; and when, after a lively scurry, Nikola regained control of the gray mare, I started to talk business as fast as I was able. And Nikola the Belgian never cracked a single smile during the next hour which I devoted to an explanation of how much I wanted to shoot a wolf from the fabled, the historic, the eternally celebrated forest of the Ardennes. About three o'clock a sash-box and two striped frontier posts warned us to make ready, even before a sentinel stepped into the road, calling halt."

"Vons n'avez rien a déclarer," he demanded.

"Si, monsieur," I said, smiling, handing him a handful of cigars.

A customs official came up, grinning, checked my baggage with-

out examination, and touched his cap, saying, "Passez, monsieur!"

And so, through fragrant lanes, past green and golden fields and yellowing patches of woodlands, we came to the shade of one Aletia Bloch. At the sign of the "Silver Fish." The inn was perched up on a bank, half buried in trees. A grey stream cascaded like a moat, then wound away westward through the green and swarms of dragon-flies played, glittering in the sun.

An ample gentleman appeared to welcome me; servants here my baggage to my quarters; Nikola the driver accepted his tip with a grave bow, and drove off toward the stable. No, I wanted no luncheon; it took me a few moments to select a rod, posted out inquired in a Belgian newspaper.

"New about your famous trout stream," I began.

"Certainly, sir. There it is."

"Where?" I demanded, gazing around. "You don't mean that running ditch?"

"Ditch, sir! That is the trout stream," he said, calmly. Too much taken aback to protest, I walked out into the meadow, mechanically lowering my line. The tiny meadow stream was scarcely a foot wide. It appeared to be anywhere from one to three feet in depth, but so hidden by weeds and grass that it was next to impossible to drop a fly on the water. And when I did succeed in doing this, swarms of tiny trout came at the fly. In a matter of fact, there was not in that brook a trout five inches long. For one hour I followed the little brook, getting madder and madder, then I returned to the Inn of the Silver Fish and its proprietor, Monsieur Bloch. He rose affably to meet me.

"Did you," I began, "ever insert an advertisement to the effect that you controlled the fishing on a fine trout stream?"

"I did," he said, calmly.

"And this is the stream?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"You did not mention the size of the trout?"

"No, monsieur."

"Perhaps," I said, fiercely, "it is well that you did not!"

"Perhaps," he said, courteously.

He was the pleasantest and politest swindler I ever encountered; his inn was charming, his table beyond praise. And, as for his beer, never in all my life, whether in Munich or Tognos, have I ever tasted such beer. We became good friends.

"You see," he said, "my advertisement was for French people who have the mania for things English. They read that the English inland throws flies for trout, then they see that the trout are small as white-fly. It is nothing to them that the trout are small as white-fly. They fish to eat and to imitate the English. They would really be much happier fishing with astocots and a scurvy quill for seine sudpon. But, trout are the rage! Voila!"

After all, he was right; it was scarcely his fault that a Yankee became entangled in the meshes lashed for small fry.

"I'll forgive you," said I, offering him a cigar, "if you will tell me the truth about the wolves here."

"The truth, monsieur? What is there to tell. Everybody here knows they are about."

"Then why is Heaven's name don't you profit by it?"

"Profit! An contraire! I keep none. If Parisien fishermen believed there were wolves here, what would become of my trade! Pas si bete, monsieur! And he winked."

"Are they as plenty as that?" I demanded.

"Plenty! Well, I don't know, if you go to hunt them you may run all day and see nothing. If you have sheep, cattle, fowl, fish! The wolves also follow the deer. Wherever one finds rabbits and hares in abundance, there one may look for wolf signs. There is a reward for the head and skin."

"Do you mean to tell me that here in this work, dried-up

(Continued on page 1914.)





BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MACON, GA.

But a finer view is furnished by the above illustration of the structure and scenic beauty of Macon, Ga., which Henry Ward Beecher and Joseph Miller declare to be "The fairest of all cities." In climate it stands unrivaled, even by California alone; in healthfulness it is above, population considered, in stand first among American cities; in the purity of its water supply, cleared and in its destination that it is equalled by only one other in the world.

Situated in the very center of Georgia, with reference to population as well as geographical location, having a navigable river and eleven miles of railway, reaching in an easy direction, Macon is in command of the whole State, and more than a hundred flourishing factories, whose products find ready market throughout the globe, beneath the advertisement and laudable life with which the city holds itself.

Welcoming hands are outstretched by every one of Macon's fifty thousand inhabitants, leading the capitalist, the laborer, proprietor, manufacturer and wealthy immigrant—no matter what his calling—in peace and amity with them, to show the abundant blessings which they enjoy, and contribute to the greater and more glorious city which they are engaged in building.

### There Wasn't Any Story

A NEWSPAPER story that is going the rounds of one of the larger Western cities concerns a young and very green reporter who had just been taken on the staff of the town's leading daily. It happened that several theatrical openings occurred on the same night, and the staff of the paper's dramatic department was able to "cover" only three out of the four events. Space was reserved for a story on Madame Modjeska, who was to open that night in a new play, and the young reporter was assigned to the story.

About nine o'clock he strolled into the office. The city editor greeted him with astonishment.

"Why, how's this?" he exclaimed. "Didn't you get any story?"

"No," explained the reporter; "there wasn't any story. I saw Madame Modjeska attacked by a footpad as she was leaving her carriage at the stage door, and as she didn't come to I knew that the performance was off; so I didn't wait."

### An Oriental Love-Letter

ESOTICISM is put to strange and elegant use in the Oriental. Here, for instance, is a letter addressed to a native gentleman by a youth seeking the hand of his daughter:

"To His Honor ———, Paternal father of Miss ——— Dear Sir ——— It is with a faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time to past a secret passion has firing my bosom internally with loving for your daughter. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction to cruelly smother the growing love-knot that is being constructed in my withinside, but the boundless leap of affection trimmed by Cupid's productive hand still nourishes my love-sick-rav'd heart. Needless would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great configuration that has been generatively in my head and heart. Hoping that having debated this proposition in your pregnant mind you will concordantly corroborate in espousing your female progeny to my tender bosom and thereby acquire me into your family circle. Your dutiful Sen-i-law."

### An Author Abroad

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, the veteran author, is the subject of an amusing anecdote which is current just now in literary circles. Mr. Stedman, it seems, while on a visit to France, stopped one day on a country road to admire the surrounding scenery. As he stood gazing meditatively over the fields he noticed that several peasants who passed him on the road bowed and took off their hats to him. Mr. Stedman was at first surprised at their salutes in his honor, and wondered for whom these polite peasants mistook him; but as they were repeated by peasant after peasant, he finally concluded that his reputation had penetrated further than he had ventured to suppose. As he moved away from the spot he happened to glance behind him. He had been standing in front of a statue of the Virgin.

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(Continued from page 1912.)

squeezed-out old Continent of Europe there are wolves enough to call a bounty!"

"Certainly, sir. And I wish they would put a bounty on the wild boars that roam out of the forest and root up my vegetables and scare my calves till they run themselves as thin as stouts," said Sef as he sat down. Before dinner we had arranged for a wolf hunt. About sunrise next morning I descended to the breakfast room to find an animated company of people inhaling coffee. They were a rascal cut, amiable lot, the sons of neighboring farmers, officials, and small landed proprietors,—well set up, ruddy, muscular youths, who, one by one approached me, and courteously thanked me for inviting them to attend a wolf drive.

"So I was giving this party! I had not exactly understood that. (Lapsing out of the window at the company of beavers assembled to drink at my expense, I wondered just what the bill might be.

But one can do much on little, and little on next to nothing in that country. So I ate my toast and swallowed my coffee undisturbed, listening to the conversation of the ones about me. To them the hunt was a holiday, nothing more, apparently, and nothing new enough to excite anybody. Evidently, every man there had accounted for more than one wolf; I caught fragments of conversation, careless references to former wolf drives, amusing anecdotes of reminiscences. The mayor's son, a shy young giant, was teased about an episode in which, it appeared, that to save his overmated dog, he had seized a wolf by the hind leg, and had well bitten by his paws.

It was almost time to start. Cartridge belts were examined, rifles locked over. I noticed that nobody carried a magazine rifle. With true politeness, nobody apparently noticed my Winchester, but, a few moments later, Niklas, who attached himself to me, came up, carrying a single-shot weapon, with the compliments of the mayor, and would I be good enough to try it and give my opinion. A delicate fashion of instantiating that magazine guns were not considered perfectly sportsmanlike.

There were no vehicles to carry us; the forest stretched away on every side of us. Here it were, it seemed, in the very heart of the wolf country; and, beavers following, we set out in a good-humored group, crossing Monsieur Black's wonderful trout preserve, and striking northwest across the dewy upland. I walked with Herbert Jossias, the mayor's son, and his diffident remarks and modest suggestions gave me a vague idea of what we were to do and what was expected of me. Young Jossias evidently had charge of the proceedings; for, as we came to the first fringe of forest, he noticed the blue-smocked beavers to the right, and they presently disappeared.

"Move over to your posts, if you please," he said; "the same old posts. Remember at noon, carefree St. Jacques."

Then, taking pause for providing me, he led the way straight into the forest, conducting us to my post. For half a mile we walked on in silence over the springy forest soil. Once or twice rabbits scuttled off down the trail; again and again great gray wood-pigeons cleared out of tree-tops and zigzagged away among the branches. At last we came to a thin edge of timber. Through it I could see a cultivated field set in between the dark flanks of the forest; in the woods a small stream bubbled down a rocky gully.

"Game use that gully as a runway," he said, "the right bush.

Usually a wolf, running, crosses the edge of that field under shelter of the pines, where it is dark, then follows the line to the west and grows; then enters these woods, keeping close along the right bank of the gully."

He lifted his cap with a pleasant smile; we saluted one another; then he walked off at a good swiftness pace, and soon I lost sight of him among the evergreens. Well, here I was, after a moment's delay, the old, old shout of "Wolf!" And I was not sorry; the incomparable beauty of the free Ardennes, the sunlight straying into wet hollows, gliding the dead leaves, the silvery beauty of the great clouded herches whose bright yellow leaves, scuttled already with purple, drifted down from above. And overhead a sky of sapphire, glowing through ashly branches interlaced. Was not this still, sunny harmony enough reward, without the slaying of a furtive creature whose home and whose rights I had invaded with murderous intent? Philosophy is all right; but it seldom ejects carictures, never's the pity.

I sat still and listened. A buzz, tinted with rose color, had spired me out; and now he had come closer to express his opinion of me. Scarcely flattened, I threw a stick at him, and he left, screeching, winging his brilliant way across the glade and out along the forest's shaggy edge. I had not very quiet for about an hour when the far report of a rifle noted my absence.

"One wolf," I said to myself. "I bet I don't get a shot!"

Half an hour passed in utter silence; then another distant shot sounded, followed by two more. Presently, in the distance, a faint, far away sound came to me—the noise of the beavers. A few minutes later a hare passed the runway at full speed, and close behind, a robust-looking beaver, halting every twenty yards to turn and look back. It was a charming episode. The buck stood within thirty feet of me, looking quietly up and down the brook, stooped to touch the water with twitching lips, looked back once more, and trotted off down the gully, disappearing among the evergreens.

No, it was not such-ferre that served him. Nothing else came. So quiet and still grew the woods that the noise of the rivulet seemed to fill the stream. Again I saw the shadowy forms of beavers sneaking; a great owl sailed up to a branch overhead. Following the forest's eastern edge, I began my journey to the rendezvous, enjoying every instant of the autumn morning, marvelling at the grotesque beauty of the free Ardennes. There came a surprise; I rounded a point of wood and came on a pair of beavers and a shepherd-dog, and a group of peasants standing in a field and looking down at something. That something was a big gray wolf, freshly killed, sprawling there on the ploughed ground. With mixed feelings I inspected the dusty lifeless thing; with feelings still more mixed I listened to the modest account of the murder.

"I was ploughing, mister, when the wolf ran out. My dog took him. Max and I ran up to save the dog. We killed him with our spades, mister."

"With your spades?" I repeated, thoughtfully.

"The murdering thief took one of my sheep," observed the oldest peasant.

"He took each that belonged to others," said Max. "Now we'll regulate the account with his head and pelt—unless mister desires to buy him!"

"No," I said, and walked on, musing.



"The murdering thief took one of my sheep," observed the peasant

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## About Panama

The commerce of Panama, according to the latest available data, amounts to about three million dollars per annum; its population to about 300,000 annually; and its area to 31,571 square miles, or nearly equal to that of the State of Indiana. The estimate of the population is based upon the latest official enumeration, which shows the population in 1901, and was based upon the census of 1871; while the figures of area are those accepted by geographical authorities and are those of the area of the "Department of Panama" of the Colombian Republic. The principal ports are Panama, on the Pacific coast, and Colon, on the Atlantic side, and these ports are visited annually by more than one million tons of merchandise and nearly 100 thousand passengers, chiefly for transfer over the Panama Railway, forty-seven miles in length, connecting the Pacific port of Panama with the Atlantic port of Colon.

Colon, or Aspinwall, as it is sometimes called, has a population of about three thousand persons. The city of Panama has a population of about twenty-five thousand. It was founded in 1519, burned in 1671, and rebuilt in 1673, while Colon is of much more recent date, having been founded in 1851.

### The People

The population, which, as already indicated, amounts in number to about 300 thousand, is composed of various elements—Spanish, Indian, negro, and a limited number of persons from the European countries and the United States, especially those engaged in commerce and transportation and the operation of the Panama Railway. A considerable number of the population is composed of persons brought to the isthmus as laborers for the construction of the canal, and of their descendants. Since the abolition of slavery in Jamaica a considerable number of blacks and mulattoes have settled on the isthmus as small dealers and farmers, and in some villages on the Atlantic side they are said to be in the majority, and as a result the English language is much in use, especially on the Atlantic side. Some of the native population have retained their customs, speech, and physical type, especially those in the western part of the province, and claim to be descendants of the natives found in that section by the Spaniards when they discovered and conquered the country.

### Our Trade with Panama.

Of the commerce of Panama, the United States supplies a larger share than any other country. The importations at the port of Colon during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903, as shown by the report of the United States consul, amounted to \$952,084, of which \$614,179 was from the United States, \$119,668 from Germany, \$128,322 from England, \$76,386 from France, and the exports to the United States from Colon in 1903 amounted to \$173,370. From the port of Panama the exports to the United States in the fiscal year 1903 amounted to \$193,242.

### How to get There

Panama is connected with San Francisco by a weekly steamer schedule operated by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and with Valparaiso by a weekly steamer schedule operated by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and South-American Steamship Company. Two passenger and two freight trains leave Panama daily for Colon, and Colon daily for Panama. The time for passenger-trains over the forty-seven miles of railway is three hours.

From Panama there is an cable line north to American ports, and one to the south. The actual time consumed in communicating with the United States and receiving an answer is stated by the consul to be usually about four hours. There are also cable lines from Colon to the United States and Europe.

The money of the country is silver, the price of exchange having averaged during the past year about 130 per cent.

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The Progress of Science

The Inheritance in Man of Mental and Moral Characters

This was the subject of the fourth annual Huxley Memorial Lecture delivered lately in London, the lecturer this year being Professor Karl Pearson, F.R.S. Since the publication of Francis Galton's epoch-making books on heredity, it has been impossible easily to deny the inheritance of mental characters. But it was necessary to go a stage further and ask for an exact quantitative measure of the inheritance of such characters, and the comparison of such measurements with that of inherited physical characters. Accordingly, six or seven years ago, Professor Pearson set to work on the problem, and in the course of his investigations he made physical measurements of the members of about a thousand families, and gathered information as to the physical, mental, and moral resemblances between brother and sister, sister and sister, and brother and sister, in several thousand cases. He found that intelligence or ability follows precisely the same laws of inheritance as general health, and both followed the same laws as head measurements or any other physical characters. We inherit our patterns, he says, their conscientiousness, shyness, and ability, just as we inherit their stature, forearm, and eyes. The results of these researches are, in the main, quite in agreement with popular notions on heredity, the value of his patient and accurate work lying in the fact that his investigations have proved scientifically what were before hardly more than unsubstantiated suggestions. It would appear also that he has definitely settled the moot question of the relative formative influence of heredity, on the one hand, and environment and training, on the other. He has strongly emphasized the great preponderance of inherited faculties and dispositions. The establishment of the relation between the mental and the physical characters, he holds, teaches the lesson that gentility and probity and ability may be fostered by home environment and good schools, but that their origin, like the origin of health and muscle, is deeper down than those things. They are inherited, and are not to be created or improved by training and post-natal circumstances. The stock itself makes the home environment, and education is of small service unless it is applied to an intelligent race of men. Intelligence must be bred; good human stock must be maintained; that is the broad conclusion to be drawn from the scientific proof of the equality in inheritance of the physical and physical characters; and that conclusion constitutes a problem for statescraft to deal with.

How Radium is Obtained

M. Curie has explained the process by which radium is separated from the substances which contain it. It exists in combination with lead, chalk, silicon, iron, and other things which must be eliminated in a series of complicated and costly operations. For days a ton or so of waste powder, which is obtained mostly from pitchblende, simmers over a slow fire with water and soda; this mixture is then put into big barrels, where a sediment is deposited; the sediment is then washed and re-washed, and put on the fire to simmer again with carbonate of soda. These tedious mere sedimentations and repeated washing, after which the residue is treated with hydrochloric acid. A colorless liquid results, containing small quantities of radium. The chemist's object is now to separate these small quantities, and this he does by a series of reactions and crystallizations. At each crystallization the crystals become progressively richer in radium as the mother liquor is taken, until after six weeks' manipulation, some twenty-five grammes of white crystals remain. The radium contained in these is of low radio-activity (about 2000), and the greater part of their bulk is eliminated away by M. Curie herself in successive crystallizations. At the end there are left only a few centigrammes (but 1,200,000,000 as much as would cover the point of a needle), to show for a ton or so of waste powder and acetate of lead.



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Music

A French Conductor

"Krit res literature in art music—a romance in its tone!"—and M. Edouard Colonne, the eminent French conductor, illustrated with graphic gesture, half singing passage from Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." M. Colonne, the first of the great European conductors whom the New York Philharmonic Society has hitherto arranged to import this season, conducted November 14 at Carnegie Hall, and a discussion of its artistic value had aroused his enthusiasm. The "Symphonie Fantastique" is, indeed, as M. Colonne very truly observed, an orchestral fiction; and his exposition of it was, in a way, a revelation. No eloquence of interpretation could by any possibility make of this score a moving utterance—these are the dry bones of romanticism—the theoretic and turbulent romanticism of 1830. But Colonne achieved the memorable feat of making this barren score seem almost a thing of vital beauty; one realized the immense emphasis, the bombast, the speciousness, of the music; and yet it was astonishingly effective. Here were the pastoral moods, the storm and turmoil, of Berlioz's scenic programme; here, too, the melodramatic horror of that absurd symphonic execution, and of the wretched "egg at the rise." If the score were a living organism, instead of a vast and empty book, Colonne's exposition of it would have been overwhelming; as it was, he got out of it the utmost that his own unbounded enthusiasm and the responsive gusto of the orchestra could force it to yield. The Philharmonic band has not, indeed, played so ably, so effectively, in five years as it did under this magnetic and authoritative conductor. The new "Patrie" overture of Liszt—an indifferent expression of his genius—went with stirring fervency; the Bach D-minor suite was done up with lovely grace and an infinite variety of nuance, although one missed something of the largeness and virility of the essential Bach.

If the Society has been as fortunate in its selection of the rest of its "leton prima donna" as it has been in the case of M. Colonne, there can be no question that its somewhat damaged prestige will be fully restored before the season's end.

"The Dream of Gerontius" Again

When is a masterpiece not a masterpiece? One is tempted to answer: When is a work by Mr. Edward Elgar. Mr. Elgar's music seems to possess the singular property of giving rise to hopelessly antipodal opinions concerning it. Only the other day his new oratorio, "The Apostles," was hailed by some in England as "a masterpiece—a score of pure gold throughout," and dismissed by others as "anomalous in merit, excellent in intention, but mediocre in result." Precisely the same thing happened last April when Mr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" was given, for the first time in New York, by the Oratorio Society. The critical chorus was then equally extreme and equally irrevocable. Here, said some, was the logical successor of "Parsifal"—the finest flower of English music since Purcell—a work of high distinction and grandeur. The opposition was quite as emphatic in its disapproval: there were observers who found Mr. Elgar's work elevated by conception and feeling, but lacking in original inspiration. Musical history, like any other, is wont to repeat itself. Last week, at Carnegie Hall, the Oratorio Society, under Mr. Frank Damrosch, again gave Mr. Elgar's famous setting of Cardinal Newman's poem, and again arose the curiously mingled voices of adulation and disparage.

In Mr. Elgar's work, then, excellent and important, or is it mediocre and perishable? We do not know. It was suggested last April in the WEEKLY, after the first New York performance of the Oratorio, that Mr. Elgar had been unable to transmit his fervor and his piety into music of original, compelling power; and from that opinion there seems to be no present reason to depart.

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Miss Marie Manning, the Author of "Judith of the Plains"

## Marie Manning

WHEN *Lord Altonham, Bankrupt*, was being reviewed on its appearance a year ago last spring, I remember that one enthusiastic critic, who found the book "so deliciously humorous, so entirely refreshing," wound up by urging Miss Manning to cross the English Channel—it would be so interesting, he pressed, to read what her nimble wit and discriminating pen could set down about the French, particularly the women. But Miss Manning was wiser. Her second novel, *Judith of the Plains*, recently published, is neither of the French nor of the English, but of her own country, and of a section which she knows and writes of with an intimacy born not only of close acquaintance, but of a deep, obscure sympathy and un-

derstanding. To touch the springs of feeling it is necessary that the literary artist should be more than a spectator of life; he must have lived the life and participated in its struggle for existence; to use a forcible phrase, he must get beneath the skin. In the English scenes of *Lord Altonham, Bankrupt*, there was evidence of an intimate knowledge, and a keen observing faculty operating on every detail, which spoke for the author's residence in England, even if we hadn't known it, but the effect aimed at and gained was frank satire—such pitiless and penetrating satire as one seldom gets from an American writer on the shabby shifts of a certain segment of English aristocracy. It was shrewdly clever; it was audacious, even to the compelling of one's sympathy for a

her (but he wasn't); he was simply human, and that's why we liked him) who was an English peer and fortune-hunter. Throughout these scenes we were held by the good-natured wit and satire, the clever characterization, the lively humor of the dialogue, often brilliant in repartee, the comedy of the situations, frequently verging on farce, and the American girl, Alice Dean, whose simple, direct, ingenuous nature breathed the freshness of her native prairies in the murky London atmosphere and artificial conventions of the drawing-room. It was when the scene was abruptly shifted from England to the western wilds of Wyoming, near the close of the book, that we suddenly felt the thrill of life and the instinctive touch of an awakened sympathy. We must not forget that much of this contrasted effect between the old world and the new was artistically conceived and intentional. But while the artist may always depict his scenes with vraisemblance and identity and cold precision, he cannot hide his passion when he touches the thing he loves. The freshness of feeling, the deep emotion, the vigorous expression of living, the passionate response to nature—all of which come with such sudden surprised delight as to make the transport seem like another story—were too personal and subjective to be accounted for outside the author's experience and keenness of sympathetic perception. Kenneth G. Sibley, the author of *The Book of Months* declares to be the greatest cause of happiness, and Miss Manning, who is the fortunate possessor of this gift, has also the power of making us revel in the pleasure it conveys. For several years she had a rich and varied experience of ranch life in Colorado, Montana, and Wyoming, and out of that experience came the impulse to write *Judith of the Plains*, the scenes of which are laid entirely in Wyoming. Her a long visit to England interested, and doubting her ability to handle the material she had gathered in the West, she drew on her English experiences instead, and wrote *Lord Alphonso, Breakrap!*, though, as we have seen, the pull of the West was too strong to be denied entirely. In this decision she was also wise.

*Lord Alphonso, Breakrap!* was one of the strongest and most original novels that came from the pen of a new writer last year. *Judith of the Plains* shows greater strength, and stands out among the best American fictions of this year. It is one of the small minority of Western novels that deserves to live, and know nothing of the West except by report, but if the convincing pictures of life in the rude West which this book so vividly presents be not based on the realism of truth, then it is a most astonishing feat of the imagination. The period is picturesque and pathetic, just at the close of the big cattle days in Wyoming, and all the pathos and tragedy of the passing of those days for the cowboy and the cattleman are lightly and poignantly betrayed. The sense of drama involved in that crucial transition has appealed to many writers, but I have never read a novel in which the exact irony of the conditions were brought home with such force and artistic circumspection as in *Judith of the Plains*. The figure of Jim Rodney, from the moment it darkens the door of the low sheddike eating-house, hovers like a victim, pursued more by inexorable fate—the fate that dogs the victims of the law of progressive civilization—than by any individual enemy bent on vengeance, until he is overthrown in the end. He is wrongly in the book as an actor in the scene; but the shadow of his living figure as he seeks to elude justice falls on the others, and is felt in the affection and enmity of those related to him. Somehow one does not understand this rustler; one pities him, and would have had him spared for the sake of those who loved him. "Go in to the kids, old girl, this is no place for you," were his last words. "Remember the children ain't to know," he said to his wife; and to the lynchers, "Gentlemen, I'm ready." The foreshadowing of the capture and the lynching in his wife's dream,

and the fulfillment of the dreadful presage on the heels of her waking anguish are conceived with an original power and impressiveness that clutch the throat and thrill one with the frightful horror and agony of the scene. It is a genuine stroke of art, and one of the most dramatic scenes in fiction. I have not read anything more impressive for many a day, and I recall five chapters in fiction that can equal these in conveying the sense of the tragic in the heart of a wife and mother.

There is a chapter, describing a cattle stampede, in which Miss Manning reaches a height of graphic power with a vigor and vivacity seldom vouchsafed to the feminine imagination. The strong, vivid impression it makes is, indeed, only diminished by the strength of the lynching chapters.

Judith of the Plains is a fit heroine of these wild surroundings; one cannot imagine her on any other stage, and I am as sceptical of her happiness in the future with the man who won her as I have always been of Babble's with the little *Minstrel*. But as Stevenson said of Mr. Harris's story, it began well and it had to end well. You feel that Judith was a woman to command the love of men. The Indian blood in her veins gave stateliness and reserve to her alluring beauty and jealous passion. There isn't a man in this Glad-fer-saken country wouldn't leap at the chance to die for her—but the women!

... It's her independence that riles the women. They take an awful about her ridin' in pants, an' it certainly is a heap more modest than ridin' strouble in a hitched-up calico skirt, same as some of them do. . . . Hol, you see, an' that's where the grudge comes in." Judith's first appearance, riding like a galloping heroine across the plain, is certainly one of the most picturesque entrances I have seen a heroine make into the pages of a novel. "There was inspiration for a hundred pictures in the way that horse was ridden."

One of the most important things about *Judith of the Plains* remains yet to be said. A new humorist must be pronounced in Miss Manning. The pages are full of humor; the dialogue has the very savor and salt of Western humor; and the characters had

the character of humorous treatment. The garrulous Leander, whose mouth, Mrs. Yellett said, "do run about eight and a half octaves," is a host in himself, and there are others only shadowed by the irrepressible Mrs. Yellett, as refreshing and delectable as the Cabbage Patch. Not a reader but will wish there were more of her in those pages, and more of her witty sallies and pungent sayings from the scepterical front of *Hecuba*. The experiences of the Yellett family with the gnomes, or "go'wood," as Mrs. Yellett persists in calling this educational missionary from the mysterious center of culture in the East, are side-splitting in their provocative witfulness. The criticism of the neighbors on her "go'wood" talks meets with the good-natured but caustic rejoinder: "You're all so swell over other folks' dirt causes a heap of anxiety over their reckless driving!" Miss Manning must certainly be persuaded to give us more of Mrs. Yellett. She is sufficient in herself for many an *American Night's* entertainment.

*Judith of the Plains* is a better novel, structurally, than *Lord Alphonso, Breakrap!* It has a firmer creative touch, a finer maturity, and more depth of feeling. It is a book that will be thoroughly enjoyed, and its success is therefore well assured.



Miss Manning in her Library in Washington Square



# Books and Bookmen

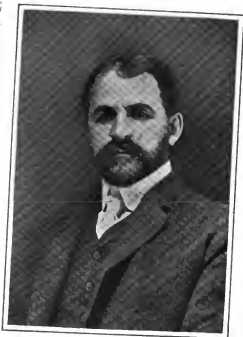
By James MacArthur

SOME years ago, ten or twelve it must be, Mr. Howells welcomed a fearless adventure on the part of the publishers to put forth volumes of short stories by new writers, largely by due to the prodigious popularity at that time of Mr. Kipling. Mr. Howells's popularity at that time of Mr. Kipling for the reinfluence to publish short fiction, even by authors of repute, is as strong today as ever—as strong as that of the public to read short stories except in the magazines. But the triumph of the moment gave Mr. Howells a chance to plead the young author's case, and in the particular instance I speak of, to set forth the merits of a new writer who had come out of the West with a book of short stories called *Main-Travelled Roads*. The new condition of things favoring, as Mr. Howells thought, a larger reception of the short-story volume, would gain for the young author definition and fixity in the reader's knowledge. "It entitles the public not to be surprised at him if he turns out a novelist." Well, the author of *Main-Travelled Roads* has turned out a novelist, and if the fact is not a surprise to the public it is because since the advent of that first volume of short stories the name of Hamlin Garland has become more and more familiar to readers. When *The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop* appeared last year I predicted a success for it beyond that of Mr. Garland's previous books, and the result has borne me out. For the first time the author had written a story that appealed to the popular imagination. It marked a new development in his career. It was as if he had suddenly lifted his head and found the sun shining; as if he had turned a corner and come out on a path into the larger world. No disparagement of his earlier work is intended; *Main-Travelled Roads*, for instance, stands in our fiction almost alone to account for that uprising of the farmers in the West, which, as Mr. Howells put it, is the translation of the Present's War into modern and republican terms. Notwithstanding the tragedy and satire, the grim pathos and sordid, ugly, ferocious figures, the heartbreak and corroding misery, it bears the stamp of fine art. But the years have brought Mr. Garland a larger and more generous vision; he has ceased to be parochial in his view of life, and has learned, so to speak, to reckon with the universe. Moreover, he has discovered the truth that every life has its hidden romance, its hope of happiness, its glory in the dream. Like his own Hesper, he has brought back from youth the recovered joy of life. The realist may call it a illusion if he will, and prefer the earlier death of sunshine, but the Apostle Paul was right when he said we are saved by hope, and the instinct for joy, the mighty hopes that make us men, cannot be all in vain. Nothing could be more significant of Mr. Garland's fresh and inspiring outlook than the chapter in *Hesper*, his new novel, headed "Ann's New Philosophy." It recapitulates the new uplift which has come to Mr. Garland's art, and elucidates the theory of life he has worked out. There is nothing so potent in art, as in life, as the fresh access of its balance, and lifts it on to a new plane of vision. And whether we read our fiction to be amused or to grow wiser, there is always the healthy protest against being allowed to despair, as there is always the latent desire for the uplifting and quickening of the spirit.

Many years before *Hesper* opens, Philip Rupert had made a trip to the Rocky Mountains, and had kept a journal in which he recorded the daily happenings and impressions of his sojourn among

the "Hesperian Mountains," as he called this romantic land he had seen but once, but whose splendor stirred with him for the rest of his days, and whose subtle romance was transmitted to the sensitive, variable lad who inherited his father's temperament. Louis had discovered the worn, little red book in a box of old papers in their Eastern home in New York, and his imagination caught fire from his father's passion; so that when the doctor ordered a change for the delicate, high-strung, and so pliant but reluctantly; only her love for her younger brother would have compelled her to leave her comfortable surroundings in the East to leave the vague, alarming disconcerts of the West. The last entry in that journal which was to have so strong and unforeseen an influence on the lives of brother and sister ran thus: "I can still see the purple peaks looking over the plain. The peaks of the West are closing behind me. In an hour my mountain of Hesper will have sunk beneath the plains. I love my home and my friends in the East, but this primordial world has laid its spell upon me. I shall come again next year." But he never returned. He married, and would have called his brothers "Hesper" and "Star of the West"—but his wish was overruled in favor of "Ann." To the daughter, who took after her mother, the name also seemed odd, but there came a time when her father's nature asserted itself, and she grew to secretly, as her lover had secretly learned to love it before she did. The life and interests of Ann and Louis became inextricably woven with the life of the ranchers and miners on Hesperian Range, and a succession of scenes followed, rapidly through which the girl is transformed and finds the "recovered joy of life." The conflict between pride and attraction in her attraction to Raymond, her manly lover, and the barriers he has to overcome before she finally conquers her, are followed with increasing human interest against a background of wild, lawless life in a mountain mining-camp. The power of making an artificiality of Ann's luxurious life are accentuated by the primitive demands and stern reality of the rude, monstrous conditions that surround her. The story bristles with rough comedy and racy adventure—Mr. Garland never did regard the possibilities, and is full of stirring action. The men and women of the Sky. Every mining camp abounds with a crudeness and vigorous vitality. Mr. Garland has the power of making in all this wonderland in all its quite as strong and winning as was that of the little red book, and, like Philip Rupert, he inspires us with a longing to behold his "Hesperian Mountains." *Hesper* is a worthy successor to *The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop*, and will undoubtedly enjoy a still greater popularity.

A *Reverence in Honor* is a first novel by a writer whose name has lately appeared as a reviewer of other people's novels. In spite of herself mastered the art of writing fiction, and this book leaves her tired with a dangerous superficial cleverness. The temptation to say smart literary taste. It does not seem either that Miss Moss has found a story to tell yet; the thread of narrative in *A Reverence of Honor* is of the thinnest, and is so more than an episode. But what it serves characteristic, to impart pleasure, to give the feeling of life in its adolescence. She has done some clever character sketches



Mr. Hamlin Garland  
Whose new novel, "Hesper," has recently been published



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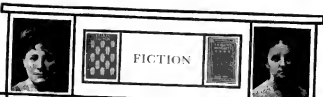
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It will, above all, maintain a distinctly literary standard, avoiding such subjects as sports, politics, "graft," crime, coronations, volcanic catastrophes, etc. It will publish nothing "timely," nothing of temporary or journalistic interest.

A remarkable love story by **MARY JOHNSTON**, author of "To Have and To Hold," has just begun. **MRS. HUMPHRY WARD's** greatest novel begins in May, and a new story by **SIR GILBERT PARKER** (author of "The Right of Way") in the Fall.

By exclusive arrangement a number of the leading American writers will write only for Harper's during the coming year. Among them are: **MARK TWAIN**, **W. D. HOWELLS**, **THOMAS A. JANVIER**, and **ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**.

## Travel

**T**HE conventional descriptive article of travel has no place in **HARPER'S MAGAZINE**. It sits in its travel articles always to present to the reader something entirely new.

Explorers and travellers now ranging in almost every part of the world will present the results of their expeditions in **HARPER'S MAGAZINE** for 1904.

Dr. Chiroux, of Paris, and M. Poyet, of the University of Bordeaux, have already started an expedition the purpose of which is to reach the South Pole. The first account of their adventures will be given in **HARPER'S MAGAZINE**.

Frank F. Schoedter, the well-known illustrator and writer, is now on his way to the little-known regions around Hudson Bay. He will contribute both pictures and text of several articles to the **MAGAZINE**.

Thomas A. Janvier, one of the most charming of our writers, and Walter Appleton Clark, the artist, are now touring the French coast for the **MAGAZINE**. Their articles will be a distinctive feature of the year.

Norman Duncan, the story-writer, is on his way from Labrador, where he has lived among the fishermen. He will write of some hitherto unexplored features of their dangerous and lonely life.

Arthur Symons, the English writer, and Israel Zangwill will contribute delightful studies of Continental life, and André Castaigne will furnish both text and illustrations of several papers on some of the least-known and most attractive corners of Europe.

President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University, has visited some of the great cities of the East, and in **HARPER'S MAGAZINE** will write of the life in those great places of learning.

THE SOUTH POLE

THE FAR NORTH

COAST OF BRAZIL

LABRADOR

THE FAR WEST

CONTINENTAL LIFE

EXPLORATIONS OF THE EAST

**H**ARPER'S MAGAZINE has published during the past few years more scientific articles of importance than any other periodical of the world over. Among those who will contribute scientific articles are:

Prof. J. J. THURMOND, of Cambridge, England — Prof. J. THOMPSON, of McGill University — E. H. DARWIN, F. R. S., of Cambridge, England — Prof. SIMON NEWCOMB

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL. D., of Yale University, perhaps the greatest living authority on the English language, will contribute a number of papers dealing with questions in the use of English—their use and abuse. Edmund Gosse, the English critic, and one of the most facile of English writers, has written for the **MAGAZINE** a number of delightful articles on "Phases and Fashions in Literature." Other writers who will contribute in this field are: **MARIE MAETERLINCK**, **EMANUEL SWENSSON**, **ALICE MEYNELL**, **RICHARD LE GALLIENNE**.

John Bassett Moore, Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Columbia University and one of the world's greatest authorities on diplomatic history, is writing a number of papers on great periods in our diplomatic history, which will be published during the coming year. The importance and interest of these papers, appearing at this time, can scarcely be overestimated.

A most important serious feature of the **MAGAZINE** will be a number of articles by eminent writers descriptive of the legislative bodies of various European countries and their mode of procedure. The first of these articles will be by **William Sharp**, who will write on the Chamber at Athens. These articles will be fully illustrated.

## Science

## Language and Literature

## Diplomacy

## Governments of the World

By virtue of wholly unusual arrangements, these—perhaps the greatest magazine artists alive to-day—will paint only for Harper's Magazine: **Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.**, **Howard Pyle**, **Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green**, and **Lucius Hitchcock**. Practically every author and artist of reputation the world over will contribute to Harper's the coming year.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

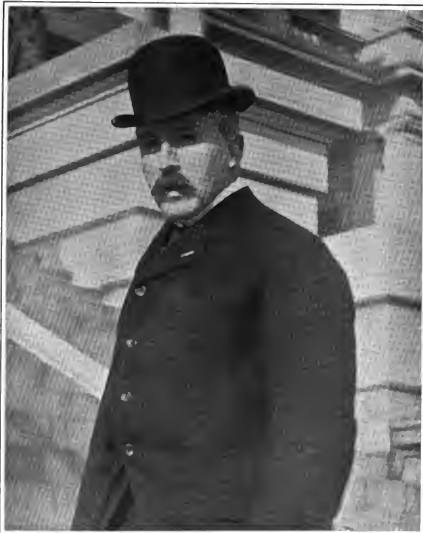
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VOL. XLVII

New York, Saturday, December 5, 1903

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## GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

This is the latest photograph of General Wood, whose promotion to be a Major-General over the heads of officers ahead of him in regular line of promotion is now under consideration by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. The reader is referred to a double-page cartoon on this subject on pages 1512-1513 of this issue of the "Weekly"

## HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## COMMENT

We discuss elsewhere the new canal treaty with Panama, and the international situation resulting therefrom. At the hour when we write the ratification of the treaty by the Senate during the first regular session of the Fifty-eighth Congress seems assured. Thereby hangs a tale of disappointment for Senator Gorman, who, in a caucus of his Democratic colleagues, tried to commit them to united condemnation of the agreement. His purpose was frustrated, and the caucus adjourned with the understanding that each Democratic Senator would vote upon the treaty in accordance with his individual judgment. Mr. Gorman's failure to control his colleagues presents a striking contrast to Mr. John Sharpe Williams's success in persuading almost all the Democratic members of the House of Representatives to concur with the Republicans in passing the legislation needed to render operative the Cuban reciprocity treaty. When the Congress met in extra session, most onlookers would have predicted that Mr. Williams's task would prove much more difficult than Mr. Gorman's. Nor is there much doubt that, if the Democratic Representatives had unanimously determined to oppose the projected Cuban legislation, they could have secured the support of enough Republicans from beet-sugar States to make their opposition effective. Such a proceeding would have been merely obstructive, however, and would have involved the abandonment of the principle of tariff revision to which the Democratic party is pledged by its traditions. It is true that the Cuban reciprocity treaty, conceding, as it does, a reduction of only 20 per cent. of the Dingley rates to certain Cuban commodities, does not constitute a long step in the path of revision; but a step it is, and, as such, establishes a precedent which Republicans cannot disavow. If, therefore, the Democratic party was to show itself faithful to principles, instead of merely opportunistic, and, if it wished to provide itself with an urgent and vital issue on which to go before the people in 1904, it could not logically refuse to accept the Cuban reciprocity legislation proposed by the Republicans.

Mr. John Sharpe Williams deserves and receives all the credit for discerning the duty of his party in the premises, and for persuading his colleagues to perform it. Evidently, the Democratic Representatives have got a veritable leader at last, under whom united and sagacious action seems likely to be substituted for the short-sighted, vainglorious, and discordant course pursued by the minority in the House for several recent sessions. Nor should we be surprised to see Mr. Williams ultimately acknowledged as leader of the Democratic party in the Upper Chamber also, so far as the formulation of policies is concerned. It is no secret that many of the Senators who opposed Mr. Gorman in the caucus relating to the Panama affair were influenced by Mr. Williams, who does not hesitate to say that, on the eve of a Presidential election, the Democratic party should not repeat the blunder which it made in 1898, by chasing the anti-imperialist outcry for a surrender of the Philippines. The new leader of the Democratic

minority in the House is thoroughly familiar with the record of his party, and he has no desire to see it repudiate one of the principal planks in the Democratic platform on which Mr. Buchanan was elected President in 1856. The national convention of the party in that year resolved that the construction of a waterway across the American isthmus should be secured by a timely and efficient exertion of the control which we have a right to claim over it, and no power on earth should be suffered to impede or clog its progress by any interference with the relations it may suit our policy to establish between our government and the governments of the States within whose dominions it lies. We can, added the convention, under no circumstances surrender our preponderance in the adjustment of all questions arising out of it. It is also evident that Mr. Williams believes the American people to be much more deeply interested at the present time in the completion and operation of the Panama canal by the United States than they were three years ago in the retention of the Philippines. Under the circumstances his influence, which seems likely to be dominant, will be arrayed against the assumption by the Democracy of a position with relation to the new canal treaty which would prove repugnant to the interests and wishes of the people of the United States.

We pointed out last week that the unprecedented success achieved by Senator Hanna in Ohio on November 5 would probably cause a movement on the part of many Republicans in favor of nominating him for the Presidency next year. We also expressed the opinion that, whatever protestations he might make of unwillingness to enter the field, nothing but a promise to retain the chairmanship of the Republican campaign committee during the next Presidential contest could be accepted as unequivocal proof of self-denying intentions. No such promise has yet been given, although it is known that, since the Ohio election, the President has earnestly requested Mr. Hanna to occupy next year the position in which he proved so serviceable in 1896 and 1898. Evidently, the Senator is still undecided as to whether he will become a candidate for the Presidency. Meanwhile, he is opposing with the utmost energy a project which the President has at heart, namely, the confirmation of ex-Surgeon Wood to be a Major General in the regular army. Contemporaneously, Mr. Hanna's lieutenant, Governor-elect Myron T. Herrick, has been sojourning in the city of New York, and is believed to have sounded Governor Odell and Senator Platt with reference to Mr. Hanna's chance of securing the support of the New York delegation in the next Republican national convention. The current impression is that Governor Odell will adhere to Mr. Roosevelt, but he would scarcely be able to control a majority of the New York delegation against the wishes of Mr. Platt.

We have said repeatedly that Mr. Hanna might enter the field with a fair prospect of success, if he could secure the co-operation of Senator Platt of New York and Senator Quay of Pennsylvania. Those two king-makers were not able to beat General Harrison in the Republican national convention of 1892, but, with Mr. Hanna for a candidate, they would, doubtless, find themselves much stronger in the convention of 1904. Mr. Blair entered the canvass far too late, and, moreover, he was handicapped in the eyes of honorable men by the fact that, up to almost the eve of the convention, he continued to hold the office of Secretary of State in his rival's cabinet. It does not appear that Mr. Hanna is under any obligation to Mr. Roosevelt, but, on the contrary, has reason to complain of the treatment of his friend, Major Rathbone at the hands of the President's protégé, General Wood. If Mr. Hanna means to be a candidate, it would be judicious, apparently, to announce his purpose without much delay, in order to stop the drift toward Mr. Roosevelt in such important States of the Central West as Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. It is possible that the President's friends might gain the Indiana delegation by an offer to give Governor Durbin the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. A similar offer could not be made by Mr. Hanna's adherents, because it is contrary to usage, though not to the Constitution, to take the candidates for both the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency from the same section of the Republic. As a matter of law, they might both be taken from the same State, but, in that event, the Presidential electors of that State could not vote for both. The ar-



assumption that the Indiana delegation could be obtained in the way that we have named implies that Senator Fairbanks would be a party to the agreement, or would be powerless to prevent its fulfillment. It is by no means certain that either of these implications is well founded.

That Mr. Hanna would be a formidable opponent of the President in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan, and also in Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, may be taken for granted. Neither is there much doubt that he would get the delegations of most of the States south of the Potomac and the Ohio, in spite of the influence that Mr. Payne might try to exercise through the Post-Office Department. As regards New England, it is probable that Senator Lodge could give the Massachusetts delegation to Mr. Roosevelt, but it is far from certain that he could control the other five Eastern States. We assume that New Jersey would follow the lead of New York and Pennsylvania. We concede that Mr. Roosevelt could rely on the support of the delegations from the Rocky Mountain States and from the Pacific slope. We are unable to perceive, however, how he can secure a majority of the Republican national convention, if Mr. Hanna should have for his coadjutors Senator Platt, Senator Quay, Senator Cullom, Senator Allison, Senator Spooner, and Senator Alger. We leave out Senator Fairbanks, although it is by no means impossible that he might join the combination, and prove himself more than a match for Governor Durbin and Senator Beveridge in Indiana.

As we have repeatedly pointed out, the more or less machine-made endorsements of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy at many of the State conventions held during the present year do not bind the Republican party. The business of instructing delegates belongs to the conventions that will be convoked for that express purpose in the spring of 1904. The watchers on the political Zion are agreed that the President is much less popular in the East, South, and Middle West, than he was a year ago, and that he is growing weaker daily. The position taken by him with reference to the Panama canal will not help him politically, because, thanks to the sagacity of Mr. John Sharp Williams, it is unlikely to become a party issue. That Mr. Hanna has an even firmer hold on the good-will of organized labor seems to have been proved conclusively by the amazing outcome of the State election in Ohio this year. The earnest part that he has taken, as a member of the Civic Federation, in attempts to settle disputes between capital and labor by arbitration or by timely and liberal concessions to workmen has strongly commended him to labor leaders. It would not be practicable to discredit Mr. Hanna with the voters by describing him as the candidate of the multi-millionaires, for all well-informed persons are aware that the factor known as "Wall Street," is likely to be arrayed on the side of the Democratic nominee, provided he be a conservative. On the whole, however, Mr. Hanna's chance of winning the Republican nomination for the Presidency depends on the success of the initial move which, naturally, will be directed toward the control of the machines in New York and Pennsylvania.

Are the people of the United States disposed to condone corruption in Federal office? Must we not answer the question in the affirmative, when we contrast the rigorous punishment of bribe-takers in the Missouri Legislature with the grievous miscarriage of justice in the case of Miller and Johns, who have just been tried in Cincinnati for corrupt conduct with reference to the postal service, and have been acquitted? It has been generally supposed that the case prepared against Miller and Johns by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol was the strongest that could be presented. The evidence accumulated against Miller and his alleged go-between Johns, was believed to be irrefragable. Miller, it may be remembered, was one of Tyler's assistants, and was accused of selling protection to offenders against the postal laws. The man to whom he was accused of selling protection was a witness for the government, and was corroborated by circumstantial evidence. As regards Tyler and Barrett, who are charged with similar crimes, it is understood that the government relies exclusively on circumstantial evidence. What hope is there of convicting these men if Miller is to escape?

The crime imputed to State Senator Green, who has just been examined by a United States Commissioner at Binghamton, New York, is that of complicity in a conspiracy with a contractor to obtain exorbitant prices for commodities sold to the government, the difference between the sums secured and the proper prices going into the pockets of the accomplices.

Should Green escape, it is to be feared that both Beavers and Machen will go unscathed of justice. The only penalty which they will suffer has been already indicated, that, namely of dismissal or enforced resignation. How easy we account for a state of public opinion which will tolerate the acquittal of these men! Is the defiance of the Federal government popularly regarded as a more venial offence than the cheating of a State or city? Is the crime believed to be so common that the public sense of equity revolts at the singling out of particular criminals as scapegoats? If either of these questions must be answered in the affirmative, a shameful state of things is implied. Is it the fault of the newspaper press that public opinion does not hold judges and juries to a rigorous performance of their duties? Is it not patent that, if such men as Miller, Johns, Green, Machen, Beavers, and Tyler shall go unwhipped of justice, we may as well abandon the hope of securing common honesty on the part of the Federal officials? Have American citizens made up their minds to connive such a state of things? One might have supposed that all the decent newspapers in the country would have combined to create a tidal wave of reprobation that would sweep, and would have purged the Federal Civil Service of scoundrels for a generation. The bitter truth is that American newspapers have failed to do their duty in the premises. The great majority of them have seemed to condone the perpetration of crimes upon the Federal Treasury. Their readers ought to hold them to a stern account, for it is absolutely certain that a given community will get just such a government as its spokesmen in the public press demand.

There seems to be current a good deal of misconception of the grounds on which an attempt may be made to oust Mr. Smoot of Utah from his seat in the United States Senate. Some newspapers appear to imagine that, if it can be proved that Senator Smoot approves of polygamy in the abstract, the case against him is complete, and he can be expelled from the Upper House of the Federal Legislature. The assumption is based on a misunderstanding of our Federal Constitution, and of the Act of Congress passed in pursuance thereof, for the admission of Utah to the Union. There is no doubt that the Federal Congress is competent to prohibit in any Territory an act which it regards as *contra bonos mores*, and to make the prohibition of such an act by its State Constitution a condition of the admission of the said Territory to Statehood. The prohibition of an act is one thing; the prohibition of a belief, or theoretical opinion, is quite another. Under our Constitution, a Jew is at perfect liberty to hold that polygamy is sanctioned by his Bible, i. e., the Old Testament, as is evident from the examples of the Patriarchs, and of the Kings of Israel and Judah. It is only when he attempts to pass from belief to practice that he finds himself caught in the net of Federal or State legislation. A Mohammedan is entirely eligible to citizenship in the United States, although, by the code of Islam, each adult male of the faithful is entitled to four legitimate wives, to say nothing of concubines. Should a Moslem citizen of the United States, however, attempt to carry out in practice the code of his religion, he would find himself blocked by the criminal law.

Nobody has yet alleged that Senator Smoot has more than one wife, or, in other words, is practicing polygamy. It follows that the demand for his expulsion from the Senate must be based upon the assertion that he is a believer in Mormonism, and that, as a matter of theory, Mormonism sanctions a plurality of wives. It would be impossible to exaggerate the mischief of the consequences of expelling a Senator on the score of his theoretical opinions. Such a proceeding would be a flagrant violation of the first amendment of the Federal Constitution, which prescribes that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of reli-

gion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The Act of Congress by which Utah was admitted to the Union did not violate this amendment, because it did not forbid the profession of the tenets characteristic of Mormonism. It simply prohibited the practice of polygamy. We repeat that, so far as any evidence has been yet brought forward, Senator Smoot is a monogamist. As regards his private opinions concerning the religious or moral propriety of polygamy, he is as free from restraint as would be a Jew or a Mohammedan, either of whom is at liberty to hold what doctrines on the subject he may choose, so long as he refrains in practice from a violation of State or Federal law. This is all there is to the Smoot business, and the sooner people stop petitioning the Senate to transcend its constitutional powers, the better it will be for all concerned.

Was Dr. Leonard Wood, when promoted to be a Major-General of Volunteers, and invested with the powers of Governor-General of Cuba, guilty of conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman? Such a charge has been distinctly made, and the specifications are as follows: First, General Wood, while at Santiago, made an intimate personal friend of an ex-convict, secured his retention as a correspondent of the Associated Press, and employed him to blacken the reputation of eminent American officers, and to glorify his protector. Secondly, that General Wood, while at Santiago, inspired an article in an American periodical which unjustly denounced the administration of General Brooke, his predecessor at Havana, and caused that officer's recall. Thirdly, that, when Major Estes G. Rathbone was accused of wastefulness in the Cuban postal service, and of an unwarranted expenditure of public money for personal expenses, General Wood personally influenced the Cuban courts of justice to condemn him, although he, Wood, had been guilty of extravagance more flagrant, and equally unwarranted by law. Fourthly, that General Wood, while Governor-General of Cuba, accepted for himself and his wife presents valued at thousands of dollars from a gambling corporation in Havana, in return for his concession of a privilege to ply its nefarious trade for a considerable term of years. Now the evidence on which these very serious specifications are founded is to be laid before a committee of the Senate in executive session. Under the circumstances, we are unable to indicate what the evidence is, except by unauthorized reports, which we are unwilling to use. We cannot, therefore, forecast the decision at which the committee will arrive.

Let us assume, however, for the sake of argument that the committee of the United States Senate will acquit General Wood of any conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman during his tenure of the office of Governor-General of Cuba. The gravest objection to the confirmation of Wood to be a Major-General in the regular army will remain intact. The fundamental question which will then confront the Senate is this: Will the military service of the United States be benefited or gravely prejudiced by the quick promotion of a doctor of medicine, who has never had any technical military training, or any extended military experience, to be a Major-General in the regular army, with the prospect of attaining presently to the chief command thereof? Is it conducive to the indispensable belief that promotion in the army is the prize of desert, and not of favoritism; that a surgeon, after taking part as a colonel of volunteers in a single skirmish of no great importance, should be jumped to a brigadier-generalship over 456 officers, who could either point to a lifetime of work under the colors, or who had enjoyed the advantage of a West Point education, together with an extensive experience of military life. It would seem that the awful discouragement which Dr. Wood's previous promotions must have caused a multitude of deserving officers who happen to lack friends at the White House should make the Senate reject his nomination to be a Major-General in the regular army. The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia is right in averring that should the Senators confirm Wood's nomination, they are logically bound to go further and put an end to the West Point Academy; to insist that hereafter technical training and long experience in the field shall be disregarded in promotions to high posts in the army; and, finally to abolish as superfluous and futile the new General Staff, which was to study the science of war.

It begins really to look as if Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, was determined during the next two years to give the city of New York a clean, honest, and efficient government. No reasonable person can doubt that, for such an exemplary programme, Mr. Murphy can rely on the zealous co-operation of Mr. McClellan, Mr. Grout, and Mr. Fergus, who will respectively hold the posts of Mayor, of Comptroller, and of President of the Board of Aldermen in the new municipal administration. If Mr. Murphy shall bar out from all the important commissions the notorious spoilsmen of the Tammany organization, and shall fill those offices with citizens who command the respect and confidence of the community, he may revolutionize the position of the Democratic party, not only in the city of New York, but in the State and in the nation. If the next nominee of the Democracy for the Presidency should be a tried and trusted conservative, Mr. Murphy would be able to assure to him, as against Mr. Roosevelt, a plurality considerably larger in the city of New York than that which Mr. Coler obtained last year over Governor Odell, and the chances are that, elated by the purification of their party, the Democrats of such inland cities as Troy, Albany, Rochester, Elmira, and Buffalo, would make corresponding gains. Should Mr. Murphy carry out the honorable purpose which is ascribed to him, we deem it probable that either Chief-Judge Parker or Mr. Olney or Judge Gray or even Mr. Gorman, could beat Mr. Roosevelt in the State of New York. If, on the other hand, the Republicans should decide to put forward Senator Hanna, we know of only one Democrat alive who could be relied upon to beat him, and that is Grover Cleveland.

Tewfik Pasha has advised the Sultan to accept in full the reform plan of Austria and Russia, whose main features we have already outlined. This removes the last barrier to the formal success of the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski policy. It still remains to be seen how far this will be converted into a real success. The obstacles are really very great and grave. It cannot be doubted that the meeting of the Tsar and the Kaiser at Wiesbaden has been one of the forces brought to bear on the Porte, the German Emperor, feeling this previous isolation, having decided to cast in the vote of Germany, along with England, France, and Italy, in favor of the reform schemes. But it is not certain that the German financial powers, which have such large interests, and still larger hopes, in Turkey, will follow the Kaiser's lead; and they have very effective means at their disposal, for thwarting and obstructing the efforts of Russia and Germany. The collapse of the Bagdad railway plan, due in the first instance to the open hostility of Mr. Witté, will not dispose them to second the efforts of Russia and Austria, in which they see a Slav influence certain to be hostile to Teutonic designs, and which seems to them a greater evil than the worst excesses of Turkish oppression.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has given in his allegiance to Mr. Balfour and the policy of retaliation. Speaking at Bristol the other day, to an assembly which had just been addressed by the Premier, Sir Michael declared his belief that great damage had been done to British trade by the protectionist policies of foreign countries, and practically gave in his adhesion to the Balfour platform, as outlined in the Sheffield speech. Sir Michael said that the government ought to be armed with the weapons of retaliation. If the choice was to be between the old lines and a genuine change of fiscal policy, he frankly preferred the latter alternative. In conclusion, Sir Michael contended that the question before the Unionist party was not the unauthorized programme of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, which he had steadily opposed, but the policy of Mr. Balfour, and that he thought that they should now patiently await the government's proposals, and strive for unity. The effect of this hit at the ex-Colonial Secretary was, however, somewhat weakened by the fact that Mr. Balfour himself, speaking immediately before his former Chancellor of the Exchequer, had given Mr. Chamberlain very high praise, declaring that the latter had given up everything for what he considered the good of the British Empire. Mr. Balfour went on to say that a new situation had arisen since the present fiscal policy of the empire was established, and that it seemed to him little short of lunacy, if they did not prepare themselves for the dangers which were foreshadowed. The adhesion of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach decidedly strengthens Mr. Balfour's hand, though the

Premier must greatly regret that it did not come soon enough for him to include Sir Michael in his reconstructed cabinet.

Any one who can find out a method of extirpating, or even of restraining, the boll-weevil could make a good bargain for his discovery with the State of Texas, or even with the national government. The average Northern reader has only heard of the boll-weevil within the last few months. He is a small beetle with a long proboscis, and seems to have been originally a resident of Mexico. He gets into the cotton-boll when he is young and grows with the boll, and eventually blights it. When the cotton crop extended into the southern counties of Texas the weevil crossed the Rio Grande and began to thrive on Texas cotton. That was about 1894. In nine years the weevil has done so well in his business that he is now estimated to cost the State of Texas thirty million dollars a year. He is one of the causes for the shortage of cotton, which is felt wherever there are cotton-mills, but especially in this country, and in England. As a hull factor in the cotton market he has done wonders, but the world does not want him, and Texas especially is exceedingly desirous of being quit of him. The Department of Agriculture has had its eye on him for some years, and the government bug experts have studied him attentively with sinister designs. A convention of cotton men sat on his case last year at Dallas, and, at their request, the State of Texas offered a prize of \$50,000 for a cure for him. This year, on November 5, the National Boll-weevil and Cotton convention met again at Dallas. Five hundred delegates discussed the intrusive bug, and four times as many visitors listened to them. Secretary-of-Agriculture Wilson was there, and declared that the boll-weevil could not be exterminated, nor even confined to Texas. It is bound, he thinks, to cross the Sabine, and presently the Mississippi rivers. His idea is to cope with the intruder by better methods of farming, and especially by deep ploughing. The government has since been invited to establish an experimental farm in each of the counties of Texas, so that the resident farmers may see what can be done in fighting the weevil. Meanwhile the government has arranged to send about three hundred tons of improved cottonseed to Texas, to be tried on selected farms. So far as yet appears, a hand to hand conflict with this deplorable bug is the only kind of resistance that is practicable. Of course the fight will be made. The world must have cotton and the more mischief the weevil does the higher cotton will go, and the better the planters can afford to fight the bug.

The other day when Dr. Benjamin Andrews warned society that culture was becoming obscured and that there were dark ages ahead, he declared, among other things, that there was no fear that our population was too small, but much that it was losing virility. He said he hoped that President Roosevelt would take early occasion to amend his plea for swelling the census, by urging quality of population as more to be desired than number, "thus undoing a little of the incalculable evil his recent words on this subject have wrought among the poor and thoughtless." Dr. Andrews seems somewhat overconfident about this evil that has been done. Exhortation is not a lasting means of producing a rapid increase of population. Hard facts, like the cost of maintenance, may be trusted to check any such tendency before it has become an evil, calculable or otherwise. But Dr. Andrews's words suggest an idea that reaction usually follows energetic action, and that we may expect in the natural order of events that presently there will be a noticeable reaction from the various sentiments which Dr. Roosevelt with such vigor, and indeed with such remarkable success, has impressed upon the American people. He has had ideas, and most of them have been good ideas, and in season and out, impetuously and persistently, he has dinged them into the American people. No doubt the good seed that he has sown will bear fruit; it has already borne much; but if in due time the gospel of the strenuous life shall seem to give way for a time to a look-before-you-leap gospel which favors more contemplation and more repose, that will not be an unnatural development. There are fashions in ideas as well as in garments, and the Roosevelt style of thought has had a remarkably brisk run. It will not perish, but it may presently subside and let some other style of thought have an inning.

The four sons of the late Charles Francis Adams are all students of history, and are all liable to have something inter-

esting to say, and to say it, from time to time, in print. Mr. Brooks Adams contributes to the November *American* a thoughtful piece that has a bearing on current events. Humanity, he says, is waging a ceaseless and pitiless struggle for existence in which the unfit perish, and history teaches that nothing can compensate a community for defeat in battle. Observing the detachment of Mr. Chamberlain from free trade, he points out that free trade, which is suitable to certain social conditions, means the survival of the fittest in a peaceful environment, or the elimination of the martial qualities as a factor in competition. Rome is an example. Free trade flourished for several centuries under the Roman Emperors. The Roman Empire consisted of a base, a vent, and a central market, or capital. The base lay in Egypt and Asia, the vent in Gaul and Spain, the market in Italy. When Augustus sent Varus to reduce Germany in A.D. 9, and Varus and his command were trapped and wiped out, the limits of Rome's vent were restricted, and the decay of her trade began. England in the eighteenth century, by beating France, Spain, and Holland, got in India and America a base and a vent for her market. But by failing, contrary to the entreaties of Pitt, to pacify the American colonies, she lost America.

From that time, we are told, dates the beginning of the embarrassment for which, more than a century later, Mr. Chamberlain is constrained to seek a remedy. "If our people," Mr. Adams says, "would know the price which Great Britain is paying for defeats a century ago, they may learn it in Mr. Chamberlain's manifestoes, or in the report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting on the degeneracy of the British army." Bringing home his lesson he points out that iron can be produced cheaper and in unlimited supply in North China, a region which Russia proposes to absorb. Asia is the only certain base from which we can draw raw material, and South America is the only certain vent for our future surplus. "Should Russia," he says, "absorb Northern China, and by means of German talent and capital establish an industrial centre there, and should Germany occupy South America and develop it with Chinese steel, the overland economic system would gridle the world and the United States would suffocate. Both base and vent would be closed." His comment, a grim one, is that dreams of peace have always allured mankind to their undoing; that the story of the United States has been written in blood, and that common sense teaches us that as has been the past, so will be the future. Nature's law for animals is destroy or be destroyed. We can hope, he thinks, for no exemption from the common lot. We submit Mr. Adams's forecast to the consideration of gentlemen who are meditating Christmas sermons. Will they admit that superior destructiveness rules the world?

The WEEKLY lately quoted "a Northern student of affairs in the South" as being impressed with the curious contrast of sentiment in different localities on the subject of negro labor, and as finding in the same State townships which no negro is permitted to enter, and laws against negro emigration. This is news to some of our Southern neighbors, though not to others. The Austin (Texas) *Statesman* finds "nothing strange in some Northerner drawing solely on his imagination to defame the Southern people," but wonders at the "patent gullibility" of HARPER'S WEEKLY in being taken in by "such a transparent fraud." The *Knoxville Sentinel* says: "We don't know of any such places. Let the WEEKLY mention them. The only parts of this country where negroes are not permitted to live are sections of Ohio and Indiana." But the Galveston (Texas) *News* is better informed, and says: "The Southern traveller quoted by HARPER'S unquestionably told the truth. There are striking contrasts of sentiment in the South on the subject of negro labor. Even in Texas these contrasts are sharp. There are counties within the State where the negro population exceeds the white population. There are other counties where negroes are not permitted to reside." We should have said "parishes" or "precincts" in speaking of county subdivisions in the Southern States, but aside from that, as the Galveston *News* points out, the WEEKLY was right. The particular county alluded to was Mitchell County in North Carolina. We print on another page a very interesting letter on this subject from Professor A. B. Hart, of Cambridge, who lately spent a year in the South.

## The New Canal Treaty with Panama

The text of the canal treaty signed at Washington on November 18 by Secretary of State Hay for the United States and Minister Buzan-Varela for the Republic of Panama, has been published, and comprises some two and a half columns in the daily newspapers. An examination of its provisions reveals many marks of improvement on the Hay-Herran treaty with Colombia, which was rejected at Bogota. In the first place, the canal zone ceded to the United States is ten miles, instead of six miles, wide. It begins to the Caribbean Sea, three marine miles from the mean low water line, and stretches across the Isthmus to a distance of three marine miles from the mean low-water line to the Bay of Panama. The cities of Panama and Colon, however, and the harbors adjacent thereto, are not included within the grant. In addition to the zone thus described, the Republic of Panama cedes to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of any other lands and waters outside of the zone which shall be deemed necessary or convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the canal, or of any auxiliary canals or other works indispensable or useful to the prosecution of the enterprise. Likewise comprehended in the grant is a group of four small islands in the Bay of Panama, which, if fortified, will serve to protect the Pacific terminal. It may be remembered that the Hay-Herran treaty did not give the United States sovereignty over the canal zone, and that the complicated provisions with reference to jurisdiction within the zone were almost certain to provoke a conflict of authority. The danger of such a conflict is averted in the present treaty, the third article of which expressly gives to the United States all the rights and powers within the zone and auxiliary lands which the United States would possess and exercise, if they were the sovereign of said territory, to the entire exclusion of the exercise therein by the Republic of Panama of any sovereign rights or powers.

It is further to be noted that, by the fifth article, the Republic of Panama grants to the United States in perpetuity a monopoly for the construction, maintenance, and operation of any system of communication by means of canal or railroad across its territory between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean. It is most improbable that a second interoceanic canal would ever be undertaken, but it is by no means certain that, in the absence of this stipulation, the Panama railway might not have had some day a competitor. We should next observe that the sanitation of the canal zone would have proved impracticable had not adequate provisions been taken to prevent the export of Panama and Colon from becoming breeding-places of miasmas. By the seventh article of the treaty, the sovereignty which the new republic is to retain over the towns named is materially qualified. The United States are invested with the power to acquire in those towns by purchase, or by the exercise of the right of eminent domain, any lands, buildings, or water rights necessary or useful for the construction, maintenance, operation, and protection of any work of sanitation, such as the collection and disposition of sewage, and the distribution of drinking water. All such sanitary work is to be performed at the expense of the United States, which, in return, are authorized to impose water-rates and sewage-rates for a period of fifty years, after the expiration of which term the sewers and water-works shall become the properties of the towns of Panama and Colon. Could they be trusted to keep a sanitary system effective? Here, also, a provision has been taken. The seventh article provides that the towns named shall comply in perpetuity with the sanitary ordinances prescribed by the United States, and, if any breach of duty in this respect shall occur, the United States are clothed with the right and authority to enforce those ordinances.

The United States are also authorized to maintain public order in the towns of Panama and Colon, in case the new republic should be unable to preserve it. Of great importance to all maritime nations is the eighth article, which stipulates that the Republic of Panama declares free for all time the ports at either entrance of the canal, including Panama and Colon, in such manner that there shall not be collected by the government of Panama any customs, tolls, or tonnage, anchorage, lighthouse, wharf, pilot, or quarantine dues, or any other charges or taxes of any kind on any vessel passing through the canal, or employed by the United States in connection with the construction and operation of the main works or of their auxiliaries, or upon the cargo, officers, crew, or passengers of any vessel. The obvious intent of this provision is that the vessels of all nations and their cargoes, crews, and passengers shall be permitted to use and pass through the canal and the ports leading thereto, subject to no demands or impositions, except such tolls or charges as may be levied by the United States for the use of the canal or other works. This agreement is in strict pursuance of the promise embodied in the Hay-Panadeles treaty, by which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 was annulled, while the ports of Panama and Colon are to be free and open to the commerce of the world, so far as the use of the canal or the importation of merchandise destined to be consumed in those towns is concerned, the government of the new republic is, nevertheless, authorized to

establish at Panama and Colon such custom houses and guards as may be necessary to collect duties on merchandise destined to be introduced for the consumption of the maritime territory of the commonwealth. As that territory shall become peopled and cultivated, the revenues thus authorized should become a main source of the income needed for the public expenditure of the State of Panama. The United States are, of course, authorized to import at any time, free of customs duties or taxes of any kind, all machinery, materials, and supplies needed for the construction, maintenance, and operation of the canal and auxiliary works, together with all provisions, medicines, and clothing required for the officers, crews, and soldiers in the service of the United States, and for their families. If any such articles, however, shall be disposed of for use outside of the canal zone, and outside of the towns of Panama and Colon, they will be subject to import or other duties, under the laws of the Republic of Panama. By the fourteenth article, adequate provision is to be made by agreement between the United States and the Republic of Panama for the reciprocal extradition of persons charged with the commission of crimes or misdemeanors within or without the canal zone.

We now come to the provisions whereby the United States assume a protectorate. By the first article the United States guarantees the independence of the Republic of Panama. To render this guarantee effective, Article XI provides that if, at any time, it should become necessary to employ armed forces for the safety or protection of the canal, or of the ships that make use of the same, or of the railway or other works, the United States shall have the right, in their discretion, to use their police, or their land and naval forces, or to establish fortifications for those purposes. By Article XX, the Republic of Panama agrees that no change in its government, or in its laws and treaties shall, without the consent of the United States, affect any right of the United States, under the present convention, or under any treaty stipulation between the two countries that now exists, or may hereafter exist, touching the subject matter of this convention. A possible reconsolidation of Panama with Colombia, or a fusion with the neighboring departments of Cauca and Antioquia is foreseen, for it is stipulated that should the Republic of Panama hereafter enter, as a constituent, into any other government, or into any union or confederation of states, so as to merge her sovereignty or independence therein, the rights of the United States under this convention shall be in no respect lessened or impaired. Finally, for the better performance of the engagements contracted, and in order to secure the efficient protection of the canal and the preservation of its neutrality, the Republic of Panama agrees to sell or lease to the United States lands, adequate or necessary for sailing stations, both on the Pacific coast and on the Caribbean coast of the new-born commonwealth.

So much for the provisions of the new canal treaty, the superiority of which, from the view-point of our national interests, to the Hay-Herran convention is unmistakable. The treaty will become operative when it shall have been ratified on the Isthmus by the government of the new republic, an event which is expected to occur early in December, and when it shall have subsequently received ratification at the hands of the United States Senate, which, for reasons elsewhere pointed out, may doubtless be looked upon as assured. It remains to indicate the international situation which will have been created when the treaty goes into operation. As regards all foreign countries, whether European or Latin-American, the independence of the new republic, and its immunity from attack, will be guaranteed by the United States. Should an attempt be made by Colombia, or by any other Latin-American commonwealth, to invade its territory, the whole power of our army and navy will be employed for its protection. Safeguarded against encroachment from without and against revolution from within, the new commonwealth of Panama should enter upon a career of growth and of prosperity unequalled in the history of tropical America. Within its area, which is about as large as that of South Carolina or of Maine, are mineral resources which have been largely unaccounted for, but which are believed to be of incalculable value. The agricultural capabilities of parts of its territory are in no wise inferior to those of Cuba Rico, the coffee-plantations of which are proverbially flourishing and lucrative. Nor is there any doubt that the Isthmus, lying as it does between two seas, may, with proper sanitary regulations, be made a healthful and agreeable dwelling-place for representatives of the white race.

We pass to the question whether, in the future, of equity, the new republic is burdened with any obligations to Colombia or the European creditors of the bankrupt commonwealth. To Colombia she owes nothing. She has been the victim of incessant spoliation at the hands of the Bogota politicians for some three-quarters of a century. Her revenues have been habitually confiscated for the benefit of a far-off central government. By the Colombia Convention of 1850, which itself was the outcome of a *caveat emptor*, and was invested with no moral or legal authority, the former State of Panama was stripped of every vestige of autonomy, and subjected to the direct control of the highly centralized administration installed at Bogota. The extent to which the department was plundered will be appreciated when we mention the fact that the

Colombian politicians supposed themselves to have performed an act of unprecedented magnificence when they permitted the inhabitants of the isthmus to retain for their local necessities one-tenth of the five thousand dollars payable weekly by the Panama Railroad Company. The notion that, under the circumstances, the new Republic of Panama should accept any pecuniary independence in Colombia is preposterous. Should it not, however, be held accountable for a part of Colombia's foreign debt, which is held mainly in Holland and Great Britain? The Dutch bondholders insist that the question should be answered in the affirmative, and that a part of the ten million dollars to be paid by the United States to Panama should be applied to the liquidation of the Colombian bonds held abroad. When were those bonds issued? It appears that all, or nearly all, were put forth in the early years of the Colombian struggle for independence, at a time when the isthmus was not included in the republic founded by Bolívar, but was still subject to Spain. It is possible, however, that, in order to hasten a resumption of friendly relations with a kindred and neighboring commonwealth, the Republic of Panama may acknowledge herself accountable for a fraction of the Colombian public debt, and may make over to the Republic government a part of the lump sum which it is to receive by way of purchase money for the canal franchise. If Colombia is wise, she will welcome an arrangement of the kind, and thus make the best of a situation which she is powerless to remedy.

### The Cuban Reciprocity Legislation and its Prospective Effect

THE Fifty-eighth Congress, which, regularly, would have met on December 7, was convened in extra session on November 9, for the purpose of enacting with all possible promptitude the legislation needed to render operative the reciprocity treaty with Cuba which was ratified by the United States Senate in the last session of the Fifty-seventh Congress. The desired bill was quickly introduced in the House of Representatives, and was passed with a close approach to unanimity. It encountered obstruction in the Senate, however, for certain Democratic members of that body announced that they would not permit a vote on the measure to be reached before December 17. The Republican Senators were constrained to submit to the delay, inasmuch as no means existed of cutting short debate on a measure pending before the Upper Chamber. By what motive most the obstructionists be supposed to have been actuated? They can scarcely have any other motive but that of humiliating the President, by holding him up to ridicule as having called an extra session to no purpose. But the extra session has not been useless. On the contrary, it has hastened materially the enactment of the reciprocity legislation. But for the course which the President has pursued, the bill would scarcely have been passed by the House of Representatives before Christmas-day, and its adoption by the Senate might have been postponed until March.

It is, of course, understood that the reciprocity treaty does not give Cuba all that she wants, but it gives her all that is obtainable just now. A reduction of even twenty per cent. of the Duties levied on sugar and tobacco will have the effect of applying a considerable stimulus to the output of those commodities which constitute, it is well known, the staple products of the island. The preference which, by way of compensation, Cuba gives to the products of the United States is decidedly more generous, and should signify increase the volume and value of our exports to the island. We shall be helped to estimate the economical outcome of the treaty if we glance back over the history of Cuba's commercial relations to the United States. The history is marked by surprising fluctuations. For instance, the total trade (export and import) between the two countries was valued in round numbers at \$54,000,000 in 1837, yet it dropped to \$54,000,000 in the very next year. In 1874 it had advanced to \$105,000,000, the highest figure on record, but such in the following year to \$80,000,000. In 1885, it was valued at only \$51,000,000, or less than it had been twenty-eight years before. In 1893, it almost touched again the highest mark, reaching \$103,000,000, but, in 1898, the year of the war with Spain, it had collapsed to less than a quarter of the sum last named, or, in other words, to \$24,000,000. In the current year, 1903, the value of the total trade between Cuba and the United States is computed at \$84,000,000. These amazing fluctuations had been due partly to physical, partly to political, partly to economical, and partly to fiscal causes. Cuba's industry suffered interference from the so-called ten years' war (1895-78) and from the recent successful revolution. Cuban crops have been damaged seriously by hurricanes and droughts. The market prices of Cuban staples have undergone wide variations, and, finally, the tariffs of the two countries have experienced drastic alterations.

We have always bought from Cuba more than we have sold to her, yet there have been remarkable changes in the ratio of our exports to the island, as compared with our imports therefrom. In 1857 the ratio was about one to five, yet, in the very next year, it rose to about one to two. In 1863, before the outbreak of the

ten years' war, the ratio of our exports to our imports was about three to five; in 1872, about the middle of that contest, it was only about one to five; and a decade later, it dropped still lower, being then only about one to six. In 1893, when the total trade was valued at \$103,000,000, our exports to the island contributed only about a third of that amount. After the cessation of Cuba by Spain, the ratio rose rapidly until in 1898, it was about five to six. This year it has sunk again, being only about one to three, but the proportion of our exports to our imports is certain to increase when the reciprocity treaty goes into operation. It is, of course, the harvest of cane-sugar and the value thereof on which the prosperity of Cuba mainly depends. Between 1835 and 1885, the reciprocity treaty of 1801 with Spain, by which Cuban sugar was admitted into the United States free of duty came into operation, and it was a lively result of the profits derived by them from the agreement of 1891 that has made Cuban sugar-planters eager to secure the present reciprocity treaty.

### Our Expedition to Abyssinia

THE arrival of United States Consul Skinner in Abyssinia, on a special mission to the Negus, is extremely interesting and important, because it marks what is practically the first apparition of this country on the stage of African politics and commerce. Consul Skinner, who is posted at Marouéli, and is on very good terms with the French authorities, had no difficulty in procuring the consent of the French government, through the Duke of Djibouti on the Red Sea, and they even went so far as to furnish him with an armed escort to Harar, the great mart of Abyssinia, where he proceeded by camel-train to the capital of the Negus. At that capital Consul Skinner came into contact with one of the most interesting states in the world, a historical relic of a bygone age. For Abyssinia is the one remaining indigenous Christian state in Africa; the one survivor of the pre-Moslem Christian kingdoms which succeeded the epoch of the Alexandrian Greeks. When the Moslems, breaking through the rock-bound barriers of Arabia, sent their conquering hordes north, east, and west, they overran not only the whole of western Asia, including Jerusalem and the sacred places of Palestine, but also Egypt, with its venerable civilization and its sacred lore. They swept onward, along the north coast of Africa, as far as the Pillars of Heracles, and were arrested only by the Atlantic. They crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and their northward impulse was checked, their progress, destroying state after state, ritt furnishing, through their wars and the heroic resistance they provoked, the raw material of medieval romance which culminated in splendid story of Boadicea, just as the like contest in western Asia inspired the crusades, and gave birth to the "Jerusalem Liberated" of Tasso.

Above all this deluge of Mohammedanism, the ancient Christian land of Abyssinia rose like an island upon its African mountainsides. With an unbroken ecclesiastical tradition, which popular belief carries back to the Ethiopian, a man of authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, to whom the apostle Philip addressed the words, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" the Abyssinian or Ethiopian Church possesses one of the oldest translations of the New Testament, and has added at least one book, the famous Book of Enock, cited in the Epistle of Jude, to our knowledge of sacred writings, for this book survives only in the Ethiopian—that is, Abyssinian—version. The Abyssinian tradition carries us back to the old mainly epoch of the monks of the Thebaid, to the days which Charles Kingsley has painted, with more zeal than impartiality, in *Hypatia*; to the days when the great Alexandrian tradition of Greek culture, and the Septuagint, or Greek Old Testament, were blending with the newer growths of Platonism, and the lore of Palestine.

