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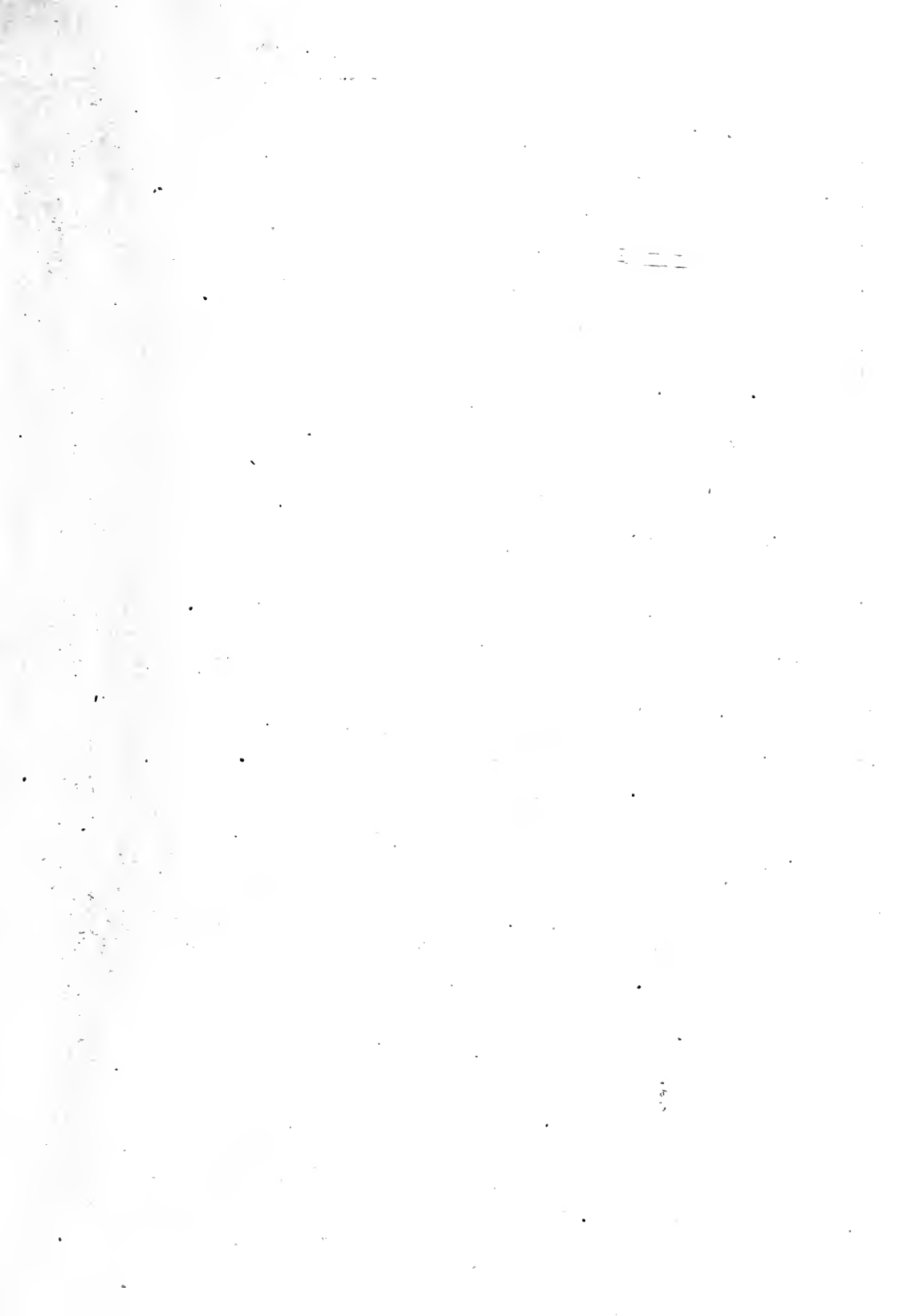
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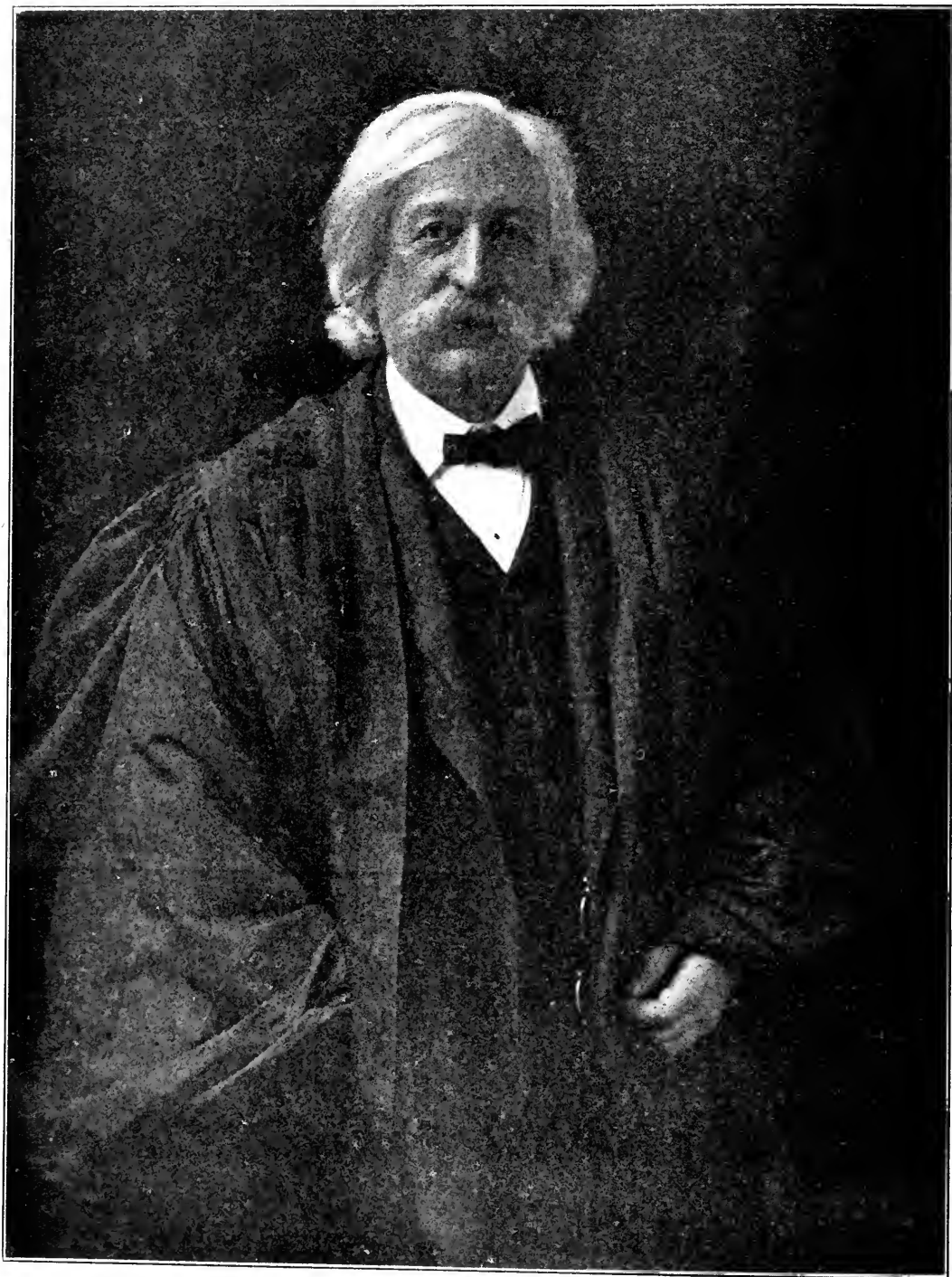
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Photograph by Marceau.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES

Melville W. Fuller has been at the head of the Supreme Court of the United States for eighteen years. To that court must come for final adjudication all those cases that the federal government is pressing against the great corporations for the disregard of their legal obligations.

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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A Review of the World



AS President Roosevelt become a Democrat? That question is one that has been debated every now and then, with increasing frequency, during the last few years, but never more earnestly than since his recent presidential message. Naturally there are two sides to the debate, one side contending that he and Bryan stand for almost the same political program, the other contending that the recent message is, by reason of its strongly federalist tendency, one of the most un-Democratic documents ever written. This sharp antagonism of views seems to prevail even among Democratic leaders and gives a peculiar interest to the message. Apparently President Roosevelt is incapable to-day of writing a message or making a speech or dismissing an ambassador or taking a journey without exciting the lively attention of a goodly part of mankind and introducing new material into the discussions that break the monotony of life on a considerable portion of the world's surface. A general perusal of the press of the country creates a sort of impression that all intellectual activity is divided into two parts—one which concerns itself with what President Roosevelt has

just done and the other which concerns itself with what he is likely to do next. Certainly the recent message has not dispelled that impression. "No ruler in any part of the world," says the *Philadelphia Ledger* merrily, "certainly no President of the United States, could ever quite as truthfully say, 'The fever of the world has hung upon the beatings of my heart.'"

IF THE parallel columns were applied to the comments on the message an interesting divergence on this subject of Mr. Roosevelt's Democracy would be manifested. The *New York World* (Dem.), for instance, goes at length into what it terms "the Roosevelt-Bryan merger." It finds a surprising number of points in which their views coincide or nearly coincide, taking as a basis of comparison Mr. Bryan's recent Madison Square Garden speech and Mr. Roosevelt's message. Item number one, a federal income tax. Item number two, a law forbidding corporations to contribute to campaign expenses. Item number three, a federal license law for corporations. On the enforcement of the criminal clause of the anti-trust law, the question of federal injunctions in



NEW OFFICE BUILDING FOR SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

—From Architect's plans.



DEFIANCE

—Triggs in *N. Y. Press*.

labor troubles, the eight-hour day, the use of the navy to collect private debts, the strengthening of the meat inspection law, the public criticism of judges and courts, and various other matters it finds the utterances of

the two men surprisingly similar, and it concludes as follows:

"Comparing Mr. Bryan's Madison Square Garden speech with Mr. Roosevelt's message to Congress, the reader is forced to the conclusion that if Mr. Roosevelt would advocate tariff revision and Mr. Bryan would stop advocating Government ownership of railroads they would be substantially in accord. . . . Accepting Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan as the leaders of their respective parties, we defy anybody to say where the dividing line is beyond which a voter has ceased to be a Roosevelt Republican and become a Bryan Democrat. There has been no such obliteration of party lines in American politics for three-quarters of a century. The Roosevelt-Bryan merger is one of the most extraordinary events in American history, especially in view of the fact that Mr. Bryan claims to be 'more radical than ever,' while Mr. Roosevelt persists in regarding himself as a rational conservative battling manfully 'against the demagogue and the agitator.'"

VIEWS similar to this find frequent expression in comment on the message. John Sharp Williams, leader of the Democrats in Congress, is reported as saying: "We have lassoed the President to the triumphal car of Democracy on the questions of an income tax and an inheritance tax. This, combined with the rope already tying him, makes him pretty close to being a captive."

The *Philadelphia Record* finds that there is



THE MESSAGE

—Mayer in *N. Y. Times*.

"practical agreement" between Roosevelt and Bryan except as to Bryan's free silver views, and it insists that Mr. Bryan is Mr. Roosevelt's "legitimate successor" in the White House. "Even on the tariff question," it remarks, "Roosevelt is gradually getting back on to Democratic ground. He would approach tariff revision by way of the income tax after the manner of the Wilson Tariff bill."

"The President," asserts the *New York Press* (Rep.) admiringly, "is far more radical, as he addresses Congress now, than William J. Bryan ever dared to be ten years ago." And the *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.) comments on the message in the following amusing manner:

"President Roosevelt is the despair of all statesmen of advanced views and opposite political faith in the United States. He will not allow them to keep in the lead in the advocacy of measures which seem to have a considerable degree of popular support. The courage, skill and audacity with which he appropriates to his own use every weapon in the armories of his political opponents are amazing. Not less astonishing is the success with which he forces these purloined doctrines upon his party. Democrats, Populists, advanced political thinkers generally have suffered from Mr. Roosevelt's raids upon their preserves. He will not permit them to make exclusive claim to any issue, whatever its parentage, which seems to be a vote-getter. There was never such a bold and audacious statesman in the United States as the Chief Magistrate who has, in the last few years—and certainly in no Pickwickian spirit—denounced his political opponents in one breath for their dangerous and unpatriotic radicalism, and at the earliest opportunity seized their most radical doctrines and made them his own. . . . The only important and practical issue belonging to another party which the President has not added to his own collection is revision of the tariff. If Democrats do not keep it under lock and key and closely guarded, they may awake one fine morning to the heartbreaking discovery that Mr. Roosevelt has nabbed it."

YET, plausible as all this sounds, the view is still more widely prevalent that the President has, in this message, departed farther than any other man ever in the White House dared to depart from the doctrine of States rights, usually regarded as the central doctrine of Mr. Bryan's party. "From first to last," says the *Columbia State* (Dem.), "the message breathes the spirit of centralization and stresses the aggrandizement of federal power." The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* agrees with this most decidedly. It says:

"In all the varied discussions and recommendations which enter into the message, the one note which is uppermost and rings the loudest is the extension of the Federal power. More Federal power, more Federal power—the stretching to the utmost of such as may already be fairly or constitutionally applied to the problems which he



THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

Senator Edmund Winston Pettus, of Alabama, is in his eighty-sixth year and his term as Senator still has three years to run. He was a lieutenant in the Mexican War, a forty-niner in California, and a brigadier-general in the Civil War.

treats, or its enlargements, or the taking of measures for new grants of it from the States—is the burden of his pleas. The extreme spirit of Federalism has never permeated the message of any American President of modern times to the degree in which it is either expressed directly or suggested by Mr. Roosevelt in this statement of his views and policies."

Especially in the South is this note of the message discerned and denounced. Says the *Democratic Courier-Journal*, of Louisville:

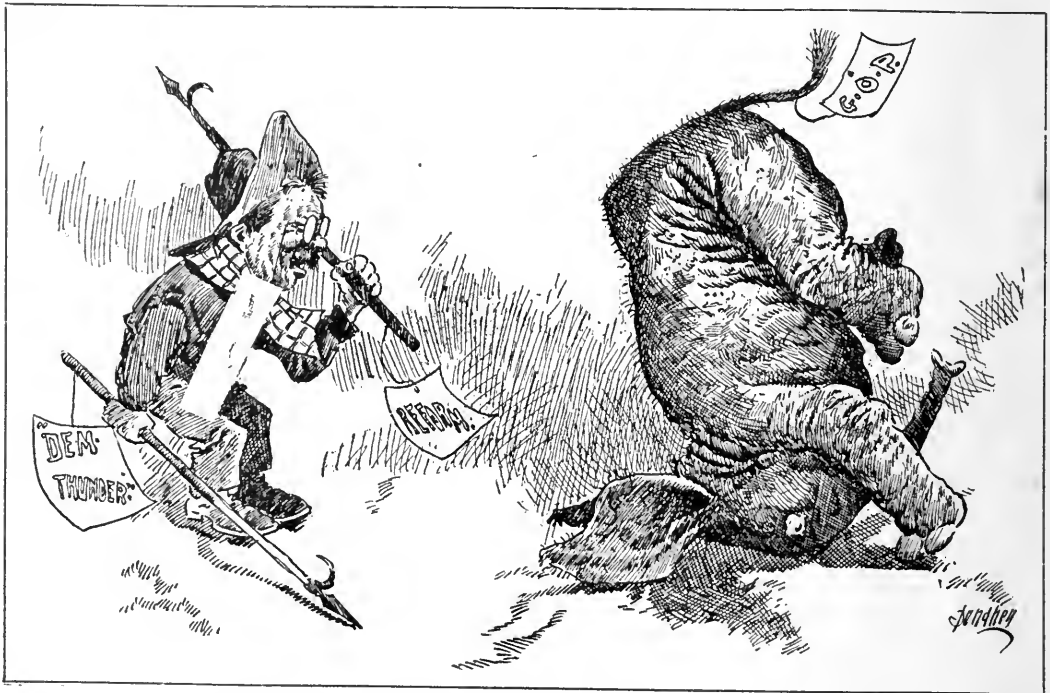
"The general inference to be drawn from his preachments, if we accept them as infallibly true, is that the States are a nuisance, and ought at the beginning to have delegated all their powers to the Federal Government. As they are unwilling to do this, they are now to be adjudged in contempt and retained only for the purpose of making more offices for the faithful. The truth is, the President's ideas of a system of government are not altogether consistent, but in general he is

in favor of concentrating power in the Federal Government. He is not in all cases willing to do this by the slow and difficult process of constitutional amendment, but proposes to put into effect certain extreme ideas which have never met with judicial approval, and see whether the Supreme Court will take the responsibility of saying they are unconstitutional. This temper of mind is the farthest possible from that of a Democrat, and one who reads the message with care must decide that, in spite of certain flashes of Democratic sentiment, its author is clearly not a Democrat. The notion that he is going deliberately to do anything to help the Democratic party is altogether illusory."

THE message which has drawn forth such widely different comment is a document which would fill about thirty pages of this magazine. It contains about 25,000 words, including the occasional "thrus" and "thru-outs" and other "simplified" forms which the *New York Sun* speaks of with a shudder as not words at all but "enormities." The message covers twenty-one large topics, including race-suicide, lynching, and divorce. The tariff is again conspicuous by its absence, the only thing said about it being a renewal of the plea for the passage of the Philippine tariff bill. The most sensational feature of the message is the passage about San Francisco's treatment of the Japanese,

and the declaration that to enforce the treaty rights of aliens the President will employ "all of the forces, military and civil," which he can lawfully employ. Next to that in sensational interest is the declaration in behalf of a graduated inheritance tax and the assertion of the desirability of enacting an income tax "if possible,"—that is to say if one can be formulated that the United States Supreme Court will now accept. The message is not so much one to Congress as one to the American people, and a number of passages, such as the one on "wilful sterility" and the one on "lynching," contain no reference to any proposed action of Congress, but are in the nature of preachments to the President's fellow citizens outside the national assembly. The President has poured out his convictions on many topics with which Congress is in the nature of the case unable to deal, and, not content with one message, the President proceeded to bombard Congress a few days later with various special messages, three of them being sent in the same day.

NOT any presidential message is ever quite as interesting, however, as is the reception given it in the country at large. Aside from the features of this reception already touched



THE ELEPHANT: "Really, Theodore, this doesn't seem dignified."

—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

upon, there are other features almost equally paradoxical. The more conservative papers hail it as a sign of a progress toward conservatism and the more radical journals commend it for its evidences of increasing radicalism. "What the President has said in this paper," says the conservative *Times-Despatch* (Richmond), "he has said on the whole conservatively"; and the still more conservative New York *Times* finds in parts of the message "a surprising reversal of opinions." Yet radical papers, such as the Atlanta *Georgian*, the New York *Press* and the Philadelphia *North American*, bestow abundant praise upon the paper and its author. Here is an extract from a long and glowing editorial in the last-named journal:

"The message is charged full with intense and enthusiastic patriotism. Whatever the errors of his judgment may be, his devotion to the country and to the republican principle animates every fiber of his being, and must rekindle the flame in the soul of him who reads the President's words. The utterance is of a strong man whose opinions have behind them the force of a great character, strengthened by the power and the prestige of the highest office in the world. What he has to say represents ideas which must be reckoned with. Notably they are national ideas. Mr. Roosevelt is, in a sense, a Hamiltonian. He respects, but does not regard with deepest reverence, the theory or the fact of State rights. Perhaps he may have an impulse now and then to trespass upon them. The glorious vision upon which his eyes are fixed steadfastly is that of a mighty nation of free people, bound together by indissoluble ties, having common interests and a single destiny, and a heritage of freedom precious beyond all its material treasures.

"From some of the suggestions offered in this public paper, which is notable simply as a literary achievement, many Americans doubtless will dissent. But, considering the declaration by and large, the American who discovers that he has no sympathy with it and that he is out of tune with the spirit that pervades it, will do well to examine anew the grounds of his own loyalty to his country and its government."



THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNER
—From *Kladderadatsch*.

the comment made by the London *Standard*. "Moderate as are the President's aims," it says, "they involve changes which to many of his fellow-citizens will seem almost revolutionary." The kind of interpretation one gives to the message consequently seems to depend upon the relative importance one attaches to the aims, which are moderate, and to the possibility of revolutionary consequences in the changes proposed. Running all through the message, as the foreign papers have seen even more clearly than our own, is the strife between capital and labor—the vast industrial discontent aroused by the development of the corporation. It is because of this that the President urges most of the extensions of federal power and most of the changes he advocates in relation to the courts. The message begins on this key. It calls for a federal law forbidding corporations to contribute to political funds. It

goes on to request a change in federal law that will confer on the government a right of appeal in criminal cases on questions of law—a plea that grows directly out of the attorney-general's prosecution of corporation officials. The message next proceeds to ask for legislation that will limit the use of injunctions in labor disputes and to lecture the judiciary for abuses of their present power in this line. The long passage on lynching has but indirect and incidental reference to the labor question, but it is a preachment (and a very good one, too, as many Southern papers hasten to admit), not a call to Congress for action. Then comes a series of passages on the following topics: "Capital and Labor"; "Railroad Employees' Hours and Eight-Hour Law"; "Labor of Women and Children"; "Employers' Liability"; "Investigation of Disputes Between Capital and Labor"; "Withdrawal of Coal Lands"; "Corporations"; "Inheritance and Income Tax"; "Technical and Industrial Training."

PERHAPS the best key to a clear understanding of the message and of the confusion of opinions in regard to it is to be found in

THESE titles speak for themselves. By this time we are more than half through the

message, and hardly a word has been said on what are usually regarded as political topics—the sort of topics to which presidential messages used to be entirely directed, and on which political parties used to divide in fierce array. In fact, it is almost impossible to place one's finger on a single passage of the message and say, here the President is enunciating Republican party or any other party doctrine. The *London Daily News* is a radical paper, but its comment on the message is in general harmony with that of the most conservative papers. It says:

"Never in any recent period were events so manifestly hurrying men into fresh courses, the end of which no man can foresee. In all

All the world, the same paper goes on to say, is wrestling with the same problem, and in the President's message, or rather in the problems it presents, is "the keynote of politics in the twentieth century" in all civilized lands.

*
* *



WHEN Master Sidney Marks, of San Francisco, shied an old tomato can a few weeks ago he was unconscious of the fact that he was making history. He knows it now and is proud in consequence. He was simply, as he thought, engaging in the gentle pastime called "soak the skippie." Skippie means any old kind of



JAPANESE LABOR IN CALIFORNIA—ON A FRUIT FARM.

The cheap labor of the Japanese is more feared on the Pacific coast, says Congressman Kahn, than ever cheap Chinese labor was even in the days preceding the Sand Lot agitation.

Aryan nations industrial revolution is heaping up wealth into great accumulations. Capital and labor are organizing into hostile corporations. Military preparations challenge a fierce longing for peace and international amity. Wide discontent tortures the obscure millions at the basis of society. America here confronts the same menace as Europe. The President appears to-day as wrestling with forces which he can comprehend, but cannot control. Mr. Roosevelt diagnoses the situation with a most startling clearness. In agile phrases he attempts to steer between revolt against the insolence of wealth and fear of anarchy and socialism."

a Japanese. The "skippie" in this case was a noted seismologist, Professor Omura, wearing a silk hat (now no longer wearable) and studying the ruins of the earthquake. Sidney's tomato can not only demolished the silk hat, but precipitated an international issue. It was the whisper that starts the avalanche, the feather that breaks the camel's back. And we reproduce for the use of future historians Sidney's own picturesque account of the affair:

"It was this way. There was a bunch of us out behind the Post Office, when one of the gang yells, 'Pipe the Skippie under the dicer. Let's soak 'im.' We let loose for fair, me to be the lucky boy. I bounced a can off his skypiece. He was sure sore. But we sent him down the alley after the naughty boy who did him wrong."

Probably this assault upon Professor Omura had as much as the dismissal of Yasamaru from the Pacific Heights Grammar School had to do with the indignant protests of the Japanese that have led to talks of war, and have resulted in the most sensational passage in the President's message.

Of that passage the Connecticut *Courant* observes, "no such glowing tribute to the greatness of Japan and her people by the chief executive of a Christian country

country during the same period." The President recalls the fact that the Japanese sent a gift of \$100,000 to San Francisco at the time of her recent great need, speaks of their proverbial courtesy, and of the welcome they receive in all our higher institutions of learning and in all our professional and social bodies, concluding his eulogy as follows: "The Japanese have won in a single generation the right to stand abreast of the foremost and most enlightened peoples of Europe and America; they have won on their own merits and by their own exertions the right to treatment on a basis of full and frank equality."

IN SHARP contrast with this glowing eulogy comes then a lecture to San Francisco.



JAPANESE LABOR IN CALIFORNIA—ON AN OSTRICH FARM

Not the Japanese schoolboy but the Japanese coolie is said to be the real cause of the new race issue in California. The coolies are coming into San Francisco at the rate of 1,000 a month, and a much greater influx is feared.

was ever before penned." The growth of Japan, says the President, has been "literally astounding," and "there is not only nothing to parallel it but nothing to approach it in the history of civilized mankind." This progress has been alike in the arts of war and the arts of peace. Japanese soldiers and sailors have shown themselves "equal in combat to any of whom history makes note," and the nation's industrial and commercial development has been "greater than that of any other

"No such rebuke," says *The Courant*, "has been leveled at an American city by an American President since Andrew Jackson's time—if then." The California Congressmen, as they sat and heard it read, almost literally gnashed their teeth, it is said, with indignation. The President spoke of the "unworthy feeling" that has been shown in shutting Japanese pupils out of the public schools of San Francisco. Such a proceeding, he says, is "a wicked absurdity" in view of the fact that colleges every-



HE GOT THE JAPANESE EMPHASIS INTO THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Viscount Aoki, the first ambassador ever sent from Tokyo to Washington, is said to have inspired Mr. Roosevelt with his present sense of the seriousness of the attitude of San Francisco on the school question. When Viscount Aoki protested against the treatment of Japanese on the Pacific coast his attitude was deemed "very unusual" for a diplomatist.

where, even in California, are glad to receive Japanese students. It is contrary to public interest, for the development of our trade in the far East is "out of the question" unless we treat other nations with justice. He asks the states to deal wisely and promptly with wrongdoers and pledges the federal government to deal summarily where it has power to do so. But "one of the great embarrassments attending the performance of our international obligations" is the inadequate power given to

the federal authorities to protect aliens in the rights secured to them under solemn treaties which are the law of the land." He accordingly requests such amendments to the criminal and civil statutes as will enable the President to protect such rights. Then comes the declaration that has made California buzz with anger. "In the matter now before me affecting the Japanese," says the President, "everything that is in my power will be done, and all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States which I may lawfully employ will be so employed."

IN THE first outburst of indignation, Californians seem to have missed the precise bearing of this reference to force. "This is an implied threat to use military force to put Japanese children into our schools," says the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The President certainly does not say that, and it is more than doubtful if he meant to imply it. He nowhere asserts that the federal government has any right to control in such a matter. He is speaking of ill treatment of aliens in general and of the Japanese in particular, and exclusion from the schools is set forth simply as a glaring manifestation of the "unworthy feeling" that leads to this ill treatment. But the context shows, and the second message showed still more clearly, that the President had in mind more than exclusion of Japanese pupils from public schools in asking for an extension of power. The next sentence but one after the reference to the use of the army elucidates his evident meaning. "The mob of a single city," he says, "may at any time perform acts of lawless violence against some class of foreigners which would plunge us into war." It is quite probable that the President had in mind not only the outbreak in New Orleans a few years ago against Italians, but the violent treatment of Chinese in San Francisco in the days of the Sand Lot agitation, and intended that his words should be a warning against allowing the hostility to the Japanese to develop into any such demonstration. On the very day the message was published, Congressman McKinley, of California, was being quoted in San Francisco papers as saying that the people of California are growing tired of the "imperious ways" of the Japanese, and may be tempted, if things go on much further, "to wring their necks." When members of Congress called on the President the day after the publication of the message to hear what he would say about the criticism evoked in California and elsewhere, he referred feelingly to the assault upon Professor

Omura. And Secretary Metcalf, in his recently published report, tells of 281 such assaults reported by the police in the six months ending November 5!

BACK of this question of the admission of Japanese pupils to public schools lies the real question at issue—the competition of Japanese labor. The school trouble is an occasion, not a cause, and an occasion of slight importance in and of itself. There are, according to one authority, but 40 Japanese pupils of school age (referring to pupils of primary schools probably) in the city. The Californians make a point of the fact that these are not “excluded” from the public schools; they are “sequestered” in a school by themselves. Moreover the process of “sequestration” applies to the lower grades only, not to the high schools. The Japanese pupils may still attend the high schools, and are doing so; and a teacher in one of these schools is quoted by a special correspondent of the *New York Press* as giving them an exceptionally good character. He says:

“In the high schools there are about twenty Japanese, and, far from being a disadvantage, they are a positive advantage, as they spur the white boys and girls to better efforts. The whites do not like to be outstripped by the little brown boys. The Japs are wideawake, industrious and always on the alert to learn. They make a good showing in all their classes. So far from seeking to mix with the whites, they are clannish in the extreme. All the talk of their attempting to mingle with the white girls is pure rubbish. They mind their own business, and unless invited never try to take part in the games or sports of the whites. They never pay any attention to the girls of the school, and after school hours go to their homes without wasting any time among their companions. They are orderly in the extreme, and all are models of neatness.”

IT IS not the Japanese school boy but the Japanese coolie that is to blame for the present agitation. “The people of California,” said Congressman Julius Kahn, of California, in a recent speech in New York City, “regard these Japanese coolies with greater abhorrence—ay, even with greater fear—than they did the coolies from China. We feel that the former have all the vices of the Chinese, with none of their virtues. The Chinaman lives up to the letter of his obligation, while the Japanese never hesitates to break that obligation if it suits his purpose.”

The influx of Japanese laborers is on the increase. While the Chinese population of San Francisco has diminished by 7,748 in the last two years, that of the Japanese has increased



THE WIFE OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR

Viscountess Aoki has German blood in her veins and is considered one of the most successful hostesses at the national capital. Her receptions and dinners are among the brilliant events of the Washington season.

by nearly 14,000. The *San Francisco Chronicle* publishes statistics showing that in Hawaii, in 1900, there were but 28,819 Caucasians out of a total population of 154,000, while there were 61,111 Japanese and 27,000 other Asiatics. “What we are fighting for on this coast,” it says, “is that California and Oregon and Washington shall not become what the territory of Hawaii now is. If the Japanese are permitted to come here freely nothing can prevent that except revolution and massacre, which would be certain.”

THE latest report of the State Bureau of Labor Statistics (California) goes exhaustively into the labor question raised by Japanese immigration. It gives the reasons for hostility in the following words:

"It is generally conceded that the Jap is merciless when he has his employer at a disadvantage; that he will work cheaply until all competition is eliminated and then strike for higher wages, totally disregarding any agreement or contract. The general persistency with which the Japanese are breaking into many industries, their frugality, their ambition and their lack of business morality render them more formidable even than the Chinese."

The rumor comes from Washington and persists despite official denials that diplomatic negotiations are under way that will result in the elimination of Japanese coolie emigration to America, either by the action of the Japanese government acting alone or by a joint agreement between the two governments. It is safe to say that such a result would extract from the question of Japanese pupils

in the schools all the dynamite that is in it. But it leaves the larger question of the power of the federal government to protect the treaty rights of aliens entirely untouched. That very far-reaching question has been almost ignored in the discussion so far. It is several times larger than the entire Japanese issue and pertains not to one section alone but to all sections. It is yet to receive anything like the attention the President seems to desire.

* *

SPEAKING recently of the authority of Congress in regard to the President's discharge of the negro soldiers of three companies, Secretary Taft cheerily remarked: "One thing I know Congress can do. It can investigate. It has investigated everything I ever did." Before the present session of Congress was old enough even to notify the President that it was in existence, two resolutions were presented for an investigation of this action by the President

in discharging the members of Companies B, C and D of the twenty-fifth regiment of infantry. Senator Boies Penrose presented one resolution, Senator Foraker another. Senator Penrose's resolution called on the Senate for full information and Senator Foraker's called on the war department. The former, it is said, was if not inspired at least encouraged by the President, who wants to tell all he knows. The latter seems to have been presented in a spirit of open antagonism to the administration. Ever since Secretary Taft went to Ohio and made that memorable campaign speech that retired George B. Cox, Foraker's political ally, from political activ-



ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE

—Macauley in N. Y. World.

ity, the senior Senator from the Buckeye state has been active in assailing administration projects. Without waiting for the facts which his resolution called for to be officially presented, he proceeded to express his belief that "the report made by the officers who investigated the Brownsville affair is the most incomplete, unsatisfactory and most flimsy evidence I have ever seen."

EIGHT investigations of this Brownsville affair have already been made, and it occurred as recently as August 14. Three of these investigations were made by army officials: the first by Major Blockson, of the inspector-general's department; the second by Lieut.-Colonel Leonard A. Lovering, acting inspector-general; the third by Brigadier-General Ernest A. Arlington, inspector-general of the army. A citizens' committee from Brownsville, Texas, where the affray occurred, also made an investigation. A committee of the Constitutional League—a negro organization—made an investigation. Then General A. B. Nettleton, of Chicago, assistant secretary of the treasury under President McKinley, being in Brownsville on a business trip, made an investigation at the request of the citizens' committee. A negro attorney of Tarrant county, Texas—Sidney S. Johnston—employed, it is said, by the discharged soldiers, made an investigation. And a Republican negro politician of New York City—Gilchrist Stewart—has been investigating. The three army officers, the citizens' committee, General Nettleton and the negro attorney all seem to agree that negro soldiers were the perpetrators of a midnight attack upon the citizens of Brownsville, and that in consequence the discharged soldiers have no cause to complain. The negro attorney is said to have worked as a laborer in the town for two months to procure evidence for the soldiers and to have abandoned their cause, saying they were "entirely to blame." General Nettleton, an anti-slavery advocate before the war and a Union veteran, says:

"There was no 'riot' and no street 'rows' as many newspapers persist in calling the occurrences. It was simply a most cowardly conspiracy to terrify, wound and kill unoffending men, women and children at the hour of midnight when defense or resistance was impossible, and was not even attempted. Evidently not an opposing shot was fired."

He thinks the President, in discharging nearly all the rank and file of the battalion,



THE PRIDE OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON

This young lady is the Countess Hatzfeldt, only daughter of the Japanese Ambassador in this country. The Countess is one of the most accomplished women in the diplomatic circle. She is descended from a Nippon family of such renown that Count Hatzfeldt, himself a descendant of the most aristocratic of Prussian families, found it difficult to win her for a wife.

took the only course he could take, "unless all semblance of a decent discipline in our army is to be ended."

AS FOR the army officers, the full text of their report, as printed, fills 112 pages. They go into minute details, such as the bullet marks in the houses, the direction from which the shots came, the character of the shattered bullets, shells and clips that were found. Their conclusion is very positive that a midnight assault was made by a number of the soldiers upon citizens in their houses, one man being instantly killed, another losing his arm, and two women and five children only escaping by a "miracle." In this conclusion, it is said, the commissioned officers of the regiment also concurred after examining the bul-

lets, shells and clips discovered. The investigation made by the Constitutional League's committee reaches a contrary opinion. That committee lays the whole blame upon the mob violence of Brownsville citizens, due to race hatred, and asserts that no soldier was connected with the rioting. Gilchrist Stewart takes the same position, asserting that only six men were absent from the battalion at the time, and they were absent on leave. This conclusion is based chiefly upon the roll-call of the battalion made shortly after the riot occurred,—eight minutes after, according to the League's committee, and, according to Major Penrose, in command, "at least ten minutes after the first shots were fired; probably longer." The rioting was all within three blocks of the barracks, and as the officers were all under the impression at first that the regiment was being attacked, the raiders, according to the official investigation, "had an easy time getting back," and had time also to clean their rifles before the gun racks were opened and the rifles inspected. It is intimated, also, that in the roll call any men absent could

be answered for by their comrades without detection. All the efforts to secure evidence from the soldiers as to the identity of the guilty men proved in vain, and the officials were convinced of collusion among a large number of members of the battalion. The dismissal "without honor" of all the soldiers present at the time followed. The commander and the commissioned officers and some of the senior non-commissioned officers are held blameless. But the President has, nevertheless, determined on a trial of the officers by court martial.