It is evident, therefore, that Consul Skinner's mission will take him to a land of genuine romance, which goes back further to early Christian tradition than any European land except Greece and Italy, and has a tradition more unbroken, because more isolated, than any European country. The arrestors of all the northern Europeans were barbarians and pagans for centuries after the Christian and civilized life of Abyssinia had its beginning, and it is interesting in an especial degree to find America, the youngest land in Christendom, thus coming into touch with Ethiopia, one of the oldest.

Ethiopia, or, to give it the more modern name, Abyssinia, is some hundred and fifty thousand square miles in area, about twice the size of Great Britain, or almost exactly the size of California or Montana. It is estimated to have a population of some three to four millions, and, since the greater part of the country is a lofty plateau, upborne by high mountains, it enjoys a tolerably mild climate, fairly comparable to that of California, and almost as uniform. There are a dozen towns of some size, though even Harar, with its population of only thirty-five thousand, is more what we should call an overgrown village. One of the noteworthy features of the country is the existence of a large monastic body, including ten thousand members, who are the spiritual descendants

of the old devotees and hermits of the Egyptian Thebaid. These monks teach the Abyssinian children grammar, choral singing, poetry, and scripture texts, using a form of writing derived from the old Koptic, which is fairly like the older European alphabet.

But neither archeology nor ecclesiastical tradition was the main motive which led Consul Skinner to visit King Menelik. His aim is commerce. He believes that Abyssinia presents a vast and fruitful field for American manufactured articles, particularly cotton goods, and he hopes to secure from King Menelik such commercial treaties as will aid in building up a market for American goods. Mr. Skinner holds that American goods have for some time been filtering into Abyssinia almost without the knowledge even of the American manufacturers who produce them, as they are re shipped from various Mediterranean ports to Djibouti and Port Said. He thinks that, as the middlemen are thus absorbing a large share of the profits of American trade, it is directly our interest to agree up relations direct, the more so as the recently constructed railroad to Harrar from the sea makes access to the main market of Abyssinia easy and cheap. We have, therefore, a very vital interest in ascertaining accurately the conditions under which business is being transacted in that region, with a view to retaining our hold and increasing our commerce.

We now supply Abyssinia with cotton shawls, petroleum, and other staples, and we are buying from her hides, carpets, wool, ivory, and resin. Our relations are important and reciprocal, but not direct. Hitherto the trade route has been by sea from Aden to Zoolia, and thence by caravan to Harrar, but the new railway just finished by a French company will make Abyssinia much more accessible, increase its wants, and thereby increase its value to our trade. We shall look with interest for Consul Skinner's report on his return.

### Woman and the Religion of the Future

"The woman has charge of the good," said Roman. "Woman is the archeologist of religion," says another. These sayings reflect a heavy opinion. Indeed, no constant has woman been in the orthodoxy of her time, and no loyal in her devotion to the professional and established teachers of religion, that it has been said.

Mothers, wives, and maids

These be the tools wherewith priests manage men.

The conventional assumption is that woman gains her truth of the spiritual world through her intuitions, and that, consequently, she would rather let reason alone. Yet, even more, it is assumed by some that she is constitutionally disqualified for dealing with problems of theology or philosophy. It was F. D. Maurice's justifiable opinion—he probably learned better later in life—that there probably was not a female in England who, in 1828, had any knowledge of theology; and he also held that unless women were given a scientific education it was useless to expect anything more than religion of the heart from them. "How many women do you know who are religious," wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Miss Harcourt, referring to Harriet Beecher Stowe, "who are religious, and yet analyze point by point what they believe in? She (Mrs. Stowe) lives in the midst of the traditional churches, and is full of reverence by nature; and yet if you knew how fearfully that woman has torn up the old ornaments and taken note of what is a dead letter within, yet preserved her faith in essential spiritual truth, you would feel more admiration for her than even for writing *Eucæ Tom*." What impressed Mrs. Browning about Mrs. Stowe was that she dared to think on matters of religion. So she did, and so did her sister Catherine; in fact, all the Beecher children, boys and girls, men and women, did their own thinking. From the days of Anne Bradstreet down to the present time we have not been without women who dared to speak and affirm, heterodox views in matters of religion, and a woman to-day is the leader of the most flourishing religious movement outside of the conventional churches that there is in this country, albeit it is a movement partaking more of the mystical than of the rational. But taking American women by and large, and they have been a conservative element in a people which, as people go, is very conservative, theologically speaking, although prolific in innovations in religion practically applied.

The problem which both Roman Catholic and Protestant churches in this country face now with respect to their women is, Will they—that is, the women—continue to be conservative? For they are receiving—very many of them, among the well-to-do classes at least, and very often at the hands of the State—the scientific education which Maurice forewarned that they must have before they could ever be anything else than religiousists of an emotional, instinctive type. Higher criticism of the Bible is taught at Smith and Bryn Mawr, as well as at Harvard and Johns Hopkins. Nothing that is destructive of the old and constructive of the new in matters of philosophy, theology, and ethics is wanting now in the curricula of the best women's colleges. To imply that the influence of our educational institutions for men or for women makes against essential religion or against the spiritual life would

be unjust, but no one aware of the facts of to-day can deny that there is a gulf between the universities and colleges, on the one hand, and the churches, on the other hand, viewed broadly, in their attitudes toward the origins and ultimates of life, literature, and history. The point is that when the ecclesiastical and conservative of the traditions and the customs of the past comes to deal with the educated woman of to-day and to-morrow he may not find her the unreasoning, credulous adherent of institutional religion and orthodoxy that he has found women in the past to be. She may decline to be the

the tool wherewith  
Priests manage men.

And more. She may refuse to be managed herself.

It is not without significance that one of the leading preachers of New York city, Rev. Dr. D. S. Mackay, last May, dealing in his pulpit with some timely issues of society, gave it as his opinion that men in the metropolis were attending church more now than they were a decade ago. But women of leisure, he said, were attending less regularly and in fewer numbers than formerly. Nor is it without considerable significance that the most explicit, outspoken plea for absolute individualism in matters of religion, and the ablest argument in favor of abatement from social forms of worship and repudiating the authority of the professional religious teacher, should have just been made by a woman—Margaret Deland, the well-known, gifted writer of fiction, and philanthropist. If women of leisure are to absent themselves from church, and if women of culture are to argue that such absenteeism is often the highest expression of spiritual attainment, then it is quite apparent that the church must address itself to retaining a constituency which hitherto has been so loyal in its attendance upon worship, however much men might scorn it, that the church has not been concerned.

There are those, however, who are quite confident that woman's eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge will be good for the church, as well as rewarding to its women. That the theology of the future will be different from the theology of the past, as the result of woman's taking up to get the higher education, seems to be the thought of Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, the broad and tolerant successor of Phillips Brooks. Addressing the students of Radcliffe College a year ago, he said:

"The whole realm of theology has until the present generation been interpreted to us by men. Women have worshipped and revealed the graces of the saintly life. Here it has not been recommended to women to enter deeply into the study of the Bible or its interpretation. Who knows what a different theology we might have had in the past if women's minds had been at work on the problem? Would Mariology taken the form it did? Would Calvinism have captured the intellect of Protestantism? Would any man have dared to say that hell was paved with the skulls of infants?"

Rev. Dr. A. J. Lyman, of Brooklyn, addressing the students of Mt. Holyoke College last June, forewarned the coming of a time when women, more rational and scientific in her methods than she had been in the past, and yet not losing her ancient specialties as she and agnostic might be the "subtle living link between the spirit of intellectual freedom and the spirit of religious faith." "Is it quite a dream," he asked, "that a cultivated and Christian womanhood is to be in this land our real coming mediator in the new field and incident issues between scientific affirmation, on the one hand, and spiritual aspiration on the other, leading both together in even and equal hands, and so establishing through her beautiful and mighty ministry the practical union of reason and faith?" At a time when emphasis is being put more and more upon feeling and willing, upon a rationalized mysticism; when Mrs. Humphry Ward (see the last *Hibbert Journal*), reviewing a work on theology and rejecting it—"the breakdown of revelation and miracle," nevertheless also rejoices that "most speculation is intrinsic, the note of stoic calm, and is taking on the note of mysticism, of deep and passionate feeling"—it does not seem altogether chimerical to cherish a hope similar to that which Lyman, even though one dare not venture in more than a hope. But whether his prophecy be proved to be of the old-fashioned predictive type or not, it still remains true that things cannot be as they formerly were between women and priests. The pupil now addresses a new type of woman, whose attitude toward philosophy, theology, and religion is not that of her mother, or her mother's mother, and the Sunday-school of to-morrow must adjust its old pedagogic and its methods to the mother who knows about pedagogics and psychology, or its population, during the next decade will decrease faster than it has during the past ten years.

Amiel declared banishing things over to "the Eternal Womanly" because he thought that it favored exaggeration, mysticism, sentimentality—all that excites and startles." He declared it to be the enemy of clearness, of a calm and rational view of things, the antipodes of criticism and science." Amiel did not know the American college-bred woman, who bids fair to be omnipresent and omnipotent—two attributes of the Eternal—and who is Womanly without.



## EMPEROR WILLIAM ON BOARD HIS YACHT, THE "HOHENZOLLERN"

The emperor, in a graceful and hospitable manner, is seen on board his yacht, the "Hohenzollern," at the time of his visit to the United States. The Emperor is seated at the head of the table, and is surrounded by other men in formal attire. The table is set with various dishes and glasses. The background shows the interior of the yacht, including a staircase and a doorway.







### W. B. YEATS

Mr. William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, has come to America to deliver a course of lectures on subjects connected with the Celtic literary revival. Mr. Yeats is among the foremost of those who are working for the "renaissance" of Ireland and the advancement of new ideals in its literature, politics, and national life. He was one of the principal organizers of the Irish Literary Theatre, established some years ago, which undertook to do for Irish drama what M. Antoine did for the French drama through his Théâtre Libre. He is now President of the Irish National Theatre Society. Three plays by Mr. Yeats, which were produced in New York last summer by the Irish Literary Society, were described in the "Weekly" of June 20





### DEER-STALKING WITH A CAMERA IN NEWFOUNDLAND

This photograph was taken by one of a party who have just returned from Newfoundland after a hunting expedition with the camera. Deer-stalking is still one of the popular sports in Newfoundland, and the party who made this photograph were successful in their hunt. The doe was shot by one of the party and is now in the hands of the photographer. The photograph was taken under great difficulties, as it is almost impossible to approach the deer without being discovered. The specimen in the picture is a two-year-old stag.

# The Strangle-hold of Labor

This is the second of a series of four articles on the tremendous power of labor as it affects the home, the actual cost of living—rent, the price of food, clothes, transportation, every-day necessities. These four articles emphasize most vitally the personal phase of a situation which seriously threatens not only commercial growth, but individual liberty. One article a week will appear in the forthcoming issues of "Harper's Weekly"

## II. The Problem of Transportation.—By John Keith

LAST week I showed how, through the double-dealing of certain unscrupulous labor leaders and employers in the building trades, rents in New York have advanced ten per cent in the last few weeks. The people of Chicago have just paid their tribute to the labor leaders who control the city's transportation. And what has happened there has happened elsewhere and will happen again. There is hardly a community, hardly a city or town from San Francisco to Brooklyn—Pittsburg, Cleveland, Waterbury, Richmond—and there are only a few when disastrous street-railway strikes have occurred—which has not suffered from the violence of mob rule in the matter of street transit. In the street-union strike in St. Louis, scores of men are arrested that could only be compared to the Terror of Revolutionary France; women who dared to ride in the boycotted street-cars on any errand whatsoever—to go for food or medicine or to visit the sick—were stripped naked, stoned, and driven into cellars where house-holders feared to open a door to their knockers.

The details of the street-railway problem in Chicago need not be recounted here, except in so far as certain features require emphasis for their bearing on the general subject of the enormous power organized labor has acquired over unorganized labor, over capital, over the populace in general, over the police and municipal authorities, and over the whole status of individual liberty.

The Chicago strike was entered upon by the union with loud professions of its peaceful character, and it has been a strike go, notably free from the ugly phases of mob violence. This fact makes it all the more important as a demonstration of the hold the labor-union has acquired. There is hardly longer any awe even of a mob or a club. Violence is no longer the chief weapon. The chief weapon now is the unscrupulous delinquency of the union.

In October certain street-car men of Chicago decided that the time was ripe both for raising their wages and for securing a full recognition of the sovereignty of the union over their employers. William D. Mahon, president of the National Organization of Street-Railway Employees, an infamous Liberal-Manager McCulloch. The latter replied that, only a year before, wages had been raised three cents an hour, an aggregate increase to the company of \$200,000, which had absorbed the entire increase in the net earnings. Thanks also to the organization of the working and coal interests, the company's expense had risen \$25,000 higher. The net demand meant a further increase of \$100,000, and Mr. McCulloch averred that the company's business had not grown enough to meet it. He pointed out that the men already received better pay than that given by any other traction corporation in the world, and showed by his books that certain men had earned as high as the following amounts in two weeks: a cable-car conductor, \$30 88; a gripman, \$56 32; a motorman, \$37 92; a conductor of a motor, \$38 90.

As to the demand for recognition of the union, Mr. McCulloch made the incontestable statement that to grant it as it stood meant that the control and discipline of the business would completely leave the hands of those who were responsible for it and who had capitalized it. He resented its arbitration on grievances and to the recognition of the union's right to a conference on any point of difference; but he refused to promise pay for medical attendance and full pay for time lost through accident, as "the company could not undertake to extend an insurance scheme."

With regard to "the closed-shop" principle—by which the company was to bind itself to employ only union men, or to give new men only forty-five days of grace to be received into the union, to suspend those whom the union thought unjustly suspended, and to discharge any whom the union expelled—these demands he refused, since it would give the employer themselves complete and absolute control of the selection, employment, retention in service, and discipline of all practitioners. He also showed an agreement signed April 28, 1905, guaranteeing the company against any strike for a year.

To any reasonable man the answer seems thorough and convincing, yet it did not satisfy the heads of the union. They called the men together and gave them this curious ballot:

Strike Vote.

Are you in favor of standing by your demands?

Yes.

The result was 1865 votes for a strike and 183 against; but 345 did not vote at all. The strike accordingly barely secured a two-thirds majority. November 12 at 4 a. m. the cars stopped running. The total number of men employed on the South Side lines was 3803; of these 2480 were union trainmen and 1310 union shopmen.

The strike meant to these men a total daily wage of \$6196. It also involved a contribution from all the 1000 other trainmen and carmen of Chicago not affected by the strike except in sympathy. San Francisco sent money, and the National Federation of Labor in congress at Boston sent \$1000.

The strike meant to the city a loss of nearly \$20,000 a day in fares; the receipts of an average day, November 9, had been

\$19,583. It meant to the public the loss of as many daily rides as were represented by nearly 400,000 fares and 300,000 transfers. Shortly after the trainmen quit work, the firemen, coal-handlers, coal-passers, coal-carry men, and ash-handlers in six power-houses, 250 men in all—went out; later twenty-five electricians and some sixty union trainmen in the company's employ left off work. There was great danger for a time of a general sympathetic strike throughout the city in numerous unrelated industries, but cooler heads averted the calamity.

The street-car men were ostentatiously instructed to "preserve order and peace." On the first day fourteen persons were injured, some of them seriously; this was a broken back. Property of the company to the amount of \$10,000 was ruined. The next day the Mayor, somewhat disappointed in the union ideas of order and peace, put 800 policemen on special duty.

By this means it was possible to run a few cars a day along routes in the interest of traffic. This did not meet the demand for the trips of these cars resembled rather the running of a blockade or a cavalry dash through the enemy's country. A car surrounded by policemen, and containing a few reporters or a desperate passenger or two, would move slowly along the tracks, checked every few yards by a broken-down wagon loaded with coal, a stalled iron-truck which had been towed on the track and left, or by a tangle of drays whose drivers were strangely incapable of getting them off the track. To these passive obstacles were added tiles thrown from roofs, bricks, things from all sides, occasional pistol-shots from windows, and the assaults of mobs armed with clubs and stones. Ropes were thrown over the trolley wires, which were pulled down to the street, where they lay with all the latent power of live wires loose in a crowd.

How did all this affect the great public—the people whose needs and whose needs brought these lines into existence, the people whose franchise permitted these street-cars the use of the streets in return for sufficient and regular service?

There were only 3000 employees affected by the strike. There were 250,000 people whom it robbed of their privileges and of their rights. In Chicago there are at least 160,000 women who earn their own living. These had to get from their homes and back to best they could. It became a common sight to see a black coal-wagon with the driver's name, the large packing-houses sent thousands of their women employees to their homes, and the women walked. This meant, for many, rising before daybreak and getting home after dark. Of 128,000 persons employed at the stock-yards, 25,000 were affected by the strike, and more than 45,000 of these five miles from a mile away. The streets of Chicago were streaming with pedestrians. Carriage services, always a luxury, was over-worked at extra prices. Express companies filled their wagons with human freight. The steam railroads and the elevated system put six extra trains, which were packed in suffocation, but did not suffice. Three hundred thousand people crowded the limited capacity of the elevated. The suburb, Brighton Park, was almost as badly cut off as by a flood. The postal service was handicapped, omitting three of its regular morning trips the first day. This brought the strike into the Federal domain, as the Pullman strike had been brought, by interference with the mails; but governmental aid was not invoked.

The effect on business was incalculable. The savings-banks noted the change by the small number of depositors. This meant a large sum had disappeared. The retail shops—grocers, confectioners, haberdashers, dealers in notions, books, shoes, cigars, jewelry, pianos, furniture, wall-paper—all industries felt the death of trade. From what I have been able to learn, the loss in the shopping district alone amounted to tens of thousands of dollars. For the theatre-going public, the stopping of street-car service left many of them almost deserted. The average theatre and its company cannot pay expenses on less than \$300 a performance. From the information I have been able to gather, a direct loss of \$20,000 to the numerous theatres the first week of the strike would not be an excessive estimate.

Meanwhile the absorption of so large a part of the police force in moving a few gas-bus cars along the streets was a golden opportunity for the footpad, the sneak thief, and the burglar, and complaints of their increased activity were common.

To realize the cost of such a strike to the comfort of the people it is only necessary to remember the absolute dep. advice of the great majority of the people of a big city on the far-future of public transit. The breakdown in the street-car service for half an hour means more than discomfort. Multiply this loss in actual time and money by 750,000, and one will get some idea of what the people of the South Side of Chicago have just gone through. Multiply the half-hour delays into days and weeks, and one begins to realize what it is to multiply the labor-union's loss on the comfort, the welfare, and the personal interests of every member of society.

The labor-unions brought all this about in order to compel their employers to surrender the management of their own investments. They reversed their demand with the misuse of the word "arbitration." In the language of one of the largest stockholders, John J.

Mitchell: "The attitude of the men regarding arbitration reminds me of a highwayman holding a gun to the head of the victim. Mr. Mahon, with a strike as his weapon, informed the company that it must arbitrate or have its head blown off. This was challenge too unjust and inequitable to be considered; the company has done what it self-respectfully and opposed the proposition."

The word arbitration in such a phrase means that a company is asked to put its own property up for a raffle, or, as a garrotter might say, "I either like your current; I'll match you for it."

"But," you say, "it's my own, and I need it. You have no right to it."

The answer is merely a stronger grip on your throat. On this occasion the demand for arbitration had no more justice than this. The city of Chicago, with its thousands of dollars lost in property and in business, and its hundreds of thousands of people losing time and money, levels a condition which they did not select, and under present conditions cannot ehok, offers a timely example of what the labor-unions can do without half trying. For they were not half trying. Suppose they had called a sympathetic strike on all the lines? It has been done before. Suppose that other unions had joined. It has happened before. On one occasion the milk-wagon drivers of Chicago refused to deliver milk, and babies were wrongly fed for days till the death-rate rose to a second slaughter of innocents. On July 7, 1902, the freight-handlers in Chicago, to the number of 90,000, struck for higher wages and for recognition of their union. The truckmen struck in sympathy. So did the ironmen, though it was in July. Fruit, eggs, and other perishable stuffs lay rotting in the freight cars, and before the strike was over it had cost Chicago, in the loss of these perishable things alone, over \$12,000,000. Who can estimate the cost to the sick, the weak, the children? In Kansas City not long ago 30,000 freight-handlers stayed on strike for several months, then went back to work at the old rate. They had left the city as badly as the flood, and they had accomplished no good for themselves. In March, 1902, the Western Federation of Miners, and they made an urgent appeal to the Brotherhoods of Trainmen, Conductors, Locomotive Engineers, and Switchmen to make a sympathetic strike. Fortunately the grand masters all refused; but they were bitterly upbraided by the miners, and a vast national disaster hung on the decision of a few men.

If Grand Master Morrissey of the Trainmen, Grand Master Arthur of the Engineers, and a few other men had not dared to disobey the call of their brothers and endure their fierce rebukes, then, for the sake of a group of Western miners, the train service would have stopped. For the sake of certain miners, lumberless farmers could not have had their grain and livestock to market; thousands of car-loads of produce and manufactures could not have been delivered; tens of thousands of travellers would have been lodged in strange towns; millions of dollars would have been lost; millions of hours of productive time and labor; the result—violence, burning of cars, buildings wrecked, people shot, clubbed to death, maimed—and all because one union asked another a aid and got it. Will the people, who in the last resort control the laws affecting these conditions, continue to tolerate them?

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that these reigns of terror, which have been seen before, may be seen again at any moment, whenever a few men see fit to demand higher wages, shorter hours, "the closed shop," or even the punishment of some rival union. The grand masters and the councils rule the unions with an iron hand, and in the hands of these lie untold powers for the destruction of public and private property, the defiance of the police, the municipal or State authorities, or the troops, the derangement of public peace and prosperity, and the taking of many lives.

Now will the labor-unions consider the fitness of the moment, foremen prefer to strike in July, coolmen in December. At Pittsburgh a few weeks ago the street-car men raised the slogan of strike for the sake of coolmen, and the company both to discharge any man at the request of the coolmen and to discharge no man except by the permission of the union. Pittsburgh, like New York, is suffering from a great tie-up in the building trades. The iron-workers are

decreasing their forces. Yet at such a time the street-railway unions threaten to add more thousands to the list of work-

In Texas, October 15, the employers of the Pacific Express Company struck by order of the Brotherhood of Railway Expressmen. There was no little violence. Other express companies were warned not to handle the Pacific Express baggage. The Order of Railway Trainmen threatened a sympathetic strike. Suppose that this strike had become national, as it will might have done, since the union leaders completely controlled the situation. It is easy to estimate the effect—an effect so far-reaching that not only would traffic across the continent have come to a standstill, resulting in a loss of millions of dollars to business men, with a corresponding loss of more than a million dollars to employers, but it would have interfered with the privileges of more than six hundred million passengers. Let us see what this means in figures. Last year in the United States 252,131 miles of railroad earned \$1,293,514,906, with operating expenses of \$1,160,790,423.

The total number of employees was 1,180,215, of which some 30,000 were officers and clerks. There were 45,000 engineers, 30,000 firemen, 35,000 conductors, 91,000 other trainmen, and 50,000 switch-tenders. This single million of employees makes an imposing army, but it is swelled up in the number of passengers for there were more than six hundred million passengers carried a mileage of more than seventeen billion. In exact figures, 800,483,790 passengers travelled 17,789,699,925 miles. The Pullman cars alone carry more than a dozen million passengers a year.

Consider also the freight: well over a billion tons of it were carried. In Chicago alone, 100,000 tons of dairy traffic rolled in a year, and in nine months in 1902 there were 11,257,815 head of live-stock taken there. Think, too, of the wheat, whose oceanic tide Frank Norris so aptly pictured. The freight (twice alone give these ideas their motion. In a train crew control them absolutely.

At the word of any of these unions the whole flood of the passengers may be checked, the wheat may rot in stagnation, and the price of bread and meat go soaring in a thousand cities. Will the voters of our cities tolerate these conditions?

In Greater New York alone the street-railways carry twice as many passengers every year as all the rest of the country put together. Let us see what is possible here, as a type of what may happen to any city in the country.

The authorities of the elevated railroads recently fell it necessary to the safety of passengers that they should know at annual intervals the physical trustworthiness of their employees in respect to their physical and mental strength. The need of this was shown in the terrible Brooklyn crash of November 9, when a motorman

drove his train bustling into a train standing in plain view with all signals set.

A few weeks before the company had ordered its men to appear for examination—only in the points of age, weight, height, respiration, pulse, heart, color-sense, vision, and hearing. There was nothing humiliating in this to the men, and the wages and hours were not involved. The Board of Health might well have demanded just such tests. Yet the rulers of the unions felt insulted, and prepared for a general strike. It was barely averted by an agreement signed November 7.

What would this have meant, especially if a sympathetic strike had been ordered on the surface lines? In one year the surface and the elevated roads of New York have carried over 1,350,000,000 people, an average of nearly four million a day.

Whether this service shall continue is a question which a few labor leaders can decide. It is worth while stopping to think what happens in any city when a simple breakdown checks the street-car service an hour. Multiply this again by all the services in a great city, and stretch the hour to days and weeks. Consider the stupendous business interests that are quickly involved to the peril of bankruptcy. Then realize that the convenience, the prosperity, the very existence of our society is in the power of a few thousands of employees under the control of a score of able leaders. Is it a condition which the voters of our cities will tolerate?



The Railway Strike in Chicago  
A snapshot of one of the Chicago street-railway strikers  
hurling a missile into the crowd which gathered  
at the first attempt to run a car



A FLYING LEAP



Drawn by F. A. Rogers

**WILL HE MAKE IT?**

# Fox-hunting in the Genesee Valley

By Frank Sherman Peer

WHAT prettier sight can any one wish to see than a level, hard-working pack of hounds in covert? How they sing and drive, working like pointers, testing each clump of grass in hope of detecting a particle of the elusive quarry which they love so well. Now and then they charge ahead, feathering madly. This leads our huntsman to suspect that the hounds are on the "drag" (the line the fox left in coming to the wood early in the morning to hunt), and he cheers them on to draw with "Edawick, Edawick, Edawick!" Sampson gives evidence of giving tongue. "Speak! speak to it, Sampson; speak, good dog." At this half a dozen hounds fling themselves ahead of Sampson, eager to be the first to bound the news; but go, the honest fellows will not lie stent it even to please the huntsman.

So we move on through the wood. It begins to look as if we were to draw the covert blank. It is from this very wood a fox has three times led the riders this season, to make both hounds and hunters look foolish with defeat when they thought the game was as good as won.

Our huntsman's blood is up. He has studied over the last game, and has come to the conclusion that he knows the tricks Reynard played so successfully on former occasions, and has a well-matured plan of action—a sure winner—which he is very anxious to put into execution. Therefore, after he has drawn the covert once over he returns again to the very beginning, where the hounds seem most inclined to hunt. He seems more convinced than ever that there is a fox in this particular covert. The riders have meanwhile given up the idea of a find, and are riding aimlessly about, scattered all over the wood; some even are grumbling and asking, "What's the use of pottering round here all day?"

Presently, right in the midst of half a dozen riders, up jumps the pampered desperado. Hounds had already gone twice over the ground (sleeping faces give little or no scent, and if they are quiet, as they sometimes have the craft and courage to do, hounds will, as in this case, go right past them); the likelihood of the horses stopping on him was probably what caused him to move. Away he goes, counter to the direction the hounds are moving. Oh, the sly little devil! how he crouches and skulks along, his body set down to the very ground to make himself as little as possible.

Away he goes, in full view of half the field, who are certainly with "frayz raised." Such a shooting, raising such was never heard by a fox before. The woods were indeed a howling wilderness. It was certainly not the orthodox way of setting a fox on foot to chase him out of covert ahead of the hounds, but it was, as some one expressed it, "fun alive!" besides, this is an orthodox lot, and, what's more, this is not an orthodox day. On came the huntsman at full gallop through the forest, the whippers-in rounding up and cheering on the pack.

On came the hounds, with bairmaid leading. How proud she looks, setting the pace for her sons and daughters. Look! her backles begin to rise. She whippers—a whipper from her is as good as a find. "Speak to it, Barmad. Speak! Speak! good dog!" cries the huntsman, who now leans far over his horse's withers, with cap in hand, cheering on the pack with "Bossa him, rouse him, my beauties! Away with him!" and, sure enough, Barmad, with a fling to the right, hits off the line. On comes the straining, eager pack, with the fury of a bursting storm along the vale. First Barmad, then Villager, then another, then others, until in a full chorus the "heavenly music" fills all the wood like the grand finale of the great church-organ, with every stop let loose and every pipe doing its level best.

Now, my hearties, you may indulge your moments' No long already has resentment been upon them that their tempers are at the hottest edge, or well-sigh gone altogether. Who ever described this first burst of speed with hounds at full cry? It cannot be done.

A check at last—five miles in twenty-one minutes. From now on it will be down-wind. Reynard has made up his mind that there is no pass-in-covert game—that he himself is the "individual they would find." Therefore he turns short down-wind (the way the wind is blowing), that he may keep better posted as to what is going on behind him at the greatest distance, and

run no farther ahead of the hounds than the limit of his hearing. This enables him to rest occasionally, study the game, and mature a plan for his next move.

"Look sharp, huntsman!" But there is little need of caution. Our huntsman is as full of action as a boy killing snakes. He is fairly lifting the hounds, before they have made their own race, to a quick back-cut, down-wind. Right! A whimper, a challenge, and away we go, smoking along at a fearful pace, for the scent is heart-high.

"Oh," cries some one, "we are headed for Wheeler Gully!" Sure enough, the dreaded "Wheeler" is Mr. Reynard's point. Down the steep wooded bank we follow our horses, hanging on to the tails as they pick their way along steep treils, where a mis-step may mean disaster. We mount to jump the ditch in the bottom. What an awful hole we are in! 'Tis like being in the bottom of a well. The cold, damp air and sweaty stones make you quite sure of it. Then almost again for the ascent. Hounds are long since up the bank, and our heart goes down to zero as we hear the last faint echoes. This may mean that we are out of the game, and have seen the last of the hounds for the day, while we wallow and stagger and puff and blow our cheeks coarse up the hundred and fifty feet of this almost perpendicular gully, with our hearts fairly beating a hole through our chests and our minds in a state at the possible loss of the hounds. Every now and then our noble hunter comes to a stand, his knees shaking as if an axe chill was upon him. His pumping flanks, his drooping head, all tell how much we are taking out of him; and possibly to lose all in the bargain.

Now, then, partner, ease mora, and we are out of it. Dig your toe in and scramble for it. Bless your great big heart! but how your legs do shake, your tail butter; you look as if you hadn't a friend in the world. Wait a minute till we have recovered our breath. Look down into the hole, and see the poor struggling fellows coming after—how they claw and clutch and climb! Some horses are alone, their riders thrown off or lost their hold on their horses' tails, poor fellows! Crumb! What's that? Only an under-conditioned horse, whose heart and legs gave way to the strain, has toppled over when nearly to the brink; has rolled half-way down the precipitous bank, and has lodged head up against a clump of bushes, while the unfortunate rider, pale and trembling, stands speechless, looking on.

Now, another horse has quit. His legs are giving out entirely, and down he goes in the troll, resting heavily against a sapling.

What, partner, pricking your ears? Do you indeed hear the "heavenly music" (now more)? You are a game sportsman, and so mistake. You want to go. How you make us love you! We are with you, dear man, and the gods give us wings.

Steady, steady, my beauty; easy now. Down the slope we fall. Your legs are some too steady, and the field is full of hounds. What! I do believe hounds are returning, and are once more headed for the Wheeler Gully. Let us wait here. Now, my brave little mare, keep a good heart. May the hounds roll the culprit over before he reaches the Gully. Here they come! What a sight! The fox in one field, hounds in another, our huntsman—God bless him!—alone in the third. Oh, hounds,—you must go on; our more field means a return to the Wheeler Gully. It is not to be! Hounds are at fault again. Now, huntsman, come to the rescue with all your thirty years of experience; you need it all, you need it now, and quickly; a sinking fox is before you. A "tramp card," as you are fond of saying, is still "up his sleeves," and Wheeler Gully his priest. If you err in judgment now the game is up. What! hounds are being lifted. "As we live," says some one, "huntsman is making a mistake." "No, not he; 'tis a master stroke!" replies another.

The pack is brought on to the edge of the Gully, while the first whipper-in, with four good, trusty hounds, are laid on to the line. "Now, Mr. Reynard, come on. If you try for the Gully you must go through the pack to reach it. Treat very clever, your running fall. But you are outgeneraled again."

Away goes the whipper-in with his four, full cry, not for the Gully, but for the river. Mr. Reynard, do you mean it? No!



The Huntsman and Pack on the Way to Covert



and ministers of grace, defend me! There is not a ridge or a ford within a mile. It means a swim for it. Now, my brave little mare, you must harden your heart; the Gully was bad, but the river, with its steep yielding banks, is as bad or worse. Away goes the whopper;—on goes our huntsman with the pack to overtake him. Away race the riders, their horses quite rested, straight for the river. Hounds go plunging into the stream. Such courage! Not a waver or faltering one left on the brink. Biuehelle and Barmald for it neck and neck. See them breasting through it, and gamely giving tongue, while the current sweeps them along down the stream.

Down the steep crumpling banks ride our huntsman. The first whipper-in remains to hunt the pack should Reynard cross the stream. The second whipper-in comes along, and is looking for a place for himself. Fortunately the water, to begin with is shallow—log-deep. It might have been a hole twenty feet or more. On goes the huntsman, the water growing deeper. With such an example before us we wait our turn, three lines of us. Now the water rises,—the saddle, our boots are filling; another lough and our game little mare must swim for it. A sort of sickening feeling comes over us as we see the deep current moving by and feel the footing of our mounts giving way; fortunately it is only for a few feet. When drifting helplessly down-stream our horses regain their footing.

The worst of the adventure remains in the climbing of the valley, yielding back no horse can ever take a rider up it. It means that we must dismount, take the bridle rein with us, and with our mount scramble out as best we can on all-fours. Nobly done, good boy, but what a sight! No led knee-deep. You should see our new white riding-breeches! We lie on our faces, with our heels up, to empty our boots. The hounds and huntsman, though out of sight, are still in hearing, from behind a patch of undergrowth. We are just as well here for a moment, for the chances are that our game, now that he has us on this side of the river, will retrace it, and make for the Wheeler Gully, which was his original pit. Our huntsman has already executed a counterplot, and Mr. Reynard must again put on his thinking cap, or face the



On the Hunting-field in full Cry

gate. Can his mount ever do it after such a run? Let Williams tell how she accomplished it!

Whirls for the gate, will she tam't never fear it.  
Nearer she jumps it, gamely she tries.  
Is it too much for her? now will she clear it?  
Up it is, close to it, over she goes!

Who! Whoop! Who! Whoop! Among the flying chickens, squawking ducks, and squalling pigs. The Outlaw is called over by a touch from Barmald, and the brush, snook, and pads are extracted.

High over his head the huntsman throws the remains to light in the teeth of the surging pack, while everybody cheers on the departing spirit with—

For he was a jolly old fellow,  
He was a jolly good fellow;  
No one disdains to give him  
As we now can say.

Out come Mr. and Mrs. Farmer to—

Applaud the glorious deed,  
Add, grateful, call us to a short retreat,  
In a full glass of brandy stout (brandy),  
Our due tribute! And his good smiling mate  
With cheerful voice brags the liberal host,  
To crown our triumphs and reward our toil.

riders on both sides of the stream.

"It's your turn next, Mr. Fox. Take your time, while we scrape the thickest of the mud from our boots and breeches and gloves."

"Must be off. Hounds are at it again full cry. In the next field, with brood-mares, colts, and bull-dogs taking the fence, they run their game from scot to view."

"Now, little mare, summon up all your courage; the end is at hand."

There is little left in fox, hound, horse, or man.

Hi! Hi! Hi! Call the riders in one rallying cheer. Reynard heads for a farmyard. Can he make it? Biuehelle, Barmald are within a yard of his brush. How he calls along; yes, under the barnyard gate he goes, the pack hard after. But look! our huntsman is going to take that

## The Invention of Smokeless Powder

By Sir Hiram Maxim, C.E., M.E.

ORDINARY black powder is a mechanical mixture of nitrate (nitrate of potash), charcoal, and sulphur. When it is ignited, the oxygen which forms a part of the nitre combines with the carbon and the sulphur. The sulphurous acids combine with the nitrate of the nitre, and the whole becomes nitrate of barium. The porous parts expand with great force and produce the explosion. The nitrate, however, which is converted into sulphate of potash, is a solid, and this is the source of smoke. It will therefore be seen that in black powder the oxygen for consuming the combustible materials is imprisoned in a solid, and when the oxygen is given up the solid still remains, producing the smoke. Artificers sought for a long time to discover some source of oxygen which should not be encumbered with a solid. Many years ago gunpowder was employed in sporting arms as a smokeless powder, but it was too unreliable and dangerous in its action, and was abandoned.

In 1866 I commenced a series of experiments in Scotland, with a view of producing a high explosive which might be safely used as the bursting charge in large projectiles. These experiments were continued into the beginning of 1887, and, as often occurred, led to discoveries which were not at first anticipated. These experiments demonstrated that a slow-burning compound could be made from two of the most violent explosives, namely, nitroglycerine and gunpowder. I succeeded in making the violence of one explosive wipe out, as it were, the violence of the other. The nitroglycerine and gunpowder together formed a hard plastic compound which could be spun out into threads by placing the material in a powerful press and forcing it through small bores. Thus early in 1887 I made the first cordite, and probably the first smokeless powder ever made in Great Britain.

About the same time the French government experimented, with

a view of developing a suitable smokeless powder to be employed in the "Lebel" rifle. The first French powder was pure gunpowder. I did not at first avail myself of the discovery which I had made, as it was generally understood that no government would look at a smokeless powder which contained nitroglycerine. My decisive protest! And his good smiling mate  
With cheerful voice brags the liberal host,  
To crown our triumphs and reward our toil.

Sir Frederick Abel and Professor Dewar, two eminent English chemists, shortly after this made a smokeless powder containing fifty-eight per cent. nitroglycerine, thirty-seven per cent. gunpowder, and five per cent. cylinder oil. However, when the great cordite case came on in England, Sir Richard Webster, then the British Attorney-General, admitted that I was the first to make a smokeless powder containing nitroglycerine and gunpowder.

Nobel's ballistite, which was invented in 1888, contained sixty per cent. cordite, cotton (di-nitrocellulose) and forty per cent. nitroglycerine. This powder is extensively used on the Continent. But it has been found that when smokeless powders contain a considerable quantity of nitroglycerine, the erosion or wearing away of the gun due to the escape of the gases past the projectile is very great indeed—in fact, so great that the arm is very rapidly destroyed; so we find at the present moment that there is a tendency to greatly reduce the quantity of nitroglycerine employed, or to do away with it altogether. Nitrated wood pulp, instead of nitrated cotton, is used to a considerable extent in many forms of smokeless powder, especially those which are employed in shot-guns.

# The Bread We Eat

By Harry Snyder

Chemist of the United States Agricultural Experiment Station, University of Minnesota.

**A** FLOUR is valuable not alone for what it contains, but for what the body can get from it. As an extreme example, leather contains about eighty per cent. of protein, but in such a form that the body cannot utilize it; on the other hand, a juicy beefsteak has only eighteen per cent. of protein, nearly all of which is available to the body.

While Graham flour contains slightly more of some nutrients than white flour, the Graham is less digestible, and the result is that there are more available nutrients in white bread. The body secures from it more energy. A number of investigations have been made upon this point. Every digestion experiment which has been made has shown that white bread is more completely absorbed by the body than whole-wheat bread. So many experiments have been made in so many different places by Rubner, Goodfellow, Meyer, Emsberg, Voit, and later by the United States Department of Agriculture, with the same general conclusion, that it is safe to accept the results as founded upon good experimental evidence.

The recent experiments by the United States Department of Agriculture have shown that the gluten and other nutrients in Graham bread are less completely digested than the same nutrients in white bread, the bran and other wheat offals in the Graham flour lessening its digestibility. This conclusion has been reached from a series of comparative digestion trials covering a period of six years. A number of men in sound health were experimented upon; some were young men, others were elderly; men of both sedentary and active habits being included in the trials. A teamster, a college athlete, a naturally lazy fellow, and both corpulent and lean men were subjects of experiment. In one set of tests, the men were fed for several days upon Graham bread and milk. Then white bread was substituted for the Graham, and for the same number of days the ration consisted of white bread and milk. All of the food consumed was weighed, and samples were analyzed, as were also all of the waste products from the body. The Graham and the white flours were milled from the same lot of wheat. The conclusions reached is briefly stated as follows: "According to the chemical analysis of Graham, entire-wheat, and standard patent flours milled from the same lot of hard Scotch Fife wheat, the Graham flour contained the highest and the patent flour the lowest percentage of total protein (calculated matter). But according to the results of digestion experiments with these flours, the proportions of digestible or available protein and avail-

able energy in the patent flour were larger than in either the entire-wheat or the Graham flour. The lower digestibility of the protein in the Graham flour is due to the fact that in both of these a considerable portion of the protein is contained in the coarser particles (bran), and so resists the action of the digestive juices and escapes digestion. Thus while there actually may be more protein in a given amount of Graham or entire-wheat flour than in the same weight of patent flour from the same wheat, the body obtains less of the protein and energy from the coarse flour than it does from the fine, because, although the insolubling of the bran and germ increases the percentage of protein, it decreases the digestibility." White bread supplies more available nutrients to the body than bread made from Graham, entire-wheat, or any other kind of flour milled at the present time.

Graham bread has its place in the dietary of some persons of sedentary habits who do not have sufficient physical exercise. In such cases the bran exerts peristalsis, gives the muscles of the intestines needed exercise, and assists in correcting constipation. This is a purely physiological action, and is due mainly to the mechanical action of the branny particles upon the intestinal tract.

While white bread contains more available nutrients in the form of gluten and starch than Graham bread, it is claimed by some that Graham is preferable because it contains more available phosphates. Experimental evidence does not bear out this claim. The phosphates of Graham, like the gluten, while greater in amount, are in less available forms than in white bread. A rational white bread alone contains sufficient phosphates to establish a phosphate equilibrium in the body of an adult; and, furthermore, not all of the phosphates of white bread are absorbed by the body, and if more were needed, they would be digested and absorbed.

Dr. Robert Hitchcock, of the London Hospital, in his recent work on Food and the Principles of Dietetics, states that "When we pass on to consider the relative nutritive values of white and whole-meal bread, we are on ground which has been the scene of many a controversy."

"On the whole, we may fairly regard the varied question of whole-meal versus white bread as finally settled, and settled in favor of the latter."

Those who really enjoy Graham bread and find that it agrees with them should continue its use. The beneficial results it secures from increased nutrients secured from the food, but from the mechanical action of the food.

## My Discovery of the Mississippi

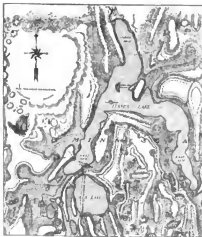
By Julius Chambers

**T**HE large White Earth Indian Reservation in Minnesota, occupied by five tribes of the Chippewa nation, has just been thrown open to colonists. It is an area of 1148

square miles, lying between the Red River and the young Mississippi, and includes thirty-two townships in the three counties of Norman, Becker, and Beltrami. The reservation's eastern line abuts upon the range of ragged, volcanic hills that surround the source of the "Father of Waters"—a mentally repellent region of indescribable desolation. This event draws renewed attention to the Hassen region and the discovery of the head waters of the Mississippi.

My trip to Hassen in 1872 led to the discovery of a lake beyond the then reputed source of the Mississippi. Sir Samuel Baker was then at the sources of the Nile, completing the work of Speke and Grant; but very little was known regarding the head waters of our great Northern American River. Nevertheless, in 1812, I had discovered and named Hassen Lake; Nicollet, in 1836, had confirmed the researches of his predecessor.

After reading all the reports of these explorers on file in the Congressional Library at Washington, I was bound to admit that there were not only those who could not spend only a few hours in the region; Nicollet's work had been more thorough, but his reports dealt chiefly with one feeder of Hassen Lake, Cur-



Map showing the Head Waters of the Mississippi, with Elk Lake, its source, which was discovered by Mr. Chambers

sonderer with Rev. W. T. Boutwell, of Stillwater, Minnesota, who had accompanied Scheraff, disclosed the fact that he had suggested the two Latin nouns, "veritas caput," from which the practical but unscholarly Scheraff coined the name "Hassen." This curious misuse of Latin strengthened my suspicion that the explorer's investigations had been as superficial as his language. Of course, the adjective form for "true source" should have been "verum caput"; "Hassen" would have sounded like excellent Ojibwa, although it carries a suggestion of "any water."

But, not wishing to be a party to controversy regarding the work of other travelers in the Hassen country, I content myself with asserting a claim conceded to me by Commissioner Brown and the Minnesota Historical Society, namely, the discovery of actual maps to be the ultimate reservoir of the Mississippi.

When I set out from New York, in May, 1872, the entire Hassen region was a blank upon the best map of Minnesota that Cotton could make for my use, and the State Surveyor in St. Paul could not interfere on that point. The surest means of contact to the district was the Northern Pacific Railroad, but building across Minnesota, the headwaters of the Mississippi, the train was highly problematical.

I travelled by way of Chicago, St. Paul, Duluth, and Brainerd.

to Oak Lake station. The new prosperity at the head of Lake Superior, Duluth, was then only a village of white frame houses, standing in a clearing on a side hill.

A wagon carried us from Oak Lake twenty-odd miles over the prairie to White Mountain, where I became a guest of a "daughter of 'Hole-in-the-Day,'" a child, distinguished among the people of his race. At that point the expedition fitted out. We were a party of four when we left White Earth Mission—two Chippewa carriers, a French-Canadian guide, and myself.

Our route lay by Lake Umbagog, through tracts of fallen timber—some tomanio pulp requiring half a day to cross—over a desert of red sand from which all trees had been burned. Never saw I such a bleak and desolate region as this last mentioned until two years ago in Nain, between Assomau and Shellab.

The Itasca Highlands were entered. They are outside the White Earth reservation. We forded through tremendous tamarac bogs filled with thorny underbrush, until we emerged, at the end of our fourth day, into a meadow two miles broad, from side to side of which meandered a sluggish stream. It was twelve feet wide at that point, twenty-odd miles north of Itasca Lake, but it was the Mississippi!

Two days' climbing up-stream brought us to Schoolcraft's Lake. The task was fraught with much hardship, for the river was filled with bowlders and travel by canoe was impossible. Bents and provisions had to be "ported."

We remained at Itasca four days, during which period I explored every foot of its coast line, and prepared a sketch of its afterward printed by Lydon of New York. That sketch map was inaccurate in some respects; but let it be remembered that the present survey was not made until three years later.

At the time of my visit no trail existed leading to or from Itasca Lake. The pioneer settler, Peter Turnbull, did not locate on its shores until September, 1858—sixteen years later. On the first day at Itasca I observed a small stream that entered its southwestern arm, and followed it to a smaller lake beyond. This was Elk Lake. That stream, connecting the Itasca reservoir with the larger body of water, has been named in my honor by State Commissioner Brower.

Itasca Lake resembles a three-pronged starfish more than any other notable object, animate or inanimate. It has been likened by a recent writer to "an expanded U with a handle." The lake is about three miles in length from its outlet to its eastern or western extremity. A low bluff, resembling that upon which many Mississippi River towns are built, faces the outlet. The highest hills in the locality are seen in the eastern background, and are the dividing ridge between Leech and Itasca lakes. They are covered with white and Norway pines. The promontory that extends into the lake from the southward is high and dry. It is well timbered, and would be a fine site for a village. The extremity of the western arm is filled with grass, through which the stream from Elk Lake enters that from a chain of small ponds, known as the Nieldlet lakes, enter Itasca. The western shore is low, bluffs of ten feet in height rising half a mile back from the water. The higher ground is well wooded, but tamaracs, fir, and birch cover the low lands. The single island in the lake is a narrow ledge of rocks, three hundred feet long, and is located near the point at which the three arms of Itasca join.

Those were busy days spent at Itasca and Elk lakes. Our camp was pitched near the outlet of Itasca, and from that point we started each morning at daylight. Accompanied by two paddlers, I first worked southward along the eastern coast line, round a bluff that enters the lake opposite Schoolcraft Island, then into a cove full of grass and floating soil. Thence we followed the east shore, looking for the mouth of the stream from Elk Lake by which Schoolcraft and Nieldlet had come. Not a stream entered the lake until the extreme southeastern point; there a rivulet trickled down a gully. Disembarking, I walked up that ravine to the crest of the hill, at which point the brooklet had disappeared. I saw no signs of a lake; but the official survey shows that a pond forms there in the rainy season, and doubtless overflows into the lake.

The coast line of the hilly promontory that intrudes itself into Itasca was laboriously scrutinized, and does not contain a single inflowing creek. On the north side of the next arm, near its extremity, I noticed a stream of clear water, six feet wide, entering the lake below the grass line. It clung to the edge of a

tamarac swamp, having a low bluff on its western border. Although much encumbered with brush and fallen logs, the presence of an outflowing current was unmistakable.

With difficulty, owing to shallows and obstructions, I pushed through to a pretty lake, near its margin. Recent survey proves that the distance separating Itasca and Elk lakes is only 1400 feet, but on that June day the way seemed much longer. I remember that more than an hour was consumed in making the trip. On the right of this neck of land between the two lakes is a picturesque knoll, since named Marquette Hill, was upon this spot a giant tree trunk, decayed of bark, bears the name of pioneer explorers of the locality.

Elk Lake is a pretty sheet of water more than half a mile long by a third of a mile in width, and lies in a basin formed by low hills on three sides. Tamarac swamps, interspersed with dry timbered spots, are to the southward. It is fed by three large streams, all of which are more sturdy than the affluents of Nieldlet's series of small ponds. At the northern end of Elk Lake is Chamberlain Bay, that Commissioner J. V. Brewer, of the Minnesota Land Office, has named after his discoverer.

After leaving Itasca Lake, I spent two months on the Mississippi. I paddled my canoe as far as Alton, Illinois, where I took steamer for New Orleans.

The descent of the upper river through the three large lakes shown on all maps of Minnesota was a highly interesting experience. Once out of the Itasca Highlands, two days' paddling Marquette River, a larger stream than the Mississippi, in which it loses its identity, two miles farther was Lake Pepin—in reality two bodies of water connected by a strait hardly a hundred feet in width. To this day I recall the high copper-colored cliffs on the northern shore of Pepin], six miles away. Emerging from the smaller or southern part, the main body is liable to give a nervous chill to a timid craftsman. The pull to the outlet is across four miles of rough water.

The Mississippi flows placidly out Pepin], through a charming forest of hemlocks and hardwoods. So clear is the water that the pebbly bottom may be seen at a depth of ten feet. Fish were very plentiful, and the Chippewas speared many of them. At the end of a mile the banks became rocky, and a bend in the river disclosed an angry rapid. The current swept headlong among jagged boulders, requiring active work to prevent disaster. Seven miles of similar rapids follow before the descent to Cass Lake is made. Many narrow escapes occurred. The wreck of a boat in the wilderness would have been a serious occurrence.

Although Cass Lake looks like a large body of water upon the maps, it contains so many islands that it can be navigated in canoes without hazard. I camped that night at the mouth of Turtle River—the stream that General Cass and Beltrami have named after the Pottawatomie tribe. The person who named those people did well. My fishing-tackle and cooking utensils were all washed away. Lake Cass is very shallow, and its shore line is thick with rushes. It is probably a highly malarious region.

The upper Mississippi between Lakes Cass and Winnepesaukee, is well remembered as a sequence of hard-frozen rills about two feet above the water. A sod of linnælike smoothness is underfoot; the Norway pines are so tall they do not obstruct the sunshine. Not a particle of underbrush was seen.

One mile from the entrance to the lake I went ashore and ascended a hill to get a view of the largest inland sea of the Mississippi watershed. It is a highly impressive sight to the traveller who knows that ten miles of open water must be crossed in a frail canoe! Northward, along the coast, we found a pretty knoll and went into camp.

The morning opened with a half-gale, and we were "wind-bound" for two days. Oceanlike surf rolled upon the shore, and the broad expanse of water was covered with whitecaps. We crossed "Little Winnipeg" as the lake is called to distinguish it from the larger body of water near the Manitoba frontier, on the fourth day. It was not a pleasant experience, and proved to be the most dangerous incident of the entire journey.

The creation of the Itasca State Park—due to the cooperation of the general and Minnesota governments—it will preserve the source of "the Father of Waters" as a national property, that everybody may visit, in the near future, when the railroads are extended into its domain.



Elk Lake, the Source of the Mississippi, Discovered by Julius Plancher

lived to be the Mississippi. I was visited by members of the Pottawatomie tribe. The person who named those people did well. My fishing-tackle and cooking utensils were all washed away.

Lake Cass is very shallow, and its shore line is thick with rushes. It is probably a highly malarious region.

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### "LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER" ON THE STAGE

The dramatization of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," by George Fleming, was produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, on November 16. The plot of the novel carries slightly in the stage version. "Warkworth" does not die in Africa, as in the book, but returns to England, and is married by "Lady Henry" to be present at the wedding of "Julia" and "Jacob Holmfeld," in the hope that "Julia's" infatuation for him will be revived. The plan fails, however, for "Julia" declares her devotion to "Jacob," and becomes his wife and the Duchess of Cheshire.



**MISS MARGARET ILLINGTON IN "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE"**

Miss Illington plays the part of "Yuki" in William Young's adaptation of Onoda Watanabe's novel, "A Japanese Nightingale," now running at Italy's Theatre, New York. The action of the play, which departs in several respects from the plot of the novel, turns on the complications which follow a marriage between "Yuki," a Japanese girl—and "The Japanese Nightingale"—and a young American, "Jack Ripston." The United States Consul at Tokio, with whom the record of the marriage has been filed, is killed by "Ripston's" cousin, and the records of the marriage stolen. The heroine is also stolen by the conspirators, and when "Yuki's" brother appears and demands proof of the marriage, none is forthcoming. "Yuki" becomes a prisoner in order to save her lover from persecution, but in the end is united to him.

# Correspondence

WHERE NEGROES MAY NOT COME

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., November 5, 1902.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* the statement was made that a traveling "township" in the South into which no negro was allowed to come; and that from other regions negroes were not allowed to depart. Several Southern journals have taken issue with this statement upon two grounds. First, that there are no such things as "townships" in the South, and therefore the whole is false; and, second, that "the only parts of this country where negroes are not permitted to live are sections of Ohio and Indiana." Neither of these lines of argument seems conclusive against the evidence of those who have observed both these phenomena.

It is true that there are no "townships" in which negroes are forbidden to live, because townships in the South are called "parishes" or "precincts"; but it is equally true that there are regions, areas, counties, or what you will, that are surrounded by an invisible wall which no negro is allowed to pass. The particular county, the existence of which is thought impossible by your Texas and Tennessee contemporaries, is Mitchell County, North Carolina, inhabited by mountain whites who have never held slaves, and in anti-bellum times felt anything but cordial toward their slave-owning neighbors. A typical white of this type was Elton R. Helper, who in 1857 published a book called *The Impending Crisis*, which was intended to persuade his poor white neighbors that the rich planter got all the profits of slavery.

For the benefit of those who are not correspondents who dwell in the lower country we may say that many thousands of square miles in the mountains of the South are inhabited by people almost exclusively white, and that there is more than one county in which negroes who attempted to enter would be driven out with shotguns, provided the instrument did not begin to work before the mark at which it was directed disappeared. The Constitution of the United States has a significant clause to the effect that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." It appears to have escaped the attention of these lively people in North Carolina and of many other of our Southern neighbors, as well as of some people in Illinois and other Northern States, that this clause asserts the right of any citizen of the United States, black or white, to be able to travel from one township and his family to every line of any State, and presumably to move about within the State in which he lives. Of course fire does not come out of heaven and she-bears do not descend from the mountains to dispose of people who deny this right of migration to their neighbors who happen to be negro citizens. Yet it is not always a good thing to ignore the Constitution, for that process may work both ways: if negroes may be kept out of a county because they are not liked, why may not white men of foreign birth or natives who go to find a job be kept out of a county?

No Southern newspaper has denied that the negro is not allowed to leave communities in which he does not feel comfortable, because everybody in the South knows that the emigration of negroes on a large scale is never permitted. In 1880 somebody tried to start a brigade of negroes to Kansas. Thousands of them made the start, and boarded trains, or loaded themselves on river steamers, having the money in their pockets wherewith to satisfy the legal demands of the transportation companies; but in many cases they were obliged to lose some of the coupons on their tickets, because the boats and trains were stopped by men armed with the shotgun, that detainer which does not wait for the adversary to reply. The negroes were driven back, and several of the Southern States at once placed laws on their statute-books making it a serious misdemeanor or crime to induce people to leave the State and go to another State without a license, and the license fee in one State was humorously placed at a thousand dollars. Nor is a formal statute considered necessary for the protection of the South from the people whose presence seems to be so disagreeable. Within a few weeks a negro was shot in Mississippi as the result of a row the cause of which was that he was trying to get other negroes to go somewhere else and take work. Everybody who knows the South at all is aware that no organized movement of negroes will be permitted, even out of one Southern State into another Southern State.

What is the reason that communities that have no negroes are ready to shoot members of the colored race to keep them out, and those that have many are ready to shoot them to keep them in? The reason is as brutal as blowing cold and blowing hot: The Southern white people do not cordially like the negroes in any relation, and many of them speak with unfriendly disrespect of our Northern ancestors who brought the African to America. In respect to the Southern States, many of the white habitations own their own farms and can get on without hired laborers, they prefer to make it in all respects a white man's country, but in the cities and the thickly settled cotton-growing regions the negro is the backbone of the economic life of the community. If the negroes should all take ship for Africa, who would chop the wood to-morrow morning, and who would make the fire, and who would cook the breakfast, and who would serve it, and who would dress the calves, and who would hitch up the horses, and who would ply the plow, and who would cultivate the rice? Although there are thousands of white men working for wages in the South, the negro does so much of the coarse labor that without him the community could not keep up civilization. Foreign immigrants into the South, and into the very few workmen from the North. Hence, an exodus of the negroes would mean ruin for the South.

Nevertheless, thousands of negroes are now moving out of the

Southern States in ones and twos and threes and families. There is probably not a negro builder in the South who does not know that if he could get employment in New York he would earn double or triple the wages. Many of the most forward-looking of the Southern negroes go North because they hope for better schools and advantages for their children. Indeed, a very thoughtful, though caustic, leader of Southern opinion declares that he advises his people to educate the negro just as much as possible, so that he may learn enough about the rest of the country to go away and leave the South and let the North see how like a negro station. Thousands of negroes are now settling in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and States farther North. They move for the same reason that 250,000 white people have left North Carolina since the civil war—because they think they can do better elsewhere. Nothing would stop them short of the old-fashioned "lor-a-de-wa" patrol system, which stopped every person of color on the roads to find out where he was going and whether he had a written pass from a white man. This process of slow migration leads added interest to the lives of both sections of the country. The Southern people are stirred up because they are losing that part of the negro population that would be most useful if it stayed; and the North will sooner or later wake up to the fact that it is soon going to experience the pleasure of trying to keep too races content within its own limits. I am, sir,

ALBERT BRUNNELL HART.

## THE REAL MEANING OF SPORT

DES MOINES, IOWA, November 5, 1902.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—I am surprised to find my lifelong friend HARPER'S WEEKLY sharing with other magazines in the exhibition of English and Continental gamesmanship and its kind of sport. No man of kindly heart can read of the wretched stag-hunting affairs, as depicted in your article on "Wild-Stage Hunting in France," without protesting against the merciless and barbarous hunter, and without feeling a choking thirst of pity for the hunted.

The people of the United States may not yet have reached a perfect understanding of the ethics of true sportsmanship, but they have advanced so far beyond the spirit of the chase depicted in your article as to raise pride and gratification to every citizen among us. Running deer with dogs is absolutely foreign to the spirit of sportsmanship in this country, and the feeling against this practice is so strong in some communities that bounds which trail deer of their own volition are sometimes destroyed by persons who take the law into their own hands for the protection of game. Such a case came to my notice recently in the back-hills of the Adirondacks, and in northern Wisconsin the man who runs deer with bounds is regarded as a degenerate and a menace to sport. This is a natural manifestation of the American idea of "fair play."

Knowing these things, and feeling a deep regard for the rights of hunted animals, I have been grieved to read in your columns words which sanction the most barbarous practices. I really mean barbarous. For your sake it is always diminished, other conditions being equal. Such a case came to my notice recently in the back-hills of the Adirondacks, and in northern Wisconsin the man who runs deer with bounds is regarded as a degenerate and a menace to sport. This is a natural manifestation of the American idea of "fair play."

I am glad to know that "the spirit of the chase" in France is, in my opinion, a greater respect for my honorable countrymen, whom one often imagines—especially in the height of the game season—deplorably lax in questions of sportsmanship. But I feel sure that this contribution has, by some chance, evaded the searching eye of justice with which HARPER'S WEEKLY has always viewed every question concerned with the upholding of national character. By all means let us about those things. They are instructive and helpful. But do not let an American critic applaud them. And yet there be used only as contrasting examples with which to reveal the true intent and spirit of American sportsmanship. You will find no more worthy cause than this to which to open the pages of your WEEKLY. I am, sir, F. E. EBBEL.

## A MONUMENT TO ANDREW H. GREEN

NEW YORK, November 5, 1902.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—As chairman of the Citizens' Committee which prevented the destruction of New York's beautiful City Hall and park, may I suggest that an adequate law be enacted providing that the present New York City Hall and park be forever preserved as a monument to "The Father of Greater New York," Andrew H. Green.

He asked me to form the committee, and aided in every way to prevent the destruction of what he considered New York's most historic and artistic public building.

Such a memorial would necessarily be unique, and I believe harmonious with his ideals.

Should the other buildings in the park be removed, leaving the present City Hall building alone therein, another of his ambitions would be achieved. I am, sir,

JOHN WINFIELD SCOTT,  
Chairman.





## THE SHADOW OF A TRAGEDY

BY CANDACE WHEELER

IT was near a small railway station known as "Willow Tree," that the shadow fell. The scene of it was a small white house placed near what was then known as the Hempstead Road, on Long Island. It had not at all the look of a house doomed to tragedy, as certain houses unmistakably have; it was simply a home, by the wayide, built by an honest carpenter, containing just the number of rooms consistent with his ideas of comfort. The white clapboards and green blinds were kept up to the neighborhood standard of whiteness and cheerfulness. There were plenty of houses in the neighborhood which looked far more appropriate to the things which happened in this one—houses with high old mouldy roofs, and searotic wooden shutters, and wells of mysterious and assumed depths—but nothing more awful than births and marriages and deaths had ever happened in them—three things the awfulness of which would be unquestionable if they did not happen, in their turn, to every human soul.

This house had been bought from the thrifty carpenter by a woman over whom everybody who knew her had been tender-hearted and enthusiastic ever since she had grown into womanhood. On this particular morning when my chronicle of the tragedy begins, she sat at the breakfast-table spreading bread-and-butter for three children, who had finished their breakfasts and were going through the regular morning rout for the school paraphernalia belonging to each.

She was lovely to look at, clear-browed and soft-eyed, dark-haired and coral-faced, with a skin like new ivory. It was not the kind of face which is impervious to all emotions, as if it were covered with a shell, for every thought seemed to smile or shine through it and make itself friendly with the world. Perhaps that was the special charm with which she wielded humanity.

She was wearing this morning a black lustrous gown, which gave itself to her motions as if it were some live material like the velvet skin of a mole. Instead of being dead and dyed like women's old cloth. You could not imagine her in any other costume than just this one. If there was a subtle suggestion of widowhood in it, it would seem as if she was born widowed.

As she finished spreading the last slice of bread, she announced in a voice which was charming enough to have been the only and sufficient charm of any other woman.

"I am going to town this morning, and shall take the 8.30 train from Willow Tree, and return on the 1.10."

In answer, four young people of various ages exclaimed together, in tone different degrees.

"Oh!" "Why?" "What for?" "Don't!"

The fifth and lacking exclamation seemed to stand like an interrogation point in the eyes of a tall young man who sat at the foot of the table and looked tenderly across it at the coral-faced woman. She smiled back across the space at him, and at the eighteen-year-old daughter who had made haste to speak, and at the three small girls whose mouths were still open waiting for more words to pass. The daughter was graceful, slender, and positively pretty, but looking at the moment half disinterested and remonstrative.

"I know," said her mother, answering the look, "that you are going to Miss Van Brunsweaver's luncheon, but Ben will see to the children, and I really must go; so good-by, all of you, dear;" and with an impulsive caressing gesture she left the room.

Else rose after a moment or two and followed her, thinking she would help her mother pin on her veil, and perhaps get an explanation of this sudden and unexpected sitting to town. She found her already in the hall, with the broad black hood under her chin well pulled out, and her gloves in her hand.

"I have some shopping to do, dear," said she, hurriedly, "and I shall be back early; so good-by, and have a good time," and she hurried down the steps.

A noble willow tree shaded the railroad platform, giving its name to the stopping-place. There was no house, not even a shelter. Before Mrs. Hamilton reached it her tall son Ben was waiting beside her. When they stood together in the rippling

shadows of the willow branches, Ben leaned towards his mother, and putting a finger under her chin, lifted her face to his, as one does that of a child. "What is it, mammy?" he said.

There was no answer in words, but a sudden convulsion, like a stifled sob, passed over her face, leaving behind it a frightened, heated look, the helplessness and hopelessness of which struck her boy to the heart. Then he was conscious of the coining of the thundering train, and her momentary grasp of his hand, and she was gone.

When the mother's brief journey was ended, she crossed the town on an unaccustomed street, and came out on Madison Avenue, dreading her errand, and yet hurrying to its conclusion. She rang the bell of one of the sober, half old-fashioned brownstone houses of the avenue, and handing a card to the servant, turned into a room where a dozen other persons were sitting, hoping in her own heart that she might not have to wait until her desperate cousin was quite gone.

It was a part of the personal welcome which always attended her that her card brought an immediate message from Dr. Bliss, bringing her into his consulting room. He met her with two outstretched hands and an unmistakable welcome.

"Well, Kate," going back at once to the child's and girl's name by which he had always known her—"well, Kate, and how goes the world? You have not come to see me because you are ill, for you are fine, fine!" And the doctor smiled at her in a way that brought a sudden warmth to her heart. She was smiling back at him, with her hands still held in his. It seemed as if she was like Kate once more, and her father had come back, and for one brief moment the trouble dropped out of her face. The doctor was still looking at her with his keen, shrewd eyes, and almost with an effort kept the smile on his face, while her fingers fluttered and passed.

"And the children," said the doctor. "How is my aged friend Ben, and pretty Elsie, and the youngsters? None of you have come to see me for a long time. It is my misfortune that nobody comes to see me for pleasure."

His broadside of cheerfulness had its effect, and the positiveness of assertion was authoritative, and, above all, comforting. She took hope by the hand and held it, and yet she trembled as she said, "Doctor, it is not the body; it is the mind."

There came the laziest difference, a fitting difference, like the shadow of a swift-flying bird, in the look with which the doctor regarded her, but his smile remained.

"Well, well! I don't credit it a job! But tell me all about it."

She was mute for a moment, a quiet moment in which she heard the door-bell ring, and waited half unconsciously as if it were a messenger which she had to do with, until another patient had been ushered into the distant waiting room. Her lips moved without sound, her eyes half covered themselves with their lids, and then an almost whispered sentence fell from her lips into the silence—

"I see apparitions," said the doctor. "Nonsense! You have eaten something that disagreed with you, and couldn't sleep after it;" and he frowned at her as if she had committed the unforgivable sin, saying, "You know it!"

"But I don't," she protested, with a faint gleam of amusement at the ways of this dear old friend and physician. The smile laden as she added, "I see them often, and you know—you know."

Yes, the doctor knew; he knew the story of the sad beautiful Aunt in his old friend's home, and of the young and beautiful girl who had suddenly dropped terror, and after three haunting years, had as suddenly dropped her torments and came smilingly to meet death. He remembered how he had loved that Kate; she was his first dream, and she had known that she loved her, she had known it, perhaps, through all the horrors of her madness. Certainly she knew it in the brief interval when she walked so gladly into the land of sleep.

The doctor's eyelids quivered, and his strong mouth settled into firmer lines. "Kate," said he, very gently, "it is different with









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It is pleasing and profitable to do business where this is true. This statement is verified in Georgia by the extraordinary growth of the manufacturing industries. One reason for the excellent understanding between wage-workers and employers is largely in the character of the population. It is an Anglo-Saxon people and thereby well educated. The South's natural destiny of the Georgia resources makes them good operators. A cotton mill in that State is opening year up to 100, with active labor, after one year's training. The South's cotton mills since their first year in England and the fact is not far distant when it will surpass old England. The West has been aided up by immigration and prices are high on all kinds of property. In Georgia there is yet more for investment, and the time of opportunity is wide open. The day of materialism has already had an appreciable effect on local values. In a few years everything will be higher. The time for investment is before this when the Georgia Georgia Association was organized to make the State a success known all the world. Many of the most progressive towns and cities have voted in this month, and leading Georgia citizens are active. The President of the Association is the President of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, and the Treasurer is the member of the Atlanta National Bank. The Secretary holds a fine position with the Atlanta Chamber. For information, address G. K. PATTER, GEORGIA ASSOCIATION, ATLANTA, GA. Mention Harper's Weekly.

The doctor sprang up. "You!" said he, wrathfully. "You to take up this notion!" Ben roused himself. "I must get home as soon as I can. There must be some reason for it," he explained. And he disappeared through the door. The doctor rushed after him. "Come back, come back," he said. "I will drive you out. We shall get there sooner than by train."

The horses were at the door—a pair of thin California bred trotters. As they neared Ben's house, a strange dread and curiosity settled upon them both. When they came to the hearth of a little slope and looked down at the house, it was as if their apprehensions had taken bodily shape, for a close-covered black wagon waited in front of it, and five or six figures of men were standing in excited talk around the wagon. Ben sprang out and stood among them. A neighbor beckoned him with a finger.

**The Solution of It**  
A boating get away from a private asylum three weeks ago, and they think he is here."

"Stand by my horses," said the doctor to the men. Ben unhooked the door, and three or four men followed him and the doctor into the house. They went through the bedrooms, looking into closets and wardrobes and under beds, and Ben thought, with a shiver, of this unquieted intelligence roaming through the house by night and by day, seeking literally what it might devour. Nothing remained unexplored but the garret. But there was nothing there—nothing but the usual furnishings of garrets. No shape of man or beast, or of that terrible thing, the head-man, for whom they were looking; but in a corner under the rafters was a pile like the hair of a wild animal. Everything in the garret had contributed to it. Winter clothing which had been hung there during the summer had been spread upon the floor, and ends and ends of every sort, with trunks of heads, and bottles, and candle ends.

It was an episode of suffering and degradation Ben gazed at it speechlessly, and walked away, with the men from the asylum stood examining and conjecturing. "Let us go down," said he.

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## The Progress of Science

## Science and Happiness

THE Library of Hannover possesses a large number of unpublished manuscripts left by the philosopher Leibniz. Among them is a *Methodus doctus*, which reveals much of the nature of the man and his mental attitude. Leibniz was not a professor; he even refused emphatically to enter on a university career. But pedagogical questions had considerable interest for him. He conceived of an education much vaster than that of the universities. His doctrine of science led him to believe that everything can be taught, including happiness. He was veritably possessed with a zeal for the public good, and, according to his view, the happiness of humanity depends on the progress of the sciences. Happiness, he believed, consists of three things—perfection of the soul, health of the body, and the commodities of life. Perfection of the soul is obtained through science, which teaches us what we are and what we ought to do, and is the base of rational ethics; health of the body is also obtained through science, for medicine and medical skill depend on the knowledge of nature; finally, the commodities of life are furnished by science, which evolves the useful arts and makes man independent of, if not master over, Nature. The only way of making man happier and better is to work at the development of the sciences.

## Effects of the Use of Alcohol

The committee of fifty scientists which has for ten years been studying the liquor question has issued its fourth preliminary report in two volumes. The following are the main conclusions drawn: Effects of moderate or occasional use of alcoholic drinks differ with individuals, age, occupation, and climate. With the majority of occasional and moderate drinkers no special effect upon health seems to be observed by themselves or their physicians. In some such cases drinking is harmful; in a few it is thought to be beneficial. Eighty per cent of the leading brain-workers of the United States use alcoholic drinks occasionally or regularly or in moderation. The use of such drinks to stimulate mental effort gives, on the whole, bad results. Even occasional or moderate use is thought to be harmful to young persons, mainly because of the danger of its leading to excess. Among diseased or infirm persons over fifty years of age, alcoholic beverages, while sometimes useful, should be taken, if at all, with the last meal of the day. "Fine old whiskeys" and "fine old brandies" are nearly as likely to produce injurious effects as are the cheaper sorts, if taken in the same quantities. In moderate quantities, beer, wine, and diluted whiskey have a certain food value, but they are seldom good for food purposes—rather for their effect on the brain. In large quantities, and for some persons even in moderate quantities, they are poison. Alcoholic drinks in moderate quantities may be useful as restoratives in fatigue after work is done, but, on the contrary, they seem to lessen the power of the organism to resist the cause of such diseases.

## The Stomach not Indispensable

At a meeting of medical men in Vienna the other day, Dr. Ullmann presented a case of a sixty-two-year-old man, whose entire stomach had been removed in an operation for cancer. Nevertheless, he digests all his food, and has gained weight since the operation. The doctor stated that the operation of removing the stomach had been performed successfully performed over twenty times. The stomach really plays only a small part in the complex act of digestion, its principal use being that of a reservoir. Hence it is that without this organ meals have to be taken in exceedingly small and unpalatable quantities. There are several little organs, of considerable chemical function, far more indispensable than the stomach, which are seldom found of those who die of starvation, without the suprarenal capsules, and the pancreas.

Music

The Opening of the Opera.

The best advertised and most eagerly awaited opera season within memory has begun. On the night of November 25, in the refurbished and modernized Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Heinrich Coarled began his career as master of New York's lyric-dramatic destinies. "Ildegioleto," that diverting parody of Verdi who was to come, served as—in an extended sense—a curtain-raiser, and as a medium for the display of Mr. Coarled's aw and loudly heralded tenor, Enrico Caruso. Public expectation had set a difficult standard for Mr. Caruso to attain. No tenor in recent years has been more loudly acclaimed; the cables have shaken with fervent praise of him. It is a signal triumph for Caruso that he succeeded in justifying, to a large extent, all that had been said of him. His is, beyond any doubt at all, a remarkable singer. There are wonderful tones in his voice—tones that recall at times the velvet and gold of the elder De Rossa, and he sings with art, with intelligence, with the fervor of his race. As that staid figure of Flax's book, the rakish *H. Duca*, there was little, of course, to put his acting to the test. But it seems certain that Mr. Coarled will find him a distinguished and profitable acquisition.

A word of praise must be written for the improvement in the management of the stage which Mr. Coarled has brought about. It is in this department that the most striking advance has been made over the record of other years. An increased orchestra and an enlarged and deepened orchestral pit will tell conspicuously, especially in the Wagner scores. Arturo Vigna, the new Italian conductor, is decisive and efficient. And as a setting for his achievements, Mr. Coarled has provided an auditorium freshly decorated in red and gold, a new proscenium, a divided curtain, a thoroughly adequate and modern stage, a new foyer, and a new and luxurious smoking-alley. Altogether, he is to be congratulated upon a brilliant and exhilarating beginning of his first year as successor to Mr. Grau.

Carbon-Copies of the Classics

On November 18 Mr. Danzreuther and his amiable accomplices in quartet-playing gave a concert in the chamber-music room at Caraglio Hall. Mr. Danzreuther had made up his programme from music by three native composers—Professor Horatio W. Parker, of Yale; Mr. George W. Chadwick, and Mr. Arthur Foote. The works selected were Professor Parker's *Amazur suite* for piano, violin, and 'cello; Mr. Chadwick's quartet in D-minor, and Mr. Foote's quartet in A-minor. Professor Parker came down from New Haven for the occasion, and assisted in the performance of his own work.

No one would think of denying that Messrs. Parker, Chadwick, and Foote are justly eminent as musicians. They know precisely how a score should be put together; their mastery of musical mechanics is admirable and complete; and there is nothing in such of the music as we heard the other evening that could possibly offend the most exacting champion of conservatory ethics. One's emotions are not assailed; there is no absorbing address to the brain or to the spirit; nor are there any sudden and disturbing revelations of beauty, or emotion, or poetic significance. Is it not enough that the conventions are heedfully observed; that all is orderly and decorous; that the frontier of the improvisational is vigilantly policed? And yet there are some lawless souls who are still not quite content—who demand that music written by Americans should be not merely in the fortunate phrase of Mr. Rupert Hughes, a "pale carbon-copy of the classics," but that it should utter an original inspiration in original and vital forms. And such music is, it is good to realize, being written in America to-day. But imagine the idea of our musical development which a foreigner would form after listening to the A-major suite of Professor Parker, the D-minor quartet of Mr. Chadwick, and the A-minor quartet of Mr. Foote!



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The latest portrait of Onoto Watanna, author of "A Japanese Nightingale" and "The Heart of Hyacinth"

## Onoto Watanna

**T**WO years ago the name of Onoto Watanna was entirely unknown, except to a coterie in Chicago; to-day it is known everywhere, and her new volume, *The Heart of Hyacinth*, is one of the most popular books of the season. She had written a number of Japanese stories and sketches which found their way into the magazines and periodicals of the Middle West, and a Chicago firm had published a short novel written when she was only nineteen, which, with pardonable pride, she is now anxious to forget. Then she wrote *A Japanese Nightingale*, and with the sum she received for its serial use in a woman's paper, she left Chicago in the spring of 1901, and came to New York to take a course in Columbia, and to try her fortune in the East. After several rebuffs she found a publisher at last for the manuscript she had brought with her, and with the publication of a short story in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, other magazines and periodicals at once opened their pages to her.

Apart from its exotic flavor and the charm of its novelty, *A*

*Japanese Nightingale* had an inimitable grace and an exquisite coquette which gave the story an alluring and irresistible appeal. Not only was it the most charming and delightful story that had ever come out of Japan—and it must be remembered that its Japanese atmosphere had a picturesque and inviting interest—it was also an exquisite bit of art by a writer who possessed the essential qualities of commanding human interest—sympathy, humor, freshness of feeling, together with a dainty fancy and delicacy of touch which were peculiar to the author.

A year later *The Heart of Hyacinth* was published—her first attempt at a full-length novel. This book contains some of the finest things she has written. The pathos of passion in the love scenes between the Shining Prince and Wataria in the first half of the book and at the happy close as felt with a fierce joy and poignancy that have led critics to speak of them as a Japanese Romeo and Juliet. Some readers have found less interest in the conflict between Old and New Japan which fills the second half

of the book with a sound of war's alarms that is alien to Onoto Watanna's idyllic art; but the picture of the struggle is drawn with verisimilitude, and has the romance of history for those who value it in this picturesque form. Even so, there is enough of human interest in the novel to lend it that peculiar attractiveness which won the readers of *A Japanese Nightingale*. The story has plot and dramatic power too; indeed, had not *The Darling of the Gods* anticipated it. *The Waning of Wisdom* would have easily lent itself to adaptation, and made a strong and moving play. Here, it may be said, that Mr. William Young, who adapted *Ben Hur* to the stage, has caught the atmosphere and dramatic suggestiveness of *A Japanese Nightingale* with a fine sense of fitness and refinement and poetic justice, and has carried out the intention of the author with a dexterity and dramatic effect of which she need not be ashamed. Nor can too much be said in praise of Miss Margaret Ellington's Yuki, which retains all the piquancy, the diverting drollery, the naive simplicity of the original, with an added charm of artistic grace and winning personality. There has never been a more captivating impersonation of a Japanese girl on the stage.