"THAT is my fight, not Taft's," President Roosevelt is reported to have said recently. The Secretary of War was, in fact, absent in Cuba when the order of discharge was determined upon. When he returned, during the President's absence in Panama, protests were flooding the war office and petitions for reopening the case were being urged. The secretary even suspended execution of the order for a day or two in order to hear from the President. But if Taft ever had any doubt



CLOSED

—Mayer in N. Y. Times.

as to the wisdom of the course taken, it seems to have vanished entirely later on. A considerable part of his annual report consists of a statement of the facts and a defense of the action taken, and his words are not lacking in emphasis. "There can be no doubt," he says, "that the squad of men who moved together from the fort to the town and did this shooting were guilty of murder and of murder in the first degree." Referring then to the failure to elicit any evidence leading to detection of the guilty persons because of "a conspiracy of silence on the part of the many who must have known something of importance in this regard," he adds:

"Under these circumstances the question arises, Is the Government helpless? Must it continue in its service a battalion many of the members of which show their willingness to condone a crime of a capital character committed by from ten to twenty of its members, and put on a front of silence and ignorance which enables the criminals to escape just punishment? These enlisted men took the oath of allegiance to the Government, and were to be used under the law to maintain its supremacy. Can the Government properly, therefore, keep in its employ for the purpose of maintaining law and order any longer a body of men from five to ten per cent of whom can plan and commit murder, and rely upon the silence of a number of their companions to escape detection? . . . Because there may be innocent men in the battalion, must the Government continue to use it to guard communities of men, women, and children when it contains so dangerous an element impossible of detection? Certainly not."

ON THIS latter point, however, namely, the fate of the innocent men in the battalion, there is strong dissenting opinion. That a heinous outrage was perpetrated by some members of the battalion is not denied by anybody, apparently, but the Constitutional League and its followers, and its investigation was professedly *ex parte*. But granting the guilt of the few, what sort of justice is it, ask many prominent journals in the North, to punish those who may have been guiltless either of the outrage or of knowledge concerning it? The New York *World* has called the action of the President "a deliberate miscarriage of justice," and *The World* has not been hostile to the President hitherto. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, another Democratic paper that is fond of the President, calls his order "ill-considered," "hasty," "precipitate." The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* thinks "the most elementary principles of fair-dealing and justice" have been violated. The New York *Sun*, the New York *Evening Post*, the New York *Times* and the Springfield *Republican* are some

of the many others that take this same view. *The Times* condemns the action taken from the point of legality, from the point of administrative expediency and from the point of political policy. On the first point—the one, by the way, on which Senator Foraker seems preparing to make his contest—*The Times* says:

"It may safely be concluded that the Constitutional safeguard of 'due process of law,' while it does not protect against summary dismissal from the military service, does protect against the arbitrary action of the Executive in assuming to inflict upon a discharged soldier, thus become a civilian, the punishment without trial of a disqualification for employment in the civil service, even during the term of the President who issues the order, and even more 'forever,' or after the term of that President has expired. It seems, therefore, that the President has clearly exceeded his powers."

IN ANSWER to these objections, Secretary Taft points to many details in the evidence that have convinced so many investigators of a conspiracy on the part of a large proportion of the soldiers to protect the guilty, and he defends the legality of the course taken with the following bit of close reasoning:

"It is a mistake to suppose that this order is in itself a punishment either of the innocent or of the guilty. A discharge would be an utterly inadequate punishment for those who are guilty whether of committing the murder, or of withholding or suppressing evidence which would disclose the perpetrators of such a crime. The use of the word penalty in the proceedings is a mere misnomer and is unfortunate. The dismissal from the service of the members of this battalion under the circumstances is not a punishment, however great the hardship. There is a dismissal technically known as a dishonorable discharge, which is only imposed by sentence of a court. This is a punishment. But the members of this battalion were not dishonorably discharged. They could not have been so discharged except after a trial. They were discharged for the good of the service, as the technical phrase is, 'without honor.' It is not a fortunate phrase, because so easily confused with a dishonorable discharge. It is called 'without honor' to distinguish the discharge from a discharge with honor, or an honorable discharge, which indicates the termination, in due course, of a satisfactory service.

"But it is said that the order forbids re-entry by the discharged men into the army or navy or civil service, and this is a penalty. When an employe is discharged for the good of the service it naturally follows that he cannot be taken back, and the President in formally stating this result is not imposing a penalty in the proper sense of the term. He is only laying down a rule of ineligibility for the service with respect to which it is his Executive duty to prescribe the rules of admission.

"Should hereafter facts be disclosed, or a new state of facts arise from which it can be inferred that the public service will suffer no detriment

from re-entry of any one of these men into the service, his ineligibility can be removed by a mere Executive order."

In other words, as explained at another time by the Secretary, the disability to enter the civil service is not imposed by the President as a legal disability, but "is a simple announcement of the policy of the President in exercising his appointive power during the remainder of his administration."

MANY of the papers which criticize the discharge of the negro soldiers condemn the efforts to make the affair appear as a race matter, and scout the notion that President Roosevelt is animated by race feeling. So far, however, the attempt to have the subject considered as a matter of simple justice to individuals irrespective of their color has not been brilliantly successful. In many cities negroes have held meetings of protest, and the speeches made have been bitter in the extreme, and the assumption is almost invariably made that the soldiers would not have been discharged if they were white. "Probably the worst enemy of these negro soldiers, who are on the whole a fine lot of men," says the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, "are the colored preachers, politicians and agitators, men and women, who have taken up the case wrong end to. They persist in making it a racial affair." One exception to this treatment stands out conspicuously. That is the action of a large African M. E. Church in Cincinnati which passed resolutions upholding the President's course and denouncing the soldiers who protected their guilty comrades from punishment. But if the negroes are emphasizing the racial aspects of the question they are not alone in doing that. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* refers to the "almost unanimous opinion" of army officers that altho the President's action is "tremendous and unheard of" the men in the negro battalion have only themselves to blame and are without ground of complaint. The correspondent then adds:

"At the same time, more than one soft-voiced reference has been made to-day to the luncheon given to Booker T. Washington by the President at the White House. No army officer will say out loud what many of them believe, that that incident had a great deal to do with the surprising change in bearing that has taken place in the negro regiments in the last few years. There is plenty of comment on that change. It is usually described as a strange development of 'cockiness' on the part of the men. It has occurred in each

of the four negro regiments, and has caused a lot of talk among army officers. It has been foreseen that a crisis was coming which would necessitate some form of severe discipline, and it has not surprised officers familiar with the situation that the Brownsville riots should have this result."

WITH the exception of Senator Tillman, who is said to be opposed to the President's course, the South has risen almost as one man in support of his action. Congressman Slayden, of Texas, who has introduced a bill to discharge from the service all negroes who are enlisted men and to forbid enlisting negroes hereafter, says that more than ninety-five per cent. of the white people in the South indorse the President's course. In Senator Bailey's opinion, all the Southern representatives and Senators will sustain the President. The *Atlanta Constitution* says: "No action of any President of the United States ever met with more general or more unanimous approval on the part of the people of the Southern states than did that very just and necessary order of President Roosevelt dismissing in disgrace the troops guilty of shielding from the law a crowd of murderers and thugs." Many of the Southern papers attribute the whole trouble to an alleged racial trait of the negro shown in shielding from punishment men of his own race, whether in the army or out of it. "It has for thirty years," says the *Atlanta Georgian*, "been practically impossible for officers of the law to get any except unwilling information or evidence from negroes against the criminal members of their race. This ever existent attempt of the blacks to prevent the carriage of justice has been one of the chief causes of mob violence." But, say the negroes in reply, the refusal to "peach" on a comrade is not a trait peculiar to the negro. It is a trait of white college boys, for instance, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., among them! And it is considered an especial virtue among army men, beginning at West Point. The Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* finds indeed that this failure to induce a single negro in the battalion to "peach" is regarded by army officers in Washington as a very creditable thing. He writes:

"Men who have served with negro troops and who have old fashioned army notions of honor insist that this is a feather in the cap of the negro soldier, and that it will be remembered to his credit in years to come that he gave up his noncommissioned rank, his pay, his allowances, and that sense of glory which the negro soldier feels so intensely, rather than be regarded as a 'tell-tale' and 'peach.'"



THE AMERICAN GIRL WHO IS MISTRESS OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON

This lady is the wife of the German Ambassador, and prior to her marriage she was Miss Lillian May Langham, a Kentucky belle. The Baroness von Sternberg combines distinction of manner and appearance with an affability that has promoted her husband's diplomatic career at every stage of his rapid rise to distinction.

But the *Macon Telegraph* points out what it considers an important distinction in the ethics of the white and the ethics of the black soldiers in this matter of "peaching." It says:

"Had these three companies been white soldiers, and had a portion of their number committed this dastardly outrage, their comrades might not have 'peached' on the criminals, but they most certainly would not have lied in answering proper questions put to them and thus have saved the guilty men from detection. The race feeling among the negroes caused them to take this latter course, and thus identify themselves with the criminals, making themselves, in point of law, accessories after the fact."



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"SPECKIE"

This is the nickname given to the German Ambassador in Washington, Baron Speck von Sternberg, by the President of the United States. The Baron is here shown in the uniform donned by him for such special occasions as the reception of the diplomatic corps by Mr. Roosevelt. Baron Speck von Sternberg is on more intimate terms with the head of the United States government than any other diplomatist in Washington.



UNDER a cloud Sir Henry Mortimer Durand retires from the post of His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador in the city of Washington. The London press trumpets the fact. Sir Mortimer, as he is called, failed, during the three years of his diplomatic activity at what he has himself styled "the most important diplomatic center in the world," to establish himself upon terms of adequate cordiality with President Roosevelt. The London *Telegraph* says it. The London *Outlook* reiterates it. The fault was not Sir Mortimer's. Nor was President Roosevelt to blame. The con-



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THE DEPARTING AMBASSADRESS

Lady Durand, wife of the retiring British Ambassador in Washington, is deemed an ideal type of the well-born English lady. As mistress of the Embassy in Washington she has presided with tact at a table frequently honored by the presence of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate. Lady Durand is soon to sail for England.

sequences, none the less, seem serious. Only a nation as indifferent to foreign relations as ourselves could fail to note what the Paris *Temps* averred last year, what the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* proclaimed last summer, what all London organs said last month—namely, to employ the phraseology of the London *Telegraph*, that “by some imperceptible process the former warmth of Anglo-American relations has caught a slight chill.” It is a quintessential coldness, felt but indefinable, traceable, as the London *Outlook* laments, to the difficulty that the British Ambassador was not adjusted to President Roosevelt’s tempera-

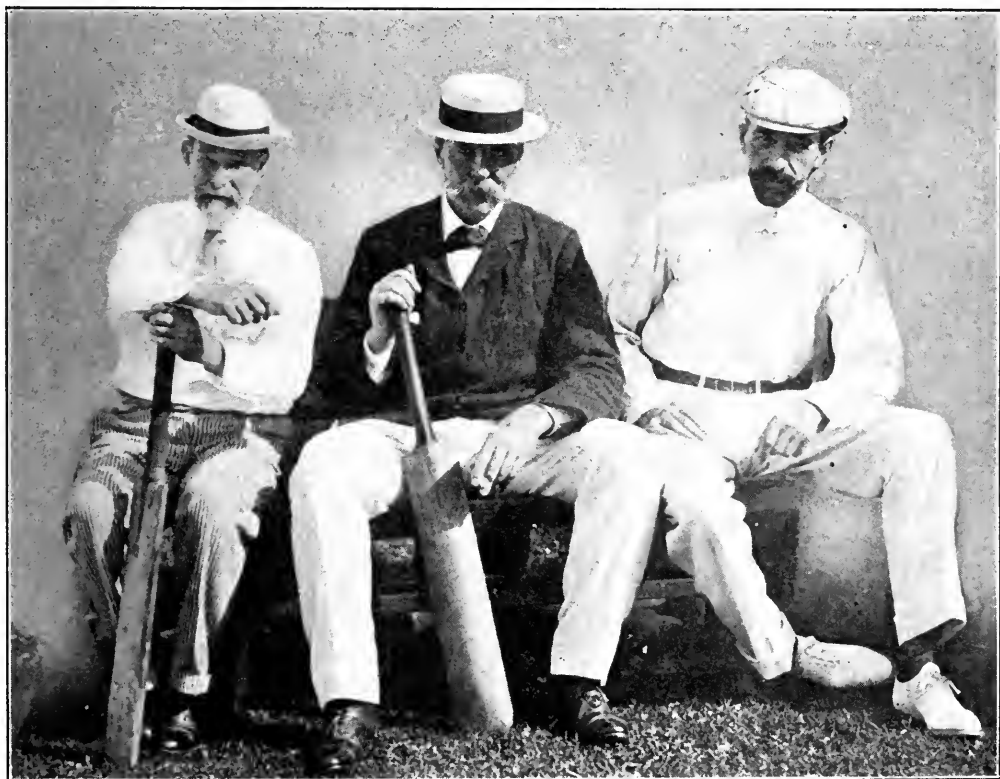
ment. “Sir Mortimer has not found himself able to see eye to eye with the present government on certain broad matters of Anglo-American policy.” London, insinuates this oracle, clings too fondly to “some fantastic hope of procuring American good will” by sacrificing the interests of Canada and Newfoundland at the Rooseveltian shrine. Sir Mortimer wanted to talk truculently. London would not let him. Not to mince matters, London has lost confidence in Sir Mortimer. He has failed to break the spell of that infatuation for Emperor William and for Hohenzollern world policy which speaks volumes for the capacity of the German Ambassador in Washington, Baron Speck von Sternberg.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is now so estranged from Great Britain, so the London *Telegraph* and the London *Outlook* agree, that he threw his influence “undisguisedly” against her in the Morocco conference of the powers. He seems to be working against Great Britain in the Far East. It is hinted that he has been placing difficulties in the way of British action in the Congo. It is predicted that he will antagonize Great Britain at The Hague when the peace conference assembles this spring. Rightly or wrongly, in a word, English students of world politics tend to agree that President Roosevelt is not merely anti-British but disposed to further the international aims of Emperor William. “There is perhaps no European ruler or statesman,” explains the London *Outlook*, “for whom the President feels the instinctive and thorogoino sympathy and admiration he has often expressed for the Kaiser. The two men understand each other; they are personal and, in a sense, political affinities; and they correspond with a regularity and freedom that at least insures a full and persuasive presentation of the German point of view.” How felicitously, we are invited to note, the German Ambassador in Washington enhances the electiveness of the affinity in question! Baron Sternberg is all that Sir Mortimer is not. The Baron happens to be one of Mr. Roosevelt’s old chums. Sir Mortimer is still a stranger in the land to which he was accredited three years ago. Baron Sternberg throws himself into the strenuous life while cultivating the utmost geniality of characterization in his after-dinner oratory. Sir Mortimer is an English gentleman of the old school, with urbanity certainly, but a too dignified urbanity; with tact, of course, but the tact lacks spontaneity. Where the Baron would slap you on the back

with a loud "Hello!" or evince "extraordinary staying power in the genial employment of shaking a countless democracy by the hand," Sir Mortimer, with his quiet air of self-effacement, would seem frigid.

THO the German Ambassador rides with the President—"whose ideas," comments the London daily from which this detail is taken, "like those of most men of vital personality and strong physique, work powerfully in the open air"—and tho the French Ambassador plays tennis with the President, the unfortunate Sir Mortimer has had to put up with occasional hurried facilities for saying "how d'ye do" to the President. The British Ambassador was quite himself at the proud and punctilious court of Spain, whence he had the ill luck to be transferred to a Rooseveltized Washington. He was, by the way, the first diplomatist already holding ambassadorial rank ever transferred to our national capital. In Washington Sir Mortimer found

everything against him. His suavity was so self-contained as to seem pompous. His quietness had a suggestion of reserve that looked aristocratic. His career was too British to win prestige in this country. The success of his mission to the Amir of Afghanistan made him a great man in Calcutta and was referred to in flattering terms while he sojourned in Madrid; but nobody had ever heard of it at Washington. Sir Mortimer had the crowning misfortune to be out of touch with the United States Senate. The diplomatists of the Old World have made up their minds that this republic is really ruled by the Senate at Washington. It is the business of an ambassador to be on terms of as delightful intimacy as possible with the Lodges, the Aldriches, the Allison and the rest. The theory is that the fate of important treaties is decided not at the Department of State but by the Foreign Relations Committee. Sir Mortimer could make nothing of this. He never got into touch with Washington society. The only social life he



THE CRICKETING AMBASSADOR

He sits in the center of this trio, being no less eminent a diplomatist than Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, who has to all intents and purposes relinquished the post of his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador in Washington. Sir Mortimer is a great lover of cricket and organized an eleven at Lenox. At Sir Mortimer's right sits Mr. Carlos M. de Heredia, and at Sir Mortimer's left is Mr. T. Chesley Richardson, both of whom have tried the prowess of the diplomatist as a cricketer. It has been suggested in London that had Sir Mortimer loved cricket less and tennis more his prestige with the President might have been higher.

ever enjoyed was at Lenox. There he spent his summers. Even his favorite sport was against him. He cricketed. President Roosevelt does not cricket.

IN ALL that relates to ambassadors, President Roosevelt, observes a writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, has shown himself more European than American. In the courts of the Old World all diplomatists hold-



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SHE WAS HAILED FOR A TIME AS THIRD LADY IN THE LAND

Her husband, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Washington, recently ranked as dean of the diplomatic corps. This circumstance gave him precedence immediately after the Vice-President of the United States. The Baroness Hengelmüller ranks in her native country as a Countess, being related to some of the oldest houses in Europe.



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ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND AMBASSADOR PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Such is the official designation of Baron Hengelmüller in Washington. He is accredited here as the personal representative of the King of Hungary and Austrian Emperor. He is a warm admirer of President Roosevelt and a familiar figure at the White House.

ing ambassadorial rank are regarded as members of the sovereign's intimate personal circle. A mere minister or envoy extraordinary is on a far less familiar footing. Even the Hapsburgs, who deem themselves the choicest exemplars of royalty alive, treat an ambassador deferentially. In Greece the reigning dynasty almost makes an ambassador a member of the royal family for the time being. In Spain he is requested to give his valuable opinion regarding the disposal of the heir to the throne in marriage. He attends at the palace on each of those happy occasions to which the consort of Alphonso XIII is now looking forward. A European monarch expects to be asked for his approval of any personage whom a brother potentate proposes to accredit to his court with ambassadorial rank. Our own Department of State felt called upon years ago

to intimate to European chancelleries that "this government does not require other powers to ask in advance if contemplated appointments of ministers will or will not be acceptable." But President Roosevelt, if all that is rumored in Europe be true, has modified this practice. No foreign power now accredits an ambassador to Washington without first ascertaining that the diplomatist to be sent is satisfactory to President Roosevelt personally. The President, on his side, follows the European practice in his relations with ambassadors. They enjoy a familiarity of intercourse with the chief magistrate to which the whole history of our government affords no parallel. The importance given to ambassadors by the Roosevelt administration has



ANOTHER AMERICAN WHOSE HUSBAND IS
AN AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON

She is Madame Jusserand, wife of the representative of the French republic in Washington. She was a Miss Elise Richards, whose ancestry includes a long line of Southerners distinguished in political life, and an equally long line of New Englanders distinguished in every field.



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HE PLAYS TENNIS WITH THE PRESIDENT

This is Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusserand, ambassador from the French republic to the United States. He is one of the first living authorities on English literature and especially renowned as a student of Spenser, the poet. M. Jusserand is one of the President's chums, the two men spending much time in talking literature or in playing tennis together.

caused more than one embarrassing complication.

THERE was "a scandalous scene" in the Senate chamber, notes former Secretary of State Foster, in his new work on "The Practice of Diplomacy," on the first inauguration day following the appointment of ambassadors. Subordinate officials were so eager to manifest respect for "these newly created and exalted dignitaries" that all the ordinary diplomatists were overlooked. They were allowed to get home as best they could without an opportunity to witness the inauguration at all. The ambassadors have likewise come into collision with the United States Supreme Court and even with the Vice-President of the United States in their determination to obtain a precedence to which the monarchical traditions of Europe entitle them.

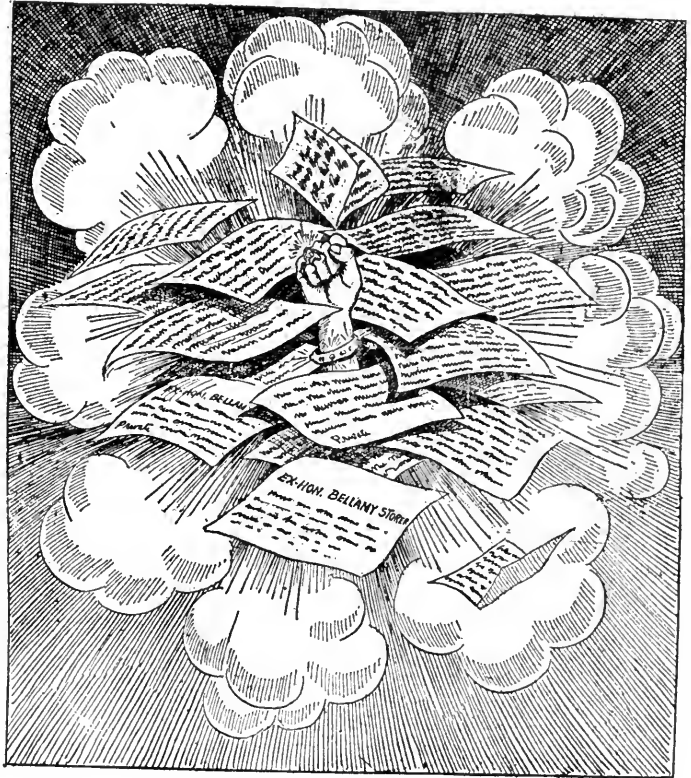
Mr. Foster affirms that the legislation affecting ambassadors was smuggled through Congress in one of the regular appropriation bills. "If its effect in changing the practice of the government for a hundred years had been made known at the time," he says, "it is extremely doubtful that it would have secured the approval of Congress." Mr. Roosevelt, however, has invariably sided with the ambassadors in the efforts of those diplomatists to adapt the social usages of Washington to the traditions of their calling. He has followed the European practice of sending a "state coach" for a newly arrived ambassador. In Europe the custom is for a master of ceremonies to call with the state coach at the residence of a newly arrived ambassador to escort him into the presence of the potentate to whom he is accredited. President Roosevelt has fallen in with this etiquette. His military aide goes in the President's personal carriage with liveried footmen to the embassy that happens to house a fresh incumbent. The new ambassador is taken ceremoniously into the executive presence. Officers in the dress uniform of their rank add pomp to the ceremonies. President Jefferson left newly arrived diplomatists to find their way to the White House for themselves. He welcomed them in old clothes and slippers down at heel. But ambassadors were not accredited to Washington in his time.

WIDE is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth those of ambassadorial rank to President Roosevelt's favor; but Sir Mortimer Durand has not been among the many which go in thereat. In their quests for the key to this mystery, the organs of London opinion acquit the diplomatist of all personal responsibility. But a writer in *The Standard* can not help wondering if Sir Mortimer quite appreciates that the official atmosphere of Washington just now is Byzantine. Theodore Roosevelt, in all that he says and does, is actuated by the noblest and most disinterested motives. But he knows it. If he forgot it for a single instant he would be reminded of it by the men he has about him. To appreciate conditions at the national capital one must study a certain catechism. Who is the greatest living American? Theodore Roosevelt. Who combines Bismarckian directness and vitality with the pure patriotism of Washington? Theodore Roosevelt. Who wields the dominating influence upon this nation? Theodore Roosevelt. To the study of this catechism Sir Mortimer is held to bring

the spirit of those Athenians who grew sick of hearing Aristides called the just. "In the last couple of years," to quote the *London Outlook* once more, "the British Ambassador, to use an expressive colloquialism, has been rather out of it." There has been some "subtle, imperceptible and unintended process" at work. The place held by a former British Ambassador in the President's esteem has been taken by Baron Speck von Sternberg, who has not only got the official catechism by heart but has taught it to William II. "Theodore Roosevelt," declared the German Emperor, when Professor Burgess pronounced the Monroe Doctrine out of date, "is the greatest President the United States has ever had." As, in his daily prayers, the Mussulman of Fez or Delhi still turns his face towards the temple of Mecca, the imperial Hohenzollern eye shall be always fixed on the great American model. The British Ambassador may be "rather out of it," but William II, as our London contemporaries jealously reason, is resolved to be "right in it."

THE British embassy at the seat of Rooseveltdom having forfeited the prestige that made it glorious under Lord Pauncefoot, the British Foreign Office is warned by every London daily that Sir Mortimer Durand's successor—to be sent over, it seems, next March—must add to a hatred of race suicide the utmost possible prowess as a hunter of bears. He must throw himself into the strenuous life, like Baron Speck von Sternberg. He ought to possess, as the French ambassador in Washington possesses, according to the *London Outlook*, "the profound insight into the spirit of our literature which Voltaire lacked and Taine affected." Should Sir Mortimer Durand's successor admire "The Winning of the West" as profoundly as the French Ambassador admires it, the consequences to Anglo-American diplomatic relations must be incalculable. "The new ambassador ought to be young, vigorous and rich," affirms the *British weekly*, "and the ambassador's wife ought to be a charming hostess." What England needs in Washington is a man "as little like a professional diplomatist as possible," a man "capable of climbing Mount Ararat and of astonishing such a formidable pedestrian as President Roosevelt," yet having literary gifts of an admirable but unoppressive kind. "Mr. Bryce, whose name, we observe, has been mentioned in the United States," adds the *London Telegraph*, "has written a great treatise upon the constitution of the republic, but

would be a little out of touch both with the vigorous imperialism which actuates every fiber of the President's being, and with practical democracy among the American people. If a writer were chosen, which we hope, on the whole, will not be the case, Mr. John Morley would better represent one side of letters and Mr. Rudyard Kipling another." No daily has suggested George Bernard Shaw. Marie Corelli is, of course, impossible on account of her sex. The present Governor-General of Canada, Lord Grey, is a warm favorite because he considers Mr. Roosevelt the greatest ruler this country has ever had. However, there is scarcely a notability in England without a modicum of newspaper support in the general anxiety to overwhelm the President by departing as widely from the conventional type of diplomatist as the situation requires. A number of journals have Bryce already appointed.



THE STORER INCIDENT

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.



WITHOUT any preliminary advertising the story of the Storers burst upon an unprepared world and ran its course as a highly successful serial. Like all good dramas, it combines elements of comedy and of tragedy, and moves one to tears and laughter alternately. It is a tale of intrigue in which one ambitious and energetic woman involves two Presidents, a Pope, an archbishop and an ambassador, and wrecks the hopes of those dearest to her. Mr. Bellamy Storer comes out of it about as thoroly discredited a diplomat as ever wore a dress coat, and Archbishop Ireland finds himself, through no apparent fault of his own, so far away from a cardinal's hat that it might almost as well be resting on the North Pole so far as he is concerned. He is, as many journals observe, the real victim of the affair. The sympathy of the public is divided between him and Bellamy Storer; in the case of the latter, however, the sympathy is disguised at times under an air of unholy merriment. Here, for instance, is the irreverent comment made by *The North American* (Philadelphia):

"Many persons criticize the Roman Church for insisting upon sacerdotal celibacy. But every now and then something happens to afford a measure of justification for this policy. The rules of the Church are far-sighted. They know human nature. They have, no doubt, in the flown centuries considered the awful possibility that a Mrs. Storer might one day emerge from chaos.

"As for Bellamy himself the world will perhaps incline to think him much to blame. But considerate married men of long experience will surely find reason for regarding him with mournful sympathy. Clearly, Bellamy has learned his lesson, and with cowed and beaten spirit fully understands that his function is simply to come along.

"The American people have read with unusual interest the literature of this comedy. Many husbands, no doubt, have heaved a sigh or two while inwardly rejoicing at the revelation that there are other men in the toils and absolutely condemned to lives of complete self-surrender.

"The worst of the thing is that the revelation may tend to check the movement toward matrimony. It is a solemn moment for a timid young man about to marry to read this correspondence, to consider Bellamy and to try to estimate all the actual possibilities of indissoluble conjugal union.

"Will it not be the bitterest irony of Fate if Mr. Roosevelt's wrestle with the Storers should



THE LADY WHOM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
ADDRESSED BY HER FIRST NAME

Mrs. Bellamy Storer, whose attitude in clerical affairs at the Vatican led to recent sensational personalities between her husband and the President, is said to combine the shrewdness of the man of business with the charm of the born society leader.

really tend to the promotion of the race suicide which he regards with so great horror?"

THAT presents in facetious guise what is really a serious and deplorable incident in international diplomacy. The important part of it, to most of us, is the part played by the head of the nation and the revelation made that even in American diplomacy ecclesiastical affairs have been, for a time at least, disastrously intertwined. The first chapter in the story, as it has recently developed before the public, was published in the *Chicago Tribune*. It was a *résumé* of a long letter addressed by Bellamy Storer, ex-ambassador to Austria-Hungary, to the President, copies of which were sent to the members of the Cabinet and of the Senate committee on foreign relations a few weeks ago. It purported to be an account of the recent summary dismissal of Mr. Storer from the diplomatic service, by a cablegram from the President, and contained copies of correspondence between the President and Mr. and Mrs. Storer lead-

ing up to this dismissal. The second chapter of the serial consisted of a long letter (filling nearly five columns in the newspapers) from President Roosevelt, addressed to Secretary Root, in answer to Mr. Storer, and containing more of the fateful correspondence. Mrs. Storer is the aunt of Nicholas Longworth, whose marriage to Alice Roosevelt is still fresh in the public mind, and the correspondence thus dragged into public for the whole world to read is of the most confidential character. In it the President expresses with the utmost frankness his views of various members of his cabinet and of the diplomatic service. It is "Dear Bellamy," and "Dear Theodore," and "Love to Maria" all through, and its publication, for which the Storers are presumed to be to blame, has elicited censure for them from all directions.

IT APPEARS that as long ago as 1899, when Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of New York State, the Storers, who are Roman Catholics, requested his aid to secure from the Vatican a Cardinal's hat for Archbishop Ireland. Mr. Roosevelt, having a high idea of the Archbishop and, as he now says, "not being President myself, and not having thought out with clearness the exact situation," wrote to President McKinley asking if the latter could properly help along the project. Four days later (March 27, 1899), he wrote to Mrs. Storer explaining why he could not send a cablegram to be used in Archbishop Ireland's behalf, saying that he could not see "where it would end," if he interfered directly in the matter. He added:

"If I make a request or express a desire in such form as to make them seem like requests, I inevitably put myself under certain obligations, and I do not quite know what these obligations are.

"I have written to the President stating my belief that it would be a most fortunate thing for this country, and I believe an especially fortunate thing for the Catholics of this country, if Archbishop Ireland could be made a cardinal.

"I feel this precisely because of what may be done in the Philippines and in other tropic colonies. I am strongly of opinion that the uplifting of the people in these tropic islands must come chiefly through making them better Catholics and better citizens, and that on the one hand we shall have to guard against the reactionary Catholics who would oppose the correction of abuses in the ecclesiastical arrangement of the islands, and on the other guard against any Protestant fanaticism which will give trouble anyhow, and which may be fanned into a dangerous flame if the above mentioned Catholic reactionaries are put into control. On every account I should feel that the election of Archbishop Ireland to the

cardinalate would be a most fortunate thing for us in the United States, Catholics and non-Catholics alike."

Mrs. Storer was given the privilege of showing but not of printing this letter. A year later, April 30, 1900, another letter of similar tenor was written to Mrs. Storer. Mr. Roosevelt was then engaged, as he puts it, "in trying not to be made Vice-President." The writing of these letters, he afterwards concluded, was a mistake, because they might be so easily misconstrued, and he wrote to the Storer family to that effect several times.



"DEAR BELLAMY"

Hon. Bellamy Storer is described as an unambitious dilettante when he married Mrs. Nichols, *née* Maria Longworth. She infused ambition into him and he was pursuing a triumphant diplomatic career when it was suddenly wrecked by his wife's excess of zeal in Archbishop Ireland's behalf.

HERE is an interesting extract from a letter defining President Roosevelt's position, written May 18, 1900, to Mrs. Storer, in response to a protest from her against the going of Protestant missionaries to the Philippines. He explains the impossibility of his interference in such a matter and goes on to say:

"Now, I very earnestly wish that Archbishop Ireland, and those who are most advanced among our Catholic priests—men like the Paulist Fathers, for instance—should be given a free hand in these islands, and should be advanced in every way. . . . But you must remember how hampered I am in writing from the fact that I do not like to see any one admit for a moment the right of a foreign potentate to interfere in American public policy. For instance, you speak of the Pope being angry with Archbishop Ireland for not stopping the war with Spain. As far as I am concerned I would resent as an impertinence any European, whether Pope, Kaiser, Czar, or President, daring to be angry with any American because of his action or non-action as regards any question between America and an outside nation. No pretension of this kind should be admitted for one moment. If any man, clerical or lay, bishop, archbishop, priest, or civilian, was in any way guilty of treasonable practices with

SO FAR the accounts agree. Then they begin to diverge. According to both, no letters were written in the Archbishop's behalf by Mr. Roosevelt after he was elected Vice-President in 1900. But Mr. Storer declares that he was commissioned verbally, in 1902, by President Roosevelt, to say to the Pope in person that he (the President) would be pleased if the Archbishop were to be made a cardinal. This the President absolutely denies, labeling the statement "not only an untruth but an absurd untruth." In a letter November 23, 1900, Mr. Roosevelt, then Vice-President elect, explained at length why neither he nor President McKinley could take any hand in Mrs. Storer's game, while both sympathized with her efforts. The President can no more interfere in the making of a Roman Catholic cardinal, he declared, than in the making of a Methodist bishop, and in illustrating this point he speaks in an unguarded aside of the "fool type" of clergymen who "denounce the President because he will not encourage drunkenness in the army by putting down the canteen." This position of non-interference in ecclesiastical affairs, he says, he maintained at all times, in all private conversations as well as in all letters from that on; and, furthermore, President McKinley maintained the same position. Here again is raised a question of accuracy. Mr. Storer asserts that President McKinley commissioned Bishop O'Gorman to say to the Pope that the promotion of Archbishop Ireland would be a personal favor to the President as well as an honor to the country. Secretary Cortelyou, who was President McKinley's private secretary, denies that the former ever commissioned Bishop O'Gorman or anyone else to speak for him in such a matter, but was "scrupulously particular" to keep out of such affairs, though having the highest personal regard for the Archbishop.

Spain during our war, he should be shot or hung, and it is an outrage on justice that he should be at large. But I cannot write in a way that will seem to defend a man for not averting war with Spain, for I cannot recognize for a single moment the right of any European to so much as think that there is need of defense or excuse in such a case.

"As you know, I always treat Catholic and Protestant exactly alike, as I do Jew or Gentile, or as I do the man of native America, German, Irish, or any other kind of parentage. Any discrimination for or against a man because of his creed or nativity strikes me as an infamy."

So far as documentary evidence is concerned, Mr. Roosevelt maintained this position absolutely, after being elected Vice-President.

DID he maintain the same attitude in conversation? This is really the vital point in the whole controversy. The President says positively that he did and Mr. and Mrs. Storer affirm that he did not, but that he authorized them to speak for him to the Pope, and, as well, authorized Mgr. O'Connell and Cardinal Satolli at other times to do the same. Mr. Storer asserts that he spoke to the Pope and wrote a report of the interview to the President. The President asserts that no such report was ever received by him or by Mr. Loeb, his secretary. Mr. Storer asserts that the President not only authorized him, verbally, to speak to the Pope, but told Archbishop Ireland what he had done, and, in evidence of this, Storer quotes from a letter which he says the Archbishop wrote to Mrs. Storer in December, 1903. Here is the passage quoted from the letter:

"The President said to me, 'Mr. Storer has told you what I said about you, Archbishop?'"

"I replied, 'I do not remember—'"

"About his going to Rome?"

"I said 'No.'"

"Well," he said, "I told him I would not write a letter to the Pope asking for honors to you but I said that he could go to Rome and say, *viva voce*, to the Pope, how much I wish you to be cardinal, and how grateful I personally would be to him for giving you that honor."

It was for carrying out this request, according to Mr. Storer, that he was summarily and humiliatingly dismissed from the diplomatic service. According to the President, the summary dismissal was for the refusal to answer the President's letters, requiring that certain steps be taken by Mrs. Storer to undo what had been done to compromise the administration. Not receiving a reply, the President cabled for Mr. Storer's resignation. It was sent by mail, but the President, expecting it by

cable and not receiving it, ordered his summary recall, "the most humiliating end of an ambassador's career."

IN DEALING with the issues raised in this correspondence, the press seem generally disposed to accept the President's statements, as made in his letters, concerning his attitude of non-interference in church politics. Most of the criticism of his course concerns the method of dismissal of Mr. Storer, which by many is considered to have been not only unduly harsh but inexpedient as well in that the resentment it caused has led to the publication of this correspondence. Another line of criticism of the President is for having retained Storer in office as long as he did. Still other journals regret the fact that so many questions of veracity have been raised at various times in correspondence between President Roosevelt and other men. It is clear, says the *New York Evening Post*, that Mrs. Storer was "a gushing intriguer" and Mr. Storer "a despicable character," but why was the President so long in finding it out, and why did he place himself in their hands with such "incredibly reckless letters"? "Storer ought to have been thrown out of the diplomatic service in 1903, not in 1906," says the *New York Press*, and it thinks there will be no doubt in the public mind that the President "kept himself free at all times from the entanglements of ecclesiastical politics." "Incidentally," remarks the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "the affair illustrates again the not always happy results arising from the intervention in politics and diplomacy of the eternal feminine." The *New York Times* says:

"It is plain that after he [Mr. Roosevelt] became even remotely connected with the National Administration, he not only ceased to express any interest in the matter of the Cardinalship, but he took pains to make it clear to the Storers why he ceased to do so and the principle that must necessarily guide his conduct. When Mr. Storer insisted on ignoring this position of the President and did so in the peculiar way described in the correspondence, there was nothing for the President to do but to 'separate him from the service.'"

THE *Louisville Courier Journal* takes about the same view as that just quoted. Not so the *New York Sun*. "Mr. Roosevelt's intemperate denial," it thinks, "is ineffective and leaves all the graver elements in the case unanswered, or at best ignored." In elaborating this view, however, *The Sun* confines its criticism to one element in the case, the summary method by which the ambassador was dis-

missed. A characteristically careful analysis is made of the case by the Springfield *Republican*. It also condemns the summary dismissal as "absurdly disproportionate" to Mr. Storer's offense. The question of supreme importance, however, it considers to be whether the government of the United States has been seeking directly or indirectly to influence the Vatican in its choice of cardinals. On this point it finds the President's statement at once "highly reassuring" and "inadequate." Mr. Cortelyou's denial of President McKinley's intervention does not suffice, for the assumption that President McKinley had no secrets from his secretary is absurd. As for Mr. Roosevelt's own course, it points out that something from Mgr. O'Connell and Archbishop Ireland in confirmation of the President's statements is highly desirable, and it suggests to the President that he request a statement from each of them on the subject.

THE career of the Storers, especially of Mrs. Storer, has been of more social than political importance. She was the only daughter of Joseph Longworth, of Cincinnati, belonging to a family of social and financial prominence. She first married George Ward Nichols, who is described as "a brilliant man but not an especially active one." They had two children, and one of them is now Marquise de Chambrun. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols proved incompatible and were divorced. Bellamy Storer, the son of a judge who achieved national reputation, is described as "a dilettante, a dabbler in the arts and graces, but a man without striking force." After he and the former Mrs. Nichols were married, her ambitions spurred him on. She had activity for two. She was the founder of the Rookwood Pottery, an active patron of the Cincinnati Art Museum, and keenly interested in the establishment of nurses' training schools. When she was converted to the Roman Catholic faith by Archbishop Ireland all her other activities paled in comparison with that for her church. Storer first entered politics as candidate for Congress, made such by George B. Cox. He achieved a fair degree of prominence in two terms and then, as a result of inattention to Cox, was dropped out of office. He was nominated by President McKinley for first assistant secretary of state, but Senator Foraker succeeded in preventing his confirmation. McKinley asked Foraker if he would consent to Storer's appointment to a foreign post. "Certainly," said Foraker, "and the foreigner the

better." That was the beginning of a diplomatic career that is now, undoubtedly, ended for ever.

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NOT since the wall near the Porta Pia crumbled before the artillery of Victor Immanuel and the white flag was hoisted over the Vatican at the bidding of a Pope, has the seat of the sovereign pontiffs witnessed such excitement as attended the receipt of despatch after despatch announcing to the Cardinal Secretary of State in Rome the progress of open war upon the Holy See by the eldest daughter of the church. Monsignor Montagnini, secretary to the papal nunciature in the French capital, had been taken into custody by the police and hustled aboard a train bound for the frontier. A papal courier, carrying Vatican despatches, was halted by the soldiery as he set foot upon the soil of the third republic and bidden to return whence he came. Ecclesiastical dignitaries of the highest rank were undergoing a process of eviction in every diocese. All the theological seminaries had been invaded by bailiffs, come to summon divinity students to the colors. The greatest affront of all was a violation of that extra-territoriality which the Pope, in his sovereign capacity, claims for the diplomatic establishment maintained in Paris since the nuncio was ordered from France months ago. Long after the usual hour for the invalid Pope's retirement to his tiny cot had come and gone, his Holiness sat in consultation with that tried instrument of his policy, Cardinal Merry del Val. Both had, seemingly, been taken completely by surprise at the progress of events in Paris. In all the Vatican Cardinal Rampolla alone appears to have foreseen how relentlessly Prime Minister Clemenceau would enforce that separation of church and state which became legally effective in the fortnight preceding Christmas.

IF THE mediæval papal temperament of Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val be soundly gauged in Rome, he was at this time suggesting to Pius X that all France be laid under an interdict. This would mean, in effect, a general excommunication. During the period of its application there would be a complete suspension of all Roman Catholic religious exercises, with very few exceptions, throughout the third republic. The London *Spectator* surmised, of late, that the Pope has considered so extreme a step. Cardinal Merry del Val is deemed the very type of ecclesiastic



THE DOMINANT PERSONALITY IN THE PARIS UPHEAVAL

Aristide Briand, French Minister of Education and of art and cults, was compelled to put separation of church and state into effect throughout the third republic last month.

to have urged it now. His diplomacy ever since his assumption, at the unprecedentedly early age of thirty-eight, of the secretaryship of state for foreign affairs, has been inspired by a theory that the third French republic is contumaciously godless. Nature never abhorred a vacuum as Merry del Val detests separation of church and state. In all that concerns the attitude of the Vatican to anticlerical Paris, he has been the antithesis of his predecessor in office, the conciliatory Cardinal Rampolla, who received every blow from the eldest daughter of the church with a holy kiss. Merry del Val is described in the *Figaro* as a Cardinal who would shine in the salon of an ambassadress. He might figure with effect in a romance by Bourget. He is the most simply pious of living ecclesiastics, unaffectedly humble, firmly persuaded that the scarlet of his distinctive dress signifies that he ought to be ready at any moment to shed his blood for the faith and the church. He is the most cosmopolitan of the many cosmopolitans at the Vatican. The Cardinal has an intimate acquaintance with Ireland—there

is Irish blood in the veins of his mother, who is a convert to Catholicism. He is at home in England—his mother is partly English. In France, Belgium, Italy and Spain he has many near relatives. His linguistic attainments are prodigious. He has acted as tutor to sprigs of Spanish and Austrian royalty, leading at the courts of Madrid and Vienna a life so ascetic that his health was impaired. The Cardinal's father was Spanish minister in London years ago. Leo XIII took a fancy to this young ecclesiastic because of the purity of his Latin prose, the distinction of his personal appearance and the spotless purity of his character. Yet Merry del Val remains the least popular of Vatican dignitaries.

IF VATICAN secrets are an open book to the Clemenceau ministry as a result of the forcible seizure of the nunciature archives by the Paris police last month, Merry del Val must be held responsible. Thus, argues the *Lanterne*, the Cardinal's foe, while his well



THE VATICAN SECRETARY OF STATE

Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val, one of the youngest members of the Sacred College, has been in charge of the correspondence which led to the rupture between church and state in France.

wisher, the moderate and officially inspired *Temps*, reasons to the same effect. It was the papal secretary of state who urged the Pope to ban the cultural associations. The law has organized them somewhat after the pattern of those boards of trustees which play so important a part among the Presbyterian bodies of our own land. But to justify the Pope's rejection of the associations "cultuelles," says the *Temps*, they must be shown to conflict with recognized ecclesiastical discipline "Vainly," we are told, "did the French government strive to prove that it was furthest from the thought of the law-makers to effect the slightest breach in ecclesiastical discipline." Vainly, contends the same authority, did Premier Clemenceau multiply the evidences of his conciliatory and peaceful intentions. The sovereign pontiff, misled by Merry



THE PRELATE WHO PLAYED THE LEADING PART IN RESISTANCE TO FRENCH LAW

Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, was the central figure among the clericals when separation of church and state led to last month's disturbances in Paris. The Cardinal is at the head of the Ultramontane party among French Roman Catholics, and he has excited much opposition through his efforts to have liberal Roman Catholic writings placed on the index of forbidden books.



"HIS HOLINESS"

This is a quite recent photograph of the sovereign pontiff, whose attacks of gout are reported to have become less severe. The crisis of the past month is said, however, to have caused anxiety not only to the cardinals but to the physicians of Pius X.

del Val, was deaf to them. The minister of public worship, the eloquent yet anticlerical Aristide Briand, argued in the Chamber, just prior to the expulsion of the last Vatican diplomatist from the soil of the republic, that, thanks to the elasticity of its provisions, the law separating church and state permitted the formation of cultural associations wholly subject, as regards their functions, to the authority of bishops in communion with the Holy See. M. Briand had even shown that the influence of the laity in these associations was readily reducible to nothing. Thus the indignant *Temps*. It was all, it adds, a waste

of labor. Merry del Val would not be convinced. The Pope listened only to Merry del Val.

VATICAN diplomatists sat dumbfounded at the news of Monsignor Montagnini's vicissitudes. That distinguished graduate of the college of noble ecclesiastics is, in the eyes of the papal secretary of state, a member of the diplomatic corps in Paris. He did not hold the rank of nuncio. There has been no nuncio in Paris since the departure from that capital of Monsignor Lorenzelli. Lorenzelli was recalled by the Vatican as a protest against President Loubet's official visit to the King of Italy in Rome. Montagnini had been left at the nunciature to remind the French government that the Pope is still, in his own eyes, as much a sovereign as Edward VII or Victor Immanuel III. Montagnini, acting under instructions from the Vatican, had insisted upon his right to be treated as a member of the diplomatic corps. In any capital at which a papal nuncio is received, that ecclesiastic is the recognized dean of the diplomatic corps. But the Foreign Office in Paris would not let Montagnini appear at the diplomatic receptions. He was informed that as an Italian subject without official position it behooved him to refrain from interference in French domestic affairs. Nevertheless he had been the medium of communication between the French hierarchy and the Vatican. Cardinal Merry del Val instructed him months ago to send the archives of the nunciature to Rome. It was the very thing Emile Combes had resolved to prevent. Emile Combes is the most rabidly anticlerical premier the third republic has ever had. Combes had scattered the religious orders to the four winds. He had made it illegal for any member of a religious order in France to teach anybody anything. He was now bent upon possession of the incriminating documents which, as he felt persuaded, were at the mercy of a bold man. Again and again did Montagnini essay to smuggle the archives out of France, only to find himself baffled by the sentinels maintained on guard outside the nunciature by Combes night and day. It was an exciting game while it lasted, and Combes won at the end.

WITH a virulence of rhetoric begotten of resentment against an "atheistic" republic, the cardinal secretary of state penned a warm protest to all the Roman Catholic powers represented at the Vatican. The nunciature, said his Eminence, is the territory of a

sovereign. It is as exempt from invasion as Edward VII's own embassy in Paris. But the true source of Merry del Val's uneasiness is traced to the number of exalted ecclesiastics hopelessly compromised, in the present state of the law in France, by the revelations the documents contain. Expulsions of priests and bishops may become the order of the day. Clemenceau has threatened as much. Not one Roman Catholic power is left in Europe with sufficient influence to aid the Vatican in this emergency. The crisis comes, in fact, at a time when the decay of Roman Catholicism among the Latin nations is a matter of comment. The whole church is in an uproar throughout Spain. The King of Portugal is more anticlerical than ever. The pious Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary is understood to have been won over to that element in the church which regards the ascendancy of the religious orders with disfavor. Italy is a cipher owing to the long and sullen quarrel over the temporal power. Never was the isolation of the Vatican more conspicuous.

CARDINAL RICHARD, the aged Archbishop of Paris, had been ordered from his palace within twenty-four hours after the expulsion of Monsignor Montagnini from France. "Let there be no violence," he exclaimed to a group of sympathizers, when the military burst into his presence. "Let there be but passive resistance to an unjust law, after exhausting all protests at every step." The venerable ecclesiastic retained no legal right to his official domicile because of his refusal to form one of the lay associations which the Pope deems schismatic. It is conceded by the clericals themselves that the temper and training of the highest ecclesiastic in the republic incapacitate him for leadership, even were he not an infirm old man. The Cardinal Archbishop alienated one of the two parties into which French Roman Catholics are divided by his persistent opposition to that pious, learned and unselfish priest, the Abbé Loisy. The life and labors of the Abbé Loisy were devoted to the work of bridging the abyss between the region of faith and the world of ideas. Cardinal Richard condemned the writings of the Abbé Loisy as likely to trouble the faith of Catholics on fundamental dogmas such as the divinity of Christ, his infallible knowledge, the nature no less than the authority of Scripture and tradition and the divine institution of the papacy. This step, taken when the third republic was well into the throes of a crisis dating in reality

from the first convulsions of the Dreyfus affair, drove a wedge straight through the church in France. The Archbishop had committed the tactical blunder known among military men as separating divisions before an enemy in position.

WITH the Loisy turmoil exciting a moral revolution in the theological seminaries throughout France, with the Vatican discordant from the dissensions between those who, like Cardinal Rampolla, are for conciliation, and those who, with Merry del Val at their head, refuse to make terms with the enemies of the faith, the unity of that anticlerical combination of which Premier Clemenceau is the head contrasted markedly in the Chamber of Deputies last month. Never was the thin, grey Prime Minister with the heavy mustache more effectively forensical than at the very moment when the minions of his government were sorting the treasonable documents captured in the nunciature. "If the church wishes," he shouted from the tribune to the sea of faces in front of him, "there is still time to avoid a battle. We offer her the law made for all Frenchmen. By submitting to it the church will have peace. Otherwise, by seeking, the church militant can find us." He asked the chamber to suppress the pensions granted to superseded priests, to take over the vast property forfeited by the Pope's irreconcilable policy, to expel church dignitaries whose presence in the land was an "irritant." There ensued a noisy vote of confidence, and Clemenceau went jauntily away with his copy of the *Odyssey* in his hand. Pius X regards the events of the month as merely the first skirmish. The heat of the battle is still to come.

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LEOPOLD II, King of the Belgians, Sovereign of the Congo Free State, presided over the recent cabinet council in Brussels, at which the Congo crisis was taken up, with silence so grim that no doubt of the intensity of his Majesty's rage remained in any mind familiar with the personality of the amazing old monarch. He listened speechlessly to characterizations of himself as a tiger born with an insatiable lust for human blood, as a possessor of a conscience "indurated against evidence, against shame, against the terror of an immortality of bad renown." It had become the delicate business of a cabinet minister to read such extracts from European press comment on the Congo in the very presence of

the autocrat of that vast rubber plantation. Leopold stroked his venerable white beard with what is affirmed the most aristocrat hand in Europe and said not a word. His Majesty had just effected the brilliant stroke of arraying vast American financial interests on his side in the contest that is coming. The American Congo Company, backed by Thomas F. Ryan and a group of interests well represented, according to the *London Times*, in the United States Senate, was established by Leopold II for the sole purpose of putting Washington out of the diplomatic battle now waging hotly against him.

IMMEDIATELY after the cabinet council, the King issued a formal defiance of Great Britain. He announced a firm purpose to resist, tho all Europe be dragged into complications, the step which the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs declared emphatically some weeks since shall be taken. Leopold, Sir Edward Grey had affirmed in effect, must be stripped of his sovereignty over the Congo. Sir Edward very openly pronounces the Congo Free State a disgrace to mankind. Britain intends to reform it. "No one has the right of intervention in the Congo," runs the retort of Leopold to this. "There is nothing to justify intervention." Sir Edward Grey met the challenge in the presence of a deputation comprising men of the highest rank and reputation in the United Kingdom. "It will be impossible for us to continue to recognize indefinitely the present state of things," said the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. From a statesman of his diplomatic reticence this utterance foreshadowed a British battleship blocking the mouth of the Congo and bringing the whole fabric of administration in the Free State to nullity. Sir Edward was loudly cheered. Never since the days of the Arab slave traffic, when whole populations were sold like cattle to the pachas, has public opinion been brought to such vehemence of protest against a system which, as the *London Outlook* insists, renders Spain's infamy in the Indies babyish in comparison. "The Congo territory is, in the meantime," adds this authority, "more and more methodically subject to a vampire sway which drains the very life of twenty millions of natives, and establishes a rubber slavery more extensive and more cruel, cheaper and more profitable than ever was the cotton slavery in the southern states before the civil war." Nor is this an isolated indictment. "England will have to show," avers *The Saturday Review*, for once

able to agree with *The Spectator*, "that she can not continue indefinitely to recognize the present scandalous state of things." As for *The Spectator*, that staid organ of the best English opinion is moved to an indignation incompatible with its usual restraint. It speaks of "a revolting brutality which makes the blood run cold," and places all responsibility upon the shoulders of the King alone. "Everywhere in Europe and America," it declares, "the consciences of honest men have been stirred by the astounding and amply substantiated tales of Congo maladministration." The land is desolate, its people slaves, its ruler an autocrat of Mogul ferocity.

EVERY day life in the Congo Free State takes its color from such incidents as the flogging of sentries because they have not killed enough natives. The chief of a village, his wife and his children, are killed in the course of a day's work, the bodies being distributed in small pieces among cannibals or preserved in a smoked condition as rations during a foray. In fact, as one missionary of the highest repute has observed in the *London Standard*, the horrors of the Congo must be experienced to be believed. Leopold's trump card in the long agitation has been the general belief that such atrocities as are charged against his administration simply could not have been perpetrated by human

hands. The King of the Belgians enjoys an additional advantage from the circumstance that many of the routine incidents of his sway in Africa are unprintable. Rev. Edgar Stan-
nard, after years of experience in the Congo, is actually able to see some mitigation in the fact that cannibalism is not extinct there. Had there been no one but the buzzards to devour the heaps of slain, pestilence must have proved an added curse. Luckily, the cannibals are expert in preserving the flesh of the young children they impale, and the smoked limbs hanging from the roofs of their huts never spread infection!

THE hippopotamus whip, so familiar to all who have studied the literature of Congo horrors in the past five years, still flourishes. It draws blood from five welts at every stroke, as competent witnesses who have seen it applied to women and children attest. The herding of women under the tutelage of a sentry until their husbands have ransomed them with rubber is responsible for a social condition that can not be depicted even in veiled language. The abuse is old, but unabated. In village after village, families of natives cower bleeding in their bare hovels. Their primitive garden patches run wild. The morrow may see the husband and father, the wife, or the child mutilated, outraged, deported or killed. All this for rubber, which



From "King Leopold's Rule in Africa" by E. D. Morel.

Courtesy of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Mutilated for ineptness in
preparing rubber

The sentries of the Congo Free State
cut off his hand

His mutilation took place when he
was not more than eleven

SOME RUBBER MARTYRS OF THE CONGO

Leopold disposes of in London at more than a dollar a pound. "In other words," to quote the *London Times*, "the native gets nothing and he produces rubber for the monopolists under pain of barbarous punishment by forced labor on some three hundred days in the year. The system is one of sheer force and violence." One missionary reports preaching to eight hundred natives of a populous Congo village. "White man, you talk of salvation from sin," cried an old chief at last. "Give us salvation from rubber." This was considered as revolt. When, some days later, the missionary returned to that village, he found it a heap of smoking ruins.

KING LEOPOLD'S own commission of inquiry sustained the gravest allegations against his misrule of the Congo Free State. The King, indeed, suppressed the evidence gathered on the spot by his own investigators. He has refused to permit the publication of extracts from that evidence, altho Sir Edward Grey himself urged that some, at least, of the testimony be rendered accessible. The commission that gathered it was composed, through Leopold's personal influence, of Dr. Edmond Janssens, advocate-general of the appeal court in Brussels, Baron Nisco, President of the appeal court at Boma in the Congo, and M. de Schumacher, a Swiss jurist, who was added for the purpose of introducing a non-Belgian element. These investigators spent five months among the natives of the rubber jungle. Blacks testified before them in multitudes. The commissioners witnessed abuses of authority with their own eyes. They saw corporation employees playing the part of despots, demanding women and food, "not only for themselves but also for the retinue of parasites and ne'er-do-wells who soon collect through love of plunder to follow their fortune, and by whom they are surrounded as by a bodyguard; they kill without sparing all who seek to resist their exactions and their caprices." To statements such as these all Leopold's commissioners subscribed. Their report was completed a year ago. It was one of the most conclusive indictments of the Congo system that had emanated from any source.

WHOLESALE slaughter is known in the official language of Congo administration as "military operations." Leopold's commissioners vouch for that. "The vague indefiniteness of the orders given," they say, "and sometimes the irresponsibility of those charged with their execution have frequently



THE SOVEREIGN OF THE CONGO

Leopold II, King of the Belgians, is now the central figure in the most serious scandal ever attributed to an inhuman system of colonial misrule. He is seventy-one, a patron of the ballet and the most persistent preacher of benevolence the world has ever seen.

resulted in unjustifiable murders." Rev. F. B. Meyer, President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain, sees no reason to believe that any change has taken place since those words were penned. "It often happens that the natives, to escape the payment of taxes, and especially the enforced collection of rubber, migrate singly or in a body and settle in another district. Then a detachment of troops is sent after them. Sometimes by persuasion, sometimes after a fight, the fugitives are brought back." Thus the Belgian jurists reported months ago. Matters are worse than ever now, according to Sir T. Fowell Buxton, President of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. "In the upper Congo there is a lamentable confusion between the state of war and the state of peace, between administration and repression, between those who are to be regarded as enemies and those who have a right to be treated as citizens of the state and in conformity with its laws." Thus Leopold's commissioners, who say they were struck by the general tone of the reports which the Congo officials gave of their own acts. They referred to "villages taken by surprise," "fierce pursuits," "numbers of the enemy killed and wounded," "booty," "prisoners of war," "terms of peace," and all the concomitants of sanguinary battle. "Evidently," say the commissioners, "these officers believe they are waging war."

CONGO rubber interests have been represented in the Paris *Economiste Français* as valued at fully a billion dollars. This sum is made up of the capital stock of companies chartered by Leopold himself. The corporations collect the rubber through officials who likewise administer the government locally. This blending of traffic with the work of national administration was denounced by Sir Edward Grey as the source of all the horrors. It is defended by Leopold as the only civilizing agency in the Congo. It has enabled him to suppress the sale of alcohol to the natives. It has ended the exportation of the blacks as slaves. But Sir Charles Dilke and his associates in the work of Congo reform pronounce Leopold's peculiar charter system the very basis of all abuses. Congo shares, it is said, are distributed liberally in the world's leading capitals. The result is the establishment of powerful vested interests in Germany, France, Italy and Belgium—all working for a perpetuation of the horrors. Certainly, the creation of the American Congo Company has been much criticized in certain European

dailies, including the Brussels *Soir*. That newspaper understands that the Rockefeller interests are connected with the enterprise. The London *Standard* names such prominent capitalists as the Whitneys, the Guggenheims and the Rockefellers as beneficiaries of the latest concession. It embraces nearly sixteen thousand square miles of the Congo forest in the district of the equator. Brussels dailies incline to criticize this transaction. "The news of this enormous concession," observes the *Derniere Heure*, which has been cautious in comment hitherto, "can not fail deeply to impress public opinion in Belgium." The concession granted to Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, of New York and Virginia, astonishes the Brussels *Gazette*, a journal of moderate tendencies, which has hitherto refrained from criticizing the policy of the Congo Free State. "This concession," it says, "affects the national domain, which Belgium has a right to consider, if not as her actual property, at least as hers in reversion."

* *

BEBEL and the fourscore Socialists he leads fled precipitately into the streets of Berlin when Emperor William, without a word of warning, dissolved the Reichstag a fortnight ago. The aged agitator and his followers refused to stay for the cheers that had to be given in honor of his imperial majesty. Bebel, hints the *Vorwärts*, was ungrateful. The dissolution had terminated the long alliance between William II and that Center party which for over a generation has promoted every Roman Catholic interest in the German Empire. On the face of the parliamentary record, the nation which does the world's thinking has been plunged into an exciting election for so trivial a matter as the expense account of a few troops in southwest Africa. In reality there has been so wide a breach between Berlin and Rome that all Europe is asking if Bismarck's old war on the Roman Catholic Church must break out with a fiercer energy than the iron chancellor ever put into the struggle. Bebel is conducting a campaign from which he predicts a doubling of the phenomenal vote that made the Socialists some three years ago the most numerous party in the land. The Vatican is looking forward to the elections—which take place next month—with a concern even greater than the situation in France has aroused. For the next six weeks Germany, affirms the Paris *Journal des Débats*, will be the most interesting country in the world.

Persons in the Foreground

THE ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF "FIGHTING BOB" EVANS

Zogbaum draws with a pencil
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning tower
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business
And I take care of mine,
But you take care of ten thousand tons
Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows
And I can handle my style,
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

To him that hath shall be given,
And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
That Zogbaum or I could invent.



WHEN these lines were written by Kipling years ago, they were inscribed on the fly-leaf of one of the volumes of an edition of his works and addressed to Captain Evans, U.S.N. The then captain is now senior rear-admiral and the commander-in-chief of our navy's strongest fleet—the North Atlantic squadron. The eight hundred men whom he "bossed" have become about six thousand, and the eight battleships that he now handles as they go "sky-hooting through the brine" weigh about one hundred thousand tons, the maintenance of which costs about four million dollars a year.

Few living Americans have a more interesting life-story to tell than that which James Creelman tells, in *Pearson's Magazine*, of "Fighting Bob" Evans. The interest began when, as a boy of thirteen, he had the glorious chance, coveted by so many boys, to fight real Indians and be wounded with a real arrow that drew real blood. The interest of his career has continued down to the present time. It was Captain Bob's ship that fired the first shot at Cervera's fleet as it made its mad rush for safety from Santiago harbor. And to-day an agitation is going on to influence Congress to create a new rank, that of vice-admiral, in which event Evans is pretty sure to have the new title thrust upon him.

He is a Virginian by birth, and his blood is a mixture of English and Welsh. Sixty years

ago he first saw the light dawn among the mountains of Floyd County. He had a black mammy for his nurse, and when he was six years old he owned a gun, a pony and a negro boy. To complete his boyish bliss he learned to smoke and chew tobacco with all the vim of the youthful hero of Colonel Hay's Pike county ballad, "Little Breeches." When Bob was ten, this manner of life came to an end. His father died as a result of exposure and hardship in attending to his duties as a country doctor. Bob went to Washington to live with an uncle. Three years later he attracted the attention of one of the territorial delegates from Utah, who offered to send him to Annapolis if he would first go to Utah and become a resident there. That was in 1859. Mr. Creelman writes as follows:

"Bob was only thirteen years old, but he eagerly set out for the Mormon capital. He traveled alone by train to St. Joseph, Missouri. There he was met by friends, who arranged that he should cross the plains with a party of five bound for California.

"Mounted on a large gray mule, the future Senior Rear-Admiral of the American Navy went out into the great wilderness. He helped to hunt buffalo and was in several exciting Indian fights.

"Once the little party was ambushed by a band of Blackfeet, but after a sharp fight, in which Bob did his share, they managed to escape. There were three ugly arrows sticking in Bob's gray mule and another shaft had gone through his left ankle, pinning it to the mule. That unhappy animal danced about in agony until he was lassoed and the boy was released by having the arrow cut between his ankle and the mule's side.

"That was a wonderful journey for Bob, full of life and color, the vast loneliness of the plains offering a strange contrast to the shut-in majesty of the Virginia mountains. Again and again the party was attacked by savages, and Bob learned how to watch and how to fight."

A friendly Indian chief, Washakie, took such a fancy to the lad that he tried to kidnap him. Bob escaped, but afterward made the chief a visit of ten days, during which time he was clad in buckskin, taught to shoot with a bow and forced into wrestling bouts with Indian boys. Washakie tried to adopt him and offered to give him, when he grew up, one of his daughters for a wife. The tempting offer



Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

"THE MAN WHO HAS LIVED MORE STORIES THAN ZOGBAUM OR I COULD INVENT."—*Kipling*

This is Midshipman Evans after the attack on Fort Fisher and after he compelled the hospital doctors, at the point of a revolver, to leave his legs where the Creator put them.

was resisted. Bob's eye was fixed on Annapolis. One year later, in 1860, he was on board the frigate *Constitution* as an acting midshipman.

Then came the Civil War. Bob's mother was passionately devoted to the Southern cause. Bob's brother put on the Confederate gray and went to the front. But Bob, tho only fourteen, had a mind of his own. He declined his mother's entreaties to leave the service. In desperation, the mother wrote out his resignation herself and sent it, without

his knowledge, to the Secretary of the Navy. It was accepted, but Bob, when he heard of it, sent a telegram to Washington that secured his reinstatement, and he and his brother fought on opposing sides to the end of the war, and both succeeded in being badly wounded.

It was in the attack upon Fort Fisher that Midshipman Evans was shot. He was hit three times before he fell. Then he was shot a fourth time as he lay on the sand, and he saw the sharpshooter getting ready for a fifth shot. Bob felt that the proceedings were becoming monotonous, and he addressed a few emphatic remarks to that effect to the sharpshooter. As the remarks seemed insufficient, he did a little sharpshooting himself that ended the matter. But a fate worse than death to Bob soon seemed imminent, for he was taken to the hospital at Norfolk and he overheard the surgeon in charge say to his assistant: "Take both legs off in the morning." Bob slipped a revolver under his pillow and waited with set teeth for the morning. He was only eighteen and he felt that he had use for those legs. When the assistant came to prepare him for the operation, Bob at first protested earnestly, but in vain. Then he pulled his revolver from under the pillow, and told the doctor that it had six cartridges and that if anybody entered the place with a case of instruments six men would be killed before the operation began. The legs were saved.

The soubriquet of "Fighting Bob" thus seems to have been merited early in his career; but it did not come to him until 1891, when, as commander of the gunboat *Yorktown*, he was sent to Valparaiso to assist Captain Schley, of the *Baltimore*, in a fracas which the latter's men had got into with the Chilians. Evans at one time, during the absence of the *Baltimore*, confronted with his single gunboat the ten forts and the whole Chilian squadron, and twice cowed the Chilians with the threat to open fire without further parley, thus saving his flag from insult and preventing the forcible

seizure of the American refugees who had taken refuge under his flag. That night Commander Evans wrote this brief commentary on the affair:

"The American flag is a wonderful thing when all is said and done. Here are these two men with no claim on us besides our sentiment of right and humanity, whose lives have not been worth anything for months, now resting quiet and secure in the midst of the Chilian fleet, and under the guns of ten heavy forts; and all because a small gunboat flying the American flag has them in charge."

One more incident retold by Mr. Creelman illustrates the preparedness of "Fighting Bob" in other respects than that of mere personal readiness for a scrap. When a fleet of American warships was sent to help celebrate the opening of the Kiel Canal, in 1895, Captain Evans was sent with the *Columbia*:

"One night the German Emperor dined in the *Columbia* and remained until two in the morning. Just before leaving the ship he asked the captain how long it would take to close all the watertight doors.

"About thirty seconds in the day, but about two minutes at night."

"Would you mind doing it for me now?" asked the Emperor, puffing his cigar and winking his eyes at the astonished captain.

"Certainly," said Evans, turning to blow the siren signal for closing the watertight doors, only to find that the steam was too low and the siren would not make a sound.

"Ah ha! Captain!" cried the Emperor, "you see that you can't close your bulkheads at all."

"Swinging about; the captain touched the general alarm button which calls all hands to quarters, and in a moment the crew was swarming up.



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ON DECK

Of Rear-Admiral Evans it is said: "There is something of the human battleship in that grim, brown, square-jawed countenance, with its stern gray eyes and fighting chin."

"The astonished Emperor took out his watch and timed the feat. In exactly a minute and a half all the watertight doors were closed and the *Columbia* was ready for battle.

"'Captain Evans,' said the Emperor frankly, 'I cannot imagine that a ship could be in better condition.'"

Creelman thus describes the Admiral as he appears to-day:

"There was something of the human battleship in that grim, brown, square-jawed countenance, with its stern gray eyes and fighting chin. The very slant of the head and the set of the squat, strong figure connected itself with the massive guns thrust out from the ponderous steel turrets behind him, and the steady oak deck beneath him.

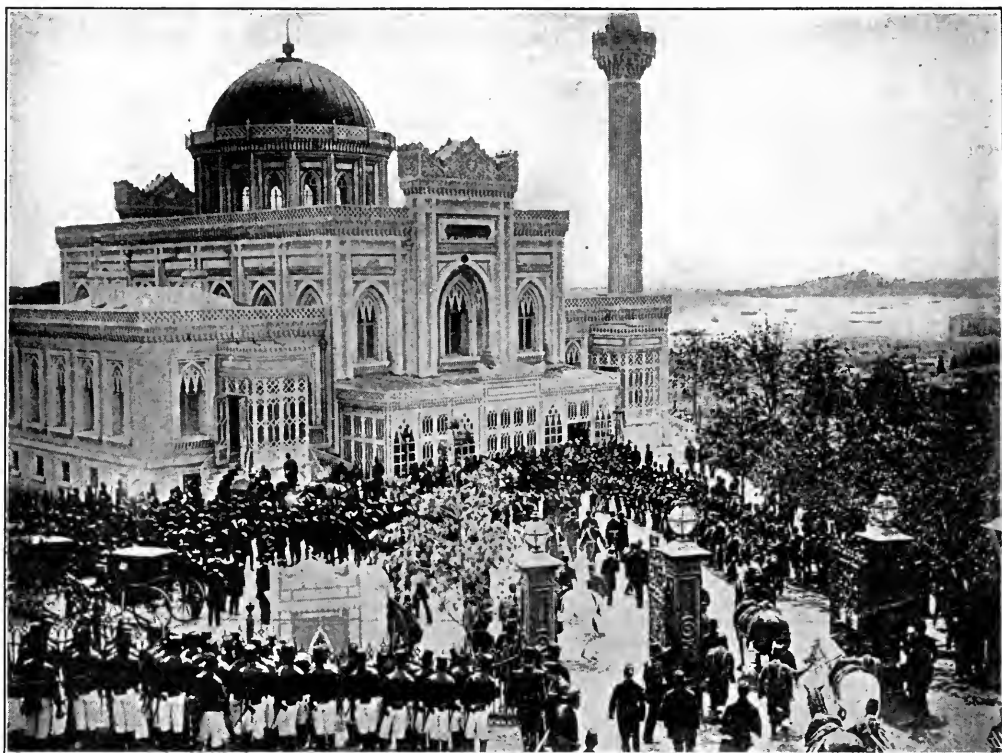
"The crook in the game leg was got forty-one years ago in the terrific assault on Fort Fisher. The powerful shoulder that squared itself occasionally with such a hint of hitting force, was once crushed by a falling steel battle-hatch.

"And the coarse, almost savage mouth!—how suggestive of a nearly forgotten age of roaring hand-to-hand cutlass fighting and close, fierce ship grapplings, speaking words of command to cold, silent engineers and electricians dealing death to invisible distant foes by the tapping of keys and the moving of switches!"

When Captain Evans was made an admiral, and was about to sail to take charge of the Asiatic fleet, he called on President Roosevelt for instructions. This was what he was told.

"Admiral, I want you to feel every night when you go to bed that you are better prepared to fight than when you got up that morning."

"Those were the best instructions I ever got," said the Admiral, "and I have honestly tried to carry them out ever since."



THE SELAMLIK

Every Friday at noon the Turkish Sultan attends the ceremony of the selamlık, the word denoting a public appearance and greeting. Headed by two files of pachas of high position at court, the Sultan's carriage proceeds through triple files of troops to the mosque wherein the commander of the faithful gives himself to his devotions.