*The Heart of Hysciath*, in which the author returns to her idyllic manner, is by far her best piece of work. As in the case of *A Japanese Nightingale*, the publishers have enhanced the beauty of the work, and added to its attractiveness by putting it out in a form that has an aesthetic value in suggesting the color and atmosphere of the story to the



Onoto Watanna in her library

eye. The cover design, the illustrations in color, the tinted marginal decorations by Kiyokichi Sano, a Japanese artist, are worthy of the story they ensnare. The story itself is an interesting study of the heart of a child, passing through girlhood to that moment of awakening womanhood when the knowledge of love comes to her. The situation is curiously complex, but the development and treatment of it are simple and sincere. The child is the daughter of American parents, left in infancy by her dying mother to the Japanese widow of an Englishman. The widow has a son, who is, of course, a half-caste, and the boy and girl are like brother and sister until he leaves Japan to be educated in England and to claim his father's patrimony. Hysciath has been reared as a Japanese child, but the time comes when blood tells, and the racial instincts rebel and conflict with her Japanese training and sympathies. Kousu learns to love her, but in his absence, his mother, true to Japanese instinct and custom, betroths her to a rich young native. Thus the threads of the story become tangled as the father of Hysciath arrives from America in search of his daughter, led by a clue he has received to her existence.

Not the least element in the hold which *Onoto Watanna* has on her readers is her power to surprise and to interest new turns to the human comedy she plays with; and in her fresh sympathetic handling of child life in *The Heart of Hysciath* she has again proved her fertility of resource to awaken new delights in the minds of her already delighted audience.



Onoto Watanna starting from her home at Fordham Heights, New York, for a spin in her automobile









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## HARPER'S BOOK NEWS

### THE MAIDS OF PARADISE

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### DR. LAVENDAR'S PEOPLE

Mrs. Margaret Deland's new book of stories concerning Dr. Lavendar and the other dwellers of Old Chester seems to have awakened the interest in these characters created by the publication of "Old Chester Tales." "It will be a lump of pure delight to those who have aforesaid known and loved Old Chester," says the *New York Daily News*. The *Chicago Tribune* thinks that "the author has done on a small scale what Balzac, Zola, and others have done on a larger scale." The illustrations by Lucius Hitchcock are in close sympathy with the spirit of the text.

### BOOTH TARKINGTON'S CHERRY

Faithfulness of plot, a delicacy of style, a charm of characterization beyond anything he has ever done before mark this latest work of Booth Tarkington's. A love story of subtler charm has not appeared for years—nor has its author done anything hitherto so delicately humorous.

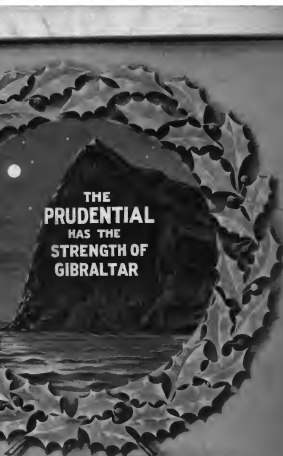
### LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER

Unquestionably this has been the novel of the year. Other books have come, achieved popularity, and been superseded by others, but *Lady Rose's Daughter* has remained head and shoulders above the other novels of the year. Truly, in the words of the *Commercial Advertiser* (N. Y.), "it leads contemporary fiction."

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"By the bread and the salt I have shared with you"

## THE GOLDEN POOL

By Robert W. Chambers

**S**

the doctor, finding his patient's quarters untenanted for the first time in many months, hastened down stairs and out to the veranda, where he discovered a lean, soldierly-looking young fellow clad in fishing coat fussing with rod and reel. "Oh! my enterprising friend," he said, "What mischief are you hatching now?"

"I'm going to try for your big trout in the Golden Pool," said his patient, calmly.

This unlucked-for energy appeared to embarrass the doctor. His grim mouth tightened.

"Don't go now," he said; "it's too late in the morning."

"I'm going anyhow," retorted his patient.

"Don't be obstinate; that fish won't rise till evening."

"I know it, but I'm going."  
 "Against my orders!" demanded the exasperated doctor.  
 "With pleasure," replied the young man, gaily. "And it's your own doing, too. Do you remember what you said last night?"  
 "I said I saw a big fish rising in that pool," growled the doctor.  
 "Exactly; and that has done more to brace me up than all your purple pills for peccant people."  
 "Don't go to the Golden Pool now!" said the doctor, with emphasis. "I have a particular reason for making this request."  
 "What reason?"  
 "I must tell you."  
 "You're after that fish yourself! No, you don't!"  
 "That's idiotic."  
 "Well, say how, good-by."  
 "You 'shant!" exclaimed the doctor, wrathfully. "Give me that rod!"

But his patient clung to the rod, laughing.  
 "Now what the devil possesses you to make for the Golden Pool at this particular moment?" demanded the vexed doctor. "You're been an invalid for a year and more, and up to this moment you've done what I told you."  
 His patient continued to laugh—that same light-hearted, infectious laugh which the doctor had not heard in many a month, and he looked at him kindly.

"All the same, you're not well yet, and you know it," he said.  
 "My aversion to women!"  
 "Partly."  
 "You mean my memory still fails me? Well, then, what do you think of my saying this morning?"  
 "What?" inquired the doctor, sulkily.

"This: I went out to the stables and recognized Phœbe and Riley! How's that for a start? Then—"he glanced across the lawn where an old parsonage peered about among the pines—"there's Dawson, isn't it? And this is my own place—Gleasons' isn't it? Besides," he added, "my aversion to women is disappearing; I saw a girl on the lawn from my window this morning. Who is she?"  
 "Was she dressed in white?" asked the doctor.

"Don't remember."  
 "You never before saw her?"  
 "No—I don't know. I didn't see her face."  
 "So it seems you can't recollect the look of a relative or a neighbor! Now what do you think of yourself!"

"Relative? Nonsense," he laughed. "I haven't any. As for the neighbors, give me time, for Heaven's sake! I'm doing beautifully. There are millions of things that set me thinking and worrying now—many flashes of memory—hints of the past, vague glimpses that excite me to effort; but nothing—absolutely nothing—yet of that bluish year. Was it a year?"

"How; never mind that!"  
 "How long was it?" asked his patient, wistfully.  
 "Sixteen months."  
 "You said I was shot, I think."

"No, I didn't. You think you were, but it was done with a Malay kris. Now, what can you remember about it?"  
 The young man stood silent, fumbling with his rod.

"And you tell me you're cured!" observed the doctor, sarcastically, "and you can't even recollect how you got awaked with a Malay kris?"

"I might if I could see the Malay—or the kris."  
 The doctor, who had begun to pace the veranda, halted and glanced sharply at his patient.

"The best way to remember things is to see 'em! Is that your idea?"  
 "I think so. It's true I've seen Phœbe many times without remembering him, but to-day I recognized him. Isn't that good medicine?"

The doctor thought a moment, fished out his watch from the fob-pocket, regarded it absently, and came down the steps to the lawn, where his patient stood making practice casts with his light bamboo rod.

"I'll tell you why I didn't want you to go to the Golden Pool," he said.  
 "Well, why?"

"Poachers," replied the doctor, watching him. "They fish in the pools, and they use your canoe, and they even have the impudence to go bathing in the Golden Pool. . . . I didn't want you to worry."

"I think the poacher I catch will do the worrying," said the young man, laughing. "Is that all?"  
 "That is all. Go ahead if you want to. If you run across that girl invite her to dinner. She's a friend of mine." And the doctor walked off, showing his hands deep into his capacious pockets.

His patient rested in the fire, smiling to himself, and started off across the meadow at a good swinging pace. He entered the forest by the meadow hedge, where a bush yoked was mowing grass.

"Mornin'!" ventured the native, with a doubtful grin of recognition.  
 "Look here," said the young man, kneeling in the path of the scythe, "ought I to have your name? Tell me the truth."  
 "I callate you aster," replied the yokel. "I've been chovin' for five close ten year."

A shadow fell over the master's lean face, and he went on through the underbrush, muttering to himself, musing his thin "Oh, well, I'll stick to it," he said, aloud; "a man can't dance on a broken leg nor think with a broken head; they've got to be mended first—well, never!"

Walking on through the fragrant forest, the shadow of care

slipped from his face again, leaving it placid once more. The scent of the June woods, the far, dull throbbing of a partridge drumming in leafy depths, the happy sighing of a woodland wood thrush, all these were gentle stimuli that assuaged toward the shadowy border of which he had so long been struggling from the regions of dreadful night.

Spreading branches, dew-spangled, sloped his face as he passed; the moist rich odor of clean earth filled throat and lungs; a subdued, almost breathless expectancy brooded in the wake of the south wind.

When he emerged from the forest and entered the long glade, mountain and thicket were swimming in crystalline light; ferns hung weighted with dew; the outline of bird music was increased.

Far in the wet woods he could hear the river flowing—or was it the breeze freshening the pines?

Listening, enraptured, boyish recollections awoke, and he instinctively took his bearings from the blue peak in the east. So the Ousel Pool lay to the west. He would fish that uncertain water later; but first the Golden Pool, where the great trout had been seen, rising as rockboldy as a minnow in a meadow brook.

Now, all excitement and expectancy, he waded on, knee-deep in dew-drenched grasses, watching the soft modulate flutter of the bluebirds among the firs. They had always hovered over this spot in June, he remembered now. Truly summer skies were hovering him of his hurt; he recognized the bell of blue-beech saplings all cross-hatched with sunlight, and he heard the familiar rush of water below.

Suddenly, beyond the sprayed undergrowth, he caught a glimpse of a glen of the rich sunny foliage which gave the Golden Pool its name; and now the familiar water lay glimmering before him through the trees, and he began the descent, stepping quietly in a deer entering a strange corner.

At the water's edge he paused cautiously; but there was no canoe lying under the alders. Mrs. Wainwright, then began groping backward through the ferns.

Where was the canoe? There had always been one here—in his boyhood and ever since,—up to that obscure and cloudy space of time.

He dropped to his knees and parted the leafy thicket with his hands. There was no canoe there, nothing except a book lying on a hemlock stump; and—what was this?—and this?

He stared stupidly for a moment, then rose and stepped through the thicket to the edge of the water. A canoe glimmered out there, pulled up on a flat, sunny rock in midstream, and upon the rock lay a girl in a dripping bathing dress drying her hair in the sun.

Instantly an odd sense of it all having happened before related him,—the sun on the water, the canoe, the dim figure lying there. And when she indolently raised her head, stifling a dainty yawn, and stretched her arms luxuriously, it seemed to him the repetition of a forgotten scene too familiar to surprise him.

Then, as she sat up, leisurely twisting her sun-browned hair, a chance turn of her head brought him into direct line of vision. They stared at one another across the sunny water.

For one second the thought flashed on him that he knew her; then in the same moment all that had seemed familiar in the situation faded into strangeness and apprehension, and he was aware that he had never before looked upon her face.

Yet, curiously enough, his long and melancholy aversion to women had not returned at sight of her. She had risen in surprise, wide dark eyes on him; and he spoke immediately, saying he had not meant to disturb her, and that she was quite welcome to see the canoe.

Her first stammered words annoyed him. "Did the doctor—come with you? Are you—are you alone?"

"I suppose the entire countryside knows I have been ill," he said; "but I'm perfectly able to be about without a doctor." He began to laugh. "Just those are all the questions. The questions are what are people doing in these woods with luncheon-baskets and summer music, and how am I to fish this pool if people enter it; and how am I to fish at all if an attractive stranger takes possession of my canoe?"

"I—I had no idea you were coming here," she faltered. "I rather here every morning, and then I lunch here and rest."  
 He laughed outright at her innocent acknowledgment of the trespass.

"I've a clear case against you," he said. "Haven't you read all my notices nailed up on trees? 'Beware! All trespassers will be dealt with to the full extent of the law'—and much more in similar effect. And do you know what a very dreadful thing it is to be dealt with to the full extent of the law?"

"But—I am not—not trespassing," she said. "Can you not remember?"

"I'm afraid I can't," he replied, smiling. "I'm afraid I have a clear case against you. The doctor warned me that trespassers were about."

"Did he know you were coming here?" she asked, incredulously. "He did. And I'm afraid somebody has been caught in *Myself's* den!"  
 "What do you think?"

He stood there, amused, carefully noting the play of emotions over her delicate features. Unconsciously, dimly, had given place to quick resentment; that in turn died out, leaving some glow of comprehension in her perplexed eyes.

"So he sent you to catch a trespasser?" she said.  
 "I was coming to fish. Well, yes; he said I might find one."  
 "A trespasser? A stranger?" She hesitated; there was hard astonishment in her eyes. Suddenly her face took a deeper flush, as though she had come to an unreviewed decision; her entire manner changed to avowed self-possession. "What are you going to do with me?" she asked, calmly.

"I'm afraid I can't put you in jail," he admitted. "You see,

there's no punishment for swimming in favorite trout pools and speeling a man's morning sport. Now if you had only thought of catching one of my trout, I could arrange to have you imprisoned."

"Please arrange it, immediately, then," she said, lifting an enormous trout from the canoe and holding it up by the gills with both hands.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, "it's the big one!" And he sat down suddenly on a log.

Her smiling defiance softened a trifle. "Did you really wish to catch this fish very much?" she asked. "I—I never supposed you would come here—to-day."

"The courtesy of your crime stays no," he said. "First you invade my domain, then you molest my canoe, then you swim in my favorite pool, then you catch the biggest fish that ever came out of it."

"No," she said, "I was not such a goose as to swim first. I caught the fish first."

"Reverent to me the bottle," he said, with a groan. "Fish like that only rise once in a lifetime. Tell me how you did it—what's the useless. It was the usual case of a twig and a bent pin, I suppose?"

She smiled unrepentantly, and lifted a rod from the canoe.

"By Jove! that looks like one of my rods!" he exclaimed.

"Where did you get it?"

"Her eyes were bright with excitement; she shook her head, laughing.

"Are you in league with my doctor? Who are you?" he insisted.

"Only a passerby," she admitted. "I creep about and lurk outside windows where doctors talk in loud voices about big trout they have seen. Then—I go and catch them."

They were both laughing now; she standing beside the canoe, rod in hand, he balanced on a rock opposite.

Yet, even while laughing, his thin face sobered, darkening as though a gray shadow had crept across it.

"Are you a neighbor of mine?" he asked. "If you are, you will know why I ask it. If you are not, sorry mind," he added, wearily.

She shook her head. His face cleared.

"I thought you were not a neighbor; I was certain that I had never seen you—a certain—a man can be unweaking from—from illness, with his mind—his memory—shaky—almost blank."

"You know the doctor? I think I saw you on the lawn this morning."

"Are you sure you have ever before seen me?" she asked, with a ghost of a smile.

"I thought at first—for an instant—the canoe on the rock, and the sunshine, and you—" he fell silent, groping through the darkened corridors of thought for the key to memory.

In the sunlit bank a rippling noise sounded far out across the pool; then up out of the glassy water shot a slanting shape, darkening against the sun—a fish in silhouette, carrying over with a flap-flapping splash. Wilding circles spread from a center where for the tapestry of golden thickets set with the heavenly hue above.

The long dormant position which sheeps but never dies swells in him; the flash on his lean cheeks deepened as he turned and looked across the pool where the pretty intruder stood watching him, an eager question dancing in her eyes.

"I'd like to try," he said. "Do you mind?"

"Fiddle very quietly over here—very carefully and without a splash. Can you do it?"

She loosened the canoe miserably, a lithe figure in her wet brown skirt and stockings. The milky glow creeps over her as she moved into the shadows; and she seemed, in the soft forest light, a part of the woodland harmony, blending with it no tawny-tinted shadows blend.

The canoe slipped into the pool; she knelt in the stern; then, with one silent push, sent it like an arrow across the water. He sprang without a sound into the green shadows beside him.

He was muttering to himself: "I've forgotten some things—but not how to throw a fly, I think. Let us see—let us see—"

She stood motionless as he embarked, watching him raise his rod and send the tiny brightly colored fish out over the water. The delicate accuracy seemed to fascinate her; her dark eyes followed the long upward bend of the back-rod, the whistling curved, straightened out, and fell, dropping three fish softly on the still surface of the pool.

As the canoe drifted nearer, nearer to the spot where the trout had leaped, the sharp dry click of the reel, the windlike whistle of the line, grew fainter. Suddenly, far ahead of the floating flies, a dark lump broke the water: there came a spatter of spray, a flash of pink and silver, and that was all—all, though for two hours the silver line darted out across the water, and many of feathered flies of many hues fell vainly across the glassy mirror of the Golden Pool.

She was still standing in the same place when he returned. He drew a long deep breath of disappointment as he stepped ashore, and she echoed his sigh. The tension had ended.

"Showed color, but wouldn't fight," he said, in a low voice.

"I can't you possibly do anything?" she asked, tremulously.

"Not now; I must rest him. You can't force a fish like that by persistent yet. There's a chance he may come again; he's not serious yet. I don't bother him for an hour or two."

He looked into her sensitive face; then, suddenly conscious of its youthful beauty, he fell silent, feeling in his wet line inch by inch.



"All this has happened before"

Through the heated stillness dragon-flies darted; the mounting perfume of brake and fern, the almost imperceptible odor of earth and water, seemed to envelop him in a delicate spell, soothing, healing, while pale-blue moments drifted away in the smooth flow of a summer hour.

The rod slipped from his hand; his aching eyes rested on her. She was seated on a mossy log, head bent, slender stockinged feet trailing in the pool.

"All this has happened before," he said, quietly. But there was no conviction in his voice.

She raised her dreamy eyes; the color came and went in throat and cheeks; through her half-parted lips the breath's sweetly stirred.

He rose with a restless laugh, and stood a moment, his thin hand pressed across his forehead. Her eyes fell, were lifted to his, then fell again.

"Can't you help me?" he said, wistfully.

"Can you not remember?" she breathed.

"Then we—we have known one another, have we?"

"I once knew a friend of yours—a close friend—named Eucourt."

"Eucourt," he repeated, blankly.

And after a long silence he turned away with a gesture that seemed to frighten her. But into her face came a flash of determination, reddening her cheeks again.

(Continued on page 8.)



# CHRISTMAS



**"IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC**

The officer's Christmas treatise in the North is not to be a cup of coffee on deck; yet the coffee has for that day a different name



**"SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES"**

In the wardroom on Christmas night the officers, wherever they may be, offer their health to the President, the navy, and an un-come, flatter, as the evening wears on, to the officer's love and real toast of "Sweethearts and Wives." It has come to be the toast of the naval man

# IN THE NAVY



"PLUM DUFF"

In the forenoon the tables do not stand so high in the general opinion as the Jacky's Christmas pudding, "plum duff," which her executive has served in all navies and on all merchantmen as the sign of Christmas festivity, as the ideal of holiday making and feasting



IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Out among the Philippine Islands, under the hot sun, the 23d of December has little of the popular idea of Christmas in it. It is the day for some letters

(Continued from page 5.)

"It does not matter," she said, "nothing matters on a summer day like this. . . I did not mean to trouble you."

He turned in his steps and stood looking at her.

"You say my friend's name was Escourt? Is my friend dead?"

"Please don't let it matter."

"It does matter. I—it is a fancy, perhaps, but the name of Escourt was once familiar—and pleasant. It is not your name, is it?"

"Yes," she said.

As last he began, fruitfully: "That is the strangest thing in the world. I have never before seen you, and yet I am perfectly conscious that your name has haunted me for years. Escourt—Escourt—for years, I tell you, he went on in a sort of impatient abandonment, 'ever since I can remember anything I can remember that name.'"

"And my first name?" Flushed, voice scarcely steady, she avoided his troubled gaze.

And as he did not answer, she said: "You once knew my husband? Can you not remember?"

He shook his head, studying her intently.

"No," he said, in a dull voice, "I have forgotten; I have been very ill. The same troubles me; it is strange how the name troubles me."

"If it troubles you, let us talk of other things, will you?" she asked, almost timidly. "I did not think to awaken the memory of anything sad."

"It is not sad," reading his sudden, perplexed eyes on her: "It is something intimate—almost part of my life that I seem to have forgotten." His hand sought the same spot over his right eye. "What were we doing when you interrupted everything?" His wandering glance fell on the canoe and the red lying in the bottom, and his face cleared.

"I might be worrying that trout again," he said. "You won't go away, will you?"

"No, but I wish you would go," she said, laughing; "I'd dress if you would give me half an hour."

"You won't go—you will wait!" he repeated, almost childishly.

"Yes, I will wait."

She shook her head, watching him embark; standing there looking out across the water where the paddles-bubbles marked his course long after the canoe had vanished around the curved shore of the Golden Pool.

Suddenly her eyes filled; but she set her lips resolutely, grasping with white hands for her knitted hat, the lacy shining towel, loosened, fell, veiling face and shoulders—a golden mask, for sorrow and falling tears.

It was high noon when his far hail brought her to the water's edge, and she emerged with a clear, prettily modulated voice.

"Do you observe?" she asked, as he climbed the bank; and she made a little gesture of invitation toward a white napkin spread upon the moss.

A jug of milk, lettuce, bread, and a great bunch of herbaceous grapes—and a basket in a summer gown, smiling an invitation: what wonder that the laggard lines in his visage softened till something of the alertness of youth lay like a ray of sun across his face.

"This is perfectly charming," he said, dropping to his knees beside her. "I—I am very happy that you waited for me."

She sat silent for a moment, with lowered eyes, then raised them shyly. "Let us eat bread and salt together, will you—that nothing break our friendship."

"From your hands," he said.

She leaned over, took a tiny pinch of salt between her thumb and forefinger, and offered it to him on a bit of bread. He gratefully broke the bread, returned half to her, and they ate, watching one another in silence.

"By the bread and salt I have shared with you," he said, half seriously, half smiling. "I promise to cherish this forest friend ship. Let this day begin it."

"Let it," she said.

"Let pleasant years continue it."

"Yes—the coming years. So be it!"

"Let nothing end it—nothing—not even—"

"Nothing—and, amen," she said, faintly.

Again, unbidden, the ghosts of the past stirred, whispering together within him; echoes of unquiet days awoke, blind consciousness of that summer year where darkness dwelt, where memory lay dim forever.

She sat watching him there on the moss, supporting her weight on one arm.

"I am striving," he said, "to trace my thoughts. There was dull apoplexy in his voice. 'All this is not accident—you and I here together. I am haunted by something long forgotten, something that I am almost conscious of. When your voice sounds I seem to be quivering on the verge of memory. . . . Do you know what it is I have forgotten?'"

She trembled to her lips. "Have you forgotten?"

"Yes—a great deal. Is it you I have forgotten?"

"Try to remember," she said, under her breath.

"Remember! God knows I am trying. Begin with me, will you?"

"Yes, let us begin together. You were hurt."

"Yes, I was hurt."

"In a battle?"

"I was hurt in a skirmish."

"Where?" she whispered.

"Why, on the Subig," he answered, surprised; "I was in the Philippine scouts."

He sat bolt upright, electrified, and struck his knee sharply with the fist of his wasted hand.

"Do you know," he said, excitedly, "that until this very instant I have not thought of the Philippine scouts. Isn't that extraordinary?"

She strove to speak; her breast rose and fell, and she closed her lips convulsively.

He sat there, head drooping, passing his hand repeatedly across the scar over his right temple.

She waited, whitening under the tension. His face became pained; he looked up at her; and a smile touched her wet lips in response.

The excitement of convalescence seemed to banish his restlessness; his voice broke the silence, and its low, even tones satisfied the half-unconscious longing for dead echoes.

So the gleam of happiness arose and set between them; and she lay back, resting against a tree, smiling replies to his lary husband. And after a long while his laughter awoke to echo his, laughter as delicate as the breeze stirring her light hair.

And afterward, long afterward, when the sunshine painted orange patches on the westward tree-trunks and a breeze veiled the taller spires, she reminded him of the great trout, but he would not go without her; so together they descended to the stream's edge.

Floating in the canoe there through the mellow light, he remembered that he had left his rod ashore, but would not go back, and she laughed outright, through the thread of the song she had been humming:

"Fair is a dragon,

Faith the aim shame that beaves it;

Hope holds the striver—

That it who craves it."

She smiled, singing carelessly:

"Who art thou, young and brave?"

*Lo ric est un seaward, favour on est it thee!*

"There is more," he said, watching her intently.

"How do you know?"

"I know that song; I remember it, and there is more to it!"

"Is it this, then?" and she sang again:

"Life is but a dream—"

Leave the sad dream that haunts it.

Death is the waking gift;

Take it who wants it!"

"Who art thou, young and brave?"

*Lo ric est un seaward, favour on est it thee!*

He sat for a long while, very still, head buried in his hands. A violet mist veiled water and trees; through it the setting sun sent fiery shafts through the mountain cleft. And when the last crimson shaft was sped and true and water faded into darker bay misty, the canoe had drifted far down stream, and now lay still in the shoreward sands; and they stood together on the water's edge.

Her fingers had become interlocked with his; she half withdrew them, eyes lowered.

"It is strange that our names should be the same," he said.

"Is your name Escourt too?" she faltered.

"Yes; I know it now. . . . I have been ill—very ill. God alone knows what my hurt has done to me. There is a doctor at the house; he's been with me for a long time—a long time. I—I wonder why I wonder if it was because I had forgotten—even my own name. . . . Who are you who bear my name?"

She averted almost imperceptibly where she stood; he lifted both her hands and laid them against his lips, looking deep into her eyes.

"Who are you, bearing my name?" he whispered. "Enclose your eyes."

In the twilight her dark eyes opened; she was in his arms now, her head fallen a little backward, yielding to his embrace crushing her.

"Try—try to remember—before you kiss me," she breathed.

"I wish you to love me—I desire it—but not like this. Oh try to remember before—before it is too late!"

"Do remember—Helen! Helen!"

Her lips on his stirred the cry; a long sigh, a sob, and she lay quivering in her husband's arms.



“THE RACE IS NOT ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT.”

Drawn by E. Grenville Smith





Drawn by W. T. Sedgwick

**"TOO MUCH SANTA CLAUS"**





"Pull to the left! Pull to the left!"

## THE ISLAND CHUTE

By Joseph A. Altsheler

**H**OW she flies!" said Steve Boone, the pilot, to the rower in the centre of the raft. "We must be beating the current by at least two miles an hour!"

Perkins, the rower, glanced down at the yellow torrent of the Cumberland, the swiftest and deepest river in the world in proportion to its length, and then up at the lofty banks that sped by, misty in the twilight. But he said nothing, merely nodding his assent. There were five men on the raft, and they never changed their positions.

The river began to curve again and to shoot around dangerous angles, and the pilot's orders now came sharp and fast. The night settled thick and black. Boone looked anxiously at the river.

"How far ahead do you call it is to Corn Island?" he said to Perkins.

"About six miles, I reckon," replied the rower, never taking his eyes from the stream. "You take the chute to the right!"

"O' course; it's the only safe passage."

The cliffs rose higher above their heads, and the stream, narrowing, grew swifter than ever. There was a dull moaning of the wind through the forest, mingled with the angry lashing of the current on the rocks.

They whirled around a cape, dashed down the middle of the stream, and then saw ahead of them a dark object.

"Corn Island!" said Boone.

The rowers nodded.

"Pull her to the right!" called Boone, sharply, and the rowers swung the great raft toward the narrow passage around the island. Here the river was flowing swift and deep between the high bank of the mainland and the low rocky shore of the island.

The island was two miles long, and already Boone wished that he was clear of it; the channel was too narrow. Suddenly Perkins, the oarsman, a man with the ear of a hound, raised his head, and Boone saw by the light of the shanty fire that his face had turned pale.

"Did you hear that?" he asked, eagerly.

"Hear what? I don't hear anything!"

"I do! It's music, an' it's in the island chute as sure as shoote's!"

The raft rushed on, sending away little waves of yellow foam, and the wind still moaned on the high bank above them. To Boone's own ears came the unmistakable sound of music, and then out of the darkness in front of them shot a great light. Behind this light loomed the shape of a river steamer, like a great white ghost, its decks crowded with people.

"It's the Nancy Belle, an' we're nertin' in the island chute!"

The rowers said nothing, but their faces were white as they looked up at their leader and awaited his orders. A few minutes more and the great raft with its tons and tons of weight would crash directly into the Nancy Belle, which still came swiftly on. The two could not pass in that narrow channel. Boone hesitated only a moment, but in that moment all the long year's work and the glory of his great raft passed before him. Then he shouted:

"Pull to the left! Pull to the left! Pull to the left!"

The five rowers, though they knew well what the command meant, pulled as if they were one machine, to the left, and the raft swung sharply at an angle toward the low shore of Corn Island. Then the powerful voice of Boone was raised again:

"Jump! Jump for your lives!"

When the raft struck with a crash upon the rocks the six men

sprang for the shore. Boone fell in deep water, and when he came up again his ears were filled with a tearing, crashing sound, as the current and the rocks broke the "strapping" of the raft and sent the detached logs whirling down the river.

A log struck his left arm, and with a thrill of pain it fell useless by his side. But a strong hand seized him by the collar and dragged him to the shore.

"Are you hurt?" asked Perkins.

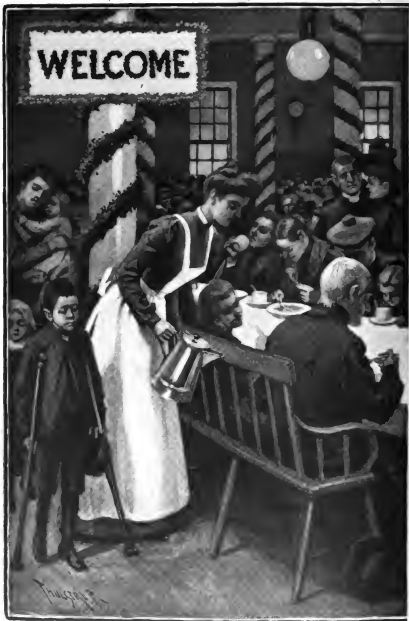
"Only a broken arm. Are we all here?"

"Yes, all here, bruised, but safe."

Up the river shined the stern light of the Nancy Belle, streaming safely past, and from her decks still came the soft sound of music, dying away presently in the darkness.



A strong hand seized him by the collar





How the other half  
dines on  
Christmas  
Day

Drawn by T. de Thelma



**THE END OF THE DAY**

From a 1911-12 drawing by Sargent Kendall



"Hoity toity! What's all this racket about?"

# Lady Jane's Highwayman

## A Play

### By Frances Aymar Mathews

Author of "Pretty Peggy," "Lady Peggy goes to Town," etc.

#### PERSONS.

LADY JANE GUNN, Sir Daniel's young wife.  
LADY PEGGY PURLEACH, Lady Jane's twin sister.  
SIR DANIEL GUNN, Barronet and state.  
CYRIL STAMBOURNE, Sir Daniel's nephew.  
TIME.—CHRISTMAS EVE. PLACE.—Library of Goslington Manor, Fenian.—Eighteenth Century. Discovered, Lady Jane with newspaper.

*Lady Jane (reads).* "A highwayman breaks into Hedleigh Castle and nearly frightens the darlings to death!" Oh, could one but break in here and break up the dullness! And ne broke up entirely already with leins' married to a good, peaceable old gentleman that I only took so that he'd take me out of County Cork up to London, and because I thought him a bit of a rake that needed a handle to reform it. Which same he is not, and never does one single thing that he has to ask forgiveness for. Lud! it's me that's just killin' myself with quietness. Hark! He's coming down the stairs now. Ah, if he was only a bit wild like!

*Enter Sir Daniel, C., with open letter.*

*Sir Daniel, Monstrous! Outrageous! Villainous!*

*Lady Jane, Sure, whatever's the matter?*

*Sir Daniel, My nephew!*

*Lady Jane, End even to him! He hates me that he silver set eyes on, because you married me and settled twenty thousand pounds on me which he expected to have! Well, what about him?*

*Sir Daniel, He writes me he's dead broke; lost every penny betting at Newmarket, Scamp! Vagabond! Gamster! Trick-st! Rogue! Rascal!*

*Lady Jane, For the love of Heaven, this, if he's all that, send for him to come here immediately!*

*Sir Daniel, Madam!*

*Lady Jane, So that I can reform him! Sure, I've sirt for my sister, Lady Peggy, to spend Christmas with us, and it's a pretty pair the two of 'em I make.*

*Sir Daniel, Lady Jane, did I not expressly forbid you to ask your relatives to visit you?*

*Lady Jane, Indeed 'n' you did, Sir Daniel.*

*Sir Daniel, Then, madam, what is the meaning of this—this dishonour!*

*Lady Jane, Oh, sure 'n' what's the use of lavin' a husband if you can't disobey him? Besides, Sir Daniel Gunn, you promised to fetch me up to London. This ain't London! I've spiltter for*

mischief, so I am, and it's not in nature for a girl of nineteen to be buried down here in the country, so it isn't, with nothing to amuse her. Even the highwaymen wait to the Castle instead of coming (sobs) to us!

*Sir Daniel, P'm my soul! Zounds! Madam! perhaps it would have been better had you married this jakesnapper, my nephew!*

*Lady Jane, Maybe it would, but how could I while I never set eyes on him!*

*Sir Daniel, You little mind! How am I beset on every side! This is the letter of a highwayman, anyway!*

*Lady Jane, Oh, give it to me! I'm dyin' to get hold of something that ain't good!*

*Sir Daniel, Silence! The young rascal says—"Send me the diamond-framed portrait of my holy mother you have in your possession. It is mine, and if 'tis not forthcoming at once I'll, by fair or foul means, get it in my hands." What do you think of that, Jane?*

*Lady Jane, I think he's just the kind of a lad I'd like to thry my hand on.*

*Sir Daniel, Madam, I'll shut you up in the dungeons below.*

*Lady Jane, Oh no, you won't. (Curses Sir Daniel.) Sind for the rogue and let me handle him.*

*Sir Daniel, Listen! Further he writes, "I burn you are home from Cork with your heirs, and report hath it the lady has a very pretty—"*

*Lady Jane, Sind for him! Sind for him!*

*Sir Daniel, "—temper of her own!" Eh?*

*Lady Jane, The unprincipled wretch! Oh, sind for him, say-here, and if Peggy don't pay him up for his evil speech my name ain't Jane!*

*Sir Daniel, Madam, your sister shall not darken these doors!*

*(Pursued.)*

*Lady Jane, Thine for you, Sir Daniel, She'll lighten 'em nightly with six crosses and seven your nephew. I can tell you that!*

*Sir Daniel (going, blustering), Madam, my nephew shall never (takes up candle; Cyril sees outside of window, R., peering in at portrait) cross this threshold!*

*(Exit with candle, stage darkness.)*

*Lady Jane, Thin, sure we'll 'vot him in through the window! Cyril half enters through window, snatches at portrait, opens it on floor, Lady Jane takes, perceives him, screams with shriek.)*

\* Stage rights reserved by the author.



"Hush, fair lady! I'm no highwayman!"

*Lady Jane.* A highwayman? [*Laughs loudly.*]  
*Cyril.* For Heaven's sake, hush, fair lady! I am no highwayman! [*Unwieldy portrait.*]  
*Lady Jane.* Yes, you are! I know you are! I want you to be a highwayman! You are the one sent by Sir Daniel's nephew, Cyril Stavordale, to steal that portrait. He wants the diamonds to pay his debts with. I know all! Don't I?  
*Cyril.* Almost all. [*Aside.*] She is beautiful!  
*Lady Jane.* I am so glad to see you.  
*Cyril.* Are you? Why? may I ask?  
*Lady Jane.* I was wishing for a highwayman, it's that dull here; anything for a distraction. Sit down. Oh! don't! highwaymen ever sit down! Well, stand, then. Don't fear. I'll not call any one, I want to reform you.  
*Cyril.* Sweet lady, I fear that I'm past that.  
*Lady Jane.* Sure, don't be talking of the past. The present's worth two of it any time. Don't be edging off to the window again. [*Proceeds to window; sits on window-sill.*] You'll not be let out of this until I see an improvement in you.  
*Cyril.* For my soul, nothing, then improvement is something you'll never see. [*Lady Jane's admiring.*]  
*Lady Jane.* [*Aside.*] Sure, what's your name?  
*Cyril.* I am Cyril Stavordale himself.

*Lady Jane.* "A scamp! Vagabond! Gamester! Trickster! Rogue! Rapscallion! Dead broke!" [*Cyril nods at each word.*]  
 Sure, now, I was wishin' for you! You're better than a highwayman. There'd be more credit in makin' a suit out of such material than if you were simply a footpad.

*Cyril.* Sweetest of ladies, if any one could make a better use of me it would be you; but it's too late.

*Lady Jane.* [*Glances at clock.*] Go along wid you, Mr. Stavordale; it's only seven o'clock. I'll wager you by tin I'll have you reformed altogether.

*Cyril.* Done. The stakes!

*Lady Jane.* You may name 'em yourself.

*Cyril.* A kiss.

*Lady Jane.* [*Gravely.*] Sure, he's my own nephew-in-law—what ever's law's legal. [*To Cyril.*] Twenty of 'em!

*Cyril.* I shall win.

*Lady Jane.* How do you know that?

*Cyril.* You bet on a certainty. Give me one in advance, I beg.

*Lady Jane.* The ingenuity of him!

*Cyril.* Tell me who you are?

*Lady Jane.* Guess.

*Cyril.* An angel!

*Lady Jane.* [*Aside.*] All the same thing: I'm a woman!

*Cyril.* A guest here at the manor-house? A friend of— [*Coming.*] By George! [*To Lady Jane.*] A friend of my uncle's wife, doubtless!

*Lady Jane.* [*Shakes her head vigorously.*] Nay, I am her worst enemy. I never open my mouth without saying something that lowers her in her own estimation.

*Cyril.* You don't like her, then?

*Lady Jane.* I never could put up with her at all, at all. Who ever I see even the look of her in the mirror it makes me furious.

*Cyril.* How so? Is she so hideous?

*Lady Jane.* [*Indignant.*] She is not; but the clothes of her! She's one that'd set off London gowns.

*Cyril.* You set off that hourglass.

*Lady Jane.* I know I'd put it off as I could.

*Cyril.* But your name? Vow now, I implore!

*Lady Jane.* My name's the very same as hers that married your uncle.

*Cyril.* Jane? Sweetest name ever any lady bore. Jane, you are not happy here. I could make you happy in London!

*Lady Jane.* Ah, listen to him now! Like all the rest of his sex, talks of makin' a lady happy while he names makin' his self so!

*Cyril.* 'Tis because I'd make you a part of me, we two—one! [*Admiringly.*]

*Lady Jane.* [*Laughing.*] Sir, that's impossible. Two was never made one yet, no more's the circle was ever squared.

*Cyril.* Don't mock at me, Jane; but answer if you can't.

*Lady Jane.* "Scherer!" Is it possible I've not touched a drop since—dinner!

*Cyril.* Sweet Jane, listen to reason.

*Lady Jane.* Sure, how can I? There's no one talking but you, and reason is something a gentleman in your case never understands his conversation with.

*Cyril.* Dearest Jane, I swear by the heavens above as I never loved lady before I beheld you!

*Lady Jane.* Sure, then, I've no use for you. I'd rather be any man's last love than his first!

*Cyril.* First and last.

*Lady Jane.* Now you're byin' to me most inmodest.

*Cyril.* Fairest Jane, I'm that modest I'd clothe the naked with in twenty down here for your sweet sake!

*Lady Jane.* Sir, 'tis not for love that I'm detaining of you here, but to preach repentance.

*Cyril.* Dear saint, preach on forever. But give me the right to call you mine. I'll stand by the church!

*Lady Jane.* A highwayman! Ah, sure it's sweet to hear you talking like that. I wish I'd met you a couple of months ago!

*Cyril.* Why?

*Lady Jane.* I might have listened to you then.

*Cyril.* You shall listen to me now. Dear Jane, I adore you. Let us run off.

*Lady Jane.* Aye, from you. [*Crosses.*] I must do that.

*Cyril.* My coach awaits. None ever loved lady as I do you. Say me not nay! Oh, reflect upon—

*Lady Jane.* [*Resolves.*] Give me a mirror and I will, I always do what there's one at hand.

*Cyril.* Fairest Jane! Make up your mind to run—

*Lady Jane.* I'd rather make up my face!

*Cyril.* I am thirsty and hungry for you—

*Lady Jane.* "Honey!" is it "Barley"? Sure, it's my own self that'll fetch you food. Sit there now. Don't stir, and I'll be back in a jiffy with cakes and ale! [*Going.*]

*Cyril.* Oh, leave me not in suspense.

*Lady Jane.* Sure, I ain't! I've leavin' ye in the library.

*Cyril.* But suppose my uncle should enter in your absence?

*Lady Jane.* I'll take care of him. [*Re-entering her.*]

*Cyril.* Or (continuing) his wife?

*Lady Jane.* I'll not let her in without me, I promise you!

*Cyril.* The any of the servants? "Barley!"

*Lady Jane.* That's soon settled, [*Looks down covert door.*]

*Cyril.* I'm in your pocket, [*Looks down covert door.*]

*Lady Jane.* That's soon settled, [*Looks down covert door.*]

*Cyril.* Don't be any longer than you can help, dearest Jane!

*Lady Jane.* [*Exit.*] Sure, five feet five is the length of me. I don't think I'll grow any before I get back. [*Laughs. Exit to garden.*]

Cyrl. Most adorable of her sex. Even has she not a shilling to her dowry and no a bigger, save for those diamonds (crosses portrait), yet will I woo and wed her, or die in the attempt!

Enter, C., from garden Lady Peggy in cloak, and honest foot under her chin, carrying reticule, two handbags, and large sun-brella.

\* Cyrl. Beloved one!

[Rushes to Lady Peggy, who starts back in fright.]

Lady Peggy. Sir!

Cyrl. Ah! you have put on your bonnet and cloak, fetched your reticule and boxes. You expect me, you will fly with me, adored creature!

Lady Peggy. "Spake," is it? "Boxes," is it? There's one of 'em. (Whisks Cyrl with sun-brella.) Now, sir, who are you that ventures to talk in such bold fashion to a lady you never saw before in your life?

Cyrl. (In amazement). Oh, sweetest lady, waste not the precious minutes in jesting. The coach waits, as you know. Let us begone before Sir Daniel or his wife can come.

Lady Peggy. Sir, you mistake me for some one else. Pray, put down my boxes.

Cyrl. Dearest Jane, I do not mistake you for any one else. You are you and I am—

Lady Peggy. Well, who are you?

Cyrl. (In astonishment). Your own (shows portrait) highwayman!

Lady Peggy. (In amazement). Let me out of this! (Rushes to door R.) Looked! (Rushes to door L.) Looked too! Merciful heaven!

(Rushes C. Cyrl bears door C.) Sir, I implore—

Cyrl. Sweet life, 'twas you that locked both doors, and gave me the keys so that none could intrude upon us while you went to fetch the cakes and ale. Don't you remember?

Lady Peggy. No, I do not, Sir, you are beside yourself.

(Frustrated.) Ye villain!

Cyrl. Nay, dearest of ladies, I am beside you!

(Crossing, Aside.) Has she suddenly gone mad?

Lady Peggy. Sir, how dare you say I locked those doors?

Cyrl. Sweetheart, don't you recall that you are to reform me? that I asked you to run away with me? that you quitted me to seek food? and now you return without it, but cloaked ready for our journey to Gretton Green, oh?

Lady Peggy. (Crossing). A madman! I see it plainly, and in order to preserve my life I must humor him.

(To Cyrl.) Of course, certainly I remember! (Laughs hysterically.) I quitted you to seek for food. I'll go fetch it now, by your leave.

(Exit. Goes up C.)

Cyrl. (Crossing, Aside.) There's luxury in her eye. Temporary, doubtless. I'll not let her out of sight, but humor her.

(To Lady Peggy.) Pray, you leave me not!

Lady Peggy. (Persuaded). Ah, but for a second, to seek the ale-bayad.

Cyrl. Ah, 'tis I would be ailing without you. I cannot let you go.

Lady Peggy. Let us sit down, then.

Cyrl. Let us rather be off.

Lady Peggy. (Crossing). There's murder in his aspect.

(To Cyrl.) You said you were a highwayman?

Cyrl. Nay, dearest one, 'twas you said that.

Lady Peggy. (Crossing). He wants pill.

(To Cyrl.) See, here's my purse! my trinkets, brooch, and chain! Take all, but do not kill me!

(Gives trinkets)

Cyrl. (Crossing, Aside.) 'Tis best not to cross her.

(To Lady Peggy.) Sweet life, I'll take 'em and keep 'em safe for you.

Lady Peggy. I've nothing more. You've all there is.

(Sighing)

Cyrl. Nay, one other thing—the dearest prize on earth—yourself!

Lady Peggy. (Aside). Oh, if his kapers would only come! I must beguile him.

(To Cyrl.) Well, well, (Aside.) I'll try fright-ning him.

(To Cyrl.) This house is (whispers) haunted. The ghost walks every Christmas eve.

Cyrl. (Crossing, Aside.) I'll essay to fright her back into her senses.

(Whispers. To Lady Peggy.) I know—! (To Cyrl.) By whom? (Whispers.) Tell me.

Cyrl. (Points to him in air. Melodramatic. Mysterious.) Look you, sweet lady, how he smiles on his own deed!

Lady Peggy. (Frighted). Heavily mother, where?

Cyrl. You see! His eyeballs, glinting like fiery stars, his teeth chattering!

(Lady Peggy's teeth clatter and eyes glare.) He unshakes his rasper! Do you not see him, Jane?

Lady Peggy. (Frighted). To humor him is my only salvation!

(To Cyrl.) I see him, Mr. Highwayman.

(Frenzied. Glances at the distance.)

Cyrl. (Looks anxiously down at her. Aside.) Alas! a mild undone!

(To Lady Peggy.) You do! Describe him to me, dear Jane.

Lady Peggy. He waves his rasper towards me.

(Crossing, Aside.) Blood sainted! (Cyrl covers his rasper. To Cyrl.) He binds his gaze upon me. Oh! save me! save me, somebody!

Cyrl. (Crossing his sword). Where is the monster? He has escaped me!

(Rushes about.) (Rushes about.) Whether has he fled? (Crossing, Aside.) Dear Jane! Could I but restore her sanity!

Lady Peggy. No, he has not escaped! Look! (Aside.) I must keep his attention on the ghost until help arrives.

(To Cyrl.) He is— (Whispering. Pointing up)

Cyrl. Where? dear Jane, where?

Lady Peggy. Nitti's yates on the ceiling, take this chair—

(Cyrl. Jumping on chair.) I will! I will!

Enter, C., carrying Lady Peggy's attempted crier, Lady Jane with a plate of cold and Besson of ale.

Lady Peggy. Look! What's that?

Lady Jane. Peggy Philpuck! You've come!



"Spake," is it? "Boxes," is it?"

Cyrl. (In a tone as Lady Jane, straying from one to the other.) Peggy Philpuck? Which is which?

(Enter Sir Daniel, C.)

Sir Daniel. Hoighly 'tighly! What's all this racket about? (Springs Cyrl on the chair. The portrait under his arm.) My nephew, Cyrl Stavordale!

Lady Peggy. Cyrl Stavordale!

Lady Peggy. Cyrl Stavordale!

Sir Daniel. Begone, sir! begone! I don't know you!

Lady Jane. Sir, 'e I do, thin. Man and wife I win, Sir Daniel. Your nephew's my nephew. I tould you I'd sint for my nephew Peggy. There she is, an fine a lump of a girl as ever lived.

(To Cyrl.) I wagered you I'd have you reformed by tin o'clock. So I have, haven't I? (To Lady Peggy.) Whisht! I tould me husband if you and Mr. Stavordale met, the two of you'd make a pair—wasn't I right, eh?

Cyrl. Sweet sister Jane, you were. But I've won the wager, for you bet on a certainty.

Lady Peggy. What was the stakes?

Cyrl. A kiss.

Sir Daniel. What? what?

Cyrl. Oh, I'll take it by proxy if Lady Peggy wills, and if she will accept Lady Jane's highwayman as her (kisses Lady Peggy); Sir Daniel kisses Lady Jane's Christmas present.

Cheerily.

# Christmas

By William Dean Howells



YOUTH, in the heart of faith  
now wearing old,  
Hope, in the darkness of  
this doubt and fear,  
Love, in the law inexorably severe,  
Home, in the cosmic exile  
I, in the cold,  
Soon dusk of this my latest  
year, behold  
The beauty of thy coming, and the cheer  
Familiar, mystical, divine and dear,  
Feel as in all the years that have been told.  
About thy forehead and within thine eyes  
The innocent wisdom of the sage and child—  
Experience with expectance reconciled—  
Shines, with ineffable presence: the surmise  
Of being, when the years no longer come,  
Eternal in youth, and hope, and love and home!

## The Gods of Rule and Riot

BY HALL CAINE

**I**T is six o'clock in the morning in this angle of the Bay of Biscay which is called Biarritz. The air is thin and clear—the early sun shines with a gentle warmth through an atmosphere which has still some memories of the salt of last night's spray; and the sun, often so wrathful on the rocks of this coast, and full of unambrosial wrecks, is rolling on the long reaches of the sandy shore with a softened and measured roar.

In the market-places of the little town the day's work is beginning. The big doors are open and the country people are carrying their produce to the stalls within. They have come in their donkey-carts, multi-carts and oxen drays from the Basque province round about. Here is a multi-cart full of green vegetables from some farm at the foot of the Pyrenees. At the heart of the lettuce the dew is still hiding its head, and you know they were plucked from the fields this morning, while the sky was gray and the air was laden, for a line of women and girls who stooped double over the ridges and then rose to look at the crumpling clouds that came up over the outward hills. Here is a donkey cart full of fresh eggs, of butter in wet cabbage-leaves, and of milk in larch pails. And the owners of the produce, be it sold this morning—stripped to their clean white shirts, with their waist scarfs of red cotton and their tawny bree as they spread their baskets on the stalls and sell in each other and laugh.

As seven strikes from the market clock, the buyers begin to appear—thirty busonnes in black gowns with apron aprons and and vegetables, bargain, haggle, and buy while the sellers cry under their shawl-cloaks overhead, when the red and drop into a dash. At eight o'clock the little city has begun to smoke in breakfast-attrition, as smoking along the streets with horses, stabled with coming stone, and the sea is beginning to clamor.

When the "six" strikes—the end of business in the market is met, the other are shutting up their stalls, pulling on their coats, and hurrying to their donkey, and milk, and preparing to make their

own purchases before setting off for home. One of them draws up at a cabinet's shop and buys a thin roll of cloth. It is Irish frieze, and you can imagine you hear the shuffling of the wooden loom in the far-off factory in which it was spun. Another stops to give two coppers to a blind woman led by a little girl, and you feel the spell of that sweetest part of charity by which the giver makes himself one in welfare and interest with her to whom he gives. All are obeying in their different ways the homely but irresistible god who governs all men—whose rule began with creation and ran only mad with chaos; who binds together the farthest parts of the earth, and unites the peoples of the world into one family. They are his willing and cheerful subjects, happy to serve him and the better for his service. And they go about with his little counters in their hands—gold counters, silver counters, and bronze counters—symbols of green fields, of forests, of farms, of vineyards, of orange groves, of lemon orchards, of houses, of factories, of flocks, of mills, of ships, of everything wherewith they eat and drink and live.

That god is the god of Industry, and his name is Fate.

### II

It is twelve o'clock midnight in the Municipal Casino; the performance of "Boris Godunov" has just finished in the little blue and white theatre; the curtain has risen again and fallen for the last time on the painted and powdered mimics in grotesque costumes who have made merry for three hours, and the audience of men in frocked shirts and black cravats, and women in silver silks and white feathers, is pouring out of the double doors which open into the gaming-rooms.

There are two gaming-rooms. One of them, the outer one, is well filled with people who—as actors not, so longer as audience—are crowding about a table on which little numbered by boxes of various colors are made in upon around a wretched circle. The room rings with money voices—the voice of the man who cries "no stakes," the voice of the man who turns the crank which moves the numbers, the voice of the man who calls the winners, and the voice of the man who receives and pays the money that is won and lost.

The other room, the inner room, is silent with a muggy and



climby silence—the silence of the dusk and empty hour that goes between the darkest hour and dawn. Some fifty persons are gathered there. A few of them are seated about a green-topped table; the rest are standing behind and looking down. At intervals single words fall on the ear like the plip of fish in the stillness of a wounded pond at night. "Care?" "Innocent?"—then come the swish of the crumpler's smile as he scoops up the ivory counters, the ruffling of outtered words that drum through the air like a message mumbled in a cave, and then silence once again. The only light is from the chandelier of electric jets which stretch down their arms to the table—the rest of the room is in shadow, and the ends of it are gloomy and asleep.

Charles itself is not so wide in moral charity as the Casino. The Duchess sits beside the courtesan, exchanging smiles and even words with her; the blacking who has been turned out of half the clubs of Europe elbows the heir of an English earl who is famous for philanthropy; the young bride stands behind the mistress of a financier who is in prison.

The young man, with the heavy eyes who took the bank for a hundred louis is losing heavily. He has lost heavily every night for a week, and, chewing the end of a dead cigarette, he is waiting for his luck to turn. It did not turn last night, therefore it must turn to-night; it is not turning to-night, consequently it is certain to turn to-morrow night. Such is the logic of this slave of Chance, straggling under the law of that mysterious force, which must ever remain lawless, or else cease to be Chance, and therefore the subject for a game. Meantime the substitutes his father left him is disappearing like a snowflake falling on the sea. Hence, instead of the law of that mysterious force of industry by many hands in many countries, are melting away one by one.

The young woman in the silver-gray blouse and the ostrich feather, with the pink and white cheeks, has been winning all night through. She began nervously with the little red counters which represent five francs, and now she is playing boldly with the large white octagonal pieces which stand for five hundred. Her eyes are gleaming; a laugh not yet loosed in the air is playing about her parted lips; at intervals she looks into the faces around and smiles at strangers. Presently she rises, gathers into a little basket the pile of shining ivory which lies on her section of the table, and carries it to the treasury to be changed into coin. She has won, but she has also lost—lost something of that most precious corner of the soul.

The elderly man with the ruddy cheeks, smoking a long cigar from a ivory-cashmere holder, thinks he at least is no offender. His income is 40,000 sterling, and if he cares to waste some of it in the Casino who shall say he may not do so? If he gave suppose they would cost him something; if he kept horses or yachts or women nobody would question his right to do what he liked with his own—why not waste his wealth in this way if he will? So he loses with a laugh, and wins with an equal countenance, and rises from the table with the easy conscience of one who has amused himself and done harm to no one. But that man has, nevertheless, committed the gravest crime against social morality—he has robbed money of its meaning, and has set up nothing in its stead. Therefore he is a criminal against the oldest and firmest of the laws of life—the law which says, "In the event of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

They are all criminals, though they sit here in silk and broadcloth, in the Casino that was built by the municipality and is licensed by the state. For the god they serve is the god of idleness, and his name is Risk.

## THE SCHOOL-MASTER AND FELICIA

BY A. E. W. MASON

"Y"ou'll call at the Villa Pontignard at noon to-morrow. The Duchess will herself receive you," said the butler, with a superb cordiality, and he passed away up the narrow winding streets of Roquebrune, wondering, with perhaps a little contempt for the incomprehensible eccentricities of rank, what in the world the Duchess of Pontignard could have in common with a little village schoolmaster, that she should be at the pains to command his presence.

The schoolmaster, however, had no doubts as to the reason of the summons. He leaned over the parapet of the tiny square before the schoolhouse, and from head to foot he tingled and glowed. It was his brochure upon the history of the village—written with what timidity, printed at what cost to his meagre purse!—which had brought him this recognition from the great lady of the villa upon the spur of the hill.

"To-morrow, at noon," he repeated, and he turned back again with a shiver of fear at the thought of the mistakes in behavior which he was likely to make.

The Duchess, an elderly lady, who had long since retired from the world, received him the next morning with a simplicity which put him at his ease. She held his brochure in her hand, and she bowed to him. There was a look of relief upon the schoolmaster's face as he returned the bow. She had not held out her hand.

"You are a native of Roquebrune, monsieur?" said she.

"No, madame," he answered. "My father was a peasant at Aigue-Mortes. I was born there."

The Duchess nodded in approval of the simplicity of his reply.

"Yet you write, if one who is unlettered may say it without presumption, with the love of a native for his village."

The flattery unhooked, as it was intended to do, the schoolmaster's heart. The Duchess made him sit down, and he found himself, to his intense astonishment, confining to this graceful old lady truths about himself without any feeling of timidity.



He had no doubts as to the reason of his summons

"It was not love for Roquebrune which led me to write the little book," said he.

"My daughter, monsieur," the Duchess said, "is now seventeen. It will be my duty soon to present her to the world, but I would have her educated first, as completely as is possible. It is not easy to obtain governesses proficient in every branch, and I will not part with her. I thought, therefore, that I might be able to arrange with you to read history with her during your spare hours."

The schoolmaster felt his head turning. That he was the recipient of the great lady's charity he was not for an instant aware, and, indeed, it was intended that he should not be. The Duchess had noticed this poor solitary youth, had pitied him on account of his

poverty, and had thus found her way in some measure to relieve it. She had the firmest faith in her instincts, she had sounded the man, she believed him trustworthy, and by offering him this work she would be suggesting his pitiless and not diminishing, but, on the contrary, increasing his self-respect.

From that time, therefore, on three afternoons a week, the schoolmaster climbed up to the villa. And if he taught the daughter Felicia a little, a very little, history, he got from her much more instruction than he gave.

One day she said to him: "You let me always talk now. Why have you grown silent, monsieur?"

"You know more than I do," she exclaimed, and then she laughed. "Really we both know nothing. We can only guess—and guess. But it is pleasant work guessing, isn't it? Then why have you stopped?"

"I will tell you, mademoiselle. It is because I have come to guess through your eyes. I see the world through them."

Thus he came one afternoon to the terrace with his eyes fixed and his face drawn.

"You are ill," said Felicia. "We will not work to-day."

"It is nothing," he replied. "Two travellers came up to Roquebrune yesterday. I met them walking by the church. I spoke to them and showed them the village, and took them by that short cut of the steps down to the railway station. They were from Paris. They talked of Paris. I have not slept all night," said he clasped and unclasped his hands.

Felicia looked down at her history, and said: "Hannibal crossed the Alps. You must go to Paris. Why not become a Deputy?" and she clasped her hands as the idea occurred to her.

"A Deputy?" exclaimed the schoolmaster, flushing with pride. "Of course," said Felicia, utterly assured that she had not thought of so simple a solution before.

Hannibal's passage of the Alps was forgotten for that afternoon, and Felicia's project was developed instead. The ways and means of becoming a Deputy were of course left out of the question. The schoolmaster was to become a Deputy. Therefore he was as good as a Deputy already. They started with the premise that he was a Deputy, and the Deputy's future was stepped out. Felicia was to marry—some one of course who loved her very dearly, but the same one was to be, at the same time, a person of great importance. Felicia would have a salon with weekly receptions of distinguished people, where the rising young politician, who had once been a state schoolmaster at Roquebrune, was to be introduced in proper notice. Felicia saw no difficulties. He must have a dress suit, that was all. She even got so far as describing, from hearsay, the imposing public funeral of a President of the Republic. And the schoolmaster still saw the world through her eyes.

But the time came when the history books were shut, and Felicia prepared for her first season in Paris. "But I shall miss my quiet afternoons on the terrace," she said, speaking out of her friendliness rather than out of her convictions. "Besides, I shall come back to Roquebrune," she added, quickly, "and you are to come to Paris, too. That is arranged, is it not?"

And so Felicia went to Paris. And in due time she returned. With a woman's inimitable quickness she had acquired in those few months the case, the polish, the armor of a woman of the world. He was still the village schoolmaster, and he stood confused before her. She spoke again, asking after his school. He could barely answer her.

"But you must come up to the villa," she said. "We have much to talk over. I have much to tell you."

But she had nothing to tell him. The schoolmaster stood upon the platform and knew. The afternoons spent the terrace, the speculations, the encouragements, these things were of the past.

His window was darkened, he would never find his way out of the room—he felt it very surely. But, none the less, he went up to the villa, and that evening. He did not go to the house; he crept through the garden to the terrace, and sat there in the shadow of a cypress. Felicia and a youth walked the terrace.

"My cousin," said Felicia, "I have spent waxy hours upon this terrace."

"Of all those hours," replied the cousin, "I am very jealous, and the more jealous because you speak of them with regret."

"Regret, not on my own account," replied Felicia. She was silent for a little while, and the schoolmaster sat still as a mouse, for he saw the world through Felicia's eyes. He had the more reason so to see it now after her sojourn there. She continued: "The schoolmaster came up from the village to read



It is pleasant work guessing, isn't it?

history with me here. It was a plan of mother's. He was poor, lonely, and she pitied him. He became my friend. We both knew nothing, and so we were less hampered in making plans. I was to become a Deputy. Then, the good God would decide. I was to marry—oh! not him, there was no thought of that, but some great person, and held salons at which my Deputy would figure—"

"What nonsense!" interrupted the cousin.

"No doubt, no doubt," said Felicia, with just a hint of sadness. "But it was rather pretty swansong."

The schoolmaster climbed down to Roquebrune as soon as the terrace was empty. He still saw the world through Felicia's eyes, but now he saw, through the same eyes, himself, the poor, bald, old man in view, looking upon vain dreams and accepting the baronet's dignity as a recognition of merit. The schoolmaster's lesson was learned!



Drawn by Peter Merrill

## AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES

## Lokal Anzeiger

Immediately after the artists the Gram-O-phone repeated the songs. The exhibition was very successful.



## Berlin Tageblatt

This trial proves that the Gram-O-phone is not only a valuable means of keeping alive the memory of great artists, but for teaching and study.



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We had an opportunity to compare the singing of the artists themselves with the reproduction of their songs on the Gram-O-phone. There was no perceptible difference.



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## Vossische

One had but in Vossische



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Perched monkeylike on horse's crupper

## A Relapse into Barbarism

By van Tassel Sutphen

**O**f course John Wayne III, went to college. There had been a Wayne at Nassau Hall in every generation since the Revolution, and when, in due time, the succession devolved upon our hero it was accepted as one of the inevitable incidents of life, something akin to the darning of the tops *en route* by a Roman youth. And so, having put in a little extra time under the direction of an accomplished grammar, John Wayne III, was duly matriculated at his hereditary alma mater—his cherishing great-great-grandfather, if you insist upon the precise intellectual relationship.

To a young gentleman possessed of good health, pleasing address, and a fair allotment of pocket-money, the collegiate period of existence affords singular opportunities for amusing oneself. John Wayne III, took life easily—perhaps too easily; for at the end of his Freshman year the faculty decided that, until certain academic deficiencies should be made up, young Mr. Wayne need not return to Nassau's classic shades. A blanket "condition" in Greek and mathematics was the substance of the official communication from the registrar of the university, and Mr. Wayne senior pondered over the document in indignant astonishment for upwards of an hour; then he sent for John III.

The interview was an unpleasant one, but mercifully short. Young Mr. Wayne acknowledged his fault, and seemed anxious to repair it; the father was not inclined to be unreasonable, but he did desire the lesson impressed upon the heedless youth.

"It's not a question of taking honors," he continued; "so Wayne ever did that. But we all managed to graduate honorably, sir. What is the pass-mark? Sixty per cent. I really think you might manage that. You would never have made the nine with such a fielding average."

"Right you are, Peter," answered the young gentleman, cheerfully. "Mine was 979, which isn't bad for short-stop, considering the chance you have to take."

"Now I propose," concluded the elder gentleman, "that you buckle down to work at once, with a view to making up those conditions the first thing in the autumn, and so start Sophomore year with a clean sheet. You can't do it at Bar Harbor; there are too many side issues there. I think you had better go out and spend the summer with McWilliams at the 'Tin Cup.' Take your books along and put in two or three stiff hours a day. Incidentally, you can get some insight into the cattle business which may come in useful later on. What do you say?"

John III, hesitated. There was no particular novelty in the proposition, for he had once spent a week at his father's ranch in Wyoming, and he thought he knew the cow country pretty well. The scenery around Badville isn't much, the shooting was non-existent, and while a round-up, with its attendant festivities, is well enough in its way, you see it once and you have seen it for all time. At Bar Harbor now—several of the fellows would be there during August—they had been planning to put in some preliminary football practice—yes, and Elan Fielding—Elan Fielding—

"Well?" said Mr. Wayne, a trifle sharply.

"I'll go, sir," answered John III, dutifully.

A week later witnessed the arrival of our hero at the "Tin Cup." McWilliams, his father's superintendent, gave him a dour Scotch welcome; he had received some private advices from Mr. Wayne senior as to the disposition of the young gentleman in the political economy of the establishment, and apparently the commission was not to his liking. But the sooner over the better, according to the McWilliams creed, and immediately upon the conclusion of supper, the superintendent proceeded to amuse himself.

"He says I'm to put you out on the range wif the boys," he began, frowning ominously. "Eh, now, Mr. John Wayne III, is it that your feyther will have been having trouble wif his head o' late?"

"Not in the least," answered John III, with valiant manliness. "It was my own request, and I'll thank you to make no more comment upon it. All I want is an outfit; you can manage that, I dare say."

"Aye," granted McWilliams, tacitly amused, "we'll look it up somehow. Na doot it's a verra incredible world, young gentleman, and we're born in it to trouble, as the sports ferying uppit. But look, now! there will have been ger goings-on at the university, I take it, to bring about a these civvies."

"Good night, Mr. McWilliams," said John III, with dignity. "We can settle the details in the morning. Will you kindly leave my bed taken up stairs?"

"So it seems I'm not to play 'owner's son,'" said John III, to himself, and smiled somewhat grimly as he sought his pillow.

"But it's all right, governor, all right. Fer made a fool of myself, and I'll pay for it, no fear."

The outfitting camp was some eight miles away from the ranch house, straight towards the foot hills of the Big Smoky. After all, it was a pleasant thing to be riding abroad on a fine June morning.

with the breath of the infant filling one's lungs and all God's world to look at. John Wayne III, threw back his head and chanted his college yell joyously, while Kitty, the bookish mare, took some contemptible side-steps and pretended to be dreadfully afraid of that delicately pricking spear. Then a mad gallop for a quarter of a mile—

*Quadrupedante patrem secuta, quatit angula comam*

—to finally pull up breathless and shaken on the crest of the next divide and exultantly view the wide prospect over. Then a quiet snaffle, nimbly Kitty the buck should have recovered her wind and so on.

But with the ramp actually in sight John III, felt his spirits sinking again. The long, low shark, built of alaba chinked with mud, was not an attractive place of residence, and the company of his father's cowpunchers might be endurable, but could hardly prove congenial. John III, reflected, with a certain distant satisfaction, that the situation would afford splendid opportunity for putting in some desperate licks at Greek prose composition and that beastly analytical geometry. The text-books were in his saddle-bags; he would be a peer from Polkville until he had everything down pat. Then, he! for Bar Harbor and its side issues, as the pater called them—the fellow—football—Elee—

"Hi there! how bridge break away! break away!"  
A confused melody of exclamations, set in unison oburgations, filled the astonished ears of Mr. Echo Wayne III. Absorbed in his reverie, he had ridden to a smart pace around the corner of the house, and rambled plump into a cowboy, who, mounted on a determined looking raysue, was having a desperate tug of war with a young grizzly cub; the bear, half strangled by the pressure of the rope about its windpipe, was yet far from subdued, and the half-

circle of cowpunchers watched the Homeric struggle approvingly. It was upon this exclusive family gathering that John Wayne III, had chanced to butt in, and he was speedily made "one of us," as a bystander remarked.

It was apparent, at the outset, that Kitty the buck did not care for grizzly society; with a squeal she dropped to a fore-leg pivot and lashed out once, twice, at the snarling bunch of tawny hair. The second kick put Mr. Bear out of business, and then the lady proceeded to give an exhibition on her own account. John III, felt her spine stiffen beneath him, and—"It's another eruption of Most Pains," he thought, vaguely, and held on.

"Never saw such buckin' and ridin' in all my darn days," said Mr. "Beef" McCook, detailing the scene for the edification of a friend who arrived too late to assist. "Ground and lifty (umble); grand aerial ascensions with balls of colored fire; Green-Roman and catch-as-catch-can; Barrel of Love and Shoot the Chutes; the whole performance to conclude with the uncalculated feat of Leapin' the Loop on roller-skates. And fact! he done it—that tenderfoot, that tawny boy—and done it easy. Why?" but that was breaco-breaco for you. Talk about your human postage-stamps!"

And truly after Kitty the buck had exhausted her bag of tricks John III, still bestrode her, a trifle dazed, but unmistakably in the ring. They helped him out of his saddle, led him into the house and dusted him off solicitously. One of the punchers complimented him solemnly upon his horsemanship.

"I was afraid to get off," explained John III, blushing ingeniously, and thrust a great roar went up.  
"You're adopted, sonny," said "Beef" McCook, his big hand coming down on the boy's shoulder, and with the words a curious sense of exaltation possessed our hero's spirit. He felt that in some odd fashion he had suddenly been made free of something—everything. It was an odd sensation, unpleasantly pleasant.

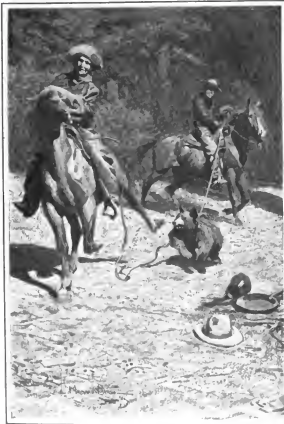
The weeks grew into months; the summer was almost at an end. And what a summer! Long days upon the range, with its pure joys of living—speed and motion; the fresh breath of the first dawn and the keat of noonday sun; the feeding of mountain ponds, perched monkeylike on horse's crupper; the hazy edge of hunger; and the emotional increase of evening camp-fires. Then the occasional night in the open, stretched prone beneath the elon arch of the firmament, sinking to dreamless slumber under the secret influence of the Pleiades. The underlying primal instincts had arisen in their night, and he yielded, shamelessly at the first, then glacially as one entering upon an unexpected vertigin. This was life, this was living; let the aphorix of existence answer her own riddles and be hanged to her.

And yet what our young grizzly-man did not forget was this. He was still John Wayne III, and he had a debt of honor to pay before he could enter upon the full enjoyment of this new and glorious life. Through everything he managed to keep at his books, until mastery of the loutish subjects was his at last. Then he consulted with the academic authorities, and obtained permission to pass the conditions with the university resident in Denver. He took a week off and went there for the ordeal, emerging triumphant. Then he went back to the "Tin Cap" and wrote a letter to his father.

It was brief but pertinent. John III, enclosed the examiner's certificate ratifying him to full standing in his class. "The old settler," he wrote, "and I don't intend to run up a new one. Billy (his younger brother) will perpetrate the name of Wayne on the academic rolls; he may even take honors, governor, for he is a good right dickerer than me. I should like a set of new shirts, and if you could use your influence with Secretary Grandson—to take up a quarter-section—"

It was at this point that Mr. Wayne senior realized the loss and in a report of his extraordinary communication. A Wayne extraordinary communication. A Wayne extraordinary, and yet its truth finally forced (itself home. John III, had a mind of his own and he had made it up. Arguments, counsels, threats, prayers—none of these things moved him. His mother's trip to Texas, his father's made a distant trip to Texas. "Tin Cap." And out of the dust and turmoil of controversy John III, emerged calm, triumphant, and wearing his new shirts, while Mr. Wayne senior went back to New York. In the glowing conclusion of a Pullman statement. The paternal man had conquered; the fight had lasted but a single round.

Autumn passed into winter, and it was



Lashed out . . . at the bunch of tawny hair

new late in December. The family had begged for the poor lion of his presence at the Christmas festivities, but John III, after brief deliberation, had declined, to effete civilization for him, even under the guise of the holiday season. He wrote kindly but firmly, explaining that his presence at "Tin Cup" was absolutely necessary throughout this abominably long spell of open water. The cattle were out on the range, and any day now a blizzard might come, when every pair of hoofs would be invaluable. Sorry, of course; he might manage a flying trip East by the following May. Love to all. It had been a rattling good football season; he did regret missing that.

It was one of the warmest days of that extraordinary December—the 20th of the month, to be exact—and John Wayne III, riding leisurely through section 10, came upon a pot-hole, known throughout that region as the "Compuchoes' Semiasmat." It was a warm spring, of just the right temperature for a bath, and its appearance stirred certain strange emotions in John Wayne's breast. "Twice a year, whether he needs it or not"—the merry old witlarian rose unconsciously to his lips. "It must be some old time with me," he mused, looking at the length of time with me; he continued, speaking half aloud. His eye fell on a small silver-plated case lying at the edge of the pool. "Soap," he exclaimed, as the lid sprang open. "Some chap must have been taking a bath and forgotten it. I do believe—by George, I will!"

He stripped quickly and slid into the water; his grateful warmth rose about him, and he watched with delight the creamy lather gathering on chest and limb as he rubbed the cake of soap over them. What a delicious sudsy smell! This was luxury. Now that he thought of it, he had missed his bath. It was faulty, it was great, and—ouch! he must have stepped on an old tin can half ashen in the mud; it was a mean trick to throw such stuff in the pool. He changed his position, treading gingerly the soft, muddy bottom. But he couldn't seem to get comfortably settled again; the water was too shallow here, and the coarse grasses that fringed the bank were scratching his shoulder-blades considerably. The remembrance of his own bath-room at home rose vividly before him—the cold, white-porcelain tub; the shower with its douche and needle sprays; the clean-smelling bars of Castile; the lag, rough, generous bath-towels. "By Jove!" murmured John III, under his breath. "By Jove!"

Some eminent investigator has pointed out that the decadence of a nation is invariably coincident with an increase in its bathing facilities. The Romans in the past, the Turks of to-day—really, there is an air of possibility in the contention, and the experience of John Wayne III may be fairly adduced as an *ad hominem* argument. The hero, slipping out upon the bank, looked upon himself and saw that he was clean; he became suddenly aware that the "overman" within him had

closed a joint upon his primal herd. To be strenuous and live just successfully one must take care never to lay aside the protective armor of the soul. As between the primitive instinct and the acquired habit the balance may swing first up and then down, and generally it needs only a grass or so in either scale pan to act the it—in this case a piece of soap.

John III, looked at his watch. "I can reach Deadwater by eight o'clock," he said to himself. "I can catch the 'Twentieth Century' at Chicago on Tuesday, and make No. — East Sixty-fourth Street by Christmas etc."



A delicious sudsy smell! This was luxury

"John dear," said his mother, gazing at him with fond, admiring eyes. "It seems too impossible to be true. So, really, little old New York is good enough for you, and you are not going back to the 'Tin Cup'! I only wish I knew what or whom to thank for bringing about the miracle."

John III, drew the silver-plated soap-rose from his pocket; he was about to prowl his magic charm in rock-herald lines. But at this instant his glance traveled into the drawing-room beyond, brilliant with the green and scarlet of the holly. Some one was there, standing under the mistletoe; it was Elia Fielding.

"Some-day I will tell you, Mater," said John III, and smiled a perfectly inscrutable smile.





# JOY

By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman

**A**LTHOUGH it was December in the mountains, these were a day so strangely mild that it suggested spring. A strong soft wind blew from the south, the sun's rays were distinctly warm, the snow around the trees melted imperceptibly until a curious effect was produced. It was as if a tree stood in a whirlpool of blue crystals. On the mountain road and on the cleared fields the tracks of wild animals and birds had individual characteristics and ran together; the brook, which was almost a torrent in the spring, ran with an insistent roar, being augmented by soft droppings from the shaggy boughs which arched over it. The brook crossed the road under the bridge, within a few feet of William Deane's house. The house stood close to the road, after the old fashion of the times when men built as near the haunts of their kind as possible, when humans huddled together for protection against the savage and inhuman forces of matter and wind. The house was very old, and of an indescribable color, or rather lack of color. It was gloom rather than any tint on the old walls. The house looked almost, so black it was, as if it had been scorched by fire, and, in fact, the three suns and storms and winds of over a hundred years had burnt it like fire. Still it was stanch. It had been built by an artisan who worked with the best of his strength. The roof did not sag, except for a slight depression around the central chimney. The roof was sealed with black shingles like some old sea monster, but it did not leak. William Deane cared for the old house as tenderly as if it had been some fine thing. Not a black shingle flapped on the roof in a northern gale but the man was prompt in fastening it; not a leak when the wintry snow began to melt was neglected. The house, ancient as it was, would outlast the man, whose house of life had no such strenuous care for its earthly preservation. The walls sagged a little, the floors undulated like waves, the doors swung awry, that could not be avoided. It leaped, as the years went on toward its final end, but it was no nearer falling than a stanch old tree whose roots held with a grasp of life in the soil, and even wear tracks of the stern mountain sides had a more precarious tenure of place than the old human dwelling.

And William Deane exercised the same zealous protection over all the simple, even primitive furnishings which had endured from his mother's girlhood, and were, in fact, her marriage treasures. There was a wealth of old tables and drawers and bedsteads in the clean dry rooms. William cleaned house, springs and outflows, as scrupulously as a woman. The old carpets sagged the

line on the small level under the frown of the mountain back of the house every May and September. Every inch of woodwork was scrubbed. Williams purchased paint, and kept all the old window-sills well whitened, the windows shone like sheets of crystals from faithful polishing, the stained beds were ever mounts of white linen, the house was a marvel of exquisite order and cleanliness, and all brought about by one man. He, however, lived only in two rooms of it, the kitchen and adjoining bedroom, except possibly in some summer days, when the heat was intense for a few hours even in that northern country. Then he would slip carelessly into the cool dark sitting-room or the parlor, open a window a little way, and sit beside it with his book, gazing now and then at the familiar outlines of the opposite mountain and the long grandeur of the undulations with which it rose from his native valley.