THE SERAPHIC SOUL OF ABDUL HAMID

BASHFULNESS not less instinctive than the gazel's, simplicity so credulous as to be virginal and that inexpressible delicacy of soul from which all comprehension of the unrefined seems eternally excluded, clothe the personality of the Turkish Sultan with an ethereality absolutely seraphic to the eye of Chedo Mijatovich. "He smiles," writes Mr. Mijatovich in the London *Fortnightly Review*—and Mr. Mijatovich was long Servian minister at Constantinople—"he smiles quietly." He does it "almost sadly," too. Tenderness, gratitude, admiration, pity, wonder to see the world bear aught but flowers, and a thousand kindred sentiments reflect themselves in the countenance of the commander of the faithful through an appropriately pensive smile.

For flowers the Sultan has a passion in which he is swallowed up, swept away, lost. The development of haunch, the tenuity of limb and the plenitude of length in which

true Arab steeds excel are to Abdul Hamid as the blended odors of a thousand flowers. His technical information respecting those alternations of line with curve which constitute the secret of beauty in the female form would fill an Austrian archduke with envy. But he is the easiest of Sultans to shock. A performance of "Robert le Diable" happened to be in progress on the stage of that dainty theater within the Yildiz Kiosk grounds from which members of the diplomatic corps stationed at Constantinople are permitted to derive sublime ideas of recitative and tempo. Pepita, having said her prayers with orchestral accompaniment in the fugue style, began to undress herself for bed. She doffed her skirt, singing chords in arpeggio. Off came her bodice next, to C major and attendant keys. She loosened her petticoat, molto allegro, and it fell to the floor. Abdul Hamid, who ordinarily absorbs harmony in rapt speechlessness, now found a voice.

"Do you think," he said to the Russian ambassador, who, with the Persian ambassador and Mr. Mijatovich, occupied the imperial box with the commander of the faithful, "do you think this young actress is going to undress herself altogether?"

The Sultan was alarmed. "There is in Abdul Hamid," writes Mr. Mijatovich, "a peculiar modesty, timidity and tenderness which are quite womanly." With the sweet gravity of the soul of Portia are blended, in Mr. Mijatovich's eulogy of the Sultan, the proud vehemence of Juliet calling upon night to bring Romeo to her arms, the sensibility of Ophelia to every melancholy mood in Hamlet, Desdemona's intuitive gentleness of response to the stimulus of a jealous husband, the angelic elegance of Isabella in her nunnery and the high-bred ease of Rosalind in tights. Thus does Mr. Mijatovich pull asunder the rose of his subject, petal by petal, and ever it exhales the same entrancing essence.

As a father, the commander of the faithful is affection personified to his dozens of children. With every one of his wives he keeps up a personal acquaintance. Concerts and sweetmeats are provided with absolute impartiality for the swarm of ladies in the harem, Abdul Hamid himself devising the most delicious ballets for their delectation. He knows what love is, affirms Mr. Mijatovich and, adds that diplomatist, "he seems to have reduced his own experience to philosophical principles." With the same predisposition to pity that dissolves him in tears when death robs him of some pet chamois, the Sultan lamented the infatuation which hurried the King of Servia into that mad marriage of his with the irresistible Draga. "But," said the commander of the faithful, with that tone of sadness and earnestness which gave ethereality to his smile whenever he spoke to Mr. Mijatovich, "after all, what right have we even to criticize? What right have we to complain? Can a man escape his destiny? And is it fair to forget what an irresistible power love has? Where is the strong man who is not weak when he finds himself alone with the woman he loves? And are we not all liable sometimes to commit follies? Does love ever ask what is your rank and dignity? Does love ever ask what your father and mother will say? Does it ever listen to reason?" Upon which Mr. Mijatovich was "so charmed," to quote his own words, and so "deeply impressed by this philosophical discourse of Sultan Abdul Hamid on the power of love" that he hurried to the Legation and wrote it all down immediately.



ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF THE SULTAN

This is copied from a pen drawing made some time ago by José Engel. Those who have seen the Sultan say the likeness is an excellent one. The Sultan has never consented, since he ascended his throne, to sit for a photograph.

It is when some pet parrot has perched upon his forefinger while he toys with the ear of a fawn that the infantine spontaneity of the Sultan's predisposition to love overcomes the natural melancholy of his temperament. For he is another St. Francis of Assisi in his artless fondness for the bird and the beast. The Sultan dwells immured within the Yildiz Kiosk. Here roll his verdant hills topped with the gay tints of groves contrived by cunning gardeners, here speed the tiny streams on which the fairy bark dances with the commander of the faithful out to artificial lakes and improvised isles of balm. To the greenest of these the Sultan is rowed by his own shapely arms—he has inherited the physical beauty of his Armenian mother. Behold him now among his pets. They are as tame as babes and the Sultan made them so. The shy stag runs up for a succulent leek. The cockatoo squawks into the Sultan's ear from a chosen perch on the imperial shoulder. The Angora goat rubs its fleeciness against its master's knee. Plaintive lambs add their bleats to the pleasing din nor will the dear gazel be left unvisited. It is a melting scene when Abdul Hamid tears himself away.

Not that he is all smiles and tears and love. Fully a third of his life is spent among books and papers in a study furnished with the severity of a pauper scholar's lodging. One huge table is piled high with documents through which the commander of the faithful works his way like some patient worm cloistered within an apple. Not a scrap is tolerated on the Sultan's table longer than twenty-four hours, yet every morsel of paper is said to have come under his scrutiny within that interval. There is, we are further assured, no wastepaper basket in the study. The apartment affords easy access to the four sumptuous libraries which reveal Abdul Hamid as a collector on something like bibliophile principles. There is a section made up wholly of classics in Turkish, in Arabic and in Persian. In the study of Pahlavi, or middle Persian texts, in familiarity with Persia's national poet, Ferdusi, in felicitous citation of the beauties of Hafiz and Saadi, of Jami, Nizami and Jalal ad-Din, the Sultan enriches the stream of his discourse and demonstrates the classicality of his taste. In this section of the library—contrasting markedly with the department of works devoted to Turkey by innumerable writers in European languages—the bindings are sumptuous and elegant. Pearls, enamels and rich velvets and silks beautify the luxuriant editions of the Sultan's favorite poets.

The rising of the sun never precedes that of the Sultan by more than an hour. If the air be lambent and the sky serene, Abdul Hamid betakes himself to the green declivities in which Yildiz stands embowered. Yildiz Kiosk is really a cluster of white structures reposing on the bosom of a park like a fleet of icebergs asleep beneath the moon. Winding paths meander from grot to grove, from grove to perfumed stream. Here in the morning hours the commander of the faithful enjoys some favorite poet, feeds the school of glistening little fishes in the rivulet or enchants himself with the odor from flower and leaf and sward. After the visit to his pets, the Sultan betakes himself to breakfast. This pretty repast is never substantial and is always served by a functionary of high rank who himself tastes every viand before the commander of the faithful's suspicious eyes. The meal despatched, Abdul Hamid repairs to the library. The ruler of Turkey is understood to have the leading newspapers of Europe read to him at more or less regular intervals and his fondness for looking at pictures in books of travel and in illustrated periodicals is well known. But apart from the writers of the golden age of the

faith he lends his own eyes to no perusal whatever. His seclusion is so rigorous that news of President McKinley's death did not reach him, according to one authority, until long after the accession of President Roosevelt. The statement may be erroneous, but it is consistent with Abdul Hamid's mode of life.

One o'clock is the hour of the siesta. The slumber of an hour and a half is defended from all intrusion by a palace eunuch or an Albanian guard of tried fidelity, until dulcet strains, swelling higher and higher beneath the Sultan's window, call him back to earth. For the next ten hours at least, with no great interval for food and prayers at sundown, Abdul Hamid devotes himself to the government of his realm. He pays most attention to the details of military administration. For the rest—and especially when remonstrating diplomatists persist in demands for an audience—the commander of the faithful acts upon his great principle of never putting off until to-morrow what he can postpone indefinitely. A growing weakness of the eyes accounts, it is said, for the hurried mode he has of disposing of all documents. These must be disinfected in his presence before he is willing to take them into his hands.

To the consideration of all administrative detail the Sultan brings not only the whole poetical range of his ideas, but an epigrammatic facility in disposing of complications with a word. When his Grand Vizier gave a dinner, a poor dervish was admitted to swallow the silver spoons for the edification of the guests.

"Do you call that astonishing?" asked the Sultan when he was told of this. "My Minister of Marine can swallow whole squadrons."

This jest, as is explained by Mr. Mijatovich, who vouches for the accuracy of the anecdote, circulated throughout Constantinople at the expense of Hassan Pacha, celebrated for the celerity with which he could lavish a year's Turkish revenue upon his innumerable wives. Displays of the grossest stupidity in the pachas of his court can no more evoke the flash of anger from the Sultan's eye than revelations of their unblushing venality in his service. In honor of a member of the English royal family, whom there were motives of expediency for impressing favorably, Abdul Hamid once sent a warship to Malta. But the commander came back to port with the announcement that in the whole Mediterranean there was no Malta.

"I see now," commented the Sultan, "why the English want Cyprus. There is no Malta."

Such conflicting diagnoses of the mysterious malady now ravaging the system of the commander of the faithful have been circulated within the past year that few know precisely whether he has cancer of the kidneys, Bright's disease, or that painful affection known as prostatitis. The Sultan's spells of dizziness, his recurring fits of fainting and the cessation of some of the pious practises of the religion to which his attachment is so true have inspired abroad expectations of an approaching change in the government of Turkey. Of complete recovery, declares the London *Lancet*, there can be no hope. The commander of the faithful

is approaching the age of seventy. His personal appearance is said by those who have seen him within the past few months to convey no impression of that pensive ethereality which made the morning freshness of his beauty so entrancing to the eye. But the sweet magnificence of his manner seduces the imagination still and Abdul Hamid remains the most gracious of mankind. "He is," to grace our exit from the subject with the words of Mr. Mijatovich, "considerate, modest, charitable and patient," reluctant withal to manifest harshness in any form owing to "consciousness of his responsibility toward God."

THE CHIEF OF THE RAILROAD KINGS OF THE WORLD

FOR the last fifteen years, a mile of new railroad track has been constructed and equipped each working day, on an average, under the immediate direction of James Jerome Hill. "He has greater transportation interests," says one well-informed writer, "than any other one man on the continent." And that means, of course, greater than any other one man in the world. In his Great Northern system are seven thousand miles of track. In his Northern Pacific he has about five thousand miles. And in the Burlington system there are eight thousand. If the three lines were placed end to end in a single track, they would reach from Seattle, across the continent, across the Atlantic, across Europe and Asia, to the eastern shores of China, where one might take one of Hill's big Pacific line steamers and complete the trip to Seattle. Even as matters now stand, one may start at Buffalo, go to Duluth on one of his fine fleet of lake steamers, go on to the Pacific on one of his railroads, and then on to Shanghai on another of his boats, making half the circuit of the world. And so far is he from being satisfied with this stupendous development of his own transportation interests that, viewing the needs of the country as a whole in the near future, he declared recently in an earnest speech that we need "at once" the construction of 115,000 more miles of railroad track. There is not money enough in the country, he holds, nor can rails enough be made in five years' time to supply what we ought to have to-day.

It has recently transpired that a project was matured a few years ago—after the formation of the Northern Securities Company and before the court decision that that company

was illegal—to unite in one vast holding company all the railroad lines west of the Mississippi between Canada and Mexico. Hill was requested to become the head of the entire system, but he refused. Then came the decision that wrecked the Northern Securities plan and this other stupendous scheme was dropped.

James J. Hill was born sixty-eight years ago near Guelph, Wellington County, Ontario. There stands up there now, it is said, a half-cut tree on which is a placard bearing the words: "The last tree chopped by James J. Hill." When he was but fifteen, his father died and he was forced to suspend his studies in a Quaker school and seek employment in the country. He was at work chopping trees one day when a traveler stopped at the house to take dinner, hitching his tired horse near the gate. Young Hill, noting the animal's condition, carried it a bucket of water. It was a simple act, but the consequences were as momentous as if this were an old-fashioned Sunday school story. The traveler, pleased at the boy's thoughtfulness, tossed him a Minnesota newspaper and remarked as he rode away: "Go out there, young man. That country needs youngsters of your spirit." The young man read the newspaper and its glowing accounts of the opportunities awaiting settlers and formed a resolution. The next morning he walked to the tree he had been cutting, hit it one last lick for luck, and announced: "I've chopped my last tree." He went to Minnesota, got employment as shipping clerk in a steamboat office in St. Paul, and began the career that has made him master of a hundred millions or thereabouts, and manager of other hundreds of millions. For fifty years he has studied the Northwest and devoted himself to

its development. His study has been of the closest and most practical kind. In a recent interview he said:

"When I first crossed the Red River, in North Dakota, there were only two houses in the valley, and the nearest settler kept a frontier stage station at Pomme de Terre, the old wooden stockade. My first trip down the valley was made behind three dogs—and one of them was a yellow dog. At that time I was not sure that the country would be settled in my lifetime, but two years later when I entered the valley I saw a wagon track, and where it had cut the sod the earth was pulverized and the grass that grew in the ruts was a foot higher than the prairie grass, and I knew that God in his wisdom had made it for a good purpose."

Before he bought the old St. Paul and Pacific road, getting his start as a railway magazine, he traveled over the route in an ox-cart examining not only the road but the resources of the country. Before he extended his line to the Pacific he went the whole distance on foot and horseback, studying the grades, the soil and the meteorology of the country. Some people call him the stingiest man on earth and some call him extravagant. The fact seems to be that in operating a road he will enforce economy in the smallest details, but in increasing its efficiency and in development of the resources of the country he will expend millions with a lavish hand.

Mr. Hill's personal appearance is thus described by a writer in the New York *Herald*:

"When he came to the United States he brought with him the lusty body, the fresh color, the frugal instincts and good principles of his Scotch-Irish ancestry. He had something to add to these, however—a certain blind confidence in his right and ability to go anywhere. He had been schooled to economize; he knew by intuition how to acquire."

"Mr. Hill is a large man, with a massive head and brow, and the eyes beneath are steady, cool

and brown. There is not an irresolute line from the top of his unequivocal gray head to the sole of his stout boots. He is quiet and grave by temperament and reserved from principles. He is an intensely human man, fond of comforts, impatient of conventionalities, has a simple, sturdy dignity of manner and a rugged self-appreciation that is sometimes called Western.

"He talks deliberately and fluently and he thinks like lightning. He is keenly alert and yet has the prescience of a dreamer, for he plans the future and molds with an unerring estimate. He is a man of medium height, but broad and powerful of build and straight in his bearing. He is full faced and ruddy and has a big strong nose, common to men of force and action. His neck shows the fighter, his eyes indicate a gentle nature, and the mouth, large, full, sensitive and human, is by far the most striking feature of a face which is grave and sad in repose."

Like many another man who has achieved great things, Mr. Hill is unable to formulate any recipe for success that is of any special help to those desirous of treading in his footsteps. "Whatever I may have accomplished," he says, "has been due to taking advantage of opportunities, and I haven't been watching the clock. The simple truth is that the man who attends to his work will succeed anywhere." All of which tells us little or nothing. The secret of success can not be packed into a recipe and communicated by word of mouth or by a few strokes of the pen. Every man has to learn it for himself and while certain qualities appear indispensable no two successful men ever combine them in just the same way.

Mr. Hill has three boys, all active in the railroad business. James N. Hill, his eldest son, is vice-president of the Northern Pacific. Louis W. Hill is first vice-president of the Great Northern. Walter H. Hill is right-of-way agent for the Great Northern. The second, it is thought, is most likely to be his father's successor.

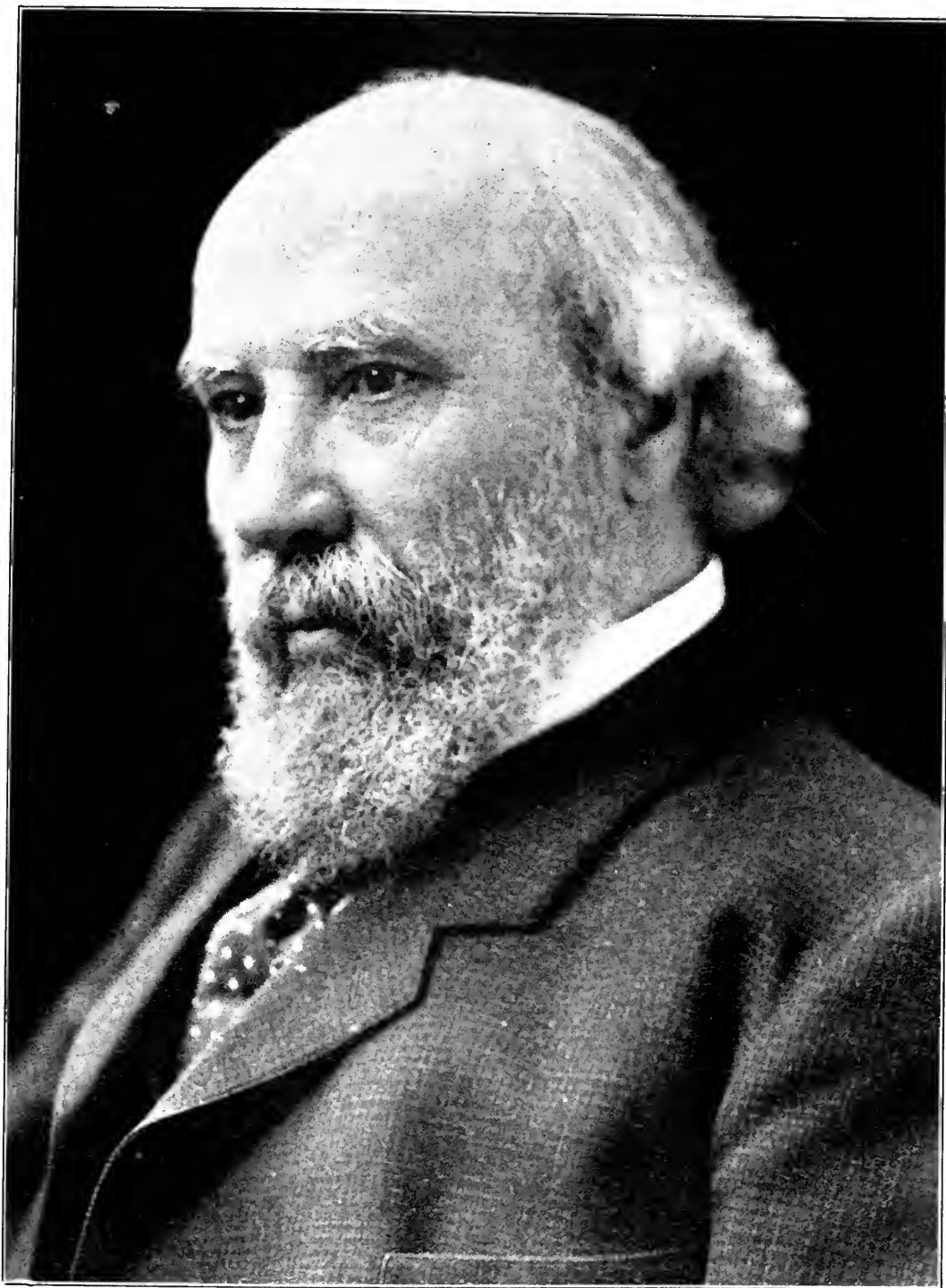
THE REAL RULER OF THE CHINESE



YUAN SHI KAI does not lard the lean earth as he walks along; he is not as fat as Falstaff. Yuan Shi Kai can go through an ordinary doorway; he is not as fat as Pope Alexander VI. But Yuan Shi Kai is quite fat. It is a magisterial obesity without which the configuration of his short body might afford too vivid impressions of a bull-like neck

and a pair of big feet. The architecture of his corpulence is Corinthian at the limbs, elephantine at the waist line. The contour is crowned by flowing tracteries of cheek and chin.

But nobody cared at Tien-tsin fifteen years ago whether Yuan Shi Kai was fat or thin. To-day the topic is to the official world what the number of Louis XIV's yawns was to the



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"HAS GREATER TRANSPORTATION INTERESTS THAN ANY OTHER ONE MAN ON THE CONTINENT"

James Jerome Hill is "a large man, with a massive head and brow, and the eyes beneath are steady, cool and brown. There is not an irresolute line from the top of his unequivocal gray head to the sole of his stout boots."

hundred and fifty courtiers who daily saw him dressed. For Yuan Shi Kai, unlike Cæsar, will not have men about him that are fat. Corpulence, he asserts, is the badge of sloth in China. The zealous servant of Cathay should grow thin in office. No one could strive harder than Yuan Shi Kai strives to lose flesh. When he succeeds, the ambitious members of his suite must get thinner with him. Since no girth in his excellency's yamen may exceed that of its lord, it follows that the circumference of Yuan Shi Kai is considered of greater local importance than that of the earth.

At the age of thirty-five, Yuan Shi Kai—who is fifty now—found himself an obscure bureaucrat. His future was compromised by his ignorance of the three commentaries on the Yih King. He could not deal in pentameter verses with the sound of the oar or the green of the hills or the splash of swift waters at flood. He was therefore an object of pity and contempt to all who ever gave him a thought in that literary caste which until quite recently monopolized the exalted posts in the empire. He was pining obscurely in Korea as China's resident there, having secured the post only because it afforded no prospect whatever of distinction. Yet to-day he is in China what Cardinal Wolsey was in England before the Pope's refusal to divorce Henry VIII, what Richelieu was in France when the Duke of Buckingham trembled at the beauty of Anne of Austria, what Bismarck was in Germany after the battle of Sedan. The most powerful personage in the eighteen provinces, remarked that high authority on China, Sir Robert Hart, to Douglas Story twelve months ago, is Yuan Shi Kai. Wu Ting Fang, whom Americans must remember as the only effective talker ever sent to represent Peking in Washington, quite recently asked Mr. Story if he could name the real ruler of the Chinese.

"Yuan Shi Kai," was the instant answer.

"Right!" rejoined Wu Ting Fang. "The will of the viceroy of Chi-Li is law in this land."

A will of iron, the gift of foresight, an intellect naturally subtle and searching and the firmest grasp of the essentials of administrative and diplomatic policy have enabled this unlettered provincial from Ho-nan, where he was born in poverty, to lift himself to greater power and influence than are possessed by any other human being in the land—not even excepting the old dowager empress. The foreign devil is still permitted to infer, if he

pleases, that the aged aunt of the secluded son of heaven at Peking rules the realm. But so completely does the viceroy of Chi-Li hold the old dame in the hollow of his hand that he can, if he likes, select the next Emperor of China. He means to do it, we are told by those who have studied the man. He will, like Napoleon, with his own hands crown himself.

Yuan Shi Kai had attained the age of forty before he had learned the difference between a regiment of cavalry and a battery of divisional artillery. Last October he put 30,000 native troops, well equipped and armed with the latest weapons, through a series of maneuvers at Chang-te-fu. Thirty foreign military attachés and a score of European newspaper correspondents reported that the cavalry, the artillery and the infantry showed perfect discipline, a mastery of tactics in the field and the nicest precision in the use of all arms. When Yuan Shi Kai began his study of the modern art of war some twelve years since, the Chinese trooper was equipped with ox-hide buckler, a double-handed sword and a bow and arrows. The seventy thousand men under Yuan Shi Kai to-day, writes Mr. F. A. McKenzie in the *London Mail*, wear the best military boots and shoes, their uniforms are of khaki, they use Mauser rifles and quick-firing Krupp guns, they are well clothed, well housed and well fed and they are led by officers of their own race inured to a Prussian standard of military training. For these results sole credit is given by all competent authorities to Yuan Shi Kai, who had never looked inside a work on military science when he assumed command of a body of raw recruits upon his return from Korea. His appointment as a general was an official certificate of disfavor.

In his official capacity as viceroy of the province of Chi-Li, Yuan Shi Kai makes his home at Tien-tsin. With wife and concubines, his excellency is housed in a yamen approached through monstrous gates fantastically figured with emblematic dragons. In the courtyard behind walls of scarlet, blue, yellow and green swagger forty or fifty gentlemen of the military household. A whole detachment of the guard is often here at drill. Four companies of infantry parade daily. Trumpeters and players of the flute give medleys of signals as they emerge at intervals in plumed hats. Members of the personal suite glide everywhere in trailing robes of gold or crimson, with scarlet or green facings.

Yuan Shi Kai's own plain black gown with

its wide sleeves and four or five buttons down the front gives him, amid the hues by which he is eclipsed, somewhat the air of a portly jackdaw in an aviary of Mexican parrots. The hugeness of his head and the hawkish intensity of the gaze he concentrates upon the gorgeous officers who bring him their reports one by one atone for the shortness of the viceroy's stature. Yuan Shi Kai is no dwarf. His bones are big. But he can not tower physically while expanding laterally and he seems, consequently, fatter than he is. But for incessant toil, he might fill out like a balloon, so mercurial is the rapidity with which he can take on flesh. For obesity and activity combined, he is a second Taft. Or perhaps we should say that Taft is a second Yuan Shi Kai.

Yuan Shi Kai gives no less time and thought to the organization of his domestic establishment than he devotes to his growing army. He supervises the municipal administration of Tien-tsin with such regard for detail as to fix the price paid out for buttons on the constables' coats. An army of spies in Peking must report to him directly the day's doings of the empress dowager. His military studies, meanwhile, are prolonged and severe. He and his staff spend hours of many a day working out problems in the tactical manuals. Yuan Shi Kai can read no language but his own. Every work on military science that has any authority to-day has been done into Chinese for the viceroy's own perusal. Perhaps no living commander of troops can be compared with Yuan Shi Kai in such knowledge of his profession as is to be gleaned from the study of books. On the walls of his military library is transcribed Napoleon's maxim:

"Make offensive war like Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene and Frederick. Read, re-read the history of their eighty-three campaigns. Model yourself on them. It is the only way to become a great captain and to master the secrets of the art."

Every promising young officer in Yuan Shi Kai's army must get that bit by heart. The viceroy himself quizzes his staff on the subject of the great campaigns. Why did Frederick the Great win the battle of Rossbach? What was the critical maneuver at Gettysburg? Need infantry fear cavalry in an ordinary engagement? Candidates for promotion who can not personally satisfy Yuan Shi Kai on such points do not stay in the yamen. Nor is he a pedantic bookworm, who mis-

takes the memory work of mediocrity for a display of real genius. He is rigorous in matters of discipline. He inspects his soldiers man by man. He tastes their food at unexpected moments. He audits the bills for their uniforms himself. He examines the cloth, tests the weapons, tries the ammunition, makes out the pay lists. His subordinates are trained to take up his work wherever and whenever he may drop it, but no one knows when he will resume the task.

A soldier who omitted the proper salute to a visitor at the camp was ordered beheaded. The visitor protested to Yuan Shi Kai, who had not yet brought his force to its present efficiency.

"I know how to manage my own people," replied the viceroy.

The decapitation ensued. But never has a culprit's head been hacked off with a blunt sword at the orders of Yuan Shi Kai. Not one countryman has he ever had beaten to death. He will pour hot oil over nobody. The reputation for eccentricity consequent upon such squeamishness of disposition in Yuan Shi Kai has lost nothing by his refusal to tolerate insults to young women in the streets of Tien-tsin. Time was when girls could not walk in the thorofares without annoyance. They were pinched and pushed by that male type of which a western specimen, when caught, is knocked down or kicked out. Yuan Shi Kai devised a code of punishment so drastic that ladies ceased to be pestered in the viceroy's capital. Begging, too, from a pleasant and lucrative pastime, degenerated into a kind of suicidal folly. During the four and a half years of Yuan Shi Kai's sway in Tien-tsin, its streets have been widened, a water supply, a sanitary system and a police force set up, and life and property made safe. Residents in the several "concessions" at Tien-tsin—American, British, German, French—witnessed the progress of the town in the direction of real municipal government with amazement. Fears had been entertained that a resumption of China's authority over the city, after the adjustment of the Boxer difficulty and the evacuation of Tien-tsin by the allies, would mean a return to old Peking misrule. The powers, while they held the town, did away with its moldering walls, cleaned its streets, started a railway and suppressed crimes of violence. Yuan Shi Kai trained an even better police force. He made the streets yet cleaner. He opened schools, endowed hospitals, extended the railway facilities and improved the docks. He

introduced into the city government the same system of accountability for all expenditure that has made his army the most regularly paid, fed and clothed force in the world.

Yet Yuan Shi Kai, the man, inspires mistrust. There is a furtiveness in the narrow eyes that may be in keeping with a high reputation for military organization, but suggests the Machiavelli. He is ever displaying the subtlety of some medieval Florentine. He has tricked the diplomatic corps in Peking, tricked the empress dowager, tricked the Chinese emperor himself, whose long durance in his splendid palace is the work of Yuan Shi Kai. It seemed eight years ago as if the young Kwang Su, newly come to the throne after an ignominious regency, must prove a Peter the Great. He had framed edict after edict in a spirit of reform. But he had no means of enforcing them. Yuan Shi Kai had by this time licked 8,000 troops into shape. The young emperor sent for the mandarin. It was agreed between the pair that certain leaders of the anti-reform clique must be done to death out of hand. Yuan Shi Kai was forthwith to bring his men into the palace at Peking. The dowager empress was marked for eviction of the summary kind practised by Irish landlords. The head of one eminent statesman was to be cut off in twenty-four hours.

Yuan Shi Kai hurried from the palace to the home of the marked mandarin. This official had been his old associate. Yuan revealed the tenor of his instructions. He departed with a warning that he would carry them out on the morrow. The mandarin saw the dowager empress that night. In two hours the young emperor was locked up in his palace and gardens. He has been a prisoner ever since. Yuan Shi Kai made his own terms with the dowager. Peking laughed. It understood that the only aim of Yuan Shi Kai in all he did was personal. He is the finished type of what the French call an "ar-riviste." His great designs lead invariably to his own advancement. His 70,000 soldiers are taught loyalty—but it is loyalty to Yuan Shi Kai. At all hazards he must be the first man in China. Educational reform, abolition of the opium traffic, the introduction of western ideas, the extension of railroads, have been taken in hand one after another as means to the same great end. Yuan Shi Kai has done more for his native land than any other Chinaman living, yet he has failed to win the confidence of his countrymen. They say he is playing a game. They pronounce


his instincts predatory. They cite instance after instance of his bad faith.

The emperor hates him for what he deems a black betrayal. The empress dowager hates him because he played her false. It is scarcely seven years since Yuan Shi Kai had the white inhabitants of Tien-tsin and Peking at his mercy. The empress had bidden him raid the foreign settlements in Tien-tsin. His troops were well drilled enough and plenty enough to make the task an easy one. Obedience, nevertheless, would have ruined Yuan Shi Kai. The powers were in a position to retaliate. Disobedience of the aged dowager, on the other hand, meant his undoing. The dilemma did not much perplex the man who had long been making a cult of his own career. He went forward with his 8,000 soldiers at the rate of a mile a day. He sent daily reports to the palace of his onward march against the foe. He took the utmost precautions to avoid contact with the foreigners. He assured them privately of his friendly disposition. It was many months before the empress dowager fathomed the duplicity. Her rage was intense. Yuan pointed out to her that his participation in the Boxer outrages by the empress dowager's own command would have undone them both. The pair have acted together ever since.

In personal habits Yuan Shi Kai is abstemious, quiet and—for one of his viceregal rank—unostentatious. He seldom dons the coats of many colors affected in his yamen. He never smoked opium. He keeps his finger nails short. He does not bind the feet of his women. The ladies of his household comprise one wife and, after the Chinese domestic fashion, a number of concubines varying from six to eleven. He has had no initiation into the mysteries of that etiquette which made intercourse with Li Hung Chang a thing stately and precise but subservient of no business purpose. He loves detail so much that he made a personal study of the plans for the new Foreign Office building in Peking before he would permit the foundations to be laid. His grasp of principle has, none the less, a comprehensiveness of scope that enabled him recently to organize the entire Chinese customs service anew. He entertains ambassadors in his yamen with princely splendor and all the affability of Milton's archangel, yet his origin was lowlier than Lincoln's. Strenuous in achievement like Roosevelt, autocratic in policy like William II, Yuan Shi Kai is as much a ruler in his native land as either.

Literature and Art

IS THE CREATIVE SPIRIT IN LITERATURE DEAD OR DORMANT?

HE advance of mankind," Huxley once wrote, "has everywhere depended upon the production of genius"; and it was doubtless with this thought in mind that the *New York Outlook* recently submitted the above question to five well-known American writers—Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Mr. Henry M. Alden, Mr. Henry Holt and Mr. H. W. Boynton. It is significant that no one of the five is impelled to give a categorical answer to the question, but that, in spite of this fact, all write in an optimistic spirit.

Mr. Holt, perhaps, touches the keynote of the discussion when he says that the creative spirit, or, as he prefers to call it, the spirit of genius, in our age necessarily expresses itself in terms different from those of any other age, and may on this account be temporarily depreciated or overlooked. He adds:

"The heroes are not all dead, but their type is changing, even in fiction. It will take time, however, to get the enthusiasm for the new types as thoroughly into the blood as was that for the old. Pasteur shut up in his laboratory until he came out half paralyzed, with a greater boon for humanity than any conqueror ever bore, may not yet thrill us as the conquerors do, but he will. The victories over temptation are not as picturesque as those over mailed and standard-bearing foes, but our response to them is increasing, and the story tellers know it already."

Dr. Hale makes the assertion that "no sixty years of the world's history has seen any such exertion of creative force as those which have passed since 1850"—a force exhibited no less in literature than in science and industrial activity. Colonel Higginson traces the line of marked individuality through our great literary figures—Charles Brockden Brown, Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Poe, Whitman, Whittier, Longfellow, Mark Twain; and concludes:

"The fact is that there are always materials for literary work at hand, but the Creative Spirit bath its own devices. What those devices are we cannot tell. Under what laws that spirit moves we know not. History shows that any temporary inaction of the great creative impulse is but such repose as nature provides for body and mind in sleep. The awakening comes in due

season, as dreams grow proverbially brighter when day approaches."

Mr. Boynton begins his reply to the questions submitted by likening it to the question of a child on a cloudy day, "Has the sun gone out, or has it only stopped shining?" He answers tersely: "The sun will never stop shining till it goes out." Genius may be suffering eclipse; but we cannot say so confidently, since "even tidal waves such as Milton are not always observed at the moment." Moreover, we sometimes fail to hear true voices, "because they are not both true and colossal." Mr. Boynton goes on to say: "Even the next decade may see the birth of a new world. Already there are voices and stirrings in chaos; and the creative spirit is brooding upon the waters."

The veteran editor of *Harper's Magazine*, who gives the most satisfactory and specific answer of the five to *The Outlook's* question, pays a remarkable tribute to the literary achievement of English-speaking authors in our day. It is true, he admits, that we have no Dickens or Victor Hugo, but we have novelists, he thinks, "whose appeal to our sensibility is quicker and stronger. Mrs. Humphry Ward and Margaret Deland are far more significant to us than a new George Eliot would be." Mr. Alden notes "a marked advance in imaginative prose, more especially in the short story," during recent years; and continues:

"Of course nine-tenths of the fiction that gets published, and no inconsiderable proportion of which is commercially successful, is creative neither in substance nor in form; but, excluding it from our consideration, a saving remnant is left which is a worthy contribution to imaginative literature. As an offset to the promising young writers whom distinction still awaits, it is only fair that, in a general survey of English and American fiction, we should claim as of our time the old masters who still linger with us, such as Hardy and Meredith, James and Howells, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Those who follow them—Hichens, Conrad, Hewlett, Mrs. Ward, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Wharton, Sir Gilbert Parker, Miss Sinclair, Grace Ellery Channing, Abby Meguire Roach, Alice Brown, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, James Branch Cabell, and Justus Miles Forman—are not unworthy successors. Some of this

later group have sounded a new note in fiction, are distinctly new emergences in the evolution of creative genius, and have yet to show the golden harvest of their maturity.

"Pessimistic criticism will still bewail the passing of the older race of giants, ignoring the fact that genius to-day does not wear the masques of yesterday, has its new distinction, and, if not greater than it has been in the past, is nevertheless in advance."

In summing up the discussion, *The Outlook* editorially calls attention to a very genuine creative movement in European literature which the contributors to the symposium, strangely enough, seem to have overlooked. It says:

"The forms which the creative spirit in literature takes on change from time to time, and genius often comes into the world in such unforeseen ways that men have its companionship long before they understand with whom they are keeping company. Whatever may be the ultimate judgment of the authority of the recent dramatic movement on the Continent as an interpretation of experience or as an illustration of dramatic

art, that movement represents a great force, and is an expression, on a large scale, of the creative spirit. The absurd claims of the Ibsenites must not make us blind to the genius of Ibsen, nor must his wholly one-sided view of life hide from us his extraordinary talent as a dramatist. The illusive point of view of Maeterlinck, and his skill in keeping himself clear of a definite statement of his creed, must not make us indifferent to his rare gifts as a thinker and writer. Hauptmann's 'The Sunken Bell' does not present a final solution of the relation of the real to the ideal, but its poetry, the appeal of its symbolism, the atmosphere of imagination in which it is steeped, would give it rank and place in any age of creative work. Sudermann's 'Magda,' Maeterlinck's 'Monna Vanna,' Paul Heyse's 'Mary of Magdala,' bring small satisfaction to those who long for a constructive drama; but as expressions of the drama of protest no one can question their power. The movement as a whole lacks coherence, spiritual insight, the larger vision; it is, nevertheless, another blossoming of the creative spirit, but in forms so different from those that preceded it that many people who have been its contemporaries have failed to recognize its significance or its beauty."

A NEW CRITICAL ONSLAUGHT ON SHAKESPEARE



IS Shakespeare's genius a colossal illusion, suggested to the world by Goethe and assiduously fostered by critics, that, having held enthralled men's minds for many centuries, pales in the light of modern criticism? Monstrous as this assumption may appear to many, it certainly suggests itself in view of the rise, in different parts of the globe, of bold and earnest men almost simultaneously assailing the fame of one generally heretofore conceded to be the greatest dramatic poet the earth has ever known. In Germany Dr. Karl Bleibtreu, critic and poet, proclaims that not William Shakespeare, the actor, but the Earl of Rutland, is the true author of the works commonly known as Shakespeare's. Dr. Bleibtreu, in his "History of English Literature," rejected as absurd the theories of the Baconians, adopting instead the conventional view. His investigations, however, have led him to accept this new and startling theory, which has received the endorsement of at least one eminent German critic, Dr. William Turszinsky. His arguments in confirmation of the thesis, however, need not concern us here, as they reflect in no way upon the merit of the dramas and poems in question. Nor need we more than chronicle Bernard Shaw's attacks on Shakespeare, first printed in his preface to "Three Plays for Puritans," repeated in his "Dramatic Opinions," from which we quote in another

department, and strongly reiterated in a recent letter now published in company with a formidable onslaught from the pen of Leo Tolstoy.

The immediate occasion for the great Russian's monograph* was an essay from the pen of Ernest Crosby, which appears as an appendix to the present work, and in which Shakespeare's contempt for the common people is plausibly set forth. The author of "Anna Karenina" has before put himself on record with an iconoclastic utterance, quoted in Nordau's "Degeneration," that Shakespeare was "a scribbler by the dozen." For many years Tolstoy has planned to reveal in full the reasons why he regards Shakespeare as perhaps the most pernicious influence in literature. He says:

"My disagreement with the established opinion about Shakespeare is not the result of an accidental frame of mind, nor of a light-minded attitude toward the matter, but is the outcome of many years' repeated and insistent endeavors to harmonize my own views of Shakespeare with those established amongst all civilized men of the Christian world.

"I remember the astonishment I felt when I first read Shakespeare. I expected to receive a powerful esthetic pleasure; but having read, one after the other, works regarded as his best—'King Lear,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth,'—not only did I feel no delight, but I felt an irresistible repulsion and tedium, and

*TOLSTOY ON SHAKESPEARE. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

doubted as to whether I was senseless in feeling works regarded as the summit of perfection by the whole of the civilized world to be trivial and positively bad, or whether the significance which this civilized world attributes to Shakespeare was itself senseless. My consternation was increased by the fact that I always keenly felt the beauties of poetry in every form; then why should artistic works recognized by the whole world as those of a genius,—the works of Shakespeare,—not only fail to please me, but be disagreeable to me? For a long time I could not believe in myself, and during fifty years, in order to test myself, I several times recommenced reading Shakespeare in every possible form, in Russian, in English, in German and in Schlegel's translation, as I was advised. Several times I read the dramas and the comedies and historical plays, and I invariably underwent the same feelings: repulsion, weariness, and bewilderment. At the present time, before writing this preface, being desirous once more to test myself, I have as an old man of seventy-five read again the whole of Shakespeare, including the historical plays, the 'Henry's,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' the 'Tempest,' and 'Cymbeline,' and I have felt, with even greater force, the same feelings,—this time, however, not of bewilderment, but of firm, indubitable conviction that the unquestionable glory of a great genius which Shakespeare enjoys, which compels writers of our time to imitate him and readers and spectators to discover in him non-existent merits,—thereby distorting their esthetic and ethical understanding,—is a great evil, as in every untruth.

"Altho I know that the majority of people so firmly believe in the greatness of Shakespeare that in reading this judgment of mine they will not admit even the possibility of its justice, and will not give it the slightest attention, nevertheless I will endeavor as well as I can, to show why I believe that Shakespeare can not be recognized either as a great genius, or even as an average author."

Tolstoy thereupon dissects "King Lear," as that play has been pronounced by the greatest critics, from Hazlitt to Swinburne, from Shelley to Hugo, Shakespeare's master effort. He tells the story of the plot in a manner such as would make any work ridiculous, at the same time pointing out some real incoherencies and faults. Then, summarizing his impressions, he remarks:

"Such is this celebrated drama! However absurd it may appear in my rendering (which I have endeavored to make as impartial as possible), I may confidently say that in the original it is yet more absurd. For any man of our time—if he were not under the hypnotic suggestion that this drama is the height of perfection—it would be enough to read it to its end (were he to have sufficient patience for this) to be convinced that far from being the height of perfection, it is a very bad, carelessly composed production, which, if it could have been of interest to a certain public at a certain time, cannot evoke among us anything but aversion and weariness."

The positions in which Shakespeare's characters are arbitrarily placed are, we are told,

so construed that the reader or spectator is not only unable to sympathize with their sufferings, but even to be interested in what he sees. Their language, too, the writer avers, is inconsistent with the place and time. It lacks individuality. They speak not their own but always one and the same pretentious Shakespearean language, in which "not only they could not speak, but in which no living man has ever spoken or does speak." Nor is this all.

"They all suffer from a common intemperance of language. Those who are in love, who are preparing for death, who are fighting, who are dying, all alike speak much and unexpectedly about subjects utterly inappropriate to the occasion, being evidently rather guided by consonances and play of words than by thoughts. They speak all alike. Lear raves exactly as does Edgar when feigning madness. Both Kent and the fool speak alike. The words of one of the personages might be placed in the mouth of another, and by the character of the speech it would be impossible to distinguish who speaks. If there is a difference in the speech of Shakespeare's various characters, it lies merely in the different dialogs which are pronounced for these characters—again by Shakespeare and not by themselves. Thus Shakespeare always speaks for kings in one and the same inflated empty language. Also in one and the same Shakespearean, artificially sentimental language speak all the women who are intended to be poetic: Juliet, Desdemona, Cordelia, Imogen, Mariana. In the same way, also, it is Shakespeare who alone speaks for his villains: Richard, Edmund, Iago, Macbeth, expressing for them those vicious feelings which villains never express. Yet more similar are the speeches of the madmen with their horrible words, and those of fools with their mirthless puns."

Count Tolstoy next sets about to demolish the contention that Shakespeare at least created a few eternal human types. He speaks in detail of the characters of Hamlet and Falstaff. The latter, he observes, is perhaps the only natural and typical character created by Shakespeare. The language he employs, unnatural to Shakespeare's other dramatic persons, is quite in harmony with his boastful, distorted and depraved character. Hamlet, he says, has no character at all. But as it is recognized that Shakespeare, the genius, cannot write anything bad, therefore learned people use all the powers of their minds to find extraordinary beauties in what is "an obvious and crying failure."

There is, however, to be found in Shakespeare one peculiarity which, Tolstoy goes on to say, may appear to be the capacity of depicting character.

"This peculiarity consists in the capacity of representing scenes expressing the play of emotion. However unnatural the positions may be in

which he places his characters, however improper to them the language which he makes them speak, however featureless they are, the very play of emotion, its increase and alteration, and the combination of many contrary feelings as expressed correctly and powerfully in some of Shakespeare's scenes, and in the play of good actors, evokes, even if only for a time, sympathy with the persons represented."

"Ah," will some say, "what of this? Are not Shakespeare's monologues and the philosophy therein expressed truly great?" Tolstoy is ready to answer this query. No, he tells us, they are neither deep nor appropriate; and "speeches, however eloquent or profound they may be, when put into the mouths of dramatic characters, if they be superfluous or unnatural to the position and character, destroy the chief condition of dramatic art—the illusion."

Yet again, the Shakespearean will reply: "You must not neglect the historical estimate. Remember the time in which Shakespeare lived and the audience for which he wrote." Even so, Count Tolstoy replies, in Homer, too, there is much that is strange, but we can transport ourselves into the life he described, because he believes what he says and speaks seriously without exaggeration. Not so, he says, with Shakespeare. He has conceived his characters only for the stage, and therefore we do not believe either in their actions or their sufferings. To quote further:

"Nothing demonstrates so clearly the complete absence of esthetic feeling in Shakespeare as comparison between him and Homer. The works which we call the works of Homer are artistic, poetic and original works, lived through by the author of authors; whereas the works of Shakespeare—borrowed as they are and, externally, like mosaics, artificially fitted together piecemeal from bits invented for the occasion—have nothing whatever in common with art and poetry."

"When," Count Tolstoy goes on to say, "I endeavor to get from Shakespeare's worshippers an explanation of his greatness, I meet in them exactly the same attitude which I have met, and which is usually met, in the defenders of any dogmas accepted not through reason, but through faith." This attitude, he tells us, gave him the key to Shakespeare's fame:

"There is but one explanation of this wonderful fame: it is one of those epidemic suggestions to which men constantly have been and are subject. Such 'suggestion' always has existed and does exist in the most varied spheres of life. As glaring instances, considerable in scope and deceitful influences, one may cite the medieval Crusades which afflicted, not only adults, but even children, and the individual 'suggestions,' startling in their

senselessness, such as faith in witches, in the utility of torture for the discovery of truth, the search for the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, or the passion for tulips valued at several thousand guldens a bulb which took hold of Holland."

This Shakespeare epidemic, claims Tolstoy, came about when the Germans, breaking away from the classical writers, chose Shakespeare's plays as models, because of the clever development of scenes, of which he was master. At the head of this group, he tells us, stood Goethe, who was the dictator of public opinion in esthetic questions.

"He it was who, partly owing to a desire to destroy the fascination of the false French art, partly owing to his desire to give a greater scope to his own dramatic writing, but chiefly through the agreement of his view of life with Shakespeare's, declared Shakespeare a great poet. When this error was announced by an authority like Goethe, all those esthetic critics who did not understand art threw themselves on it like crows on carrion and began to discover in Shakespeare beauties which did not exist and to extol them. These men, German esthetic critics, for the most part utterly devoid of esthetic feeling, without that simple, direct artistic sensibility which, for people with a feeling for art, clearly distinguishes esthetic impressions from all others, but believing the authority which had recognized Shakespeare as a great poet, began to praise the whole of Shakespeare indiscriminately, especially distinguishing such passages as struck them by their effects, or which expressed thoughts corresponding to their views of life, imagining that these effects and these thoughts constitute the essence of what is called art."

When it was decided, says Tolstoy, in concluding, that the height of perfection was Shakespeare's drama, and that we ought to write as he did, not only without any religious, but even without any moral significance, then all writers of dramas, in imitation of him, began to compose such empty pieces as are those of Goethe, Schiller, Hugo, and, in Russia, of Pushkin, or the chronicles of Ostrovski, Alexis Tolstoy, and an innumerable number of other more or less celebrated dramatic productions which fill all the theaters, and can be prepared wholesale by any one who happens to have the idea or desire to write a play.

From this general indictment Count Tolstoy does not exclude his own dramatic writings.

Here, however, the great Russian reveals the underlying motive of his attack. It seems that he is of the opinion that the drama should return to the days of the Middle Ages, when it was intimately connected with religion and that, "while there is no true religious drama, the teaching of life should be sought for in other sources."

SEVEN AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS

Whom Two Generations Have
Delighted to Honor

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

HENRY M. ALDEN

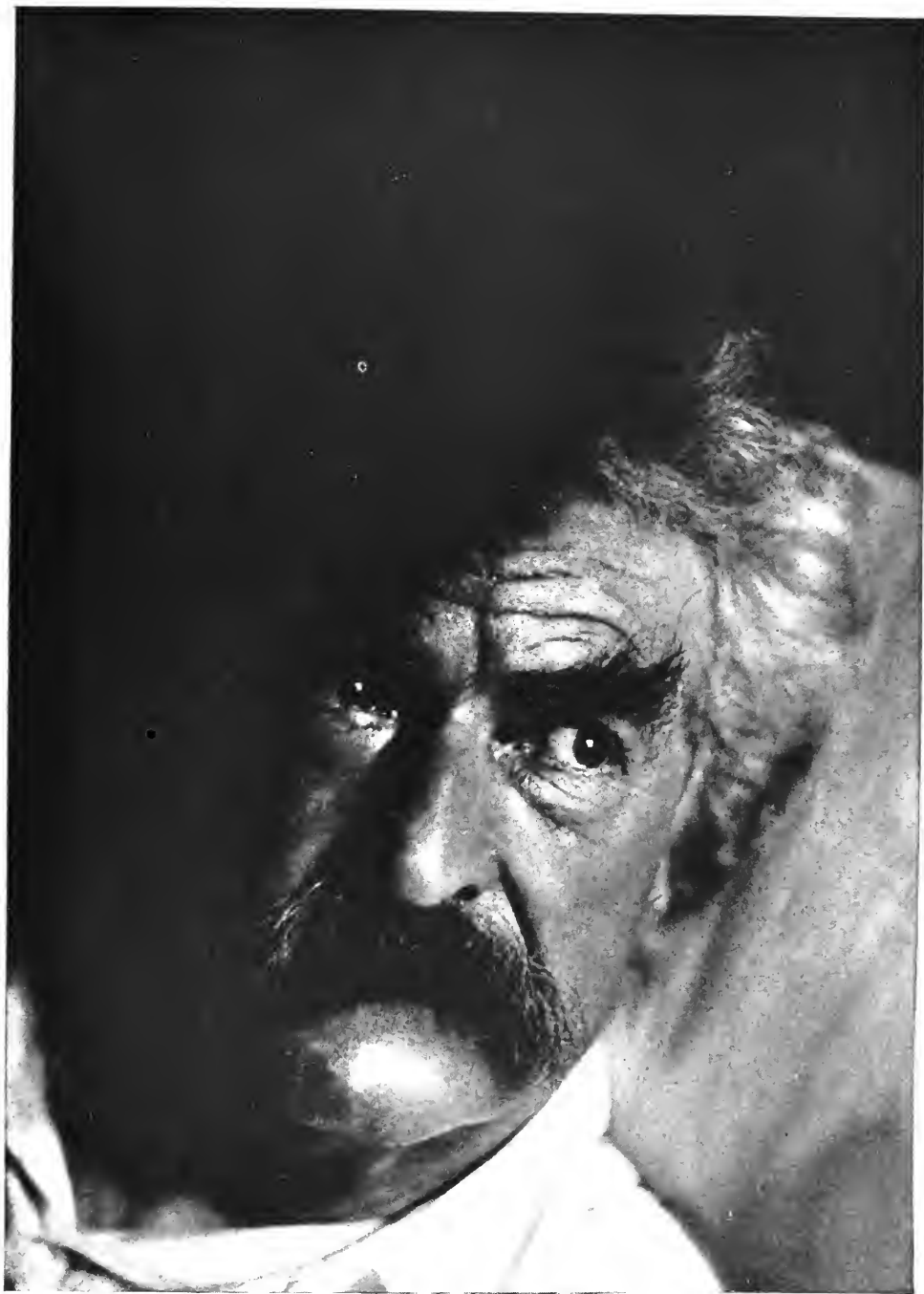


"As the lesser enthusiasms fade and fail, one should take a stronger hold on the higher ones. 'Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,' and one sees in better perspective the things that need doing. . . . Grand old men are those who have been grand young men and carry still a young heart beneath old shoulders."—*David Starr Jordan.*



Figure 1. Fossilized skull and jawbone fragment.

The fossilized skull and jawbone fragment shown in Figure 1 are believed to be the remains of a prehistoric animal. The skull, which is approximately 10 cm in length, shows a distinct jawbone and a series of teeth. The jawbone fragment, which is approximately 5 cm in length, shows a distinct jawbone and a series of teeth. The fossilization process has preserved the structure of the bones, allowing for detailed study of the animal's anatomy.



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MARK TWAIN AT "PIER SEVENTY!"

When his seventieth birthday was celebrated a year ago, SAMUEL L. CLEMENS remarked: "The seventieth birthday! It is the time of life when you arrive at a new and awful dignity; when you may throw aside the decent reserves which have oppressed you for a generation and stand unafraid and unabashed upon your seven-terraced summit and look down and teach—unrebuked."

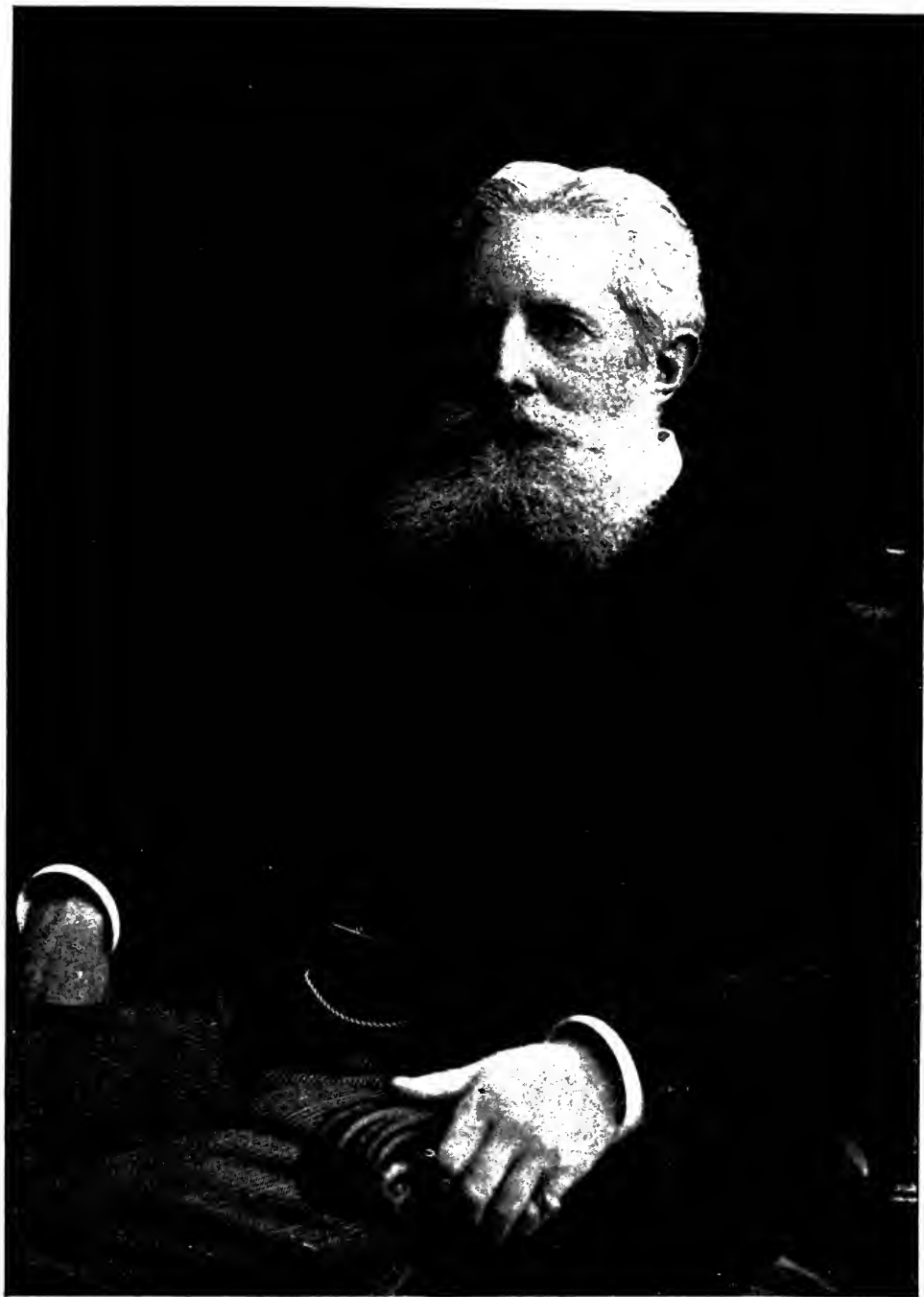


THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH TODAY

His photograph and the almanac contradict each other "scandalous." Frank Dempster Sherman, at the recent celebration of Mr. ALDRICH's seventieth anniversary, wrote:

"They know not age; no, nor dost thou, in truth,
For thou with laurels green on locks of gold
Hast reached but now the poet's dewy prime.

"A thousand years! O song-enamored youth,
Thy lyric castles never shall grow old,
Nor ruin mar their airy walls of rhyme."

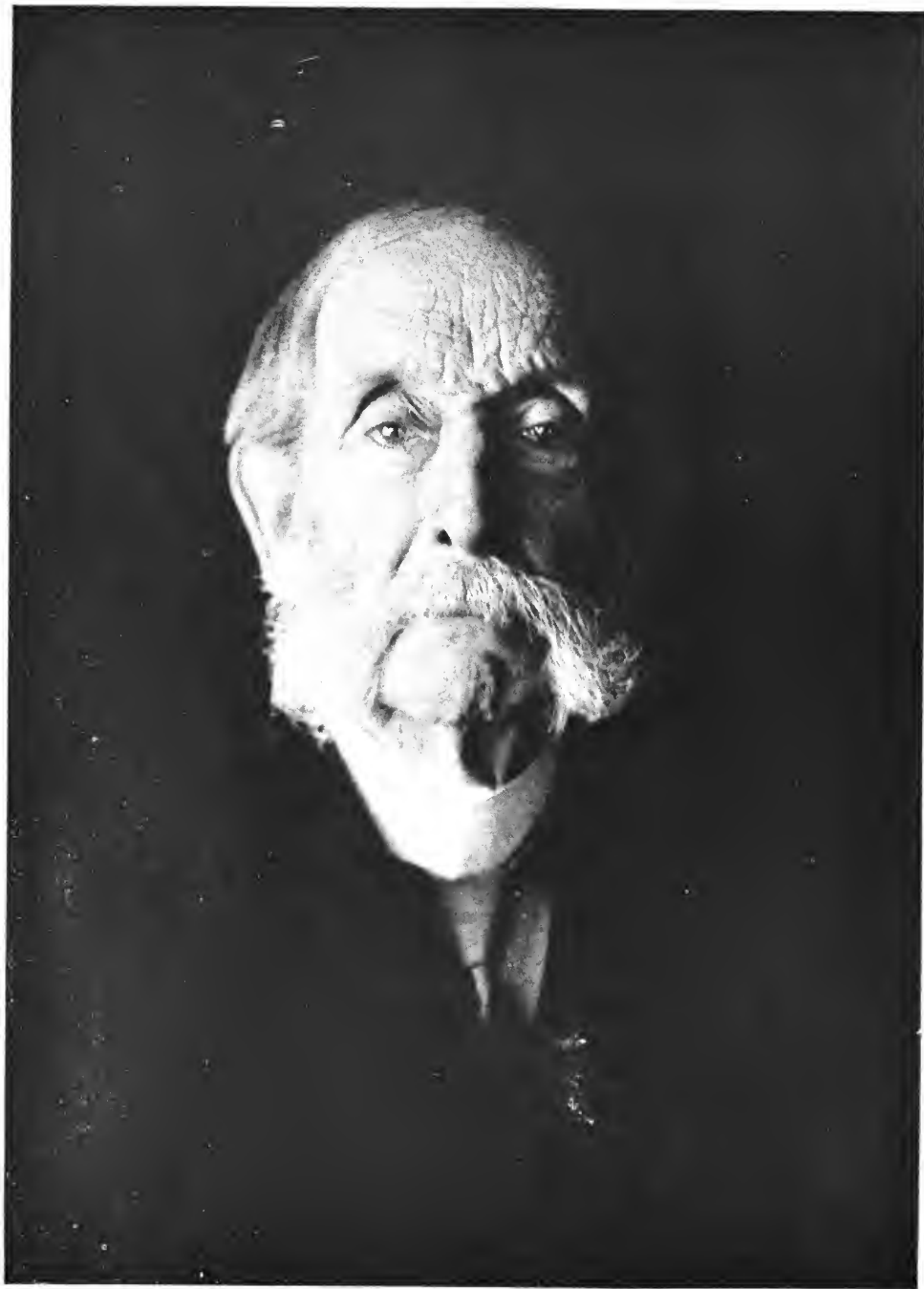


EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, POET AND CRITIC

MR. STEDMAN also yielded to the decision of the almanac three years ago and underwent a seventieth anniversary. Mr. Howells at that time read a poem containing these lines:

"Poet, more poet for beauty than for fame,
"Sage for the sake of being, not seemng wise,
"Preacher of truth, and not of praise or blame;

"Critic whose law inspires as well as tries,
"You who have deepened and enlarged your day,
"You shall remain when it has passed away."

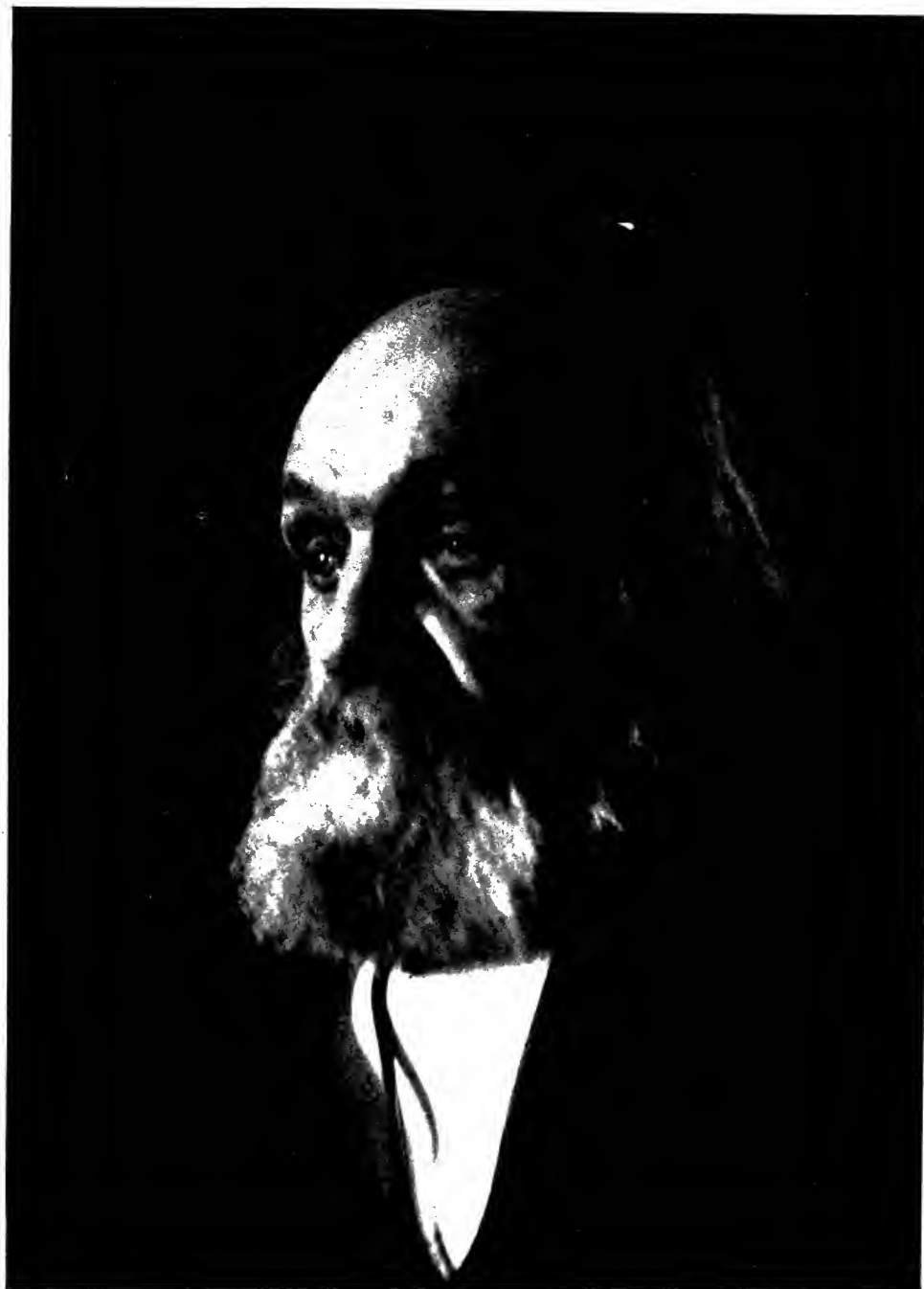


SOLDIER, ESSAYIST, POET

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON can look back over the "Cheerful Yesterdays" of eighty-three years. But, as he wrote years ago:

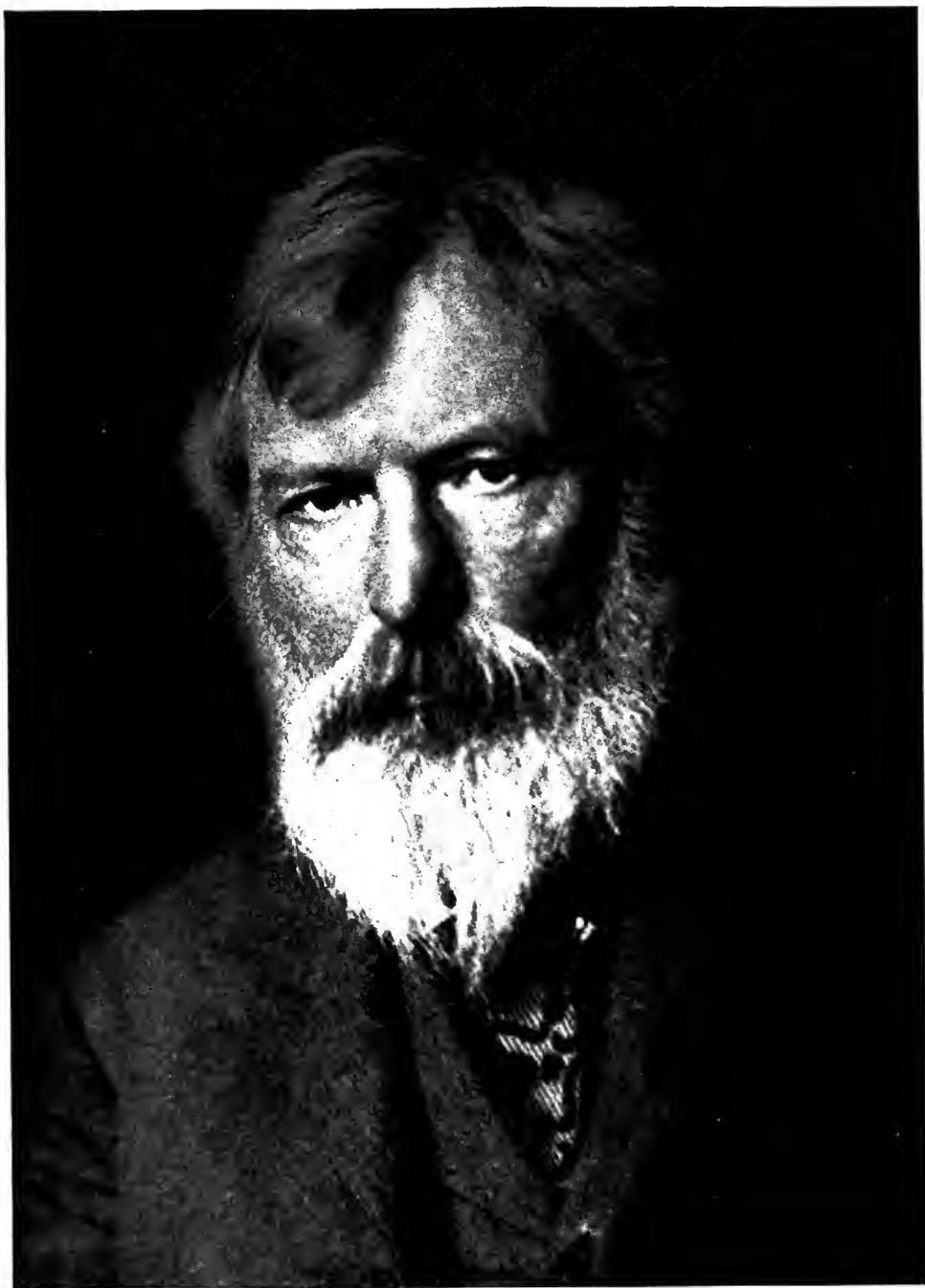
"Love and Pain
Make true our measure of all things that be,
No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless strain,

"The life they own is not the life we see;
Love's single moment is eternity,
Eternity, a thought in Shakespeare's brain."



THE PREACHER OF PATRIOTISM

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, everybody's friend, passed Pier 80 more than four years ago, and from the summit of his long and glorious life, with mind still alert and heart still glowing, he looks down upon the mere youngsters who are only seventy. His "Man Without a Country" has become a classic, and "In His Name" is a favorite in many lands.



AFTER THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS AS EDITOR

HENRY MILLS ALDEN has wielded the blue pencil for *Harper's Magazine* ever since 1869, and his seventieth birthday a few weeks ago was the occasion of unlimited greetings from a host of noted writers. Various works of a philosophical nature attest, as one critic has said, that, while the most practical of editors, he "is in reality a poet and in another age he might have been a mystic."

THE MYSTIC DREAM OF LAFCADIO HEARN



FROM the hour of his birth on a sunlit Greek island until the day when he was carried behind flowers and white lanterns and laid to rest in a Buddhist cemetery, the life of Lafcadio Hearn was dominated by a strange and mystic vision. For him, in very truth, the dream was more real than reality, its pursuit the only object of living; and all who were privileged to know him intimately fell under the spell of this idealist passion. As his friend, Elizabeth Bisland, describes him, in her newly published "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn":*

"He was one of those whom Socrates called 'daemonic,' one who had looked in secret places, face to face, upon the magic countenance of the Muse, and was thereafter vowed to the quest of the Holy Cup wherein glows the essential blood of beauty. One who must follow forever in poetry hard after the Dream, leaving untouched on either hand the goods for which his fellows strove; falling at times into the mire, torn by the thorns that others evade, lost often, and often overtaken by the night of discouragement and despair, but rising again from besmirchments and defacings to follow the vision to the end."

It has often been noted that the failure of one human faculty but sharpens the remaining senses; and, in Hearn's case, the unfortunate accident which deprived him at an early age of the use of one eye and permanently disfigured his face, seems only to have heightened his imaginative powers. His deformity made him a man apart, and set him in loneliness which sometimes depressed and weakened him, but more often stimulated his creative activity. A poet he was by the law of his being. From his Irish father and Greek mother he inherited something of his romanticism. His restlessness, too, can be attributed in part at least, to their nomadic life. "I inherit certain susceptibilities, weaknesses, sensitivenesses," he once said, "which render it impossible to adapt myself to the ordinary milieu; I have to make one of my own wherever I go."

The train of events that precipitated Hearn, friendless and penniless, in the streets of New York during the year 1869, is shrouded in obscurity; but his subsequent life in Cincinnati, in New Orleans, in the West Indies, in Japan, is vividly illumined by the letters now given to the world—a collection which, in the

opinion of no less a critic than James Huneker, constitutes "the most entertaining, self-revealing, even fascinating, literary correspondence published since the death of Robert Louis Stevenson." They are addressed for the most part to Henry Edward Krehbiel, the musical critic of the New York *Tribune*; W. D. O'Connor, the champion of Walt Whitman; Dr. George M. Gould, the eminent Philadelphia oculist, Page M. Butler, editor of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*; and to Basil Hall Chamberlain, Ellwood Hendrick and Elizabeth Bisland (now Mrs. Wetmore). With all of these friends Hearn candidly discusses his problems, his struggles, his aspirations. According to Miss Bisland's interpretation:

"These letters make clear, as no comment could adequately do, how unflinchingly he pursued his purpose to become an artist, through long discouragement, through poverty and self-sacrifice; make clear how the Dream never failed to lead him, and how broad a foundation of study and discipline he laid during his apprenticeship for the structure he was later to rear for his own monument. They also disclose, as again no comment could do, the modesty of his self-appreciation, and the essentially enthusiastic and affectionate nature of his character."