The house, although a cottage with the ceiling of the upper rooms slanting with the slant of the roof, was quite a large building, and had at one time after the marriage of William Deane's parents accommodated two families. The large kitchen and living-room had been divided and the great hearth cut in two. There were two square rooms, one on either side of the front door, and each family used one, and it was the same with the chambers. After the old people had gone, the son, William's father, used the whole house, but the kitchen partition remained. Indeed, each kitchen, although only half of the original, was a large room. It was the half with the southwest exposure which William tenanted, in his solitary estate. He had his nicely kept cooking-stove, his cushioned rocking-chair, his ancient table which served him for cooking and dining, and another old mahogany card-table, which he had removed from the parlor, for his books. That stood between the south windows, and the books were piled thereon in orderly fashion. William literally knew this small library by heart. For most of them he did not in one sense note, but they were to him like familiar companions of his solitude, to whom he owed a certain loyalty. He was conscious of being distinctly at variance with some of the views in these black-bound volumes of religious wisdom produced by the eminent theologians of the last century, and yet he got from them a certain keen enjoyment, they acting as stimulants upon his own mind, and forcing him to silent but none the less eager controversy. Many an evening did William Deane engage in a spirited discussion with some long-dead divines, and come off glowing with triumph in the rectitude of his own vision. There was about the man an innocent optimism which



loved him up above the dead monastery of his life like wings. He had lived alone for fifteen years, ever since Grace Edwards had gone west, after his mother's death. Grace Edwards was the daughter of a lawyer, the attorney-at-law, in the miles down country. She had come, when very young, not more than eighteen, to assist his mother in her household duties. She was practically homeless, her mother being dead and her father married to a woman who regarded her as a home. So the girl, who was, moreover, delicate and young and beautiful, had been glad to enter into the dignified domestic service of that part of the country. William's mother had grown speedily very fond of the girl, had petted and cuddled her, and came to think of her as her own, especially after Grace's father's death, leaving a will which gave everything to the stepdaughter and her heirs. William had been betrothed to her, after Grace had lived with himself and his mother three years, and was twenty years old. At that time the girl, although still delicate, was charming, sweet and gentle and fair, and yet with a quick flash of spirit in her blue eyes. William, who was grave and sedate as to demeanor, and of an awkward shambling length of limb and neck, adored her. He worked the farm as it had never been worked before for her sake. He made new ventures, he added by tiny details to his tiny income. He kept chickens and turkeys, and sold them, with vegetables, in a hotel about three miles distant. He in reality made an unusual income for a farmer in that part of the country. He purchased a parlor organ, and paid for Grace's music lessons in the village of Lowe, six miles away. He painted and furnished up the ancient vehicle in which he carried her back and forth for her lessons. Then he sailed patiently during the hour and a half drive her home. Nothing could exceed the pride and joy which filled him with a species of ecstasy as he sat by the girl's side, carefully driving his horse, which was, somewhat skittish, and realized the eyes of people upon him and Grace, and was sure that they were coupling them in their thoughts and reflecting that this fair darling of a girl was sometimes being brought with a sort of shy reverence at the soft, fair face beside him his own seemed to lose its characteristics and reflect hers as a mirror of love. At those times the man's face, above the long straggly neck was a marvel, but the girl saw always the long neck and the awkwardness of her lover. She had agreed to marry him, but she did not like to look at his neck. Sometimes her spiritual illumination toward this other faithful soul who loved her, but she also had a physical repulsion, which her soul was not strong enough to conquer. Her opinion about his straggly neck was in a collar, and there was something about the strangely humble and pathetic combination of long neck, prominent Adam's apple, no collar, and loving patient brown eyes which irritated her unreasonably. She could not always conceal it, although she tried. At last William's mother, who was a sharp woman, in spite of a premature festiveness, had teased her with it. "I'd like to know why you set so standoffish with William," said she. Then Grace, who was timid with a nature that seemed before a stronger one like a flower before a wind, had professed her innocence of any intentional coldness, still the older woman was not satisfied. She was constantly on the watch for some slight to her son, and at last westerner reached a climax. It was one August evening when William came home from the hay-field, where he had been gathering a small stack of rye, that he heard, as he drew near the house, the sound of contending voices—his mother's, long pitched almost as a man's, and the girl's, and sweet-strained treble. William was heated and dusty, his colorless neck looked longer than ever, every line and motion of his gaunt figure was awkward as he entered the sitting-room which was the scene of contention. "You are a good-for-nothing and a coward," said his mother, disdainfully as he entered. She was pale and gasping for breath; she had a weak heart, but her voice was firm. Grace's face was flushed red with anger, her blue eyes had a hard glitter, her soft mouth was tense. She was transformed. "Then I will go away where my indignation will not trouble you any more," she declared, shrilly. Then the tears came. She felt blindly for her handkerchief, and could not find it, then put up both little hands before her face. William went soberly into his mother's bedroom, which opened out of the sitting-room, got a handkerchief, and gave it to the girl. Then he spoke, looking from one to the other. "What is the matter?" he said.

"His mother spoke first, to the accompaniment of the girl's sobs. "She treats you like a dog, and you haven't got sense enough to see it, nor spirit enough to pay her back," said she, fiercely. "I have had to run so to find heart with Grace," William replied, with a certain dignity.

"Oh, stand up for her against your own mother if you want," his mother retorted. Then suddenly her face went paler, and she gazed frightfully, and William caught her and laid her on the

lounge, while Grace, still sobbing, ran for water. William's mother only lived a week after that; the strain had been too much. After she was dead and buried, William and the girl had a discussion one evening. He had ventured to ask her to consent to an immediate marriage, but she refused. "I don't want to get married yet," said she, and remained firm with the unchangeable firmness of a gentle nature when it is aroused.

"But, don't, how can you live on here unless we are," William said, finally, and at once the face of the girl's flushed scarlet.

"I'm going away," said she.

"Where?" asked William.

"I am going down in Littlefield."

"What will you do there? Go live with your stepmother?"

"I guess not. I am going to learn millinery. I am going into Mrs. Adkin's store. She said she would take me any time."

It was quite true that Grace had a pretty taste, and had trimmed her own hair with such success that the milliner's attention had been gained and the place offered.

William looked at her. "But there ain't any need of your working for a living," said he, pitifully. "I don't want you to work for a living, Grace."

"I want to be independent," said she.

"There is no need of your working for a living, even if you don't feel that you want to get married to me at all," William said, broodingly. "You can live in our side of the house, and see in the corner, Grace."

But the girl was firm in her determination, she packed her trunk, and William carried her in his light wagon to Littlefield, and left her at the milliner's. She was to board with her.

"Now any time you feel that you want to come back and live in the other side of the house you can," he said at parting. "You needn't worry about getting married if you don't want to. All I want is for you to be happy and not work too hard."

There were tears in the man's eyes; the girl thanked him, and went away without looking at him. The milliner noticed at supper that her eyes were red, and wondered if she had been crying.

As for William, he took up his lonely life with his compensations. He lived quite alone for fifteen years. He never heard from Grace, except indirectly. Shortly after her departure, the man's eyes; the girl thanked him, and went away without looking at him. The milliner noticed at supper that her eyes were red, and wondered if she had been crying.

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Grace

went. He was slay of other women than Grace from a species of unselfish loyalty, a never sense had he given up her return some day. The helpfulness of his nature was inherent; he had not needed to cultivate it. For his stomach had always been the precursor of sunshine, wadis of calm, spiritual exhilaration of peace. He said always to himself during the long years that each brought Grace nearer. That some day, water by many, she would come. The love in his heart made of it a home and a nest, and sooner or later birds fly home. There was a pair of robins which returned to their nest in an old apple-tree on the south side of the house under the kitchen window every spring, and the sight always filled him with new certainty as to his own coming joy. Now it was December, and the tree was bare and the old nest plainly discernible. The snow had all dropped from the branches in the hot days of that unusual December day, three days before Christmas. The branches looked black and stark, and every twig stood out silhouetted against the clear yellow of the sunset sky. In the sky at sunset was a low red of violet cloud, which William eyed wisely. "It will be colder tomorrow," he told himself. When he returned from the barn, having finished his nightly tasks there, a blast from the northwest struck him. The snow was over, and winter was again ahead. The man faced the latter wind with delight. The thaw of the day, the soft droppings and gargles, the warmth of the sun had weakened in him the upper part of his body. His nose gave out music in his ears to all the phases of nature. "It is cold again," he told himself, and he filled up his kitchen stove with wood, and got out the frying pan to cook some ham and eggs for his supper, with a postural rather than a physical sense of comfort and home in the midst of winter.

He sat at his neatly laid table, for he was as particular as a woman in such matters, and always had his rapin and white tablecloth and polished silver spoons, when suddenly he stopped eating and gave a great start. He had heard a noise on the other side of the partition which separated the kitchen. He sat motionless, listening, and as he listened his face became blanched. He smiled, then he laughed silently, the laugh of delight of a child. He had not a doubt as to what the noise was. Grace had come home.

There was a door leading from one kitchen to the other. He rose, and opened it, and there was the swift passing of a light and the rush of a figure from the other room. William stopped. Grace did not wish to see her, and his mind fell at once into its attitude of acquiescence before the onslaught of love. But the cold air from the other kitchen was deadly. He did not shut the door, but hurriedly got some coals from his own glowing stove, carried them through on a shovel, and soon had a fire blazing in the other stove. He also carried in a slice of ham and some eggs and a plate of bread and butter and his own tea. He did it swiftly, for he knew that Grace must be shivering in one of the cold rooms the while. Then he returned to his own kitchen and closed the door and sat down before the fire and was happy. Soon he heard movements on the other side of the kitchen. He sniffed the ham boiling. He finished his own supper with ineffable content. His nerves wondered how she had come. He was one to accept events as he did the most unaccountable question or investigation. She had come, and that was all he wished to know. All the concern he had was for her comfort. After a while he heard a door open through on the other side, and he seized the opportunity to carry in a gossamer store of wood for her stove. He also, with the thoughtfulness of a woman, took the sheets and quilts from the bed in the little room adjoining the kitchen, where she would presumably sleep for the night, and spread them on chairs to bore the stove, reasoning that Grace had always been sensitive to colds and inclined to be careless, and that it was dangerous to sleep in a long-nosed bed. Then he retreated, after placing more ham and eggs and bread on the table, beside coffee and cream, for her breakfast.

The next morning he heard again the soft sounds on the other side of the partition; he sniffed the coffee boiling. He killed a chicken that morning, dressed it, and roasted it with vegetables, and watched his chance to deposit the one on the table in the other room. The day passed and he had not seen Grace, but he was not impatient. He told himself that for some reason she did not wish yet to see him, that he must wait and do what he could for her comfort. Suddenly it occurred to him that it was only two days before Christmas, and a happy thought came to him. He would go to Lowe and buy some Christmas presents for Grace. That afternoon he put the horse in the old driver and started. He was gone about two hours. It was a long drive over bad roads, and he was not an experienced hand, but he had a good horse. When he returned and had put the horse up and entered the kitchen with his arms full of parcels there was a loaf of frosted cake on the

table. There was also a dish of cream toast set back on the stove to keep it warm, and the tea was steeping. The man laughed his silent laugh of extreme delight. He ate his supper, then examined his purchases. He had spent a good deal of money, more than he had ever spent in a day in his whole life, but he gloated over the presents without a thought of the cost. He had gotten more than the value of his money.

The weather was very bitter. He was careful to keep enough wood for the other kitchen stove in readiness, he was obliged to keep it warm, and the tea was steeping. The man laughed his silent laugh of extreme delight. He ate his supper, then examined his purchases. He had spent a good deal of money, more than he had ever spent in a day in his whole life, but he gloated over the presents without a thought of the cost. He had gotten more than the value of his money.

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He remembered how once he and his mother had made a Christmas tree for her, and her delight, and he resolved that she should have one now she had come home, and he set out to do it. He went out into the woods and looked about for a perfect little tree. He returned an hour later with a fine little tree, as symmetrical as a bouquet, and also with ground pine trailing over his shoulder. As he neared his old house a few swiftly disappeared from the front windows, and his own face lit up with a tender smile. That night, after he was sure that Grace had gone to bed, he set up the little fir-tree in the parlor on the other side of the house, hung the presents thereon, and laid some wood ready to kindle in the stove. Early the next morning he arose and lighted the fire in the parlor stove and made up his own kitchen fire and got the turkey in the oven. Then he returned to the parlor with more wood. The key atmosphere had softened. The little tree made a brave show. He had hung some of the ground pine over two old steel engravings. It looked beautiful, although the morning was dark. There was a driving snow-storm. As he stood surveying the fire in the door opened, and Grace entered, and he turned and they stood looking at each other. And the man saw that the woman had changed. That the face of the girl he had known was gone forever, and that had he met her on the street of a strange city he might have passed her by unknowing, but the love in him kept to meet the change, and he loved her as she stood there, timid, warm, and pale, as he had never loved her before.

"You have come," he said, and held out his hands to her, and she put her little trembling rosy ones in them. "Yes," said she. Then she lifted her changed little face to him, and spoke with a certain dignity. "I was not obliged to come," said she. "I have supported myself well. I have worked hard, but I have supported myself. I have money in the bank." "You were always smart," said the man, gently, gazing at her with fastidious eyes. Her own dejected before them. "I never forgot you," said she, faintly. "and—and I heard you weren't married." "Of course not," said the man. "You knew I was waiting for you, Grace. She made a little abrupt motion away from him as that. "If you want to we can live this way awhile, you in this side and me in the other," said the man, in a soothing voice, as if he were addressing a frightened child. "The man could not get here in such a storm as this," said she, and her averted face blushed. Then suddenly she turned, and her thin little arms were around his neck. "I'm willing to shewer you say so," she whispered. "I never ought to have gone."

"That is so," said William, "and you have had a hard time, dear; but, after all, if you had not gone there could not have been this coming back. You haven't looked at your Christmas tree, Grace."

But she continued to look at him with childish blue eyes. "Somehow you look different to me," she said. "I have grown older," said William.

"No, you are handsome now," said she, and it was indeed a stately head of a man that she saw, and the thin long neck with the prominent Adam's apple had filled out and was embosomed by a collar. Tears welled up in her blue eyes and her mouth quivered a little. She raised one little hand to her face, and said, "I have grown gray," said she, feebly. "I don't look as I used." But the man smiled down at her, and suddenly she saw herself as she was in his heart, and a look of wonder and inquiry came over her face, transfiguring it, for in a second, as it were, she mastered the conception of her own beauty. "I am sorry I went away," she said. "and I will try to make up for it."

William laughed. "Look at your tree, dear," he said. "I have had a present on it for you, too," said she. "That night the storm cleared away. It was arranged that the next morning they were to drive down to Lowe and be married. After all was still in Grace's side of the house, William sat at a window in his kitchen gazing out at the sky in which the stars

blazed with a wonderful majesty and serenity of making its thought of the sleeping woman on the other side who was to be his wife, with a tenderness which was akin to pain, and the a solitariness of joy was over him.



William



# LOST: A SANTA CLAUS



BY KATHRYN JARBOE

**D**ONALD was just seven years old when he lost the first saint in his calendar. Into his neighborhood there had come some boys with a few more years and vastly more worldly knowledge to their credit, and from them he learned many facts and theories of lay life. Most startling of all their statements, however, was this:

"There ain't no such person in all the world as Santa Claus."  
"But I know there is," Donald answered the challenge valiantly. "I know there is, because he brings me things that I write for."  
"Huh! It's only your father and your mother that give you the things, and they tell you it's Santa Claus."  
Donald retorted with his little arguments laced. But the boys added reason to reason, proof to proof, and at last Donald's faith in the old saint was dispelled forever. The loss meant little to him; in fact, it was, in his own small brain, a distinct gain. Did not this freshly acquired knowledge bring him nearer to these new heroes in his life, these boys who know everything?

The trouble all came later, when he looked with wide-open brown eyes straight into his mother's face and said, "There really and truly is no Santa Claus, is there, mamma?"  
Mrs. Vane, forgetting that babies do grow into boys, answered, carelessly, "Why, of course, dearie, you know there is."

"But, mamma," persisted the boy, "I know there isn't. A man couldn't come down the chimney that way, and carry all those things, and be at all the chimneys at once, and bring the toys I've seen in the shops and—"

"But, Don, boy," cried his mother, half laughing, wholly wroth because her baby was prying behind life's veil of mystery, "you know there is a Santa Claus as well as I do. Haven't you seen his pictures? Now, how could they make pictures of Santa Claus if he were not a such person? Tell me, that. He'll be here jerry soon, too, slipping down the chimney, oh, so quietly, with a bundle of toys on his back."

She did not look at the round, questioning eyes, out of which a tiny soul was asking for faith and truth and finding them not.

Donald turned away, and looked down from the window upon his playmates in the garden.

"What do you want Santa Claus to bring you this year, Don?" asked Mrs. Vane; and not noticing the boy's silence, she went on: "Will you write him a letter and tell him—"

"He wouldn't get it, would he? Honestly, would he get it?" The simple baby faith was making one last effort to restore order out of chaos.

But Mrs. Vane was a bit vexed by the child's pesterery.

"Of course he will, Donald," she answered. "Haven't he always gotten your letters? Why do you ask such silly questions? Would mother ask you to write the letters if he wouldn't get them? Run right out now and play, and don't be a silly baby."

After he had gone, she wondered vaguely if she ought not to have told him the truth. "He really is such a baby, though," she argued; "it would be a pity to destroy his faith in baby things."

Donald, down in the garden, was digging his toes into the gravel, his eyes absorbed in his work.

"There is no 'Santa Claus!'" He made the statement boldly, bravely. "I know it all the time. He really does come down the chimneys, too. My"—there was just a moment's hesitation, in which the small soul struggled to protect its shattered lid—"my nurse says there is, and she knows."

"Oh, your nurse!" jeered his companions. "She'd tell you anything, you're such a baby."

"I'm not a baby," growled Donald, savagely. "I'm not a baby any more; I'm a boy."  
And the childish lips, that trembled babyishly even while they made the stalwart assertion, spoke the truth. For doubt and unbelief have no place in a baby's world, and Donald's eyes were looking dimly into a universe of shadow and of broken faith. He knew well enough that there was no Santa Claus; that it was only his mother, only his mother, that gave him the toys, that trimmed the tree and filled his stocking. But it was not for the pretty old saint that he grieved. It was for the lost trust in his mother, the confidence destroyed. The world seemed to slip from under his baby feet when he realized that she, his own, own mother, had lied to him, had deceived him. What was true in all the world if what she said was not true? If she said that there was a Santa Claus, when there really wasn't—and there surely wasn't—what was there of all the other things she had told him about that was true? Wasn't anything true or real? Weren't the

fairies real? Perhaps she wasn't real. Perhaps she'd be gone now if he went to look for her. Perhaps if he could only find out, he would know that even papa wasn't real. And Donald's poor little distracted soul slipped, down and down into the blackest abysses of despair.

He crept from the garden to the nursery, avoiding the hall that led to his mother's room. He refused to eat his nursery supper, refused to go down to see his parents after their dinner, although this had always been one of his dearest privileges. Mandy, his nurse, seeing a illness, asked if he had pains here or pains there, if his head ached, if his throat was sore, but to all her questions he only shook his head. Even pains seemed unreal to him to-night. When he was ready for bed, in his long white gown, he stood for a moment stiff and still, and then plunged bravely under the covers.

"Now, Donald," cautioned the nurse, "you've got to get right up and say your prayers."

She did not hear his smothered "I won't; there's no one." For even so far as this had Donald's doubts carried him, if there was no Santa Claus, there might be no God either. His mother had told him that there was a Santa Claus, and she also had told him of God.

"I'll never say my prayers again." He raised a defiant face above the sheets.

"For shame, Donald!" cried the nurse. "You know how unhappy mamma'll be when I go down and tell her how naughty you are."

And then Donald, knowing that he must not make mamma unhappy, chivalrous still in a distorted way, knelt and prayed—prayed words that seemed to him to float away into space; that were heard by no near, dear, loving father who would guard him tenderly through the dark night, who was glad if he was good, even if he tried to be good, who was sorry if he was naughty. The loneliness of an empty nursery opened out before his childish mind, and Donald, under the covers, sobbed himself to sleep.

The next night he knelt in silence before his bed.

"You must say your prayers out loud, Donald," cautioned the nurse.

"I'd rather whisper," muttered Donald; but no prayers were crossing the set lips, no prayers were in his stubborn little mind—only rage and unbelief filled his soul as he knelt there, a little white liar in a world of liars, a golden-haired hypocrite in a world of hypocrites. He did not believe that there was any God to be prayed to, but he would not argue with the nurse, neither would he make mamma unhappy by disobeying her; and since it was all a lie, all just pretending, he would pretend to obey, pretend to pray.

The same spirit he wrote his letter to Santa Claus. His mother asked him to write it, and he told himself that if she wanted to pretend in that way, why, he would, too. But in truth, he did write two letters. In one he listed the toys and games and books he wanted. The other was very short:

"Mr. Santa Claus if you are real please let me see you I don't want any thing else."

He was ashamed of this last letter. He would not, for worlds, have let any one see it. But might not the boys be wrong? Was there not one little tiny chance that they were wrong and that everything else in the world was right? The list of toys was laid upon the coals of the library fireplace with time-honored interest and ceremony, but the other letter was burned in secret in the nursery, late at night, while Mandy slept. Even so Donald put the paper on the coal-dotted ashes he felt a thrill of his new-born scorn of all the world's usage through him. How can he get the letters, he questioned, when I see them burn up myself? In his own mind, though, an answer was born. Of course the thoughts could go up in the smoke and be carried to him that way! But that he was not anywhere. There was no Santa Claus anywhere.

The outside air was full of a Christmas chill, and indoors a Christmas cheer and gawdy flared every heart—every heart, that is, save Donald's own. He was valiantly pretending—pretending to care for things, pretending to believe in Santa Claus, pretending to believe what his mother told him. And all the time there was a horrible lump in his throat that would not be swallowed, and all the time he was afraid that he would cry—cry like a baby right before everybody.

He had never been down to buy his Christmas presents, and he had nipped his own taste in the gifts he had purchased. He was a long, long time finding anything that pleased him for his

mother, but at last he discovered a tiny silver image of Santa Claus.

"But what will your mother want of that?" questioned Mandy.

"I—I want it for her," answered Donald, and the expression on his face was one that Mandy had learned not to combat.

On Christmas morning the library doors were thrown wide apart with Christmas pomp and the Christmas tree was revealed. But Donald was blind to the glories of tinsel and glass, blind to the piles of toys. He saw only his mother in the beautiful violet gown he loved, and he wanted to run to her, to bury his face in her lap, and to beg her to tell him what was real and true in the world, if anything at all was real and true. But this he could not do.

"See what a lovely tree Santa Claus has brought you, dear!"

Mrs. Vane cried, and pointing to the chimney, she added: "He left a bit of his for right here in the corner. That's because you asked me if he really and truly did come down the chimney, you know. He wanted you to be quite sure."

For a moment Donald's world grew white and full of joy. Was it true, after all—was it really and honestly true? His mother's words were so bright and gay. He was not gay like that when he lived. Was this truth or was she just lying still? But only for an instant did this thought linger, then darkness again closed over him. It was none of it true, and he—oh, he must just go on perceiving.

When he distributed his own gifts the list the package for his mother could not be found. No one knew where it was. No one had seen it. Nowhere could it be found, though Donald, apparently, searched for it as diligently as any one. But that Christmas night he lay alone in his little bed, his gift for his mother clasped tight in his hand.

"I couldn't give it to her," he sobbed over and over again, speaking to the empty darkness.

He was wide awake, listening to the noises of the night. At last he heard, coming down the passage that led to the nursery, his mother's footsteps. He tried to pretend to be asleep! He lay there breathing quietly, even to. He heard the soft creak of her silk skirts on the floor, but she could not see his quivering eyelids in the darkened nursery. He knew that she was going to a dance, that she was dressed for it, that her soft white dress were on his pillow.

"Mama's boy, mother's blessed boy, mother's own blessed baby!" she whispered, leaning over him, resting her soft lips on his. There was a passionate tenderness in her tones, adoring, worshipful love, but the boy lay still. She left the room, and again he heard the swishing skirts, the light footsteps in the hall.

There was no doubting the love in her voice. She *did* love him.

Her love was real and true. Quite sure of this, Donald rested for a time, forgetting all his doubts and unbeliefs. Then he remembered that, one night, she had told him that God was love, a love so great that it would fill all the world, that it could guard him and keep even him, a little boy, from all hurt and harm. And he had asked her if she meant that God was just a name for that sort of love, the sort that he couldn't see and feel as he felt hers, and she had said that he was too small to understand, that while he was a little boy she could only tell him things in ways that he could understand.

From this memory his thoughts flew to his present love. But—perhaps—might it not be that Santa Claus was just the name for the sort of Christmas love that trimmed the tree for him and gave him the toys he wanted? And—it was his love for mamma and papa and Mandy that made him want to give presents to them. Perhaps that might be Santa Claus love. The world might all be love, with just different names given to it for different things at different times. And of course Santa Claus really and truly was Santa Claus, as mamma said, if Santa Claus only meant love at Christmas time.

And of course, then, that kind of a Santa Claus really might get the letters. Here Donald laughed aloud. Didn't papa and mamma read them? And—oh, well, of course mamma could joke about papa's coming down the chimney if she wanted to—mamma always was laughing and joking about things—and a joke is only a joke, not a lie. And so, on and on, out of love and his own faith in love, the child reconstructed his world with its God and saints.

Mandy looked into the nursery as her way to her own room, but the boy seemed to be asleep. The hall clock chimed one, then two, three in the street. Donald heard carriage wheels, out of bed he jumped, and hurrying through the halls reached the front door just as his father opened it. His mother's sash slipped from her as she knelt to take the little white porcelain figure in her arms.

"Who, Donald?" she exclaimed in surprise.

But Mandy, his arms around his mother's neck, laid the little silver saint against her cheek.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, his lips touching her ear. "It's your, for you!" "Santa Claus did truly bring it to you. For my own love was Santa Claus—wasn't it?"

And then the mother, love, drawing all at once the long memory, realized the faith that had been lost in the faith that was restored, unspoken.

"That's what love is at Christmas, dear. For Christmas love is Santa Claus himself."



"That's what love is at Christmas, dear"





### THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD

By E. S. Martin

The shepherds are dead: their flocks are gone; but there their field is still—  
The same rough stones, the same bare stretch, the same blue distant hill.  
The same stars watch from their tranquil dome in the same mysterious way  
As they watched on the night when the great star led to the place  
where the Christ-Child lay.



Drawn by Clarence T. Underwood

**WITHOUT BENEFIT OF MISTLETOE**



## Remembrance

By Thomas Hardy

SHE told how they used to form for the country dances—  
 "The Triumph," "The New Ragged Ship"—  
 To the light of the guttering wax in the paneled manors,  
 And in cots to the blink of a dip.

She spoke of the wild "posnetting" and "allemanding"  
 On carpet on oak and on green;  
 And the two long rows of ladies and gentlemen standing,  
 And the couples that tripped between.

She showed us the spot where the May-pole was yearly planted,  
 And where the handmen stood,  
 While breched and kerchiefed-partners whirled, and panted  
 To choose each other for good.

She told of that distant day when they learnt astounded  
 Of the death of the King of France;  
 Of the Terror; and then of Bonaparte's unbounded  
 Ambition and arrogance.

Of how his threats woke warlike preparations  
 Along the Southern strand,  
 And how each night brought terrors and trepidations  
 Lest more should see him land.

She said she had often heard the gibbet creaking  
 As it swayed in the lightning flash,  
 Had caught from the distant borough a small child's shrieking  
 At the cart-tail under the lash. . . .

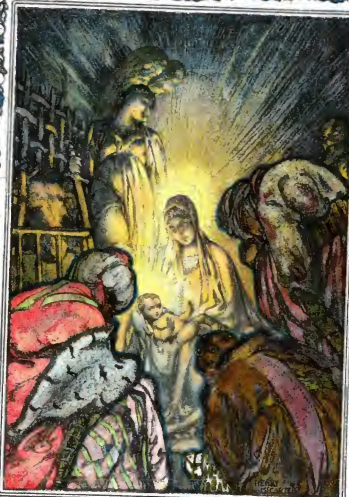
With cap-framed face, and long gaze into the embers—  
 We seated around her knees—  
 She would dwell on such dead themes, not as one who remembers  
 But rather as one who sees.

She seemed one left behind of a band gone distant  
 So far that no tongue could hail  
 Past things retold were to her as things existent,  
 Things present but as a tale.



While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.





Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day!  
 The royal Child is born;  
 And angel hosts in glad array  
 His advent keep this morn. Rejoice, rejoice!



Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;  
 Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;  
 Come and behold Him born the King of angels;





**"WASH YOUR HANDS, OR ELSE THE FIRE  
WILL NOT TEND TO YOUR DESIRE;**

ILLUSTRATION BY HARPER & BROTHERS



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

**THE YULE LOG.**

**UNWASHED HANDS, YE MAIDENS, KNOW,  
DEAD THE FIRE, THOUGH YE BLOW."**

WEEKLY, DECEMBER 12, 1903.



Oh come, let us adore Him,    ⦿  
 Oh come, let us adore Him,    ⦿  
 Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.



## BETHLEHEM

By E. S. Martin

Where Bethlehem was is Bethlehem still, spread out on a sacred  
site,  
But convents crowd where the lowly bed held the Hope of the World  
that night.  
Gone are the shepherds and all they saw. Roman and Jew are  
gone,  
But still shine down the same calm stars, and the patient world  
hopes on.



### THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

By E. S. Martin

Where is the Christ? No bone of Him in the tomb where they laid  
Him lies.  
Kings have adorned an empty grave that could not hold its  
prize.  
But where for man men strive and strain, where faith lifts the  
fainting will,  
Where love o'ercomes, and truth brings light, there Christ is living  
still.





Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood

**WITHOUT BENEFIT OF MISTLETOE**



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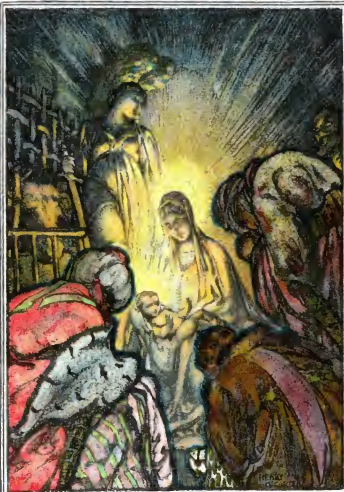
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H.M.



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"WASH YOUR HANDS, OR ELSE THE FIRE  
 WILL NOT TEND TO YOUR DESIRE;



Drawn by Alice Barker Sibley

# THE YULE LOG.




UNWASHED HANDS, YE MAIDENS, KNOW,  
DEAD THE FIRE, THOUGH YE BLOW."



N.Y., December 12, 1903.





Oh come, let us adore Him,    
 Oh come, let us adore Him,   
 Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell



MOTHERHOOD

Drawn by Benson Knipe



MOTHER AND CHILD

By Albert Besnard



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## SANTA CLAUS UP TO DATE

What Happened to WAGGERS, of the Pifflicio Country Club, on Being Appointed Committee of One for Christmas Festivities at the Club  
 Drawn By Albert Levering



Wagg. "That wonderful idea of mine is magnificent. The best one I've sprung on them yet."



Wagg. "How is where I've got all the Papa Santa Clauses chased back up the chimney?"



Wagg. "What's that? You're not! Don't say anything naughty. Remember it's Christmas, and peace on earth, etc., etc."



Wagg. "Going to have the fun on me? Ah, now you wouldn't treat old Santa Claus that badly, would you?"



Wagg. "In a hurry? All right. Here a little wooden horse on me—right of the Christmas tree, too."



Wagg. "Well, good-by. Sorry can't wait for you. Wish you a merry—"



The Iron Fairy "N-no, my smart head, I rather think the little wooden horse is on you."



"Merry Christmas!!!!"



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**SEND THIS COUPON.** Page 7

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SEBASTIAN,  
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Manager,

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The Meet

## A Day with Lord Rothschild's Stag-hounds

By Frank Sherman Peer

**I**T was New-year's eve in London. It was a day that even a Londoner, who seldom sees the sun, would call a "beautify day." The lamps in the streets had been burning with a soft light all the afternoon. A thick, yellow, greasy fog enveloped everything, bringing with it from the air above the smoke and soot from a million fires. It smarted your eyes and irritated your lungs and hampered your linen. It not only made everything damp and clammy to the touch, but it penetrated your bones and chilled the marrow.

We had spent our Christmas away from home, and now the New-year was at hand, but in such a melancholy garb as to bring us a fit of homesickness or something worse—the blues.

"Here's a letter for you, sir," said mine host, as we wondered who was dead or dying, or what "please remit" had tracked us to this infernal place. A letter, yes; and it was a letter! It read:

"Mr. Leopold de Rothschild wishes me to inform you that there is to be a meet of Lord Rothschild's hounds to-morrow at Vinegar Farm, Wincgrave, Leighton Buzzard, although it is a bye-day. Mr. Rothschild thinks you would enjoy it, as it will be over some of our most beautiful country, and this being a holiday for many, the attendance is sure to be good. Mr. Rothschild also wishes me to

say that if you can come, to answer by wire, so I can arrange for your mount, which I have in reserve pending your reply.

Yours truly,  
"TAVER,"  
Private Secretary to Leopold de Rothschild."

If I can come! If I can come! I would go anywhere to get out of this!

We were slow making friends with Morpheus that night, and when he finally took a hand he was so sly about it that our dreams came in a tangle. It seemed that while lying in a puddle of ice-water a great stag came to the puddle to quench his thirst, which was so great that it seemed as if he would drink all the water and thus expose our hiding place, for the dreamer had "nothing to wear," and had taken to this refuge in the hope that the riders would pass him unobserved. Then came the hounds, and they all commenced to drink, and were as thirsty as the stag, who still continued to guzzle down the water until the pond was nearly dry.

Then the riders came galloping up to water their horses. All the ladies I had met at the meet would soon be there. Just then there was a pull at the pond-lily leaves. The stag was eating them. No—it was a mistake. It was only a gentle pull on the bedclothes by the chambermaid, who came in to announce: "I have brought



"Enlarging the Stag"—Releasing the Game from a closed Van at the Start of the Hunt



Full Cry over the Fields near Leighton

your hot water, sir; the clock has gone five, sir. The 'boots' will bring your riding breeches and hunting boots in a moment."

"How is the weather?"

"The fog is still on, sir—going to the window to raise the shade—" but I think it's surely going to clear, sir."

It was evident that she had waited on hunting-men before. She knew her business, and received a shilling, when otherwise she would have had to do with a sixpence.

"Will you have your tea brought up or will you take it in the smoking-room? The cat has been ordered for you at five-thirty, sir."

What a relief it was only a dream, and that "It was surely going to clear—" for hadn't the chambermaid said it would! The bill was not much by a couple of sixpences. Well, no matter. The chambermaid, boots, and hall porter received a double fee, for it's "surely going to clear," and we must go on hunting to-day.

"Eatin' Station," shouted the hall porter to "Cobby," "and look sharp to catch the six train for Leighton."

The fog seemed thicker and thicker that day, but only thick if it should be clear at Leighton and we not there!

The Red Lion Inn, a hostelry designed for sportsmen, stood at attention, and Madam Hoste was as full of go for the occasion as a brass band. The breakfast was splendid, and although the fog had not lifted, there were indications that it was trying to.

Others had come from London with their horses—a dozen or more—which were brought along by the same train. These especially disguised cars for hunters—which are put on all the regular trains the day of any meet with any pack of hounds within twenty-five or thirty miles of London—are the best that can be contrived for the occasion. They are set on the switch at the station nearest the fixtures, and the groom in charge looks after them until they are wanted to ride to the meet—or perhaps they are sent on at once to the meet and the riders go later in a public conveyance. The train from the north brought in as many more riders and hunters, and soon after breakfast men and women in riding costume were all about the place. Hiders from a distance, say twelve to twenty miles, were riding up singly and in pairs, so as to give their mounts a taste before going on in the meet.

The landlady said she knew I was from America, for she heard me say "guess." She said she had a brother in America. Although I had never had the pleasure of meeting her brother, she took me especially in hand.

"Is this your first visit to the Red Lion?"

"Indeed it is, but I am sure it will not be the last. You have won my heart."

"No!"

"Yes! I have just had the best breakfast I have ever had in England."

Then we fell into a bit of gossiping concerning the interesting people in the house and those arriving or passing the door.

"That's the Earl of Essex and his son, Lord Maden," she volunteered as an elderly man and youth rode up together. Lady Surgran was next pointed out as one of the best lady riders in England. That's the Earl of Heberston, the Earl of Claremont, and Lady Edith, his daughter.

That stout man is the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M. P., son of Lord Rothschild. He rides at eighteen stone (120 pounds).

Colonel Woodhouse, Lilian Rich and son, and Commander Rich were next pointed out.

"The two young men who have just ridden up," said my host, "are the sons of the Earl of Rosebery, and the young ladies, the Hon. Neil Primrose and Sybil Primrose, are their sisters," etc., etc.

Many notable persons were pointed out to me by Mr. Traver, who, when we were mounted, piloted me to the meet, where he presented me to Mr. Leopold Rothschild, who in turn introduced me to his brother, Lord Rothschild, and several others.

The meet, as before stated, was at Vauxhall Farm, Wiegman, some three or four miles from Leighton Buzzard.

Each cross-road that we passed poured into the main road its contribution of riders, so that before the meet was reached the highway contained almost an unbroken procession. Occasionally a youth or a light-headed rider in a new hunting-out, or a horse-dealer who could not resist the opportunity to display himself or his horse, went galloping by on the side of the road, as though he had been thrown out of the run and was making all speed to recover the bounds. There was a timid city chap in a nervous three-cornered rick of a thoroughbred horse that the best architect or land-surveyor could neither design nor measure. A very uncomfortable partnership they made for each other, but they afforded a lot of amusement for the lookers-on. The horse, instead of going forward head first, went drifting down the road sideways, like a yacht that had slipped her moorings and was going down-river beam first, sometimes stern first.

New and again the horse would bore his head and throw the rider—a tall slim man—on to his neck, and then he would start ahead as if a flag had fallen before him, straight on in the way he was headed, down off the meadows, as if he were going to take the hedge. But just as he reached the hedge he dived into and changed from the port to the starboard tack, and continued until he finally staked up on the bridge on the opposite side of the road, drifting, drifting, bolting ahead, coming in stays, and so on from one side of the road to the other, greatly to the amusement of small boys and farm lads, who offered suggestions to the pair as they went past.

"Your horse is giving you lots o' ride for your money," retorted one farm-hand over the fence.

Said another farm-hand to his companion, loud enough for all to hear: "I say, Bill, there goes a 'orse what 'ad 'is 'ead put so where 'is tail oughter be. 'E's built to go 'o'her end!"

"No, his 'orse the rider is cross-eyed, and 'e can't no more go the way 'e's looking than 's own look the way 's going. 'E oughter wear blinkers."

"Bill, you are wrong again. His 's my opinion as 'is only got out is pricking 'im. 'E'll straighten out when it gets past the tickling spot."

Here we are now at the meet, a typical English cross-roads, where there is a big sign on a very small inn under a thick straw roof. It stands facing the village green, and is called "The Golden Fleece." Near it stands the blacksmith shop. A private house on the other side of the green does duty as a store, post, and telegraph office. A few other thatched cottages covered with English ivy and set flat on the ground behind neatly trimmed bridge enclosures, and in a yard filled with ornamental shrubs, flowers, and roses, help in a fine in the village green. In the center of the green is the public duck-pond, the green itself being a pasture for the town's playground for the neighboring children, a whitening-place for the village talent, and a lounging-place for any one so disposed.

Just back of all this, but hidden by a high hedge and planted shrubs and tree border, stands the rectory, which is better seen from a little way down the road, where the snug little rectory lodge makes a break in the hedge and where you may look down the beautiful circling drive and across a great meadow to the rectory, which, although more than half hidden by vines and shrubbery, looks ideal. On the opposite side of the road, back from the high way, in a meadow of great spreading oaks, stands the "Hall," the house of the village squire, a man who, if his temperance

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suits, lives an ideal life—a few hunters to ride, a four to drive, a family of children, a game preserve on his own land, a shooting-lodge in Scotland, and a yacht on the Solent, the owner of a thousand brood acres, where he or his tenants breed pure-bred stock which win honors at the fair in competition with Her Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and other of the English nobility who so universally go in for farming and the breeding of blooded stock.

The squire is an old man now, judging by his white hair and portly build; but he at the meet on a trusty Norfolk cob that looks as if he could carry a ton, and while he may not "cut it down" across the country with the younger bloods, he will see quite as much of the fun, for he knows every lane and gate in all the country round. It is his own land the hunt is to ride over. His sons are out on hunters of his own breeding. His granddaughter is by his side, sitting astride on a little Welsh cob that will carry her to perfection, and, as you can easily imagine, greatly to her grandfather's delight.

What a crowd there was! Something over a hundred mounted riders assembled at this meet, which is a hundred short of the usual attendance at the opening meet or when the fixture is at Ascot or at Tring Park.

Here come the hounds, headed by the huntsman, Moore, and the whippers-in, and followed by a score or more riders who have purposely lingered to keep them company. If the hounds looked a grand lot at the hounds, what shall we say of their now—this twenty-odd couple stag-hounds selected with care as to size and markings? As they come trotting on to the village green beside the superbly mounted huntsman and whippers in their pink leaping coats, white breeches, and green velvet caps, the crowd receives them with a cheer. At this moment Mr. Leopold de Rothschild drives up with other members of his family, while his brother, Lord Rothschild, who is also driving, comes from the opposite direction, having driven over from Tring Park, some twenty miles away.

By the time they have answered the salutations of their friends and a few strangers and out-of-town visitors have been introduced, their mounts are led up, their overcoats are dropped off, and in a moment more they are both in the saddle.

The meet ended, if not the most interesting, pageant is yet to arrive. We have not long to wait. The side of a coach horn down the road makes every one turn.

"The stag! the stag! Here comes the stag!" Again the crowd on the green part like the waters of the Jordan to receive Pharaoh's chariot, and likewise to close upon it when it entered the crowded green. The stag, drawn by four magnificent coach-horses with coachman and attendant in livery, is now the centre of attraction. The rickshaw van that carries the stag is beautifully built, painted, and varnished, consistent with his exalted position.

At a signal from Lord Rothschild, who, together with his brother, headed the procession, followed by the crated stag and riders, we all moved on to witness the "entertainment," as the liberality of the stag is called. This took place a mile or more from the meet. The hounds, however, remained at the village to allow twenty minutes or half an hour "law" to the stag before they were put upon his trail.

Finally, after entering a most beautiful field with great rolling meadows, a wide expanse of the richest and most beautiful agricultural district came in view. The crated stag came to a halt; the door was thrown open, and out stepped his lightness. Then, as the crowd of spectators gave a cheer, he crouched for a mighty spring that sent him high in the air. Thus, in a succession of bounds, he circled the field, returning to within a hair-dread feet or so of the van, jumping the hedge almost in the presence of the crowd, whose repeated cheering sent him away across the field and to the right, giving us all a splendid chance to view him away over the crest of a distant hill, where he disappeared.

After allowing twenty or thirty minutes "law," as above referred to, the huntsman and whippers then came smartly on with the hounds. Instantly they began to feel the scent, away went their tongues in a grand chorus, and another instant, when they crossed the line, away went the hounds themselves the steepest ascent at the starting-post.

It was a glorious sight—hounds, horses, men. How we did race away down the vale, across the great grass-fields, up the slope, over ditches, hedges, and timber into the wood where the stag was seen to disappear. And that first twenty minutes, what a ride that was! It was such a twenty minutes as comes only now and then to those who frequent the fox-hunting fields, and is one of the enjoyable features of riding to the crated stag. These beautiful fields, that wonderful turf, and the hedges, how they flew past as if they were coming at us like driftwood down a mighty stream!

No ships with wind and tide  
And all their canvas wings  
Scud half so fast.

We gained the hill, passed the wood, and away again we swept along the vale. The blood of my Irish mount was up in earnest now, and go he would. The stag had taken to water in a small pond in front of some gentleman's house. It was a bad move; for now the hounds were upon him, and raced him from crest to view had, through the very village of the meet, and finally to buy in the outer entry of a little chapel of an adjoining town. Facing the open door, he stood the hounds at bay. He was once around, and we all returned to our hotel at Leighton Station, where one of the best dinners the writer has ever had in England was served to earls and dukes, lords and ladies, and at which game the American took second place to none.



## A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING

Drawn by E. Ward Blaisdell

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**—Mrs. Winkler's Secretion **SHOULD** always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, soothes the gums, stays at pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. —[Advt.]

**CEREAL FOODS**

without cream are not appetizing, but good new cream is not always easy to get. **Borden's Patent** Gail's Evaporated Cream is superior in pure cream, with a delicious flavor and delicious texture. It is the most perfect food for infants. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors. —[Advt.]

**TELEPHONE SERVICE** at your home will save money and annoyance. Low rates. Best service. New York Telephone Company, 15 Bay Street, 111 West 30th Street. —[Advt.]

**That best appetite** easily restored by **ARMOUR'S** the Original American Bitters. Take now for the good. At grocers and druggists. —[Advt.]

**After a bad or long year's convalescence** procure it the best—**COOK'S IMPROVED EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE**. —[Advt.]

**Use BROWN'S** Compound Preparation for **DEBILITY**. **PRICE** for the **TEETH**. 25 cents a Jar. —[Advt.]

**Business and public speakers** will find **PISTON'S CYCLE** gun combination an effective cure for hoarseness. —[Advt.]

**ADVERTISEMENTS**

**TWICE AVON.**

Wife Fell in Love With Husband  
"All Over Again."

The wife of a well-known attorney-at-law of Newark, Neb., tells the tale worth reading: "My husband was a soldier in the Civil War, and was, as he called himself, 'an old coffee-croaker,' and had always drunk very strong coffee.

"About a year ago he complained of a feeling of faintness every time after climbing his office stairs, and was also troubled by terrible headaches that almost drove him wild.

"He gradually grew weaker and weaker, until his affliction culminated in nervous collapse, and for weeks he seemed to be fading away from us in spite of all our efforts.

"The physicians pronounced him strong and well, with no organic trouble whatever, and there seemed to be nothing the matter except the complete giving out of his nervous system.

"The doctors decided that coffee was at the bottom of all his trouble, and ordered Postum Cereal in its place. He improved daily since he quit coffee and began drinking Postum, and now says he feels better than he has felt for 20 years, headaches are gone, no more fainting spells, and is gaining in flesh every day, and he seems so much younger and heartier and happier than he has for years that I have fallen in love with him over again.

"Now for my brother's case: a few years ago he had a peculiar trouble. His tongue was swollen and sore at the roots and covered underneath with festers.

"He thought his affliction was of a cancerous nature, and his doctor was of the same opinion. He could scarcely eat anything, and became so poor and run down he was simply a nervous wreck. He consulted various physicians, but none were able to diagnose his case or help him in the least.

"At last a doctor to whom he applied said he believed my brother was coffee poisoned, and advised him to quit coffee and drink Postum. He gave him no medicine, but told him to give Postum fair trial and return to him in 6 weeks. My brother had used Postum only about ten days when the festers disappeared from his tongue, and at the end of two weeks the soreness and swelling were gone and he began to pick up in flesh and spirits.

"He has never touched coffee since, but drinks Postum all the time, and he has never had the slightest return of the trouble.

"To look at my experience, is it any wonder I can write a heartfelt testimonial for Postum? Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



**My Book Is Free**

My treatment too—if that fails.

But if it helps—if it succeeds, If health is yours again, I ask you to pay—\$5.50.

The book tells all. I send it to you free If you but write.

And further, I will send the name of a druggist near you who will let you take six bottles of my remedy,

**Dr. Shoop's Restorative**

On a month's trial. If it succeeds, the cost to you is \$5.50. If it fails, the druggist will bill the cost to me.

**Don't Wait Until You Are Worse.**

Taken in time, the suffering of this little one would have been prevented.—

"Two years ago my little girl was sick continuously for six months. We tried many doctors, but they failed, yet it took only two bottles of your remedy to cure her, and she has remained cured. You can tell others of this cure if you so desire." Mrs. C. H. Avery, Rockland, N. Y.

The wife of Omer Andrus, of Bayou Chicot, La., had been sick for 20 years. For 8 years could do practically no work. He writes:

"When she first started taking the Restorative she hardly weighed 60 pounds, now she weighs 125, and is easily able to do all her household work."

J. G. Billingsly, of Thomasville, Ga. He writes:

"I spent \$2000 for other medicines, and the \$200 I have spent with you have done me more good than all the rest."

Both money and suffering might have been saved.

And there are only three from over 65,000 similar cases. Such letters—many of them—come every day to me.

How serious illness the Restorative has prevented I have no means of knowing, for the slightly ill and the indisposed simply get a bottle or two of their druggist, are cured, and I never hear from them.

But of 600,000 sick ones—seriously sick, mind you—who asked for my guarantee, 39 out of 40 have paid.

If I can succeed in cases like these—fail but one time in 40 in diseases deep-seated and chronic, isn't it certain I can cure the slightly ill?

**All You Need Do.**

Simply write me—that is all. Tell me the book you need. The offer I make may sound extravagant. But it isn't. It would mean bankruptcy to me, though, were it not for my discovery. That discovery—the treatment of the inside nerves—taught me a way to cure. I do not doctor the mere organs. I doctor the nerves that operate them—that give them strength and power.

And failures are seldom—so seldom that I make this offer gladly, freely—so that those who might doubt may learn without risk.

Tell of it, please, to some sick friend. Or send me his name. That's but a trifling—minute's time—a postal. He is your friend. You can help him. My way may be his only way to get well.

If I, a stranger, will do this for him, you should at least write.

Drop me a postal to-day.

Simply state which Book 1 on Dyspepsia Book 2 on the Heart Book 3 on the Kidneys Book 4 for Women Book 5 for Men Book 6 on Rheumatism

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists'.

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The volume is a perfect mine of topographical information. It has something to say about innumerable landmarks, about the streets and their names, about restaurants and places of amusement noted in their day, about the thousand and one things which gave New York its physiognomy, about the thousand and one celebrities who were prominent in the making of the city.

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wrens and the luxury  
of the idle East if you're a  
smoker of

# Egyptian DEITIES.

No better Turkish cigarette can be  
made. Look for the signature of  
S. ANARGYROS

### The Talisman

A Poem  
By "Ouida"

In a past century a magician gave a talisman to a traveller, who was young, but poor.

"Do not delay too long to use it," the magician said. "For time ripens, sometimes, it is true, but more often it dries and rusts. Wish once on you, breathe upon it, and once your wish will be granted; once only."

The traveller put the precious gift in his breast, and went on his way, happy in his possession of it. But he said to himself: "I will wait a little while before I use it, not long, but just a little while. The sun may say it will grant me one wish; one only. How can I be sure what is best to desire? I will go to some quiet place where the roses grow and the nightingales sing, and there I will ponder well."

So he went on his way with the talisman in his breast, and the road, so it chanced, was full of people going to a fair, and he passed to talk with this one, and with that; and he laughed with summers, and he played with young fresh maidens fair to see. By the wayside there were signs of leaders' goods in which he had no faith; but seeing that the other people knelt before them, he knelt also, lest, if he did not worship with them, they should do him wrong. There were thickets of laurel growing by the path, and he saw many men struggling violently to break off branches of these trees, so he likewise strove to get one, but he hurt his hands, and was pushed about by others, and bruised, and vexed, and the laurel was not for him; and on the high way, as it approached a city, the thorns were rougher and ruder; there were great noise and strife, and dust, and odors were foul, and songs were louder, and the fair fresh maidens became wretches, who would not tarry for him because he was but a poor wayfarer.

Then he thought: "It is time for me to leave this crowd and turn aside into the woodlands where there are peace and stillness, and where I can think of what will be best to wish for with my talisman."

He slipped unperceived out of the throng and got away by himself into the outlying country where there were still green fields and blossoming orchards, deep forests and little calm waters; and he sat down beside a little running river, on which the great golden sword-rush grew, and by them the dog-rose began to flower and the nightingales began to sing.

Then he said to himself, "Now I will choose well, for there is only one to wish."

But his brain was dizzy from the heat of the crowds, and his eyes were hot and half blind, and his ears were filled with the half-echoes of the loud songs; so that he could not think clearly, nor could he care for the scent of the dog-roses or for the melody of the nightingales. And when he put his hand within his shirt to take out the talisman, he found it was there no longer. He had lost it on the highway.

Therefore he retraced his steps in sorrow, and searched for it everywhere that he had passed, but always in vain. The magic gift was gone. He had let it drop in the dust, or under the laurels, and the crowds had trodden it under foot, and it was broken. He had wanted his day, and lost his treasure.

### A Literary Light

ATTEN a lecture in the western part of the State of New York recently, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs was entertained by some members of his audience, who frankly confessed to a great admiration for Mr. Elbert Hubbard, of Roycroft fame.

"You do not consider Mr. Hubbard one of the lights of letters down your way, do you, Mr. Bangs?" asked a young woman of Philistine tendencies.

"Of course we do," replied Mr. Bangs. "We consider him one of the Northern lights of letters—a regular East Aurora hero."

## DR. LAVENDAR'S PEOPLE

Mrs. Margaret Deland's new book of stories concerning Dr. Lavendar and the other dwellers of Old Chester seems to have awakened the interest in these characters created by the publication of "Old Chester Tales." Speaking of the leading character, the Chicago *Interior* says that "Dr. Lavendar takes precedence over all country parsons with the possible (only possible) exceptions of the Vicar of Wakefield and Balzac's Village Priest. Let no one who loves the fine things of the soul pass this book by." **\$1.50**

## Booth Tarkington's CHERRY

Says the *Interior*, speaking of Booth Tarkington's dainty new comedy: "Anything more utterly delicious than the comedy of this narrative can scarcely be conceived. It is simply beyond price or praise. The humor of it all is so exquisite it moves one far beyond laughter, to the point of tears." The book is attractively made and is illustrated in color. **\$1.25**

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 THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,  
 CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"Back Up!"

In the central part of the city of Buffalo is Booth Alley, extending the distance of a long block. The alley is paved, but too narrow to allow two teams to pass each other. One day two teams met in the alley, halted when they had gone as far as possible, and for a moment the two drivers glared at each other.

"Back up!" said one of them in a voice of authority.

"Back up yourself," replied the other.

"If you don't back up I'll show you what I'll do," said the first speaker, putting his whip in the socket and making a move as if about to jump from the wagon.

The men addressed also and with a surly air climbed out of his wagon, and, taking his horse by the bit, backed him out the alley.

"Say," he called to the other men, "what were you going to do if I didn't back up?"

"I was going to back up myself. Get up!"

Born Married

A CERTAIN editor in a country town not far from New York is not so intimately acquainted with the French language as he might be. A rich and benevolent widow living in the editor's town married a second time. When she died the town felt her loss, and the editor took occasion to comment editorially on the event.

"We note with regret," he wrote, "the death of our esteemed fellow-townswoman, Mrs. Roger Nussbaum, nee Mrs. Jones. She will be missed by many in the community."

The Letter of the Law

Miss PEARL EDWARDS, the actress, is responsible for the following anecdote:

"A friend in New York recently imported from Maryland one of those rare household treasures—a genuine colored mummy. As the family opinions regarding the care to be exercised in admitting such things in the guise of gas-inspectors, repairers, etc. But there came a day when my friend decided to have a telephone installed, and before leaving the house she instructed mummy to have the instrument put up in a head in the front hall.

"When she returned she found, to her dismay, that the telephone employees were at work in the dining-room, and had already put the instrument partly in place, with the wretched mummy polishing silver at the table. When the mistake had been corrected, my friend drew the guardian of the household into the kitchen and reprimanded her for not giving proper instructions to the mechanics. Mummy folded her arms over her ample chest, and smiled complacently. "No, honey, she said, 'I don't forget nothin' you told me. I knowed der oughter put it in de hall, but I couldn't stan' der all mornin' watchin' 'em, so I let 'em work in de dinin' room, when I could watch 'em, to keep 'em busy till you come. I ain't forgot 'bout dem sneak thives."

Great Canals of the World

THE renewed attention being given to the proposed isthmian canal at this time leads to special interest to a summarizing of the great canals of the world, presented by the Department of Commerce and Labor. The ship canals of the world are nine in number: The Suez Canal, begun in 1859 and completed in 1869; the Cronstadt and St. Petersburg Canal, begun in 1877 and completed in 1880; the Corinth Canal, begun in 1884 and completed in 1893; The Manchester Ship Canal, completed in 1894; The Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, connecting the Baltic and North seas, completed in 1905; the Elbe and Trave Canal, connecting the North Sea and Baltic, opened in 1906; the Welland Canal, connecting Lake Erie with the Ontario, the two canals, United States and Canadian, respectively, connecting Lake Superior with Lake Huron.



Your choice of above pieces for \$50.00

At \$5 Monthly: Buy one of the above beautiful pieces, and if you can't pay for it, make a selection and it will be sent to you in 12 installments. If you prefer, you can pay for it in 6 equal monthly payments of \$8 each. If you prefer still more, you can pay for it in 3 equal quarterly payments of \$16.66 each. The diamonds shown here are of the finest quality and are guaranteed to be of the highest grade. The price of each piece is \$50.00. The diamonds are of the highest quality and are guaranteed to be of the highest grade. The price of each piece is \$50.00.

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By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," "A Dusted Coronet," etc. Illustrated from Private Drawings and Photographs. Crown Size, Gilt Edges, Deckled Edges. Gilt Top, \$2.25 net (postage extra). HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

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In a city like Atlanta, where capital and labor work together, it is not surprising to find business growing four times as fast as population, although population grows twice as fast as the average rate of increase in the country at large. There are other factors in Atlanta's growth worthy of the consideration of business-men. It is the natural distributing-point of the Southeastern States. Railroad lines radiate from it to the South Atlantic and Gulf ports and to the Northern and Western States. There are seventy-nine towns of 4,000 population and upward in Georgia, the Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi. The average distance of these towns from Atlanta is from eighty to one hundred and seventy miles less than the distance from the next nearest important centers. The rapid growth of business is shown by the number of ten, twelve, and fourteen story fireproof office buildings which have been erected in the last eight years. These buildings are full and others are going up. A new passenger depot is erecting a million dollars is under construction, and the Government has bought a block of land on which it proposes to erect a million-dollar post-office. Manufacturing industries are rapidly increasing and remarkably prosperous.

A Great Georgia man invents a machinery of supplying richness and distribution manufactured products to every State of the Union. Costly developments of the Chattanooga water power are in progress, will bring 11,000 horse of electric current into the city the middle of next year. The street car mileage is larger than any other city of 1st class population can boast, and a public utility master, Atlanta for a city and place of equal population. The post office receipts in second-class matter exceed those of Baltimore, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, New Orleans and Louisville. Manufacturers of business men who think of going South would do well to correspond with the

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Very Respectfully,  
*James Miller Duff*  
 Seattle Times.

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**Die Zeitung**

to close the eyes to  
 imagine hearing the Praga-  
 uoso Kubelik play-  
 the violin in person.

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 reproduction easily stood compari-  
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**Börsen-Courier**

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 played, sung and recited  
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**Die Post**

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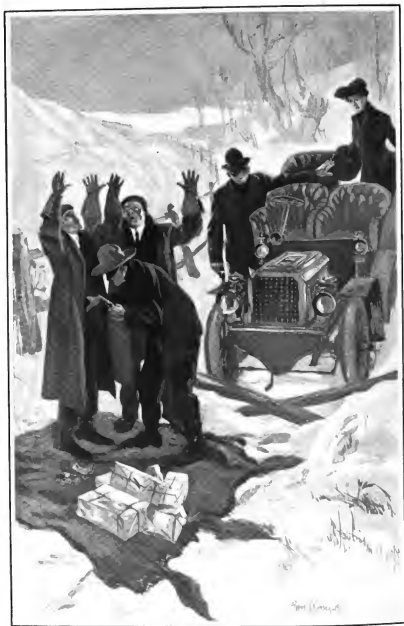


ter's Voice"



At a concert given in Beethoven Hall,  
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Drawn by Fletcher C. Brown

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By John H. Flynt

President of the College of the City of New York

The shores of the old Castilian days and of Andalusian ways is still over Cuba in spite of her American-made constitution. The sailors still sing their Cuban or Galleon songs about her shores to keep the spirit which "reciprocity" may some day break. The old monarchy has given title to the new democracy, but it has not surrendered the repository of the traditions and its present teachers, its pastimes and its methods of work, its views of life, its faith, and its hopes. In the frenzy of the revolution the Cuban patriots were not less zealous of all that suggested an upheaval really than our Revolutionary ancestors. In the principal square of Havana I saw, on the first day of the new republic, a small-sized improved Goddess of Liberty, done in some transient material, standing on a pedestal which once supported the marble effigy of a Spanish queen that has been dismantled in hatred. There can be no question as to the genuineness and the depth of the Cuban independence; but the love of old Spain survives the long struggle. A Cuban sailing vessel on which I travelled along the shores of the island here proudly the name of the discontinued crown, though his master was wishing for American rule and consensus. They will not take me kindly to the plain, uncolored garb of democracy and to alterations, some lifting out the Puritan and Quaker. With all their love of political freedom, they still have a fondness for the trappings and pageantry of their ancestral kings. This is instinctive; it is in the temperament and fibre of the people, and is historically, scientifically excusable, even if to our sober, less sentimental minds the results seem somewhat incongruous. It gives our present notions a shock to find the President of the republic lodged in a palace. I was told that he, with a taste cultivated in a New York village, wished to have his official residence called an "Executive mansion" or a "house"; but the people prefer the old royal designation, and so the imperious little schoolmaster President is living and performing his republican office in a "palace." But this love of survival has not altogether obliterated in us incidents which I witnessed on the day of President Pallas's inauguration. I doubt if other Americans saw it, and probably no Cuban or Spaniard remarked it as unusual. The American ships, with General Wood and his men on board, were barely out of the harbor when a special service was held in the old cathedral, where the bones of Columbus had reposed for a century, in an appropriate conclusion of what under other circumstances would be called coronation exercises. The Church was to give sanction to the wish of the people and to invoke blessing upon the new government. The Te Deum with which it had for ages made thanksgiving for the divine appointment of kings and emperors in the establishment of a republic and the election of a President. I had been watching the last of the vessels pass beyond the Castle, and when I reached the cathedral the Te Deum had been sung and the processions were approaching the altar. Bishops were already making its slow way from the altar, still indolent from inactivity, toward the altar. It was a sight to be remembered. In the procession were representatives of the different orders of the islands, or so I inferred from their diverse tenure, cassocks, and Church high above them. In the rear of the Archbishop in purple vestments conversing with the President clad in our American dress were representatives of the old official habit. But it was the leader of the procession whose office attracted my attention. A tall, pale, feverish young priest wearing, solemnly and with important air, a great silver sash, and on his breast a great venerable ecclesiastical symbol, not the purple emblem of kingship nor the red and green of nobles, but the purple insignia of a vicar, but the pink, unadorned, somewhat ragged, tall, black silk hat of the President of the republic. Democracy may have its crown, but the Church had found it in the conventional, servile, every day covering of a cleric.

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**A Spy in Cracow**

By Spencer Wilkinson

THE year 1887 began amid rumors of war on the European continent. General Bismarck was building hats for large bodies of troops at various points near the German frontier. The relations between Austria-Hungary and Russia were strained in consequence of the treatment by Russia of the young principality of Bulgaria and the Russian kidnapping of the heroic Prince Alexander. The German government was increasing the peace strength of its army by 50,000 men, and on the refusal of the Reichstag to pass the bill for a *spruzen*, dissolved that body in the middle of January.

I was at that time under contract with the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, in case of a continental war, to accompany one of the armies as special correspondent, and it was arranged that I should make a short tour abroad in order to prepare for the transmission of news in case of war, and to find out if possible the true state of affairs. I left Manchester in the second half of February, and travelled by Paris to Strasburg, getting on the way a glimpse of General Bismarck's famous hats. At Strasburg I made the acquaintance of the governor, General von Verdier du Vernois, the great military writer and teacher, who kindly arranged for me to visit under the happiest auspices the battle-field of Witzth. There I made my way by Cologne, where there was newspaper business to transact, to Berlin, and in a stay of some days at the German capital I renewed and extended my acquaintance with the Prussian army, and paid several visits to the great general staff. I had just translated and carried with me the proofs of some German exercises in strategy and tactics, and the head of the Cartographic Department very kindly promised to supply me, for the English edition, with original copies of a sheet of the Prussian staff map.

My next destination being Vienna, I had reasons for preferring the route through Silesia to the shorter route through Prague. There were in Silesia places of much interest to the student of military history, and moreover, there was a political rate present importance which, by making a short excursion into Galicia, I hoped to be able to settle. I had heard in London the statement, made by a well-known war correspondent, that the Austrians were heavily fortifying the ancient city of Cracow, a place of great strategical importance. If this report were false I might be mistaken in my view that the relations between Austria-Hungary and Russia were extremely strained; if it were founded on fact my view would be confirmed. To visit a great frontier fortress in time of preparations for war is, of course, to run certain risks. I had no intention of getting into trouble, and therefore took the precaution, while in Berlin, of studying the Austrian civil and military codes in order to ascertain what constituted espionage. I found that in Austria-Hungary the characteristic mark of a spy is the secrecy of his acts and movements.

After a tiring journey I reached Cracow at nine in the morning on Monday, March 1, intending to go on to Vienna by the night express which leaves Cracow about 10 P.M. So I left my portmanteau in charge of a porter at the station and moved into the town, armed with nothing but a field glass and a Harleker. My plan was to look at the principal sights mentioned in Harleker, for I was sure that in that way I should eventually gather all the military information I wanted. I went to the best hotel and had breakfast, ordered a carriage, and while it was getting ready went to a bookshop and bought the government map of Cracow and its environs. The driver was a Pole who understood no German, so I put on the hat beside him the commissionaire of the hotel, who spoke German, and having picked out the first sight in Harleker, gave the word, "To the Museum of Kosciusko." We drove through the town, which was full of soldiers, a party of whom were making a military bridge near the Vistula, out to the westward, and up a pretty rising hill.

A mile and a half from the town we were



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at the top of the hill, about 300 feet above the river, and, to my surprise, at the entrance to a great detached fort. Here was the notice that "Visitors are admitted to the Monument of Kosciuszko." The commissaire led me into the fort, and we ascended a high conical mound, from the top of which there was a bird's-eye view of the city and the surrounding country. Cracow is an exceedingly picturesque town, full of quaint churches and old buildings, so that the view would have delighted an artist, especially as the sun lit up the broad head of the Vistula, and there was a slight haze on the rolling hills which to north and south bounded the prospect. To me the view revealed in a moment all that I wanted to know.

The fort which enclosed the mound was one of an inner ring of detached forts, and beyond was a series of larger works placed at distances of five or six miles from the town itself. Most of these works could be seen from our mound, and, still more interesting, we could see thousands of people at work on a line of fortifications which the forts nearest to the town were being joined together so as to form a continuous defense. On the great north road a large new fort was under construction. Everything pointed to a great effort to have the place ready to meet an attack within as short a time as possible. My companion was voluble about these works and the preparations, but I tried to suppress him, and merely asked, pointing to the great north road, "Where does that road go to?"

"To Russia," he answered.

"How far is it?"

"Severa miles from Cracow."

"Then tell the driver to go back through the town and drive along that road till he comes to the frontier," I was determined to have a look at Russia, if only a peep across the frontier line.

Our route took us through a number of works of stone or construction, and the first impression that Austria was coming in haste and in all seriousness was fully confirmed. About six miles from the town we passed a customs post, where the officer came out, stopped us, and asked me where I was going. I said, "To the frontier and back," and he asked me not to buy tobacco from the Russians and not to allow my men to do so, as there was a great deal of smuggling.

I proposed, and we went on. Half a mile farther we came to the frontier, in the shape of a tall bar with a Russian sentry behind it, and beyond, a Russian inn with a crowd of peasants. I could not understand or make myself intelligible to the sentry, and after a few minutes I drove back to the town. Then I dismissed the carriage and went to see the sights; the cathedral with the tomb of the kings; the great bell in the tower; the university; the famous Cloth Hall; the Jewish quarter; and the stone bridge over the Vistula. I bought some photographs and a second copy of the map, and went to the theatre, where I saw the first two acts of a Polish play.

As yet I had not been to the hotel and asked for my bill, which was brought by the landlord, a Frenchman. Finding me alone, he shut the door, and then offered to do me a service if I would promise not to betray him. He seemed much agitated, and I promised to keep his secret.

"The police have been here to look for you," he said.

"I told him not to distress himself; if the police would not hurt me. What did they take me for?"

"They believe you are a Prussian spy."

"Don't you mean a Russian?" I said.

No, he was quite sure it was Prussia. He evidently thought me in real danger, so I did my best to reassure him, promised not to give him away, and, while waiting for a cab, wrote on a visiting card, "Captain, 20th Lancers Rifle Volunteers," and Manchester Guardian.

I drove to the station, and as the booking-office was not yet open, sat down in the large refreshment room, which was full of people, ordered some rum, and lit a cigar. When I had been sitting about five minutes, two young men of a better type than most in the room, dressed in fur coats, came together. They glanced round the room and came up to me, and



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I said I should be charmed, so he led the way, and at the front door of the station was a brougham, into which he showed me, and we drove off into the darkness. In a few minutes we were, I suppose, in the ritual; a door was opened, and the Commissary led the way through a few corridors to a small room, screened by a stove, with a second room beyond it, and with a writing-desk by the window. Here appeared directly the Commissary's companions from the station, and a new man, the secretary or clerk. It must have been half past five, and the Commissary went out for his supper. I was asked to be allowed, at the same time, to send for beer and cigars, and this was granted. The clerk sat down at the desk; the Commissary began to ask me questions and to dictate to the clerk, who wrote in longhand, what he was to put down in the "protocol." It would be necessary for me to give a detail of every account of my movements and doings from the time I left home until the moment of my arrest. I explained that that would be a long business; that it was getting late, which, though I, as a journalist, was accustomed to it, would be very tiresome for them. Wouldn't they prefer to go to bed and take the protocol in the morning, seeing that there was to be a whole fortnight before I should come before the court?

The Commissary explained that the law required the protocol to be taken at once, and completed at one sitting without interruption. I expressed my regret that he and the rest of them should thus be committed to an all-night sitting. When he was dictating what purported to be my answer to his second question, he altered what I had said in such a way that the answer as he dictated it would have been an admission that was a spy. This was serious. If that were written down I might a few days later be taken out and shot without any one who knew me being the wiser. In such moments the mind works quickly. After all, the Commissary and I were not alone; there were three others present besides the clerk, and I was sure that I had secured their faith in my innocence, or at least their sympathy. I interrupted the Commissary.

"Excuse me," I said, "one moment's interruption. I see you have been trained as a lawyer. I, too, am a lawyer by training, being an English barrister, and have the honor of being your colleague." He was pleased, and bowed.

"I am sure," I said, "that you would not willingly do me any wrong, or put me in a worse position than that in which for the moment I happen to be."

He protested that he was anxious to be fair. I assured him that I believed so, but was afraid that he might unintentionally do me harm.

"My words in answer to your question were these," and I repeated my own answer, "if the clerk writes down the other words," and I repeated the words he had dictated, "the court might form a very different idea of me from that conveyed by my own words." I pointed out the exact difference between the two sentences, and, as it was then quite obvious to all present, the Commissary said, "Yes, you are quite right. I am much obliged to you," and told the clerk to write down my words. That was the crisis; upon that I knew I was safe, so I suggested that as I understood that what was required was a full account of my doings since I left home, the simplest plan would be for me to dictate it straightaway to the clerk.

"You might kindly interrupt me," I added, "if I give needless detail, and I should be grateful if you would correct my German whenever that may be necessary."

The Commissary agreed. As I began to dictate, the humor of the situation began to predominate in my mind. I was accustomed to write or dictate from midnight to the small hours; I had had a hair dresser, had a bundle of cigars and a set of beer. The other men were evidently not night-birds; they were beginning to yawn already, and dictating to the listeners a sleepy business. Why should I hurry to let them go to bed? So I kept the story going with plenty of detail. Midnight came, and I was only at Strasburg; one of

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the men dropped off to sleep. One o'clock, and I was not yet at Berlin. I appeared to the Commissary to let the rest wait till morning; I was afraid he would have a headache from these late hours. But no. Duty and the law bound him. We must go on. By two o'clock, when I reached Cracow, the Commissary had a real headache; I again expressed my sympathy. But there was still my day in Cracow to describe. It was nearly three when I finished the story with my arrest. As the clerk wrote the last words the Commissary exclaimed, "Thank God, we've finished at last!"

"Not so fast," I said. "Now my turn begins."

"Your turn! What do you mean?"

"Let him now write! I ask to be set at liberty at once, as I have offended against no law and no regulation of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy; and in case the authorities wish to continue their investigations, I demand that I may be treated as becomes my rank." ("Standesgemäß behandelt zu werden.") The Commissary consented to this being added to the protocol, which we both signed. The Commissary then said I might go to bed, and as the inner room had been fitted out as a bedroom during the early part of the detention, I said "Good-night" to every one, expressing my regret for the late hour to which they had been kept up. They were by this time all very friendly, and said "Sleep well!" The door was locked and a sentry posted outside. I went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. About eight I was awakened by one of the subalternates of the previous evening, who offered to bring me coffee and rolls if I would provide the money. I gave him sixpence, and by the time I was dressed he brought me the coffee and fresh rolls, and fourpence halfpenny change. It was evident that one might live well and cheaply in prison. About nine my Commissary appeared, looking much the worse for wear, but most amiable. I consoled with him on his fatigue, which he frankly admitted; he hoped I had been comfortable, and said:

"The authorities accede to your request to be treated as becomes your rank, and you are at liberty to go where you like until two o'clock, if you will give your word to come back here at that time."

I replied, "I think not. You publicly arrested me last night, so doubt as an spy, though you won't tell me on what ground. All the Cracow papers this morning will announce that you have sought a spy. Now you want to turn me out on the mob. That doesn't suit me. You will have to take care of me yourselves till you have quite done with me."

"Well," said he, "will you do me the honor to breakfast with me at my house? I have been given a holiday to-day in consideration of my night work."

Of course I accepted the invitation, and we walked off the best of friends. The Commissary improved on acquaintance. He was a man of some education, had plenty to say about life in Galicia, and was anxious to learn a little about England. After breakfast he suggested that we should stroll through the town, and he would show me some places of interest. "Isn't you think I did Cracow pretty well yesterday? You have had it all down in the protocol."

"For a stranger you did pretty well. But don't you think that the police authorities can show you a little more?"

He did show me a good deal that is not in Biedeker, and in particular what the municipality was doing by way of bringing

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country producers into easy contact with town customers. About one o'clock he was in the arcade of the Cloth Hall, and he took me to a restaurant for lunch.

"Well," I said, as we sat down, "I suppose you are satisfied now that you've caught the wrong man?"  
"The fact is," he said, "we have never had an Englishman before. I have met all the Englishmen's culottes, but I had no idea what it was like till now. I have never seen any one arrested before as you did." "What is the normal behavior in the circumstances?"

"The usual thing is to be severely reprimanded and subsequently; to make violent protestations of innocence, especially if the man is innocent, and very often to make a struggle to escape arrest. We supposed you would fight, and I had a company of soldiers ready in the station where you couldn't see them."

At two o'clock we went back to the city. My companion asked me to wait a few minutes while he interviewed the Governor. He returned almost immediately and said, "Now you are at liberty, and I congratulate you."

"Thank you," I said, "now I must go home."

"Impossible."  
"I shall go till I have seen him, as you had better go and ask him." He disappeared again, and in two minutes showed me up the great staircase into a large, warm, carpeted room, where it was received by a beaming-looking old gentleman like a German professor.

"I am so sorry," said the old gentleman, "that you have had all this inconvenience," as he took my hand between both his own.  
"I asked to see you," I said, "first because I wished to tell you that your Commissioner of Police and his assistants all treated me with courtesy, and that I have no complaint to make."

"A report that is as pleasant as it is rare."

"Next, I thought you might be willing to explain the mystery that fell on me when I was arrested."

The Governor smiled as he answered, "You are a Russian spy. After what you have seen it would be idle to conceal from you as secret to that condition as possible. He naturally don't want the Russian to know too much of what we are doing, so we kept a sharp look-out for their agents, and I think we have taken a fair number. Yesterday morning it was reported from the station that a foreigner, looking like an officer and speaking German fluently, had arrived in a first-class carriage—a very unusual event in these parts. He might be a Russian officer from the Baltic provinces. We ordered that he should be watched, and we examined every one whom he spoke to during the day. He went first up the Mount of Konevka, from which he saw all our works and all that we are doing. Then he drove to the frontier and made a reconnaissance, of which you now know the result, to the Russian post. He came back, brought photographs and maps, inspected our bridge, and went up the east-draw tower, to do this in the hope of a second all-round view. Don't you think there was a good ground for our case against him?"

"No doubt, and that is why I think I have nothing to complain of. In that question, he will you allow me to ask your Commissioner, who has been so hospitable to me this morning, to dine with me this evening before I leave by the night mail?"  
"I am afraid that cannot be permitted in the interests of the service."

"As a journalist it will be my duty to read to my newspaper some account of this experience. My sympathies are with America, and I should be sorry to do anything that would embarrass you. Is there anything that you would wish not to be published?"  
"You will hardly wish to disclose for the benefit of the Russians what you have learned of what we are doing; and you would prefer, if you describe your arrest, that you did not reveal that it was a Russian whom we hoped to catch."

With these reasonable suggestions I promised to comply, and therefore need you I have never written the true story of my visit to Moscow.

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A Christmas Carol

By Theodosia Garrison

"Mr house is light for guest and kin  
And fell my board is spread."  
("Mise host, there standeth twen without  
Who lay for rest and bread.")  
"Now bid them go upon their ways—  
My guests are housed and fed."  
"The flame is warm upon the hearth,  
My friends make carnival."  
("Mise host, twen stand in wind and rain,  
And spent, for shelter call.")  
"Now bid them find a lesser place—  
My guests are gathered all."

This was one in Bethlehem's inn,  
Who spake him in this wise,  
Nor knew who waited at his gate  
Was King of Paradise,  
Albeit in an men's stall  
He opened first his eyes.

Amen! Amen! And so to-night,  
What time my guests carouse,  
And loud the cry of "Noel" rings  
Beneath green holly boughs,  
Who so may stand before my door  
Is welcome in my house.

Because of one in Bethlehem,  
Who reeked not of his sin,  
Each beggar at my door to-night  
Is kith of mine and kin,  
Seeing, perchance, with every one  
The Lord Christ enters in.

Press Notices

By W. Pau Ridge

"We beg to enclose a newspaper cutting which refers to you, and we shall be glad to enroll your name as a client and to forward 100 press notices on payment of one guinea. We are, dear Sir, Yours respectfully,"

The notice, posted on a green slip, concerned a public dinner, and mentioned that "Amongst those present were Messrs. So-and-So, So-and-So, Mr. Armitage Lamb, and others." A small thing, perhaps, but the gratification it gave was so great that Mr. Lamb's accustomed breakfast appetite vanished; his aunt observed that he took only two helpings of marmalade, and coasting this into a studied insult directed at her domestic management, began to talk dourly of finding at Heron Bay the appreciation that Brockley seemed unwilling to afford.

That afternoon, Mr. Lamb's nap was occupied with brief fantastic dreams of post-men arriving with pockets of notices so bulky that the front of the house had to be taken out to make it possible for them to be delivered. His awakening awoke still warm with those anticipations, he wrote a check that evening and despatched it with a letter to the press-cutting agency. A few days later he wrote again; this time in terms of remembrance.

Mr. Armitage Lamb received a civil reply, pointing out that the agency did its best to satisfy its clients, but that, so far as it could ascertain, no reference to Mr. Armitage Lamb had appeared in the public journals since the one which it had had the honor of sending. In these circumstances, the agency hoped Mr. Lamb would see that it was blameless in the matter. This, on reflection, did indeed seem a fairly reasonable answer.

"Only thing for me to do," said Mr. Lamb to his aunt—"only thing for me to do is to get my name in the papers."

"I've known people," remarked his aunt, precisely, "who have had their names in the papers and wished they hadn't. Everybody reads the paper's intelligence."

"You don't understand it."

"That's right," cried the old lady, heat-



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edly: "throw me want of education in me face. Go on! Never mind me! I'm only a silly old woman, who's devoting the best years of her life to seeing that you wait for nothing in the way of eggs that are eggs, and making sure that your things come back all right from the wash, and—" "Yes!" Mr. Armitage Lamb scolded the old lady, and went out to consider his plan. The Hilly Fields had no other patron, the morning being cold, and he was able to exercise his mind without interruption.

That afternoon he wrote busily, posting the result of his work with secrecy. A few mornings later, to his intense satisfaction, came a packet from the agency enclosing cuttings headed variously, "Barrery at Brockley!" "A Gallant Ex-Civil Servant!" "The Lady and the Lamb!" Two paragraphs, differently worded, referred to an identical incident, and related how last evening a quiet road in the well-known suburb of Brockley was suddenly disturbed by shrieks of "Fire!" Flames were seen proceeding from an upper window of one of the houses, and a gentleman, who was passing by loosened, with the utmost alacrity, a house-painter's ladder from an adjoining villa, carried it to the scene, and, ascending swiftly, brought down a fainting, terrified young lady of agreeable appearance. The fiery element was shortly afterwards quelled. On making inquiries we find (said the paragraphs) that the courageous individual was Mr. Armitage Lamb, late of the Quill department, Whitehall.

"Fanny thing you never told me," said the aunt. "Where did this affair happen?" asked his friends. "It wasn't in our road. And who was the fair damsel?"

To his aunt Mr. Lamb gave reply that he had refrained from informing her because he feared the news might bring on an attack of her scissions; to his friends he said most civilly that he would prefer not to speak of a matter where a lady was concerned, declaring himself, further, greatly annoyed that the newspapers should have gained possession of the facts. "I'm sure," said Mr. Lamb, impatiently, there seemed, with the halfpenny press and the evening journals, to be no longer anything like privacy in English life. All he could do to protect the matter carefully and bought for their letter preservation a large blank-leaved book entitled *Newspaper Cuttings*. For a time Mr. Lamb was content.

"You don't seem to have been giving your name in the papers lately," remarked his aunt one morning when the post had given no news. "Rose dropped you, didn't they?"

"My dear aunt," said Mr. Lamb, testily. "I'm not a man to force myself into the public eye."

"Is that so?" remarked the old lady, doubtfully.

"If the public journals like to take notice of me," he said, with stressfulness, "they can. If not, they can ignore me. I don't mind being ignored. I prefer it. If I ever saw my name in print again I should not experience a single pang of regret."

"Fanny that, now!" said his aunt.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lamb passed about the house, walked over to the Hilly Fields, by awash of an afternoon, always trying to think of some means for the better protection of press notices. He joined in current discussions in the daily papers; but only once he found inserted his communications, and this (to his bitter disappointment) at the notice of a metropolitan society gave him a chance. He had no political opinions worth mentioning, therefore he announced himself as an Independent, and posters were soon on the walls, saying: "Don't be Deaf to the Voice without!" "For Armitage Lamb!" Most of the papers ridiculed him, and his little meetings could not be truthfully described as successful, but the brilliant of morning and evening hours of press notices attended for everything. He shared with another two candidates (to their satisfaction) the expense of the returning-officer, and on the night of the election, entered the web of the meeting of the Hilly Fields, where he had by securing forty-eight votes, whilst those of the other two men ran into four large figures.

Now the fever for public notice possessed Mr. Lamb and held him tightly. Now to see



his name in print had become a necessity to him as great as food, drink, or sleep. But at intervals of a few blank days, and in all Brooklyn you could not have found a more depressed, a more sombre person than he, and when the post brought only tailors' samples, melancholy triumphed, and he found himself weeping silently. His doctor from Wickham Road, called in by the aunt, could say only that Mr. Lamb was allowing himself to get run down, a sympathetic phrase that has helped medical men, before and since, to avoid disastrous confusion of ignorance.

"You must try," added the doctor—"you must try to get more enjoyment out of life. Do you play golf?"

"No," said Armistead Lamb, sighing: "I don't think I ever saw in my life."

"Take up a hobby of some kind," urged the doctor. "Distract your mind from painful subjects." Mr. Lamb nodded helplessly, when you don't mind my asking, I hope, but—

is there a love-affair? Not trying!  
Later Mr. Lamb reconsidered this hint. To a young woman in Lewisham who taught elocution in ten easy lessons until perfect he consented to pay court with the charmlessness of the amateur, and pupils being rare and the recitation market just then rather slack, the Lewisham lady beamed upon him, and, with a coyness that gave Brooklyn a tremor, the engagement was arranged, the trousseau purchased, the day of the wedding fixed.

This being done, a column in an evening paper, headed "Amazing Breach of Promise Case," gave Mr. Armistead Lamb an idea (reviving the old craving for public notice) for which you who read these words will never forgive him. I wish to dwell lightly on this deplorable incident in Mr. Lamb's career, and I ask you to allow me to say only this—that, in the article brought by the Lewisham lady, the diverting character of the love-letters, the humorous scanning up, all combined to make very excellent reading, and many a soulless suburban carriage, many a driver's suburban home, found, by reason of the case, happiness and laughter.

The expenses thereon entailed by the credit on Mr. Lamb were more than compensated for by the voluminous reports which came to him afterwards from the press-cutting agency.

The end of this career approaches. Of the many diabolical schemes, of the many ingenious but unworthy dodges that he invented and carried out, one would rather not write in detail; but there came a day when the elderly aunt, standing by the mantelpiece, denounced her nephew as a mad lunatic (using the adjective as though under the impression that there were other kinds).

"You never saw any of the rest of the family act like this," cried the old lady.

"Not one of the rest of the family ever had a chance of acting like this," retorted Mr. Lamb, crying her angrily.

A boy out in the roadway was selling an afternoon edition in the raucous voice that makes suburbs livable. "Interesting murder at Kew-Forest," he was shouting. "Full Description of the Prisoner Papers!"

A sudden idea came into poor Mr. Lamb's confined head. "There's a pretty bird!" he said to his aunt, pointing to the window. The old lady turned to look. In that moment Mr. Lamb, with a clumsy wayward apology, . . . The doctor from Holloway and the chaplain of Newgate came every day to the condemned cell, and each found that his charge exhibited the happiness of interest when reference was made casually to the attention given to the case by the public journals. Only on the Sunday preceding the last day did Mr. Lamb show signs of melancholy.

"Sincerely trust," said the doctor from Holloway, on whom rested the responsibility for bringing his men up to the scratch well and hearty—"I sincerely trust you are not allowing anything to disturb you. Touch of mere throat, perhaps?"

"It's nothing," he replied, sadly. "Just occurs to me that—ah!—that I never receive the press notices of next Monday's affair."

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**The Customs of Venice**

By Israel Zangwill

I WISH I were an irresponsible hamlet. What fun I could get out of my little experience at Venice! How I could exaggerate it and adore it till it became inevitable to the staidest midriff! But the institutions of a country are at stake, and I recognize my responsibility towards truth. With a sigh I rein in the Pegasus of extravagance, and state plain facts.

In an ill-happened moment—and for the sake of economy—I sent some luggage from Bile to Venice by the ironically entitled "grande vitesse." I did not then know that "grande vitesse" means, even in railway parlance, slow train. The same day I journeyed to Milan, where I spent several days, before going on to Venice. Ereas when I arrived at Venice, I remained a day or two before calling at the Custom-house with my big pink form. Needless to say, therefore, that when I did go, it was in the full expectation of seeing my two boxes standing on the floor. I was prepared to grumble at having to produce my keys, but soon found myself grumbling instead of not having to produce them. Shoulders were shrugged, and I was told that the boxes would probably arrive on the morrow. The Custom-house is a grand hall, white-washed place, at the extremity of the Grand Canal, half of the floor elevated as a kind of platform, on which a few odd trunks and jet mantles stood about. How I got to know that platform and how hopelessly my eye would rove daily over it, in search of my boxes, while vague porters hovered around me with a cumulative suggestion all lips! At last great energy on my part, and speculations that I was leaving Venice, led to my being headed to and fro betwixt the railway officials and the Custom-house, with the final result that a telegram was sent to the frontier. The next morning, to my amazement, I saw the boxes on the platform. Blithely I summoned a porter, I produced my paper and my keys. In my imagination the boxes were already on the gondola, gliding to my hotel. There was absolutely no other business doing in the place except the transfer to me of my boxes; the slipping them off the platform on to the porter's truck seemed, at the moment, the whole staff was concentrated on the deliverance of those boxes to their rightful owners. Yet it took one hour and a quarter to get them two boxes outside. I timed it by the Custom-house clock, and that was probably slow.

I started with a light heart, for, declining an inquiry that I had nothing contraband, I was told "All right," and I thought I should even save the time of opening the boxes. But an attempt to hand them over to the porter I ruled out, side to fetch, was heartily ripped in the bud. How that hour and a quarter was filled up I shall never precisely remember, but bits of the nightmare remain with me. Porters hunched to and fro, clanked and tapped the boxes and carried pieces of paper backwards and forwards. At one point I heark in bravely upon the official including in his assortment. He was laboriously occupied with my case. Conscientiously his pen ran on and on, filling up endless forms and dockets. He smiled amiably on me and went out, and was away for twenty minutes in an inner room. Rounds of lively altercation came from there, but when he reappeared he was holding a freshly written sheet. I have by me now all the documents in my case—the dossier comprises seven papers, big and little, pink, white, and blue, swarming with statistics, signatures, figures, and hieroglyphics, and sealed with strong stamps, and engendering a complicated lawsuit. These seven do not, of course, include the entire in the official books nor the copy of the telegram furnished me. Now come the paying for the luggage; the cost was appalling; even the telegram to the frontier had been charged to me, and at so reduced rate. Oh, the extravagance of economy! But I would have paid anything to be rid of that Custom-house.

More documents of receipt, more licking of my heels; I ironically drew the stick



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tion of casual officials to the motto posted up, "Despatch"; but they smiled and shrugged on. At last I actually arrived at the stage of opening my boxes for the excise officers. Now arose savoured energy. A ferus bravo slashed at my valise cord with his knife, another saturnine brigand threw a box down and broke a corner of it. After a long search I was permitted to close my trunks. I called the porter. He began to lift a box. A gravel voice bade him desist. I had yet to receive my certificate. I wandered about fuming. I went outside and looked at Venice—waiting patiently—and ceased to wonder that the once mighty Empress of the Seas had decayed. Armed with it, and carrying my heap of other documents, I marched at the head of my porter and the truck. Half-way from the door the procession was stopped by an official who demanded to see my passport to leave. He saw it and I went on. A moment later, a second official asked to see it. Then I understood that in a land of tips the government has so little reliance on its servants that it sets one to watch over the other. Brooding over this, I was nearing the doorway when "light" came a loud cry, and I saw three glittering bayonets fixed at me with soldiers attached to them. Again I had to show my certificate. And thus I came at last into the free air, and the Custom-house had completed its day's work.

### A Psalm for Nineteen-Four

By Virginia Fraser Boyle

Lure up, ye range of everlasting hills,  
Ring out, forgotten music of the spheres,—  
Unfold, ye virgin train, attendants still,  
Against the dark seal of the cyclid years.

Oh! Cherubim and Seraphim that cry  
By day and night around the great white throne—

Oh! silver winged Ariel, give back  
To dulled and earthly ears the raptured tone.

For we who live, but stand on Nebo's dim,  
And gaze with huddled eyes, half dim  
With shame.

From wrecks our hands have left upon the  
past,  
To waver the horns of dawn-tipped promise  
flame.

Jerorah!—Thou art God,—we cry to Thee,—  
Back from the primal morn our voices  
rise—

Jerorah-jeroh,—blot the Eden page,  
And look in ours, as is Thy Adam's eyes.

Forgive the doubting acts of fadish hearts,  
Forgetful that Thy head would shield from  
barms;

Beshrive those who have closed the golden  
year,  
With shout of war and sounding clash of  
arms.

We question of the skies, for rumors drop  
Like sharpened stones upon the path of  
youth;

Clear Thou these pebbles of confusing  
doubt,—  
Give us to see the sureties of truth.

Burn with Thy Word the tangled creeds that  
fret.

The stumbling feet of children at Thy  
skirt;

Turn back the wisdom of the sage who prates  
A blazon dogma to his brother's hurt.

Give Thou this new-born thing to us for  
peace:  
Beneath the shields of warring nations  
fad.

Tombid by Thy finger, scourged and purified,  
The Brotherhood of every kinsmankind.

Thou art Jerorah of the quick and dead,  
The passion-swept, the dreamers in the  
mid;

Who art the King Almighty, Lord of  
Heavens,—

Be Thou, through faith, our Father and  
our God!

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**APPROVED**

criticism on the composition of the committee, for the reason, doubtless, that Mr. Cannon, unlike Mr. Reed and other Republican Speakers, has allowed the Democratic committee to be designated in a caucus of their party. We are not surprised that the minority leader feels grateful for so important a concession. Nevertheless, Mr. De Armand, who is Mr. Williams' chief lieutenant, protested against the great preponderance given to Republicans on each of the sixteen principal committees. Each of these consists of seventeen members, and it seems that the Republicans have eleven, and the Democrats but six. There is no doubt that the minority is entitled to a much larger representation, and it is a modest proposal that Mr. De Armand makes when he asks that one Democrat be added to each of the sixteen chief committees.

We regret to see that the Naval Committee, which, in the Fifty-seventh Congress, was watched with considerable suspicion, has not undergone a more drastic transformation. There is some new blood in it, however. Three vacancies created by retirements, and one caused by promotion to the Committee on Ways and Means, have been filled by the appointment of Messrs. Vreeland of New York, Brick of Indiana, Brambooge of Connecticut, and Lord of Michigan. Among the Democratic members, Wheeler of Kentucky has been dropped, and Wade of Iowa has been substituted. The Post-office Committee has been materially changed. Of the seventeen members, nine are new, and the chairman is Mr. Overstreet of Indiana, who was not on the committee in the last Congress. It is satisfactory to learn that Chairman Overstreet has already introduced in the House a resolution giving his committee authority to request the Postmaster-General to send to that committee all papers connected with the recent investigation of that department. Nobody knows better than Speaker Cannon how much room there is for improvement in the methods of the government of the District of Columbia. In former years he has more than once avowed opposition to the practice of making the Washington municipal government an annex to the political machines of Maryland and Virginia. He has never believed that political evils, due to partisan workers in Virginia and Maryland, should be paid with Federal offices in the District of Columbia. On the new District Committee there is not a single Representative from Maryland, and the only Virginia is one from the southwestern corner of the State. Interesting also is the composition of the Labor Committee. Of the four old members who are retained, one is a farmer, one a newspaper man, one a bank president, and one a lawyer. Of the new men, six are lawyers, one is a bank president, and one, William B. Hearst, of New York, is a newspaper proprietor.

The report of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol, setting forth the results of his investigation of the Post-office Department scandals, has not been published in full—it is said to have comprised 120,000 words—but an abstract containing 12,000 words was issued on November 29. The abstract was accompanied by a "memorandum," written by President Roosevelt, which deserves careful attention. The President endeavors to exonerate Postmaster-General Payne from the charge of slackness or indifference, by pointing out that before public scrutiny was fixed upon the corruption pervading certain sections of the department, that official asked for an appropriation of five thousand dollars to be applied to an investigation. This is true. But, unfortunately, it is very doubtful whether the inquiry contemplated by Mr. Payne would have touched Machen or Beavers, the principal offenders. American citizens are not likely to forget that, after suspicion had fastened upon those officials, the Postmaster-General did his best to divert it by denouncing the accusations levelled against them as "hot air." It is also obvious that the President has tried to absolve his own and Mr. McKinley's administrations from responsibility for the frauds of which the postal-service has been the victim, so far as this was practicable. He points out that, in the case of Assistant Attorney-General Tyler, malfeasance has gone on for a number of years, though he finds it impossible to say exactly when it began. In the case of Machen, it is unquestionably true that the evidence shows that his misconduct commenced immediately after his appointment in September, 1893, or, in other words, under the Cleveland administration. With regard to Beavers, however, the General Superintendent of

Salaries and Allowances, it is undisputed that he was appointed to that place in 1897, and that he lost no time in introducing systematic frauds upon the government.

We need not say that Republican administrations are chargeable with failure to discover and punish all the frauds of which Tyler and Machen are said to have been guilty after March 4, 1897. That for nearly six years those persons committed crimes with absolute impunity is, according to the President, the "melancholy feature of the affair." Those who have read Mr. Bristol's report will have noticed that the so-called Tulloch charges, relating mainly to the lax methods employed in the department when Heath was First Assistant Postmaster-General, are not mentioned. Mr. Bristol does not fail to report, however, that Beavers, the former chief of the salaries and allowances division, who is now under indictment, has alleged that, in at least one instance, he was compelled to share bribe-money with Heath. Although this assertion has been denied by Heath, and, although the evidence in support of it has been pronounced by the district attorney for the District of Columbia insufficient to warrant an indictment, the President refers to it in his memorandum, and expresses a significant regret that the statute of limitations in the case of law-breaking Federal officials applies at the expiration of three years from the date of the offence. He indorses the Attorney-General's recommendation that the time limit should be extended to at least five years, the inference being that Heath would be prosecuted if the law did not prevent it. But if Heath has only escaped prosecution through the operation of the statute of limitations, it seems to follow that he is scarcely a fit person to figure any longer as the secretary of the Republican National Committee.

The letter addressed by ex-President Cleveland to the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle has, naturally, attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Cleveland said, in substance, that, having been thrice nominated, and twice elected, to the office of Chief Magistrate, he could not foresee any combination of circumstances under which he would deem it his duty to become for the fourth time the nominee of the Democratic party for the Presidency. What else could he have said? Did any sane person expect him to avow himself a candidate, or to declare in advance that he would accept a nomination if tendered? Is the fact forgotten that in 1880 ex-President Grant never sanctioned the movement for his re-nomination? Mr. Cleveland recognized that the time had come for him to take some notice of the widespread demand for his re-nomination, and that he could take notice of it in but one way. He saw that he must declare in the most unequivocal language that he was not a candidate. Had he taken any other position, the feeling that the country has a right to his services would have been chilled. Curiously enough, attention has been concentrated on Mr. Cleveland's positive assertion, and nobody seems to have perceived that the omissions in his letter are equally significant. Nowhere in the utterance do we find any allusion to the supposed incompetency of giving any American citizen a third term of the Presidency. Mr. Cleveland's silence on the subject indicates that he concurs with a large majority of his countrymen in holding that a third term is unquestionable, provided it be not consecutive.

We have discussed elsewhere various views of the position taken by our Federal government with respect to the new Republic of Panama. A valued correspondent asks us what we think of certain assertions made by our respected contemporary the *Commercial Appeal* of Memphis. The *Appeal* asks whether the Roosevelt administration has acted honorably in the Panama business, and proceeds to answer the question in the negative on the following grounds: It alleges that our government allied itself with the rebellion before it had taken place, and actively connived at the secession of Panama. The *Appeal* further contends that we have no just grounds for complaint against Colombia, because, if she did not want this country to build the Panama canal, it was *her own business*. The *Appeal* concludes with the assertion that nobody has ever been able to adduce a single argument to justify the administration's course, either in law or morals. Let us look a little closely at these statements, premising that we hold no brief for the Roosevelt administration, and have often had occasion to commend or deprecate its acts. There is not a particle

of evidence for the averment that our government allied itself with the rebellion before it had taken place, or promoted the secession of Panama. Nobody has ever accused Secretary Hay of mendacity, of prevarication, or of the suppression of testimony. The documents submitted by him to Congress show conclusively that although the resolve of the inhabitants of the isthmus to secede from Colombia in the event of a rejection of the Hay-Herran treaty—a resolve long notorious, even at Bogota—was made known to our State Department several weeks before the secession took place, the Secretary firmly refused to promote the movement in any way.

We feel constrained to differ also with the Appen's second assertion—that if Colombia did not want the United States to build the Panama canal "it was her own business." It strikes us that whether the Panama Canal should be built, or should be considered forever to the limbo of abandoned enterprises, was primarily and mainly, if not exclusively, the "business" of the inhabitants of the State of Panama. For eighty-two years they have been the victims of wholesale and unremitting spoliation at the hands of Bogota politicians. Since the last pretended Constitution of Colombia was declared operative by a coup d'état in 1886, the inhabitants of the State of Panama have been robbed even of the slender powers of self-government which formerly had been vouchsafed to them. During the last seventeen years they have had no more control of their own concerns than was enjoyed by the people of New Orleans when General B. F. Butler was master of that city. They have never assented to the loss of their local autonomy. They have incessantly protested, and they have frequently rebelled, but their protests have been contemned and their rebellions have been put down by superior force. They would have been destitute of mankind if the utter sacrifice of their interests involved in the rejection of the Hay-Herran treaty had not guided them to a final and desperate uprising for independence. In that uprising they deserved the sympathy of every honest man who is acquainted with Panama's sad history. It is to the honor of the Roosevelt administration that it did not survey unmoved the last struggle of a plundered and oppressed people to be free.

An extended reference to the President's third annual message will be found in another column. The accompanying report of the Secretary of War is of exceptional interest, because, as his resignation will presently become operative, it is the last that Mr. Elihu Root will make in his dual functions of head of the War Office and Secretary of the Colonies. He may well look back with satisfaction on the record that he leaves. Largely at his suggestion, and wholly under his supervision, have been accomplished the following tasks, the difficulty of which is measurable only by experts: The reorganization of the regular army under the General Staff Act of February 14, 1905; the reorganization of the militia under the act to increase the efficiency of that arm of defence; the collection of statistics regarding the strength, cost, and equipment of the regular army; the military and civil administration of the Philippines. All of these, and many other subjects, receive copious illumination in Mr. Root's report to the President. We learn, for instance, that on October 15, 1905, the total strength of the regular army was 59,181 (including officers as well as enlisted men), which represents a reduction of 10,503 from the preceding year. To the aggregate of regular soldiers should be added 25 officers and 250 enlisted men of the Porto Rico regiment, 99 officers and 4805 enlisted Philippine scouts, and 2807 men belonging to the hospital corps. The total annual cost of maintaining the military establishment to the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1905, was a little more than seventy million dollars. During the same fiscal twelvemonth the outlay for the extensive public works prosecuted under the direction of the War Department (including not only fortifications, but river and harbor improvements), was upwards of \$30,341,000.

The important military event of the year is, of course, the reorganization of the army under the General Staff Act, and special credit is awarded by the Secretary to Brigadier-General W. H. Carter for services in the application of that law. Neither would it be easy to exaggerate the militancy of the

act designed to increase the efficiency of the State militia and to harmonize militia organizations with the regular army. It appears that the total strength of the existing militia is 9120 officers and 107,422 enlisted men. From the militia viewpoint, New York stands first with 15,860 men, and Pennsylvania second with 9065. The Secretary reports that, on the whole, the condition of the arms and equipments of the organized militia was found satisfactory, and such shortcomings as were discovered have, to a great extent, been remedied. Gratifying progress has been made in the construction and armament of seacoast fortifications, the annual food charge for which is placed at about sixteen million dollars. It is pointed out that there should be no delay in the fortifying of naval stations in the West Indies, and in organizing defenses at certain designated points in Hawaii and Guam and in the Philippines. In that part of the report which deals with the Philippines, we learn that on October 15, 1905, the regular American troops in the archipelago consisted of 943 officers and 14,667 enlisted men. The Secretary reports that the number can be still further reduced, but he thinks that the reduction should be deferred until the construction of barracks and quarters in the United States is more advanced. He commends the policy of drawing the regular soldiers in the Philippines into a few large posts, and of leaving the smaller posts to be occupied by the Philippine scouts. Mr. Root also renews earnestly his former recommendation for a reduction of duties upon Philippine imports into the United States. He submits that there is no just reason why the people of the Philippines should not be treated with some fair approach to the advantages which are awarded to the people of Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands. This journal has always gone further, and insisted that, in equity, the Filipinos should be placed on precisely the same footing as the Hawaiians and the Porto-Ricicans. On what possible ground can discrimination against them be justified!

The report of the Secretary of the Navy to the President is also deserving of separate notice. Mr. Moody advises a reorganization of the naval establishment and the creation of a general staff, which shall be responsible for the efficiency of the vessels afloat and of the personnel of the navy; which shall collect and digest information upon which plans for active operations may be formulated; and which, finally, shall act as the Secretary's military counsellors, though clothed with no authority except such as the Secretary may from time to time confer on them. It is pointed out that although some differences of opinion still exist as to the measure of success which has attended the consolidation of the Engineer Corps with the line, effected by the act of March 3, 1899, yet the majority of naval officers, including the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation and the Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, concur in the belief that the consolidation has worked well. The Secretary does not advocate it in so many words, but he seems to approve of the introduction of a system of early compulsory retirement in the higher grades of the navy as the only practicable remedy for the evils attending the tardy attainment of command rank. It is suggested that an officer of fifty years of age who shall not have attained the rank of captain, and a captain who at fifty-five shall not have attained the rank of rear-admiral, should be retired.

It is well known that, under a recent provision of law, the commission grades have been left open to warrant-officers who satisfy certain conditions. Mr. Moody reports that of fourteen warrant-officers who have applied for examination, five proved ineligible on account of age or other disqualifications, five failed to pass the prescribed examination as to educational and technical requirements, while four, having succeeded in passing, were commissioned as ensigns. Mr. Moody transmits a recommendation of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation that the period during which warrant-officers are required to serve before becoming eligible for examination for the rank of ensign should be reduced from six to two years. We learn that during the fiscal year the effective force of the navy was increased by the addition of twenty-five new vessels, including the battle-ship *Maine*; and that since the close of the fiscal year one protected cruiser, the *Cleveland*, and one torpedo-boat-destroyer have been added. As regards the delay

encountered in securing the completion of vessels under contract. Mr. Moody states that, notwithstanding the youth of the steel ship-building industry in this country, the average time required for the construction of a battle-ship is not materially greater than it is in foreign countries. The report concludes with a declaration that experience has confirmed the Secretary in the conviction that the upbuilding of the United States navy should be continued by the annual authorization of new vessels.

H. J. Schultheis is described as the legislative agent of the labor-union interests at Washington. A week before Thanksgiving, Mr. Schultheis called on Speaker Cannon to say that Representative Livernash of San Francisco, a Union-Labor Democrat, was the proper man to be chairman of the House Committee on Labor. Mr. Cannon explained why Mr. Livernash could not possibly be chairman of that committee, and Mr. Schultheis went away. But on December 4 he came back to the Speaker's room, and said to Mr. Cannon: "The public press says the Labor Committee has been packed against us; I tell you labor will have its rights." "Whoever you are," replied Mr. Cannon, "you will have the same treatment as any other citizen, but you can't pack the Committee on Labor." "You were a member of the Committee on Rules in the Fifty-first Congress," retorted Schultheis, "and prevented our measures from being considered. I went out to your district in 1890, and you know what happened." Mr. Cannon was defeated for Congress in that year; nevertheless, he made no reply to Mr. Schultheis. But he said to his messenger: "Put that man out of the door, and see that he comes into this room no more." Sometimes it is well to turn away wrath with a soft answer, and at other times it is best to turn it away bodily and forbid it to come back. Mr. Cannon seems to have done well to choose the latter course in the case of Mr. Schultheis. The Speaker of the House fills a large place and one of grave responsibility. It is unbecoming even a labor leader to try to influence his selections by threats.

Bishop Burgess of Long Island is the latest clergyman of eminence to protest against the representation of "Parsifal" in New York. He objects very much to having sundry sacred scenes shown on the stage, but the particular scenes which he specifies are said not to be included in Wagner's great work. The performance at the Metropolitan Opera House will be one of great dignity, and, we should think, may rather be expected to stimulate pious and Christian emotions than to jar on anybody's reverent sensibilities. Our belief is that Bishop Burgess and others who are of his mind are mistaken in their contentions, but we shall know certainly as to that when the opera has been given. It will be seen and heard by very large audiences of intelligent people, and so far as concerns its religious bearings, the impression it makes upon them may surely be accepted as the index of its quality. Everything connected with it—the subject, the cost of production, the extremely protracted duration of the performance—seems very, very serious. It is hard to imagine that any one is going to see "Parsifal" for a lark, and whoever does will probably end in slumber at least, if not in contrition. Some clergymen, and others who are closely concerned with churches and their work, fail to realize that religion is a bigger element in life than all the churches can hold, and that traces of it are to be found in almost every one. It would be impossible to fill the Metropolitan Opera House, even at ten dollars a head, with an audience that did not include a large proportion of people in whom religion was an active force and reverence for sacred things an instinct. It is as unusual to find a worldly who is all worldly as it is to find a pious person who is all pious.

Herbert Spencer died on December 8, full of years and honors, his life's work wonderfully completed. As a child he was so far from robust that he was not sent to school, but was reared at home by his father and uncle. His labors over his first great work, *The Principles of Psychology*, left him, at thirty-five, with a nervous prostration which kept him an invalid the rest of his days. Yet he lived to be eighty-three,

and in due time accomplished all the great succession of labors which he had planned. Making haste slowly, hoarding his strength, and using the industry of others as far as practicable, he managed to leave his *Synthetic Philosophy* a complete work. There are five parts of it—the First Principles, and the Principles of Biology, of Psychology, of Sociology, and of Ethics. They constitute a great well of knowledge, theory, and thought, from which the present generation of men have freely drawn ideas. Not all of his conclusions have stood the test of so much time as he himself lived to see, and it is of course debatable how far his theories will be supported by the knowledge that is to come; but with the materials that he found, his mind worked to great purpose, for the advancement of thought and the edification of his fellows. His education, apart from schools and universities, was particularly well adapted to develop habits of independent thought. Pulling out of professional life after a few years' experience as an engineer, he devoted the rest of his days to research and reflection, and to putting the results of his reasonings into books. It is gratifying to all Americans to remember that when lack of funds had brought his chosen work to a standstill there came from this country, through Professor E. L. Youmans and the Messrs. Appleton, the appreciation and financial support which enabled him to go on.

The attention of the WEEKLY'S readers is called to the articles now in course of publication in this paper under the title of "The Struggle-hold of Labor." There are to be four of them. The first, in the issue of November 29, considered the effect of strikes in the building trades in various cities, and especially in New York, resulting in increased rent. These strikes, many of which were the result of quarrels between rival unions and of various frivolous and absurd disputes, have frightened most of the holders out of business for the present, and are now bearing their natural fruits of public inconvenience, high rents, great losses to contractors and owners of property, and great distress to the strikers themselves who cannot get work, and to their families. The second article, published last week, had to do with the problem of transportation, showing what loss and misery it is possible for the unions to bring on the people of the whole country by their control of the means of distribution. The third article, in this issue, is concerned with the influence of organized labor on the cost of living and the price of food. The facts which Mr. Keith sets forth in these pieces are not novel nor obscure. Most of them will be recognized as heretofore published in the newspapers. But it is highly instructive to have them gathered and put together as he has done it. The labor-unions have indeed got a strange-hold on the people of this country. It behooves every citizen and voter to consider carefully what they have done, what they are doing, and what they will do if they can, and to ask himself what are the proper limits of their powers, and by what processes they are to be restrained within these limits. The unions include altogether only a comparatively small fraction of our population, but they occupy a position of such strength and advantage, that they are able in an extraordinary degree to impose their will on the whole country.

In response to many requests from readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY with regard to personality of the authors and artists who have contributed to the various publications from Franklin Square during the past year and with whom arrangements have been made for the coming year, we take pleasure in printing, as a special supplement to this issue of the WEEKLY, the portraits of a number of authors and artists in whose work readers throughout the country have shown special interest. At this season of the year interest in the men and women who have done most and who promise most in literature and art is most apparent. The great number of anecdotes and personal reminiscences of well-known writers and artists which appear during the year, and especially during the Christmas season, are always in demand by readers, and lend a special timeliness to the portraits which are printed in this issue. The portraits are the latest ones taken of each author and artist in the group, and while many of them have been printed separately, our readers will doubtless find it valuable to have them gathered together in a single picture.

## The President's Message

For obvious reasons, Mr. Roosevelt's third annual message is of exceptional importance to himself, and of peculiar interest to the American people. It constitutes the last opportunity that he will have of setting forth on an extensive scale his views, aims, and principles before the assembling conventions shall begin the next Presidential campaign. Next to the Executive acts which compose his official record, which he now says regarding public questions will necessarily have a direct, if not direct, bearing on the selection of a candidate by the Republican national convention, and on the choice of a Chief Magistrate at the ballot-box. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the document is a long one, and bears the marks of unusual care. We may say at once that this state paper is calculated to commend the author to his own political party, and we do not hesitate to add that, if it stood alone, and did not need to be interpreted in the light of the author's acts and other utterances, it would command lines in many independent voters. So much will be recognized, we think, by all careful readers of the message. The President has avoided giving expression to certain views (if he still entertains them) that would prove obnoxious to a large geographical section of the Union, and by professing impartiality between capital and labor he has striven not to aggravate the animosity of the qualifications for the Presidency attributed to powerful financial forces. Where so wide a variety of topics are considered, it is impossible for us to comment on all of them at this time, and some of them must, therefore, be reserved for another occasion.

What the President himself believes to be a matter of superlative moment to himself and to the country is indicated at the outset of the message. It is the right of the people of the United States should be congratulated on what has been achieved in the direction of providing for the exercise of supervision over the great corporations and combinations of corporations engaged in interstate commerce. He has reference, in part, to the creation by Congress of the Department of Commerce and Labor, including a Bureau of Corporations, supposed to be invested with authority to secure publicity to the proceedings of corporations as, in the judgment of the bureau, the public has a right to know. We say "supposed" because, in view of the refusal of the Standard Oil Company to furnish the information called for, the Supreme Court of the United States will, in due time, be invited to decide whether the injunctive powers conferred by Congress on the Bureau of Corporations are warranted by the Constitution. Until the precise scope of those powers has been defined by the highest Federal tribunal, it is premature, Mr. Roosevelt is apt to assert that the establishment of the bureau marks a real advance in the direction of doing all that is possible for the solution of the questions vitally affecting capitalists and wage-workers.

Meanwhile the President tries to reassure those citizens and voters who regard with considerable distrust recent Federal legislation concerning aggregations of capital, by asserting that the creators of the Bureau of Corporations have not aimed to restrict or control the liberty of legitimate business action, but merely to secure such exact and authentic information as might aid the Executive in enforcing existing laws, and enable Congress to enact new laws, should any prove necessary, in order to prevent opportunities for the many. Mr. Roosevelt dwells at length upon this point, declaring that the corporation which is honestly and fairly organized, and whose managers in the conduct of its business recognize their obligation to deal squarely with their stockholders, their competitors, and the public, has nothing to fear from the supervision authorized by Congress. In a word, the anti-trust legislation is described as inspired throughout by the idea that "we are not attacking corporations, but endeavoring to provide for doing what the public may wish; we draw the line against misconduct, not against wealth, and, gladly recognizing the great good done by the capitalist who abides, in its conjunction with his fellows, does his work along proper and legitimate lines."

That such is Mr. Roosevelt's personal purpose, and that, so long as he is President, he will try to have it carried out, all who know him will cheerfully concede. It does not follow that, under all circumstances, the present measure by Congress on the Bureau of Corporations—we assume them, for the moment, to be constitutional—would be honestly and wisely executed. What would happen if that bureau should become as greasy with corruption as has lately been the Post-office Department?

What has the President to say about labor-union and their arrogation of a right to deprive non-union workers of employment? His pronouncement on this subject is a fundamental question in union, a labor-union, or an individual disregards the laws and acts in a spirit of arbitrary and tyrannical interference with the rights of others, whether corporations or individuals, then, where the Federal government has jurisdiction, it will see to it that the conduct is stopped, paying not the slightest heed to the position

or power of the corporation, the union, or the individual, but only to one vital fact—that is, the injury to either or not—the conduct of the individual or aggregate of individuals in accordance with the law of the land. To every man must be "guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property and his labor, so long as he does not infringe the rights of others." That is to say, so long as Mr. Roosevelt is President there will be no "closed shop" in the Federal service.

The necessity of careful economy in Federal expenditure during the next twelve months is emphasized for two reasons: first, because it is doubtful whether there will be any surplus of revenue, and there may even be a deficit; and, secondly, because it is important that there should be no relaxation of outlay on the genuine needs of the nation, high among which Mr. Roosevelt ranks the steady enlargement and studious maintenance of the navy. "We cannot afford," he says, "to be parsimonious in providing for what is essential to our national well-being." Touching the condition of the currency, it is declared unwise and unnecessary to attempt at this time a reconstruction of our arrangements for providing a circulating medium, but, with a view of relieving the stringency of the money-market, which has from time to time occurred, Mr. Roosevelt advises that Congress should give the Secretary of the Treasury the same liberty to deposit currency receipts in national banks that is granted to him with reference to the deposit of receipts from other sources.

The measure of some kind should be taken to secure for the United States a larger share of the ocean-carrying trade the President is convinced, but he does not advocate the Ship Subsidy Bill that was introduced in the last Congress, or any definite project of the sort. He recommends the creation of what would be called in England a royal commission for devising a practicable and generally acceptable scheme. He advises that Congress direct the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster-General, and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, associated with delegates from the Senate and House of Representatives, to serve as a commission for investigating and reporting what legislation is desirable for the development of the American merchant marine. As to immigration, the President says vigorously that we cannot have too many immigrants of the right kind, and should have none of the wrong kind. Precisely what he means by the "wrong kind," and how he would keep them out, he does not say. Does he concern with Senator Lodge in thinking that illiterate should be excluded? If so, he differs diametrically from the views of the President. Mr. Cleveland during the latter's tenure of the Presidency, Mr. Cleveland pointed out that if illiterate had been a bar to immigration in the second and third quarters of the last century, we should have shut out hundreds of thousands of Irishmen who have constituted a valuable element to our population.

We observe that Mr. Roosevelt, having, apparently, the fear of our feet-ago and tobacco interests before his eyes, does not endorse in so many words the obviously just proposal that the inhabitants of the Philippines should be placed upon exactly the same footing as the people of Porto Rico and Hawaii in respect of free trade with the United States. We read in the message that "the Philippines should be kept closer to us by tariff arrangements"; but this is a very different thing from a declaration that it is monstrous to treat the Porto-Rican in one way and the Filipino in another.

Another statement which is made by Mr. Roosevelt is obviously incorrect. "No one people," he says, "ever benefited another people more than we have benefited the Filipinos by taking possession of the islands." The island of Hawaii has benefited more than has the island of Luzon by the establishment of our sovereignty.

We pass over at this time the sections of the message which deal with the army and navy, because we have referred elsewhere to the reports of Secretary Root and Secretary Moody on November 21, than a quarter of the space at the President's disposal is devoted to a discussion of the Panama affair. We have had something to say about this topic in another column, and merely note here that Mr. Roosevelt holds the duty of the United States in the premises was constrained by Secretary Root and Secretary Seward, he declares that it was in strict accordance with their own principles of international law, that, after the isthmian revolution occurred in November 3, the United States gave notice to representatives of Colombia that we would prevent the landing of no expeditionary force for the purpose of making war on the new Republic of Panama, a purpose which could not be prevented without interrupting transit, and of the proposed canal. Under the circumstances, Mr. Roosevelt thinks that the government of the United States would have been guilty of folly and weakness, amounting, in their sum, to a crime against the nation, had it acted otherwise than it did. A treaty authorizing us to complete and operate the Panama Canal ratified by the Senate, the work of construction can forthwith begin.

## Various Views of the Panama Revolution

In the *North American Review* for December will be found two articles on the revolution at Panama that deserve to be carefully examined, because their authors are particularly qualified to discuss the subject from their respective points of view. One of the articles is penned by Mr. Estel Pérez, a representative Colombian, whose name was at one time President of Colombia, and whose father was long the leader of the Colombian Liberals. The author of the other article to which we shall refer is Mr. Eusebio Morales, Minister of State in the provisional government of the Republic of Panama. Mr. Pérez admits that the Treaty of 1846 between the United States and the Republic of New Granada did not bind the former signatory to uphold the sovereignty of the latter on the isthmus against domestic revolutionaries. He quotes with approval the declaration of an attorney-general of the United States to the effect that the guarantee of sovereignty given by the United States referred only to aggression on the part of foreign powers. That treaty did not authorize the United States to take sides with one or another party in the internal troubles of Colombia, unless such intervention should be indispensable for the protection of American lives and property, or for the maintenance of peace and order on the isthmus. In 1885 the Cleveland administration recognized that the preservation of order required its interference with the republicans, the effect of its interference was to bring about the defeat of the Liberals and the triumph of the reactionary dictator Núñez. There is reason to believe that a grave mistake was made by our government at the time, and that, had it sided with the revolutionists, not only would order have been restored on the isthmus with equal promptitude, but the State of Panama would have established its independence. Mr. Pérez also points out that since 1886 Colombia has had no organic law possessed of any claim upon the obedience of its inhabitants. The Constitution of 1863 was abolished by the fiat of the dictator Núñez, and the so-called Constitution of 1886 rests upon no basis except his autocratic proclamation. Mr. Pérez does not draw the deduction, which, nevertheless, is patent, the deduction, namely, that the people of the State or Department of Panama were no more bound to recognize the authority of that pretended Constitution, or of the *de facto* governments springing to act under it, than were the inhabitants of any other department. Indeed, as we shall presently see, the people of Panama had special grounds for rejecting its authority, inasmuch as they were deprived of even the semblance of local autonomy, which was conceded to other sections of Colombia. At the end of his article Mr. Pérez enumerates seven reasons for the rejection of the Hay-Herran treaty, the last of which is "the unwillingness of the sun offered." It is unnecessary to review those reasons, inasmuch as the unanimous rejection of the treaty by the Colombian Senate, followed by a definite adjournment of the Colombian Congress, justified the inhabitants of the isthmus, who, since 1846, had been treated as subjects, rather than as citizens, in feeling that their vital interests had been sacrificed, and that they must act for themselves.

That the rejection of the canal treaty by the Colombian Senate was due mainly to greed is evident from the Project of Law which was submitted to the Senate at Bogotá on August 29 by commissioners appointed for the purpose of solving the canal problem. The fantastic purport of this "Project" is set forth by Mr. Mariano Willson, who contributes to the same number of the *North American Review* an article entitled "Colombia's Last Vision of Eldorado." It seems that the Project of Law drawn up by the Senatorial commission provided that Colombia should receive, instead of ten million dollars, thirty million dollars, one-third of which was to be paid by the French canal company, and two-thirds by the United States. The total sum was to be forthcoming as soon as the ratifications of the new treaty should be obtained. For the Panama Railway the United States were to pay an annual rental of \$250,000, until the end of 1967, when the road must either be surrendered to Colombia or purchased at a price to be fixed by arbitration. For the purpose, finally, of cutting and maintaining a canal, a zone of territory ten miles wide was to be leased for a hundred years, the lessee paying therefor \$150,000 annually until the end of 1967, and \$400,000 annually thereafter until the expiration of the lease. The lease was to be renewable, but only on the basis of an increase of twenty-five per cent. in the annual rent. This preposterous scheme was denounced in the Senate itself by Mr. Rivas Groot, but, as it had been unanimously endorsed by the commissioners, there is reason to think that it faithfully reflected the eagerness of most of the Senators. The inhabitants of Panama were warranted in assuming that there was no hope of securing a canal treaty from a legislative body which could discuss seriously such exorbitant demands, and, accordingly, when the Bogotá Congress adjourned at the end of October, a revolution immediately took place on the isthmus.

There is no man more competent than Mr. Eusebio A. Morales, who has long been a leader of the Panama bar, to demonstrate the right of the State of Panama to an independent existence. There have been many successful secessions in the history of Latin Amer-

ica, but never has a secession been so thoroughly justified, on legal, moral, and economical grounds, as is that of the isthmus republic from Colombia. Venezuela seceded from the old Republic of Colombia founded by Bolívar. So did Ecuador. Bolivia seceded from Peru. Uruguay seceded from Brazil. The States of Guatemalan, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica seceded, one after another, from the old Central-American Confederation. Texas had a title of its own to secede from the United States, and so did Mexico. Not one of these seceding commonwealths had a title of its own to secede from the State of Panama when the isthmus voluntarily became incorporated in the Republic of Colombia they found themselves unfairly dealt with by the centralized government installed at Bogotá. They were subjected to fiscal burdens from which they derived an benefit. Hence the uprising that occurred in 1846, and the declaration of independence made in the following year by the provinces of Panama and Veraguas, in which at that time the isthmus was divided. A convention gave the nation which it created the name of the State of the Isthmus, and proclaimed it to be the irrevocable will of the Isthmians under the centralized régime. In the end, however, centralism was re-established by force, but the opposition to it, for fourteen years later, the Congress of New Granada enacted a law by which the State of Panama was made an autonomous political entity. By the end of 1856 the principles of local self-government and federalism had triumphed throughout the Republic of New Granada, even, that Constitution remained the organic law of all the States confederated under the name of Colombia until 1888, when it was overthrown by the dictator Núñez.

The intensely centralized régime established at the date last mentioned has been, as we have said, peculiarly oppressive to the State of Panama, which was reduced to a condition of exceptional dependence on the usurping government at Bogotá. Mr. Morales points out that since 1885 the public functionaries of the isthmus have always been appointed, directly or indirectly, by the Bogotá administration, and have been chosen, not for their qualifications for public service, but for their subservience to the men in power. As a party, moreover, to the contract for the cutting of the Panama Canal, the central government, like its predecessor of the 1850s, which authorized the building of the Panama Railway, received a compensation for franchises large amounts of money, all of which was spent at Bogotá without even the pretence of an inquiry as to whether the people of the isthmus, who were, obviously, most concerned in these enterprises, needed help for works of public utility. The consequences of such treatment may be seen in the extraordinary backwardness of the isthmus. Mr. Morales asserts that the territory of the new republic is large enough to accommodate nine millions of inhabitants; the actual population is barely three hundred thousand. The soil of the isthmus is so fertile that of Costa Rica, yet it only exhibits a few patches, cultivated in the style of the aborigines. Its mineral resources are known to be of exceptional richness, but only one mine of importance is worked. It possesses on the Atlantic and the Pacific a seaboard thirteen hundred miles in length; nevertheless, its maritime commerce is still in its infancy. Between its towns there are no roads. There does not exist a bridge whereon to cross even one of its 412 rivers. Possessed, in a word, of incalculable natural treasures and advantages, the people of the isthmus have been plunged in misery. Under the circumstances, it was inevitable that they should see in the proposed resumption of the building of the Panama Canal by the United States a prospect of redemption for their industrial development and material welfare; but their hopes were dashed to the ground by the Bogotá politicians, who, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, rejected the Hay-Herran treaty. The inhabitants, once more seeing their interests and aspirations treated with sovereign indifference, and knowing that they would be irretrievably ruined should the United States select the Nicaragua route for a canal, broke, by a unanimous impulse, the bond of union with Colombia, which had been imposed by force, and to which they justly attributed their past misfortunes and their actual decay.

We repeat the never in the history of Latin America has a country had such ample cause for secession, and for the assertion of its independence, as had the State of Panama in November of the current year. Compared with its provocations, those which caused England's American colonies to revolt in 1776 were insignificant or imaginary.

As a member of the provisional government, Mr. Morales is manifestly qualified to forecast the internal and external policy of the new Republic. As regards its internal affairs, it will aim, he says, to establish the public peace on a solid basis; to stimulate all kinds of industry adapted to its soil; by technical instruction, by judicious protective legislation, and by the construction of public roads; and, lastly, to encourage the immigration needed to people the unoccupied lands and to turn their natural resources to account. Over the external policy of the Republic of Panama the United States will necessarily exercise a preponderating influence. The force of events has made us the natural ally of the new commonwealth, and the building of the canal will make the

alliance inextinguishable. It is, obviously, for our national interest to guarantee the sovereignty of the republic within whose territory we are about to exercise the most important engineering work of the twentieth century.

### Disunited Britons

For years nothing has so clearly brought out the immense difference in political methods between our own country and England as the present ministerial and Parliamentary crisis in the Unionist ranks. Can we, for instance, imagine our Secretary of War suddenly deciding that the party required new issues if the Union was to be preserved; and proceeding first to stir up strife and discussion within the cabinet, and then, on failing to bring round his views the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Navy, and their colleagues, resigning his office, and setting forth to stump the country in the interest of his new revelation, or his new heresy, as one might choose to regard it? Can we further carry the work of imagination to the point of picturing to ourselves the President, practically on his own responsibility, publicly pledging the Republican party to the new evangel, although many of his staunchest supporters, both in the cabinet and outside it, wholly differed from him, and renounced his course as highly dangerous and likely to end in disaster? We can imagine none of these things, simply because our political methods are the polar opposite of England's; because we, in this country, are, in small things as in great, practically ruled by "machines" and organizations; whereas in England the individual is still supreme. The present crisis in England is a triumph for English individualism; and the universal acceptance of this principle by all Englishmen, of whatever views, is shown by the total absence of accusations of disloyalty to party, even in the heat of the contest, where every one is on the lookout for a handy club to use against his neighbor.

In this country the national convention settles on both platform and candidate; the ticket is only filed, and the rest as we go to the polls and vote in a spirit of sweet obedience. In England they have no national convention, no platform and no nomination, candidates for the premiership. Any one can peacefully nominate himself for anything, standing for any principle that to him seems good; and the voters are expected to resolve order out of this chaos, and make up their minds what they want, why they want it, and whom they want to put it in force. In England individuality as everything, and organization is loose and elastic in the extreme. In the United States organization is rigid and the instrument of the organization. He must secure a majority in the organization before he can even become a candidate.

The result of the English method is that the electors are going to have a highly perplexing time at the next election; and we have the declaration of Mr. Balfour that he will not introduce his protective schemes until after the election, which means that the appeal to the country cannot in any case be long delayed. To dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country is easy enough, but the moment that point is passed the troubles of the English electorate will begin. Let us take some fine old Unionist borough. We shall have, of course, a Liberal, or perhaps a Radical, or even a Labor candidate contesting the seat. Who will be put up against him? With us it would be the nominee of the "regular Unionist machine," and the voter would be expected to take him or vote for his opponent. But in England, where the candidate is all intents and purposes nominates himself, we may have two or three different claimants; we may have a food-tax candidate, a follower of Mr. Chamberlain; a mild protection and preference candidate, who espouses the principles of Mr. Balfour; and a free-trade Unionist, who adheres to the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Ritchie, Lord Hunsden, Cecil, Mr. Winston Churchill, and their friends. What is the unhappy voter to do? He cannot vote for all three, even supposing him so inclined; he cannot divide his vote and give a third to each; and if he could this would certainly mean a joint defeat, a triumph for the Liberal, Radical, or Labor candidate.

Nor is there the least probability that the contending sections of the one strong Unionist party will agree to delineate spheres of influence, dividing the several districts among them, and not opposing each other's candidates in the contended area. Mr. Chamberlain has already kicked over the traces; while Mr. Balfour has practically foregone the resignation of Mr. Ritchie and the Duke of Devonshire. Therefore they cannot be expected to settle the question of seats by amicable agreement, since each section wants them all.

Theoretically complicated to the last degree, the thing is really fairly simple in practice; just like the British Constitution, which would perplex the Lord Chancellor to define, but which, nevertheless, works out not so badly. The solution of the electors' difficulty is found in the fact that, in virtue of the great English principle of individualism, there is practically only one available man in such constituency, the "county god," as Mrs. Browning would say,

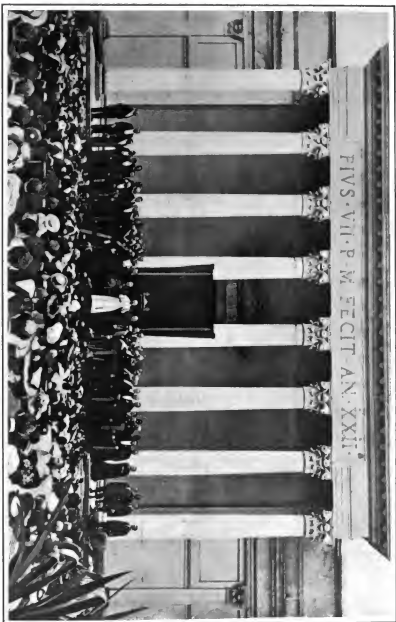
or his urban equivalent. The British voter will vote for the same old standby, or vote against him, as the case may be. And the local decision will largely depend on the question whether the said good old standby has already made up his mind for Mr. Chamberlain or for Mr. Balfour or for the Duke of Devonshire. English Parliamentary candidates happen, they are not nominated, and the candidates will practically settle the issue, or, as we would say, the "platform," according to his individual taste in each constituency.

Not until Parliament actually assembles, and Mr. Balfour, who will still be Prime Minister, under the British constitutional system, challenges a division, shall we know accurately how the parties stand. At that point, should Mr. Balfour be found to have lost his majority, the matter will lie with King Edward, who will have a thrilling time deciding what to do next, and whom to send for, as prospective head of the new ministry. Meanwhile we shall all have an admirable opportunity to compare the polar opposites of constitutional government, as exemplified in the United States and England.

### "Chromos"

Some of the Paris newspapers have been developing a device originally perpetrated by a London weekly, and have sought to increase public interest in themselves by concealing checks enclosed in tubes, in various parts of the city, and inciting their readers to search for them. A Paris letter writer in September records that one of the *Journaux*'s checks had just been dug up in the Tuilleries gardens, and that at the time of writing hundreds of people were poking about in the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, and the park at Versailles looking for the hidden treasures. The writer complained that since the Paris editors took to this plan of burying good things in the earth they have been noticeably at less pains to put good things into their papers, and that the literary and news value of their sheets was rapidly falling off. There are a good many tricks in the trade of selling newspapers and periodicals, and some of them succeed for a time pretty well. But nothing so helpful in the long run as put into your paper—into every issue of it, if possible,—discourse that is profitable to read, and that people are willing to pay for. When chromo-lithographs were still a novelty and it was the fashion to give them away as bonuses with various articles of merchandise, a wise and humorous observer declared that "it will perish by the chromo shall perish by the chromo." So it is. The chromo for a time may serve a useful turn, but it will not of itself give life to a paper; it is a useful staff, but it is a bad crutch. No profusion or rarity of chromos, gifts, stamps, bonuses, opportunities of a lifetime or other enticements to buy, will permanently take the place of good goods.

The one great apparent exception is the quack who deals in cures. Some of the proprietary medicines are sound enough merchandise, others are of some value but not much, many are alcoholics and satisfy buyers even though it may be to their harm, and of course many are worthless. But the buyer who buys patent medicine gets something tangible. There is another class of cure-people who do an enormous business that seems to be pure chromo. They sell what they call magnetic healing, or psychical treatment,—or whatever they may happen to name it—by correspondence. One sample of this species has three establishments which are advertising independently of one another, each promising to divulge their secrets of power, influence, "success" and health to earnest seekers after knowledge. He makes abundance of money in return for which he gives information and advice. He will perish finally by his chromo, of course. Morally and mentally he has probably perished already, but he is making an excellent living and perhaps a fortune. The secret of the prosperity of such persons—and there are herds of them—is, first, that so very large a proportion of the population is immensely gullible; that the supply of fraud is not nearly exhausted; second, that the superstitions of cure and occult information work in a field where knowledge is imperfect; and where wise men still grieve. You can't all people be better, for they know better; but if they happen to have a craving for "psychopathic treatment" or "the secret of magnetism" you can sell them anything in that line you happen to have in stock. So for a time you can sell tips on the stock market, or on horse-racing, when there happens to be a demand for these, because the wisdom of the market, or the issue of a horse-race, is always uncertain. But commonly speaking, the course of all trading in "chromo" and worthless wares is brief and inglorious. And a curious and very interesting moral consequence of it is that it corrupts the vendor's mind and saps his judgment, so that he comes himself to believe in the value of what is worthless, and is more likely than an honest man to become the victim of those, because the wise man's revenge is wonderful. The automatic reaction of all get-rich-quick peddlers and crooked dealers from stock-peddling down to bribing walking delegates is marvellous. Honest goods are best; honest methods are best. He who liveth by the chromo shall perish by the chromo.



### A RECENT PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF POPE PIUS X.

This interesting photograph was taken in Rome during a recent address made by His Holiness Pope Pius X., from a porch of the Vatican, to the workers of the Catholic Association. During the later years of his life, His Holiness Leo XIII, did not make the entire participation in public exercises which is now being taken by His successor.



# Diversions of the Higher Journalist

## The Superstition of the Society Page

**I**n his very amusing book, *The Bremen Golf*, that blithe satirist, Mr. James L. Ford, makes merry with the vast and still growing number of our fellow men of both sexes, and especially our fellow men of the female sex, who put their faith in the society intelligence of the metropolitan press. It is his gay thesis that the famous Four Hundred do not exist. It is his gay thesis, outside of the society page, that the metropolitan press, at least the fancy, that of a certain moment of journalistic evolution, it became the necessity of the newspapers to found a patriarchy; the Four Hundred were then called into being; and they have ever since been kept alive, in the food imagination of their plebeian and provincial readers, by the creative force that evoked them from their native nothingness. It was originally a question of circulation with the serious founders of the Four Hundred, and they have prospered ever and more, through the eager superstition of their readers in the back-country cities and towns, and the basement dining-rooms of the New York boarding-houses.

Mr. Ford knows his newspaper world as perhaps no one else does, and he burlesques its habits and practices with captivating extravagance, catching and mocking its characteristic poses and phrases with a felicity quite his own; but he keeps a due seriousness for the consideration of the sinister effect of the society page on the ignorant vulgar, who take the society intelligence of their newspapers in earnest. These poor believers are vulgar to begin with, of course, but they are made more vulgar, and more mischievous to themselves and one another by their active reverence of the society-page gospel. Their industry has spread so far and wide and deep, that it has infected the whole country with its error. What began as a joke, a bluff, a bait, a scoop, has become a cult, with an innumerable following. The Four Hundred have grown even to believe in themselves through the faith in their reality which they find all round them, and which finally they could not escape. They are not sensible of being recruited from the freaks whom their investors add to them from time to time, when they fancy the real of the provincial towns and basement dining-rooms wanting; and they take themselves seriously as their worshippers take them. They foster the feeling public interest by the proffer of their pictures, and the story of their eccentric doings, and the intimate intelligence of their scandals; they send their investors and readers work into one another's hands in an endless chain.

To accept all this is perhaps too much, and we do not know that Mr. Ford expects it. We do not know that he insists upon a real patriarchy as the solution, or maintains that the logic of the situation is a return to the old Southern idea of social dignity. It is of too loose a vision, too flimsy a wit, not to see the breaks in that ideal, or to feel smiling at them; for that ideal too was a vulgar superstition. In fact, every ideal that supposes an equality among men, except such as their conduct creates, is in

vulgar superstition. The wretched women who mobbed an English duke driving with his American bride to and from the church where they were married, and tried to get into their carriage and crawled down each other's hair and hid under persimmons and lemons pulled out by their heels and having their clothes torn half off them, in their struggles for the sight of the bride and groom, were frightfully vulgar; but were they vulgarer than people who perpetrate a mobility, with its grosser claims of superiority, as part of the social and political system?

If our Four Hundred are a fragment of the lively imagination of Park Row, as Mr. Ford would have us make-believe for the pleasant time-being of his diverting argument, we are better off than if they were a genuine patriarchy. So long as they are a joke, a by-product, a source of amiable pleasure, and at worst the stock in trade of the poor society reporter, there is no harm done except to the multitude of snobs and fools who would be snobs and fools, any way. With a genuine aristocracy there would be kept groveling for ages, as the snobs and fools of Europe are still groveling, after all the centuries since apes began to stand upright; but with a fake aristocracy like the Four Hundred, sorely by journalistic enterprise, and paying for its existence out of its own pocket, there is always a chance of the snobs and fools turning men and women, and commencing good, hard-working husbands and wives, fathers and mothers. As snobs and fools they still have a great many civil and domestic virtues, and in the constant chance of a change in the goals of their idolatry there is a very present hope for them.

A generation ago the Upper Ten Thousand were the type and talk of the visionaries of society splendor; it was a tremendous gain when the Ten Thousand were reduced to the Four Hundred; the Four Hundred may be suddenly hilt to Four; and when the bottom drops out of them, as a source of circulation for the yellow, or yellowish, journals, we may find ourselves without our "prominent club-man" or "leading society woman" to feed our passion for social superiority or our appetite for scandal. That will be a fatal day for the picturesque and the dramatic, that day of the "dead level of equality," so it is called by those who prefer an inferiority of their own if they cannot have the inferiority of others. But it may not be so very far off; our phylactery at least pays for its supremacy, and many know where the money comes from; and it may be the beginning of the end. One of the real losses we shall suffer in the end will be the loss of Mr. Ford's fun with his fellow journalists and the society page basement dining-rooms. That will be a pity, and though there will be many counter-vailing merits, it will still be a pity that the humorist who has given us the only satire we have had since *The Politician Papers* should fall of employment.

# The Revolution in City Manners

By Herbert W. Horwill

**A**n etymological dictionary, read with imagination, presents an illuminating series of pictures of the world's history. Again and again a temporary phase of the development of the race is crystallized into a word, which remains remembered only by scholars. Thus, the word "pagan" recalls the fact that Christianity, when first proclaimed, spread most rapidly in the cities, so that the countryside, the "pagani," were still heathen when the preachers had become converts of the new faith. So, too, "urbane" and "bores" are signs of a period when the city man could be distinguished at a glance from the villagers by his better manners.

The distinction recognized in "pagan" has long been obsolete, for whatever heathen dross our worshippers in our time can certainly claim as many virtues in city streets as in country lanes. Has this religious change been followed by a social change also? Neglecting the lesson of tolerance. Moving in the midst of the crowd, and setting the standard of perfect manners where it involves an selfishness and tact, shall we be able, without hesitation, to ward the pride of excellence to the New Yorker in comparison with the "bores"?

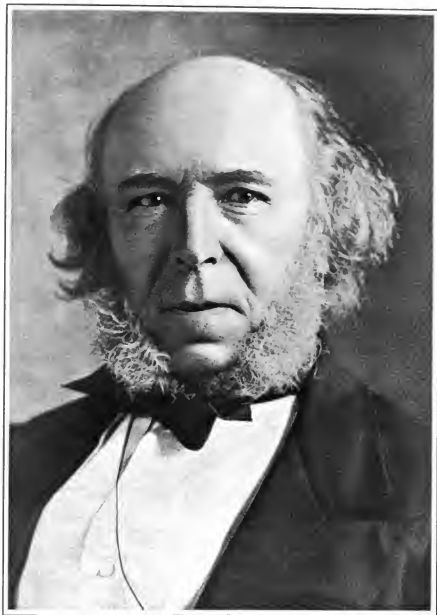
There was a time when urbanity was a natural product of urban life. To apprentices in the social art the city gave the discipline of self-control, intercourse with a number of one's fellows, of varied qualities and tendencies, bestowed the aggressive spirit and taught the lesson of tolerance. Moving in the midst of the crowd, as ruled off the angles of a jagged temperament. The newcomer had to learn that, if he were to succeed, he must not look upon his own things, but upon the things of others. In this way the pressure of his surroundings often without any deliberate contribution on his own part, transformed the rustic freshman into a graduate of the school of polite living.

But that this might happen it was essential that the crowd should not be too thick, that the city, no longer, near the stress of cutting a hot-blooded life severe. In our modern conditions there are many

who cannot afford to have their angles smoothed; they need all the sharp points and edges possible in order to cut their way through the mobs. Self must be obtunded instead of suppressed. When man meets man, it is in conflict and fellowship. We read sometimes of "the social arena," and when civilization has come to that it is vain to expect any politeness of a higher type than the etiquette of the gladiator. No our contemporary windowless air-Spartanisms, Push, Vim, Kinsler One. And in any street or at any such hours we can see part of the cause and part of the effect.

From such strain upon the tender virtues the life of the city-man is exempt. His freedom from the storm and stress of city life gives him space in the pursuit of refinement. Whether he makes good use of it or not, he has at least the opportunity of frequent practice in thoughtfulness and self-control. If there is closed to him the door of intercourse with men of high culture, he that respect he is no worse off to-day than his brother of the town, whereas he enjoys an ample leisure for companionship with noble thoughts. The oasis of his life are more frequent, and their streams gush from deeper springs. Even though he is exposed to the heavy stress of being "fresh" and "green," he has his indication ready to hand if those qualities are the mark of an smothering leaf on a living tree. And if a certain restfulness is an essential of good manners, if it is repose that stamps the seals of Vere de Vere, shall we turn to the city or to the village for this security of the true aristocracy?

It is harder to filter the dictionary than to amend the Constitution of the United States. We may give anything else up to date, but no Radical will ever secure the adoption of the definition of "Urbanity—the quality of a person occupying an 'all Street' who turns a day by a Broadway car; sometimes also attributed to hotel clerks." But Urbanity being what it has become, the great problems of the future—not so much for Keatsiansphere as for socialists—will be: What is Suburbanity going to mean?



## HERBERT SPENCER

*Herbert Spencer died in England on December 8, at the age of eighty-three. Spencer's first book, "Social Statics," appeared in 1850. He could find no publisher willing to undertake the risk of bringing it out, and was obliged to print it at his own expense. It was fourteen years before the original edition of 750 copies was disposed of. Twelve years later, in 1862, appeared the first volume of his most famous work, the "System of Synthetic Philosophy," a development of the theory of evolution. Its publication was made possible through American interest in the project, and the work was issued by subscription. It is a noteworthy fact that the prospectus outlining the series was planned by Spencer prior to the appearance of Darwin's "Origin of Species"*





### NEW SCULPTURE FOR THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

One of the most striking decorations for the St. Louis Fair is Mr. Michel Tonnetti's group entitled "The Dance," which is to be placed above the entrance to the Hall of Festivals. The grotesque figure bearing cymbals typifies the Spirit of Music, and is supposed to summon the dancers to the revelry. The wood-nymph and faun on the left represent the pagan Spirit of the Forest, while the figures on the right, in more moderate movements, represent the dance of to-day. The figure in the centre typifies the spirit of the Greek dance. A photograph of Mr. Tonnetti's "Victory" appeared recently in the "Weekly"

# Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

THE spectacle of a "miracle-play" crowding the theatre at every performance in the ultramodern days is a triumph at once for the dramatist and for stage-craft. Nelson has Mr. E. H. Nelson been so fitted with a part that calls into play all the versatile gifts of this talented actor as that of King Robert of Sicily in "The Proud Prince." It was a happy thought that inspired Mr. Justin Hanly McCarthy to adapt the well-known legend to the needs of the drama. Few who read *If I were King*, or witnessed the performance of the play, had heard of Francesco Villone, the vagabond poet, until that long fellow's narrative poem had familiarized the story of Robert of Sicily in the public mind, and therein lay a strong advantage to the hand of the dramatist and novelist. It was also a daring thing to attempt—the rehabilitation of a medieval tale that involved supernatural agency in the process of its dramatic development. To be sure, Mr. McCarthy had a precedent in "Faust," and as that play had the support of Sir Henry Irving, so Mr. McCarthy had the splendid assistance of Mr. Sobern in aiding him to stamp his dramatic endeavor with the reality that only creative genius can produce. But, as a rule, such honors have been left to grand opera as the best medium for their dramatic expression. As in "Faust," so in "The Proud Prince," the archaic story is made a vehicle for a truth imbedded in universal experience, and appealing to the sense of spiritual conflict between the good and the bad that never grows old in human nature. The story of Robert of Sicily—the proud prince—who is made to bite the dust, and to work his way back to his former exalted position through suffering and suffering, and the purifying force of an emboding love, is, indeed, a miracle in its outward semblance; but it is a parable of that hidden transmutation of character experienced by all who eschew the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life in striving for righteousness, and its, after all, the stupendous and unchanging miracle in the spiritual history of mankind. I am not concerned here with the moral trend of Mr. McCarthy's work, except in so far as its ethical basis gives the support of truth to its spiritual and artistic significance, and it is with regard to this that I have to say that the stage has rarely seen such a masterly portrayal of a character as Mr. Nelson presents in the gradual metamorphoses by which he descends the spiritual ascent of the king from the depths to which he has been cast down. The characterization illuminates the pages in the novel, and realizes for us the tragic beauty of a soul thrusting its way toward the light through baffled rage, despair, humility, and, finally, the self-sacrifice born of a noble passion. *The Proud Prince* in book form, it should be said, is not a "modernization" of the play, as was *If I were King*. The novel, although following faithfully the action of the play, was written independently, and completed in time to be published simultaneously with the dramatic production. It is illustrated with scenes of the play from photographs taken especially for this purpose while the play was in rehearsal. Mr. McCarthy has strayed into devious paths of fiction in his time; but in none of these essays have his imaginative powers mastered the elements of romance and infused them with strong human interest as in *The Proud Prince*, which will take its place as the best and most popular book he has written.

Local color has seldom been made tributary to more successful ends than in *Borlase*, a story of modern London in the depressing twilight mood of *Conoverwell*. Mr. J. Barron Russell is gratefully remembered for two novels of London life, *The Mandate* and *A Guardian of the Poor*, which showed the careful hand of an observing student of human nature. *Borlase* & *Soa* is the firm name of a drapery business which stands as a type of a shopping institution known all over London, where the employees board on the premises. Mr. Wells gave us some insight into the workings of these institutions in his *Wheels of Chance*, but nowhere in fiction has a picture been so exactly and realistically produced as in Mr. Russell's new novel. Strange to say, there is no love-story in it, and yet it compels the interest from start to finish by its vivid touches and graphic depiction of a condition of things that we feel instinctively are true, though untried to our experience. It would be unfair to the author to hint at his story here, but it may be said that it concerns the growth of character in a boy adopted by *Borlase*, and that it develops some unexpected situations that come as a surprise to the reader. The story though gray and gloomy in tone, as it must be, perforce from its very environment, has a subtle humor and a sincerity of feeling which command interest and impart no little pleasure.

The author of *The Merchant of an Empress* has returned to the historic scenes of her first work, which made so wide an impression, and has written a companion volume entitled *A Knight of Empire*. In *The Merchant of an Empress* we had the pathetic present memoir we have the story of the life of the Emperor, Francis Joseph, thus forming a complement to the previous volume. It is most interesting reading, and presents the remarkable days of Old-World monarchs in a singularly fascinating light, because of its unromantic and unostentatious disclosure of facts that the bays surrounding royalty usually conceal. Needless to say, this startling chronicle of events that inspired in the coast life of Austria, as told by one who was an eyewitness and an actor in the scenes, is full of interesting details that have hitherto evaded publication. The story of the Emperor's life is unfolded from his earliest childhood, and many incidents are related of his happy, merry boyhood which furnish a peep into the life of the man he became. One morning he encountered the celebrated priest Doppelbauer, who was his boyhood's greatest friend, in a corner of his garden, kneeling among his potatoes, with gray hands. "What good woe have you here?" the priest greeted young "Franz" with a laugh; "I can't shake hands with you, I'm too dirty." "That's nothing," exclaimed the royal sprig, extending his smooth, pink palm. But the priest still refused to grasp the boy's hand, and, with a frown, "Franz!" stooped quickly, thrust his hand deep into the mouldy earth of the potato-bed, and withdrawing it thoroughly covered with mire, waved it triumphantly under the nose of his amazed host. "Now," he cried, with a mischievous laugh, "I'm just as dirty as you are, and you will have to shake hands!" Where the ceremony was accordingly performed with much merriment on both sides.

Spurred, perhaps, by the fact that my copy was marked "second edition," and upon learning that the book was already being well received in the Middle West, I opened a book, lately called *The Roadside of Balthazar*, by Mr. Roswell Field, a brother of the lamented Eugene Field, and himself no novice in letters. My interest was mild, and the quiet narrative style of the preceding pages soon began to stir my mind to any unusual degree. But by and by an unexpected charm began to steal over me, and I found myself turning back and re-reading the pages I had lightly scanned. From that moment I was as completely in bondage to Mr. Field, as Balthazar was to the thrall of the bibliophile. There is no story to speak of; there is nothing to prick sensation, nothing to stir the blood of those who need the clasp of steel or the noise of ruddy excitement to beguile their reading propensities. Simply, it is the quiet, unadorned tale of a bibliophile from youth to old age; tracing the inheritance of bibliomania from his ancestors and its extreme and sinister development in his nature. But how little this tells of the beauty that lurks in every line that underlines his practicality, in a quiet way, in a figure that ever lived between the covers of a book. The patient pathos of Hannah, his wife, is never allowed to become a reproach to the serene self-absorption of the book lover, but acts as a foil to the humor that enlivens the saddest quest and never-satisfied passion of the book-hunter. Up and down the land, from town to town, one follows the restless couple until they settle at last in the cottage which reared the beautiful friendship that grew up between the old man and the daughter of his Meermans. How Mr. Barris would have loved Balthazar; in fact, I felt it borne in upon me that no other living writer, except the author of *The Little White Bird*, could have conceived so novel a theme or carried it out with such delicate humor and kindness, all with a touch of phantasy and just that dip into romance at the end which is so characteristic of both writers. One read *The Roadside of Balthazar* is a book that will be gratefully treasured.

In *A Christmas Wreath*, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder has gathered those of his poems which have emanated from the thought of Christmas in all its deep and various meanings. There are twenty-two poems in the volume, including some of his best-known verse—"In Poesdalen," "The Passing of Christ," "The Christ-Child," for example. The book is a thin novel, bound in white parchment, and is embellished with two full-page illustrations and rich border designs drawn by Mr. Henry McCarthy. The selected poems are intended to symbolize the life and teachings of Christ. The volume will no doubt appeal to many as an appropriate gift-book for the Christmas season.



Justin Hanly McCarthy  
The author of "The Proud Prince"

# The Stage and Playgoers

By W. W. Harrison

**T**HIS year it seems that the most splendid productions have been unable to draw the public to the playhouses in large numbers. Art and technique have suffered together. The expectations of the managers have fallen so low that "standing-room only"—that in abridgment last year with a dip-pant N. E. 11—has now ceased to be even a plausible hope. Good business now means a house more than half-full. The blank verse, the problem play, the social picture, the farce with its many doors, the musical comedy, the comic opera, the costume play, the colonial, the patriotic, the rural drama, the melodrama of the tenement-house, the race-track, war, sawmill, railroad—each and all have been involved in a common famine which is almost without parallel in stage annals.

Here are a few instances: Miss Julia Marlowe disbanded her company in St. Louis, November 29, and retired from the stage for the season. A few weeks before Vestis Tilley disbanded her company in Chicago, and was engaged for a between-the-acts turn in Edward Harrigan's "Under Cover." This play, itself a good specimen of the Harrigan character-drama, failed to attract in spite of excellent newspaper notices, and the popularity of the star. Miss Blanche King, in one of the few musical pieces of the season, "The Jersey Lily," abandoned her play on the road, and fled to the London music-halls.

If the people would not go to musical comedy, one would say they must be seeking the higher drama. Two such offerings were made, one, a magnificent Shakespearean production, with one of our most popular actors—Nat Goodwin—in the cast. There were 150 people in the company, but after the first night, hardly so many in the audience. The piece went to Boston, where it was reported to have an advance sale of only \$4 for the first night. The other play was written by a contemporary poetic dramatist; it was lavishly mounted, and warmly received by the press. Yet it was reported from reliable sources that the receipts ran as low as \$7 for one night, while on one evening, up to eight o'clock, not a single seat had been sold. Unhappily the worst failure will deceive a number of visitors, yet at a certain rate in Broadway recently only four seats had been bought before the curtain rose, and hardly any stragglers came in during the play.

One of the most popular social stars in the country, in a piece by a famous novelist, left New York after a short stay at two different theatres; it was said that his receipts had gone as low as \$17 for one night. A comedy success, which had run in crowded houses all last winter and through the summer, fell before \$200 for one night. Sir Henry Irving's "Bacon" was played but one week in New York, and for the first time in all his visits he reduced his charge for seats.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, "Major André," was produced and received by the usual first-night throng with enthusiasm. Even before the press notices appear there should ordinarily be a good advance sale for the second and following nights. Yet not one seat was sold for these performances until late the second afternoon. The manager withdrew the piece and disbanded the company in a week.

Miss Jessie Millward scored a complete success in "A Crowned Slave" for her company, and the play, and yet the box-office showed almost a clean slate, and the

manager immediately ordered the disbandment of the troupe. There was much breaking of hearts and of custom in the process. One of these managers, yet they simply showed an uncommon acuteness. In "John Ermine of the Yellow

"The Sponders" and James K. Hackett failed to draw in New York. The dramatized novel was blamed for many of the disasters of the season, although one of the few plays approaching old-time success was "Raf-She," a dramatization, while "Resurrection," "Ben Hur," "The Bonnie Briar Bush," and "Cheekers" are doing fairly well. Two companies are playing "David Harum," two "The Christian," two "Quincy Adams Sawyer," four are playing "Peck's Bad Boy," and at least as many "Iselin Tom's Cabin"; and other book plays are holding the boards as successes.

In light comedy, Mr. and Mrs. Royle won a success of esteem in "My Wife's Husband," but could not keep going. In farce, Henry E. Dickey's production of "Facing the Music" had a summer run, but was given up; the actor himself is said to have bought the production for \$500; he tried to continue it, but without profit. "A Fool and his Money" had a success in New York last year, and started on the road with James Lee Flaney in the chief part, but it could not go on. It was revived by William Collier, who had previously made two short but disastrous attempts in "Personal" and "Are You My Father?" Another farce, "Civian's Papa," came back in distress before it started on its second tour with a new leading woman.

A superfluity of musical comedy last year was blamed by some of the present falling off, but there have been very few attempts in this form this year, and they have been of a more logical sort; yet they have done no better. Two or three English triumphs have won no patronage here, while native works have, as a rule, fared sadly. Even melodramas had found the gallery quite unwilling to venture their pennies.

The excessive number of new theatres has been plausibly advanced as an explanation of the lack of success. With four theatres in a city of 50,000 people, like Springfield, Massachusetts, it is impossible to expect good attendance. New York has recently had several additions to its large number of playhouses; but the total audience of all the attractions could not be profitably divided among the old number of theatres. The fact is that the people are not in a theatre mood, and that the plays which were called triumphs this year are playing to only small houses. Nowadays in pay expenses is a matter of congratulation.

The fight between the "theatrical trust" and the "independents" has been mentioned as an active cause. But the theatres in London have neither the syndicate nor the overbuilding of new theatres to blame, yet the reason there is a very straitened circumstance. In America, the report of hard times blighted New York first, or at least it was felt first in the metropolis, because the new plays were having their trial runs, while the rest of the country was getting the approved and well-advertised shows of the previous year of prosperity. But soon New England joined the blacklist, Chicago and the Middle West followed. The Pacific coast and the South, at first solid, are showing evidences of panic.

Up to the present moment 180 companies have given up the bitter struggle, and more than 2000 actors are without employment in New York.



Drawn by Earl Crow

William Gillette in "The Admirable Critchton"

## THE STRANGLE-

This is the third of a series of four articles on the tremendous power of labor as it affects the home, the emphasize most vitally the personal phase of a situation which seriously threatens not only commercial

## III. The Influence of Organized Labor upon the C

**I**N the last five years the cost of living throughout the country has increased 17 per cent.—about a correspondingly high increase in salaries and wages. In 1902 the price of food was 16 per cent. higher than in 1896 (its lowest year), and nearly 11 per cent. higher than the average for the decade 1896-1902. In Chicago, a city peculiarly dominated by unscrupulous labor leaders, the increase in the cost of living is 18.8 per cent. over 1902. That is to say, a family spending \$1000 in 1898 would have to spend \$1198.11 in 1903 for the same quantities of the same things.

It has come to this—that even when we eat, it is by the grace of the walking delegate. The milk that comes to us in the morning is brought by a union milk-wagon driver, who took it from a union teamster, who brought it from the country in a union-made can and a union-made car. In most cases, the bread we eat in the morning is delivered by a union man, who had it from a union shop, where a union baker made it from union-made flour. The meat we order comes by the same channel; and that channel may be stopped at any moment, on any pretext, by almost any union through a direct or a sympathetic strike. Let us see what this means. The dairy industry in this country is second in value to only one in the value of animal product, and is valued at nearly six hundred million dollars. In the month of October, 1903, 898,825 cans of milk, with forty quarts to the can, were consumed, and nearly 40,000 cans of cream, a total of over eighteen million gallons of milk. The city of Chicago alone consumed 100,000 gallons of milk. New York city in the same month consumed a much greater quantity. The distribution of this white avalanche requires an army of men. The union ranks are large. The comfort of the consumers of any of our big cities lies, therefore, at the mercy of a few leaders of organized labor. The details in the case of New York, October 10 and 11 of this year, set off half the milk supply of New York for those two days. In 1903 a militant kept New York from having a drop of fresh milk for four days. Equal distress may be caused by a labor union. This means to the gross-up amateur and dilettante: to the afflicted, mere starvation and death.

The effect is even more far-reaching. An instance of loss the farmer may be indirectly injured, and the public annoyed by the unions, was given in the month of June in Chicago, where a strike of the workers in Kuhn's a hardware store, a lack-out in two branches of the National Biscuit Company, and the closing down of the Hammond Packing Company by labor demands cut down the sources of the market for milk to the extent of 1500 cases, or 60,000 quarts, daily. Again, not long ago, in Chicago, the Milk Wagon Drivers' Association resolved to make only one delivery of milk a day. They were in such close conspiracy with one organized employer—the Milk Shippers' Union and the Milk Dealers' Association—that no effort at coercion was made. The Board of Health put up a pathetic appeal, but even the Board of Health had no weight or power in such a case. It was in the heat of June that this step was taken, and in most cases the milk could not be kept sweet from delivery to delivery. The result was that in one week the death-rate of children increased nearly 40 per cent., and the deaths from convulsions or intestinal diseases rose to 90 per cent.