In his attitude toward his fellow-authors there has seldom been a more generous spirit than Lafcadio Hearn. Toward his own literary work he was relentlessly severe; but the efforts of his friends almost invariably won his commendation. "I consider yours a higher style than mine," he writes to Mr. Krehbiel, and in another place he speaks of Bayard Taylor as a man of "much greater talent" than himself. It was doubtless this lack of self-confidence that led him, during the early stages of his career, to make translations of literary masterpieces, rather than to attempt creative work of his own. He seemed almost to live on his literary enthusiasms. Flaubert, de Maupassant, Pierre Loti, Théophile Gautier, he idolized; and of Victor Hugo he says: "His prose is like the work of Angelo—the paintings in the Sistine Chapel, the figures described by Emilio Castelar as painted by flashes of lightning. He is one of those who appear but once in five hundred years." The imaginative genius of these great masters helped to quench Hearn's insatiable thirst for beauty, and to transfigure days of dull journalistic routine. After business hours and into the small hours of the morning he worked,

*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. By Elizabeth Bisland. Two Volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

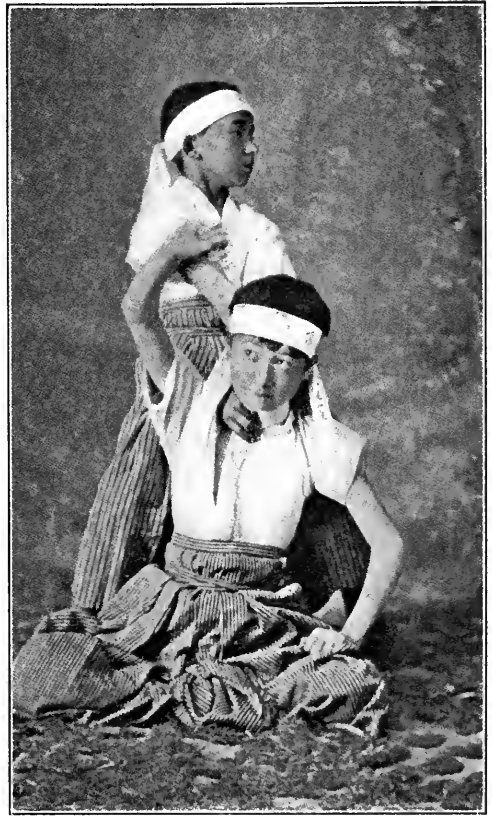
straining his weak eyesight almost beyond the point of endurance. This period of Hearn's dream-life is recorded in volumes of translated stories such as "One of Cleopatra's Nights" and "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature." The motive that impelled him to this work is plainly stated in a letter to Mr. Krehbiel:

"What you say about the disinclination to work for years upon a theme for pure love's sake, without hope of reward, touches me,—because I have felt that despair so long and so often. And yet I believe that all the world's art-work—all that which is eternal—was thus wrought. And I also believe that no work made perfect for the pure love of art can perish, save by strange and rare accident. Despite the rage of religion and of time, we know Sappho found no rival, no equal.



LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPANESE COSTUME

His newly printed letters are pronounced by James Huneker "the most entertaining, self-revealing, even fascinating literary correspondence published since the death of Robert Louis Stevenson."



KAZUO AND IWAO, HEARN'S TWO OLDER CHILDREN

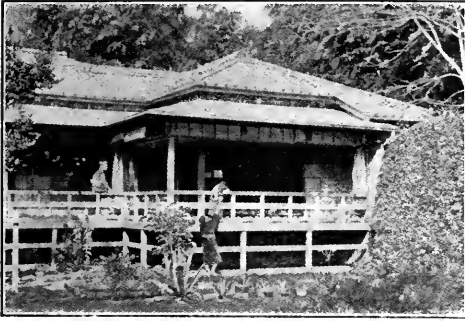
Irish-Greek on one side of their parentage, Japanese on the other.

Rivers changed their courses and dried up,—seas became deserts, since some Egyptian romanticist wrote the story of Latin-Khamois. Do you suppose he ever received \$500 for it?

"Yet the hardest of all sacrifices for the artist is this sacrifice to art,—this trampling of self under foot. It is the supreme test for admittance into the ranks of the eternal priests. It is the bitter and fruitless sacrifice which the artist's soul is bound to make,—as in certain antique cities maidens were compelled to give their virginity to a god of stone! But without the sacrifice can we hope for the grace of heaven?"

This was one phase of Lafcadio Hearn's changing dream. At the time when he gave it expression he was under the glamor of woman and art, getting his impressions largely through books, and making himself the instrument of other men's thoughts. Later, he was destined to become more and more absorbed in the interpretation, for its own sake, of the essential principle of beauty.

The idea grew upon him that his was to be the mission of "a literary Columbus" discover-



HEARN'S BUNGALOW IN TOKYO

Showing the writing room in which he worked, and in which he died.

ing and revealing a "Romantic America in some West Indian or North African or Oriental region"; and it was with this thought in mind that he visited in 1884 Grand Isle, in the Gulf of Mexico. Out of the experience grew "Chita," the story of a girl child wrecked in a great storm and rescued by the natives of a tropical island. It was a parable of the contrast between "civilization" and elemental life. Three years later he sailed for St. Pierre, in Martinique, living for a time amidst its fantastic people, and recording under the shadow of Mount Pelée, "coiffed with purple and lilac cloud," the account of a town and population now obliterated as completely as was Pompeii.

But Hearn's dream was still unrealized. Islands set under tropical skies, exquisite in their aspect of outward beauty but spiritually undeveloped, intellectually barren and impotent, might fascinate him for a while, but could not hold him permanently. Already his eyes were turned in the direction of further horizons, already his visionary instinct was leading him toward the mysterious Orient and that Eastern wisdom which, as he himself has said, "fathomed the deepest deeps of human thought before the Greek was born."

In the Spring of 1890 he put America behind his back and set out for Japan. The date marks a new epoch in his literary career. During the years that followed until his death he became a world-figure, interpreting "the soul of the East" to the Western nations.

Perhaps he never himself quite realized, remarks Miss Bisland, the importance of the work that he had chosen. She continues:

"In place of gathering up in the outlying parts of the new world the dim tattered fragments of old-world romance—as a collector might seek in Spanish-American cities bits of what were once the gold-threaded, glowing tapestries brought to

adorn the exile of Conquistadores—he had the good fortune to assist at one of the great births of history. Out of 'a race as primitive as the Etruscan before Rome was'—as he declared he found them—he was to see a mighty modern nation spring full-armed, with all the sudden miraculous transformation of some great mailed beetle bursting from the grey hidden shell of a feeble-looking pupa. He saw the fourteenth century turn swiftly, amazingly into the twentieth, and his twelve volumes of studies of the Japanese people were to have that unique and lasting value that would attach to equally painstaking records of Greek life before the Persian wars. Inestimable, immortal, would be such books—could they anywhere be found—setting down the faiths, the traditions, the daily lives, the songs, the dances, the names, the legends, the humble love of plants, birds and insects, of that people who suddenly stood up at Thermopylæ, broke the wave from the East, made Europe possible, and set the cornerstone of Occidental thought. This was what Lafcadio Hearn, a little penniless, half-blind, ec-



LAFCADIO HEARN'S GRAVE

Hearn was buried according to Buddhist rites, and his gravestone bears the inscription: "Believing Man Similar to Undeified Flower Blooming like Eight Rising Clouds, Who Dwells in Mansion of Right Enlightenment."

centric wanderer had come to do for Japan. To make immortal the story of the childhood of a people as simple as the early Greeks, who were to break at Mukden the great wave of conquest from the West and to rejuvenate the most ancient East."

But in the end,—and here lies the real tragedy of Lafcadio Hearn's career—even Japan lost its witchery. He married a Japanese wife, became the father of four children, converted himself into a subject of the Mikado, inspired Japanese youth through his lectures and writings, sent back marvelous books to the world he had left; and yet—he was not happy, his dream was not realized! The saddest element in his letters is that of increasing disillusionment. He lived among the Japanese, and had their respect and affection; but, after all, he could never forget that he was a stranger in a strange land. At times he was very lonely,—he confesses it and tells of days and weeks when he saw no living being outside of his own household. He worked intensely, but his labors brought him pain, as well as joy. Worst of all, there came upon him overwhelmingly, at the last, the consciousness that the Japan he had loved and sought was fading away, and that in its place would grow "civilization"—the very thing he had traveled ten thousand miles to escape. And so he came to write:

"For no little time these fairy folk can give you all the softness of sleep. But sooner or later, if

you dwell among them, your contentment will prove to have much in common with the happiness of dreams. You will never forget the dream—never; but it will lift at last, like those vapors of Spring which lend preternatural loveliness to a Japanese landscape in the forenoon of radiant days. Really you are happy because you have entered bodily into Fairyland, into a world that is not, and never could be, your own. . . . That is the secret of the strangeness and beauty of things, the secret of the thrill they give. . . . The tide of time has turned for you! But remember that here all is enchantment, that you have fallen under the spell of the dead, that the lights and the colors and the voices must fade away at last into emptiness and silence."

Lafcadio Hearn died a disappointed man. His mystic dream lost its luster, like a flower in the wind. He realized that the archaic romance he had striven to cherish could not endure in the twentieth century. He felt that the world at large was soon to pass under the iron heel of a Socialism which, with Herbert Spencer, he interpreted as "a coming slavery." More than once, in the latter days, he voiced a sense of failure, and spoke of the desolation of lives haunted by "the impossible ideal." And yet, he said, the eternal quest must go on. A man may find that he has been cheated out of his youth and life; but he must not give up. "The hair of Lilith—just one—has been twisted around his heart,—an ever tightening fine line of gold. And he sees her smile just ere he passes into the Eternal darkness."

A POET'S TRIBUTE TO THE POWER OF THE LIVING VOICE



MR. W. B. YEATS, the Celtic poet who lately visited our shores, is convinced that much of the nerveless quality of modern literature is due to the fact that our books are written to be read, instead of to be spoken. "Before men read," he remarks, "the ear and the tongue were subtle, and delighted one another with the little tunes that were in words. All literature was then, whether in the mouth of its minstrels or the singers, the perfection of an art that everybody practised, a flower out of the stem of life." But now words are coined for trim printed pages; their elemental rhythm and passion are gone. As Mr. Yeats puts it (in *The Contemporary Review*):

"When one takes a book into the corner, one surrenders so much life for one's knowledge, so

much, I mean, of that normal activity that gives one life and strength, one lays away one's own handiwork and turns from one's friend, and, if the book is good, one is at some pains to press all the little wanderings and tumults of the mind into silence and quiet. If the reader be poor, if he has worked all day at the plow or the desk, he will hardly have strength enough for any but a meretricious book; nor is it only when the book is on the knees that one's life must be given for it. For a good and sincere book needs the preparation of the peculiar studies and reveries that prepare for good taste, and make it easier for the mind to find pleasure in a new landscape; and all these reveries and studies have need of so much time and thought that it is almost certain a man cannot be a successful doctor, or engineer, or Cabinet Minister, and have a culture good enough to escape the mockery of the ragged art student who comes of an evening sometimes to borrow a half-sovereign. The old culture came to a man at his work; it was not at the expense of life, but an exaltation of life itself, it came in at the eyes as some civic cere-

mony sailed along the streets, or as one arrayed oneself before the looking-glass, or it came in at the ears in a song as one bent over the plow or the anvil, or at that great table where rich and poor sat down together and heard the minstrel bidding them pass around the wine cup and say a prayer for Gawain dead. Certainly it came without a price; it did not take one from one's friends and one's handiwork; but it was like a good woman who gives all for love and is never jealous and is ready to do all the talking when we are tired."

Looking out over Europe to-day, Mr. Yeats discerns much wistful longing, in a world that reads and writes, for that older world that sang and listened. "The Provençal movement, the Welsh, the Czech," he observes, "have all been attempting to restore what is called a more picturesque way of life, that is to say, a way of life in which the common man has some share in imaginative art." Above all, the Irish movement, to which Mr. Yeats is devoting himself, is rooted in the popular art which once inspired bards and singers. To quote again:

"Ireland, her imagination at its noon before the birth of Chaucer, has created the most beautiful literature of a whole people that has been anywhere since Greece and Rome, while English literature, the greatest of all literatures but that of Greece, is yet the literature of a few. Nothing of it but a handful of ballads about Robin Hood has come from the folk or belongs to them rightly, for the good English writers, with a few exceptions that seem accidental, have written for a small cultivated class; and is not this the reason? Irish poetry and Irish stories were made to be spoken or sung, while English literature, alone of great literatures because the newest of them all, has all but completely shaped itself in the printing press. In Ireland to-day the old world that sang and listened is, it may be for the last time in Europe, face to face with the world that reads and writes."

Mr. Yeats feels that all who cherish the literature of the living voice should do what they can to "kindle the old imaginative life," wherever it exists. It is in this spirit that he has taken charge of the Abbey Theater, in Dublin, and is presenting there poetic drama based on the Irish legends. Apart from this special venture, he pleads for a general revival of recitation in our time—not the after-dinner recitations of our drawing-rooms, but the art of poetic recitation, as practised, for instance, by Miss Farr, the London lady who recites Homer to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument. He might also have mentioned the declamations of Madame Maeterlinck and Madame Yvette Guilbert. Mr. Yeats's idea of the living voice in literature would have been admirably exemplified, as he

himself suggests, in William Morris, if that great poet, when he summoned his friends to his house on Sunday evenings, had read them his poems, instead of delivering Socialist speeches. And incidentally, says Mr. Yeats, Morris's verse would have been improved in the process. He continues:

"Everyone who has to interest his audience through the voice discovers that his success depends upon the clear, simple and varied structure of his thought. I have written a good many plays in verse and prose, and almost all those plays I have re-written after performance, sometimes again and again, and every change that has succeeded has been an addition to the masculine element, an increase of strength in the bony structure."

It is precisely this access of "bony structure," comments the New York *Evening Post*, that modern literature most needs. The same paper says further:

"The hypothesis that most books of the last fifty years have been written by deaf people for deaf people would explain many things. It would throw some light on the admitted saplessness of current French prose. Possibly the average review article, with all its erudition and keenness, is pale and monotonous simply because it was never heard nor meant to be heard. Like a muted instrument, such a style has neither legato nor accent. And that is the prose of the day, whether you look to France, Germany, Italy, or, nearer home, to England and America. Everywhere the same respectable, lifeless, insipid product. Certain scholars in Germany have recommended that school children be taught not to pronounce mentally when reading, because more ground may be covered the other way. The prevalence of such literary deafness would go far to account for the present condition of polite letters beyond the Rhine, though the defect is well nigh universal.

"To recall the exceptional modern writers who are in any sense eloquent, is, we believe, to name those who hear their writings and desire that others should hear them. D'Annunzio, Anatole France, Thomas Hardy, are of this type, whereas one might confidently assert that Fogazzaro, Bourget, and Mrs. Humphry Ward compose without auditory satisfaction of any sort. The distinction is presumably psychological and fundamental. Just as all memories are classed as visual or verbal, so all minds are auditory or the contrary, tending in the first case to associate sound and sense, in the second to eliminate sound altogether. A reader of an introspective sort tells us that in reading poetry he habitually recites it mentally, whereas he seldom hears prose at all, but occasionally is checked by an instinct that a passage is finely cadenced, in which case he rolls it lovingly under his mental tongue. Eloquent verse will stimulate the inaudible recitation to an actual whisper, or even a croon. This appears to be a case of a good—that is to say, an auditory—reader, forced into the deaf, or merely ocular, class by a large bulk of duty-reading that must be done at high speed. The future of literature depends largely upon writers and readers who are in some fashion obedient to the living voice."

THE GREATEST FORCE IN FRENCH PAINTING TO-DAY



AMONG contemporary French artists, there is no more brilliant and vivid figure than that of Albert Besnard. He is a painter of life and light, a magician of color, a man who, as one critic puts it, "has seen in the paroxysm of a moment the truth revealed by his contact with the infinite." His work is optimistic, and gleams like a star against the somewhat somber skies of modern French art. Born in 1849, he has now reached the period of full maturity, and like Rodin he enjoys that rarest of the blessings of genius—the prescience of permanent renown. Tho as different as well may be in character from

Rodin, his art is as full of individuality and originality as that of France's master-genius. It is also as prolific and diversified. Besnard is one of those geniuses of herculean frame who are able to perform prodigies of labor without apparent fatigue. The list of his works is a formidable one, and comprises portraits, historical and symbolic subjects, and fresco work on large surfaces.

What lends especial charm to Besnard's art is its refinement and spirituality linked to a haunting lyric quality which can only be expressed by likening it to certain poetry. Besnard is the Shelley of painters, whose lyric genius is "half angel and half bird and all a wonder and a wild desire."

Each canvas is a living poem, the expression of some phase of beauty caught on the wing among a thousand others, idealized, and irradiated with light.

The distinctive pessimism which as a result of the breaking down of the religious conceptions of two thousands years has invaded all the forms of contemporary art and literature, finds no echo in Albert Besnard. In his idea light and goodness always triumph over darkness and evil. To him joy and beauty, health and movement, color and light, are realities expressing the beneficent purpose at the heart of things. His philosophy is the exact opposite of that of Schopenhauer, who is so much admired by his countrymen. His works proclaim the gospel of happiness and give the lie to the favorite art theory that evil is more interesting than goodness. Needless to say, no trace of asceticism is to be found in his many-sided nature. Like Landor, he has "warmed both hands at the fire of life," and one might say of him what Renan said of himself, that life has been a pleasant excursion among the wonders of the infinite.

As regards the intimate and technical nature of Besnard's art, conflicting opinions have



Courtesy of *The International Studio*.

"AT REST"
(By Albert Besnard)

"As a horse painter," writes Frances Keyzer in *The Studio*, "M. Besnard has no equal in France. We feel the caress in the ruddy browns, in the glossy coats of the ponies, and admire the freedom of drawing in all his impressions of the horse."

been expressed by Parisian critics. Henri Frantz, a writer in *The International Studio*, characterizes him as "the greatest force in French painting of the day"; and adds: "No one since Turner has conjured with light so divinely." Mrs. Frances Keyzer, another *Studio* writer, declares:

"M. Besnard is a man of undisputed talent, a *fantaisiste*, with an impulsive temperament, quick to take impressions, and with a great gift of assimilation. His work is highly decorative, of clever draughtsmanship and luminous color, sometimes bold, sometimes caressing, always captivating; charming the senses without touching the mind; picturesque, even marvelously so, but with the picturesqueness of the rainbow, with as quickly fading an impression."

Camille Maclair, whose work on Rodin has given him an international reputation, contributes an illuminating critique of Besnard to *L'Art* (Paris), from which we quote as follows:

"Albert Besnard, alone among the artists of our time, has elevated the idea of joy to the dignity of a classic. This exuberant joy does not wear an eternal smile; it recognizes the existence of pain. There come moments when it indulges in a nervous laugh; it can contract with feline pleasure, at once restless and violent; it can relax in a troubled languor. This is because it does not cease to be human and has all our passions. It is elegant, blooming, healthy, and withal it has, at times, sudden recollections of pain and death. The characteristic trait of Besnard is a constant mingling of boldness and self-control, careful drawing united to extravagance of color, a luxuriance of luminous life in equilibrium; but all this is haunted, as it were, by something unseen, by his startling vision and his magical intuition. Moreover, beneath the robust art of this master painter there is revealed a feverish melancholy: a fantastic element intervenes, a sort of magic mirror, and adds to all this beauty the charm of the unknown. But if, as Bacon says, 'there can be no perfect beauty without unity of proportion,' Besnard is seriously defective. His vigorous drawing has the face of a sheet anchor in the midst of his ungoverned transports. It is upon color, mirage and the reciprocal power of his artistic hallucinations that he relies to produce, over and above the normal design, the stigmata of the dream and the passions of the human heart."

The psychological traits of Besnard, as re-



Courtesy of *The International Studio*.

PASTEL STUDY
(By Albert Besnard)

"His portraits are movement, surprise, gestures, glances seized on the wing, truth assuredly, but passing and evanescent truth, pictures which are actions."

vealed in his art, are of amazing complexity: his is a mind responsive to all the fluid influences of his time. M. Maclair writes on this point:

"No artist of our time is so ductile. We find simultaneously in Besnard a designer of the tradition of Ingres (whom he holds in respect); an enthusiast of the school of the eighteenth century; a Frenchman, clear-sighted and direct, traditionalist and not academic; the heir of Rubens, Van Dyck and Boucher; a realist in love with ample landscape, life and fresh air, exercise and beautiful nudity; a man of the world seduced by feminine luxury, the refined sensuality of ornament, silk, light and love; a dreamer haunted by the occult, with whims, nervous starts, grave thoughts of death; an Anglomaniac, a spiritist, a worshipper of the soil of France; a classic, a dare-devil, a melancholiac, a lyrist, an enthusiast adoring common sense,—and many other men besides. Besnard is all these in turn, or at the same time, with a proteanism that fascinates his admirers. If once you become interested in him you will never leave him. But the extraordinary



"IN THE WIND"
One of Besnard's Happiest Studies

thing and the secret of his undeniable genius is that he is able to unite all these contraries in a lucid identity, to summon to the work of the moment the powers that he needs, and to eliminate the rest. The whole of Besnard is in this faculty of uniting contraries in the instant: 'to live,' says Ibsen, 'is to fight against the silent ghosts of our brain.' Psychologically, Besnard is perhaps but a melancholy sensualist, troubled by the monsters which encircle him in swarms. But he has the power to summon or dismiss them at will, and thus his whole work is a prodigious illusion of joy, of health and equilibrium, under which he beguiles his tragic dreams."

Like Carrière and Rodin, Besnard is a thinker as well as a great plastic artist. "These men mix with their colors, their plaster or clay," remarks M. Mauclair, "substantial thought—the visible leaven of the material which constitutes their art." He continues:

"Besnard, a master of technique for whom no difficulty exists, a born improvisator, fitted for multiple production rather than for perfection—which implies patience—is a thinker who has seen in the paroxysm of a moment the truth revealed by his contact with the infinite. Hence the nervous quality of his genius, at once firm-grasping, avid and decisive. He is the painter of ecstasy and fairyland. His portraits are movement, life, surprise, gestures, glances, seized on the wing: truth assuredly, but passing and evanescent truth, pictures which are actions. His most beautiful masterpieces, from the portrait of Réjane to that of Madame Jourdain, are those of creatures all aflame with life who fairly leap from a tumult of luminous moiré whose luxurious folds reveal the hidden contours of their bodies. In his conception of art joy consists in movement. Drapery, clouds, everything is in motion. Frenzy and light lure him unceasingly. And his genius for seizing the instantaneous is such that he portrays his subjects in detail in spite of the rapidity of his notation. Besnard is an admirable painter of women, for the reason that he has a feminine soul, a feminine genius: he feels that woman is a creature whose whole being is capable of being concentrated in a moment, and he knows that mo-

ment. And these beautiful creatures, exultant in the pride of their semi-nudity, soft, bejewelled, nursed in luxury and extravagance, these radiant flowers of humanity, he culls with kindly and sagacious care, adorns their grace with the prestige of his own splendor, and paints them lovingly and luxuriously, as the softest incarnation of that moment in which his melancholy dream grasped the sole verity."

The work of Besnard as a decorative painter on large surfaces is very rich and diversified. In 1882 he began the decoration of the vestibule of the Ecole Supérieure de Pharmacie. In this and in the ceiling and panels of the Salon des Sciences at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, his remarkable powers of lyric expression were furnished with an adequate opportunity. In these grandiose paintings he has symbolized the mysterious and enchanting forces of electricity, wherein he has furnished living proof of the thesis that poetry of the highest order is compatible with the great conception of modern science.

One of Besnard's most striking symbolic paintings is "The Renaissance of Life from Death" in the amphitheater of the Nouvelle Sorbonne. The artist himself gives the following description of this masterpiece:

"In the centre is the dead body of a woman lying amid budding plants. A child is being nourished at one of her breasts, while from the other



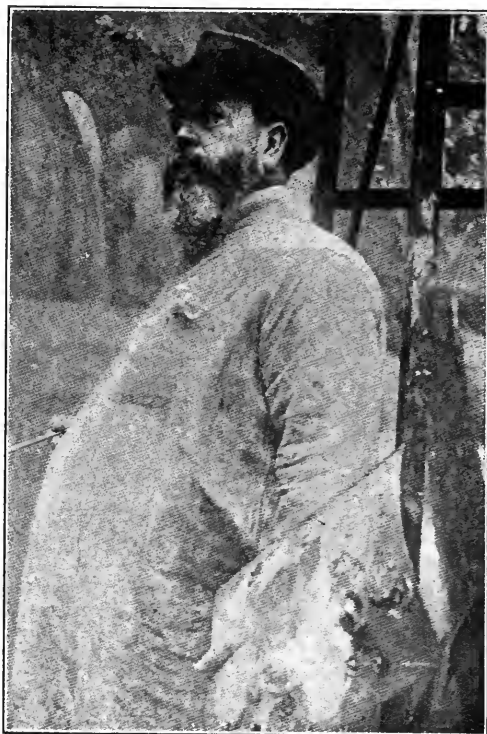
"THE SMILE"

Besnard is an admirable painter of women, for the reason that he has a feminine soul, a feminine genius; "he feels that woman is a creature whose whole being is capable of being concentrated in a moment, and he knows that moment."

flows a stream of milk, which, winding through the valley, forms, as it were, a river of life. Round her mouth flutter butterflies, the insects which are the bearers of germs. The serpent, emblematic of the mystery of terrestrial generation, uncoils before the corpse. To the right the human pair, dominating nature, their future domain, descend toward the river, which, remounting on the left, sweeps along its débris of forests and men and empties its waters into the bowels of the earth—into a fiery abyss, the veritable crucible from which shall emanate renewed life. Thus are symbolized the forces of nature: water, air, earth and fire, the elements of organic chemistry which, under the influence of the sun, have brought into existence the plant, the animal and man."

This grandiose conception exhibits the power and range of Besnard's poetic genius. A modern of moderns and a partaker in the rich stores of science, he is none the less a poet and a mystic in whose soul life and humanity and the outward frame of things are reflected as a wondrous miracle in perpetual transformation.

Besnard, it will be recalled, is one of the artists whom Nordau attacked so fiercely in his latest work, "On Art and Artists," naming him in the group with Rodin, Puvis de Chavannes and Carrière. Extravagant as is the criticism of the author of "Degeneration," it is nevertheless interesting. Nordau places Besnard in contrast with his antitype, Puvis de Chavannes, thus:



A PAINTER OF LIFE AND LIGHT

Albert Besnard is one of those geniuses of herculean frame who are able to perform prodigies of labor without apparent fatigue. The list of his works is a formidable one, and comprises portraits, historical and symbolical subjects, and fresco work on large surfaces.

"Contemporaneous painting exhibits no more violent opposition than that between Puvis de Chavannes and Albert Besnard. The former saw in the world nothing but phantoms; the latter sees nothing but fireworks. The eye of Puvis de Chavannes cannot tolerate any vivid color; that of Besnard acts as if it had received a powerful blow and saw thirty thousand stars. If Besnard would but satisfy his passion a bit more humanely! But he insists on firing all his rockets at once in the faces of the ladies, and so no rational human being is willing to be his accomplice. He has on his palette yellow, orange, green, blue, red—all of the most vivid intensity. And he presents them in the most startling harmonies. But why in the world must he plant the yellow on the cheeks, green on the hair, blue and orange on the shoulders and arms of his portraits? Why should he represent his models as bathed in a flood of the variegated light of a stained glass window? . . . What do you think of Rodin? Do you admire him? Good, then you must worship Besnard!"

While this drastic critic seems to condemn the great colorist, he unwittingly awards him the highest praise, as will be noted, by comparing him with the artist whom competent judges do not hesitate to rank with Michael Angelo.



Courtesy of The International Studio.

BESNARD'S PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE

Madame Besnard, formerly Mlle. Dubray, is herself a talented sculptress.

JOSEPH CONRAD — A UNIQUE WRITER OF THE SEA



O have made the life of the sea wonderfully articulate,—the workaday life of ship and sailor and port; to have stripped Old Ocean of literary landlubbers' illusions, and spun such yarns as only a rare poet and psychologist could have conceived, is generally conceded to be the achievement of Joseph Conrad alone in contemporary English literature. Reviewing Conrad's work in the November *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. John Albert Macy says:

"Never has an English sailor written so beautifully, never has artist had such full and authoritative knowledge of the sea, except Pierre Loti. Stevenson and Kipling are but observant landsmen after all. Marryatt and Clarke Russell never wrote well, though they tell absorbing tales. There is promise in Mr. Jack London, but he is not a seaman at heart. Herman Melville's eccentric genius, greater than any of these, never led him to construct a work of art, for all his amazing power of thought and language. Conrad stands alone with his two gifts of sea experience and cultivation of style. He has lived on the sea, loved it, fought it, believed in it, been baffled by it, body and mind. To know its ways, to be master of the science of its winds and waves and the ships that brave it, to have seen men and events and the lands and waters of the earth with the eye of a sailor, the heart of a poet, the mind of a psychologist—artist and ship-captain in one—here is a combination through which Fate has conspired to produce a new writer about the most wonderful of all things, the sea and the mysterious lands beyond it."

The kindling of this new light in our literature, as Mr. Macy says, makes very interesting biography, a knowledge of which is almost essential to the understanding of Conrad's highly individual art.

Joseph Conrad was born in Poland about fifty years ago, and the surname which he has considerably dropped is Korzeniowski. Both father and mother were revolutionary journalists, and his mother was exiled to Siberia. At a very early age, the son began his wanderings; and after many romantic adventures, including an attempt to fight with the Turks against Russia and some political smuggling in the Mediterranean, he took prosaic service in the English Merchant Marine. For nineteen years, he sailed in English ships as apprentice, mate and master, to half the ports of the earth, with never a thought of writing except in his log-book or an occasional letter home, but reading much in the spells of perfect idleness which are part of the sailor's life. The love of literature was in him as strongly

as his love of the sea, only the sea was his first love.

Not until he was nineteen years old did Conrad speak English, and he was thirty-eight before he began to write, after hesitating as to whether he should use the English language or French (which he had known since boyhood) as a medium of expression. French literature attracted him, he was more or less under the influence of Flaubert and Maupassant, but he finally chose to express himself in English. It was during six months of idleness in London—a time of convalescence—that Joseph Conrad wrote his first book, "Almayer's Folly," a description of life on the eastern coast of Borneo, published in 1895. Other books followed rapidly, about one a year: "An Outcast of the Islands," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Tales of Unrest," until, with the publication of "Lord Jim" in 1899, the critics became fully aware of the fact that a powerful new writer had "arrived." Meanwhile, Conrad had married, left the sea and settled in a quiet English home to spin his yarns ashore, sailor-fashion. And such yarns! "Youth," "Heart of Darkness," "Falk,"—it is safe to say that there has never been anything like these strangely fascinating tales in English literature.

Yet Conrad is not popular. The subjective quality of his work, its indirectness and melancholy charm, would hardly appeal to a public which Mr. Macy seems to think wants its stories invariably "brief, steady and continuous." But a writer must let himself go, like Conrad, to produce a "Heart of Darkness"—that slow-unfolding, sinister narrative—in which the halting manner is perfect for the matter.

In no book, however, is Conrad's peculiar quality felt more strongly than in his latest, "The Mirror of the Sea"—a series of chapters, descriptive, reminiscent and frankly autobiographical. Here, sailor-fashion, he tells of the love of his ship; not the modern thing of steel and fire, but the old white-winged feminine creature who could "put her head under the wing" and "ride out a gale with wave after wave passing under her breast." The very thrill of his experiences in gales at sea Conrad communicates to his readers. "For after all," he tells us in explaining the character of his foe, "a gale of wind, the thing of mighty sound, is inarticulate. It is man who, in a chance phrase, interprets

the elemental passion of his enemy." Thus he describes one gale in his memory,—“a thing of endless, deep, humming roar, moonlight, and a broken sentence from a boatswain.” And it was the sentence that stamped its peculiar character on that gale.

It is not a gale of wind, however, but the mystic beauty of a sunny sea—and a rescue, the memory of which makes Conrad exclaim, “The most amazing wonder of the deep is its unfathomable cruelty.” And we quote in part the wonderful story of that rescue which he calls “Initiation”—the initiation of youth and inexperience into the treachery of the sea:

“I felt its dread for the first time in mid-Atlantic one day, many years ago, when we took off the crew of a Danish brig homeward-bound from the West Indies. A thin, silvery mist softened the calm and majestic splendor of light without shadows—seemed to render the sky less remote and the ocean less immense. It was one of the days when the might of the sea appears indeed lovable, like the nature of a strong man in moments of quiet intimacy. At sunrise we had made out a black speck to the westward, apparently suspended high up in the void behind a stirring, shimmering veil of silvery blue gauze that seemed at times to stir and float in the breeze which fanned us slowly along. The peace of that enchanting forenoon was so profound, so untroubled, that it seemed that every word pronounced loudly on our deck would penetrate to the very heart of that infinite mystery born from the conjunction of water and sky. We did not raise our voices.”

The “black speck” turned out to be a water-logged derelict, and as the ship drew nearer, a “jagged stump sticking up forward”—all that remained of the masts—could be discerned. There were people on the wreck, and the youth, Conrad, was sent in command of one of the ship’s boats to take them off. The captain was the last to leave his vessel, and to take his place among the party of rescuers. As Mr. Conrad tells the story:

“The captain of the brig, who sat in the stern-sheets by my side with his face in his hands, raised his head and began to speak with a sort of sombre volubility. They had lost their masts and sprung a leak in a hurricane; drifted for weeks, always at the pumps, met more bad weather; the ships they sighted failed to make them out, the leak gained upon them slowly, and the seas had left them nothing to make a raft of. It was very hard to see ship after ship pass by at a distance, ‘as if everybody had agreed that we must be left to drown,’ he added. But they went on trying to keep the brig afloat as long as possible, and working the pumps constantly on insufficient food, mostly raw, till ‘yesterday evening,’ he continued, monotonously, ‘just as the sun went down, the men’s hearts broke.’

“He made an almost imperceptible pause here, and went on again with exactly the same intonation:

“They told me the brig could not be saved, and they thought they had done enough for themselves. I said nothing to that. It was true. It was no mutiny. I had nothing to say to them. They lay about aft all night, as still as so many dead men. I did not lie down. I kept a lookout. When the first light came, I saw your ship at once. I waited for more light; the breeze began to fail on my face. Then I shouted out as loud as I was able, ‘Look at that ship!’ but only two men got up very slowly and came to me. At first only we three stood alone, for a long time, watching you coming down to us, and feeling the breeze drop to a calm almost; but afterwards others, too, rose, one after another, and by-and-by I had all my crew behind me. I turned round and said to them that they could see the ship was coming our way, but in this small breeze she might come too late after all, unless we turned to and tried to keep the brig afloat long enough to give you time to save us all. I spoke like that to them, and then I gave the command to man the pumps.”

“He gave the command, and gave the example, too, by going himself to the handles, but it seems that these men did actually hang back for a moment, looking at one another dubiously before they followed him. ‘He! he! he!’ He broke out into a most unexpected, imbecile, pathetic, nervous little giggle. ‘Their hearts were broken so! They had been played with too long,’ he explained apologetically, lowering his eyes, and became silent. . . .”

Then—suddenly—they beheld the sinking of the brig.

“Something startling, mysterious, hastily confused, was taking place. I watched it with incredulous and fascinated awe as one watches the confused, swift movements of some deed of violence done in the dark. As if at a given signal, the run of the smooth undulations seemed checked suddenly around the brig. By a strange optical delusion the whole sea appeared to rise upon her in one overwhelming heave of its silky surface, where in one spot a smother of foam broke out ferociously. And then the effort subsided. It was all over, and the smooth swell ran on as before from the horizon in uninterrupted cadence of motion, passing under us with a slight, friendly toss of our boat. Far away, where the brig had been, an angry white stain undulating on the surface of steely-gray water, shot with gleams of green, diminished swiftly, without a hiss, like a patch of pure snow melting in the sun. And the great stillness after this initiation into the sea’s implacable hate seemed full of dread thoughts and shadows of disaster. . . . Already I looked with other eyes upon the sea. I knew it capable of betraying the generous ardor of youth as implacably as, indifferent to evil and good, it would have betrayed the basest greed or the noblest heroism. My conception of its magnanimous greatness was gone. And I looked upon the true sea—the sea that plays with men till their hearts are broken, and wears stout ships to death. Nothing can touch the brooding bitterness of its heart. Open to all and faithful to none, it exercises its fascination for the undoing of the best. To love it is not well. . . .”

Joseph Conrad had become a seaman at last.

Music and the Drama

NOTABLE PLAYS OF THE MONTH IN AMERICA

Two important currents may be discerned in the present dramatic season. On the one hand, we have remarkable productions of psychological and poetic drama, on the other, a number of strong plays preaching a social doctrine. The first group is represented chiefly by the New York production of Browning's "Pippa Passes" and Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler"; Forbes Robertson's presentation of "Cæsar and Cleopatra"; the Marlowe-Sothorn productions, in Philadelphia, of Sudermann's "John the Baptist," Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," Mackaye's "Joan D'Arc"; and Mansfield's production of "Peer Gynt," in Chicago. To these plays may be added Moody's "Great Divide," which still continues its sensational run. It has been severely criticized in some quarters, and hailed as "the" American drama in others. Perhaps the most suggestive criticism is that contained in Lew Field's burlesque, "The Great Decide." If, as Matthew Arnold remarks, art is a criticism of life, burlesque, in turn, is a criticism of art. Nowhere have we seen the unwomanly qualities of Ruth's character, her ungraciousness and inconsistency brought out more amusingly and with greater clearness.

The prevalence of the modern spirit in the plays of this group has drawn from William Winter, the venerable critic of the New York *Tribune*, a characteristic outcry that strangely contrasts with Henry Arthur Jones's utterance on our excessive prudery. "The American stage," observes Mr. Winter, "has indeed fallen upon evil days when the apotheosis of a drunken ruffian is hailed as the Great American Play; when Richard Mansfield became the apostle of Ibsen; when the intellectual John Forbes Robertson elevates the inglorious banner of Shaw, and when Julia Marlowe, almost the only poetic and romantic actress of the time, devotes her ripe and splendid ability to the service of Sudermann, Maeterlinck, and Mr. Gabriel (Rapagnetta), of the Annunciation and the charnel house." One drop of honey in Mr. Winter's cup of bitterness may have been Robert Mantell's successful Shakespeare performances at the New York Academy of Music. While the majority of critics do not find in Mr. Mantell's acting

the qualities of genius, they are unanimous in pronouncing his efforts painstaking and able.

The second group of plays encompasses Pinero's "House in Order," Jones's "Hypocrites," George Broadhurst's "The Man of the Hour," Charles Klein's "The Daughters of Men," and Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea." Each of the plays here recounted treats avowedly of great social or sociological problems.

Two new distinctly American plays of both promise and performance which cannot be placed in either category, are Belasco's "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Three of Us" by Rachel Crothers.

Perhaps the most important artistic event of the month, at least in the opinion of the chroniclers, was the début of

HEDDA	Mme. Alla Nazimova as an
GABLER	English-speaking actress in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." In speaking of her achievement in the rôle in which our own greatest actress, Mrs. Fiske, has already won distinction, the critics do not hesitate to use superlatives. The New York <i>Herald</i> hails Madame Nazimova as "an actress of the first rank"; and Alan Dale, of the New York <i>American</i> , says: "She did more than Duse ever did. Her fame will be a household word." These glowing estimates are echoed by fellow-players who have flocked to see her performance. Blanche Bates found her "a revelation of technique and charm," and John Drew thinks that "her mastery of her art is supreme."

Madame Nazimova came to this country with Paul Orleneff and his Russian company a year and a half ago. The struggles of this little band of artistic exiles to gain a footing in America have been duly chronicled in these pages. Orleneff was compelled to return to Russia, but Madame Nazimova decided to remain on this side of the Atlantic, to learn English, and to win a new reputation on the English-speaking stage. In the opinion of the New York *Times*, "she has done something more than learn to speak the tongue, as the phrase is ordinarily understood. She speaks it to-day better than nine-tenths of the recog-



"SHE DID MORE THAN DUSE EVER DID"

This is what Alan Dale says of Mme. Alla Nazimova, the Russian actress, whose first appearance on the English stage in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" is pronounced an artistic event of the first order.

nized leading actresses in America." *The Times* says further:

"In her performances with the Orleanoff Company Madame Nazimova gave ample evidence of exceptional ability. But under the previous conditions much had to be taken for granted. In her English performance the actress reveals powers of imagination, gifts of expression, and a capacity for simulation that could hardly have been more than guessed at before. As she has trained her voice so she has trained her face and body, to respond promptly and freely to every changing mood. After this, for great creative acting, all that remains is that the actress shall be possessed of enough intellectuality or imaginative sympathy to take hold of her author's text, grasp its meaning, and body it forth in expressive and appealing histrionic symbols. This capacity, finally, Madame Nazimova possesses. She is, in short, one of the remarkable actresses of the times."

Not all the critics, however, are so complimentary. The New York *Evening Post*, while conceding that Madame Nazimova's interpretation of Ibsen's heroine was original, powerful and picturesque, maintains that it was totally misconceived. "It was a bit of feline and voluptuous Orientalism, utterly inconceivable as a product of the chill atmosphere of Christiania." Similarly, John Corbin, writing in the New York *Sun*, says:

"The action of the play calls for certain qualities in Hedda which are distinguishable from the personality and manner of the actress; and the lines have a weight of their own, whether beautifully or hideously delivered. It is certain that Hedda was a woman of the politer world, easy, light and attractive to men. This Hedda was, as you choose, an insolent baggage or a creature of the compelling moods of tragedy; but she was without lightness, variety or finesse of manner. There was no vivacity in her conversation, no flash in her malignity. She was not the graceful cat that lacerates on impulse, but the writhing (or insinuating) serpent that hungrily devours. She insulted poor Miss Tesman's new hat not from irritation, but from the spirit of eternal malignancy, and instead of playing puss-and-mouse with Mrs. Elvsted she strangled her in slimy (if beautiful) coils. It may have been magnificent, but it was not Ibsen."

An unusual experiment was the production of Browning's "Pippa Passes" at the Majestic Theater, New York. Not, it must be added, a successful experiment. Critics seem to agree that, notwithstanding the excellence of the staging and its literary interest, the play bores even an artistic audience. "De gustibus non disputandum est," observes *The Times* in its criticism of the performance, "or, as the old lady remarked when she kissed the cow, there is no accounting for tastes." It goes on to ask:

"So why quarrel with persons who enjoy sitting for four hours in a darkened theater while the actors monotonously spin off reams upon reams of dialogue?"

"For persons who like that sort of thing a Browning matinee—more particularly a matinee of that singularly undramatic drama 'Pippa Passes'—will be just the sort of thing they like. And that is the best that may be said of it, tho one recognizes the expenditure of time, patience, and money in the exhibition. All waste—what the economists call an unproductive consumption of wealth."

"Arthur Symonds, in his introduction to the study of Browning, characterizes 'Pippa Passes' as the poet's greatest work. Viewed as poetry or literature, it may justify the phrase. But considered as drama to be acted in a theater it is certainly the inferior of 'A Blot on the 'Scutcheon' and 'Luria.'"

We should not, however, accept as final the verdict of the New York critics without hearing first the artistic reasons that accentuated Mrs. Le Moyne and Henry Miller in bringing out the play. In an interview published in *The Sun* Mrs. Le Moyne elucidates this point. She says:

"For years the beauty of 'Pippa Passes' has haunted me, for years I have seen in it dramatic possibilities. I have gone to one manager after another with the poem in my hands and they have been very kind and very—decisive. 'It certainly is a very beautiful thing,' they have said, 'and if you should ever bring it out, we would like to talk with you again about it'—that was all."

"'Pippa Passes,' says some one else, 'is a very beautiful poem, a wonderful story, but it is for the easy chair and the fireside, for the solitary hours when one reads and thinks about what one reads.'"

"That is all twaddle about fireside and easy chair and the solitary hour. If a thing is beautiful to you it should be more beautiful when to the reading of the eye are added the cadence of the voice and the artistic environment of setting."

"If a production like 'Pippa Passes' does nothing else than emphasize the value of the human voice in dramatic work, it has accomplished its aim."

David Belasco's "The Rose of the Rancho," written in joint authorship with Richard

Walton Tully, has been enthusiastically commented upon by THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO papers outside New York. The

New York critics assume a somewhat less favorable attitude. They admire the atmospheric coloring, and admit that the play is good strong melodrama, highly refined and firm in its grip, but regret that it is not more. It is, however, generally conceded that "The Rose of the Rancho" is painted on a broad American canvas. In the past, remarks *The Sun*, Mr. Belasco has dealt for the most part in raw emotions of melodrama, and

he has handled them somewhat crudely in the manner of the drama of situations; tearing many a leaf from its master, Sardou. The arts of scene painting, lighting, costuming, grouping and acting, it goes on to say, can cast a glamor upon these things, but only a glamor. To quote further:

"In 'The Rose of the Rancho' he is dealing with a real and characteristic epoch of American life which is familiar to many of us; and in the play, which was originally written by Richard Walton Tully, he has a story capable of truthful, moving and significant development. If the appeal to the understanding has been as subtle and as potent as the appeal to the eye and the ear, not only our stage would have been the gainer but our dramatic literature as well.

"California has passed out from the dominion of old Mexico and is about to be assimilated into the United States. 'The Rose of the Rancho,' already half an American, her father having been a Yankee, is in love with a stalwart young emissary from the Government in Washington. But her mother, who resents the advent of the Americans in general (and not without reason, for her estate is threatened by conscienceless land grabbers) forbids the honest suit of young Kearney. It is the tale of Romeo and Juliet, even Friar Laurence, the County Paris, the household servants and the wedding dance having their modern representatives. But it is 'Romeo and Juliet' with a difference, for while the ancient romance has its local habitation in far away Italy of romance, this story is of our own people and almost our own time. In its broader outlines it is the drama of an epoch and a race."

However opinions may be divided as to the serious literary importance of the play, Mr. Belasco's mastery of stage-effects receives undivided and liberal recognition. To quote only one opinion, Mr. Belasco, observes the Boston *Evening Transcript*, idealizes the material things of the stage.

"He bathes his audience in the glamor of color, light and textures of the dance and of music. He intoxicates the eye and the fancy behind with optical illusion; and then, lest they be cloyed, pricks them with some transcript of characteristic manners and customs or of some minute historical or local detail. A hundred scenes on our modern picture stage have swam in semi-tropical sunshine, yet not one of them has seemed so to glow and quiver with soft, cloud-flecked light as did that of the mission garden last night. There have been many similar gardens on the stage; but his climbing white roses and his flaming geraniums had freshness, luster, life. The blue softness of the semi-tropical night hung over the court of his Spanish house, and the moon light was silvery from heaven and not metallic from the electric lamp. The wan dawn mounted and brightened the sky, and it was as the coming of the day over the purple boskiness of the California hills and not of a 'stage effect' in the theater. Whatever the costume, whether of pictorial Spain, transplanted and lingering in California, or of a prosaic America crowding it thence, the dress was

of the time, the place and the character that wore it. Yet the choice, the variety, the blending of the colors—and a blending often in incessant motion—was of exceeding sensuous beauty."

A far less ostentatious performance is Rachel Crothers's "The Three of Us," with Carlotta Nillson in the title rôle. Yet it also possesses in a marked degree those elements which some day may give us an American drama. "The play," says John Corbin in *The Sun*, "has only native simplicity and truth to commend it, but already it has survived more than one ambitious effort, and it seems likely to flourish as a primrose by the river's brim when many a hot-house flower of the drama has faded and been cast into the waste basket." Mr. Corbin goes on to remind us that it is now half a century ago since Philip James Bailey exclaimed:

America! half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land.

In our drama, as in our dinners and our dress, he says, we still look abroad for the leading fashions. But "Miss Rachel Crothers's maiden effort will serve to remind us that there is another half to our makeup, and one worthy of more attention than it often gets."

The quality which commends this better half, in Corbin's opinion, is a sort of democratic realism. To the English stage, our strongest foreign influence, we have been indebted for the comedy of high society in which the folk of the common lot serve somewhat basely as foils. To the French stage we are owing for the well made or, as we would say, "manufactured" play. But Rachel Crothers's play introduces a new element. It tells about a group of the most commonplace Americans, Eastern residents in a Nevada mining camp, with a bourgeois realism which, while not new to the drama, comes very near being a native and spontaneous growth with us. In fact, we are told, it is about the only one our theater has known. To quote again:

"George Ade has made it the vehicle of his good humored joke and satire. As an incident in plays not primarily realistic it is a favorite medium with Clyde Fitch, who uses it sometimes for the purposes of idyllic sentiment, as in the opening act of 'Barbara Frietchie,' and sometimes for those of modern satire, as in 'The Climbers.' Its crude origin lies in rural drama of the 'Old Homestead' type, and its highest if most uneven development was in the plays of the late James A. Herne, where scenes of delicious humor and deep spiritual quality rubbed elbows with crude melo-



Photograph by Brown Bros.

AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA

Geraldine Farrar, whose singing enchanted the heart of Germany, including that of a member of the Imperial House. She is now winning new laurels at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

drama. In intellectuality or in sustained power of any sort, even technical, it has been conspicuously lacking. It has been a primrose by the river's brim, and it has been nothing more. Plays of this sort raise the hope that those who see the simple truth of our life so clearly may also see

it large and whole. Time and again they have done so. There is still room for hope.

"The Three of Us" falls distinctly short of George Ade's humor, of Fitch's sentiment and satire, of Herne's grasp of character and his occasional moments of elevation. But it is the most even and consistent play we have yet produced in its kind, and it promises well for its author's future."

Charles Klein's new play, "The Daughters of Men" (Astor Theater, New York), treats of the question of capital and labor. The critics have given the most varying verdicts on this drama. Says Frederick Edward McKay:

"With a commonplace plot, bombastic dialogue and the players acting throughout with much more intensity and 'suppressed excitement' than the circumstances warrant, 'The Daughters of Men' falls far short of Klein's recent outputs."

The Sun, on the other hand, remarks: "The play will likely be as great a popular success as Mr. Klein's 'The Lion and the Mouse.' *The Globe*, whose dramatic department is characterized by a singular earnestness and justness of appreciation, speaks of the play as "the most peculiar dramatic work in New York. Judged on the lines of the drama—and they are rather rigid lines—the piece is bad." It suggests, however that, no matter how short it may fall of certain dramatic requirements, it may be an excellent play to read. Readers of *CURRENT LITERATURE* are in the position to form their own opinion on the subject, as we have secured the right to reprint in the present issue the strongest scenes from the play.

In view of the semi-Socialistic tendency of Mr. Klein's recent plays, it is interesting to note the opinion of a Socialist. Julius Hopp, manager of "The Socialist Stage Society," commenting on this point, says (in *The Morning Telegraph*):

"'The Daughters of Men' must be greeted as a step forward in the right direction, namely, to utilize the stage for the discussion of the problem of labor and capital, which the dramatists of this country have persistently avoided and still do avoid."

"The theater is a place of amusement—we do not deny it—of pastime and mental rest, but it is also to be a home of the serious and earnest endeavor to think. One need, therefore, not be a crank if one demands most energetically that the theater cease to be a mere puppet show, or that the theater serve to us comedies, farces, romantic dramas of bygone ages, or repeat continuously Shakespeare, Shakespeare and Shakespeare, as if there was nothing in our own epoch that offers ample material to the present-day dramatist."

THE WAR OF THE OPERAS

NO LESS than four grand opera companies are competing for the approval of the American public this winter. The Metropolitan Opera Company continues its triumphal career under Mr. Conried's management. Oscar Hammerstein's opera-house, just erected in New York, opened brilliantly during the first week in December. The Henry W. Savage Company is entertaining large audiences in many cities with a vivid and effective presentation, in English of Puccini's "Madam Butterfly." And, finally, the San Carlo Opera Company, directed by Henry Russell and including among its prima donnas such distinguished singers as Lillian Nordica and Alice Nielsen, is helping to maintain and perpetuate in New Orleans operatic traditions that date back eighty-three years.

The center of interest in connection with this unprecedented season lies in New York, where a fierce battle is being waged between Mr. Conried's forces and those marshaled under the leadership of the singularly picturesque and original Oscar Hammerstein. Mr. Hammerstein has already built some ten theaters and music-halls in New York, and has made and lost several fortunes. From an article by Charles Henry Meltzer in *Pearson's Magazine* (December) we learn that the new impresario came to this country in the sixties with two dollars in his pocket.

"Soon after he landed here, fate drifted him away from music and into the tobacco business. But to Oscar Hammerstein tobacco was only a stimulus of imagination. He was a born inventor and he grew rich through his inventions. From the position of a poor workman, he rose to be an employer and the editor of the tobacco trade organ. He lived in Harlem. There his round, ruddy face, with its adornment of black beard, mustache and whiskers, his thick-set form, his smile, and his eccentric hats, grew to be as familiar as the goats which a quarter of a century ago abounded in the neighborhood.

"Tobacco at last palled on Mr. Hammerstein. He had amassed wealth and could indulge his hobbies. Besides music, they included theater-building and managing theaters.

"But not until the grand opera bee got into his bonnet had Mr. Hammerstein taken himself quite seriously in the field of art. Like the determined manager against whom he has so daringly pitted himself, he is a good fighter who in the past has 'played the game' and enjoyed its risks. He has undertaken a tremendous and, as most would say, an impossible task. To accomplish it, if it can be accomplished, he has plunged recklessly into expense, scoured Europe in quest of singers, and announced the production of Gluck's

'Armide,' Berlioz's 'La Damnation de Faust,' and many other operas."

The list of Mr. Hammerstein's singers at his newly christened "Manhattan Opera-House" is headed by Nellie Melba, who has transferred her allegiance from Mr. Conried, and Alessandro Bonci, the eminent Italian



MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S STAR TENOR

Alessandro Bonci comes to this country to dispute a supremacy hitherto accorded to Caruso. He is regarded by many as the greatest tenor in the world.



"MADAM BUTTERFLY"

Elza Szamosy, the Hungarian singer, is regarded by Puccini as ideally qualified to interpret the heroine of his new opera.

cording to a writer in *The Musical Courier*, "marks a new era in the annals of grand opera in the New World." Bonci has made his reputation chiefly in the older Italian operas, such as "I Puritani" and "L'Elisir d'Amore," but he is also singing in the modern rôles in which Caruso has won his laurels, and in so doing challenges comparison with his more famous rival. The difference between the two is indicated by Elise Lathrop in *The Theatre Magazine*:

"Alessandro Bonci has nothing in common in appearance with the Neapolitan Caruso. Born in Cesina, in the province of Romagna, he has the blonde coloring, gray eyes, sandy hair and mustache which so often surprises the American, inclined to believe that all Italians must have black hair and eyes. . . . There would seem to be this difference between the two singers who are likely to be most frequently compared this winter. Caruso's voice is said to be more robust, for which reason he sings many of the modern Italian operas. Bonci, on the other hand, is said to embody, even more than Caruso, the true old Italian art of *bel canto*. He sings, according to one musical authority, with the most exquisite taste and style. Naturally, with these characteristics, he has more scope to display his talents in the old school operas."

Mr. Hammerstein's plans, ambitious as they are, are quite eclipsed by Heinrich Conried's operatic program. To the regular répertoire at the Metropolitan Opera-House have been added a dozen novelties and revivals. Richard Strauss's "Salome," which has caused a furore in Europe and is pronounced the greatest music-drama since Wagner, is to be given, with Olive Fremstad in the title rôle. Giacomo Puccini, the Italian composer, is coming to America in person to superintend new productions of his "Madam Butterfly" and "Manon Lescaut." Giordano's "Fedora" and "Andrea Chenier," Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur," Delibes's "Lakme," Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" and Wagner's "Fliegende Holländer" are all on Mr. Conried's list.

No less notable is his array of singers "Never before," remarks the New York *Evening Post*, "has Mr. Conried, or any other manager for that matter, assembled so many great artists for one operatic season." In addition to the old and tried favorites, such as Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Ternina, Caruso and Burgstaller, must be mentioned the French tenor, Charles Rousselière; Bertha Morena, a young dramatic soprano from the Royal Opera in Munich; Lina Cavalieri, an Italian singer whose extraordinary beauty began to attract attention while she was still a girl, and the story of whose conquests, according to one writer, "reads like the tale of a Maurice Hew-

tenor, who is being heard in this country for the first time. The coming of the latter, ac-

lett heroine"; and, last but not least, Geraldine Farrar, an American girl who comes to us from Berlin covered with honors. An article by Jackson Cross in *The Metropolitan Magazine* (December) is devoted to Miss Farrar's career. The writer says:

"Miss Farrar made her début at the Berlin Opera-House in 1901, when she was nineteen years old, as Violetta in 'Traviata.' Her success was assured, and frequently thereafter she was given the opportunity to sing in other parts, but she was most appreciated, perhaps, as Marguerite in 'Faust.' Her répertoire steadily grew and among her favorite and most popular interpretations are Juliette in 'Romeo and Juliette,' Nedda in 'Pagliacci,' Manon in 'Manon Lescaut,' Elizabeth in 'Tannhäuser' and Madam Butterfly in Puccini's opera of that name. . . . To all her rôles Miss Farrar brings a wonderful touch of personality, and more than this she brings to her work unusual beauty. These must be added to her great natural vocal gifts and to the training of her teachers Graziani and Lilli Lehmann.

"During her career in Berlin the German Emperor, who is something of a music lover and a musician, we are given to understand, took the trouble to hear her in all of her most important rôles."

A review of the rival attractions at the Metropolitan and new Manhattan Opera-Houses leads inevitably to the question, "Will New York be able to support two operas?" and some time will have to pass before the question can be answered satisfactorily. Mr. H. T. Finck, of the *New York Evening Post*, ventures the reply: "Why not? Berlin, a much smaller city, has grand opera at three



THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF FRENCH MUSIC

Camille Saint-Saëns, who is now visiting this country, has been before the public for sixty years, and has written an astonishing number of operas, oratorios, symphonies. He is proclaimed by *The Musical Courier* "one of the music monarchs of all time."

houses and genuine operetta (not musical farce à la Broadway) at a fourth."

THE MOST VERSATILE MUSICIAN OF OUR TIME

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, the illustrious French composer who is now visiting this country, has been compared to the hero of the "Arabian Nights"—Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. Like that legendary personage, he has known a multi-colored life, has traveled far in strange lands, and has seen the world from many fresh and unconventional points of vantage. In a deeper sense, it may also be said that, like the Caliph, he is one who absorbs and reflects the brilliant texture of a life and art outside of himself, rather than one who draws upon inherent creative genius.

To say this is not to depreciate a man who is conceded to be the most versatile musician of our day, and who, in the opinion of *The Musical Courier* (New York), is "one of the musical monarchs of all time." With the exception of Tschaikowsky and Dvorák, and possibly of Richard Strauss, he is the most gifted composer who has ever visited our shores. He has been before the public for sixty years, and during this time has written an astonishing number of operas, oratorios, symphonies, concertos and compositions for various instruments. Forty years ago Berlioz referred to him as "one of the greatest musicians of our

epoch," and Gounod once said of him: "Saint-Saëns could write at will a work in the style of Rossini, of Verdi, of Schumann, or of Wagner." A critic of our own day, Mr. Arthur Hervey, in his "Masters of French Music," has given the following reasons for regarding Saint-Saëns as "absolutely unique":

"There probably does not exist a living composer who is gifted with a musical organization so complete as that of Camille Saint-Saëns. . . . Never at a loss for an idea, invariably correct, and often imaginative, going from a piano concerto to an opera, and from a cantata to a symphonic poem, with disconcerting ease, composing rapidly, yet never exhibiting any trace of slovenly workmanship, finding time in the meanwhile to distinguish himself as organist and pianist, and to wield the pen of the critic, the astonishing capabilities of this wonderfully gifted musician may be put down as absolutely unique."

And yet, in spite of his marvelous versatility, it seems doubtful whether Saint-Saëns's name will live among the greatest names in music. No one of all his multitudinous compositions has excited enduring enthusiasm or found universal acceptance. Of his most popular work, the oratorio "Samson and Delilah," a well-equipped English critic, Mr. Vernon Blackburn, has said: "There is a great deal of beauty in the score, but it is the sort of beauty that does not seem to live in the mind"; and Saint-Saëns's best orchestral compositions, such as "Phaëton" and "Omphale's Spinning-Wheel," are distinguished more by exquisite technique than by originality of idea. Saint-Saëns, indeed, frankly sets "harmony" and orchestration above melody, and in one of his books has written: "What the illiterate in music call, not without contempt, 'accompaniments,' or, ironically, 'science,' is the flesh and blood of music." His own biblical poem, "The Deluge"—a highly colored picture with scarcely a melodic idea—admirably illustrates his theory. And it may be that in the tendency herein exemplified lies the explanation of why Saint-Saëns has fallen short of the very highest. Mr. Blackburn says (in *The New Music Review*):

"Whatever Saint-Saëns does, he does well; but some evil fairy at his birth must have (in the old idyllic way of speaking) touched him with a wand by which she meant to convey that though he could do everything well, he could do nothing extremely well. He plays the piano beautifully, and yet there are expert pianoforte players who play better than he does; he composes charmingly, yet there are many composers who cannot even play the pianoforte, and who are greater composers than he; he has written operas—notably that entitled 'Henry VIII'—which contain wonderful reminiscences of the past, yet they are not really original; the score lies before me at the

present moment, and I find that his sentiment of mediæval music, that his idea of seventeenth-century dances, that his feeling for Gluck, for Mozart, for everybody except himself is most remarkable. It is not as though Saint-Saëns went out of his way to understand and to assimilate into his own personality the work of other men; but he reminds one of some great space into which all the influences of the musical world might be poured, and out of which a quick and vital brain can produce work which is not only interesting and pretty, but also which is admired of the world of men."

In this view Mr. Lawrence Gilman, the musical critic of *Harper's Weekly*, concurs. "One wonders," he says, "if, in the entire history of the art of music, there is the record of a composer more completely accomplished in his art, so exquisite a master of the difficult trick of spinning a musical web, so superb a mechanic, who had less to say to the world: whose discourse was so meager and so negligible." He continues:

"At its best, it is a hard and dry light that shines out of his music; a radiance without magic and without warmth. His work is an impressive monument to the futility of art without impulse; to the immeasurable distance that separates the most exquisite talent from the merest genius. For all its brilliancy of investiture, his thought, as the most scrupulous of his appreciators has seen, 'can never wander through eternity.'"

The note of depreciation in the critical attitude toward Saint-Saëns is a distinguishing characteristic of the younger musical writers. Mr. Philip Hale, the veteran critic of the *Boston Herald*, chooses to emphasize the strong, rather than the weak, points in Saint-Saëns's achievement. He says:

"A name always to be mentioned with affectionate respect! In the face of practical difficulties, discouragements, misunderstandings, sneers, he has worked constantly to the best of his unusual ability for musical righteousness in its pure form.

"During years when Frenchmen were contributing little concert music of significance or worth, when purely orchestral music and chamber music had few admirers in the concert hall, Saint-Saëns was tireless in raising the standard of French music, and in leading audiences to the understanding and the enjoyment of the higher forms of musical expression. Nor was he ashamed to endeavor to introduce German thoughtfulness in music for the advantage and the glory of the country which he dearly loves.

"The young are irreverent, even when they are musicians. It is the fashion for a few of the young French writers to mention Saint-Saëns flippantly or as with a pat on the back, and the remark: 'Good old man! Now go to bed!'

"They forget that the success of d'Indy, Faure, Debussy was made possible by the labor and the talent of Saint-Saëns. They do not stop to think that the symphony in C minor, the piano concerto in G minor, 'Omphale's Spinning Wheel' will long endure as glories of French art."

SHAW'S IMITATION OF SHAW



AN UN-SHAVIAN Shaw-play—this seems to be the verdict of several London critics with regard to Irish playwright's latest alleged tragedy—"The Doctor's Dilemma." Mr. Shaw, remarks the London *Academy*, allowed himself in his last two acts and in his epilogue "to fall into the old playmaker's jog-trot, and pretended he was going his own gait by cutting every now and then a higher caper than usual and crying: 'It's Shaw after all!' It is not Shaw: it is a poor imitation." The *Academy* critic attempts to prove his theory by a summary of the plot.

The gist of "The Doctor's Dilemma," he says, is no more Shavian than is the gist of "The Two Roses" or "Sweet Lavender." It is an ordinary old-fashioned, sentimental business dating from the youth of Sir Patrick Cullen, one of the characters of the play. In fact, it is no more than one of the old ideas which the dear old doctor found cropping up at regular intervals under new names. He continues:

"If new Nietzscheism is only old Calvinism writ large, and inoculation an old, old tale, Sir Patrick would certainly have been able to 'place' the new 'tragedy.' Sir Colenso Ridgdon (M.D., etc. etc.) can choose which of two consumptive patients he will cure: a virtuous, middle-aged, inefficient doctor, or a thoro young scoundrel of an artist, with whose legal wife (he had others) Sir Colenso happens to have fallen in love. To save her from discovering her husband's true nature (for that is his chief motive) he decides to let the artist die. And the artist dies. But his wife has seen through Sir Colenso's little scheme; and when the artist is dead, she will not accept 'the hand that killed her Louis.'

"Those words are not a quotation from 'The Doctor's Dilemma'; they come from the play as it would have been written by the dramatist of Sir Patrick's youth. We can all see that play in imagination: the temptation of Sir Colenso, his 'better nature' succumbing; the death of Louis Dubedat; all leading up to the 'great scene' in Act IV. when the secret will come out and Mrs. Dubedat will refuse with loathing the hand that killed her Louis. Of course, that is not how Mr. Shaw writes it. Sir Colenso's motives are mixed. The great scene is kept for a little epilogue, and is not great at all. Mrs. Dubedat refuses Sir Colenso not because he is a murderer, but because he is middle-aged, and because she happens to have taken a second husband already. But the atmosphere created by the plot is quite as old-fashioned, and to see it treated by Mr. Shaw is to see not Ayesha rejuvenated by the flames, but an old woman in a young hat."

A truly "Shavian" caper is the accomplish-

ment of the "murder" of the poor artist, Louis Dubedat, by handing him over to the care of a fashionable physician. Another trait which savors strongly of the old Shaw is the fact that Dubedat proclaims himself a disciple of Bernard Shaw. On his death-bed he states as his artistic creed, "I believe in Michael Angelo and Rembrandt and Velasquez and the Message of Art." Dubedat also exhorts his wife not to wear horrible crêpe or ruin her beauty with tears. He hates widows and exacts from her the promise to marry again, a pledge which she instantly hastens to redeem.

Mr. Walkham, of the London *Times*, points out Shaw's discursiveness; which has grown more and more pronounced with every play. In other words, Shaw imitates and exaggerates his own mannerisms with results which, strangely enough, resemble the methods of "John Bull's Other Playwright"—Shakespeare, while in his present play his theme is borrowed from Molière. One of Shaw's characters asks: "I've lost the thread of my remarks. What was I talking about?" This, Mr. Walkham avers, very nearly applies to Shaw's own case:

"True, he does not helplessly lose the thread of his play. But he is continually dropping it, in order that he may start a fresh topic. This foible of discursiveness has been steadily gaining on him. 'John Bull' was more discursive than 'Man and Superman.' 'Major Barbara' was more discursive than 'John Bull.' 'The Doctor's Dilemma' is more discursive than 'Major Barbara.' Needless to point out that this discursiveness is not a new method, but a 'throwing back' to a very old method. It was, for instance, the method of Shakespeare. A certain unity of idea does, however, underlie Mr. Shaw's new play, and that is to be found in its satire of the medical profession. Therein he has been anticipated by Brieux in his own time, in France. But of course the theme belongs, as of right, to Molière. Is there not something piquant in the spectacle of Mr. Shaw applying Shakespearean treatment to a Molièrian theme? After all, there is no such thorogoin classicist as your professed iconoclast.

"Superficially, no doubt, we seem to have traveled a long way from the buffooneries of M. Purgon and M. Diafoirus. Only superficially, however. For the old mock-Latin, for the clysters, for the instruments which modern delicacy does not permit to be named, we now have barbarous Greek—opsonin and phagocytosis—surgical saws and 'nuciform sacs.' The more it changes, the more it is the same thing. . . . There is Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington—familiarily known as 'old B. B.'—court physician (much liked by what he invariably calls 'the Family') and platinudously pompous bungler. He is, as you see, an entirely Molièresque figure."

D'ANNUNZIO'S UNSUCCESSFUL NEW PLAY, "PIÙ CHE L'AMORE"



FAILURE, or lack of success, is not entirely unknown to Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian dramatist, as distinguished from the poet and novelist. But to have a new and "realistic" modern drama of his "hissed" vigorously by a Roman audience at its first performance was a new experience to him. The cable recently reported the emphatic condemnation of the latest D'Annunzio attempt at playwriting by a hostile public, but gave no details of the interesting affair. Will the drama survive this adverse verdict and succeed elsewhere, or is its failure total and final?

"Più che L'Amore" (More than Love) is a new experiment for the Italian dramatist. It is not in his previous fantastic, symbolic and romantic style; it is meant to be intensely modern, reflecting every-day life, with its passions, struggles, crimes and ambitions. It bears traces of Nietzsche influence. The Rome correspondent of the London *Times* says that it is not only undramatic in its arrangement, but untrue to life and human character and thought—founded on "misunderstood philosophy."

Corrado Brando, the hero of the play, is a sort of "overman" who hates the dull and conventional life of our civilization. He is an explorer and boasts of his exploits and adventures in darkest Africa. He deems himself above the restraints of law and morality. He believes himself destined for great achievements and is angry with a mean, unappreciative world that neglects him and refuses to support his grand schemes of exploration.

He has just returned to Rome from an African expedition of which, however, another was the leader. He bitterly complains that honors he has won are bestowed upon the chief. He wishes to organize another expedition and cannot obtain the funds therefor.

Means, however, must be found. He scorns the advice of a devoted friend and admirer, Virginio Vesta, to seek fame in other and less hazardous paths; he will, he says, shrink from no method of realizing his ambition, however desperate and criminal it may be.

The truth is, Brando had committed murder to obtain the money he needs, but concealed it from his friend. He had killed an old Jew, a

keeper of a gambling-den. Vesta finds this out after the conversation. He also learns that Brando had seduced his sister Maria, a beautiful and tender girl. Brando's thirst for glory and fame is dearer than love, and he will not hesitate to sacrifice Maria to his ambition. Maria herself urges him to go to Africa, tho she is about to become a mother.

Meantime the murder is discovered, and Brando is in danger of arrest and punishment. Vesta tries to save his friend, in spite of the betrayal of Maria, to whom he is devotedly attached. He even offers to declare himself the real murderer. Brando refuses, and hastily forces Vesta out of his apartment.

The officers of justice are at the door. Brando arms himself and vows that he shall not die alone. The play ends without our knowing what happens to Brando and the officers.

The theme of the drama, according to the Milan *Illustrazione*, and the significance of the title itself, is that to the masterful man, the builder of empires, the pioneer in the wilderness, there is something that is greater than love and morality. But the correspondent of the London *Times*, quoted above, is not impressed with the playwright's success in dramatically enforcing this moral. He says:

"The idea of the murder of a miser, for a purpose which is not pure greed for money, is not very original. At once one recalls Eugene Aram and Raskolnikoff in Dostoevski's 'Crime and Punishment.' But d'Annunzio is far from possessing either the terrible knowledge or the literary skill which made the work of the Russian novelist one of the poignant documents of suffering humanity. The whole atmosphere of 'Più che l'Amore' is unreal. Brando, compounded of rant and bluster, would be no more capable of leading an African expedition than the author himself. And, indeed, seeing how many Italian names figure in the honorable list of African explorers, one is disposed to protest against d'Annunzio's choice of such a rôle for his sorry hero. The 'super-man' of Nietzsche, who should break through all social laws and conventions and ruthlessly trample on the weak that obstruct his way to self-realization, must at least convince us of his own strength of will and purpose. But Corrado Brando is essentially a poor creature, without even sufficient force of character to resist the temptation of seducing his best friend's sister, while he depends on the sympathy of that friend and pours out to him, in most wearisome monologue, the tale of his wrongs and his dreams."

BERNARD SHAW AS DRAMATIC CRITIC



"Shaw, as a dramatic critic, was the terror of actors and playwrights."