If the milk is under the control of the unions, so is everything else that requires transportation by train or truck. Consider the other dairy products which town people obtain only from the farmers outside. There are 5,239,000 farms in the United States. They produce 300,000,000 heads of poultry. This poultry lays eighteen thousand million eggs a year, of which the average consumes a third at home. The rest brings a cash price of \$25,000,000. The annual egg crop, indeed, reaches a higher cash value than the gold and silver output combined.

The egg output is in the hands of small farmers. Their profits are limited and precarious. Any union that interferes with the quick, regular, and cheap marketing of milk, poultry, or eggs—or, indeed, any of the farm products, vegetables, grain, and live-stock—must work serious harm to the total income and prosperity of the country. The unions control the channel, and any moment may bring serious damage to the farmer and enormous discomfort on the consumer.

For example, in Chicago in one year the surrounding region shipped 10,000 tons of butter, 60,000 tons of eggs, 10,000 tons of cheese, and 100,000 tons of dressed poultry. A strike among the union freight-handlers some months ago disrupted the stream of food. The teamsters struck in sympathy, and even the carriers of the produce were forbidden to remove it. Tons of it rotted in the cars. One merchant, Samuel Hines, unable to buy a driver, drove his own wagon to the freight yard to get a consignment of eggs that was spoiling there. He was killed

by a union teamster. In the recent street-car strike teamsters tampered with a general sympathetic strike. During the argument over this the Teamsters' Joint Council was split into two factions. One of these, consisting mainly of the truck drivers, followed November 25. Many of the delegates of the mail and the union followed. An insurrection like this holds no good in the future, for the risks are likely to fight each other with strikes as weapons. They have done it before. The public standing between them will win no blows from either. The farmers will also feel every shock.

It is not, however, the transportation unions alone that affect the income from farm products. All the trades-unions engaged in manufacturing farm implements or any of the necessities of life harm the farmer and, in the long run, the people who buy what the farmer sells. Forty years ago farmers owned 35 per cent. of the country's wealth. Now they own barely a fifth, 21 per cent. In November the National Grange held a convention, at which the national master in his address laid the blame for this vast decline upon tariff-made trusts and labor unions. Condemnation of capital had, he said, required power to do the



## THE END!

prices of what farmers bought and sold. Labor-unions compelled manufacturers to yield to unwarranted demands, and then the excessive cost was meted out to the consumer. These evasions, according to the national master, discouraged the average citizen, who found himself "the packhorse" both of trade and of labor.

Recently, in addition to the unfair burden of the trusts and transportation-unions, the farmer, and again through him the consumer, has been confronted with a direct union among farm laborers. The "hard man" has of late grown audacious under the personalness of the walking delegate, and the Harvest Hands' Union has sprung into the field. It was organized by John Brown, who began it in the wheat and maize section of Indiana. The disorganized population of farm laborers had interfered with the powers of the miners' unions, and it was partly a deliberate idea that led to their organization.

The pay of the farm-hand had been a dollar a day, but after Dean had organized two-thirds of them, he raised the price to \$2.50 a day during harvest and to \$40 a month on an eight months' contract. Farm labor unions have been widely organized, and while it has not yet been possible to settle a national scale or drastic laws, owing to the different productiveness of different fields and seasons, wages have been materially advanced. In Kansas the great harvest was a golden opportunity, and harvesters secured, according to skill, from \$1 to \$3 a day, working from sun to sun; wheat-stalkers received from \$3 to \$5 a day, and engineers \$2.50 to \$3 a day.

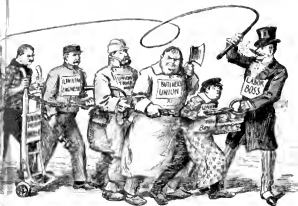
And now the live-stock which the farmer raises is under the minute guardianship of the unions. In spite of all that vegetable consumers desire, we are a nation of meat-eaters—by permission of the unions. All that is said of the transportation unions applies to the meat industry. If the transport union cannot obtain our flesh-foods at all, if they compel an increase of wages, the freight rates go up, and the railroad fares the meat dealers, who in turn tax the public. The Beef Trust goes no not long ago an appalling proof of the power of a combination of capitalists. There have been many proofs of the power of laboring men, also, when they form a union, shut out competition, and raise prices.

## HOLD OF LABOR

normal cost of living—rent, the price of food, clothes, transportation, every-day necessities. These four articles of daily life, but individual liberty. The last article will appear in the forthcoming issue of "Harper's Weekly"

## Cost of Living and the Price of Food.—By John Keith

Now that the labor-union has invaded the agricultural domain, the chain is complete. A head of live-stock raised under union conditions is placed on a unionized train, delivered to a union-built slaughter-house, where a union-made car is loaded by a union stockman. The carcass is divided up and treated by various processes, all of them unionized. Some of it is given to union canners, who put it in union-made cans; some of it goes into boxes or refrigerator cars, who put it in union-made cars; by union packers, loaded by union freight-dealers in union-made cars, conducted by a union-made locomotive run by a Brotherhood engineer and union freight-handlers, who transport it to a destination, where more union freight-handlers put it in charge of union stockmen, who deliver it to a butcher who is employing union beef-cutters. They sell as much of it as you can afford to buy; it is weighed in union scales, wrapped in union paper, and taken to your home by a union driver. The chain is only as strong as its weakest link. But any one of these union links may prevent you from receiving your meat, or make the transit so costly or so difficult that it costs more. In fact, it is possible, in case the consumer employs non-union labor, that the meat would not be delivered at any price.



their meals at a union packing house in Buffalo; they sold these meals at a higher rate than the Buffalo retail price, and the walking delegate and the State organizer who acted as distributors were proved guilty of pocketing a private commission as well as bullying and bullying the public.

One of the sixty-nine signers was complained of by a woman named Henry Rapp, who had been found guilty of having his wife help in his shop. He had been compelled to pay the union a \$300 fine to prevent his shop being closed, though two other suitors with a personal grudge had been permitted to enjoy the aid of their wives. The item is important as showing how even in little matters favoritism and graft walk hand in hand with the walking delegate. The public, as usual, paid a high price for inconvenience.

In October the packers in Jersey City struck, not for shorter hours or larger wages, but to force the "closed shop." In November there were various local strikes in the Chicago packing-houses. They had been brewing for a month, and a national sympathetic strike was planned. The Chicago union accepted a temporary compromise, but the Missouri unions voted for it. This would have involved the wages and time of the following workmen: 32,000 in Chicago, 6,000 in South Omaha, and 300 in St. Joseph, Missouri; 7,000 in Kansas City, 3,000 in East St. Louis, 1,000 in St. Paul, 1,000 in Fort Worth, Texas, 1,000 in Sioux City, 1,000 in New York—total, 55,200.

The low in wages and produce would have been disastrous, but the general public is still more concerned in its own food and in the related industries affected. An authority in close personal touch with this situation has thus described what would have happened had the strike been called as it might well have been, and, indeed, as it may yet be at any moment: "In the five countries—Chicago, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, and St. Louis—alone the slaughter of 125,000 cattle and 200,000 hogs would be stopped. In six weeks this would mean 750,000 cattle, 1,200,000, or the equivalent of 325,000,000 pounds of beef and 1,200,000,000 pounds of pork. A study of the stocks on hand at any time would at once show that a meat famine would result. It is hard to see how slaughter on the farms might alleviate the distress there, but the large cities could not be supplied for two reasons: There would be no place for killing the stock, and there would be no one to kill the stuff.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers

## SS CHAIN

In Williamsburg, New York, a week or two ago, patrons of a certain butcher shop were threatened with bodily injury for trying to buy a steak there. This firm had been paying even better wages than the union requires, and they did not discriminate against the union, though it claimed that of their twenty employees only one belonged to the Journeymen Butchers' Union. A walking delegate offered the other nineteen a bonus of \$1 each if they would join the union. They said: "Why should we join the union and pay dues and strike assessments in order to get less money than we now receive? None of us get \$30. Why should we insist on taking only \$12?"

The delegate insisted, and called out his one man, who later went back, and the others were followed and threatened with injury and even with death. Customers were warned against entering the place. Circulars with a skull and crossbones were plastered outside the shop. Finally the shop itself was invaded and the men attacked. The police were called out to prevent a riot.

Thus is pure logic on the part of the labor leaders, but it is the reduction of thousands of unsatisfied that men should be beaten, a shop boycotted, and the general public warned in order to reduce wages for the sake of discipline and monopoly. How long will our voters tolerate it?

The city of Rochester, New York, has been undergoing a meat war since October. The hours and wages were satisfactory, and the unions were fully recognized. The Rochester Packing and Cold Storage Company had a written agreement with the unions. When the time came for the renewal, the unions refused, and made heavy demands. The company showed that it had actually paid better than union wages; but when it declined still further concessions, it was not only struck but boycotted. All butchers in Rochester were commanded to buy nothing from this company. Sixty-nine of them refused. Their employees were ordered out.

The proprietors issued declarations of independence describing the behavior of the walking delegates, and declaring their intention of serving their own customers. When the Rochester public presented in visiting the boycotted shops, rather than confine themselves to a strictly vegetable diet, the walking delegates spread shops of their own. They bought

paralyzed the building trades in New York city for months indicates the possibilities of the same force if determinedly applied to the packing trades. The stagnation of the big plants would mean more than the turning of 60,000 or 70,000 workmen from the salary list. It would mean national hunger, the virtual cessation of our export trade, the stopping of the live-stock movement, and distress in many other places. In the struggle the general public would be hurt more than either capital or labor. One may economize on clothing, but we must eat.

The general public is between the upper and the rather millstone between extortion at the hands of the Beef Trust and starvation at the hands of the live-labor trust; there is small choice and great distress. The very sandy we eat is under the eye of the order the country. The has been recently devised to boycott all non-union sweetmeats. The teachers in Chicago have a federation which is affiliated with the labor unions. The president, Catherine Goggin, was reported to have said that a teacher must decline even a gift of non-union candy, according to an order issued November 13, in support of certain striking canners. She added, "If there were a large quantity to send back, I should, of course, hire only a union messenger to deliver it." Under the banner of the hyperbole there is the solemn fact that not only the necessities of every-day living, but the luxuries are under the control of the strong hand of the walking delegate. It is a question of personal liberty which touches the pockets of every one who pays rent or buys food.

In Minneapolis, on the 24th of September, the labor unions closed fourteen of the seventeen largest flour-mills by a strike. What were they striking for? The unskilled flour-leaders wanted to raise their wages 25 per cent, and they demanded also that all the money at work in the mill should receive the same pay as the men. This meant an addition of from 125 per cent, to 175 per cent, of the wages of hundreds of women. The various employees said that trade did not want the increase. The expert millers were satisfied with wages and hours, but were not in the general union, and were outvoted two to one by the flour-leaders. Nineteen hundred men were called out. The owners gradually found other expert millers, and slowly resumed operations. The flour-leaders



found other jobs, the expert millers remained idle, or drifted to other towns. The result was a defeat for the union, though it had gone so far in attempts at boycott as to send circulars to Europe, warning consumers not to use certain flours and ordering union men not to handle them. The expert millers were repaid with hardship and idleness for their support of the strike. But the public flour supply is a dangerous piece for those experiments in the unnatural forcing up of wages.

The smallest bakeries, as well as the great flour-mills, are the victims of union ambition. In October 600 members of the Hebrew Journeyman Bakers and Confectioners' Union of New York struck for more pay and shorter hours, to the great discomfort of the tenement district.

The cakes and pie are no less open to war than the bread itself, and the strikes come from all directions, with a common result that the public supply is hampered and made more costly. In November the delivery-wagon drivers of six of the largest wholesale bakers in Chicago threatened strike, and the pie-wagon drivers joined in the demand.

In New York recently the wagon drivers of the so-called "Fla Trust" forced an increase in wages. The pie manufacturers therefore increased the wholesale price of small pies from three to four cents. The smaller restaurant-keepers raised a wild outcry that they could not afford to continue to sell the pies to the public at five cents. The result of such a strike from the wagon drivers means then that the public will pay more or get smaller pies, or that the restaurant business will suffer in its reasonable profits. This, in its turn, reacts on the public welfare.

During a strike in Milwaukee a walking delegate opened a shop to supply believers in boycott. But the unions made flour and union-made wages made it impossible even for him to make and sell pie for five cents. He began to buy non-union pies; then his own bakers struck, and the walking delegate was boycotted by his own union. There was some poetic justice in all this, but meanwhile the union wages and the union-made flour stay high in price. In Washington the three-cent loaf has been discontinued, as union wages and methods made it unprofitable. To the very poor this means much.

In a bakery the weather affects the speed and speed of rising, so that it does not burn twice alike, workmen differ in speed, hence it is difficult to arrange regular hours. A slow workman requires more than the union number of hours. Yet when these hours are up the rules compel the men to leave, even if the oven is full of bread. Sometimes a walking delegate comes round Friday night and says to the master baker: "The union has fined you \$10. Pay up or your Sunday baking stops!" he may present a contract with the union and demand a \$100 cash deposit as security. To stop the Saturday sale would almost mean ruin to many small dealers. The blackmail usually succeeds.

In Brooklyn, last October, a boycott was declared against a master baker who kept a non-union shop. Two union men bought bread from him, then took it outside, threw it to the ground, and trampled on it, with loud exclamations of scorn for the boycotted baker. They were arrested and held for trial. In Wilmington, Delaware, a boycotted baker was asked for a conference, and insisted on having reporters present. The union delegates refused to talk. Publicity is not desisting in their methods. In Poughkeepsie a recent strike of journeyman bakers compelled many women to do their own baking. The union issued an edict calling on union men to prevent their own wives aiding the non-union cause, and ordering them to do without bread at all if necessary. The astounding principle was plainly stated that "no man has a right to do even for himself what he could have a union man to do!"

It is the aim of the unions to have a union label on every loaf of bread. The hanging of a yard in the window is not considered enough. Now, in the first place, to have a union label stuck on a loaf of bread is useless and offensive. In the second place, the label does not mean cleanliness of manufacture. In New York on the East Side the journeyman bakers have their chief loaf, yet the fill in the bakeries there is indescribable, and the unions permit it.

In Newark recently, at a meeting of the trade council, a bakery inspector told the men that they were themselves to blame for the uncleanliness of their shops; they answered that they were not paid to clean up their own disorder.

On occasion, too, the labor-union can lead itself to illegal combinations of certain employers against certain other employers. I have previously spoken of such a conspiracy among the Chicago teamsters' unions and an association of employers. The same plan was recently tried in St. Louis, where a great effort was begun in November to combine certain of the dealers in bread and milk into an association which was to combine with the labor-unions to restrict all competition and regulate prices and service. It may succeed, and the public will endure high prices, bad service, and intimidation as a reward for its apathy to its own rights.

Such was the case recently in Chicago when the Master Bakers' Association decided to raise the price of bread from five cents to six cents a loaf. The numerous bakeries and lunch-rooms of H. H. Kehlbasht resisted the movement. The Master Bakers' Union enlisted the aid of the Waiters' Union, and closed all of the Kehlbasht restaurants, throwing 600 employes out of work, and setting the dinner to thousands of the public. The question at issue had nothing humane in it; it had no excuse of bitterness for the poor laborer, his hours, his wages, or his union. It meant to charge the laborer and the public in general 20 per cent. more for every loaf of bread. The unions fostered this piracy even at the cost of calling their own men out of employment.

We have here seen the union waiter combining with the journeyman baker. The waiter can also raise prices directly. Denver and Omaha, as well as Chicago, have had strikes by waiters. But for all his haughty demeanor, the union waiter has not yet reached that he is about taking a tip. He thus costs the public double. The hotel and restaurant proprietors and the club stewards do not, of course, pay their waiters out of their own pockets. They add the wages to the price of the articles of food. In addition to this, the public must add at least 10 per cent. more as a personal tip to the waiter. Until the waiters' unions throw down their own expensive servility they have small claims on justice.

The cooks, too, are organized to increase the cost of service in hotels and restaurants. The strengthening of their organization goes on actively, and even in the last few days the Marine Cooks and Stewards' Association and the local Marine Cooks' Union, claiming 1446 members, have had their committees bringing procedure to bear on the chefs of cruise-boats and tugboats to join the cause.

Thus all the world of purveyors is leagued against all the world of eaters. From the soil to the table each product of another-earth is watched by labor-unions, who pass it along the line to us, the poor citizens, whose rights, if we have or deserve any, they treat with the scorn our timidity and inactivity encourage. It is in their power to maul us of all we can earn, or even to starve us to death.

It is a question how long the voters of our cities and of the country at large will tolerate those raids upon their pockets and upon their very rights to live without the coercion and tyranny of a few unscrupulous leaders of organized labor.

## A Forecast of the New Year

By the Duke of Argyll, K. T.

LIKE giants eager for the race  
Our English nations are.  
O New Year, let thy record trace  
In peace their fortunes' star.

For petty spite, nor lust of gain,  
Loose hand now clasped in hand  
Whose commerce covers every main—  
Advancing every land.

Brothers and Sons o'er all the world,  
One tongue—to-day one speech—  
War's flag shall be the last unfurled,  
Love's flag the first for each.

# MARSH SHOOTING

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Written by Sydney Adairson

**A** MARSH always was attractive to me. To many people a marsh means muck, mosquitoes, and malaria; to me it means color and life—a riotous symphony of greens in summer; in autumn a harmonious quartette in browns and misty purples and those exquisite wet greys that hint of sea-winds blowing from far off. In summer the marsh thrills, hums, vibrates with throbbing life—in the air, on the water, under the water; anarsms of brilliant gauzy-winged creatures dart above the still, sky-tinted pools or hang glittering in the sunshine; hawk and swallow, heron and crane, haunt the wet green velvet plain. When delicate pastel tints of dawn or sunset stain the quiet waters, fish rise, making widening rings upon the pool, or spring quivering out of water for the dilly air bath. And when the first silvered ripple widens under the rising moon the shy creatures of the woods come down to drink and bathe; deer moving like ghosts in the fairy radiance, a fox lapping his fill at a pool, perhaps a lynx, tasselled ears flattened, snuffing in the reeds, listening, moving apparently at hazard, with now and then a dainty shake of rounded paw.

Dawn on the marsh sets the wild ducks stringing out to sea or to open inland waters; the great blue heron moves, ruffles, rises, and soars over the woods; the crane spreads enormous pinions, and flees upward and away. Swallows dash through the level sun's rays; dragon-flies, asleep on the tall reeds, begin to shiver and quiver. All day long swallows soar, drift, dart, skim; all day long the red-winged blackbirds croak and chatter. The clear whistle of the meadow lark floats from the upland; the marsh-harrier's querulous

gurgulous cry sounds interminably. The first deepening bar of color in the west sends the first returning black duck whirling back to his favorite pool; the herons follow, solemnly flapping; the last of the cranes leave and drift away toward the blue woodlands on the hill. Fisher and fowler come to the ducks; a drake mallard circles overhead, quacking interrogatively, and drops wings, almost and red webbed feet spread wide. Then come the killer phalar, noisily harmonious in the sky long before you see them drive in with a rush, while their wistful scented oull rings out in the gathering dusk. Npshah! A shell-drake drops in. Npshah! Was it a duck striking water somewhere in the darkness, or a great fish flopping up?

For it is the feeding hour of the fish; misty-winged moths hover over the water; the resonant strumming of frogs begins; the trilling of other frogs breaks out; tree-toads twitter from thickets. And now a shadowy, soft-winged bird floats out of the dusk and into it again. You must have quick eyes to catch a glimpse of the great barred owl.

Surrounding life and richest color; that is

the marsh. Southern swamps have drawbacks, and the sluggish, stumpy, death-dealing miasma is not the least. Still, if one does not drink swamp water, and if one is fairly mosquito-proof, there is delight in all swamps after their kind; a full moon and a high tide and a shot at the Virginia rail; a reedy point, and the crack o' dawn, and whistling flocks of bluebirds driving seaward—these are some of the delights of the marsh.

My first swamp shooting was interesting. Acres on acres of ruddy gray cranberry marsh swept west to the horizon, split by a fat gray sluggish stream, the Valse Water. And along that leader curvet the wood-ducks, flushed in couples as we walked them up, right and left, until it grew too dim to see, and we could only hear the spluttering racket of wings, and the red flash of our guns lighted up a terrified but unwatched dark bowling away into the darkness on rapid little wings.

I remember one day on that same Valse when we began the day in a woodcock covert. The birds flushed close enough, but the willows were so thick that it was almost useless to shoot. However, some of the birds took to the tussocks in the open, and it was warm work for a while. On the "Hacking Ridge" two black ducks blundered up from dry land, and fell to our fire. Two hours were spent in the point of woods to the north, where a brace of grouse rewarded us—and several other braces did not. It was there that I saw (with one exception) my last passenger-pigeon—eight of them. We might have shot them, but did not.

Virtue does not always insure prosperity; we missed a goose a few minutes later. Distinguishing plover, we headed in the midst of a scattered bunch of jack-snipe, and pocketed eight, one member of the party missing every shot. I did not mention his name. Dusk brought the returning ducks; we scattered our bunch with a phosphen fire as they drove past like a flight of feathered cannon balls. It was a pretty bag, take it all in all, the most interesting kind—a mixed bag.

Where that hot howling hell called Coney Island now lies, an effort in the zenith of the desert, once were sand-dunes, sweet bay, cedars, and marshlands teazed by millions of fiddler-crabs, and by sea-fowl in satisfying quantities. My brother and I shot our first ducks there, red-head and old-squaw. We also let loose four barrels into a bunch of Canada geese in Sheephead Cove. Where the Brighton Beach Hotel now stands I have shot many a rail and snipe; and in the meadows I have walked up many a fine piping duck. This was not many years ago, either.

To me a curlew is and has always been a mysterious creature. I hunted usually as a game-bird, few, however, fall to the snipe-shooter's gun. Yet they appear to be



Drawn by Sydney Adairson

"A perfect whiffled of curlew, snipe, and plover filled the air"

easy enough to shoot. My first experience with curlew was on a vast marsh bordering the Bay of Biensay. We had been hammering the jack-snipe with varying luck, and I was half a mile from my companions, my dog, chest-deep in water, leading, when, just out of gunshot, I saw a huge snipe-like bird walking along the muddy edge of a pool. To my chagrin, the dog paid no heed to the bird, although he passed within ten feet. Since then I have learned that some snipe will not "stand" curlew.

It seemed to be a matter of walking up the bird, and I innocently started to accomplish it. The bird moved off, walking a pace equal to my own, and when I quickened my steps the bird merely hid his pace to suit. At first I did not perceive that I was being trifled with; that idea took shape gradually after I had followed that infernal bird a mile without either flushing him or getting one inch closer. And he looked so big, so tame, so juicy—and I could not, to save my soul, get within gunshot. Meanwhile my dog, a distant speck on the marsh, stood faithfully pointing a squinting jack-snipe, stanch as a sign-post. The night refused me to fresh endeavor. Thus the sad happened; I ran after the curlew, who ran away.

Experience did not seem to cure me; every new curlew I saw seemed bigger, tamer, and juicier than the last; the irresistible desire to follow and get a shot led me many a shabby, mushy mile; cost me many a tumble into black holes. I might as well admit that I never got a shot by following curlew. Curlew I have shot, sometimes while passing overhead at dawn or twilight, once when storm shooting, and once when a pair came into some snipe decoys on the seaward edge of the dunes.

Personally, I could not help make up my mind to class curlew as game birds; and after a while I ignored all chances to score on them. The same feeling extended to the vaneauzes, those bronze-green, ploverlike, crested marsh birds that may shoot in preference to jack-snipe. The vaneauzes are anything but easy to approach; I never aimed a dog that would "stand" them, although I have seen dogs point them. As a rule, they will not tie to a dog; neither will curlew. Vaneauzes go in bunches larger than curlew; the only shots at them that I got were from blinds or boats, although at times flocks would bank inland or fly almost if not quite within range overhead.

Along a river in western France stretched a chain of marshes thickly with still, clear canals. Curlew, vaneauzes, plover, and jack-snipe were there, also a species of large grey snipe resembling our own yellowlegs. In the canals were widgeon and mallard—the magnificent wild mallard of Europe, which I believe is larger and more vigorously colored than our own stately green-head. The shooting belonged to an estate, but permission was not denied us; and one day, after mowing three grass on the marsh looked forward to warm work.

Work began promptly; a magnificent drake flushed and fell to my gun; a pair of incoming widgeon followed, as much to my sur-

prise as to their own. Then a jack-snipe went sailing away like a big grey clam shell, and he flew directly into the water of my second barrel. I was missing nothing, it appeared. Two more snipe followed, and that was more than my comrades could endure.

"For Heaven's sake," they called out, "change station and give us a show! There's nothing over to the right!"

We exchanged; almost immediately my dog, running wild, started two mallards, one of which fell at very long range. Angry amused, my comrades strung out wide; but hull luck lay in my path, and, for one of the few occasions in my career, I felt as though I was going to stop everything that rose; and I did. A long shot and a score on a widgeon comforted my comrades; then half an hour of blank followed.

On their side the marsh grew unpleasantly deep, and they demanded that I exchange again. So I did, with a heroic resolve; for, as I floundered across a channel and set foot on an oozy green island, the dog stopped, and the next moment a perfect whirlwind of curlew, snipe, and plover filled the air, rattling me as though I fired into the brown, scoring two birds only. As the air appeared almost solid with birds, I do not see how it was possible to miss like that. Never but once before, excepting on quail, did I see two harrets driven through a squall of shore birds with smaller result. And that time two and a quarter scores of shot swept through a bunch of some sixty birds without scoring one single bit of down. Righteous judgment! and serve us right who lose our heads and blaze away into the brown. A course of "brown" shooting with our Southern quail usually cures the idiot who practices it.

One sad feature of marsh shooting is the destruction of herons and the larger marsh birds. Only a rigid adherence to decency of conduct can prevent that, for it is, after all, sometimes a temptation on a blank day. But it is wrong, all wrong; and unless a man sticks to the principle that nothing except a game-killed excuse for shooting, our marshes will lose some of their most picturesque and beautiful inhabitants. I know that anglers bowel interminably for the extermination of all heron, crane, and kingfisher; I know also what damage the latter birds do, and also certain species of heron, such as the little green heron. Yet I have no desire to drive out these feathered fellow fishermen—no wish to fish in solitary hoggish comfort. Where herons and kingfishers become too numerous, there is no reason why their number should not be thinned out. But as for a wild and general lustitude upon the appearance of these birds, it is brutal and needless, and a policy which never can appeal to me. Jealous greed and intolerant selfishness are at the root of it; and I think that men who hasten to slay the first heron because there's a trout stream in the neighborhood, or the first hawk because there are quail near by, in the person capable of taking the last trout from the pond and the last bird from the covey.

## Photographing the Sun

By George H. Peters

Of the United States Naval Observatory

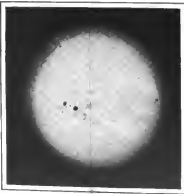
**A**T present this subject is one of considerable popular interest on account of the recent great outbreak of sun spots. Although an ordinary telescope will show considerable solar detail, the aid of photography is generally involved. The photographic plate can delineate features found on the sun much more accurately and quickly than hand can draw them. Besides, more can be seen on the photographic plate than the eye can detect. Moreover, with a powerful telescope but a small portion of the solar surface can be examined at a time. With the photographic method, however, the entire disk can be pictured at once, and the details subsequently magnified. This enables better comparisons of different surface features to be made, and the photographs, moreover, are permanent records.

In visual observations of this kind the viewing surface, or reflecting of the image, caused by atmospheric "seeing," greatly interferes with definition. On the quickly exposed solar photograph this motion is stopped, and the same principle that rapidly moving object can be "taken" with a "snap-shot."

The position of objects found on the solar photograph can also be measured with accuracy, their areas and locations on the

spherical body of the sun being ascertained by calculation. It is possible, on the photographic plate, by the employment of suitable chemical agents and processes of manipulation, to increase the surface contrasts in the resulting negative. This treatment brings out clearly features which the eye cannot detect, on the brilliant solar image, an amount of lack of contrast in many of the delicate markings.

The sun is an incandescent gaseous body, the immensity of whose vast bulk it is hard to realize. Supposing the earth to occupy a position at its centre, the sun could pursue its orbit within the sea, and reach but little more than half-way to its surface. On our scale of things, the solar photosphere envelope many interesting phenomena occur. These are due principally to the circulation of the matter composing its outer layers as radiation takes place. A dense cloud converge so dense more fitting for an "inferno" than the brilliant surface which we see. Masses of glowing matter many times the bulk of the earth are projected thousands of miles into space, only to fall back into the fiery depths beneath. Billows and mountains of incandescent gaseous matter form and disappear with great rapidity. The shining surface, known as the photosphere, with



A Solar Photograph, showing Groups of Sun spots, taken November 4, 1903, at the United States Naval Observatory

which we are all familiar, is composed mostly of clouds. These are mainly formed of calcium, carbon, and silicon at a super-white heat. It is from these we receive a large part of the solar radiations, while above them is a great atmospheric envelope containing metallic vapors.

The clouds of helium and other materials are at times elevated above the general surface of the photosphere and are then known as *faculae*. They have under these conditions an extremely brilliant appearance, especially when near the edge of the disc. It is generally in the neighborhood of these *faculae* that sun-spots are formed. They appear as black spots or blotches on the photosphere. Sun-spots, as can be seen in the photographs reproduced with this article, generally consist of two parts. The dark central nucleus is called the *umbra*, and the lighter fringe surrounding it is known as the *penumbra*.

Cyclical rotation, similar to that of hurricanes and typhoons on the earth, is often detected in these solar spots.

The great group recently photographed at the Naval Observatory had a total length of 172,000 miles, while its greatest width was 30,000 miles. These observations are made daily, weather permitting, and an extended series of solar photographs are now on file. The great sun-spot group was first detected on the negative of October 3, when one of the enormous spots composing it was seen projected as a notch on the edge of the sun. A careful examination of the plate showed that this notch was not devoid of detail, but that its surface outline could be followed. This was seen to be slightly elevated above the general contour of the edge, proving these spots to be elevations, and not depressions, as had generally been supposed.

In the series of solar photographs showing this group, as it was revolved across the sun's disc, by his axial rotation, great changes were seen to take place. To some extent there was a gradual absorption of several of the smaller outlying spots, while others formed.

The solar photographs also show the entire surface of the sun to have a mottled appearance, which has been likened to rice grains or willow leaves, and the sun is seen to be shaded off towards the edges on the photographs, owing to the absorption of light by the solar atmosphere. This absorption is, of course, greater near the edge of his disc than at the centre, because of the greater thickness of this gaseous envelope that light has to traverse from the edges to reach us. This same effect can be seen by the eye, but the blue rays used in photography are much more absorbed than the visual ones, and consequently greater contrast is produced.

The photograph with which these solar observations are made is seen by the illustration to be quite unlike an ordinary telescope, enclosed in its great dome. The sunlight is reflected horizontally into a lens by the first surface of a flat, wedge-shaped disc of glass. By leaving this mirror unaltered, only about one-twentieth of the light received upon it is reflected, but still enough remains for the purpose required.



Apparatus by which Sun Photographs are made at the United States Naval Observatory

tures detected on the sun. In other words, the solar latitudes and longitudes can be calculated from this data.

Between the pier holding the lens and mirror and the laboratory is a long shed or roof. This serves to keep off the light from the sky, but allows of ventilation beneath. A large disarranged-table also extends from the dark-room under the shed. It has a length of about ten feet, and serves to protect the plate from stray light.

The exposure is made through a narrow slit in a shutter on the focal-plane principle. This is operated by hand, and gives an estimated exposure of 1-300ths of a second.

The solar image is set on a "target," on the outer side of the photographic plate when the exposure is made. The image after exposure is developed, fixed, and the plate washed, when it is filed away for measurement, after a record has been made of it.

Through the courtesy of Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester, Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, I am able to use the accompanying illustrations and the information derived from the records of this institution.



Exterior View of the Laboratory at the United States Naval Observatory, where Photographs of the Sun are taken



Drawn by Harry Meyer

### "BABES IN TOYLAND" AT THE MAJESTIC

"Babes in Toyland," an extravaganza by Glen Mac Donough with music by Victor Herbert, which succeeded "The Wizard of Oz" at the Majestic Theatre, New York, is being one of the few successes of the New York season. Mr. Mac Donough's book tells the story of "Jane" and "Alan"—the two "Babes"—whose wicked uncle tries to dispose of them so that he may get their money. After trying unsuccessfully to drown them, he sends them into a haunted forest, where they are saved by a fairy whom they had rescued in the form of a moth caught in a spider's web. Later on they find themselves in England, and are rescued by the friendly fairy from the lands of a villainous toy-maker. "Jane" and "Alan" are played, respectively, by Mabel Barrison and William Morris, who, on shows in the dancing, lead the search of the toys in the last act.



Copyright, 1911, by William Nicholson

Portrait of Marie Tempest—Painted by William Nicholson

## Marie Tempest in French Farce

**M**ISS MARIE TEMPEST is appearing at the Hudson Theatre, New York, in "The Marriage of Kitty," an English adaptation of a French farce, "La Passerelle," made by Miss Tempest's husband, Commo Gordon Lennox.

Kitty is a young country girl in hard circumstances who visits her godfather, a solicitor, to consult him about an occupation. While she is there the solicitor is consulted by Reginald Beloise, a young baronet who is about to inherit a large fortune from a deceased uncle, which is left to him only on condition that he does not marry a certain Peruvian widow of whom the rich relative disappeared. The lawyer suggests as a happy solution of the difficulty that he contract a temporary marriage with some one else, and after reviving his fortune, divorce her and marry Madame de Senecio, the widow from Peru. Beloise likes the idea, and Kitty, for a consideration, consents to become the nominal Lady Beloise. After the marriage the baronet and the Peruvian, properly chaperoned, go travelling together, while Kitty keeps house alone in her husband's Swiss villa. When Beloise, having wearied of the widow, returns to his home and falls a victim to the charms of his wife, the complications of the piece begin. The Peruvian appears on the scene, and finds the baronet making ardent love to his own wife. Beloise refuses to be divorced, and the widow goes into hysterics. Finally, the baronet and his wife

elope, and Madame de Senecio reverts to a former lover, whom she discovers to be her real affinity.

Miss Tempest's last appearance in America was as a comic-opera singer a decade ago, but the only suggestion of her theatrical past to be found in her work in "The Marriage of Kitty" is when she sits at the piano in the second act and captivates Sir Reginald by her roush singing of a ballad. She is an admirable *comédienne*, and when, in the first act, she makes up as an aged and spectacled frump in order to allay the widow's suspicions of her charms, the result is irresistible.

Mr. Leonard Byrne, who was last seen in America as a sporting character in melodrama, plays the part of Beloise, the hair-brained but winning baronet, Madame de Senecio is excellently acted by Miss Ada Ferrar.

The portrait of Miss Tempest, by William Nicholson, which was painted this year in London, is the first example of Nicholson's work as a painter that has been exhibited in America. He has been known here hitherto for his collections of prints in color,—"Characters of Romance," the "Portfolio of Portraits," "Twelve Portraits," and "Sporting Prints,"—although his paintings are well known in London. One of his most striking canvases, the portrait of Max Beerhoben, has recently been shown here. Mr. Nicholson is now in this country filling some important commissions.

# Correspondence

AS TO MR. COCKRAN

November 21, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In an editorial paragraph of the week's issue of the WEEKLY there is a criticism of Mr. Hozerk Cockran, which, however witty and sarcastic it may be, possesses one serious defect—it is untrue. Mr. Cockran did not oppose the Tammany ticket two years ago. On the contrary, he supported it, and spoke for Mr. Shepard at Carnegie Hall during the campaign. In the municipal campaign of 1887, in the three-cornered fight of Van Wyck, Low, and Tracy, Mr. Cockran supported Tracy, presumably because he supposed Tracy would make the best Mayor of the three. In 1892 there was practically no Democratic party in either the nation or the city, and not the slightest evidence on the party's part of a desire to return to the sound principles of Democracy. In supporting General Tracy, therefore, solely on the ground that he was the strongest man of the three—he unquestionably was—it appears to me Mr. Cockran was in no wise guilty of lack of fealty to either his party or his principles. In any event, when you look back to the campaign of 1890, and recollect the services which Hozerk Cockran rendered the cause of sound money at that time—how he entered the arena against Bryan, and demolished the financial heresies of that demagogue, the wild platitudes he received at the hands of the press and the public—it seems to me that reflections on Mr. Cockran as a man, as made in the article I have referred to in the present issue of the WEEKLY, come with very ill grace from a journal which so highly praised his character and abilities, and so warmly welcomed his efforts at a time when the country was in such dire need of them.

I AM, SIR,  
E. HARBINGTON SIMONS.

## THE NEW NATIONAL GUARD AGAIN

ALABAMA, CAL., November 7, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Agreeing with Mr. Walter Fieldhouse's letter in HANSEN'S WEEKLY of even date, I beg to state that I have had opportunities to observe not only the Governor's staff of several different States, including Illinois and New York, but also the regimental staffs of the national guards of several States, and need say that to compare any of them with recitals in the regular cavalry service is to libel the latter. Some of such staff officers, Governor's as well as regimental, seem to be instructed or experienced in a degree as to wear their uniforms and arms properly and manage their horses in a creditable manner. Others, however, display a degree of helplessness, lack of horsemanship, and lack of knowledge how the soldier is to be worn, and mounted, the reins to be held, etc., that no regular cavalry recruit is permitted to display.

During President Roosevelt's visit in San Francisco the comically helpless appearance of some of the regimental staff officers of the California National Guard—officers who at least are supposed to have some military experience—caused jeers to be heard among the masses of people that crowded the streets.

No self-respecting ex-regular, enlisted or commissioned, unless proscribed by strong political reasons, cares to affiliate himself with a national guard organization that is offered by men apparently ignorant of the rudimentary military knowledge.

It is to be hoped that the reorganization of the national guard will make it more attractive for ex-regulars as well as ex-volunteers, whose experience and discipline would be invaluable to the new establishment.

I AM, SIR,  
J. A. ERDMAN, M.D.

## SHOULD WHITES AND BLACKS BE SEPARATED?

MISSISSIPPI, November 7, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Georgia is the largest State east of the Mississippi River. The amount of labor conditions the agricultural resources of Georgia are not being developed as they deserve. To say nothing of the grade of the labor, there is a serious shortage of agricultural laborers. No more negroes are available, and white people in sufficient numbers will not settle there until the negroes leave.

Georgia ranks third in cotton production. The one-crop system and other methods or lack of methods of commercial fertilizer are used to raise cotton. These lands yield abundantly under the diversified farming of the skilled white farmer. Except for the presence of the negro cottonmen, they are now ripe for Georgia to promptly fill up with an excellent class of white farmers from the North.

The mass of negroes in Georgia are cotton farmers. With the same labor and methods of fertilizer they could raise almost twice as much cotton on the alluvial lands of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas. There is plenty of room on those lands for all the colored people in the United States, and their offspring for many years to come. Not a dollar of public money is needed to move them. Right now the planters in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta are taking as tenants all the negro families they run get, paying their

travelling expenses, and furnishing all they need on credit until a crop is made. If a new tenant does not succeed in paying all he owes at the end of the first year, many planters rob with the deficit to encourage him by starting him the second year free from debt.

Opportunities for the negro on the alluvial lands are good now, and are improving through plain business competition. It is serious that his patriotism, bearing present restrictions in Georgia would benefit both whites and blacks.

In Illinois the negro is not needed, and, at best, is now only tolerated. The negro only in good standing with the people of Illinois is the product of slavery. The negro now in Illinois is the product of reconstruction; he is not popular. On the percentage basis during the current year Illinois has outstripped any other State in the Union in violence and attempts at violence to negroes.

A great Chicago paper, until recently a zealous advocate of abolition of the color-line, but now showing many signs of wanting a seat on the negroes' bench, says: "For years the colored people have been gradually driven out of occupations which they at one time almost monopolized. Once they were found in most of the barber shops. They found ready employment as caddies and butlers. They have been pretty much forced out of these fields of labor. There was a time when they were preferred for waiters, but the time has gone by, and in most places they are set aside in favor of the whites." There are towns in Illinois where a colored person is not permitted to dwell. Briefly, the white people of Illinois now accept colored people only to wash dirty linen, to polish boots, to perform the proverbial woadlike function, or for other purposes for which they cannot get white people on equal terms.

For many years the good white citizen of Illinois has held himself not as being willing to give the negro an equal chance in life with the white man. He is not a hypocrite. He is unswerving and correspondingly complacent—but his own experience shows that he is under an illusion. The truth is he is willing for the negro to have the chance, provided somebody else furnish it. Personally, he does not give the adult negro any chance at all on an equal terms with the white man. He chooses for himself white associates and white employees, and gives the white man the preference in awarding his patronage. His advocates educating the negro child to the limit of his raggedity, contributes aid and encouragement toward that end, and, as a result, a colored boy has succeeded in developing into a capable, high-toned man with fine feelings and lofty aspirations; he finds himself on a desert waste of liberty unprovided by means of opportunity.

Secretary Root says reconstruction was a failure and the entire subject should be studied anew. What error may be the error that have grown out of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, their repeal would not suffice, and the agitation would revive sectionalism and tend to obscure the real issues.

Regardless of sectional or political limitations, students of the negro question are now practically in accord as to the evils. The wide differences as to remedies are based chiefly on the fact that each man wants what is adapted to his particular neck of the woods, and that is the correct principle. But we are a family of forty-five States. However capable the physician, it would not be wise to diagnose the condition of one member or more, prescribe the proper remedy, and then proceed to dose the entire family.

The South should not take the initiative in any national movement relating to the negro. It would prejudice many good people in the North, and the North controls.

The time will come—if it is not here—when the people of Illinois will be ready for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to about this effect, "Any State may exclude negroes from the State at large or by counties."

The good citizen of a New England State, who might still be in favor of trying to force the white people of his own State to live side by side with colored people, in accordance with the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity, would not feel justified in offering serious opposition when, in his capacity as a citizen of the United States, he was confronted with this plain question: "Are you willing for the people of Illinois or any other State to decide for themselves whether or not to exclude negroes?"

Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio would probably lead in excluding by States. The Southern States would exclude by counties, and there would soon be no negroes in a large majority of the dominant political except in delegations to Republican national conventions.

White men now make, interpret, and execute the laws of the nation and of every State. Is there any reason to fear that the white men of any Southern State cannot be trusted as solely as the white men elsewhere to refrain from passing laws that would injure the negro?

Senator Hozer is probably the most learned man in public life in the United States to-day. Nobody would accuse him of partiality to the South. Ask him if there is a single State government in the South that is not less corrupt than the national government or the State government of Illinois.

Lawlessness, not State law, is the trouble in the South, and most of the lawlessness is or relating to the negro is due primarily to influences from the outside.

I AM, SIR,  
JOHN M. F. EDWIN.

The Grand Panjandrum

None us recently applied the term "the Great Panjandrum" to the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, and there was a good deal of perplexity over the meaning of the words. The appellation should be "the Grand Panjandrum." Oidly enough, Dr. Brewer declares it as no village potentate or "Brammagen magnate." The name originated in some nonsense with which the actor Samuel Foote buffed the memory of one Macklin, who, at a tavern, boasted that he could repeat anything after once hearing it. The jargonous sentences of Foote's recitations conclude in this manner: "So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber, and there was present the Plemminis and the Jobillilies and the Garrydills and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top, and they all fell to playing the game of catch-a-catch-an, till the pumptender ran out of the hole of their boots." The wild inconsequence of those doings (cleverly illustrated at a later day by Randolph Caldecott) was too much for Macklin's memory, so it is for that of most other people who try to wrestle with it.

Feminine Criticism

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS, the eminent French composer, is as interested in current criticism and in the work of his contemporaries as he is in his own music.

He was talking recently with a young woman who had just been to the first recital of a young pianist whose talents had had much preliminary advertising. The young woman speaks enthusiastically of the pianist's good looks, his clothes, his way of sitting at the piano, his charming manner of acknowledging applause. Saint-Saens listened patiently until she stopped a moment for breath.

"Um," he commented thoughtfully: "And did you notice anything about his playing?"

More about Canals

THE Suez Canal is usually considered the most important example of ship canals, though the number of vessels passing through it annually does not surpass that passing through the canals connecting Lake Superior with the chain of Great Lakes at the south. In length, however, it exceeds any of the other great ship canals, its total length being ninety miles, of which about two-thirds is through shallow lakes.

The canal connecting the Bay of Cronstadt with St. Petersburg is a work of great strategic and commercial importance to Russia. The canal and sailing course in the bay are about sixteen miles long, the canal proper being about six miles and the bay channel about ten miles, and they together extend from Cronstadt on the Gulf of Finland, to St. Petersburg.

The next of the great ship canals connecting bodies of salt water in the order of date of construction is the Corinth Canal, which connects the Gulf of Corinth with the Gulf of Argolis. The canal reduces the distance from Adriatic ports about 175 miles, and from Mediterranean ports about 100 miles. Its length is about four miles.

The Manchester Ship Canal, which connects Manchester, England, with the Mersey River, Liverpool, and the Atlantic Ocean, is thirty-five and a half miles long.

In Germany and America.

Two canals connect the Baltic and North seas through Germany, the first, known as the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, having been completed in 1905 and constructed largely for military and naval purposes, but proving also of great value to general mercantile traffic. The other is the Elbe and Trave Canal, which was opened in 1900.

Three ship canals intended to give continuous passage to vessels from the head of Lake Superior to Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River are the Welland Canal, originally constructed in 1823 and enlarged in 1871 and 1900; the St. Marys Falls Canal at

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, opened in 1855 and enlarged in 1881 and 1906; and the Canadian canal at St. Marys River, opened in 1905. In point of importance, measured at least by their present use, the canals at the St. Marys River by far surpass that of the Welland Canal.

The Welland Canal connects Lake Ontario and Lake Erie on the Canadian side of the river.

The canals of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and Ontario, are located adjacent to the falls of the St. Marys River, which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron, and lower or raise vessels from one level to the other, a height of seventeen to twenty feet. The canal belonging to the United States was begun in 1853 by the State of Michigan, and opened in 1855. Its length being 5674 feet. The Canadian canal, one and one-eighth miles long, one hundred and fifty feet wide, and twenty-two feet deep, with lock nine hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, with twenty-two feet on the water side, was built on the north side of the river during the years 1889 to 1905. The number of vessels passing through the United States canal in 1902 was 17,008, and through the Canadian canal, 6204.

Mark Twain's Audiences

It was on the train somewhere between New York and the West. Mark Twain was travelling between towns on a lecture-tour, and a friend had been drawing the humorist out on the subject of his experiences.

"What sort of audience," he asked, "do you like best? Who, in your opinion, make the most responsive and sympathetic listeners?"

"College men," replied Mark after a moment's thought—"college men and convicts."

APPEAL TO MOTHERS.—MRS. W. W. COOK'S BUSINESS TABLE should always be used for children teaching. It contains the child, teaches the arms, plays all sorts of games, and is the best remedy for dyslexia. —[Advt.]

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# THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES OF MAJOR BROWN

By G. K. CHESTERTON



**R**ARELAIUS or his wild illustrator, Gustave Doré, must have had something to do with the designing of the things called flats in England and America; there is something awfully Gargantuan in the idea of economizing space by piling houses on top of each other, front doors and all. And in the chaos and complexity of those perpendicular streets anything may dwell or happen, and it is in one of them, I believe, that the inquirer may find the offices of the Club of Queer Trades.

The nature of this society, such as we afterwards discovered it to be, is soon and simply told. It is an eccentric and bohemian club, of which the absolute condition of membership lies in this, that the candidate must have invented the method by which he makes his living. It must be an entirely new trade.

The Club of Queer Trades was not discovered by me; it was discovered by my friend Basil Gyre, a star-gazer, a mystic, and a man who scarcely stirred out of his attic.

Very few people know anything of Basil, not because he was in the least unobscure, for if a man out of the street had walked into his room he would have kept him talking till morning. Few people knew him, because, like all parts, he could do without them. He lived in a queer and comfortable garret in the roofs of Lambeth. He was surrounded by a chaos of things that were in odd contrast to the shams around him—old fantastic books, swords, armor, the whole dust-hole of romanticism. But his face, amid all these quaintic relics, appeared curiously keen and modern, a powerful level face. And no one but I knew who he was.

I was sitting there with him one evening about six o'clock when the door was flung open, and a pale, grey man, with red hair and a huge furred overcoat, swung himself panting into the room.

"Sorry to bother you, Basil," he gasped. "I took a liberty—made an appointment here with a man—a client—in five minutes—I beg your pardon, sir, and he gave me a box of opium."

Basil smiled at me. "You don't know," he said, "that I had a peaceful brother. This is Rupert Gyre, Esq., who can and does do all these to be done. Just as I was a failure at one thing, he is a success at everything. I remember him as a journalist, a house agent, a naturalist, an inventor, a publisher, a schoolmaster, a—what are you now, Rupert?"

"I am and have been for some time," said Rupert, with some dignity, "a private detective. And there's my client."

A loud rap at the door had cut him short, and, on permission being given, the door was thrown sharply open, and a stout, dapper man walked swiftly into the room, set his silk hat with a clasp on the table, and said "Good evening, gentlemen," with a stress on the last syllable that somehow marked him out as a martinet—military, literary, and social. He had a large head streaked with black and gray and an abrupt black mustache, which gave him a look of ferocity which was contradicted by his sad sea-blue eyes. Basil involuntarily said to me, "Let us come into the next room, Gully," and was moving towards the door, but the stranger said:

"Not at all. Friends remain. Acquaintance possibly." The moment I heard him speak I remembered who he was; a

certain Major Brown I had not years before in Basil's society. I had forgotten altogether the black dashed figure and the large solemn head, but I remembered the peculiar speech, which consisted of saying only about a quarter of each sentence, and that sharply, like the crack of a gun. I do not know; it may have come from giving orders to troops.

Major Brown was a V.C., and an able and distinguished soldier; but he was anything but a warlike person. Like many other among the Iron men who recovered British India, he was a man with all the natural belief and tastes of an old maid. In his dress he was dapper and yet demure; in his habits he was precise to the point of the exact adjustment of a tenpenny. One enthusiasm he had, which was of the nature of a religion: the growing of beans. And when he talked about his collection his blue eyes glittered like a child's at a new toy—the eyes that had remained untroubled when the troops were roaring victory round Roberts at Candahar.

"Well, Major," said Rupert Gyre, with a level, heartless, flinging himself into a chair, "what is the matter with you?"

"Yellow panacea. Coal-cellar. P. G. Northover," said the Major, with righteous indignation.

We glanced at each other with ineffectiveness. Basil, who had his eyes shut in his abstrused way, said simply:

"I beg your pardon."

"Fact in. Street, you know. Man panacea. On wall. Death in me. Something. Preposterous."

We shook our heads gently. But by bit, and mainly by the seemingly sleepy assistance of Basil Gyre, I pieced together the Major's fragments, but excitably uncertain. It would be inhuman to submit the reader to what we endured; therefore I will tell the story of Major Brown in my own words. But the reader must imagine the scene; the eyes of Basil closed as in a trance, after his habit, and the eyes of Rupert and myself growing rounder and rounder as we listened to one of the most astounding stories in the world from the lips of the little man in black sitting bolt upright in his chair and talking like a telegram.

Major Brown was, as I have mentioned, a soldier, but by no means an enthusiastic one. So far from regretting his retirement on half-pay, it was with delight that he took a small neat villa, very like a doll's house, and devoted the rest of his life to panics and weak tea. Assuredly he would not have believed, as we understood, any one who had told him that within a few yards of his little Paradise he was destined to be engulfed in a whirlpool of incredible adventures, such as he had never seen or dreamed of in the horrible jungles or the heart of the hell of battle.

One certain bright and steady morning, the Major, attired in his usual faultless manner, had set out for his usual constitutional. It crossing from one great residential thoroughfare to another, he happened to pass along one of those timeless-looking lanes which lie along the back-garden walls of a row of mansions, and which in their empty and deserted appearance give one an odd sensation as of being behind the scenes of a theatre. But men and mules as the scene might be in the eyes of most of us, it was not altogether so in the Major's, for along the course gravel footway was

running a thing which was to him what the passing of a religious procession is to a devout person. A large heavy man, with feline eyes and a ring of iridescent red beard, was pushing before him a barrow, which was alike with imperishable flowers. There were several odd specimens almost every order, but the Major's own favorite pansies predominated. The Major stopped, and fell in conversation and then into laughing. He treated the man after the manner of collectors and other madmen—that is to say, he carefully and with a sort of anxious solicitude at the best results from the very excellent, pointed some, disappointed others, made a subtle scold ranging from a thrilling woe and rarity to a degraded insignificance, and then thought them all. The man was just pushing off his barrow when he stopped and came close to the Major.

"I'll tell you what, sir," he said, "if you're interested in these things, you just get on to that wall."

"On the wall!" cried the astonished Major, whose conventional soul quailed within him at the thought of such fantastic trespass.

"First of five panacea in England is that that garden, sir," bowed the tramp. "It help you sir."

How it happened to me will ever know, but that positive enthusiasm of the Major's life triumphed over all its negative traditions, and with an eye leap and swing that showed he was in no accord of physical resistance, he stood on the wall at the end of the strange garden. The second after the snapping of the iron-coat at his knees made him feel irrespectively a fool. But the next instant all such trifling sentiments were swallowed up by the most appalling shock of surprise the old soldier had ever felt in all his bold and wandering existence. His eyes fell into the garden; and there, across a large bed in the centre of the lawn, was a vast pattern of pansies; they were splendid flowers, but for once it was not their horticultural aspect that Major Brown beheld. For the pansies were arranged in gigantic capital letters, so as to form

the sentence, "Death to Major Brown." A kindly looking old man with white whiskers was watering there.

Brown looked sharply back at the road behind them; the man with the harrow had suddenly vanished. Then he looked again at the lawn with its incredible inscription. Another man might have thought he had gone mad, but Brown did not. Another man, indeed, might have thought himself the victim of a passing practical joke; but Brown could not easily believe this. He knew, from his own quaint learning, that the garden arrangement was an elaborate and expensive one; he thought it extravagantly improbable that any one would pour out money like water for a joke against him. Having no explanation whatever to offer, he admitted the fact to himself, like a clear-headed man, and waited as he would have done in the presence of a man with six legs.

At this moment the stout old man with white whiskers looked up, and the watering-can fell from his hand, shooting a swirl of water down the gravel path.

"Who on earth are you?" he gasped, trembling violently.

"I am Major Brown," said that individual, who was always cool in the hour of action.

The old man gasped helplessly like some nocturnal fish. At last he stammered wildly, "Come down—come down here."

"At your service," said the Major, and alighted at a bound on the grass beside him, without disarranging his silk hat.

The old man turned his broad back and set off at a sort of sauntering run towards the house, followed with swift steps by the Major. His guide led him through the back passages of a gloomy, but gorgeously appointed house, until they reached the door of the front room. Then the old man turned with a face of apposite terror dimly showing in the twilight.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, "don't mention jackals."

Then he threw open the door, releasing a burst of red lamplight, and ran down stairs with a celerity.

The Major, hat in hand, stepped into a rich, glowing room, full of red copper and purple and purple hangings and the finest manners in the world, and, though mystified, was not in the least embarrassed to see that the only occupant was a lady sitting by the window looking out.

"Madam," he said, bowing simply, "I am Major Brown."

"Sit down," said the lady; but she did not turn her head. She was a graceful, graceful creature, with fiery red hair, and a flavor of Bedford Park.

"You have come, I suppose," she said, mournfully, "to tax me about the hateful title-deeds."

"I have come, madam," he said, "to know what is the matter. To know why my name is written across your garden. Not amicably, either."

He spoke grimly, for the thing had hit him.

"You know I must not turn round," said the lady; "every afternoon till the stroke of six I must keep my face turned to the street."

Some queer and unusual inspiration made the prosaic soldier resolve to accept these outrageous riddles without surprise.

"It is almost six," he said, and even as he spoke the heretic copper clock upon the wall elapsed the first stroke of the hour. At the sixth the lady sprang up and turned on the Major one of the queerest and yet most beautiful faces he had ever seen in his life; open and yet tantalizing, the face of an elf.

"That makes the third year I have waited," she cried. "This is an anniversary. The waiting almost asks one with the frightful thing would happen once and for all."

And even as she spoke, a sudden rattling cry broke the stillness. From low down on the pavement of the dim street (it was already twilight) a voice cried out with a raucous and nervous distinctness:

"Major Brown, Major Brown, where does the jackal dwell?"

Brown was decisive and silent in action. He strode to the front door and looked out. There was no sign of life in the blue gloom of the street, where one or two street-

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lamps were beginning to light their lemon sparks. On returning he found the lady in green trembling.

"It is the end," she cried, with shaking lips; "it may be death for both of us—where?"

But even as she spoke her speech was stolen by another hoarse proclamation from the dark street, again horribly articulate.

"Major Brown, Major Brown, how did the jerk die?"

Brown dashed out of the door and down the steps, but again he was frustrated: there was no figure in sight, and the street was far too long and empty for the shout to have run away. Even the rational Major was a little shaken as he returned a second time to the drawing-room. Secretly he had done so than the terrific voice came.

"Major Brown, Major Brown, where did—"

Brown was in the street almost at a bound, and he was in time—in time to see something which at first glance froze the blood. The cries appeared to come from a despoiled head resting on the pavement.

The next moment the pale Major understood. It was the head of a man thrust up through the oval hole in the street.

The next moment, again, it had vanished, and Major Brown returned to the lady. "Where is your confidant?" he said, and stepped out into the passage.

She looked at him with wild gray eyes. "You will not go down"—she cried—"alone—into the dark hole, with that head!"

"Is this the way?" replied Brown, and descended the kitchen stairs three at a time.

He flung open the door of a black cavity, and stepped in, feeling in his pocket for matches. As his right hand was thus detained, a pair of great slimy hands came out of the darkness, hands clearly belonging to a man of gigantic stature, and seized him by the back of the head. They forced him down, down in the suffocating darkness, a brutal inquest of destiny. But the Major's head, though upside down, was perfectly clear. He gave quickly under the pressure until he had slid down almost to his hands and knees. Then, finding the knees of the invisible monster within a foot of him, he simply put out one of his long, bony, and

stiff hands, and gripping the leg by a muscle, pulled it off the ground, and laid the vast living man with a crash along the floor. He strove to rise, but Brown was on top like a cat. They rolled over and over. It was as the man was, he had evidently now no desire but to escape; he made spry little hitches and thitches to get past the Major to the door; but that tenacious person had him held by the coat collar, and hung with the other hand to a beam. At length there came a strain in his holding back, this human bull, a strain under which Brown expected his hand to rend and part from the arm. But something else rent and parted, and the slim fat figure of the giant vanished out of the cellar, leaving the form of the Major's hand, the only fruit of his adventure and the only clue to the mystery. For when he went up and out at the front door, the rich hangings, and the whole equipment of the house had disappeared. It had only two boards and white-washed walls.

"The lady was in the company, of course," said Rupert.

Major Brown turned back red. "I beg your pardon," he said;

"I think not."

Rupert raised his eyebrows and looked at him for a moment, but said nothing. When next he spoke he asked:

"Was there anything in the pockets of the coat?"

"There was scrap-iron half-penny in coppers and a threepenny bit," said the Major, carefully; "there was a cigarette-holder, a piece of string, and this letter," and he laid it on the table. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Proctor—I am annoyed to hear that some delay has occurred in the arrangements re Major Brown. Please see that he is attacked as per arrangement-to-morrow. The anti-cellar, of course. Yours faithfully,

Rupert Gryce was leaning forward, listening with hawklike eyes; he cut in: "Is it dated from anywhere?"

"No—oh, yes," replied Brown, glancing at the paper; "14, Tan-

ners Court, North—"

Rupert sprang up and struck his hands together.

"Then why are you hanging here! Let's get along! Basil, lead me your revolver."

"Certainly," said Basil, getting up. "But I am coming with you," and taking a sword-slash from the corner, he led the way out into the purple night.

As they were along the Darling Lane both streets in the direction of that part of Fleet Street which contained Tanner's Court. When we reached the door of No. 14, Rupert turned sharply. Basil's revolver glittering in his hand.

"Stand close," he said, in the voice of a commander. "The scoundrel may be attempting an escape at this moment. We must slip open the door and rush in."

The four creased instantly under the doorway.

"Now," cried Rupert Gryce, turning his pale face and burning eyes over his shoulder. "When I say 'four!' follow me with a rush. If I say 'Hold him!' pin the fellow down, whoever he is. If I say 'Stop!' stop; I shall say it if there are more than three. If they attack as I shall empty my revolver on them. Basil, have your sword-slash ready. One, two, three, four—"

With the sound of the ward the door burst open, and we fell into the room like an invasion, only to stop dead.

The room, which was an ordinary and neatly appointed office, appeared, at the first glance, to be empty. But on a second and more careful glance we saw seated behind a very large desk with pigeon-hole and drawers of bewildering multiplicity a small man with a black waist-coat and the air of a very average clerk, writing hard. He looked up as we came to a standstill.

"Did you knock?" he asked, pleasantly. "I am sorry if I did not hear. What can I do for you?"

There was a doubtful pause, and then, by general consent, the Major himself, the spring of the outrage, stepped forward. The letter was in his hand, and he looked steadily at the man.

"Is your name P. G. Northover?" he asked.

"That is my name," replied the other, smiling.

"I think," said Brown, with an increase in the dark glow of his face, "that this letter was written by you." And with a loud clap he struck open the letter on the desk with his clenched fist. The man called Northover looked at it with unaffected interest and

neerly nodded.

"Well, sir," said the Major, breathing hard, "what about that?"



A pair of great slimy hands . . . forced him down in the suffocating darkness

"What about it, precisely?" said the man with the mustache.

"I am Major Brown," said that gentleman, sternly.

Northover bowed. "Pleased to meet you, sir. What have you to say to me?"

"Say," cried the Major, losing a sudden temper, "why, I want this damned thing settled. I want—"

"Certainly, sir," said Northover, jumping up with a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "Will you take a chair for a moment." And he pressed an electric bell just above him. The next moment an inner glass door was opened, and a fair, weedy young man in a frock-coat entered from within, placed a paper before Mr. Northover, and disappeared again.

The man at the desk handed it to the frantic Brown.

"I think you will find that all right, Major," he said, briefly. The Major looked at it; whether he found it all right or not will appear later; but he found it like this:

Major Brown, to P. G. Northover.	£	s.	d.
January 1, to account rendered.	5	0	0
April 6, to potato and smoking 200	0	8	0
panies			
To cost of horse and harness	12	0	0
To hiring of man with barrow	5	0	0
To hire of house and garden, for one	1	0	0
year			
To furnishing of room in petcock cur-	0	0	0
tain, copper meat safe	1	0	0
To salary of Miss Jamison	1	0	0
To salary of Mr. Flower	1	0	0
Total	14	8	0

A restitutions will show.

"What!" said Brown, after a dead pause and with eyes that seemed slowly rising out of his head—"What is the name of God is this?"

"What is it?" repeated Northover, coughing his eyebrow with amusement. "It's your account, of course."

The Major's hand was still resting on the back of the chair as the words came. He scarcely stirred otherwise, but he lifted the chair bodily into the air with one hand and hurled it at Northover's head.

The legs crashed against the desk, so that Northover only got a blow on the elbow as he sprang up with clenched fists, only to be seized by the untied rask of the rest of us. "Let me go, you scoundrel," he shouted. "Let me—"

"Stand still," cried Rupert, authoritatively. "Your crimes are discovered. A policeman is stationed at the corner of the court. Though only a private detective myself I will take the responsibility of telling you that anything you say—"

And at this moment, for the first time, there struck us among them the strange, sleepy voice of Basil Gryce.

"Major Brown," he said, "what was the name of the man who lived in your house before you?"

The unhappy Major was only faintly more disturbed by this last irrelevance, and he answered, vaguely.

"Grazey something—a name with a hyphen—Grazey-Brown, that was it."

"And when did the horse change hands?" said Basil, looking up sharply.

"I came in last month," said the Major. And at the mere word the criminal Northover suddenly fell into his great office chair and shouted with a volleys laughter.

"Permit me, sir, to explain," he said.

"And, first of all, permit me to apologize to you, Major Brown, for a most abominable and unpardonable blunder which has caused you annoyance and inconvenience in which, if you will allow me to say so, you have behaved with astonishing courage and dignity. Of course you need not trouble about the bill. We will stand the loss. And tearing the paper across he flung the halves into the waste-paper basket and bowed. Poor Brown's face was still a picture of distraction.

"But I don't even begin to understand," he cried: "what bill? What blunder? What loss?"

Mr. G. P. Northover advanced to the centre of the room thoughtfully and with a great deal of unconscious dignity.

"Do you know where you are, Major?" he said.

"God knows I don't," said that warrior, with fervor.

"You are standing," replied Northover.

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"In the office of the Adventure and Romance Agency, Limited."  
"And what's that?" blankly inquired Brown.  
The man of business leaned over the back of the chair and fixed his dark eyes on the other's face.  
"Major," said he, "did you ever, as you walked along the empty street upon some idle afternoon, feel the utter hunger for something to happen, something in the splendid words of Walt Whitman—'Something precious and dread, something far removed from a pious and pious life, something unproved, something in a trance, something beyond from its atmosphere and delving free. Did you ever feel that?'"

"Certainly not," said the Major, shortly.  
"Then I must explain with more elaboration than," said Mr. Northover, with a sigh.  
"The Adventure and Romance Agency has been started to meet a great modern desire on every side, in conversation and in literature, we hear of the desire for a larger theatre of events, for something to weary us and lead us splendidly astray. Now the man who feels this desire for a varied life pays a yearly or quarterly sum to the Adventure and Romance Agency; in return, the Adventure and Romance Agency undertakes to surround him with startling and wild events. A very picturesque and moving story is first written by one of the staff of distinguished novelists who are at present hard at work in the adjoining room. Yours, Major Brown (designed by our Mr. Gelpoly), I consider peculiarly fertile and pointed; it is almost a pity you did not see the end of it. I need scarcely explain further the monstrous mistake. Your professor in your present home, Mr. Gurney Brown, was a subscriber to my agency, and our foolish clerk, ignoring alike the dignity of the letter and the glory of military rank, positively insisted that Major Brown and Mr. Gurney Brown were the same person. Thus you were suddenly hurled into the middle of another man's story."

Major Brown received the explanation with complete simplicity and good humor.  
"I should be obliged for your card, sir," he said, in his abrupt but courteous voice.

"Pay for what?"

The agent of Romance and Adventure handed his card, laughing.

It ran "F. G. Northover, B.A. C.Q.T. Adventure and Romance Agency, 13, Taber's Court, Fleet Street."

"What on earth is C.Q.T.?" asked Rupert Gryve, looking over the Major's shoulder.

"Don't you know?" returned Northover.  
"The Club of Queer Trades is a society consisting exclusively of people who have invented some new and curious way of making money. I was one of the earliest members."

"You deserve to be," said Basil, taking up his great white hat with a smile and speaking for the last time that evening. When they had passed out, the Adventure and Romance Agent laughed aloud in the silence.

Just as the laugh echoed away there came a sharp knock at the door. An English head with dark, wavy hair was thrust in with deprecating and somewhat absurd inquiry.

"What, here again, Major?" cried Northover, in surprise. "What can I do for you?"

The Major shuffled feverishly into the room.

"It's horribly absurd," he said. "Some thing has just started in me that I never knew before. (But upon my soul I feel the most desperate desire to know the end of it all.)"

"The end of it all?"  
"Yes," said the Major; "Jackab' and the 'title deeds' and 'death to Major Brown.'"

The agent's face grew grave, but his eyes were amused.

"I am terribly sorry, Major," said he, "but what you ask is impossible. I don't know any one I could sooner oblige than you; but the rules of the agency are strict. The Adventures are confidential. I do hope you understand."

"There is no one," said Brown, "who understands discipline better than I do. Thank you very much. Good night." And the English man withdrew for the last time.

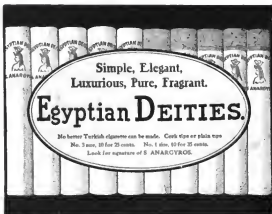
## Music

## Wagner and Mr. Conried

WHAT is one to think of the quality of the stage management which requires *Der Wald*, in the first scene in the second act of Wagner's "Walküre," to crawl under the descending clouds before he can reach his adversary on the heights; which makes of *Loep's* magic fire ring an illuminated vapor bath; which leaves spectators in the back drop of Venus's groin through which an edified audience is invited to watch the stage hands setting the next scene? Those, and other blunders, have been far too common in the Wagner performances which Mr. Conried has so far given at the recognized and refitted Metropolitan Opera-house. We do not speak of the carelessness of direction which has marred some of the recent representations of the Latin works in the repertoire; for it is in the staging of the Wagner dramas that such lapses are of most vital consequence, and it was in the presentation of them that extraordinary reforms were to be effected. It is to be feared that Mr. Conried is attempting the impossible task of giving adequate performances without sufficient preparation. However, all that one may fairly do at the present stage of events is impartially to take note of defects which are too grave and too obvious to go long unrecorded.

Aside from the matter of stage management, Mr. Conried has done well by us in his treatment of Wagner. He has put forward the eminent Felix Mottl,—one of the Bayreuth crop of authentic interpreters of the great Richard—a new and delightful *Forstner* and admirable *Tomas*—Miss Olive Fremstad,—an improved orchestral body, and some fresh and appropriate settings—the rugged and desolate mountain-top at the end of "Walküre" is particularly good, and the Wartburg Valley in its autumnal russets and gold, in the last act of "Tannhäuser," is uncommonly poetic and effective. If Mr. Conried had given us Mottl alone there would still be cause for the heartiest gratitude. He is a conductor of superb forcefulness, of masterful breadth and vitality; if one misses in his readings something of the sensitive delicacy, the color and vivaciousness of his younger colleagues, Alfred Hertz, there is greater compensation in the largeness and vigor of his work. Of Gadsch's *Bronschilde*, on the other hand, one can only say that it is everything but compelling. The *Sungard* and *Franke* of Kraus are inadequate, and the *Prisca* of Louise Hesser suffers from an inevitable comparison with the memorable impersonation of Schumann-Heink. *Termin* as *Edeleib*, Van Hony as *Wotan* and *Wolfram*, Blase as *Dasung*, and *Platon* as *Herrmann*, have repeated performances of familiar caprice.

It remains to be seen what Mr. Conried, having discarded his version of "Walküre," and "Tannhäuser," will do with the rest of the "Ring," with "Lohengrin," with "Tristan," with "Meistersinger," and with "Parsifal."



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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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## HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## COMMENT

WHAT does General Groves mean by saying irritably that Roosevelt can be elected without the electoral vote of his own State? Are we to infer that the Republican managers already count New York as lost? And if so, why? These are interesting questions, indicating a most curious and wholly unprecedented condition in national politics. Contemplate the possibility, nearly a year before election day and six months before the nomination, of a virtual admission that McKinley could not have expected to carry Ohio, or Harrison Indiana, or Blaine Maine, or any one of them New York! It is unthinkable; it would have presaged certain defeat, if not in the convention, at the polls. And yet the assertion is made by a staunch and serious-minded friend of the President, with no apparent appreciation of its extraordinary character and obviously no apprehension of its outward effect upon Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy.

Strange, however, as this surely seems, hardly less noteworthy is the unanimity of opinion that the basis of the speculation is sound, and that Mr. Roosevelt cannot carry New York against a suitable Democratic candidate. It is recalled that he barely won his election as Governor while the laurels of San Juan were yet green on his brow, and it is urged, with much force, we must admit, that the current of feeling against him, not only in financial but also in commercial and mercantile circles, is very strong. Moreover, the party organization is rent asunder. Senator Platt, for thirty years the undisputed leader, has been humiliated at the behest of Governor Odell, who in turn has on hand a most bitter personal quarrel with the *Sun*, the ablest, most persistent, most unflinching, and most deadly of newspaper antagonists. This is not the President's fault; it is his misfortune; but it is a fact pregnant with menace. Ordinarily the effect of such a quarrel may be at least minimized by tactful endeavor and appeal to party loyalty, but in this case there seems to be no cure except the extermination of one or the other of the parties to the controversy. The New York Senators have not only prestige and friends, but the support of all the powerful corporations, while Governor Odell has that of only one—and *there*, as well as he, must fight for their lives. Unfortunately for the President, the contest is not unequal; on the contrary, it is so even that it bodes frightful ill, and it is he, blameless though he is, as we believe, who must suffer most.

That is hard luck for both the President and the country. No good can come from the political supremacy of a commercial boss who by brutal methods brings obloquy upon the splendid title bestowed upon him by the people. The World's change that the President connived at the advancement of Governor Odell is baseless. He did no more than his duty from the view-point of an organization man, no more than McKinley or Harrison or any recent President except

Cleveland might have done. He advocated peace for the sake of the party—such peace as could come only from amicable understanding—hence the meeting at the White House. Mr. Roosevelt's part in this transaction was wholly creditable; Governor Odell's thoroughly despicable. He boasted of being summoned to the White House, boasted *en route*, and boasted after he came away, coming dangerously near violating confidence after having been treated as a gentleman. That hark rather than good come from that conference was no fault of the President or Senator Platt, but such unquestionably was the result, contributing greatly to the strange belief, previously noted, that already, nearly a year before election day, New York must be placed in the Democratic column.

But—who is the man? Nobody is so foolish as to maintain that anybody could defeat Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan could not, for example. Could Judge Gray or Senator Gorman? We doubt it. Mr. Cleveland, of course, Judge Parker, probably. But we learn from a source which in the past we have found to be authoritative that Mr. Murphy—by suggestion of Mr. Croker—will not support Judge Parker because of his intimate relationship with Mr. Hill. You can generally rely upon Democratic politicians to make a mess of an opportunity.

The Republican National Committee, which has just held a meeting in Washington, decided that the next Republican national convention shall be held on June 21, 1904, at Chicago. The rules of the Republican party require that notifications of the date and place of the State conventions to be called for the purpose of electing delegates to the national convention shall be issued at least sixty days before the convening of the latter body. The proceedings of the Republican National Committee were unexpectedly harmonious. No opposition to the nomination of President Roosevelt was publicly avowed, although it is reported that a good deal of dissatisfaction with his administration, and doubt concerning his availability, was privately expressed. As Chairman Hanna's ascendancy over the committee was apparently complete, there would have been no bar to an impressive demonstration against Mr. Roosevelt had the Senator from Ohio been willing to permit it. The position taken by him is generally regarded as conclusive proof of his determination not to be a candidate. It will be remembered, however, that such was Mr. Blaine's resolve in December, 1891, and even later, nor was it long before the meeting of the Republican national convention in 1892 that he suddenly changed his mind, resigned the office of Secretary of State, and became a formidable rival of President Harrison for the nomination. Thereby hangs a story that is well known to old residents of Washington. It is probable that had not a request preferred by Mrs. Blaine in favor of a son-in-law been firmly and even sternly refused by Mr. Harrison, the latter would not have encountered Mr. Blaine's rivalry in the convention, and thus having at his back a united party, might have been reelected.

It was settled, in a caucus held on December 12, that Democratic Senators would make no attempt to amend the Cuban reciprocity bill, but would vote for the measure as it stood on December 16, the day agreed upon at the time when the Senate resolved not to discuss the bills during the extra session of Congress. The caucus adjourned to meet on December 14, for the purpose of discussing at that time the policies to be pursued by Democratic Senators during the present session with reference to the situation at Panama and the post-office scandal. Hitherto there has been much difference of opinion among leading Democrats in Congress regarding the tactics that their party should pursue during the coming campaign. Some have advocated a vigorous prosecution of a Congressional investigation of the Post-office Department, on the assumption that high Republican officials might be involved. Unless the assumption is well founded—unless, in other words, a Congressional inquiry is absolutely certain to disclose scandals much more serious than those revealed through the investigation ordered by Mr. Roosevelt—the move would be a foolish one. As to the Panama affair, there is no doubt that Mr. Williams, leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, has evinced sagacity and foresight by sit-

vising that his party should recognize accomplished facts and accept the canal treaty which has been negotiated with the Republic of Panama.

Mr. Williams sees that the common sense of the American people will never permit an abandonment of a canal zone over which we have at last secured the full jurisdiction which we had vainly sought for half a century. It will no more permit such a renunciation than it contemned the anti-imperialist demand for a renunciation of the Philippines. Mr. Williams, of course, is at liberty to accuse the administration of complicity in the Panama revolution, and we presume that a similar charge will be made by Democratic Senators, but we opine that Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Hay will be able to repel the imputation. At all events, the Republic of Panama exists, and it has made a treaty giving us the canal franchise that we have long desired. A rejection of that treaty by Democratic Senators would not constitute an issue on which the Democratic party could safely go before the country. There is, in truth, but one issue, aside from the personal one, that is bright with promise, and that is certain to become more promising every day, as influential Republicans like Governor Cummins of Iowa grow the conviction that the tariff must be immediately revised, and its certain schedules reduced. Such a program, if confronted by nothing more cogent and captivating than a "stand-pat" policy, would be likely to cost the Republicans many of the doubtful States, and might possibly dislodge them from some of their reputed strongholds; from Illinois and Wisconsin, for example.

In the speech which he prepared for the banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, Governor Cummins made it clear that he did not purpose to continue any longer the reticence which he was persecuted by Senator Allison to maintain during the recent campaign for State officers in Iowa. He advocated, and Representative McCall of Massachusetts, who spoke at the same banquet, concurred in advocating, the reciprocity policy of which Blaine and McKinley were earnest supporters. Governor Cummins attached no importance to the assertion that some of our manufacturers sell their products abroad for less money than they sell them at home. He did not intend, he said, to inquire whether the charge was true or false, for to him it was a matter of indifference whether our manufacturers sell at higher or lower prices in foreign markets than they sell in their home markets, provided our tariff laws do not permit them to sell at home for more than a fair "American price," without meeting with the competition of other lands. What was meant by "American price"? Evidently a price that would render it possible to conform to the American standard of wages and to the American standard of profit on an investment of capital. In other words, our tariff schedule should be so adjusted that our manufacturers can pay American wages to their employees, and reward the capital invested with a fair American profit; but no more. So much the American consumers ought to pay, but it should be made impossible to exact a penny more from them.

The tariff should provide that the moment that the price of a domestic commodity rose above the point just named, a foreign competitor might enter. Governor Cummins, for his part, is convinced that some of the schedules of the tariff of 1897 are too high, and that during the period of overwhelming demand which we have witnessed in the last three or four years our home producers have been able to exact more than a fair price for what they have sold. He is not blind to the difficulty of preparing tariff schedules so that they will answer with absolute accuracy the abstract test above formulated. He does not look for perfection. He holds, however, that in certain schedules the disparity is so great between rightful and actual prices that, even without regard to the advantages derivable from reciprocity treaties, there ought to be a revision. Let the tariff once be made to conform with reasonable closeness to the theoretical standard named, and Governor Cummins would not care at what price our exporters sell in other countries. If we pay only a fair price, and the exporter finds it profitable to sell abroad at less than a fair price, we are not injured, for American workmen have been employed to produce the exports. It is evident that Governor Cummins and Representative McCall have no patience with the "stand-patters." The former did not hesitate to deprecate what he

called the habit of shivering into which many Republicans seem in danger of falling. He ridiculed the bogie of industrial depression and unsettled commercial conditions which, he said, has been carried up and down the country by timorous souls who never took a step forward in their lives, followed by a mob of men who have all they want and more than they deserve. Whenever it is suggested to "stand-patters" that we can perpetuate the prosperity we have, and, with our expanding capacity, increase it, the answer is, Hush! do not awaken the sleeping American people, for they have not sense enough to see what is true and do what is right. Manifestly there are some Republicans, and influential ones at that, who agree with all Democrats in refusing to believe that our industrial and commercial structure rests upon a foundation so insecure as the "stand-patters" would have us imagine.

As chairman of the Republican National Committee, Senator Hanna invited his fellow members to dine with him at the Arlington Hotel on Saturday, December 12. The invitation inevitably included Judson W. Lyons, the negro national committeeman from Georgia, who holds the office of Register of the United States Treasury. Several of the Southern white members of the committee are said to have refrained from attending the dinner, because they did not care to meet a negro socially. Lyons is the man whose attendance at a reception given by President Roosevelt aroused criticism at the South. As we pointed out at the time, negroes who happened to be occupants of Federal offices in the District of Columbia had repeatedly attended receptions at the White House under previous administrations, Democratic as well as Republican. We added, however, that public opinion at the North had undergone so widespread and profound a change with regard to the wisdom of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments of the Federal Constitution, that an incident which formerly passed unchallenged now provoked objection. Curiously enough, Mr. Roosevelt's willingness to treat negroes as social equals seems to have failed to rivet the allegiance of colored politicians at the South.

Equally fruitless has been his refusal to uphold the "Lily-White" Republicans in North Carolina, and his appointment of the negro Crum to be Collector of the Port of Charleston. It is said that E. H. Deas, the negro chairman of the South Carolina Republican State Committee, is resolved to send an anti-Roosevelt delegation to the Republican national convention. That Mr. Hanna is making no effort to secure negro delegations from the Southern States for himself is evident from the fact that he refused to heed the protest of Deas against his designation of Mr. J. G. Capers, of South Carolina, to be a member of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee. It is hard for Mr. Roosevelt to lose negro delegates, when he is debited with extinguishing the "Lily-White" organization at the South which Mr. McKinley did so much to create. It will be remembered that the Lily-White movement, which began in the sugar, rice, and lumber districts of Louisiana, had become so strong in the State election of 1896 that it very nearly elected its candidate for Governor. The result was in doubt for two months, and the Legislature had to determine it. It will also be remembered that the Lily-Whites of Louisiana ultimately received official recognition from the Republican party, and had their delegates seated in the last Republican national convention. Not only is a representative of theirs the present national committeeman for Louisiana, but persons recommended by them have been appointed collectors of customs and postmasters. Since Mr. Roosevelt became President, however, the Lily-White party in Louisiana has crumbled away, and its members are rapidly drifting back to the Democracy.

We have previously pointed out that the movement to secure the expulsion of Senator Smoot of Utah from the United States Senate would necessarily fail unless it could be proved that he was guilty of polygamy. The fact that he is a Mormon, and that the Mormon Church declines to regard polygamy as sinful, would not suffice, unless the practice of polygamy could be brought home to him. As we said, a Mohammedan can become a citizen of the United States, provided he does not avail himself of the Islamic permission to have more than one wife. Since we directed attention to the fact, the opponents of Senator Smoot have changed their tactics. On

December 12, is a petition filed with the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, the Senator from Utah was specifically charged with being personally a polygamist. In another protest Mr. Smoot was charged with being constructively an accessory to the commission of polygamy by others. It is well known that the accused Senator from Utah is one of the so-called twelve apostles of the Mormon Church. The protest to which we refer is signed by eighteen citizens of Utah, of whom fourteen are Republicans and four Democrats. It avers that the Mormon hierarchy is invested with supreme authority in all things, temporal and spiritual; that the mandates of this authority are announced and transmitted by the first president and twelve apostles; that, as a matter of faith or belief, this body of men has not abandoned polygamy, and that, consequently, it must be held to connive at and encourage polygamous practices.

This protest may seem, at the first glance, to raise a nice question, but we do not believe that the Federal Senate or the United States Supreme Court would have much difficulty in deciding it. It should be obvious to all intelligent men that the absolute religious liberty guaranteed by our Constitution would be devoid of practical significance if the professor of particular beliefs could be held responsible for the translation of those beliefs into acts by others. How could a Chinese, a Japanese, a Moslem, a Jew, or even an agnostic, be secure in his citizenship under such an interpretation of our Federal organic law? There is but one reasonable and endurable construction of the Constitution. With a man's personal beliefs, or with the tenets of the church to which he sees fit to belong, our Federal authorities have absolutely nothing to do, so long as the citizen does not personally commit acts which are prohibited by a Federal statute. It would be in the highest degree dangerous—nay, ultimately fatal—to the principle of complete toleration in matters of opinion and belief if the construction of the Constitution advocated by many well-meaning persons in the case of Senator Smoot could be accepted by the Senate and sanctioned by the United States Supreme Court.

With regard to the proposed relinquishment of the Isle of Pines to the Republic of Cuba, it is undoubtedly important that not only both Houses of Congress, but the Supreme Court of the United States, should consider and decide two questions, namely, first, Was full sovereignty over the Isle of Pines ceded to the United States by Spain in 1898 by the Treaty of Paris? Secondly, Has the Senate, through the exercise of its treaty-making power, the right to alienate national territory? The very fact that we are not vitally interested in the retention of the Isle of Pines makes the present hour an admirable one for pondering and answering the second question. It is certain that in assenting to boundary treaties, as, for example, with reference to our northeastern and northwestern boundaries, the Senate has asserted the right to say whether particular claims of ours to territory were unfounded. That is a very different thing from ceding territory over which our sovereignty is undisputed. Obviously, therefore, the first thing to determine is what the framers of the Treaty of Paris in 1898 meant to say with reference to the Isle of Pines.

It is true that, geographically, the Isle of Pines is a near neighbor of Cuba, and that, under the Spanish régime, it was treated as an adjunct of the larger island for administrative purposes. It should be borne in mind, however, that the representatives of Spain who cooperated in making the Treaty of Paris were by no means desirous of favoring an independent Republic of Cuba, and were well aware that the Isle of Pines might be useful to the United States, considered as a naval station. It is certain that the Isle of Pines is not mentioned in the treaty as an adjunct of Cuba, but that, on the contrary, all islands in or near the Caribbean, except Cuba, previously the property of Spain, are ceded to the United States. It seems *gaul*, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the Isle of Pines therein is as complete as it is in Porto Rico. If this assumption be warranted, we think that the House of Representatives is entirely right in saying that the treaty power of the Senate does not cover the alienation of territory acknowledged by the former owner to be the property of the United States.

Not, of course, that we are opposed to a cession of the Isle of Pines to Cuba. Cuba has granted us two coaling stations on her own territory, and we have no desire to withhold from her the Isle of Pines if she wants it. We do think, however, that we ought to proceed carefully, bearing in mind the risk of establishing a dangerous precedent. We also hold that if American citizens have made investments in the Isle of Pines, relying on official statements that the island would remain American territory, their interests ought to be protected in any treaty with Cuba whereby sovereignty over the island should be transferred.

It is a flagrant disgrace to many encyclopedias, the latest editions of which have been published since his death, that they do not even mention the names of the Scandinavian philanthropist Nobel, whose bequests, devised for the promotion of the intellectual elevation and the moral and physical well-being of the human race, have never yet been equalled in respect of munificence and utility. Mr. Nobel recognized what the founders of the Roman Catholic Church had perceived many centuries before, that to provide facilities for research or for intellectual activity in any direction was one thing; and that to hold up a great reward for individual success in profiting by such facilities was quite another. He saw that both incentives to intellectual and moral progress had been employed by Catholicism. The Roman Catholic Church provided the facilities in its convents, schools, and universities; it provided the rewards in its priories, abbeys, bishoprics, and archbishoprics; nay, even in the chase of succeeding to the papacy, which many a scholar like Aeneas Sylvius attained. Mr. Nobel consecrated the fortune which he had acquired to the endowment of five annual prizes, worth about \$40,000 apiece, and he took adequate precautions for the discriminating and just selection of the beneficiaries. Of the five honoraria of about \$40,000 each awarded this year by the Norwegian Parliament, one has gone to William R. Crozer, M.P., publisher of the *Aritrator* of London, for the work performed by him during many years in behalf of international arbitration; the prize for physics has been divided between Henri Becquerel, of Norway, and M. and Madame Curie of Paris; the chemical prize has been allotted to the Swedish professor Arrhenius; the medical prize to Dr. Finzen of Denmark; and the prize for literature to Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, the Norwegian poet and dramatist. It is well known that Dr. Finzen is the inventor of the Finzen-ray system for the cure of lupus; Professor Becquerel is the discoverer of the Becquerel rays; and M. and Madame Curie are among the original elements of the discovery of radium.

Leong Kai-Chan, leader of the Chinese reform movement, has just left Seattle for his native land, carrying with him a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, gathered from the Chinese colonies in this country, to be devoted to the cause of reform in the Celestial Empire. When Leong Kai-Chan was in New York, his eloquence created a furor among the residents of Chinatown, and he had like successes in Boston, and San Francisco. He is the chief apostle of the doctrines of Kan Yu-Wei, who made a nearly successful attempt, a few years ago, to lead the young Emperor Hwang Su into the paths of modernity. Briefly, it is the ambition of the Chinese reformers to imitate the modernization of Japan, to abolish the Confucian educational hierarchy which is based on the ancient five classics, and to introduce Western science and the practical methods of Western lands. A chief object of the reformers is to abolish the system of revenue by tax-farming, originally universal in all Asian lands, and the cause, when introduced by the conquering Turks, of most of the ertik in the Balkan peninsula. It is notorious that boundless corruption accompanies the collection of revenue in China, where the system of "squeeze" is practised from the highest mandarin to the lowest hang-over of the local yamen, many times the amount of revenue which ultimately reaches the Treasury at Peking sticking to the fingers of the second-year officials who collect it from the hard-working Chinese peasants. It is certain that the policy of Kan Yu-Wei and Leong Kai-Chan will ultimately triumph, since it is well known that the Emperor will ultimately convert to their views and aspirations. It seems equally certain that Japan will play the part of mentor in this modern education of China, since it is an axiom with the reformers that they should learn their science

from the Japs, who have revised and perfected, and adapted to the Oriental mind, the crude product of Western thought.

Now that the Panama canal is practically assured, the inhabitants of the great Pacific ports of Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland are giving voice to their uneasy apprehensions of a loss of a large part of their carrying trade. They fear that all slow freight, instead of passing through their hands on its way from the Northwestern States to the Orient, will find its way through the canal. They are especially fearful that that part of their commerce which is drawn from the Gulf States will dwindle away, and they even declare that they are in danger of losing that part of the lumber trade, their own particular specialty, which goes East overland. At present they pay the railroads forty cents a thousand cubic feet for the transport of lumber, about half what the freight was a few years ago; but it is claimed that, once the canal is open, lumber can be taken to New York for half the present rate. While one sees the reason of these fears, one cannot seriously endorse them; for a little consideration will show that the growth of the Pacific Northwest is so rapid that new resources are constantly being tapped, and that this increase in commodities and produce will more than make up for whatever the canal may take away. The irrigation of immense areas of Idaho and eastern Oregon, the constant additions to the wheat-lands of eastern Washington, the almost inexhaustible and excellent lumber, the salmon fisheries of the Columbia River, with purely local products like hops, apples, and berries, assure to the Pacific Northwest a steady development which will give it lasting prosperity; and it will be found that the canal will bring more than it takes away, as increasing wealth on the Pacific coast opens up new wants and a desire for new luxuries, to be brought not merely from the Eastern seaboard of the States, but even across the Atlantic from Europe.

Mr. John Turner, Englishman, seems to be an orderly man, who wears a white shirt—not a red one—and keeps it on in public. He landed on these shores late in October, with the intention of spending five months here in travel and discourse. He has friends in this country, with one of whom, Miss Emma Goldman, the papers say, he expected to stay while in New York. On October 23 he lectured at the Murray Hill Lyceum, Miss Goldman was there, and Herr Most, and the audience also included the Supervising Inspector of Immigration at this port and some police inspectors. Mr. Turner talked about labor-union matters, and said, among other things, that all Europe was getting ready for a general strike which would give the workers a chance to assert their power and "determine as quickly as possible their emancipation." When he had finished his address the Inspector of Immigration had him arrested in a polite fashion, took him to the police station, searched him for bombs, but found none, and presently sent him to Ellis Island. There he was examined by Commissioner Williams, found to be an anarchist, and ordered to be deported under the law of March 3, 1903. That law provides that no person shall be permitted to enter the United States "who disbelieves in, or who is opposed to, all organized government." The law was devised to exclude anarchists. The London police think Mr. Turner is an anarchist, and Mr. Turner thinks so also. Indeed, he assured Commissioner Williams that he was an anarchist. He seems to believe in organized government for labor-unions, but thinks that he does not believe in it for nations. Prince Krapotkin, who lately visited this country, and was hospitably entertained here by all sorts of people, and later contributed an interesting autobiography to the *Atlantic Monthly*, also gave out that he was an anarchist, and if he came here again Commissioner Williams would have to send him back to England. For the law of March 3 makes no distinction between the philosophical anarchists who use argument and the practical anarchists who use gunpowder. It put all along anarchists in the category of undesirable newcomers, also with sore-eyed Slavs, paupers, crazy persons, and other victims of misfortune. The feeling is that we have troubles enough of these sorts of our own, and should not import any more.

It scandalized Turner's friends that he should be arrested while talking mildly in a white shirt, as has been said. He had expected to make an address in a few days on the Haymarket anarchists, and perhaps there was special disappointment that

that oration should be denied a vent. They got a writ of Habeas corpus and had him before Judge Lacombe of the United States Circuit Court, and counsel argued for him that he wasn't the kind of anarchist our new law objected to, and that so much of the new law as applied to him was unconstitutional. But the court upheld the law, and appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and until a final decision is reached Turner will stay at Ellis Island. He could go home if he chose, but if he did our courts would concern themselves no more about him, so he is waiting in order to test the law. His case has brought the law to the notice of many persons who find themselves mortified that respectable persons whose conduct in orderly should be excluded from this country because of their opinions. If we are going to keep aliens out because of their beliefs, say these reformers, the next step will be to shut citizens up because of their beliefs. They don't at all like the apparent drift from English precedents and principles to Russian ones. A mass-meeting of persons of this way of feeling was held in New York on December 3. Mr. John S. Crosby was the chairman, and among the vice-presidents were Moore, Carl Schurz, W. H. Baldwin, Jr., James Byrne, H. E. Deming, and Felix Adler. Addresses were made, a letter from Mr. Edward M. Shepard was read, and resolutions were adopted protesting against so much of the immigration law as authorizes the exclusion and deportation of an alien solely because of his opinions.

The law as it stands will hardly do. The provision against opinions would not keep out the murderous scoundrels whom the government really wants to reach. Of course it is a nuisance to have agitators with fantastic theories come into the country and preach discontent. But if such persons are of decent and orderly behavior it seems less mischievous to let them in than to bar them out because their theories are wrong. Turner came here with the intention, presumably, of raising his voice according to his ability. We are entirely warranted in excluding him if we think it expedient, but in our population so stupid, and are things going so ill with us, that we dare not let a Briton in a white shirt expound his theories of government to our voters! Are not such precautions fitter for the nursery than for a grown-up nation with Anglo-Saxon traditions? If Turner is merely an ass, it is a great pity to accord him the distinction of being a martyr to free speech. He is a nuisance, of course, but he is a worse nuisance in a cell on Ellis Island than he would be on a platform in Chicago.

The *Syracuse Post-Standard*, an ordinarily intelligent paper, says:

It is apparent that the esteemed contemporary and journal of civilization, HARPER'S WEEKLY, is among those who would be glad to believe, if they could, that General Wood while at Santiago made an intimate personal friend of an ex-convict and employed him to blacken the reputations of various American officers; that General Wood inspired an article in an American periodical which caused the recall of General Brooke from Havana; that he personally influenced the Cuban Courts of Justice to condemn Rabinow, although he would have been guilty of extravagance more flagrant and equally unwarranted by law; that General Wood, while Governor-General of Cuba, accepted for himself and his wife presents valued at thousands of dollars from a gambling corporation in Havana, in return for the concession of a privilege to continue its nefarious trade.

To which we reply that all these things could be "apparent" only to a blind man. We oppose the confirmation of General Wood, not because we believe him to be either dishonest or dishonorable, but because he has done nothing to justify such extraordinary promotion, and his further elevation would be not only unjust to hundreds of other deserving officers, but also a serious menace to the efficiency of the army. There may or may not be sound basis for the personal charges against him; we do not assume to know whether there is or not, and therefore express no opinion. Of one fact, however, we are tolerably certain, namely, that if, as Secretary Root, with uncharacteristic futility maintains, General Wood suffers unduly from false reports of the secret committee hearings, he has only his own friends to blame; his opponents were outspoken for public sessions. Moreover, why shouldn't General Wood come home and face his accusers? Surely he is not the only American officer capable of directing the movement of three thousand United States troops against a few hundred ill-equipped natives. And he is a manly man—isn't he?—and would like to do it—wouldn't he?



## What Will the Democrats Do?

In about six months the Republican nomination for the Presidency will have been made, and the Democratic nomination will quickly follow. It is a time that Democrats should begin to consider carefully the platform and the candidate that they will present to the country. The situation in which they find themselves is, from several points of view, unique. Never before in the history of the republic has a Vice-President who became President by accident succeeded in securing from his party a nomination for the succeeding term of the Presidency. Yet since the meeting of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Roosevelt's nomination seems as certain as any future event on earth. He has not a single avowed rival; there is scarcely a sign of opposition to him in the Republican ranks. This seems an astonishing state of things when we recall what strenuous resistance the candidacy of such men as Blaine and McKinley encountered. What day of such men as Blaine and McKinley encountered. What day of such men as Blaine and McKinley encountered. What day of such men as Blaine and McKinley encountered.

When even some Republican politicians evince a certain amount of apprehension, it is not surprising that in the business world the prospect of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination and election is regarded with something like dismay. By the business world we do not mean the financial magnates of any particular city, nor the great corporations engaged in production or transportation, we mean every man who, by dint of hard work, enterprise, and thrift, has managed to accumulate some money, and who capitalizes, he it may be large, in some branch of industry or in trade. In a country like the United States, indeed, where there is no leisure class and no proletariat, the term business world is almost synonymous with the whole mass of able-bodied males who have enough intellect and character to be self-sustaining. Not only the so-called financier who handles large blocks of securities, but every skilled and economical workman whose savings have purchased the home he lives in or are drawing interest in a savings-bank, or have made provision for old age in the form of a life-insurance policy, is vitally interested in a wise, sober, cautious, and conservative administration of the Federal government, that will scrupulously avoid fiscal dilution or financial disturbance, and strive strenuously to maintain prosperity, confidence, and peace. When we say, then, that Mr. Roosevelt is beginning to be eyed with some mistrust by the business world, we mean that the feeling is shared by every sound, sane, well-balanced, and clear-sighted intellect in the country. Not only does the feeling exist, but it is tending to grow more widespread and intense; nor are there wanting already some careful observers of Mr. Roosevelt's career who look forward to his election to the Presidency with anxiety, not to say repugnance.

What is to be done? Apparently, it is useless to expect help from the Republican party. Its machinery is in the hands of Mr. Roosevelt's friends. The President's nomination, therefore, may be taken for granted. The only hope of deliverance from a Chief Magistrate whose many sane and wise members of his own party distrust lies in the national Democracy, whose convention will meet a week or two after the Republican nomination has been made. Not for twelve years will the Democratic party have had such a golden opportunity. Mr. Williams of Mississippi, the leader of the minority in the House of Representatives, is right in thinking and saying that the outlook for the Democracy is brighter than it has been for many years, partly because their opponents are committed to a dangerous candidate, and partly because their own national differences have been removed to a very large extent, than it has been at any time since the autumn of 1852. Mr. Williams does not hesitate to express the belief that any good, square, plain Democrat can next year defeat Mr. Roosevelt, in whom the Republicans are chained, and from whom they cannot escape. They have gone too far to retreat, and cannot now refuse to com-

inate him, much as the conservative members of the party may regret the lot. Mr. Williams holds that Mr. Roosevelt's election would not only impair the business interests of the United States, but would be viewed by intelligent outsiders all over the world as a menace to the peace of nations. The leader of the Democratic minority in the House goes so far as to say that Mr. Roosevelt is the easiest man in the Republican party to beat; much easier than Senator Hanna, who would have been a strong candidate, but who is now well-eliminated from the race. Mr. Williams preferred not to mention at this time the names of possible candidates for the Democratic nomination, but he declared the conviction that any Democrat faithful to the fundamental historical Democratic principles, and unassociated with any special interest, would win against an unsafe and spectacular Republican nominee. Requested to indicate what he thought about Mr. Gorman's candidacy, Mr. Williams described the Maryland Senator as an able man of affairs, and praised the services rendered by him to the Southern States in the defeat of the loam bill under the Harrison administration. He added that there are other good men in the Democratic party who would be strong candidates. It will have been noted that Mr. Williams had nothing to say about Chief-Judge Parker of New York. Other leading Democrats in Congress profess to be for Parker, but there is some reason to suspect that the judge's name is used as a cover for a candidate as yet unrevealed. It is also rumored that Mr. Gorman's candidacy is only nominal, and that the Maryland Senator intends to turn over whatever strength he may be able to secure to New York's candidate, whoever that may be. There seems to be no doubt that Judge Gray can have the support of the delegation from his own State, Delaware, if he wants it, both Mr. F. J. Ford, the Democratic boss of Wilmington, and former Congressman Handy, the head of the Bryan faction, having declared themselves in favor of the Federal jurist. It looks, at this time, as if any sound-minded Democrat could carry New York, in view of the far-reaching and raucous discussion between the friends of Mr. Platt and those of Governor Odell. The casting of the veteran Senator from the leadership of the party in his State, which he has held for many years, threatens to have consequences no less serious than those which followed President Arthur's alienation of the Half-Breed by the forced nomination of Judge Feltner for the Governorship. The outcome of that tactical mistake was, it will be remembered, that the Republicans lost the State by nearly 200,000, and Mr. Cleveland's phenomenal career began.

Two members of the House of Representatives, General Grover and Mr. Payne, have lately asserted that Mr. Roosevelt does not need to carry the State of New York in order to be elected. Now it is perfectly true that in 1896 the deduction of New York's thirty-six electoral votes from Mr. McKinley's total (271) would not have given the Presidency to Mr. Bryan. It is a matter of common observation, however, that when the State of New York is carried with a large majority by a given political party, that party is almost certain to carry the adjoining States—New Jersey and Connecticut. If the fifty-two electoral votes of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut had been subtracted from Mr. McKinley's aggregate in 1896 he would have been defeated. Only in 1890 could he, on the face of the returns, have afforded to lose the combined vote of those three commonwealths. Had he lost them, however, the loss would have indicated a tidal-wave against him which, probably, would have prevented him from carrying Indiana, Maryland, and West Virginia. In the latter event he would have been defeated. Ominously, Mr. Cleveland in 1892 could have afforded to lose New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, but not Indiana also. In 1888 it is notorious that Governor Harrison was elected by the vote of the State of New York. At that time, both New Jersey and Connecticut gave their electoral votes to Mr. Cleveland. If Mr. Cleveland was elected in 1884 it was by virtue of a plurality of less than 1200 in the State of New York. The same thing is true of Garfield. We add that it was because Mr. Tilden got the electoral votes of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana that even the partition vote of the electoral commission had to concede him 184 electors out of an aggregate 185 given to Mr. Hayes. In view of the part played during the last quarter of a century by New York, either directly, or indirectly through New Jersey and Connecticut, it is absurd to say that Mr. Roosevelt can afford to lose his native State.

We have formerly pointed out that it has seldom happened that the tremendous powers of the Presidency, transcending as they do in magnitude those of any constitutional sovereign, have ever centered upon a man against whom the business world has been arrayed with a close approach to unanimity. In the history of the republic, there are three apparent exceptions to the rule, but three, upon close inspection, turn out not to be true exceptions. They are Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. It cannot be denied that almost all of the law bankers, manufacturers, and great merchants that we possessed in 1800 were Federalists, and repudiated Thomas Jefferson not only with profound distrust, but with positive detestation. It is well known that Jefferson obtained seventy-three electoral votes, against the sixty-six cast for

John Adams, the Federalist candidate. It should be borne in mind, however, that at that time the few bankers and great merchants existing in the United States were concentrated in such small seaport towns as Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Newport, Boston, and Salem. In the absence of the facilities at present afforded by steam and electricity, their means of communicating their opinions were extremely defective. If they could have reached every trader in every country village as he can now be reached, it is certain that the Federalists would easily have beaten Jefferson, notwithstanding the fact that the bulk of the republic's capital was then invested in agriculture. The election of Andrew Jackson in 1828 is explicable on somewhat similar grounds. His known hostility to the United States Bank had arrayed against him a large majority of business men in certain seaboard cities—to wit, Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston. In the city of New York the business community was at that time somewhat divided in sentiment, owing partly to jealousy of Philadelphia, which then was the banking centre of the United States, and partly to sympathy for Jackson, based on the belief that his defeat in the House of Representatives in the winter of 1824-5 was the result of a bargain between John Q. Adams and Henry Clay. As for Abraham Lincoln, it is obvious that in his case the ostensible exception proves the rule. There is no doubt that the bankers and merchants, not only of New Orleans, Charleston, and Baltimore, but also of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, were, for the most part, vehemently opposed to Mr. Lincoln's candidacy. They assumed, and the event proved that they were justified in assuming, that his election would be followed by civil war. Their opposition would have been fatal to Mr. Lincoln had his opponents been able to unite upon a candidate. The combined vote cast for Douglas, Breckinridge, and Bell was almost a million greater than that cast for Lincoln. As for Mr. Bryan, against whom the business world was practically unanimous, he was beaten in 1896 by 95 and in 1900 by 137 electoral votes. The tremendous effort produced by business interests on those occasions should manifestly be ascribed to the thoroughness with which the whole country has been knit together by electricity, which now permits convictions and warnings formulated in business centres to be flashed in a second from one end of the republic to the other.

### Feast-days and Fast-days

It is an hour when thought inevitably turns to feast-days and, by the great law of contrast, to fast-days. I have come to the conclusion that such festivals are a divinely appointed institution for knitting up the ravell'd shreds of our relations; a shove, almost so ill-voiced in the beginning that but for these set seasons of picking up dropped stitches, ay, even of darning in a brooding way the awful holes of misunderstanding and cross purposes, we should find ourselves from year to year in the pitiful plight of being entirely clothed on with new faces, new friends, new well-wishers. Even a bride, at that most conservative step of putting off the old and putting on the new, is cautioned to wear "something old and something new." The truth is, new things are cheap; they can be bought with money, and whatever can be bought with money, though it cost millions, is cheap, and the dear things can only be bought with care, and years, and loyalty, and a pure instinct; such things as old habits, old faiths, old loves, old friends. Without these, how poor and tawdry a mortal looks! A person walking through the world dressed up in new human relations is no better than a painted wax lady in a shop window showing off the boyish clothes.

So, by divine Providence—there are still those old-fashioned enough not to feel this phrase an insult—or by human providence, or perhaps both, the fast-days and the feast-days are set apart for a man to think upon the dignity of his position in the universe. A position in the universe? Oh, horrid arrogance of a handful of senseless dust! What is a man but his relations? Leave him to stand alone without conscious ties to the rest of the world, unreciprocated by friends and kindfolk and the pitying charity that lends him his white and purple, and he is, in very deed, little more than "a fecked, straddling animal with handy legs."

However, such are the exigencies of human life for the most of us that we have to accept ourselves as we are; we keep our eyes steadily turned away from the thought that we are—we know not what!—mere atoms in a void or "light-sparkles floating in the ether of Deity," and we admit ourselves to be animated organisms concocted of organic processes that require effort. Yes, despiteful or not, we feel called upon for the most part to hoard our little pelf, to hustle about for food and raiment and empty honors and even a few wholesome and necessary, if fleshly, pleasures and exercises. And from this we are called by our fast-days and feast-days.

Ecclesiastical fasting is wasteful. It is a time when not only sound and hearty people receive priestly dispensation from fasting during Lent, but even people who are ill from overfeeding receive the same. And who knows but the law works both ways, and

that without such dispensation a physical buoyancy might result which would turn the penitential office into exultant melody? However, if one bemoans the restriction of fasting in the churches, it is good to see it being introduced, on all sides, as a hygienic measure; and, on the other hand, if the old habit of meditation is discouraged since the abolishing of the monastic houses, so that the average Christian looks upon it as a kind of intellectual presumption and as a way of arrogating to oneself the privileges of saints, it is heartening to see the American Buddhists, theosophists and Mental Healers and such Christian Scientists and other sects who nowadays replace worship with intellectualism—however diluted—by stress again upon the little daily quiet, the occasional moment held apart for self-recollection.

It would seem to me that fast-days are particularly suited to knitting up the infinite relations. One feels that the bodily processes may not overheat the brain, but that it may be clear and cool for the influx of thought from outside. One facts in solitude. This is no time when swift-coursing blood sends the ready repartee or witty jest to the lips. Jests are at bottom of the wise-up, but not most plentiful, but fasting and solitude bring the slow-moving meditation that strips man bare of all his warm self-glory, and shows him himself; himself alone in a universe so great that, though he sees and dimly conceives, he dare not try to think of it. And so his meditation is for the closet. Shut in, in the dark which has no boundaries, or in a glimmering half-light where he faces some symbol of the life beyond—some carved bit of wood, picture, or text, alone he begins to know his own insignificance in a boundless universe of life. Another method, though I am not sure it is authoritatively prescribed anywhere, is midnight meditation with the stars, and roof and a blanket, or a sheep-forsaken hill and a horizontal position, may show one the great heavenly luminaries wheeling slowly in widening circles about "that same star that the westward fall is." It is even enlarging, in a way, to remember that that stately light glowed there for thousands of eons centuries before, and that he spoke of its fondness even as the ghost was about to appear from

"The undecorated country from whose hours  
No traveller returns."

While luminous worlds wheel by on their infinite courses. Vega, the blue and the dazzling, stands up in her lyre, and athwart the guide-posts of the polar star she smiles upon Kapella. Cassiopeia, with her arms stretched high in amazement, courses from the east to west, eternally romping the Big Bear. Aldebaran, in the wider circle which Taurus makes, marks the corner of the Hyades' good V, and the group of the Pleiades, the most poetic cluster in the starry heavens, perhaps because Nappo sang of them, upholds the foot of Perseus. Below the Bull, the martial Orion stalks, followed by Sirius, glowing and wonderful, and the well-known group stand from a background of pulsating streams and convoluted wandings of lesser stars, intricately interwrought in infinite space. Shall a man measure the significance of this? Whatever, possibly he may have felt about himself as he went in the morning to his counting-house, a night of such a journey through the universal silence must give him pause. What atom in the whole is he?

"A little dust that life blows up and down  
And death will fly."

This is by law of contrast, for the feast of the year is at hand. We shall shortly, the best and the best of us, be eating and drinking of our best, and we are even now counting our friends and our fingers and calculating how much we can spend to stretch up the broken stitches. What matter that our all most go? There are worse remorses than that of letting January find us with not a penny for the opera and with no fur around our necks. What matter, such regrets if the friend who knew us when we were twelve but we is himself, "He was a disagreeable little chap, goodness knows, but it's odd how those and boys remember old friends." And so my plan is for a tightening of all the human bonds, and that the great feast be one more chance to help

"Our days to be  
Bound each to each in natural piety."

So that somehow by stretching hands overseas and across worlds to those who have loved us once, long since, and may yet be signalled to us, we force a kind of continuity into this strange, detached, conglomerate experience called Life.

We need not grieve that we are unimportant to the world in which we live. We are in no worse plight than the millionaire in his mansion, the crowned head in his palace. They rest upon us as we pass. It is but a breathing-space between a sleep and a sleep. But we have our feast-day, and we are all alike, rich in gracious words and tender thoughts, that which costs a whole treasury of mind and is worth more than millions.

So as the great day of the greatest name draws near, we realize that man is, only in so far as he has established, on his fast-days, relations with the infinite, on his feast-days, relations to man.





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## ELIHU ROOT, WHO RETIRES FROM THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET AS SECRETARY OF WAR IN JANUARY, 1904

*Mr. Root will return to New York City next month and resume the practice of law. He was appointed Secretary of War in August, 1898, by Mr. McKinley, and was reappointed in March, 1901. When Mr. Roosevelt became President he reappointed Mr. Root in the cabinet, where he has not only served as Minister of War, but has also discharged the functions which in England belong to the Secretary of the Colonies. He will be succeeded in Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet by William H. Taft. On the opposite page will be found some interesting reminiscences of Mr. Root told by his friends and classmates of college.*

various in years and inclined to be indulgent. During term time the most of the members of the class of '64 were the leaders of the physical recreation either locally, but when examination time approached those who had been diligent in term work found themselves in an altogether unpleasant predicament.

"One of the class, however, Franklin Jay Locke, a leading lawyer of Buffalo and a joint author of former President Cleveland's conservative platform scheme, by which the class, to a man, was able to pass without a hitch. We got through more by the help of what we had 'up our sleeves' than by what was carried in our hands."

"The examination proved to be a case of 'wanting ambition that o'er leaped itself and fell on the other side.' In fact the examination was so unaccountably brilliant that the faculty threw it out altogether. Ethus hearing this and fearful lest the prospects of his classmates might operate to his prejudice, went to the president and offered to be examined on any part of the book or the whole of it and take his marks accordingly. A man who will do that ought to get the valedictory, and he did get it, and has been getting it ever since."

"A classmate says that in the planning of college escapades Ethus was invariably counted out. His failure to take part in them was not due to the lack of college spirit, but rather to the fact that he lived at home and did not mingle much with the students in their dormitory life, where much of the mischief was planned, and to the additional and quite important fact that his father was a prominent member of the faculty. That Mr. Root was fond of fun, however, is evidenced by an incident which occurred during his senior year, when the burden of college duties are supposed to weigh less heavily than in preceding years. The incident is related as follows by a college class of Mr. Root's:

"Root came into one room one afternoon, Windsor, now the Rev. Dr. Willing, and Mr. Root had scribbled over the room the previous year, and had left an amateur printer's kit in the wood room. Some of us knew anything about printing, but we were disposed to put the affair in practical use. In those days excess were at high tide. The writings of these scholars, however, served a great want of valuable time and energy, not to mention the occasional moral strain. Why not economize and have a set form for all papers? But what should the form be. That was an easy problem. The legal and constitutional talent of Ethus was made to read. A sufficient number of copies to meet supposed future needs were struck off after much toil. It proved a veritable labor-saving device, whereby for the remainder of our course, all courses could be rendered with zest and despatch."

"While Mr. Root was generally regarded in college as a prominent preacher in every way, still his productions were thought to have failed to make an impression on his hearers. A classmate, who is now a highly successful lawyer in a prominent western city, in speaking of Mr. Root, recently said: 'The one thing that impressed me the most regarding him as a college student was no one could read by him in his Sophomore year, on 'The Disadvantage of Being Rich.' The essay was in the nature of an argument to

prove that the rich man's son is compelled to meet much greater obstacles in his life's struggle for success than is the poor man's son. He maintained that if the rich man's son is able to overcome such obstacles and achieve success, he is entitled to much greater credit than is the poor boy who overcomes poverty and succeeds. The essay was well written, particularly as was the younger man in our class. It is the only essay written by a member of '64 that I recall."

"Mr. Root's efforts as an orator have for many years furnished masterpieces, but it is more difficult to find success in this line, as in all others, have been the result of conversations, practical work, rather than unusual natural gifts. One who readily recalls his record as a student, says:

"Ethus Root was not by nature a fine speaker. Fortunately Hamilton College, which for many years has been spoken of as the 'home of modern oratory,' demanded attention to expression, and as well as written, as a part of the regular work. Young Root met this obligation, as he did others, with conscientious hard work. His worse prize comes year after year, though he was no prize. But he learned how to write effectively, and his Clark Prize oration on 'The Jew of Dikem, Root and Shakespeare' was a remarkable effort for a boy of nineteen. He drilled carefully on his declamation for the Chapel stage. The gifted speakers were appointed competitors for Freshman year; Ethus won a place among the Sophomore competitors. He did not take a prize, but he had learned how to use himself and his voice before an audience."

"A few years ago Mr. Root is reported by an intimate friend to have said that he wished to take only those cases in law that he was sure he could win. He was, however, not so sure of himself as these Hercules tasks by the breadth and thoroughness of his education. His opponents have often endeavored to make capital out of the fact that he was one of the counsel for the defense in the famous Tweed litigation some years ago. Here in that one who has known Mr. Root since his birth, and who is not only familiar with his career, but who also thoroughly understands his motives, says regarding the matter:

"Mr. Root's connection with the Tweed litigation was hered upon him. I think who knew him in his spare time was involved. Mr. Root felt bound to protect this client's interests under the law, and so was drawn into the array of lawyers on the defense. He has said, once and again, that he did in the Tweed affair no more than to urge that not prejudice or public outcry but the law should control in the trial and in the punishment of the offender. Many of the public statements in this matter are abused. As Mr. Root was admitted to the bar in 1867, he could have had no share whatever in matters prior to the Tweed break-up."

"That Mr. Root has retained the simplicity of manner, kindness of heart and loyalty to friends so noticeable in his boyhood and college days is shown by the following words of a classmate now a prominent preacher in New York:

"I called at the Secretary's office last long ago, and I can certify that it is not a case of mistaken identity. I had come to return some letters, after reading in the papers about the hard times through which Mr. Root was passing. He was greeted by a friend, but I just the next old Ethus. I mentioned in his hearing, a scholar in his statements, and a jolly good fellow to his friends."

## Divorce and Remarriage

By the Rt. Rev. William Crowell Doane, D.D., Bishop of Albany

PEOPLE approach convictions about the question of the rightness of remarriage after divorce along very different paths, partly because they approach the whole question of marriage from very different starting points. (a)

Marriage is a civil contract which the State recognizes and also sanctions entered into by an act of common consent. (b) Marriage is the natural relation between a man and a woman entered into by an act of common consent. (c) Marriage is a divine institution, "instituted of God in the likeness of man's incestuous," and recognized and confirmed to such by our Lord. This last description includes and involves the other two.

But the first two definitions exclude and deny the last. So as to the question of remarriage after divorce there are varying views. The Roman Church recognizes no divorce at all with any right to re-marry. The Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal church in America admit remarriage in the innocent party divorced for the cause of the adultery of the other. The Presbyterian Church adds incurable desolation as an admitted cause, etc., while in the civil law there is a wide range from the absolute prohibition in South Carolina, and the single acknowledged cause in New York, to desolation, lack of support, etc., in the different States.

The divorce is more easy to detect than to cure. I do not believe the effort to secure a uniform divorce law by Congressional action through an amendment to the Constitution. I do believe that the churches need to speak more plainly about the evil, to try to cause to some mutual understanding about their meeting of public opinion, which is most important to reach in the meeting of public opinion, and the association of society with sound convictions to be put in practice.

There is a grave question, and the question is growing graver, whether the religious sanction for divorcing the bond of marriage for any cause whatever. But there is an question making a divorce possible. In all other cases it must be a separation. My own conviction is that the bond is indissoluble

except by death. Surely the Christian sentiment of thoughtful men might come to feel the danger of going beyond the letter of Scripture. This would considerably reduce the frequency of divorce, although it would still leave untouched the scandal of adultery, and the difficulty of finding what is called the innocent party in a divorce suit.

A public journal, not coming to enter into the theological discussion or to deal with it from the purely religious point of view, is more concerned with the practical side of the matter as it exists in the country today. The *Evening Post* continued the other day this news, not exaggerated, of what recently occurred in a place of public society recent. "The groom, Mr. X., had already been married once, but Mrs. X. had, thanks to the mercy of the divorce court, been able to get another husband. The bride, Mrs. Y., had also been married, but she had entered a suit for divorce. While waiting for the decision, she had lost no time in re-marrying, but had become engaged to Mr. X. The decree was handed yesterday, and at the end of one hour and twenty minutes Mrs. Y. became Mrs. X. No. 2. The judge who granted the decree, also performed the ceremony; and, in order to preserve the sanctity, he was the same judicial robes." Of course these more concrete instances attract the largest attention, but they are gradually indications of innumerable cases in the hidden world of life.

The power of the press should be noted to create and mold a public opinion which shall denounce such flagrant outrages, and shall insist on the sanctity of marriage, and shall insist on family relation and destroying the security of the home, all which underlie human society. Much has been accomplished by laws enacted through the influence of the American Bar Association, and by the second and careful legislation which controls the District of Columbia. But the demand still exists, that the attention of the people at large shall be called to the disgrace and danger of existing conditions; and as one pulls down blocks of houses to arrest a fire, or extreme and drastic measures are justified in order to check the progress of this spreading social disease.

# A FORECAST OF TAMMANY

## PLEDGES OF PURITY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY ALBERT LEVERING



Here they come! (With aig, reluctant jolt.)



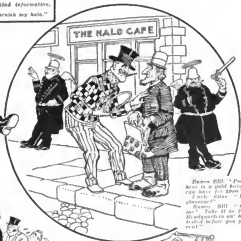
"Thank you very much for your kind information. May I offer you a reward?"  
"Oh no, thank you; the crowd would torch my heels."



"Tannery Clerk. - What are you do you want?"  
"Oh - Oh - I want a towel and a half shoe."  
"Tannery Clerk. - All right. You take a stir and a half sale."



"Oh no, thank you; the crowd would torch my heels!"



"Thank you very much for your kind information. May I offer you a reward?"  
"Oh no, thank you; the crowd would torch my heels."



The Millionaire—U—?



Let us hope that he doesn't wake up.

# The Strangle-hold of Labor

This is the last of a series of four articles on the tremendous power of labor as it affects the home, the actual cost of living—the price of food, clothes, transportation, every-day necessities. These four articles emphasize most vitally the personal phase of a situation which seriously threatens not only commercial growth, but individual liberty

## IV. Clothes and Every-day Necessities.—By John Keith

I HAVE already shown how the general public has been uneducated in respect to the places where it lives and works, the street-cars and trains that transport it, and the household that support it. In this article I shall describe the grip of labor upon things to wear and upon other actual necessities of every-day living.

The Journeymen Tailors are among the earliest labor unions. They were organized in some places before 1800. Their prosperity is largely to blame for the fact that clothes in America cost nearly twice as much as anywhere else. They are at present engaged in a mortal struggle with their employers, the Merchant Tailors' Protective Association, whose president, David M. Parry, has enlarged the struggle by organizing a National Association of Manufacturers, of which he is president. He is a bitter warrior, and proposes that capital and labor settle down for a fight to the finish. His conception of the rights and responsibilities of labor is, in a word, this:

"If a union succeeds in forcing the payment to its members of a wage scale that is above the economic level fixed by supply and demand it is taking a share of the aggregate production larger than it is justly entitled to, and there is left a less amount than there should be for division among the other classes of labor. The manner in which the body of this hold-up system is extorted becomes evident upon an analysis of its results.

"Does the employer get his profit? He does not, for he will refuse to allow arrears to be made on his capital, and will insist on a fair profit even on the extra wages he is made to pay. The normal result is that the body is charged up to the cost of production, and the efforts are (1) to raise the price of the product to the consumer, thus making it impossible for some people to purchase it who had previously been able to do so, while those who pay the advanced price have their power to buy other articles proportionally diminished; (2) to throw men into illness or partial idleness because of the shrinkage in the demand for articles necessitated by the decrease in the purchasing power of labor in general, and (3) to discourage the investment of capital and check its accumulation because of the instability and uncertainty of business conditions resulting from the power of an organization to dictate terms according to its own whims and desires."

Mr. Parry is president of the Merchant Tailors' Protective Association, which has been for some time waging war against an alliance of the Amalgamated Union of Clothing Workers and the Workers' Association. It claims to be a war to the death, the object being determined to compel a recognition of the union and the recognition of a fixed wage scale, and the employers being determined to hire or discharge as they please, to work workmen according to their convenience, and to discontinue carrying the "backshop" where the men can work instead of at home.

The unions made their demands. The employers responded July 1 by "lock-outs." In Kansas City, Denver, Cleveland, and Birmingham the two unions considered with the boycott and with strenuous efforts to prevent non-union tailors from working. The Federation has sent out a national appeal for contributions to aid the tailors, and the two unions involved have assessed those who work twenty-four cents a week for the benefit of those who are locked out. The Journeymen Tailors' Union contains 391 local unions. As a sample of its activity and wealth, we may note that in the year previous to the strike of July 1 it paid to eighty-one of its local unions strike benefits amounting to \$34,392 for a total of 113 strikes and lockouts. By means of these various sources of its members have received a twelve-per-cent advance in wages in the course of two years.

The new strike is the most desperate yet waged, and the union has issued an appeal calling for aid from other unions in other trades. In the course of the proclamation the following paragraph appears, and shows what light upon the tactics adopted.

"The tailors in Kansas City are doing all in their power to win this lockout. It is costing them lots of money to carry this contest on. Last Saturday alone cost them about \$250 to get letters to quit their jobs and leave town."

The cost of the general lockout will, of course be paid in the long run by the greatest number of the disorganized workmen. The Association, which has locked out the disorganized workmen, has been hard put to it to keep up a semblance of activity. Its members are determined, however, to put an end now for all to the demands of the tailors unless they give up the boycott and will do it. Mr. Parry has been active in the organization of a national coalition of manufacturers against the national combination of labor. The next great labor war will probably be a dual between these two powerful organizations.

It is claimed by many opponents of the labor unions that they do not cease wages in spite of their extensive and violent effects. The present wholesale reduction of wages in the cotton industries, and demand and the general commercial situation regulate the increase of their own members, there can be little doubt that they almost always cease a price to the public, or lower the quality, or bring the manufacturer to the point of bankruptcy, which rests upon general prostration.

Those who deal in union goods must, in practically every case,

pay a higher wholesale price. This is the experience of drapers everywhere. For instance, a Milwaukee tailor concludes that union overalls and jumpers could be sold for \$1.50 a pair of the same grade for seventy-five cents. Consequently, a non-union trader got away all his trade. Another union tailor in Milwaukee stated that he had carried on business for three years and had to pay higher prices for everything he dealt in. Another expressed himself vigorously: "The union label is a curse; it does not stand for sanitary conditions; it goes on poor and cheap goods, and makes them cost more."

It is inevitable that a union relying for the prosperity of its wares mainly upon boycott, strike, and threats of violence should be felt compelled to reconsume its goods by unusual excellence or cheapness.

In a time of general prosperity such as we have recently gone through, the unions have been able to boost prices generally. When there comes a collapse of trade, the unions find themselves helpless, or are destroyed by their own obstinacy. It is doubtful if revival of the unions, in the building trades especially, will be able to last through the winter. The cotton industry in Lowell, Massachusetts, were threatened by a strike for higher wages. The men would not listen to the assurance of their employers that trade would not permit an advance. Scarcely two days of them prepared to strike, and the employers seized the opportunity to prove their assertion by a lock-out. The mills are closed and no wages paid at all. And now the failure of the cotton crop has embarrassed all manufacturers of textiles, and 50,000 operatives have been compelled not only to give up hopes of increase, but to accept a ten per cent reduction of their wages, which have, in fact, gone back to where they were in 1902.

A sharp advance in the price of all clothing in which cotton is used may be expected this coming season. For this the lock out is wholly to blame, but the unusual conditions in the labor market have also contributed very largely. The market wanted a few cents pay even the wages of 1902, and yet the manufacturers dare not push the prices further down, lest there be a general strike.

Such clothes are not all that labor loses. The shoes we wear pay wages. It is collected first in a stock yard, and then the quilt is lowered from its original producer. All the money it comes again under the union sway. When it goes to the boot and shoe manufacturer it finds itself again in the union. Even the women who work on boots and shoes are organized into unions. There are over 15,000 shoe factories in the United States, employing 150,000 shoe-workers, of whom 40,000 are organized. This army of employees can, it is claimed, make all the national supply for six months. Of the surplus there have been large exports in recent years, and Europe is flooded with American shoes, which, as a rule, sell cheaper abroad than here.

The national demand, to repeat, can be filled in six months' time by the present resources. To keep these factories going the year round, at the normal rate, should happily cut the wages in half, but it is easier to charge the public an excessive price. Three hundred factories use the union label, and are compelled to pay increased wages, which hampers them seriously in competition. Strikes are frequent and costly, and, of course, retard production.

The boot-makers of Rochester went on strike the 12th of October, in Napa, California, there has been a long strike by the Boot and Shoemakers' Union. The glazed-kid plant of J. E. Mathew & Co. was closed because eighty-six workmen wanted more wages. The fact that the firm paid higher wages than any other in the city did not prevent these men from striking or 600 other hands from following them out.

The labor unions do not always make war upon their employers. I have shown in previous articles, however, that the factory into a battleground for the union jealousy, to the employer's and the public's expense. In St. Louis two rival factories have been at war in the union, and there has been a serious strike, which kept out both factories, and cut down the output at the busy season of civilization. Last month four manufacturers in the employ of the Marsh Company demanded an increase of wages, but declined to submit their demand to the board. They left, and on the 15th of November 5000 followed them, shutting down twenty boot and shoe factories. It is my wonder that the shoe manufacturers now refuse to recognize the Shoe Machinery Union further, and insist upon making contracts individually with their men.

As every instance of the rivalry between factories in the labor war may be mentioned a war now waging. The so-called Shoe Cutters' Union is affiliated with the Knights of Labor, an ancient terror to manufacturers, but now robbed of most of its power to injure. Its success is the American Federation of Labor, which was recently holding a congress in Boston. The Boot and Shoe Workers' Union is affiliated with the Federation, and is at war with the Shoe Cutters' Union, who have a stronghold in Lynn, Massachusetts. It is the intention of the Federation to boycott all the products of all factories in Lynn employing Knights of

labor, especially as the Lynn factories do not use the union label, so the workman cuts his own throat to take toll of the public by the union label.

That these methods actually do raise prices can hardly be more frankly stated than by the editor of a union newspaper, who recently wrote: "The union label seldom appears on the bargain-counter or bargain days."

From the tip of the toe to the top of the head we are union-

labelled. The extra sums we pay for our hats enable organized labor to indulge in long wars, to pay thousands of dollars in strike benefits, to employ walking disturbers of peace, and to enjoy lengthy periods of idleness. All employers who have yielded to the unions have been compelled to suffer disastrously from the competition, or to keep up their price, thus, in Milwaukee, a hat dealer recently testified that he was compelled to charge \$1.50 for a union hat, while he could sell a non-union hat of the same quality for \$1. Here the price is plainly increased fifty per cent. And this extra price is forced upon the public by various methods of boycott outside of the union and of intimidation inside.

There has been war in the hat-market recently, as in almost every other field of industry. A sample of the slight protests upon which a widespread war can be declared is to be found in the following:

On the 28th of October the workers in the employ of G. A. Shepard & Sons, manufacturers of hat leathers, at Bethel, Connecticut, threatened to quit work unless the company discharged the one non-union man employed. The company refused, and this one man's livelihood was made the excuse for not only closing the works, but raising all the other employees of their livelihood, but for issuing a general boycott. Certain hat-makers in Danbury bought their hat leathers from Shepard & Sons. The Danbury hat-makers refused to work on these hat leathers, and the manufacturers were compelled to cancel their orders.

This roused the Leather Manufacturers' Association in its pert, and it resolved to forbid all of its members to deliver leathers to any of the hat-makers of Danbury or Bethel, except to three non-union factories. The effect of this deadlock upon the cheapness of hats is undeniable.

The D. F. Lowe Company, of Danbury, was boycotted in September, and the boycotters have been working throughout the country against their wares, employing for this purpose the elaborate machinery of the American Federation of Labor. The Lowe Company has entered a suit for damages against the officers and 215 of their former employees in the United States of North America, as well as against the Federation of Labor. I told last week of other such suits against labor organizations, and they may indicate a solution of the boycott problem. On December 4 Judge Holton, of Chicago, found the American Union No. 4 Press-federators guilty of illegal acts as a corporate body.

The grievances of the strikers are thus set forth by President Harley of the Finishers' Union:

"The company has changed the material in two of the cheaper grades of hats," he said. "The new material is harder to handle, being less yielding and slower to shrink on the cones. This cut down the pay of the men who had to handle the material, and they asked for higher piece-rates. Makers earn from \$12 to \$15 a week on the average. They would not stand the cut, and struck when the company refused to raise the rates."

On December 5 the makers and finishers of the Knox Hat Manufacturing Company struck when this company had had for fifty years.

The shirt-makers are also under the thumb of the unions, which show their willingness to use the manufacturers at any time as a weapon of discipline over their own members. On the 28th of November the cutters of the Washburn & Kennerly Company shirt and waist factories entered their employers to discharge a cutter because

he was behind in his dues to the union. The company declined to be the tool of such rigor, and the workmen struck. As the season is slack the company was wiser than that they should stay out.

The laundries are as much a part of our industries as the shirt-makers. A large part of the Chicago laundries have been closed for months by the union demands.

On December 6 the shirt-makers, a branch of the Skirt-makers' Union of New York,

began a strike for twenty per cent. higher wages, freshly stating that they realized that it was the most embarrassing time to the trade.

The glove-market falls into line, and a pitiless rigor extends to the extent to which the fidelity to the union can be carried was recently given. The oath of fidelity given by the typographical union, recently created a sensation by placing the union above God and country. It was preached against as sacrilegious in many pulpits. It remained for a glove-maker to put his union above his sense of filial duty.

On October 7, in Chicago, Samuel R. Clifton, president of the Glove-makers' Union No. 4, demanded that his father, a glove manufacturer, should renew an old agreement with an ascendant increasing wages. When the father refused the advance, the son called out the employees, closed the father's shop, justifying himself with the Mason remark, "My union has first claim on my duty!"

In furniture, wages are now higher than they have ever been before in history, and yet there is an upholsterer's strike in Grand Rapids. In October the Amalgamated Wood-Workers' demanded a fifteen-per-cent. increase from the Harpo Furniture Company, of Indianapolis. When this demand was refused all the employees were called out, and great violence was used to prevent the employment of non-union labor.

This winter will show an increase in the price of carpets of from one and a half to five cents a yard. This increase is largely due to an extended strike in Philadelphia, beginning June 1, and keeping idle thousands of carpet-workers, upholstery weavers, and dyers. It is estimated that this strike has withheld 80,000 rolls of grain carpet from the market.

There is hardly space here to recount the strikes of the coal-mines, though coal is one of the chief necessities of life and industry. Every one remembers the coal famine of last winter, brought about by a great anthracite strike, which compelled the closing of many factories, the abandonment of many trades, the universal violation of social ordinances, and untold suffering. The price of coal rose from \$6 to \$8, then to \$10, to \$12 and finally to more than \$25. The poor, being compelled to buy coal in small quantities, often paid for it at the rate of over \$30 a ton. On account of the excessive demand the price of bituminous coal also rose with great rapidity.

The strike had been declared on the 15th of May by a vote of 461 to 349. This narrow majority was permitted to throw 150,000 miners, men and boys, out of work next October 23. It is not necessary to recall the scenes of violence which ended only when President Roosevelt himself announced a conference at the White House, and appealed to the patriotism of the strikers to discontinue the national disaster.

Thus the spectacle was seen of a whole nation begging mercy of a labor union and certain employers. The result of the strike was that the miners gained very little of what they demanded, and spent great sums of their own and that of other miners' savings. Their loss in wages alone was \$25,000,000. The expenditure, of course, had enormously. The State of Pennsylvania lost enormously in money and in dignity. And the public, as always, paid the bills.

There is a new coal strike on at present in the West which has assumed most serious proportions. On November 9, 10,000 coal-miners of Colorado struck for an increase of wages and an eight-hour day. The operators explained that these demands would mean an increase of twenty per cent. in the cost of production, but the men could not be kept at work. In the first week the cost of



"From the Tip of the Toe to the Top of the Head we are Union-labelled."



the strike was estimated as follows: To the State, \$200,000; to the operators, \$222,000; to the miners in wages, \$67,000.

The coal problem in Chicago has been solved to the satisfaction of the labor-unions, the coal employers and to the general opinion of the public by a combination of the Coal Train Owners' Association and the Coal Transmitters' Union, with its 40,000 members. After fighting each other five years they have agreed that the former will employ more than 40,000 union transmitters and the latter driven out competition and have actually compelled the absolute discontinuance of natural gas in the business district. They hold prices at their mercy.

Among the miseries of modern life the schoolbook has certainly a place. On November 17, at the Boston labor congress, a resolution was offered demanding uniform text-books in the public schools and a union label on these books. The resolution was not passed, on the ground that it was a matter for State and not national legislation. But the mere suggestion, as well as the excuse given for its non-acceptance, threw a vivid light upon the all-encompassing domination of the labor-unions.

Among other strikes which affect the general public may be briefly mentioned that in the American Optical Company for the sake of forcing a recognition of the union; one in Philadelphia saving the plastic-glass men by their 10,000 workers get advanced wages and so raise the price of plastic-glass, probably from fifteen cents per ounce, but a recent cut strike in New York, which began on a cold and snowy night. The result of this is a probable increase of twenty per cent. in the already exorbitant prices among fire-works, who cannot be rescued by city officials. At this writing it is announced that 1,000 Chicago fire-works are about to strike for shorter hours and better wages. They threaten to tie up even the funerals. It appears that even the dead are not out of reach of union domination.

The fine arts are being saved. The Plasterers' Association at the St. Louis Exposition, by a threat of general strike, has taken away from its fellow workmen, the Modelers' and Sculptors' Union, the privilege of repairing damaged plaster casts.

The executives of the Mutual Union have recently been prominent through its unscrupulous tyranny to two women harpists who have come from abroad to play at the opera, and have been forbidden to play even after expressing a willingness to pay the dues and join the union. At the present moment, it seems that the opera for which they were brought over will have to be given without harp music, or without orchestra. The Mutual Mutual Protective Union has also recently ordered a disbandment of the Theatrical Musical Club, which is properly organized and affiliated with the United Actors' Trade.

Cigars have long been a battle-ground for strikers, and the tobacco trust has been long boycotted by the International Cigar

makers' Union, to such an extent that their shops have been watched and members of other unions have been photographed entering the place. Any union man so caught is liable to a fine.

Now the household servants are organizing. At its recent congress the American Federation of Labor granted a charter to the Household Employers' Union of Holyoke, Massachusetts, with Mary Williams as president. The platform demands an eight-hour day, with one afternoon and one evening and part of Sunday off each week; cooks to have \$3, chambermaids \$1, apron-wives \$1; cooks are not permitted to wash or iron. It is difficult to say how any possible act could make the domestic-servant problem more serious than it already is.

Among the hardships the public endures from the labor-unions there are a number of petty annoyances, which are, tragically, however, in a free country. During the Chicago street-car strike not only was the non-union men forbidden to ride in various restaurants, but one doctor refused to examine an injured man because he did not wear a union button. At Glen Ridge, New Jersey, a private citizen was forbidden to send his own rent, and a walking delegate, finding him there, threatened to throw him to the ground. The Central Labor Union of Philadelphia has decided that a union man cannot be a waiter at a restaurant of his own organization, and has also issued this statement: "A union man who gets his wife to teach his coat violates the sanctities of matrimony." Alfred Ruk, a butcher in Foughkearrie, New York, was fined last September for being shaved by his own brother, who was a non-union barber.

The labor-unions have annihilated everything, and are now attempting to take it in a union truth that they have forgotten the original purpose of their foundation, and have annulled the justice of their cause by their infinite injustices. They have complained loudly of tyranny until they have had the opportunity to be tyrants themselves. We have seen a few of the multitudinous ways in which they have violated the principles of human justice, the Constitution of the country, of the State; they have drudged the police and the militia and the courts; they have killed and maimed where they opposed them; they have abused and fined and humiliated their own members, and sought relentless duels against rival unions. As a result of this warfare, the work of the world is no longer done by slaves or serfs, or by the poor; it is done by antagonists who are not content with a normal and profitable share of wages, but have forced prices to the breaking-point and employers to the point of bankruptcy.

The laboring man having conquered equality has not been satisfied with his just deserts, but has forced his way on to despotism. Not only the consumers and the manufacturers and the general mass, but the prosperity of the country are at his mercy, but the liberty, safety, and the very life of the private citizen are in his clutch. How long will the public endure this strangle-hold upon its throat?

## An Epoch in Bridge-Building

By L. L. Buck, C. E.

Designer and Consulting Engineer of the new Williamsburg Bridge, opened December 19

**T**HE Williamsburg Bridge ranks as the largest suspension bridge in the world, although it is not the largest bridge ever built, but it is a milestone bridge. Williamsburg Bridge will exceed those of the Brooklyn Bridge. It will have about four times the carrying capacity of the Brooklyn Bridge, and will be equivalent to a street nearly 140 feet wide. The main span of the Williamsburg Bridge is 1600 feet long—four and a half feet longer than that of the Brooklyn Bridge—but the Williamsburg Bridge is thirty feet wider than the Brooklyn Bridge. The approaches of the Williamsburg Bridge are far longer than those of the Brooklyn Bridge. The Brooklyn approach is nearly twice as long, and the Manhattan approach over twice the length of the respective approaches of the Brooklyn Bridge. The total length of the carrying-way of the Williamsburg Bridge is 7284 feet, 2 inches—1274 feet, 2 inches longer than that of the Brooklyn Bridge. The Williamsburg Bridge has heavier cables than the Brooklyn Bridge, and each of its four great cables has over twice the ultimate strength in tons of the cables of the Brooklyn Bridge. In every respect the height, length, and capacity of the Bridge 17,422 miles away will have been used—3071 one mile of wire that are in the four sides of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Where the Brooklyn Bridge has two trolley tracks and two bridge-train tracks, the Williamsburg Bridge will have two elevated railroad tracks and four trolley tracks. The Brooklyn Bridge has one footwalk; the Williamsburg Bridge will have two footwalks. On the lower deck of the Williamsburg Bridge the trolley and elevated railway tracks and the roadways will be placed, the tracks and the bicycle-paths will be above the tracks, the footwalks in the center.

The Williamsburg Bridge will undoubtedly relieve the appalling congestion now witnessed at the Brooklyn Bridge terminals. Nearly 300,000 passengers cross the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn Bridge railway and outdoor lines every twenty-four hours. The Williamsburg Bridge will divert a part of this traffic, although greater relief will be experienced until the Manhattan Bridge—which is to run from Canal Street and the Bowery to Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue—is completed. But many of the obstacles

with which transportation has to contend over the Brooklyn Bridge will not be an evidence on the Williamsburg Bridge. The roadways for vehicles on the Williamsburg Bridge will be entirely separated from the railway tracks, both elevated and trolley. This will insure the trolley-cars unobstructed passage, free from the obstructions of vehicular traffic. The terminals of the Williamsburg Bridge will be so arranged as to give the most ample space. They will have the fullest facilities for trolley and elevated tracks and for passengers.

It is estimated that each of the four trolley tracks on the Williamsburg Bridge will accommodate 350 cars every hour if necessary. Calculating a maximum of fifty passengers to each car, this would give 17,500 persons transported every hour on the two tracks to Manhattan, and the same number on the other two tracks to Brooklyn—a total of 70,000 persons an hour going in both directions. It is estimated that the elevated railroads will be able to transport at least 20,000 persons every hour in one direction to Manhattan, and the same number in the other. It is estimated that, at a minimum, 64,000 passengers will have good transportation facilities in one direction every hour, or 128,000 passengers in both directions every hour.

The right to build a bridge on the present site of the Williamsburg Bridge was granted to the East River Bridge Company by the Legislature in 1892. In 1895, the city bought out the firm whose rights of this company and proceeded to plan and build the bridge. The general plan of the bridge was adopted by the East River Bridge Commission on August 10th, 1896, and an amended plan was adopted in May, 1907. The first actual work on the bridge was begun on the Manhattan tower foundation on October 18, 1896.

The tower foundations on both sides of the river rest on solid rock. The north pier on the Manhattan side sinks to a depth of fifty-six feet below high water, and the south pier sixty-six feet below high water. On the Brooklyn side the north pier extends to a maximum depth of about 110 feet below high water and the south pier to a maximum depth of about ninety feet below high water. The Manhattan tower rests on a pier 2500 piers drive through clay to a bed of sand overlying the rock. The Brooklyn anchorage rests on natural sand. The first wire for the construction of the temporary foot-bridge was strung on April 11, 1891.



## THE OPENING OF THE NEW WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY

Drawn by F. Courten Smith

New York's new bridge, connecting Manhattan and Williamsburg, and spanning the East River above the Brooklyn Bridge, was officially opened on December 23. Mayor Lane walked over the bridge from east to east and declared it open to traffic, and there was an elaborate celebration in honor of the event. Engineers had been specially appointed for the city to meet the expense of the construction and maintenance, which consisted in electrical displays and fireworks. Possibly none of wire and 2,000,000 could reach a more electric bath ever used in the Manhattan, requiring a force of almost 1000 men here. The water is referred to as interesting article by the designer of the new bridge, on the opposite page.

# A Leader not to be Forgotten

By Henry Mills Alden

THE unveiling of the bronze bust of George William Curtis and the formal presentation at it to the New York Public Library on Monday evening, December 7, recall historic moments in the life of the republic directly and intimately associated with Mr. Curtis's leadership of public opinion—a leadership unparalleled in our history; while to those who knew the man or who were his associates they recall vivid and enduring memories of a singular personality.

Mr. Curtis was the most unforgettable man I ever knew. In 1842 he became the political editor of HAARLEM'S WEEKLY, to which for some years he had been contributing "The Lounger." Already for ten years he had been known to the readers of HAARLEM'S MIRROR as the occupant of the "Editor's Easy Chair." The association with these two periodicals, in these so different positions, was continued to the year of his death, 1857. He lived two lives. One was that which he set out to live when, after his residence at Brook Farm, and later at Concord, he went to Europe and the East at the age of twenty-two, meeting Thackeray in London and the Brownings in Venice, and on the Nile the haunting mystery of an older world. What that life might have yielded to American literature is dimly fore-shadowed in the books he wrote after his return, in the early fifties—the Nile pictures of the young dramas; the very wide-awake but genial satires of American social life, whose centre was then at Saratoga; and the tender and beautiful romance of "Prue and L." The mature intimations of his possible literary achievement were given during nearly forty years in the "Easy Chair"—the most delightful monthly savour of personal reminiscence, of art criticism (including music and the drama), and of comment on men and women and books, ever written.

But when I first knew Mr. Curtis he had entered upon that other life which found expression in his political editorials and public addresses—a life of public service. He had hatched on his armor. In his view "public spirit is the main-spring of the republic," and for the generous succoring that of Webster he was pre-eminently the expression of that spirit and its leader. His publishers and associates regarded him as their knight, with the grand and low finding of appropriation, but his knight-hood transcended all ownership, and was devoted to the victory of a principle at the time when that principle was meeting its crucial test—the principle of public justice.

His personal presence in those who met him frequently in the very atmosphere of his work, seemed instant to familiarity. No

one was ever gentler or more affable to all men or more cordial and sympathetic in friendly intercourse. It was not the feeling of distance that impressed one, but rather that of intimate appeal—something closer than familiarity, yet having in it some strangeness of surprise. His ordinary expression had become an art, in vibrancy and form. He did not talk like a book, yet his speech impressed you very much in the same way as we imagine his talk about Robert Burns impressed the Scotchmen who listened to him when that poet's statue was unveiled in Central Park. He did not wear his knight-hood in stiff and formal fashion, but you felt its inspiration, as if you listened to martial music. He was our greatest master of the art of speech, in private and in public discourse. "How was it done?" he asked, concerning the charm wrought by Wendell Phillips upon his hearers, and his answer is applicable to the still greater charm of his own speech: "Ah! how did Mozart do it, how Raphael! The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and of eloquence." He was so easily the master of every form of personal expression, having the readiness, the versatility, and the debonair grace of an Admirable Crichton, without Admirable Crichton's vanity and self-conceit. What he impressed was as impressive as what he personified, and more surprising. In his grandeur was no condescension. He needed not to mislead, for, whatever the lesson, he had the clarity of a Damascus blade, always flexible and always effective.

I dwell upon the manner of the man rather than upon his achievement. This was conspicuous to all—that could be appreciated only by those who personally knew him. The form was of the spirit, and became the rhythmic and flexible restraint of his speech and action, so that the beauty of his discourse was never spoiled by too much stress or ornament, and the earnestness of his livelihood was never dissipated in caprice, stentorianity, or fanaticism.

It is especially fitting that the bust of Mr. Curtis be in great honor and enshrinement in the New York Public Library—if only that it may lead the frequenters of that library to read his best speeches, which are, as he said of Burke's, "not only historical events, but splendid possessions of literature." The young American will find in these speeches not only the exemplar of an ideal eloquence and of a "sublime scholarship" which, like that of John Milton, "begins in literature and ends in life," but the essential solution of his country's history and the meaning of that history in the organization of human liberty.



The new bronze bust of George William Curtis, by J. Q. A. Ward



The Presentation in the New York Public Library of the new Bust of George William Curtis. Mayor Lee and Mr. Carl Schurz at the Presentation Ceremony in the Lecture Library

# NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

## THE STORY OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY

BY DOUGLAS WHITE AND WILLIAM A. LAWSON

**N**ORTHERN CALIFORNIA, as applied to that section of the Golden State lying north of the bay of San Francisco, is purely a geographical title, for, in fact, the difference in extent and quality of productivity possessed by the different divisions of California is so slight as to render it almost impossible to establish any great point of superiority possessed by one portion which does not find its peer in every one of the other sections of this great Pacific commonwealth.

Under these conditions northern California takes its place as one of the divisions in that great territory which, bordering the Pacific for seven hundred miles and extending inland to an average width of two hundred miles, covers an area of latitude parallelized upon the Atlantic by that included between the southern line of South Carolina and the southern line of Massachusetts. The natural inference would be that a great diversity of climate and productions would be found within this immense area, but the investigator of to-day finds the orange, olive, lemon, and lime, together with other classes of subtropical fruits, thriving in equal profusion upon the mesas of southern, the plains of central, and the rolling foot-hills of northern California. But one distinction exists, that, strangely enough, wheat is favored in the northern section, for here the orange ripens earliest, and thus gains the advantage of first reaching the markets of the East.

Like the whole of the State, northern California is shut in on the east by the towering heights of the Sierra Nevada, which range of protecting mountains, arising in the west, joins the Coast Range near the northern border, thus forming a barrier that effectually protects the resultant valleys from the chilly blasts of northern water. Moreover, this same mountain formation diverts the western breezes which sweep in from the Pacific through the Golden Gate, and thus causes their effects to be noted at points hundreds of miles north of where they first reach the coast.

Thus guarded on the east by the heights of the Sierras, and divided laterally by the smaller peaks of the Coast Range, northern California exists as a succession of valleys separated from each other by rolling hills and towering mountains, and made up of soils so prolific as to maintain the shepherd with the variety and perfection of their productions.

Principal among these is that subdivision of the intermountain basin known as the Sacramento Valley. This great basin, covering with its almost level bottom lands millions of fertile acres, is known in central California as the San Joaquin Valley, and is there drained by a river of the same name. The Sacramento likewise has its immense waterway, also bearing the same title as the valley, the diverting point of the basin lying close by, where the two streams find their outlet into the Bay of San Francisco. Thus, like a great ellipse divided at its increased portion, the basin becomes two valleys, which form, the one a great subdivision of northern, and the other an equally important section of central, California.

Those who predict a great future for the Sacramento Valley, including the best hill belts of the Sierra Nevada and Coast ranges, have a convincing array of facts to support their faith. Of late the two commercial bodies having headquarters at Sacramento, known as the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce and the Sacramento Valley Development Association, have taken up the work of furthering the progress of this portion of the State, and have organized a campaign of information. In truth, the wonder is that with all its natural advantages this section has in many respects lagged so far behind others.

Truly enough, it appears that the very advantages of the great valley, and chiefly its capability of producing wheat and barley without irrigation, have been among the reasons why it has not

made more progress. Wheat still remains the chief crop of the farmers, and its production has tended to increase the size of farms, rather than to promote subdivision of large tracts, which is one of the essentials of development and increase of rural population. But now large irrigation enterprises are under way that have resulted in the cutting up of several great ranches into small farms, thus giving opportunity to many homesteaders.

While irrigation is not needed for the cereals, and on the great river lands such fruit, alfalfa, and vegetables are grown without it, yet experience has shown it to be a highly desirable aid to the best success in farming and horticulture, even on lands naturally moist. The old prejudice against it is fast passing away, and the truth is now realized and admitted that in the matchless capabilities for irrigation is one of the most valuable resources of this region. There is scarcely an acre of the Sacramento Valley or its foot-hills not irrigable from some source. Among the means of irrigation are wells, from which water is cheaply raised by gasoline or crude-oil engines or by windmills; canals from the rivers of the valley, and ditches and reservoirs in the mountains, furnishing water to the hill lands.

Professor Elwood Mead, in his report on Irrigation Investigation in California, made to the United States government, has given enthusiastic testimony as to the capabilities of this valley under irrigation. Its available water-supply, he says, ought to make it "the Egypt of the Western Hemisphere." The irrigable area of the valley is estimated to be more than 3,000,000 acres, and calculations show that the average annual discharge of the Sacramento River at its mouth is sufficient to irrigate every acre of this great area. Professor Mead, after remarking that it is a waste to allow so much water to flow unused to the sea, save for purposes of navigation, thus illustrates the astonishing variety of the products of the soil:

"Within a radius of five miles in the Sacramento Valley I saw every product of the temperate and semitropical zones which I could call to mind. Apples and oranges grew side by side, as did oak and almond trees. There were olives from the south and cherries from the north. A date palm stood equally at home with an alfalfa meadow; figs and Tokay grapes were apparently as much in their element as the fields of wheat or barley or the rows of Indian corn, some of the stalks of which measured fifteen feet in height. All of these could have been grown on a single acre, and doubtless have been."

A great canal, taking water from the Sacramento to irrigate many thousands of acres on the west side of the valley, is now almost completed. Along the stream much water is pumped at slight cost to irrigate alfalfa and truck farms during the summer months, thus enabling crop after crop to be taken from the land without interruption from the changing seasons.

The present full development of the Sacramento Valley centralizes about the city of Sacramento, which, besides being the valley's metropolis, is the State's capital as well. Here lies the junction of all the many branches of the Northern Pacific railway system, the lines reaching out to both the east and west sections of the Sacramento Valley, with short branches to every principal point, but here also is the crossing of the trunk line of the system which connect the northern and southern borders of the country, and its eastern and western coasts as well. Located upon the banks of the Sacramento, this capital city enjoys the privilege of water transportation to the coast, as well as in the entire length of its own valley, which, with its network of rail lines, renders it the real central point of the State.

Sacramento is the county seat of the county of the same name, and within a radius of fifty miles is surrounded by a perfection in



The Sacramento River at California's Capital



*Sacramento Palms*



*In a Sacramento Garden*

horticultural development which will at once bear witness to the truth of the Sacramento Valley's climatic claims.

It seems a little odd that the first date palm in the United States to bear edible fruit, and until recent years the most northern of bearing date palms in the world, is in about the same latitude as Washington, D. C. The tree thus distinguished is near a place called Winters, at the western margin of the Sacramento Valley, and but a few miles distant from the capital, its exact location being in latitude 39° 30' north. It is worth while to remember that this remarkable palm is not in southern California, and, strange as it may seem, there are probably no bearing date palms in that section of the State, though five hundred miles south of Sacramento.

This tree produces fruit richly colored, sweet, and palatable. The fruit, however, does not ripen every year, but only in those years when rains are absent in September and October, permitting the dates to mature.

These facts have so much climatic significance, and hint at such remarkable possibilities as to merit more than passing attention.

The Winters palm was grown from a seed planted on the spot where the tree now lifts its graceful fronds above the horizon of its owner, Colonel Taylor. It has never been hurt by frost. Knowing these things, it is less surprising to learn that Walter T. Swingle, an expert of the United States Department of Agriculture, has written a pamphlet to show the feasibility of date culture in the Sacramento Valley. He expressly says "it will be possible for settlers all through this region to produce fresh dates for their own tables, and quite probable that these fresh dates can be shipped to the principal Pacific-coast cities without spoiling."

The truth is, though but little known as yet on the Atlantic coast, that the Sacramento region is an semi-tropical as that located many miles farther toward the equator. The records of the United States Weather Bureau warrant this conclusion, and are cited in support of the assertion.

The visitor from the East—and to the Californians all of the country east of the Rocky Mountains is "the East"—comes in the flourishing orange groves, the orchards of citrus, the banana-trees and palms grown for ornament and shade, and other flourishing subtropical vegetation, convincing evidence of the mildness of the climate of Sacramento.

Figures published by the State Board of Trade show that last year northern and central California shipped upwards of 1,000 cars of oranges, and that in the northern and central counties there are thousands of acres of orange orchards yet to come into bearing.

Yet while Sacramentoans are proud of the fast-developing citrus industry of the fertile region round about them, they will tell you that it is but a small thing compared with the great deciduous-fruit industry. They show hundreds of acres of orange-trees on the uplands of the American River, at Unaugvale and Fair Oaks, but place more stress upon the fact that lying along the Sacramento River, for a distance of forty or fifty miles below the city, and all in the county of Sacramento, is a broad belt of deciduous orchards, on land unsurpassed in richness, whose annual product

of cherries, apples, plums, peaches, Bartlett pears, and other fruits is measured by thousands of car-loads, and gives business enough for half a dozen tiger seasons during the summer season.

Sacramento is one of the principal shipping points of the luscious deciduous or citrus fruits and table grapes that are sent eastward from California each season, to the extent of 7,000 or 8,000 car-loads of twelve tons each. And yet the mistake is constantly made at the East of crediting to other regions the fine cherries, apples, peaches, pears, and table grapes that come from the orchards and vineyards round about Sacramento. Such errors are naturally, in fact, to the people of the Sacramento section, who, somewhat sensitive on this score, are yet entirely willing to give every portion of California the credit that is due.

It is a strange anomaly that a climate which permits the growth to perfection of such



*California State Bank, Sacramento*



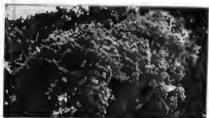
*A Strawberry Ranch at Florida*



*Sacramento "Bee" Building*



*A Sacramento Home*



*A "Mission" Grapevine*



*In Sacramento's Business Quarter*



*Winstock Lakin and Co.'s Building, Sacramento*



*A. C. Geary and Co.'s Building*



*Among the Sacramento Hopfields*

**SOME GLIMPSES ROUND ABOUT CALIFORNIA'S CAPITAL CITY**



The Home of a Brewing Industry, Sacramento

semitropic fruits as the orange, fig, olive, and lemon, likewise admit of the equally successful production of all the fruits of the temperate zone, such as the apple, cherry, plum, peach, and pear, along with the strawberry and other small fruits of northern climes. It is a never ceasing wonder that all these fruits, and many more, are found growing side by side in some of the orchards near Sacramento. The shadow of the palm falls over lawns of blue grass, and while the Sacramentoist at steadily sits beneath the shade of his vine and fig tree he may not suppose grown within his own dooryard. Latitude does not account for it, since that of California's capital is the same as that of southern Illinois, where nothing of a semitropic nature can be grown. The secret of the climate lies in the great Pacific Ocean, which imparts heat and yields moisture for the season of rains, and also in the mountain ranges on the east and north, which exclude the cold winds of winter. It is not latitude, but altitude and distance from the sea that determine the climate of any place in California. Anywhere in Sacramento County or in its bordering foothills, up to an elevation of 1000 or 1500 feet, the olive and the citrus fruits may be successfully grown, so far as climatic conditions are concerned. The foothills, in fact, are even more favorable than most of the valley for success with the orange and lemon, the higher lands being less liable to frost.

The climate of Sacramento has often been compared with that of famous Mediterranean resorts. In the advantage of the Californian city. The record for a long period of years shows that the annual average number of clear days at the capital is 232, which is greater than that of Neutone and Nice. The summer in the Sacramento region is rainless and almost cloudless, and autumn is nearly so. There may be light showers on a few days in September and October, but the seasons when rain may be expected does not fairly open until November, and is virtually over early in April. During the months of winter there are often weeks without rain, and always many days of sunshine. The average number of cloudy days is but 32 in the whole year, and the average number of days without any rain is over 300. The annual rainfall at Sacramento is between 30 and 20 inches, a quantity sufficient to insure good crops of wheat, barley, hay, orchard fruits, grapes, and other products of the soil.

While the record of temperature shows that the average daily maximum reading of the thermometer for the warmest months is but little less than 90 degrees, the humidity is so low, particularly

during the hours of the day when the heat is greatest, that little discomfort is experienced and sunstrokes is unknown, while the nights are always relatively cool. Evening usually brings a pleasant breeze from the Bay of San Francisco, and after a night of sound sleep the mornings are delightfully fresh and bracing. The temperature never rises after five o'clock in the afternoon, but steadily falls from that hour until after sunrise the next day. There is an utter absence of that increased mortality due to heat common on the Atlantic slope, and statistics show the climate of Sacramento to be one of the most healthful in the world.

The winters in this favored region are free from snow and ice, sometimes passing without the temperature falling to the freezing point, though during the coldest months the mercury may in some years give a minimum record of a few degrees lower than 32. This minimum, however, will be touched but rarely, and then only during the early morning hours. The average winter temperature is 47° Fahrenheit.

All through the year there is an endless procession of fruits going out of Sacramento, apples, succowding the late peaches and pears, and these giving way to the golden citrus fruits.

This brings one to a strong point in favor of the oranges of this northern section. The novel orange of the northern districts, such as Fair Oaks and Orangevale on the American River, in Sacramento County, and the foot-hills of Placer and Butte counties, still farther north, so early as to be marketable at Thanksgiving and Christmas on the East. This insures good prices, and enables them to be picked before there is danger of frost, such as has often done much injury to the orange crop of regions in which the fruit matures later. The novel of the northern grove is not only early, but also delicious, as perfect a fruit as one could wish to see.

What irrigation will do for small fruits in this valley is illustrated in the Florin district of Sacramento County, nine miles southeast of the capital, where water is found at a depth of from ten to fourteen feet, and is used for the irrigation of strawberries and grapes. The area in berries here exceeds 6000 acres. In 1900 W. R. Taylor, of Florin, sold twenty-one tons of strawberries from six acres of land, yielding him a net profit of over \$1900, with an average of 400 crates to the acre. Like instances could be multiplied. Many Japanese have of late years engaged in berry culture, and their thrift has been well rewarded.

The Flunco Tokay, one of the handsomest varieties of table grapes, which brings high prices and is very popular in the Eastern markets, is likewise grown extensively about Florin and other localities. In the rich and productive American River district, east of Sacramento, there are numerous vineyards devoted largely to this grape. A fair yield is about 250 crates to the acre, and net returns of \$300 an acre or more in a single season have been reported, the fruit selling in New York auction-rooms at \$1 20 per crate or more.

In this American River district is situated the great Natoma vineyard, covering upwards of 1200 acres. It is devoted chiefly to wine grapes, and is one of the largest in the world. Near by is the Coolors vineyard of wine-grape varieties, the largest, as resistant stock in California. The wines from this vineyard, under the "Coolors" trade-mark, have gained a national reputation for the well which produces them as well as for the California wines where the vineyards are matured.

In the thriving Galt district, on the railroad between Sacramento and Stockton, there are numerous vineyards and orchards and good farming lands. One of the remarkable things in this locality is a 40-foot tree of the Mission variety, which bears each year three crops of dark purple fruit, amounting to ten or three tons in all. In a single season this tree has furnished 4000 pounds of dried fruit.



Monmouth Rice Mills at the California Winery



Auburn, "Queen of the Foot hills"

## PLACER

## A COUNTY OF THE FOOT-HILLS

**H**ARDLY an hour's ride east from the capital city brings one into the limits of Placer County, one of the best known and most productive of northern California's subdivisions. Piled tier on tier, each one rising a trifle higher than the last, lie the rolling lines of the foot-hills which form the first approaches to the heights of the Sierras themselves. A half-century ago these hills teemed with those divers after the yellow metal whose access first brought to California the title of the "Golden State." All through the entire county may still be seen the ruins of the mines from which the county takes its name, and in the records of those gilded days Placer was one of the best known among the great mining sections of the Pacific. Her mining is by no means a thing of the past, for there are within her confines at the present time several most productive properties, but the days of the azules and long ton have gone by, and instead of those primitive methods the precious metal yields itself in those advanced times to the persuasion of the quartz mill and concentrator.

Placer has developed a wealth which is even greater than her golden promise of '49. The slopes of the foot-hills so often prospected for gold are now being brought to the very highest condition of cultivation, with the result that in seasons past this county of Placer has shipped out no less than thirty-five per cent. of all the fresh deciduous fruit that the whole State of California has sent to markets beyond her borders. The main transcontinental line of the Southern Pacific system passes through the entire length of the county, and within those limits are three principal points, as well as many smaller ones, which are entitled to recognition for productiveness. Nearly every kind of fruit is successfully grown, from the semitropical orange to the great luscious cherry of the temperate zone.

Of the three important points in Placer, the most western is Rocklin, which is the terminal of the mountain division of the railway. Lying in the very centre of a vast territory in which every acre is capable of the highest development, Rocklin has drawn the attention of horticulturists from every corner of the country. On the Whitney ranch, located here, the first raisins of California were grown, cured, and shipped. In citrus fruits as well Mr. J. Parker Whitney has been a pioneer. Through his industry thousands of acres have been transformed from grazing-land and wheat field into groves and vineyards. It has been a life study with him to prove what may be produced upon these lower mesas of the Sierra, and he has shown, on those lands formerly

given over to rattle and wheat, that in and about Rocklin lies one of California's most valuable sections. Mr. Whitney's knowledge, gained by experiment, has been scattered broadcast, and by following his example Rocklin has become the centre of a most interesting and productive territory. Here is seen the evidence that foot-hill lands are often much less liable to damage by frost than the lands of the lower valley, and conclusive proof is presented that the Sacramento Valley is alike valuable as a citrus belt and for the cultivation of the hardier fruits. It is claimed that its better seasons, no more disastrous plagues or cherries, are grown there those which come from these lands about Rocklin.

One of Rocklin's advantages—in fact, an advantage possessed by the whole of Placer County—lies in the fact that within her borders there are unnumbered chances for the small farmer and rancher. Together with the opportunities for the purchase and development of modest orchards and orange groves, the small operator of this section has, by co-operative selling, a chance to market his product equal to that of his more fortunate neighbor whose lands run to hundreds of acres. Rocklin is a thriving community in constant communication with all the principal points on the coast. It has a plant for electric lighting, modern stores and markets, churches, and schools—in fact, everything to render rural life comfortable and attractive. Though in the surrounding districts thousands of acres have already been developed, the division of many large tracts will increase the population and give many additional and thrifty farms.

A few miles to the eastward and almost in the centre of the county is the town of Newcastle, famed in the days of gold as a great placer mining centre. Here the resources of the county have been most successfully developed. Near the railway at Newcastle stands the great line of fruit sheds and warehouses through which passes each year a large percentage of California's fresh shipping fruit. There is gathered about this point a business community which may rightly be termed the centre of the fruit industry. There are here the headquarters of several of the largest fruit-shipping corporations of the valley, as well as branch houses of those whose principal offices are elsewhere. In fact, no firm of any prominence in the fruit-buying line is without direct representation in this little hamlet among the hills. Its principal hotel, which, by the way, would do credit to many a larger community, houses in the fruit season the greatest operators in the products of this industry.

A reason for Newcastle's prominence is found in her production of the earliest fruits along this great transcontinental highway. This gives her producers a decided advantage. Like the lands of the lower valley, these Newcastle hills, with their eight or nine hundred feet of elevation, produce every class of citrus and deciduous fruits, and produce them in perfection. April brings



A One-gauge-old Orange Grove near Rocklin owned by J. Parker Whitney



Pottery Plant of Gooding McBrax and Co. One of Placer County's industries





Great Warehouses at Newcastle

Through which passes nearly one-fourth of California's fresh fruit shipments



A Newcastle Orange Grove

A typical Placer County home.

the cherries and berries. From then, until the last orange is gathered in December, the immense fruit warehouses are filled with the products of these fertile acres.

Records show that in 1908 many of the most productive fruit sections of the State were injured by a late frost. Then came the proof that these hot-hills of Placer County were immune against such an unlooked-for event. Newcastle, as well as some of her neighbors, escaped the chill, and in that year shipped from this railway point over one-third of all the fresh fruit leaving California for Eastern markets. In 1902, with successful crops over the entire State, Newcastle shipped 1654 cars, nearly one-fourth of the State's Eastern shipments.

Newcastle, like her sister towns in Placer County, is the centre of a community made up of well-developed homes, to which the summer is being added each year. Subdivisions of great holdings are being made, and with each new home established there comes an addition to her developed area. Her fruit-growers are more business men than ranchers. There is an association of groovers formed for business purposes, and a Newcastle Development Committee, whose purpose is to give information and to exchange views on the advancement of the country and of individuals. The schools and churches are one of the attractions which, with the fine climate of the lower slopes of the Sierras, give Newcastle its attractive and prosperous homes.

Auburn, the county-seat of Placer, is located at a still higher elevation than either of her neighbors to the west, and possesses the distinction of being called one of the handsomest mountain towns in California. Enthusiasts over her location and climate have named her "The Queen of the Foot-hills." Like Newcastle, she was, in those bygone days of placer mining, a great centre of activity. In the older quarter of the town may still be seen the quaint buildings which formed the hotel, stage station, express-office, and general store in those days when Auburn was a principal point among the "diggings."

The little city no longer clusters close about these old landmarks, but has spread over the surrounding hills until it covers their slopes with green-lawed homes.

Here, again, at Auburn is seen the diversity of horticulture which marks the lower heights. Lined beyond the reach of valley fogs, the town records a percentage of brilliant sunshiny days in every year which to the Eastern visitor is remarkable. In summer the heat is not oppressive, while the nights are cool.



In a Plumas County Forest



A Placer County Irrigating Dam

## PLUMAS

### A COUNTY OF THE HIGH SIERRAS

LIKE a saddle on the back of a patient burro, Plumas County lies on the topmost ridge of the Sierra Nevada. Her climate is that of the temperate zone, with plenty of zero weather in winter, although in many of her valleys this chill is decidedly tempered. Up to the present Plumas has been well off the arteries of travel, but two surveys for transcontinental lines have already been made through Brockway Pass, which lies within her border, one of the practical rail routes through the Sierras, and it is certain that the completion of one of these lines will bring this mountain county into direct connection with the outer world.

The mountain fruits of Plumas are noted for their flavor, while her acres of cereals have given proof of the excellence of their product. Her valleys are all well watered, and along her mountain streams many paying mining properties have for years been in operation. None of her placer deposits are among the great producers of the State.

Plumas will always be a county of great agricultural and mineral resources, but her great industry in the immediate future will come from her immense forests of white and sugar pine. These forests have already attracted the investor and mill-operator. Thousands of acres within the county's borders have been handled and "exploited" by Mr. J. M. Engle, who claims that in all the world there are no growths of the same class of timber to equal those of Plumas. Like the redwood of the coast counties, these trees gain an immense size, and cut the choicest kind of lumber in exceptional lengths. Mills are already starting the work of turning these great trees into marketable lumber, using the small rail-ways which enter the county from Nevada as a means of reaching the market. With direct rail communication Plumas's lumber industry will become one of the most important on the coast, and her immense area of timber, which for years has appeared to no one, will take on a value equal to its real worth. With the rapidly approaching shortage in the lumber product of the East, these great herds of the Sierras assume a special interest based upon their importance in the commerce of the world.



Coring, the Central Fruit of Tehama County

## CORNING AND THE MAYWOOD COLONY

**W**ELL toward the northern limits of the Sacramento Valley, where its level plains first change to gently rolling areas and thus give notice of the foot hills and rugged steeply beyond, lies the town of Corning. Ten years ago Corning was but little more than a settlement on the west side branch of the Southern Pacific Railway, where was clustered the usual group of business places indistinctly drawn together at a railway stopping place. Round about the little hamlet were broad fields of grain, and upon the higher slopes grazed the herds of the ranchers who populated the floor of the valley. Beyond the confines of the little town, houses were separated by long stretches of grain fields. Here and there in the yards of the ranch houses there blossomed and bore fruit a few of the different varieties of deciduous trees, which, though ill cared for, paid to the housewives an ample revenue for the labor expended on them. Two in a great distance might be found an orange or a lemon tree which had been brought from the southland and nurtured almost as a curiosity. For years those conditions had existed; every husbandman seemed satisfied, and sought not for the fulness of the soil's possibilities. This satisfaction out of all experimental work in horticulture, and brought about the same yearly round of seed-time and harvest and descending to the warehouses of Corning of the annual yield from the broad fields.

But the rich soil was by no means destined to forever be devoted to the production of cereals. In 1884 the change first began. Keen eyes noted the productiveness of the scattered fruit trees, and speculative brains figured that if the soil would produce such fruits almost without care, then certainly with modern methods of culture it would do still more. The result was a combining by purchase of the most available lands surrounding Corning, and the founding of what is today one of the brightest examples of California possibilities—the Maywood Colony.

The history of Maywood tells of a small beginning wherein favoring investors looked into the future for their reward. Gradually the acres of the colony's lands extended until it comprises to-day, in the eleventh year of its existence, thirty nine thousand acres, twelve-thirtieths of which has passed into the hands of individual owners. The town, where but a decade since there was little of life or business, has been transformed into a bustling community, with its shops and markets, its schools and churches.

Maywood Colony may certainly attribute its success to a combination of natural advantages. Noting that in the seeker after a home in this favored section blocks of ten acres were the most attractive, the colony's founders reserved the entire area to be cut into such tracts, and between all of these subdivisions constructed

broad roadways, which are today among the most perfect in the State. There are in the colony no less than one hundred and eighty-six miles of these highways, hard and firm, like a park driveway, and owing to the class of soil from which they are constructed, in less than a day after the severest rain storm they are as dry as the most expensively constructed macadam. Most of these roads are bordered by trees of some kind, thus fringing these miles of driveway with examples of the colony's prosperity.

Upon hundreds of the ten-acre tracts there have been constructed comfortable homes, many of them surrounded with a wealth of flora which blossoms from end to end of the year.

At the outset the attention of Maywood's people was turned principally to deciduous fruits. All classes of this horticultural family will grow upon any acre of Maywood without irrigation, and the result is shown to-day in seven thousand acres planted to this class of fruits, much of which has already reached a point where it is a source of revenue to its owners. Where less than ten years ago there existed great holdings of land exclusively devoted to wheat culture, there flourish to-day six hundred and thirty thousand deciduous fruit trees, divided into scores of holdings, each one not only capable of self-sustenance, but producing a rich interest on the amount invested. One of the great secrets of deciduous success at Maywood is the water question, which is forever thoroughly settled by the nature of the soil and its surroundings. The formation of the land is such that water exists at a depth never more than twelve feet, and its supply is unceasing even in the driest season. Thus irrigation for deciduous fruits becomes absolutely unnecessary at all times.

While classed as a deciduous fruit, the olive is always considered separately from its sisters—the peach, the apricot, and the almond. Maywood successfully fosters the entire family, and, in addition to these deciduous productions already mentioned, there are to-day growing within the colony's limits four thousand two hundred acres of these delicate fruits. The fig, too, has found a home here, most attention being given to the white fig of Smyrna, which grows in profusion, matures quickly, and possesses a delicious flavor.

Maywood Colony is an example of the oft-repeated fallacy that the climate of northern California is antagonistic in the perfect development of citrus fruits. Nowhere in the State is there produced more perfect oranges, lemons, and limes than within the colony's limits. With these fruits irrigation becomes a necessity, but the water is here in immense quantities and at little cost. Anywhere in the colony a well sunk to the depth of twelve feet will develop an ample water supply, and these conditions have caused the planting of thirty-six thousand citrus fruit trees, now varying from one to eight years in age, the older trees in full bearing. The quality of the fruit is the best, its date of ripening preceding that of southern California by about four weeks.

The lowest range of thermometer ever recorded at Maywood was 28 degrees above zero. There has never been a known case of injury to either fruit or trees from frost.



View of the Maywood Colony from "Cous Lotta"

## OROVILLE

### THE LAND OF OLIVES, GOLD, AND ORANGES

**O**ROVILLE, the thriving county-seat of Butte County, situated 134 miles from San Francisco, is not only in one of the most fertile and delightful portions of the Sacramento Valley, but it is an example of a community which has taken an unswerving hold upon the new development of California, as represented by her agricultural, horticultural, and viticultural interests, without in any degree lessening its grip upon the old, as illustrated by her mining interests. For Oroville has the remarkable distinction of being both at the head of orange and olive culture in the northern part of the State, and at the head of the dredger-mining industry. In each of these industries she has been both a leader and a creator. Oroville and her immediate vicinity ship the largest number of oranges of any section of the State north of Tehachapi; she has done more for olive culture than any locality in State or country, and she is the pioneer in dredger mining, a process which in five years has added one of the most interesting and valuable phases to gold-mining.

It is unusual to find mineral and agricultural wealth in such close proximity to so abundant water. It is natural to expect orchards and vineyards to be well removed from mining operations, but near Oroville the dredger miner can cut his trenches beneath the branches of a bearing orange-tree, and make his desert of the finest Tokay grapes plucked from the vines at his hand. In one instance a vineyard that produced some of the finest table grapes grown in the State, and yielded its owner something like \$20,000 a year, is now being turned over to dredging, because its soil is found to be even more rich in gold than in the elements of plant life. From this a hint can be had of the great values to be found in Oroville ground.

The diversity of attractions which Oroville offers to home-seekers can hardly be overrated. The situation possesses all of the famed advantages of the wonderful California climate, including absence of both summer and snow; it has abundance of water, for irrigation, for power, and for domestic uses; it has excellent shipping facilities, the best of school and church advantages, and a variety of soil product that cannot be excelled in the world. In addition to this fact is the further and important fact that its neighboring lands are abundant, and can be purchased at prices out of all proportion to the yield to be obtained by intelligent cultivation. Land can be purchased in the best localities at from \$25 to \$100 an acre, which in five years will pay better than 30 per cent, upon a valuation of \$1000 an acre. There are conditions which are not rare to find, and they exist nowhere in a greater degree than in the Oroville section.

In addition to the branch railroad of the Southern Pacific Company, running from Marysville to Oroville, surveys are now being made for new lines of railway which will materially improve the shipping facilities of the section and increase the value of its lands. Surveys are now being made on the Yard line, the Butte and Plumas Railway, and the Ladies Valley Railway, running through Butte and Plumas County, adjoining, which will open up new districts. It is also probable that the transcontinental line projected through Beckwith Pass will pass through Oroville.

The first orange orchard planted in northern California as a commercial venture is across the Feather River from Oroville, and



An Oroville Gold-dredger at Work.  
Plant of the Butte and California Dredging Company

is an example of what can be done in this class of horticulture in the Oroville section. The orchard comprises seventy-five acres, and was planted in 1880. Fifty acres are in bearing, and the last crop sold for over \$11,000. The total investment represents \$24,000, and the orchard has paid its owners \$17,000 in dividends. Other orange lands in the vicinity pay a net return of from \$100 an acre to \$300 an acre. The average cost of bringing an orange orchard into bearing in the Oroville section is from \$300 to \$350 an acre. This represents the total output, including price of land, trees, planting, etc. for a period of five years. At the end of that time the orchard will yield in the vicinity of \$100 an acre, if intelligently cultivated, and will be in full bearing in about seven years. The figures taken are from actual results.

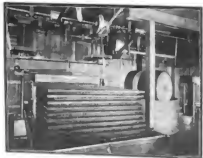
The Oroville orange is among the first in the market, ripening early in November, or a month to six weeks earlier than in the southern part of the State. This gives the grower the highest possible price. As a result of what has been demonstrated at Oroville, the northern section of the State has for the past few years taken an increasing interest in citrus fruit culture, with results that have proved in the highest degree satisfactory.

In the olive industry Oroville has accomplished equally notable results. The California ripe olive, which as a food has qualities both health-giving and nutritious, which are more fully appreciated year by year, has been brought to its highest state of perfection at Oroville, principally through the efforts of the Ekmann Olive Company, which has both the largest olive-picking plant in the State and the largest olive-press for the manufacture of oil as well. Even with its great output the company cannot supply the demand for its product, and other growers are in a similar situation. Ripe olives and pure olive oil are Californian products which are but in their infancy, and yet are rapidly becoming of its most valuable industries. The eastern portion of the country is but beginning to realize the fact that no imported food product has been so generally adulterated as olive oil, and that in the bulk of the imported oil the olive does not enter as an element, cottonseed and corn oil taking its place. The result is an increasing demand for the California product, the purity of which has been fully demonstrated.

Grapes have proven one of the most profitable products of the section, particularly the Tokay, the highest priced table grape in the market. The list of other products which are grown successfully in the Oroville district comprises practically the entire list of California products. Figs, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, apricots, apples, cherries, and nutmegs are the principal products of the 20,000 acres of orchards in Butte County.

Oroville's development of the fruit industry has not turned her people aside from the original industry which made the section famous and gave to this Butte-County city its name. There has been a steady increase in the production of her quartz-mines, new properties being constantly opened up, many of them rivaling those of early days. The advent of electricity has been a great factor in successful mining about Oroville, most of the operating properties depending upon the great power-plants for their supply.

It is not, however, to the methods of times past that this section owes its greatest present activity in mining. Oroville is the original in this country of a system for the extraction of gold from the ancient river beds and waterways. The interest in these bottom-lands of the section began with experimental mining carried on by W. P. Hanson and Warren Trent, who may be termed the pioneers of dredger mining in America. They began work in 1853, believing that the gravel on the river bottoms could be made to pay if a proper system could be found for extracting the metal. After a long series of experiments, some of which brought a moderate success, their attention was called by a dredger then in successful operation on the River Marymere in New Zealand. A plant of the same kind was constructed and placed in operation near Oroville, with the result that it was the predecessor of a dozen more of the same pattern, all of which have been in successful operation for several years.



Great Olive-press at the Ekmann Olive Grove, Oroville

## SHASTA COUNTY

### THE REALM OF COPPER

**T**HIS county of the mountains is at once one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most productive among all the divisions of the Golden State. Its location, at the very head of the Sacramento Valley, gives to its area a combination of topography which renders it interesting to every class of observer. Around three of its sides sweep the towering heights of gigantic mountain ranges, while to the southward opens out the great basin of California, with its millions of acres level as a tennis-court. To the eastward loom the ridges of the Sierras, curving in to a meeting-point with the Siiskiyou, which swing across the northern border of the State, meeting upon the west the line of lower peaks which form the Coast Range. At the centre of this great arc of mountains the peak of Mount Shasta, blanketed with its robe of eternal snow, stands like a sentinelle on guard over the northern counties.

From those uncertain heights flow many ever-living streams, which finally become merged into the Sacramento, giving in that stream, long before it leaves the confines of Shasta County, an immense and never-failing body of water. These very streams and their final confluence go to form one of the factors which make up the prosperity of not alone Shasta, but every county which covers the valley to the south. Among the mountain valleys, where they rush and roar through narrow passages between the rocky walls, they possess a force measured in thousands of horse-power, which is already being chained, and by modern methods transformed into electric fluid, which is transmitted over hundreds of miles of wire to the points where it is used for the operation of mining plants, lighting of cities, turning of factory wheels, and the operation of traction lines. Almost every town of any size in the northern Sacramento Valley is lit by means of this current developed from the streams which receive their supply of water from the glaciers of Shasta. Yet the development of power from these waterways is hardly in its infancy.

Even though Shasta is a mountain county, its southern end contains many thousands of acres lying close beside the Sacramento River, which, in point of horticultural products, are the peer of any section of the valley. Round about the towns of Anderson are clustered many farms and ranches where are produced some of the choicest deciduous fruits sent out from this great fruit-producing territory. The principal among these is the French prune, which thrives on these lands of the upper valley. Prunes in great number of varieties, with pears, plums, and cherries, follow close behind the prune, while special excellence is noted in the apples grown upon the foot-hill lands. This area gives over to fruit culture begins at the county's southern line, and extends northward close on to forty miles, to where the valley narrows into the cañon of the Sacramento. Of the bearing orchards there are nearly four thousand acres, with many young trees still to develop, and yet but a small percentage of the area possible of producing first-class fruits is under complete cultivation. There is still another district of Shasta which has gained a reputation as a fruit producer. This is known as Happy Valley. Here the experience of the Anderson section has been duplicated, but the producers of Happy Valley have added the olive to their list, with a fair sprinkling of vines. Their success with these more delicate fruits, in which they have used irrigation, bids fair to greatly increase the area of Shasta's producing land. To the eastward upon the table-lands of the mountains lies another section made up of tillable land capable of being



A Shasta County Smelter

rendered highly profitable in fruit, but up to the present used solely for the production of cereals.

Though hardly one-tenth of the county has so far been proven to be arable, those districts which have come under the hand of the rancher and horticulturist are found to be of such value that it is but a question of time when this producing area is greatly increased. In the matter of cereals there is every opportunity for success in an increase of the territory growing them, for of these commodities Shasta is to-day a much greater consumer than she is a producer.

Within the confines of Shasta there are thousands of acres of excellent grazing land, which has caused the development of an extensive industry in live stock. Her mountain valleys all contain herds of well-sustained cattle which have been sustained upon the succulent native grasses of the foot-hills and higher mesas.

Shasta's history as a mining county begins in those days of the pioneers when California was yet under the serpent-blessed flag of Mexico. There has never been a cessation in her success, but the dawn of her copper era has been by far the most important event in all her mining history.

Modern mining is just now beginning to be applied to California mines, and greater headway has been made in this direction during the past decade than was made during the previous history of the State. Mining States of more recent development started with the advantage of knowledge attained and huddled from this foundation. While the mining interests sought elsewhere for the opportunity that be thought exhausted in the Golden State, the industry—or at least the methods employed—stood practically unchanged for twenty-five years. The reawakening is demonstrating that the pioneer miner who produced a billion dollars in gold surely marked the pathway that leads to larger production. Fifty-four years have passed since the discovery of gold turned the tide to California, yet within the past few years Californians were made aware that within the border of their State a district exists that now promises to rival such sections as Butte, Montana, or Cripple Creek, Colorado, in the production of its metal values.

Six years ago Shasta County produced but \$623,443. From that year dates the new epoch in the mining history of the section, and in five years an increase to over seven million dollars is officially recorded. This truly wonderful advance in the production of metals, great as it is, represents only the beginning of the activity which is destined to bring the production of the county up to \$25,000,000



Business Block of Redding





A Shasta County Fruit Orchard

annually before the first decade of the new century has passed. To the development of the Base Ore Belt of this district the present activity of Shasta County must be mainly attributed. That large bodies of rich-lode ores existed here was known for a quarter of a century or more, and attempts made to operate the properties and recover the values contained in the mammoth ore deposits have a history of varying success, but nothing of exceptional importance or permanency was accomplished until, with the availability of ample capital and the erection of modern reduction plants, the Mountain Copper Company, Limited, an English corporation, entered the field in 1906.

For several years this company alone occupied the district, but its increasing output has caused it to rank seventh in the world in the production of copper, and in the six years of its operation has practically earned its capitalization of \$6,250,000. The magnitude and growth of the company's operations can best be understood by reference to the following table:

	On Hand,	Copper Market,	Net
	Tons		Profit.
1907	97,195	6,225	\$63,143
1908	105,741	6,273	103,235
1909	178,080	6,647	202,111
1910	297,171	10,258	311,894
1911	425,000	12,000	380,000

The second large mine to enter the productive stage on the Base Ore Belt of Shasta County is the now famous Bully Hill property, of which Captain J. R. De La Mar is the principal owner and controlling factor. The success of this property has proven even more phenomenal than the first to enter the field, and while the capacity of the reduction plant as yet does not exceed one-fourth of the capacity of the older plant reducing the ores of the belt, the percentage of profit is much larger, due to the higher values of the ores, and it can be safely said that De La Mar in the first year of his operations more than realized in profits the original cost of the property and equipment.

The De La Mar smelting-plant, located at the town of De La Mar, near Bully Hill, is a model of modern smelter construction, and has no equal on the Pacific coast for economy in operation. In addition to the two large operators here referred to that are responsible for the marvelous increase in the mineral yield of Shasta County, a number of other large holdings have been developed in a point where they no longer remain in the prospective stage, but newly await the construction of reduction-plants to equal the showing or improvement that the pioneer operators of the district.

Without taking into consideration prospective properties, a conservative estimate warrants the prediction that within ten years the output of the Base Ore Belt, ten years the output will reach \$25,000,000 annually—a statement that is more than warranted by the showing made during the past six years, as shown by the following table:

	Price	Value
1907	\$14.17	\$1,817,397
1908	13.75	1,537,826
1909	11.41	2,005,410
1910	12.80	3,806,222
1911	30.50	4,184,715
1911	30,000,241	4,800,000

In addition to the copper output, the gold and silver product exceed the million-dollar mark. Also the sulphides treated, principally for the copper

values, contain sufficient gold and silver to, on the average, pay for the cost of reduction, and in some instances the gold and silver product alone—not taking into consideration the copper values contained in the ores—pay a handsome profit on the operation of the mill.

The natural opportunities for mining in Shasta County are unusually favorable. Climatic conditions are such that mining can be continued throughout the year entirely unimpeded. The fruits and flowers of a semitropical climate thrive in bedding, the distributing centre of this new world of wealth, and it is no uncommon sight to see orange-trees with their golden fruit clustering about the residence of the mine-manager in some of the camps of the lower altitudes. Even at the higher altitudes snow will remain only a few weeks throughout the year.

The presence of timber in profusion and the rivers and mountain streams with an inexhaustible supply for all purposes, including power transmission, represent one of the great resources of the district. The Mountain Copper Company alone employs from 1500 to 2000 horsepower, generated by the mountain streams and electrically transmitted.

The Base Ore Belt—the centre of activity—is divided north and south by the Sacramento River and the California and Oregon Railroad. Every facility for cheap transportation exists, and within a few miles of the mines fertile lands produce all that a large consuming population may require.

Mining capital, like other capital, is attracted by success. The ordinary mining successes recorded year after year in different parts of the world do not, as a rule, cause capital to enter the district where they are achieved, but the phenomenal success that marks the discovery of a new district, or the awakening of an old one, in time attracts mining capital generally, and then after a few years the public roads of the marvelous production of the regions that have made history or are making history in the mining world.

The increase in the production of metal values shown by Shasta County in the past six years caused the alert mining investor to enter the field and assume a part in the development of what evidently would prove to be another phenomenal mining region. Among the companies to enter the field early and acquire some of the most valuable and extensive holdings is the Mount Shasta Gold Mines Corporation. The property of particular value to this company, and which assures for it a long life of profitable operation, is its holdings on Bully Hill adjoining the mines operated by the De La Mar interests. This extension of the De La Mar's Bully Hill lode is now being developed, and a large vein of ore, similar in character and grade, has been developed by means of a cross-cut tunnel at a depth of about 400 feet. Drifts are now being extended along the strike of the vein, and ore is being systematically blocked out.

The possibilities of this camp are truly marvelous; with a smelting capacity of a little over 500 tons a day, the De La Mar Company is producing not less than \$200,000 a month in copper, gold, and silver. This plant will be increased to 500 tons a day as soon as railroad construction, connecting Bully Hill with the main line, is completed, and thereafter an output of over \$3,000,000 a year can be confidently relied upon. That the Mount Shasta Gold Mines Corporation will equal his neighbor in the magnitude of its operations and value of its product seems a certainty, and included in a radius of a half-mile from the apex of Bully Hill will rank with the most productive external regions of the world.



In a Shasta County Mining District



Sausalito, the Harbor of the North Shore

## THE NORTH SHORE

### A SAN FRANCISCO SUBURB

OVER across the bay from San Francisco, where Mount Tamalpais raises its rocky crest thousands of feet above the glistening waters, lies that section of Marin County known as the North Shore. From where it follows the sweeps and heights of beach line up to and around the base of the towering mountain it fills an area possessing an individuality thoroughly its own among all the most attractive spots in California. It is a land of picturesque valleys, rolling hills, and wooded heights, which, though within less than an hour's journey from the centre of California's metropolis, presents a most fascinating array of rustic and rural attractions.

Strange enough at first glance, but really explained when the topography of the county is considered, the North Shore possesses climatic conditions so thoroughly different from those of San Francisco as to cause the short journey to resemble a transition into another zone. Sheltered from the western winds and fog by the rugged hills which form the base of Tamalpais, the North Shore's meads and valleys lie steeped in an almost eternal sunshine. The towns and villages scattered through its territory, which winds about the base of the mountain, are made up of flower-enlivened homes, dotting the hillside or nestled amid the forests of massive redwoods which here and there fill the valleys. It is but a few years since the exodus from San Francisco to this charming suburban section began, but in that short period of time there have arisen hundreds of cottages and villas peopled by the families of San Francisco business men. With the building up of these clusters of suburban homes have come all those conveniences of perfect dwelling places, such as abundant water supply, electric-lighting plants, and good markets, in any nothing of educational advantages in the shape of the best of schools and churches of all denominations.

Of the towns along the North Shore there is not one which does not present a myriad of attractions to those who desire to make their home amongst healthy natural surroundings, and yet do not wish to remove so far from the business of the city but that their dwelling may be reached by a few minutes' travel.

Nearest to San Francisco, and where the ferry steamers transfer their passengers to the swiftly running electric lines, lies the town of Sausalito, one of the gems among San Francisco's suburbs. Its principal street stretching directly along the bay-front, the arm of this charming spot is spread over sharply rising hills, where are constructed the most delightful of residences. With a series of views embracing mountain, sea, and the busy city beyond the bay, Sausalito is within the metropolis and yet not of it, for the brief water journey of twenty minutes has taken the traveller to a town of rustic beauty, its dwellings each a haven of ever-blossoming flora, its streets lying upon terraces cut from the hillside, with every home overlooking the waters of the Pacific's most beautiful harbor. From Sausalito the rails of the electric line wind along the beach, branches reaching out from the main line into the dell-like valleys among the hills. Principal among these meads already devoted to suburban residences are Mill and Rose valleys, two most charming spots under the very shadow of old Tamalpais. Each of these little towns has been laid out amid groves of towering redwoods, and Mill Valley has gained a reputation as "Little Switzerland," for from where her dwellings cluster on the side of the little valley the line of scenic railway which climbs upward to the very summit of Tamal-

pais has its beginning, operating directly in connection with the Mill Valley branch of the electric system. The main line of electric rails, following the trend of the bay shore, yet bearing slightly away from it, passes through charming hills of scenic beauty, with here and there a villa surrounded by its well-kept lawns or a cottage peeping from its hedges of living green. Through little villages, which already show their destiny as suburban dwelling places, the road makes its way to San Rafael, the county-seat of Marin County, and one of the renowned climatic spots in northern California. Much other than its nearby neighbors, San Rafael is a little home-city by itself, separated from the sea by but a few miles, and presenting as an inland town parallel advantages and attractions to Sausalito, its sister by the beach.

Throughout this whole stretch of territory known as the North Shore there is to-day a constant increase in the demand for home sites, mostly brought about by the perfect transportation facilities inaugurated by the North Shore Railway, which takes its name from the territory it operates through. With its swift ferries plying between San Francisco and its terminal at Sausalito, it has combined one of the most successful electric railways in America. A perfect third-rail system has done away with the disagreeing poles, which could do naught but mar the beauties of this picturesque country, and fed with electricity generated hundreds of miles away in the high Sierras, its one hundred and nine daily trains haul over a perfect road-bed at steam-railway speed, carrying their passengers from the terminal at San Rafael to San Francisco in less than sixty minutes. Stations in plenty furnish opportunities for thousands of suburban homes to be peopled by business men who must perforce spend their days amid the city's hums. San Francisco did not formerly turn toward suburban homes, but by the opening up of this attractive North Shore country hundreds have turned their attention to the finding of a dwelling place here in the valleys about Tamalpais.

From the station at Sausalito, a short distance cityward from San Rafael, the steam lines of the North Shore system start on their northward stretch. Up through the valleys of Marin County the lines run, and easily make their way into the heart of the redwood forests, where, at Cotati, a beautiful spot eighty-six miles from San Francisco, they find their northern terminus.

Across a corner of Sonoma County the road winds, rearing into the famous Russian River district, which stream is followed for several miles, where its channel cuts through the forests of giant redwoods. Among these hills and glades and along the banks of the beautiful Russian River there are scores of spots which, though too far removed to attract the permanent resident from the metropolis, present in summer a host of attractions to the cottager or camper. The streams are alive with trout, while deer and all classes of game abound among the hills. The effect of thoroughly modern transportation facilities has already made itself felt even in this portion of the North Shore territory farthest removed from the city. At Camp Baker, Sloss Grande, and Mount Rio Park, all located on the banks of the Russian River, there have sprung up large summer colonies, more than a hundred cottages having been erected at these three points during the past year. Nearly every station on the line has its summer hotel, where the sojourner may find comfort while enjoying either a restful instance of sport in whipping the streams for trout or sealing the bill for game. Two points are noted among sportsmen—Point Reyes and Tomales Bay. Both offer in season attractions for the hunter or angler. San Francisco's famous Country Club has its headquarters and many new game preserves on the peninsula lying between Tomales Bay and the Pacific. To the holder of either rod or gun the North Shore is a sportsman's paradise.



A North Shore Electric Train at Rose Station

## SONOMA COUNTY

### A REGION OF UNLIMITED RESOURCES

**N**O county in the whole State of California presents a greater diversity of products than Sonoma. Its list of horticultural and viticultural productions includes everything in citrus and deciduous fruits, all classes of berries, every variety of wine and table grapes, and apples of specially delicious flavor. In early days its great acres were, like most of northern California, given over to cereals, in which the yield was record-breaking. Thus it is seen that any addition to Sonoma's roster of successes is well-nigh impossible.

The citrus fruits of Sonoma, mostly grown in that section of the county about Cloverdale, have attracted the notice of all experts, and at the citrus fair held in February of each year at Cloverdale are exhibited examples in the production of the lemon, lime, and orange which are typical of this section's success. The olive of Sonoma has gained precedence abroad, its oil receiving the highest award at Chicago's World's Fair, and a gold medal at Paris. Sonoma's situation is admirable, being neither directly on the seacoast nor far enough removed to be a portion of the State's interior. Consequently, its climate is particularly equable, with little variation. Fully one-half of the county's million acres is valley or foot-hill land, all capable of the highest development, and of this total less than one-half is to-day under cultivation, leaving for future development an immense field of action.

The population of the county is forty thousand, with an assessed valuation of \$22,000,000. Its annual production is \$7,500,000. This gives an average annual per capita of \$175 for every man, woman, and child, or \$900 for every registered voter of the county. Sonoma has an abundance of water, although irrigation is absolutely unnecessary in the production of its fruits.

The transportation question is a known quantity at every point in the county. The lines of the California Northwestern Railway cut the county's entire length, passing through every principal point, and, by an admirable schedule, giving facilities of travel between these places and the metropolis. This line of railway, which extends through and beyond Sonoma into Mendocino County and the redwood forests, is noted as the heaviest freight-carrying road, in proportion to its length, of any in America. The lines of the Southern Pacific system enter the county from the east, with a terminal at Santa Rosa, the county-seat, thus giving direct connection with the great trans-continental highways. The northwestern corner of Sonoma is cut by the line of the North Shore Railway, which opens up a rich agricultural district and a corner of the great redwood forest. Water transportation is possible as far north as Petaluma, where an arm of San Francisco Bay extends, and a system of electric lines is now projected which will place every corner of the county in direct connection with this land of navigation.

The beauty of Sonoma's location can hardly be expressed. Its



Among the Vines and Olive Groves of Eucos Heights

central valley is protected upon the west by a chain of mountains, while its eastern border is marked by the ridges of the Mayacmas Range, of which Mount St. Helena is the central figure. Besides, there are chains of low foot-hills, producing many beautiful valleys sheltered from wind and storm, which are most profitable in their development.

The county-seat of Sonoma is Santa Rosa, a beautifully located city of eight thousand population, occupying a central position on the floor of Sonoma's great valley. Its name was rightly chosen, for its wealth of flora is a part of its reputation. It is the centre of an acre given over to small but highly cultivated orchards, and has a large orcharding district devoted to the fruit, wine, and hop interests which centre in the city. The canning industry has lately extended to the preserving of vegetables, especially tomatoes, asparagus, and string beans, in addition to a heavy portion in the preserving of all classes of fruits.

Among the many examples of Sonoma's possibilities to be found in close proximity to the county-seat is the property known as Eucos Heights. This magnificent ranch consists of three hundred and twenty acres, located just east of Santa Rosa, its ceiling area slightly raised above the valley's floor. One-half of its extent is in the highest state of horticultural and viticultural cultivation, being given over principally to olives and vines of the choicest wine variety. The property was originally developed by a gentleman famed in Sonoma as an expert, and is now in the possession of the Santa Rosa Bank.

While the grapes and small fruits produced at Eucos Heights have given the place an envied reputation, it is to its olives that its greatest honors are due, the resultant product being absolutely superior to that of any other olive. Having a climate particularly advantageous for this class of fruit, the resultant product is cured olives and their oil has become notable among the delicacies which Sonoma sends out to the world's markets. The plant for curing of olives and extracting their oil is perfectly equipped, and is operated by skilled manipulators from the oldest of Italy's olive districts. Besides the common cured olives of commerce, each year sees an immense production at Eucos Heights of that more modern, though none the less delicious, cured ripe olive. The oils of Eucos are famed for their purity, they being absolutely devoid of even the slightest adulteration.

Eucos Heights' location is one of the most beautiful in the whole county, being situated at the junction of one of the number valleys and Sonoma's principal arts. Its acres are spread over several rounded hills, the slopes of which are covered with verdant trees and changing vines. From every elevation there is a commanding view of valley and mountains, with snow-crowned Santa Rosa in the foreground. While there are many other magnificent properties close by the county-seat, Eucos Heights holds its position of note as a perfect illustration of what can be done with these rich acres, the beauty of its location and the perfection of its products, of course, forming important factors in its attractions.

Santa Rosa has four financial institutions, including the Bank of Santa Rosa. All these are on the soundest financial basis, their correspondents extending to every centre of the world.

Besides its canneries, Santa Rosa has



The Santa Rosa Bank



The Home of a Petaluma Industry



Mines of Sonoma Quicksilver Company

In the last few years developed several important manufactures, including tanneries, a woolen and flooring mills, fruit-drying factories, and several of minor importance. The city is equipped with both gas and electric lighting systems, and possesses a municipal water-supply, being the only city in the United States where the domestic water-supply comes without cost to the inhabitants.

The schools of Santa Rosa include five high and one hundred and forty grammar-schools, upon which the annual expenditure is over two hundred thousand dollars. In addition, there are several private educational institutions. The city has a public library, and its churches include every denomination. Santa Rosa has long been noted as the home and work-shop of that "Wizard of Horticulture," Luther Burbank, whose marvellous productions have astonished the world. Every successful experiment carried out by this student of nature has been carried on here in the centre of the Sonoma Valley. Santa Rosa is to-day the most important centre northwest of San Francisco, and, instead of lessening, its influence and power must increase with the full development of the thousands of rich acres which surround it.

But a short distance south of Santa Rosa lies the city of Petaluma, with its population of five thousand, and its river, which, being a tide-water stream, renders it the head of navigation of Sonoma County. This fact has rendered Petaluma the centre of a rich and productive country, which finds its market-place where transportation conditions are most favorable. Besides its water transportation, which includes two daily steamers to and from San Francisco, Petaluma is located on the line of the California Northwestern Railway, and is the terminal of Sonoma's projected electric system.

Petaluma's transportation facilities have rendered it a most important industrial point. Its manufactures including a silk-mill, shoe-factories, leather-factories, saddle-tree factory, foundries, machine-shops, planing-mills, tanneries, fruit driers, and sawmills. In addition, there are immense warehouses for the handling of the products from the surrounding country. Petaluma's schools already accommodate one thousand pupils, the standing of these institutions being particularly high. There is an abundant supply of purest water, and light is supplied from a local gas-plant, and electricity generated in the high Sierras and transmitted one hundred and seventy miles.

The fruit product of Petaluma's surrounding country possesses the same characteristics as the balance of Sonoma County, but the city has one industry individual to itself. It is the centre of the poultry-raising industry of the entire State. That this industry has grown in such proportions as to develop an income for Petaluma poultrymen, averaging over two million dollars per year, is due to the fact that here the mechanical hatching of eggs was first successfully developed.

Twenty six years ago Mr. L. C. Ryan, a scientific enthusiast on the subject of incubation, took up the work of developing a perfect

machine for this purpose, and hunted his labors at Petaluma. His success as an inventor led to the organization of the Petaluma Incubator Company, and the establishing of a plant for the manufacture of the machines. This plant has grown to be one of the largest industries in northern California and one of the most important of its class in the world. Constant improvement has brought the Petaluma incubator to a condition of perfection which is recognized in every country where poultry raising is carried on. No great is the scope of the machines that they have been successful in the hatching of every class of eggs, from those of the silk-worm to those of the ostrich, and are the only mechanical device which have ever accomplished these extreme results.

It would be unjust to turn from Sonoma's resources of soil without a mention of her wines, which were among the first of her products to carry her reputation abroad. At several points in the county

the vineyards where are produced vintages equal in every respect to those of famed Bordeaux or sunny Italy. In open competition with the world Sonoma wines have gold medals from the Exposition of 1892 at Gona, the World's Fair at Chicago, the Duken Fair of 1892, and San Francisco's Midwinter Fair of 1894, while its wines and American wine world's competition were awarded the silver medal at Bordeaux, France.

### SONOMA'S QUICKSILVER

**Y**OU might travel far in the Golden State before you would find an individual who could tell you the story of "Pine Flat." If found he would be a grizzled miner, and his story would be made up of chapters full of mining riches which brought about the building up of that wild and woolly mining-camp under the shadow of Mount St. Helena. His life was a merry one, and it was not gold, but quicksilver, which gave it glory. Its location was in the mountains of Sonoma, close by where that county's eastern line borders on Lake County. Pine Flat flourished with that wild impetus which has given fame to many another mining camp. Its lifetime existed for about one-half the stretch of time between '70 and '80.

The tales of Pine Flat's greatness are all true, and more than likely the tale of its wickedness are true likewise, but it is a poor-factor in California life, so let its wickedness remain buried in its rains, even though its greatness bids fair to be revived. It was a minor prospecting for gold who first made the strike destined to give life to Pine Flat. This miner found shimmer, with its delicate shades of pink, and he found an immense deposit of it. He was puzzled to know its character, and sought an assay. His samples were rich in quicksilver, and word went forth that Sonoma possessed deposits of this mineral rivaling those of old Castile. There was the consequent rush to the district. Pine Flat became the center while, roundabout claims were opened up, furnaces erected, and in but a few weeks the principal mines were almost making good their early promises, and Pine Flat had taken its place among the mining centres of the Pacific.

All this occurred in 1872. There was the usual era of "wild-cat" speculation, and then the district settled down to legitimate production and looked like a permanency. Pine Flat threw, and though far removed from a railway look upon itself metropolitan airs. Round about were the stacks of the furnaces where the successful mines were located, and double shifts of men kept the plants at work night and day delving for the elusive metal. For five years the success continued. Various estimates are made of the results accomplished, but it is certain that many fortunes were piled up in that time. Following this time of success came a serious discovery which meant an absolute, though temporary, abandonment of Pine Flat. Gradually it became apparent that the facilities then in use for the roasting of the ores were not sufficiently perfect to permit of the operations being successfully continued. Confronted by these discouraging conditions the plants of the various com-



The Tunnel of a Quicksilver Mine



Making Brick for Quicksilver Furnaces



panies were shut down, and an era of ill-fame came to Pine Flat's mines. One by one the stacks of the furnaces ceased to throw off their clouds of smoke, and the throng which made Pine Flat ring with wild Western life turned its back upon the spot, seeking some new camp.

This was the reason for Pine Flat's existence removed. Her dance-halls became silent, and the click of the poker-check and hum of the roulette-wheel ceased to be part of her nightly life. Her hotels and stores became tenantless, and her hundreds of buildings were given over to the wind and gopher. Then, as if at the command of nature, that all marks of human occupation should be removed, a great forest swept over the district, leaving behind only the ashes of Pine Flat and the half-dead mining plants which had brought life and prosperity to the district.

For nearly thirty years these Sonoma mountains remained in their condition of original solitude. Then the supremacy of quicksilver having declined in the great mines of Europe and America as well, attention was turned again to the once abandoned deposits, when, with modern appliances and improved methods of roasting and condensing, their operation has become once more profitable. One of the old mines was opened, and immediately turned

out a bonanza. Then followed the centralizing of endeavor and the organization of the Sonoma Consolidated Quicksilver Company, which, by purchase and otherwise, secured control of the greater portion of the promising properties. Modern methods were applied, and the entire group of twenty five claims thoroughly prospected, with the result that the revival of the district's prosperity is only a question of the completion of the plants now under way. The old deposits have been unmined and now are being opened, showing thousands of tons of ore, varying from one to five per cent. of pure metal. A twenty-five-ton Scott furnace has been lately completed on these properties of the Sonoma Consolidated Quicksilver Company, and this plant is at present operating successfully and to its full capacity. A like furnace of double this capacity is planned, as the company has already on its dumps upward of twelve thousand tons of ores ready for the roaster and condenser. The company's underground workings are equipped with a modern compressed-air plant, and its development work is being rapidly pushed forward by means of a series of machine-drills. In the opening up of the properties upward of three thousand feet of tunnels have been driven into the hills, and up to the present time no development work has been abandoned through failure to find ore sufficiently rich to pay for working. These present owners of this deposit enjoy many advantages over their predecessors, the principal among these being a simplification of the methods for the extraction of the metal from the ore. Even the two years which have been spent in the prospecting and development of the properties have been valuable in that they have brought forward methods which eliminate much of the cost of reduction, and that to-day can be embodied in the original construction of the plant.

But sixteen miles separates these mines from the lines of the California Northwestern Railway, and they are but thirty-two miles from Santa Rosa, the county seat. One by one the old mines of other sections have ceased to produce quicksilver in paying quantities, therefore these Sonoma deposits bid fair to materially assist in the product of this valuable metal. Their prospecting seems much to the advantage and to California as well. Perhaps there will be another Pine Flat. If so it will not be the Pine Flat of the early '70's for the mining camp of tomorrow has passed, and the new quicksilver centre of Sonoma will be a city of the present, where its predecessor will be known only through the tales of days ago.



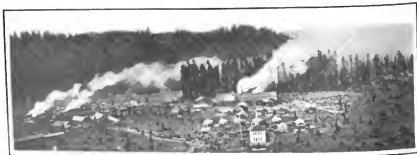
In a Humboldt Redwood Forest

## HUMBOLDT COUNTY THE HOME OF THE GIANT REDWOOD

**A**LTHOUGH possessed of resources, beauties, and diversified advantages which render it at once the peer of any section within the confines of California, Humboldt has, through the fact of its location, remained practically an unknown land to most of those who dwell beyond its borders. The location of this division of the Golden State is north of the parallel marking 40° north, its western border occupying 108 miles along the coast-line of the rolling Pacific, from which coast-line its area extends inland an average distance of thirty-five miles, including a total of 3,017 square miles, or 2,344,000 acres. Physically, Humboldt is mountainous, the Coast Range occupying its entire length, with foot-hills extending close down to the shore-line, where they terminate in bold headlands and rugged cliffs. From the sea the entire county seems to be an almost unbroken forest extending to the towering heights of the mountains, although, in fact, but half of the county's area is forest proper.

Paralleling the coast-line and within a short distance of it lies the Redwood belt, extending the entire length of the county, and averaging ten miles in width. East of this great forest, and occupying the middle heights between it and the peaks of the Coast Range, lie thousands of acres, consisting of open lands rich in native grasses and given over in cattle and sheep raising. Still farther to the east and covering the borders of the county in that direction are timber areas consisting of immense growths made up of Oregon pine, oak, California laurel, madrone, and other smaller classes of trees.

Several streams cut the mountain ranges of Humboldt, making their way to the sea in a north-westerly direction, at least two of these being worthy the title of river. The valleys formed by these streams consist of lands which are most productive in all crop countries to temperate zones. Humboldt would receive the first prize for quality at the Chicago Exposition, with a heavier record of from 20 to 100 bushels per acre for various samples. In the production of oats and corn, the United States census reports award



A Lumber Mill at Scotia



The Eureka Shipyard at Eureka

Humboldt the first place, while potatoes, peas, barley, beets, seeds, and all classes of grasses are produced, with crops which furnish amazing acre averages. In horticulture the Pacific coast is better fitted for general production. The nectarine, peach, pear, apricot, plum, and even the walnut and almond are produced with the most gratifying success, but the principal fruit product of Humboldt is the apple, of which every variety matures in perfection. Cherries and small fruits grow in abundance in all sections—*in fact*, with the exception of citrus fruits, Humboldt not only supplies itself with every class of horticultural products, but ships annually upward of 2000 tons. All of this agricultural and horticultural production is carried on without irrigation, for it must be borne in mind that, as an adjunct to the development of Humboldt's broad acres, the irrigating ditch is an unknown quantity. The area of lands suitable to successful horticulture is large, and the time is not far distant when the fruit shipments from Humboldt will be materially increased. Humboldt possesses both soil and climate. It only needs the horticultural and increased transportation facilities. The latter is a certainty, and with Humboldt rendered accessible to the thousands of housewives her valley will quickly become the field of labor for thousands of thrifty home-builders. One of the principal factors in Humboldt's present thrust is her dairying industry. About twenty years ago these ranch owners were among the county's farmers of the possibilities offered in this line, which was quickly followed by a transformation of the valley ranches from fields of cereals to acres of fragrant clover and succulent grasses. Upon these dairy herds thrives, with now and then the addition of veal and pig stables, the result being that, instead of six or seven acres required to keep a single cow, from one to one and a half is ample. Still more important, the yield per acre is greater, the quality of product is better, and thus encouraged the Humboldt dairyman has improved the quality of his herds, which now include the best milk and butter breeds. The average gross earnings per cow have reached \$70 per year. There are today thirty-two creameries in operation within the county, a cheese factory, and a condensed milk and cream works. The creameries are all operated by the producers, and Humboldt latter demands the highest price in the State. Humboldt county shipped 4,812,318 pounds of butter

and 769,544 pounds of condensed milk and cream, besides supplying its home demand, thus earning an income for the county of an average of over \$100,000 per month. Stock-raising is another of Humboldt's prolific industries; 4000 head of beef cattle, 3500 sheep, and 5500 hogs are annually shipped, while as many more are driven out overland, of which no record is kept. The sheep herds produce an average of 1,500,000 pounds of wool per year. In minerals Humboldt produces \$75,000 per annum. Her hills contain unlimited quantities of granite and sandstone for building purposes. Lime and mineral paint are produced at several points. The smaller industries include fishing, salmon, rock cod, herring, halibut, founders, perch, sea trout, and shad abounding in her waters. From this it may be seen that Humboldt's agricultural, horticultural, dairying, and minor industries are sufficient to give prominence to an average county, but the crowning glory of this northern clime is the forest of redwood, which are native to these western slopes of the Coast Range. Of these forest giants Humboldt has now standing nearly 50,000 acres, which conservative estimates reckon to contain no less than 50,000,000 feet of redwood lumber. This added to Humboldt's forests of oak, fir, and other trees give in the county a total of standing timber one and a half greater than the combined timber total of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

By far the most important of these Humboldt forests is within that section known as the Redwood belt. This includes an area averaging ten miles in width and extending the entire length of the county, and, in addition to its immense acreage, carries an added interest from the fact that outside the coast counties of California the class of timber known as the Sequoia sempervirens, or California redwood, does not exist. These forests consist of absolute giants, the trees averaging two hundred feet in height, many towering to three hundred feet above the ground. No thickly are they scattered over these Humboldt hills that it is not at all uncommon to find acres that will cut more than a quarter million feet of sawed lumber. One instance under observation is a solid tract of 160 acres owned by the Redwood Land and Investment Company, where these stark, hoary trees which will when cut yield a total of forty millions of feet.



The Bank of Eureka



A Road through the Redwoods

Of still greater importance is the quality of this lumber. It conforms with great rapidity, and is practically free from resin. This cures the timber product, insures to climatic action, and a redwood tree once felled practically remains sound for generations. The grain is principally straight, but some logs show a curly defect, from which most beautiful interior fittings are produced. A general building wood, redwood is unequalled, and here another of its qualities comes into direct prominence. There is in red of this quality that it has been recognized by the insurance companies as the most perfect roofing wood in the whole world. A most impressive example of its use in this manner is to be found in the last remaining building of old Fort Humboldt, near Eureka, which was a fortifying army post in the earlier times, and commanded at that time by General, then Captain, Charles B. Grand. The roof of this half-century-old building shows examples of shingles, which are, in spite of their exposure to storms swept in from sea, and the driving mountainic tempests, not only sound, but also useful at the present day. These facts considered with redwood shingles have caused the establishing of a great industry in this building necessity.

The export of redwood has, since its qualities have begun to be recognized, reached enormous figures. During the year 1902 there was shipped from the port of Eureka lumber products to the value of \$3,766,000, which total included 623,788,000 finished shingles. This roofing material being all of redwood. There are at present in operation within the limits of Humboldt County ten lumber-mills and thirty-five plants devoted to the manufacture of shingles. These mills are producing an average of 200,000,000 feet annually. It might seem that at this rate the lumber of Humboldt would be quickly exhausted, but the present generation need have no fear of a lumber famine, for it would take three centuries to strip the country at this speed of production.

An example of what is being done in the production of lumber here among the redwoods may be gained from the record of the Pacific Lumber Company, whose mills are located at South, thirty-five miles from the coast. This company has built its own town, constructed a private railway to a junction with the Yel River line, and is to-day operating a plant which turns out two hundred thousand feet of lumber daily and gives employment to four hundred men. And this is only one of the great plants of Humboldt County.

Like its redwood forests, the climate of Humboldt County is among the wonders of California. It is a section which is almost devoid of either summer or winter. The thermometer's highest figure since records have been kept is 85, while the lowest is 39 above zero, this latter figure being recorded on one day only, and outside that one occasion the lowest record is 27 above. From this a judgment may be formed of Humboldt's climatic perfection in such a country there can be no question of agricultural or horticultural success, and with thousands of acres available to the homeseeker, the price of which is far below its value when computed from possible returns. Humboldt offers opportunities which will fill the valleys with earnest workers when once she is placed in direct connection with the outside world.

For years Humboldt has depended upon her waterway for communication in points beyond her border. Many times has she risen to glimmers of hope when it has been asserted that rail communication would soon become a fact. Now, however, there is a practical certainty that no less than two railways will connect her with the countries north and south. The transportation magnates here at last recognized the vast importance of Humboldt's natural products, and from both north and south work is being pushed which will cause Eureka to be the tide-water terminal of rail lines extending to San Francisco on the one side and Portland, Oregon, on the other. This is but the beginning, for as vast will become the volume of traffic from this northern California port that sooner or later other lines will reach out to this point in the hope of gathering in at least a portion of the gigantic revenue.



## EUREKA

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S GREATEST HARBOR

A **W**IDE midway on the coast-line of Humboldt County lies Humboldt Bay, a magnificent ice-locked harbor four to five miles in length by from one-half to four in width, possessing a total area of thirty-five miles and thirty-five lined miles of navigable channels. For years after the settlement of Humboldt County this magnificent harbor lay practically unused for anything like large commerce by reason of the shifting sand-bars which barred its entrance. It



was not until 1880 that the government took cognizance of the possibilities in this ice-locked bay located on a coast barren of good harbors. The result was a general improvement, beginning with the construction of two rock jetties, one on each side of the mouth. This work was carried to completion in a cost of over two millions, and was principally handled by two Humboldt County men, Mr. J. C. Bull, Jr., and Mr. Thomas Blair. A survey of the channel just completed shows how well the work was done, for the United States engineers now report a depth of water of ten feet in the shallowest place over the bar. This survey stamps forever the possibilities of Humboldt Bay as one of the Pacific coast's great commercial points, for it carries the announcement that the harbor is accessible to ships of the greatest draft, and renews the future of Eureka, Humboldt County, a brilliant one.

Thus little city of Eureka, like many another of the great West, is almost unknown to the outside world, but way up here, on the rock-bound coast of California, it has nestled upon the only harbor for hundreds of miles, providing gradually as it widened, one when it could come into familiar touch with its neighbors. Its population has increased until it exceeds twelve thousand, and the result is a thriving city which carries in every quarter the marks of prosperity. The wealth and culture of Humboldt have centered here, and the result is a community of homes tastefully constructed, beautiful in surroundings, and thoroughly in touch with the brightest and best in the educational and artistic world.

Eureka has many industries allied to her great lumber production, there being here at present a saw-mill, an excelsior mill, and the largest mill in the county. The Dalbey and Carson mill is one of the important among these institutions, producing not only a great output of lumber, but millions of shingles as well.

Another of the industries closely connected with Humboldt's wealth of forests and developed by the close proximity of Eureka's splendid harbor is that of shipbuilding. The yards of the Headway Shipbuilding Company are located at Eureka, and have since their establishment turned out more than a hundred and fifty coasting and off-shore craft, many of them being of large tonnage. There is now under construction at the Headway the largest five-masted schooner ever built on the Pacific coast, and contracts are in force which will test the capacity of the yard for many months to come.

Up to the present year Eureka has been wholly without suburban transportation. This condition has existed, in spite of the fact that during the last few years the city's residence area has practically doubled, thereby offering a prolific field for an investment leading to the establishment of a street railway system in accordance with the growing traffic. For some reason, most likely bearing on the city's isolation, foreign capital failed to note this opportunity, and like many other Eureka enterprises, it remained for local investors to take up the task. The result was a company organized by J. C. Bull, Jr., and Mr. Thomas Blair, of the Dalbey Page Cutler, and backed wholly by Eureka capital. This corporation has constructed and equipped a thoroughly up-to-date railway, which was first put into operation during September of the present year. That it was a much-needed improvement is shown by its record of nearly ten times the number of passengers carried during its first operating week as there are inhabitants in Eureka. That, too, with but little more than two miles of its lines in operation. Eventually the system will be extended to reach the other principal towns about Humboldt Bay. The organization of this Humboldt Traction Company is a most important factor in Eureka's advancement, for, besides the construction of its transportation lines, the company will establish upon property along the Klamath River and sixty miles northwest of Eureka an electric plant where not alone will its own power be generated, but its power plant will be of such magnitude as to allow the sale of thousands of horse-power to other manufacturing plants within the county. Its location on the Klamath will permit of the development of no less than fifty thousand horse-power when the full force of the river is harnessed, one-quarter of which will be developed from the plant to first installed, the balance to be developed as a demand is made for the power.

From a business standpoint Eureka is exemplary. Her shops would do credit to any city in America, her financial institutions are rated among the best in California, and, better than all, she is operated under a clean and wholesome municipal government. Her advantages are manifold, and she is on the way to place at her feet. From her wharves there sail ships to every corner of the world, carrying the vast timber riches of Humboldt, and here-Francisco and the other ports to both north and south. It is now only a question of months when instead of being the terminal of several little rail lines which found their other ending within the county's limits, her depots will be the stopping places of trains connecting directly with all the great transcontinental systems. "Where rail and water meet, the center of commerce will be found," is an old saying, but directly applicable to Humboldt's principal city, and with direct communication to the great centers, Eureka has bound to become one of the great cities of the Pacific. Within her confines are vast opportunities for the investment of both energy and capital, for in the great power which is sure to place at her feet and a back country which is to-day producing millions, is certain to become a prime factor.



A Correction

There's an oversight, top right and credit are omitted from the photographs of the decorative panels by Mr. A. B. Wenzell and Mr. Robert Blum for the New Amsterdam Theatre, which were published in the WEEKLY of November 28. Credit should have been given to the Detroit Photographic Company, owners of the copyright.

The Coast-line of the Philippines

A GEOGRAPHICAL magazine makes the interesting statement that the Philippine Islands have a coast-line double that of the main part of the United States. The measurement given is 11,444 statute miles, while the total area is stated as 115,020 square miles. In the Philippines there is one mile of coast-line in every ten miles of area; in the United States the proportion is 1 to 400. It is said that 2000 islands and islets can be counted on the charts.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Miss Wenzell's SCISSORS, which should always be used by children in cutting, is made of the right, selects the same, stays all year, cuts wind cold, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.—[Adv.]

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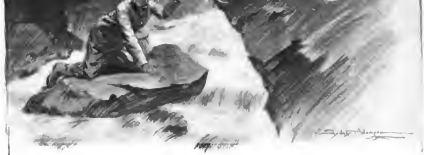
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# THE UNPLEASANT

By  
Robert W. Chambers



I MEAN, by the "unpleasant" affair, those unenviable experiences which go to swell up the total of the day's play, as well as of the day's work. Not of sufficient moment to be classed as episodes, nor yet trivial enough to be dismissed as incidents, they stand out in one's memory with almost startling distinctness, each experience labeled with its own brand of peril, such a lesson in itself, and a healthy one for foolishness. To them that hath shall be given; therefore this warning is profitable in its wisdom only to the wise.

The more familiar with the use of firearms an intelligent person becomes, the more he dreads accidents. What man who has used a rifle or fowling piece can look back over his career afield without thankfulness for escapes not due to his own foresight? My first experience as a boy I can never recall without a sickening sensation, even to-day. My brother and I had laid our guns down, unshouldered. A few moments later my foot came in contact with the stock of my gun, and the weapon was discharged, tearing the hair from a tree where, a second before, my brother's head had rested. And to this day I cannot imagine how that cartridge could have remained in my gun. That in the usual story—a horridly trifling one, I believe leaves. Again, in the yellow days of youth and mink self-confidence, and also in the days when there were no humorous fowling pieces, I and two companions came to the edge of a stream one hot September day, thirty as spike bucks in a drought. Very carefully and conscientiously we uncocked our guns, laid them down, beside us, muzzles pointing ahead, and built to drink. My companions finished quickly, rose, and corked their pieces, starting ahead. I, supporting my weight on my hands, wrist-deep in water, lay slaking my thirst, then jumped up, and started to cock the left barrel. But my hand was not perfectly dry; the hammer slipped at half-cock from under the ball of my wet thumb, and the charge tore through the willows within an inch of my companions' heads. One never forgets such moments.

The newspapers are full of accounts of accidents; they have a horrid fascination for me, and I read them. As a matter of fact, modern weapons, in skilled or unskilled hands, make life so unsafe that it's safer to be dead. But it is not of such experiences that I mean to write; everybody has run the same chances; everybody has been peppered at least once or twice, and has peppered others; and it's usually a toss-up which is the more culpable one, the pepperer or the peppered.

Every one, too, has his own particular brand of assistance. Mine was (and is) the silly yet absolute conviction that when I want to go anywhere the best and quickest route is straight ahead. An example of the result of this delusion occurred in the Bavarian Alps.

For two months I had been fishing a beautiful trout stream called the Red Valley. There were miles of good fishing on the Red Valley before it crossed the Austrian frontier and became the Arben water, and was thereafter subject to the regulations of the Austrian government's fishing laws, of which I knew nothing, farther on—always bigger trout around the corner.

I fished the Arben in defiance of the laws of Austria! There was literally nothing in it. Satisfied again with my own Red Valley, I had settled into comfortable habits once more, when some detention prompted the head forester to speak of the White Valley, and, naturally, I wanted to know all about it. It seemed that this White Valley was a stream never visited by anglers, in-

stantly visions of enormous trout haunted me; but the forester said that he had never seen any trout in the White Valley any larger than those in the Red Valley, which statement had not the slightest effect on me or my visions.

Pursuing the subject, the head forester remarked that it was a good stream to keep away from; that a dozen tourists and hunters of chamois had met death along the White Valley; that he himself never fished it, and avoided it when attending to business. Three fingers nodded approval when he finished. The only idiot present went off to bed, leaving a request to be called at daylight.

By eight o'clock I struck the White Valley; and of all lily-of-the-valley waters that I had seen in Bavaria, this was the most likely. As for danger, I could see none. The stream rippled through the mountain cleft, not with long amber reaches, brown sunny pools, silvery ripples fringing rapids that sparkled like shoals of toads. From the highroad a gentle green slope led to the water; and down the slope went the writer, wading out, thrilled with that delicious expectation which follows a first cast made into unknown waters. The thrill subsided after a quarter of a mile wading downstream; there were trout there, and they could be taken; but not a fish, so far, approached in size those of the familiar and handsome Red Valley. Another quarter of a mile completed the disillusion.

There were two courses now open to me; at least I imagined there were two. The first was to return to my starting-point, strike the road, and amble peacefully back to the Red Valley; the alternative was to continue at a rapid pace downstream until I reached the junction of the two Valleys. I chose the latter. A few rods, and the character of the river changed. Pools deepened so that it was not possible to wade; the boulders were bigger and farther apart and very slippery, and it took long jumps to traverse deep, rising slalows of unfordable water. A thunder-storm had come up; the ravine grew oppressively dark, and I got more than one ducking and more than a dozen cracks on the skin from over-confidence in jumping.

The last jump I took was from a wet, slippery shelf down across a pool in which a great volume of water was swirling and boiling. And after I had taken that jump it was plain to me that I could not go farther. In the gloom of the ravine I saw that the laws of two mountains formed the banks of the stream; but instead of sloping to the water, preventing curved surfaces, they were cut under, forming the sides of a smooth tunnel, through which the White Valley, now swollen to a torrent, roared, rising higher every minute. Having taken the fool jump, my first instinct was to take a wise jump back again. I couldn't. Where it had been possible to jump down, it was impossible to jump up to that shelf across the whirling foam-charged eddies. And the eddies were filling rapidly to overflowing.

It had now become so dark in the gorge that it was not easy to see except when the lightning flashed. However, it was apparently necessary for me to get out of that ravine, and the only way open appeared to be a V-shaped cleft in the flesh of the mountain. It seemed to be not too difficult; I thrashed across the stream, shoulder-deep, and began the ascent. Sharper and sharper grew the angle; my rod butt was fitted with a spike, and I used it until I found myself facing a sheer wall of rock which leaned outward, overhanging the gorge below.

And now, for the first time, I realized how high I had climbed. For the roar of the torrent had dwindled to a murmur in my ears.

(Continued on page 2118.)





(Continued from page 217.)  
 now perceived that the general was making himself very disagreeable, and, as his mother insisted and yet again insisted on getting ahead of him, he suddenly found himself wanting in all the virtues.

**The Rebellion of Goggles**

"Ladies first," he snapped, taking the senhora ahead with a startling jounce. Whereupon the race began.

The poor American senhora gritted her teeth and shut her eyes. Her hair streamed down her back, and she clutched the middle piece frantically. The general was in little better plight, though he managed to belabor his head with his stick at odd moments; and, due in a degree to those harassing attacks, Goggles squatted further and yet further ahead, and with a mighty and unexpected swerve, turned directly across the path of his oncoming adversary—and stopped.

The result was instantaneous. The American senhora went over his head with the grace and agility of a circus girl turning handspins, and landed in a brush heap at the side of the road; the advancing general went through similar manœuvres in a different direction; the head of Goggles's mother butted into the soft side of Goggles with a force that was eminently satisfactory, and compensated for many things.

The general was much shaken, but rose with no great difficulty. The senhora was also fortunate in that no bones were broken, though she was fearfully scratched.

**The Senhora Retaliates**

"It was all Goggles's fault," she declared as soon as she could speak; and nothing could induce her to mount her pet again, or, indeed, any other donkey. The general, too, felt diminished toward donkeys, while Gil announced that he would walk with them. So, leaving the senhora's aunt to go on ahead with the Harvard man, the three started on foot for the village. As the senhora, however, was hoarse and shaken and very tired, Gil conceived the idea of making a seat with their crossed hazels and carrying her. To this she at last consented, though stipulating that she be put down on approaching the first house. Having then thus at an undoubted disadvantage and being exceeding and ever-increasingly wroth with the general, she suddenly said:

"Gil, dear, the general has just been cautioning me not to fall in love with you."

General Oliveira gave a gasp of dismay. Heave man that he was, this was carrying warfare into the enemy's camp to a degree he was not prepared for; when Gil redoubled to the edge of his high forehead and nearly dropped his hold of the general's hands.

"And what did you say to him?" asked Gil, stolidly.

"Oh, of course I said that I didn't love you the very best little bit—or if I didn't say so, I meant to; for, you see, in the first place, I don't, so I should be telling the truth; and in the second place, that is what he wanted me to say; and in the third place, I was always very polite, the General and I; and in the third place, I wouldn't have told him if I did, because I should be ashamed to tell any one but you; and"—she became rather incoherent in her circumlocution, which Gil thinks believe—perhaps I had better get down now, please. We are nearly at the village, and—and—I thank you both very much indeed for helping me."

So saying, she slipped to the ground almost before they knew what she was doing,—leaving the old man and the young man glaring into each other's eyes.

**Millions for Autos**

According to an authority on automobile-billing, Great Britain provides the world's largest market for motor-cars. The great majority of these machines come from the Continent, the importation figures for last year being 3500 cars, valued at \$5,230,000; for the current year the figures have increased to 5230 cars, amounting in value to \$8,000,000. It is said that most of the response in a matter of weeks as the raw material of the machines is of little comparative value.



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## The Progress of Science

### Is It Transmutation?

In the past few months something little short of confusion has been wrought in the ranks of science by the revelation of the mortal radium. The atomic theory, long established, was upset; the principle of the conservation of energy, which seemed impregnable, was threatened; and a general insecurity in scientific belief began to be felt. But a great hope also arose, the hope that humanity was on the verge of some marvelous discovery of the true constitution of things and perhaps of the meaning of life and nature. That hope has not yet been fulfilled, and it is gradually subsiding again. But radium reserved at least one other surprise for the scientists. Sir William Ramsay, professor of chemistry at University College, London, has made the discovery that this mysterious element has the power of changing by some subtle process into another element, namely, helium. He found that, besides its other manifestations, radium constantly gives off an emanation which seems to behave in all respects like a heavy gas. It can be collected in masks, condensed, weighed, but its odor a month it entirely disappears. What becomes of it? By the aid of the spectroscopy, Sir William Ramsay found that it changes into helium. Thus, it is claimed, one element has been detected in the very process of transformation into another. The realization of one of the oldest of human dreams, says Professor Ramsay, is very suggestive of transmutation. It has been pointed out by critics, however, that the phenomenon is one which admits of several explanations without involving the unqualified acceptance of the theory of transmutation. Radium may not be an element at all. Indeed, there is much to warrant the conclusion that it is a highly complex and very unstable compound, and if it is a compound one of its components may very well be helium.

### Life-Span of the Human Race

Science has given the human race only a limited span of existence. This was one of the subjects which distressed Darwin, and it has wrighed on many other sensitive minds. Some three millions of years or so is about the average estimate. The discovery of radioactivity led to the question whether the existence of the metal in the sun might not indefinitely prolong that luminary's active life. Much disappointment was therefore felt at the results of investigations undertaken by a Cambridge scientist. After some months' exposure of very sensitive solutions to the sun, he was unable to discover any of the signs characteristic of radium rays. The verdict, therefore, was that the discovery of radium afforded no reason for altering the cosmic time-scale. But Sir William Ramsay's proof of the transmutation of radium gas into helium, receives the hope that radium may, after all, be a constituent of the sun. It is well known that the spectroscopy reveals the abundant existence in the sun of helium—in this metal, indeed, was discovered. In the sun, before it was known to be a terrestrial property—and it seems possible that all this helium may be transformed radium gas. So helium may be transformed radium gas, so that once more it appears promising to limit the existence of the human race to any definite number of millions years.

### A New Light

For a number of years electrical experts, among them the able Professor Crookes and Mr. Nikola Tesla, have been trying to produce for practical purposes a cold, wire-less, electric light—a light that does not consume. Mr. H. Wolf, of this country, it is claimed, has now solved the problem by perfecting his invention of electric tube lighting. The system is based on the projection of a compressed current of electricity through a length of glass tubing which has been exhausted. The current is flowing through the ultragenuous matter in the tube gives off a brilliant phosphorescent light all round the tube. This light is hardly distinguishable from daylight in color and quality; it is said to be at least twenty-five per cent. cheaper than incandescent light; it has no discernible or injurious effect on the eyes; and it is perfectly safe.

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## Music

## Berlioz

"A gigantic nightingale," was Heine's characterization of Hector Berlioz. The adjective may be admitted without qualification; but the more one hears of Berlioz the less possible it becomes to regard him as a nightingale of any sort—gigantic or otherwise. There has been so lack, lately, of opportunity for forming a definite and fairly comprehensive estimate of the first of the musical Romantics. The centenary of Berlioz's birth fell on December 11, and the musical world has not been slow in doing honor to his memory. Here in New York there has been a surfeit of Berlioz performances. Colonne began it by putting the "Symphonie Fantastique" on the program of the first Philharmonic concert. Since then we have heard, in rapid succession, excerpts from the "Roméo and Juliet" symphony and the "Danse des Faunes"; the "Deuxième Cellini," "Roman Carnival," and "Beatrice and Benedict" overtures; a portion of the Requiem; certain songs; and the "March in Italy" symphony. In this celebration, the Boston Orchestra, the New York Symphony Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera-house Orchestra (under Mr. Metell), and the People's Symphony Orchestra, as well as the Philharmonic Society, have participated. And now that the tumult and the shouting have ceased, what remains?—The memory of a talent of prodigious energy, a pictorial instinct working upon vast and original schemes of surpassing brilliancy. Berlioz was, in a way, the Victor Hugo of music: a master of grandiose expression, an architect of magnificent audacity and imagination, although the grandiose was, unlike Hugo's, empty and ineffective, and the imagination led upon dust and ashes. His eloquence, impressive and weighty as it is, rings hollow; he had, finally, nothing to say; nor, as Mr. Runciman has observed, had he an especially inviting way of saying it. Nowhere in his work is it evident that he had a sense of style. He alters the most preposterous compositions with an impudence and elaboration which are pathetic in their fertility. It is true, as Mr. Richard Aldrich has recently remarked, that "Berlioz's credit as the originator of the modern orchestra and of the modern development of program-music can never be shaken"; it is, in the end, his chief title to greatness. Nor can one help being touched, again to quote Mr. Runciman, by "his sincere belief in his instance romanticism, that is genuinely and finely appealing. But his edifices are of lath and plaster; huge and soaring as they are, they have already begun to crumble."

## A Note on "Parsifal"

At the present time "Parsifal" lectures abound, and explanatory guide-books are as the sands of the sea; but it may be inapt to suggest in this place the preparation which will best fit one to comprehend the significance of Wagner's work.

It cannot be too often insisted upon as so intelligent comprehension of this or any other of Wagner's music-dramas is possible unless the text of the music is thoroughly understood; and as the vocalization of the singers at the Metropolitan is not always as clear as crystal, it is essential that the printed play should be read and digested in advance of the performance. There are several translations of the book of "Parsifal." A serviceable one by the Cordes is printed in the Kleinmichel piano arrangement of the score, and the version by John P. Jackson is trustworthy. By far the best, however, is that prepared by Mr. Alfred Forman. An admirable analysis of "Parsifal" is contained in Mr. Krehbiel's *Studies in the Wagnerian Drama*.

For those who care to penetrate the intricacies of the musical structure, an acquaintance with the arrangement of the score for voice and piano will be sufficiently informing in many cases; but points of detail will be found by some to be striking in the orchestral score in the possession of the Lenox Library. A miniature edition, published in three volumes, is also to be had.

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