THE name of Bernard Shaw as a dramatist is on every lip. It is, however, not so well known that for over three years the author of "Caesar and Cleopatra" wielded the pen of the dramatic critic. In his time, Mr. Forbes Robertson assures a recent interviewer, Shaw was the terror of actors and playwrights. His criticisms, which appeared in the London *Saturday Review* between January, 1895, and May, 1898, have now been published in two closely printed volumes,* prefaced by James Huneker. Mr. Huneker vividly describes the great Irish playwright's sufferings in those three years when, night after night, he filled his ears with bad, mad and mediocre plays. The mere physical exertion of this task finally grew too heavy for either man or superman to bear. Shaw's famous hobnailed Alpine shoes, worn for the purpose of tramping London picture galleries, failed him in the theater. His soul grew soggy, his bones softened, and after an accident he threw over his self-imposed task with a gasp of relief, and the stalls knew him no more. Meanwhile, however, he had filled almost one thousand pages with perhaps the most remarkable and certainly the most startling dramatic criticisms that have appeared in the English language during the closing years of the nineteenth century. These criticisms, Mr. Huneker remarks, are still alive:

"They are as alive to-day as a decade ago, a sure test of their value; theatrical chronicling is seldom of an enduring character. It is the man ambushed behind the paragraph, the Shaw in the wood-pile, with his stark individuality, that makes these criticisms delightful and irritating and suggestive. I pretend to hear the clattering

of those hobnailed Alpine shoes in his criticisms as they unroll before us, some violent, many ironic, all interesting and erudite."

Shaw's criticisms, Mr. Huneker goes on to say, are male, forceful and modern. They may or they may not present a definite thesis. Mr. Shaw may not be your Shaw, or Shaw's Shaw, yet he is a perfectly viable person, a man of wrath and humors, a fellow of infinite wit, learned without pedantry, and of a charm—if one finds caviar and paprika charming. Perhaps that autobiography of his—to be published, he says, fifty years after his death—will clear up all our cloudy conceptions of this Boojum, who may turn out after all to be a Snark. Like the late poet, Paul Verlaine, there are days when Shaw wears his demon mask to frighten bores away. In reality he is excessively angelic. All the rest is grimace.

The world, Mr. Huneker avers, is by this time acquainted with the Shavian opinions, plays, prefaces and philosophy. Shaw himself ascribes his success to the abnormal normality of his sight. Normal eyesight, he contends, is possessed by only about ten per cent. of humanity. By a swift transposition of vision to intellectual judgment Mr. Shaw claims the gift of seeing things differently and better. This may or may not be so, but Shaw evidently is sincere. Mr. Huneker says:

"He is that rare bird, a perfectly honest man. He means what he says and he is never more in earnest than when he is most whimsical. He laughs at love and London shrieks at his most exquisite humor. But he is not making fun. He finds in our art and literature that the sexual passion plays far too important a rôle. We are 'oversexed,' he cries, especially in the theater. The slimy sentimentalities of the popular play are too much for his nerves. He is a Puritan in the last analysis and the degradation of dramatic art attendant upon sensuality moves him to strong utterances. 'I have, I think, always been a Puritan in my attitude toward art. I am as fond of fine music and handsome buildings as Milton was, or Cromwell, or Bunyan; but if I found that they were becoming the instruments of systematic idolatry of sensuousness, I would hold it good statesmanship to blow every cathedral in the world to pieces with dynamite, organ and all, without the least heed to the screams of the art critics and the cultured voluptuaries.' He would light the fuse himself, just as he would go to the stake for a principle. He is at once the slayer and the slain; Calvin and Servetus."

These words have a truly Tolstoyan ring. Shaw does not claim for them originality, nor does he claim priority in his attacks on Shake-

* **DRAMATIC OPINIONS:** Essays by Bernard Shaw. With a Preface by James Huneker. Brentano's.

speare. "In fact," says Mr. Huneker, "his animadversions upon this sacred topic are by no means as sharp as the criticisms of Ben Jonson, Dr. Johnson, Voltaire and Taine." Touching on Shaw's view of Shakespeare, the brilliant commentator remarks that an ounce of sincerity is worth a ton of hypocrisy, and that great reputations should have their centennial critical bath—they would look all the brighter for it. The critical bath Mr. Shaw prepares for Shakespeare is pretty thoro:

"He finds Shakespeare's work full of moral platitudes, jingo claptrap, tavern pleasantries, bombast and drivel; while the bard's incapacity for following up the scraps of philosophy he stole so aptly, is noteworthy; his poetic speech, feeling for nature and the knack of character-drawing, fun and heart wisdom, for which he was ready, like the true son of the theater, to prostitute to any subject, occasion and any theatrical employment—these are some Shakespearean attributes. He thinks Bunyan the truer man—which is quite aside from the argument—and he believes that we are outgrowing Shakespeare, who will become, with Byron, a 'household pet.' And most incontinently he concludes asserting that when he, Shaw, began to write dramatic criticism, Shakespeare was a divinity; now he has become a fellow creature."

Nevertheless, Mr. Huneker explains, Shaw's attacks are not aimed primarily at Shakespeare, but rather at the modern misinterpreters of the great Elizabethan, who substitute scenic claptrap for the real Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's contemporaries fare even worse at Shaw's hands. Mr. Huneker observes on this point:

"More inexplicable is Shaw's dislike of the Elizabethans. His lips curl with scorn when their names are mentioned. He forgives Shakespeare many extravagances; Marlowe, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Dekker, none. Their rhetoric is insane and hideous; they are a crew of insufferable bunglers and dullards; the Renaissance was an orgy; Marlowe might, if he had lived to-day, have been a tolerable imitation of Kipling; all these plays are full of murder, lust, obscenity, cruelty; no ray of noble feeling, no touch of faith, beauty, nor even common kindness is to be discovered in them, says critic Shaw."

Of latter-day writers Shaw has written learnedly and often most piquantly. His Ibsen partizanship, remarks Mr. Huneker, needs no vindication at this hour. The star of the great Norwegian has risen, no longer a baneful portent, but a beneficial orb. But for the modern English playwrights he always exhibited a firm dislike until they achieved something that extorted his praise. We read:

"He was among the first to attack Pinero's 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' as an artificial bit

of stage technique. He speedily exposed the inherent structural weakness and lack of logic in 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith'; but he found sufficient words of admiration for 'The Benefit of the Doubt,' by all odds the best, because the truest, of the Pinero dramas.

"Henry Arthur Jones is rated as highly by Mr. Shaw. This writer has 'creative imagination, curious observation, inventive humor, sympathy and sincerity.' He admired 'Michael and his Lost Angel,' as did a few discerning critics in New York—and he has never ceased wondering why this fine play was withdrawn in London before it had a fair chance."

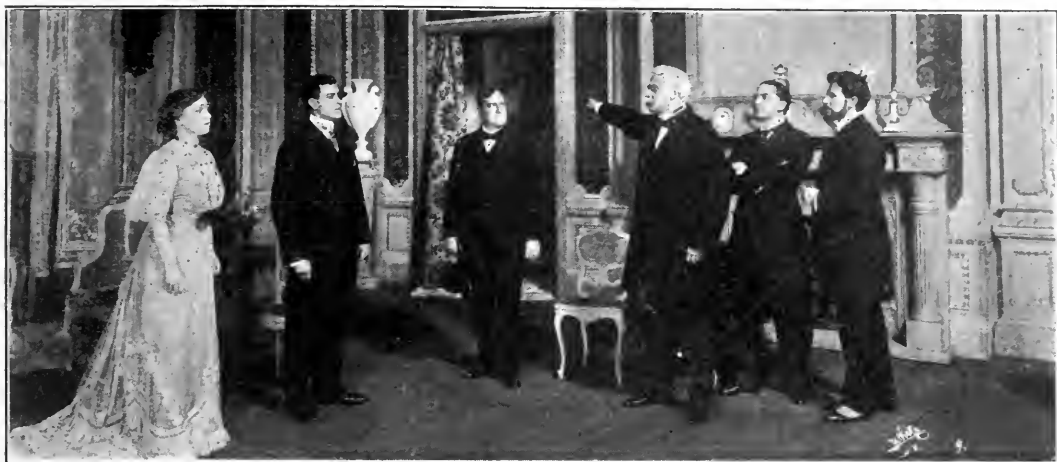
Scattered through all of Shaw's critical articles are sometimes true, often ill-natured, and always witty remarks on authors and actors. Mr. Huneker quotes a few of the most characteristic:

"The actor will get money and applause from the contemporary mob; but posterity will only see him through the spectacles of the elect; if he displeases them [*i. e.*, the dramatic critics] his credit will be interred with his bones.' Which is a curious paraphrase of Hamlet's remarks about the players. 'Marie Corelli's works are cheap victories of a profuse imagination over an apparently commonplace and carelessly cultivated mind.' 'Thackeray is an author I cannot abide.' 'For my part I do not endorse all Ibsen's views; I even prefer my own to his in some respects.' 'Pinero is no respecter of character, but simply an adroit describer of people as the ordinary man sees and judges them.'

"A character actor is one who cannot act and therefore makes an elaborate study of disguises and stage tricks by which acting can be grotesquely simulated. Pinero is simply character acting in the domain of authorship.' Many pinchbeck histrionic reputations in England and America would be shattered by this dictum if the public but realized it. 'Oscar Wilde is an arch-artist; he is colossally lazy.' And hitting off the critical condescension with which Wilde's pieces were once received by many critics in England, Shaw coolly remarks: 'I am the only person in London who cannot sit down and write an Oscar Wilde play at will.' 'Mr. Barrie makes a pretty character as a milliner makes a bonnet, by matching materials; he has no eye for human character, only a keen sense for human qualities.'"

Shaw himself seems to have regarded his critical work as wasteful. When at last he resigned his seat among the critical mighty to make room for Max Beerbohm, that forger of clever paradoxes, he remarked, with the conceit characteristic of all his published utterances, that he could never justify to himself the spending of four years on dramatic criticism, and that he had sworn an oath to endure no more of it.

"Never again," he exclaimed, "will I cross the threshold of a theater. The subject is exhausted, and so am I."



"PLEASE ASK MR. BURRESS TO GO"

A stirring scene in Klein's new play, "The Daughters of Men," in which the hero is called upon to decide between his loyalty to his Love and to the cause of Labor.

"THE DAUGHTERS OF MEN"—KLEIN'S NEW PLAY

THE new play, "The Daughters of Men," by Charles Klein, author of "The Music Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse," is founded on the conflict between capital and labor. It is possible that in it the preacher of political compromise at times somewhat obscures the dramatist, but the characters are well drawn, and it is evident from the scenes we reprint (by permission of H. B. Harris, from the acting copy) that "The Daughters of Men" rises in several instances to points of high dramatic tension. "The play," says the *New York Times*, "is distinctly a product of Mr. Klein's own and individual school. Qualities marking his previous success of 'The Lion and the Mouse' exist here perhaps more deliberately emphasized and more skillfully combined."

The characters of the play are divided into two hostile camps, the Federated Companies and the Federated Brotherhood, a labor organization. John Stedman, the hero of the play, a sincere and clean type of young America, is the intellectual leader of a great national strike against the Companies. His associates are mostly half-educated radicals and politicians of a self-seeking type—James Burress, Louis Stolbeck and Oscar Lackett. The most luminous exception is the just and level-minded President of the Brotherhood, Patrick McCarthy. Louis Stolbeck, betrothed to Burress, but in love with Stedman, is a "daughter of the people," whose kind disposition has been spoiled by an utter lack of restraint in her edu-

cation. On the capitalistic side we find enlisted Richard Milbank—"Uncle" Milbank—a business man of the old type, who preaches "a little sentiment and a little compromise"; his partner, James Thedford, and his nephew, Matthew Crosby, stern, cold, uncompromising financiers; and Reginald Crosby, the black sheep of the family, whose marriage to an actress (Bella) is a continuous source of trouble to his staid relatives. The most important member of the group, however, is Grace Crosby, sister of Matthew and Reginald, and heroine of the play. The inevitable happens. Grace Crosby and John Stedman meet, see and are conquered by the little god of bow and arrows. The strike is on the point of completely paralyzing the business of the Confederated Company and excitement is at the highest pitch, when it transpires that Grace desires to marry Stedman and that he is on his way to ask for her hand. Grace's brothers treat the labor leader with contempt, but when Uncle Milbank hears that his grandfather was governor of a State, he proposes that the young man shall come over into their camp, and, instead of attacking corporations, defend them. He puts the matter before Grace. The latter attempts to persuade Stedman to give up his cause for her sake, but meets with a staunch refusal. While this discussion is going on, Jim Burress appears at the door.

Matthew: This gentleman insists on seeing you, Mr. Stedman. He declined to give his name. He said he knew you were here and that his



"COME HERE AND TELL THEM WHERE YOU ARE"

The most dramatic moment in "The Daughters of Men," in which Louise, the working girl, challenges Grace, the daughter of luxury.

business was of such a nature that it admitted of no delay.

Burrass: Quite right, Mr. Crosby; it don't. Mr. John Stedman is one of the grand officers of our Interstate Unions and we need him at headquarters at once.

Stedman: Who told you I was here?

Burrass: Louise.

Stedman: Louise!

(*Grace looks at Stedman as if wondering who Louise is.*)

Burrass: Yes; I reported it to the Executive Board, which is sitting now, and was deputed to fetch you.

Stedman: To fetch me?

Burrass: Well, I said I'd come back with you. (*Aside to him.*) In twenty-four hours every man, woman and child on our rolls in the United States will walk out free and independent citizens, unless our demands are complied with.

Stedman: The West going to go out! Think of the public suffering! (*Shakes his head.*) This move is premature.

Burrass: Is it? Well, the Council don't think so; but we don't expect you to see things quite as we do, Mr. Stedman. Our idea is to hit and then to notify 'em that you've done it.

(*An uncomfortable pause.*)

Burrass: Well, are you coming?

Stedman: Yes. (*Burrass stands as if waiting for Stedman.*) Wait for me downstairs.

Burrass: Downstairs?

Stedman: Yes, downstairs.

Burrass: The Grand Council is waiting, Mr. Stedman, and I've no doubt they'll be very glad if you'll explain to them the meaning of this combine. (*Indicates Milbank and Matthew.*)

Milbank: What does he mean?

Matthew: Who is this gentleman?

Burrass: Gentleman! Oh, you flatter me.

(*Enter Thedford.*)

Thedford: (*Sees Burrass.*) Burrass! Jim Burrass! (*Laughs.*)

Milbank: Burrass, the anarchist?

Matthew: Burrass, the—the— (*In disgust*) Ah!

(*Milbank sits in chair.*)

Thedford: I suppose we are indebted to Mr. Stedman for the honor of this visit.

Burrass: I see I'm not as popular here as you are, Mr. Stedman. Well, I'm sorry I shock your friends.

Milbank (to Stedman): Please ask Mr. Burrass to go.

Stedman: I'm going with him.

Grace: No—ah!

(*Grace looks at him reproachfully. Pause.*)

Burrass: All right. I'll tell the council you refuse to come.

Stedman: I'm going with you, Burrass.

Burrass: Oh, all right—you've changed your mind, eh! Well, good day, gentlemen—Miss (*bows to Grace*). I'm sorry to have intruded, but Mr. Stedman will tell you it's important—important to him and to us, too. I'm waiting for you downstairs, Stedman. Don't be long.

Stedman: I trust you will pardon his calling. I didn't know he knew I was here.

Grace: Louise knew. You told her you were going to see me.

Stedman: Grace!

Milbank: And you prefer men of his class to us?

Stedman: No—no—he doesn't represent the real element.

Milbank: If you leave here to go away with him, my niece will never speak to you, never see you again. Grace—you won't—will you?

Matthew: No, I'll promise that.

Grace: Don't go with him.

Stedman: I must.

Milbank: Now choose—Jim Burrass or—or—

Grace: Or me. Oh, surely—you—John, you—

Stedman: I must go; I must; there's no way out of it.

Milbank: Then go—go. Tell him to go, Grace. (*Pause.*)

Matthew: Tell him to go. Have you no pride?

(*Grace struggles with herself, is about to speak.*)

Stedman: No. I'll go without being told. At least I'll spare her the indignity of telling me. Good-by, Grace.

Grace (with an effort): My uncle is right. It is better that you go with Mr. Burrass. I don't want to—to spoil your career. Good-by.

Stedman: Good-by.

(*Bows to men and goes out. Matthew shuts door.*)

Matthew: That's the end of John Stedman.

Milbank: He's a fool.

Matthew: A fool! He's as big a rascal as the other fellow. They're all tarred with the same brush. (*To Grace*) And you thought this man good enough to marry into your family!

Grace: Good enough! He's far too good. He's better than we are, Matthew! Yes, uncle, he's better than we are. He has more principle, more courage, more honor, than any of us, for he stands by his promise and I don't—I don't. I haven't the courage. Don't you see I'm not

good enough for him! He gives up the woman he loves, he gives up his whole life for his fellow-man. What do we give up? Nothing—nothing. Everything must be sacrificed to our own selfish interests. Well, I hope you're satisfied.

The second act takes place in John Stedman's rooms two months later. Louise appears, to warn Stedman that her father and Burrass are preparing to make a move against him in the Grand Council. They will accuse him of playing into the hands of the capitalists, and even drag his affair with Grace into their discussions. Before she has time to get away Grace also makes her appearance, chaperoned by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Reginald Crosby. The latter and Louise have a little unpleasantness, and Mrs. Crosby leaves the room and goes to wait in the carriage. Louise likewise goes out. It appears that the object of Grace's visit is to inform Stedman that her family's business interests have greatly suffered, owing to the strike, and implores him to use his influence to achieve a compromise. She seems to be under the utterly erroneous impression that the extension of the strike is his revenge for the slight he received at the hands of her brother. At this moment Louise re-enters, excitedly announcing that her father and Jim Burrass are downstairs. She asks Stedman to send them away, as she does not want to be seen with him. Stedman assents and asks Grace to permit him to take her to her carriage as soon as the interview is terminated. Louise makes the startling statement that the carriage is gone. Stedman hurries downstairs to ascertain the truth. Louise locks the door, laughs to herself as in triumph, and watches Grace silently for a few moments. She then confesses in jealous rage that she sent the carriage away and charges Grace with having come to bribe Stedman with her love. The girl replies that she has come without the knowledge of her family in the hope of bridging the gulf between the opposing forces.

Louise: It can never be done. The gulf is too wide.

Grace: And you would widen it.

Louise: When we've beaten you, you'll hold out your hands to us, and not before. And we shall beat you—beat you until you acknowledge us to be your equals socially as well as financially.

Grace: And you hold such false ideas of life—such pernicious theories—accuse me of trying to destroy John Stedman's career. Ah! you have shown me my duty. Yes, my duty. I shall see him again—and again—as often as possible. I shall protect him; I shall save him from you.

Louise: You mean you will save him for yourself.

(Laughs a little hysterical laugh as if she were furiously angry.)

Grace: I shall save him from you.

Louise: And your family—your aristocratic relations—what will they say? (Pause.) They don't know you are here, you said. (Suddenly) Well, I think they ought to! I think they ought to—and they shall. (Goes to telephone. Takes down receiver.) Give me 1103 Plaza—1103—yes. (To Grace) Oh, I know the number; I've looked it up. I know all about it, and all about you and your sister-in-law, the actress, and your young profligate of a brother. You're very brave, aren't you? Well, I'm going to put your courage to the test. Hello! Is Mr. Matthew Crosby there? Yes. Is Mr. Richard Milbank there? Tell them to come to the wire, either of them. (Pause.) Either of them—yes—or both. It doesn't matter which. (To Grace) Now, if you're not afraid, come here and tell them where you are. (Holds receiver out to her.) Tell them you're in John Stedman's rooms.

Grace: Ah—no—no—

Louise: If you don't, I will. (Laughs.) Ah, I knew you were afraid. But if you want to save John Stedman you'll have to take your family into your confidence. You'll have to take the whole world into your confidence. It can't be done as your class does everything—on the sly. It shall be shouted from the house-tops.

Grace (with dignity): You are quite right, Miss Stolbeck. (Goes to telephone unruffled. Then slowly) I thank you for having shown me my proper course of action. I should have taken my family into my confidence. Hello!

Louise (weakening): Never mind, Miss Crosby. Don't—don't speak.

Grace (at telephone): Hello!

Louise: Please don't speak, Miss Crosby. Tell them there's a mistake, that you don't want them.

Grace (at telephone): Is that you, Matthew?

Louise: Don't speak, I tell you—don't—don't. Ah! (In agony) I shouldn't have done it! I shouldn't have done it! It was a devilish impulse and I yielded to it—yielded to it! Ah—don't!

Grace (at telephone): Yes.

Louise: Ah, for God's sake—don't—don't!

Grace (at telephone): I am here, at Mr. Stedman's rooms.

Louise: Oh, don't you hear me asking—begging you not to. You sha'n't tell them—you sha'n't.

Grace: 550 Washington Square.

Louise (sees it is too late): O God—don't! He'll never forgive me! He'll never forgive me!

Grace (at telephone): Isabel has left with the carriage. Please send for me at once—at once.

Louise (throws herself into chair, lets her head fall on table): Why did I do it—why? Oh, this devilish nature of mine! He'll never speak to me again—never see me again.

Grace: Yes—please don't delay—550—yes. Good-by. (Hangs up receiver. Sees Louise's abject misery.)

Louise: Well, you've beaten me—beaten me at my own game. Now I suppose you'll tell him what I've done. Well, tell him; I don't care.

Grace: Why should I tell Mr. Stedman?

Louise: Why—I've had my revenge. You're entitled to yours, aren't you? I made you give yourself away, and now you've the chance to pay me back in my own coin.

Grace: I don't want to pay you back in your own coin.

Louise: You don't?

Grace: Why, no.

Louise (in a blind fury): Ah, that's where you beat us—that's the gulf between us. I never knew why it was women of your class always looked down on women of my class—why you were always so superior—and now I see it. If I think anything, I out with it; but with you it's all self-control, self-repression, as he calls it. You hate me like poison, but you don't show it. You could kill me as I stand here, but you're as calm as if you were riding in your carriage. You could take your revenge by telling him what I've done, but you won't, because it's a finer kind of cruelty to heap coals of fire on my head and say nothing. That's class, that's breeding, as he calls it, and that's what you've got—and what we haven't. Ah, I knew there was something wanting in us—something that he misses in me. I see it now. But I'll rob you of your revenge this time. I'll tell him myself. I'll tell him myself.

Grace: O Louise, Louise, don't, don't go on that way. You are causing yourself, you are causing me, so much needless pain. I know you don't deliberately intend to be cruel, but when you talk that way, you are—you are cruel—horribly cruel. I don't want to see you suffer, believe me. Believe me, I don't hate you; I could even love you if you'd let me. Give up this false notion that there is any gulf between us—between one class and another. There is no gulf but the gulf of your own making—the barrier you think exists—the barrier that always will exist while you believe it does. I believe, I know, I love you as one human being should love another. At least, I love you more than you do me. And as soon as you realize that love, the gulf you speak of will be bridged over. O Louise, the whole thing is only a false estimate of Truth. Louise! (*Holds out her hand to Louise, who stares helplessly at her.*)

Louise (breaking down): Oh, I know I'm all wrong—wrong from my very birth. I've no religion, I've nothing. Ever since I was that high I've been brought up on the doctrine of hatred and despair. The doctrine of "do or you'll be done," not "do unto others as you would they should do unto you." I know I'm all wrong, but I must try—I will try harder than I've ever tried before to—to—oh—oh—I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead!

Grace: No, no. (*Puts her arm around Louise.*) You don't mean that.

Louise: Yes I do. Ah, it's too late—too late. But you forgive me—you forgive me—don't you? Perhaps I can make up for—you wait!

(*Knock on door. Knock again. Louise pays no attention. Grace goes to door. Stedman's voice outside—"Louise!" Enter Stedman quickly.*)

Stedman: Your father is downstairs with Burrress. I've put him off, but I think he's seen you. At any rate, he suspects something, and I'm afraid he means mischief.

Louise: Let them come in. I don't care. I deserve it.

Stedman, however, succeeds in persuading Louise to hide with Grace in a rear room. Burrress and Stolbeck enter, and Matthew

Crosby with Milbank follow a moment later. The opposing factions are thus accidentally brought to gether and after some preliminary conversation Stedman proposes to talk their difficulties over right on the spot.

As curtain rises, in the third act, the attitude of the various characters shows that a discussion has been going on and that Matthew Crosby and Milbank are thoroughly bored and are only remaining there because they want to get Grace away. The discussion is at the point of breaking up when President McCarthy, of the Western Division of the United Federal Brotherhood, arrives. Lackett, who comes in with McCarthy, charges Stedman with treason, and, having caught the hint that Grace Crosby is in the adjoining room, triumphantly calls upon her to appear. The presence of the girl, he thinks, would elucidate clearly Stedman's motive in betraying the "cause." However, instead of Grace, Louise enters the room. Lackett and Burrress now insinuate that the very appearance of the Crosbys, Thedford and Milbank in Stedman's rooms proves Stedman's treachery. As they will not discuss the issue at hand, and Stedman refuses to give an explanation of the presence of his visitors, McCarthy remarks that he will be forced to report the matter. Hereupon Lackett and Burrress taunt Stedman with his capitalistic friends and his Utopian schemes. He realizes that there is "no human sympathy, no kindness, no love in them," and after his passionate appeal for reconciliation is rejected, offers his resignation. Matthew Crosby, Milbank and Thedford applaud.

Lackett: Don't let him bluff you, Mr. McCarthy; he isn't on the level.

Louise (comes down stage): He is on the level, and more on the level than any of you.

Burrress: Then let him tell us what these people want here.

Louise: It's all my fault—my fault. I—I—I could tell you, but I won't. There's nothing between them—before God I swear there isn't. They don't like him any more than you do. Because he tells them the truth as he tells you the truth, and they don't relish it any more than you do.

Burrress: Let him order them out of his rooms and I'll withdraw my charges.

Louise: Jim Burrress, if you make any charges against him I'll never speak to you again—never—never, so help me God! (*To Stolbeck*) If you repudiate him, father, I'll—I'll repudiate you. Don't listen to them, Mr. McCarthy; don't believe them.

Stedman: Louise, Louise, it isn't worth while. (*Enter Grace.*)

Grace: It is worth while, Mr. Stedman; it is worth while.

Milbank: Grace!

Grace: I could stay there and listen no longer. Mr. Stedman, you are doing yourselves a gross injustice.

Louise: O Miss Crosby, why did you come out?

Matthew: Grace!

Burruss: What did I tell you? Ha! a family meeting!

Stolbeck: Ha! The cat is out of the bag!

Matthew: Grace, remain silent.

Grace: I must speak. Mr. Stedman, you cannot, you dare not, resign.

Lackett: What a headline this will make: The submerged tenth finally meets beauty, fashion and wealth on a question of mutual social interest.

Burruss: There's my proof, Mr. McCarthy. They've got at him through her. I told you there was an understanding between them.

Grace: There's no understanding between us but the understanding that right is might and that only that which is *good can be right*. It is worth while, Mr. Stedman; these men don't know what they are doing. (*To the men*) I warn you, if you reject Mr. Stedman you reject the only man who understands how to help you gain the victory which really means permanent peace and plenty for your comfort and happiness, for your wives and children. That victory must be a victory over yourselves as well as over your employers.

Burruss: Thank you, miss. Come on, Mac, Stolbeck.

Stolbeck: Ha! Yes, I should say so! Women and politics not for me. Come, Louise. (*Stolbeck and Burruss go.*)

McCarthy (*gathering up papers*): I'm sorry, Miss, but I must yield to the majority. Lackett, you keep this lady's name out of your paper.

Lackett: Yes, but—I—

McCarthy: If you don't, you'll answer to me, personally. Understand? We're not fighting women.

Lackett: Well, what about your report?

McCarthy: My report is my business. (*Lackett goes.*) Good night, Stedman. I shall see you in the morning.

Stedman: Yes, McCarthy. Ah, I wish there were more like you.

Milbank: And so do I. One moment, Mr. McCarthy. I want you to be at our office to-morrow at noon. And you too, Mr. Stedman. I think this matter ought to be settled.

Stedman: It can be settled.

McCarthy: Yes, sir, it can.

Matthew: Uncle!

Thedford: Mr. Milbank!

Milbank: And you'll be there, Matthew. You too, Thedford. Twelve o'clock to-morrow, Mr. McCarthy. In the meantime I wish you good night. (*Offers hand to McCarthy. McCarthy shakes it warmly.*)

McCarthy: Good night, sir; twelve o'clock to-morrow, Stedman.

Stedman: I'll be there, McCarthy.

McCarthy: Thank you very much for your kindness, sir. This is your work, Stedman. Good night, gentlemen.

(*Shakes hands with Stedman, bows to rest and goes.*)

Burruss (*off stage*): Louise!

Louise (*comes down and takes Stedman's hand.*

Aside to him): You're right, Mr. Stedman; she's worth a thousand of me.

(*Enter Burruss.*)

Burruss: Louise, your father is waiting.

Louise (*angrily*): Let him wait.

Burruss: Well, I'm waiting too.

Louise: Oh, are you? Well, if you wait for me you'll wait till your epitaph is written.

Burruss: What do you mean?

Louise: I mean I've changed my mind. I'm going home alone. Good-night, Mr. Burruss.

(*She goes, followed by Burruss.*)

Thedford: At last!

Matthew (*angrily*): Grace, you have brought contempt on us. You have—

Milbank: I think, Matthew, we'll make no further reference to the matter—at least, not here.

Matthew: Very well. (*To Grace*) Defer your explanation until—

Grace: Explanation? I have nothing to explain. It is you who must explain. Mr. Stedman was right when he said that men have no sympathy in their hearts. They have only hatred for each other. That's what requires an explanation. They hate us, Matthew; how do you explain that? They hate us, uncle; can you explain it? Can you, Mr. Thedford? Oh, it's all wrong—all wrong. Can't you see something must be done to bring the human family together? Money is fast separating us. They hate us and it's as much our fault as theirs—as much our fault as theirs.

Stedman: Oh, I knew you'd see; I knew you'd see.

Matthew: Grace, we are waiting for you.

Grace: I'm will to do my share. (*Suddenly*) Uncle, Matthew, Mr. Thedford, won't you give the men what they ask? For my sake! I'll give up my fortune—anything—anything!

Matthew (*to Milbank*): She is under the influence of that man; absolutely under his influence.

Milbank: I'm afraid so.

Thedford: Damn him! Why has he been allowed to assert himself?

Matthew: We don't want him, and his own followers don't want him. No one wants him.

Grace: Yes! I want him! I want him!

Stedman: Grace!

Grace: Let me tell you, Matthew, uncle and, above all, you, Mr. Thedford, you have brought about the very thing you have worked most to avoid. I never realized until to-night that I—that I—you have forced me to speak—I was so essential to Mr. Stedman's happiness, or that he was so—so necessary to mine.

Stedman: Grace!

Grace: Forgive me, John; I know it's unwomanly, but I couldn't help it. You sacrificed yourself with your own party to save my name from the breath of scandal. You would have sacrificed your whole life. Oh, it's worth while, it is worth while!

Stedman: Yes, it is worth while.

Thedford: How dare he!

(*Milbank restrains him.*)

Milbank: What's the use; what's the use?

Matthew: I won't consent.

Milbank: I'm afraid you won't be asked.

CURTAIN.

Religion and Ethics

A MODERN PROPHET'S INDICTMENT OF OUR CIVILIZATION



AMERICANS who care deeply for their country and can look beyond the issues of the moment toward vistas that stretch on forever are likely to find occasion for much fruitful thought and healthy introspection in the latest work* of that novelist of genius and modern prophet, H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells visited the United States last Spring with the express purpose of catching the significance and drift of our civilization and recording his impression on paper. In the first enthusiasm of his experience he fulfilled this purpose, and the result is a breathless, passionate estimate, lacking, it is true, in judicial quality, but gaining, by its very intensity, in spiritual force and insight. "The book," as the London *Spectator* remarks, "is illuminating in the fullest sense, a criticism not only of America, but of all civilized society, and it is written in a style which is always attractive and rises now and then to uncommon beauty and power, for Mr. Wells is as much poet as sociologist. He sees his data not only greyly set out on a laboratory table, but touched with the eternal mystery of human hopes and fears."

At the outset, Mr. Wells declares that in this, as in all his work, he has been dominated by a sense of the prophetic. He is concerned not so much with the America that is as with the America that is to be. "The pomp and splendor of established order, the braying triumphs, ceremonies, consummations, one sees these glittering shows for what they are—through their threadbare grandeur shine the little significant things that will make the future." More specifically, he explains:

"My hero in the confused drama of human life is intelligence; intelligence inspired by constructive passion. There is a demigod imprisoned in mankind. All human history presents itself to me as the unconscious or half-unconscious struggle of human thought to emerge from the sightless interplay of instinct, individual passion, prejudice, and ignorance. One sees this diviner element groping after law and order and fine arrangement, like a thing blind and half-buried, in ancient Egypt, in ancient Judæa, in ancient Greece. It embodies its purpose in religions, invents the disciplines of morality, the

reminders of ritual. It loses itself and becomes confused. It wearies and rests. In Plato, for the first time, one discovers it conscious and open-eyed, trying, indeed, to take hold of life and control it. Then it goes under and becomes again a convulsive struggle, an uncoordinated gripping and leaving, a muttering of literature and art, until the coming of our own times. Most painful and blundering demigods it seems through all that space of years, with closed eyes and feverish effort. And now again it is clear to the minds of many men that they may lay hold upon and control the destiny of their kind."

In applying this heroic standard to American civilization, Mr. Wells finds us deficient at almost every point. Our cities are big indeed, he admits; but, according to his way of thinking, their bigness lies rather in material bulk than in constructive intelligence. Of New York he writes: "Noise and human hurry and a vastness of means and collective result, rather than any vastness of achievement, is the pervading quality of New York"; while he says of Chicago: "It is the most perfect presentation of nineteenth-century individualistic industrialism I have ever seen—in its vast, its magnificent squalor." He continues:

"Chicago is one hoarse cry for discipline! The reek and scandal of the stock-yards is really only a gigantic form of that same quality in American life that, in a minor aspect, makes the sidewalks filthy. The key to the peculiar nasty ugliness of the Schoellkopf works that defile the Niagara gorge is of the same quality. The detestableness of the elevated railroads of Chicago and Boston and New York have this in common. All that is ugly in America, in Lancashire, in South and East London, in the Pas de Calais, is due to this, to the shoving unintelligent proceedings of underbred and morally obtuse men. Each man is for himself, each enterprise; there is no order, no provision, no common and universal plan."

In the older countries, Mr. Wells goes on to say, men who become rich enter a world that already has its traditions of public service and authority; but in America the rich "swell up into an immense consumption and power and inanity, develop no sense of public duties, remain winners of a strange game they do not criticize, concerned now only to hold and intensify their winnings." One of the results of the "lust of acquisition" is an orgy of spending, and under this category

*THE FUTURE IN AMERICA: A SEARCH AFTER REALITIES.
By H. G. Wells. Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Wells includes not merely expenditure for selfish purposes, but philanthropic benefactions. He writes:

"American cities are being littered with a disorder of unsystematized foundations and picturesque legacies, much as I find my nursery floor littered with abandoned toys and battles and buildings when the children are in bed after a long, wet day. Yet some of the gifts are very splendid things. There is, for example, the Leland Stanford Junior University in California, a vast monument of parental affection and Richardsonian architecture, with professors, and teaching going on in its interstices; and there is Mrs. Gardner's delightful Fenway Court, a Venetian palace, brought almost bodily from Italy and full of finely gathered treasures."

"All this giving is, in its aggregate effect, as confused as industrial Chicago. It presents no clear scheme of the future, promises no growth; it is due to the impulsive generosity of mob of wealthy persons, with no broad, common conceptions, with no collective dream, with little to hold them together but imitation and the burning possession of money; the gifts overlap, they lie at any angle one with another. Some are needless, some mischievous. There are great gaps of unfulfilled need between."

"And through the multitude of lesser, tho still mighty, givers, comes that colossus of property, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the jubilee plunger of beneficence, that rosy, gray-haired, nimble little figure, going to and fro between two continents, scattering library buildings as if he sowed wild oats, buildings that may or may not have some educational value, if presently they are reorganized and properly stocked with books. Anon he appeals the thrifty burgesses of Dunfermline with vast and uncongenial responsibilities of expenditure; anon he precipitates the library of the late Lord Acton upon our embarrassed Mr. Morley; anon he pauperizes the students of Scotland. He diffuses his monument throughout the English-speaking lands, amid circumstances of the most flagrant publicity; the receptive learned, the philanthropic noble, bow in expectant swaths before him. He is the American fable come true; nothing seems too wild to believe of him, and he fills the European imagination with an altogether erroneous conception of the self-dissipating quality in American wealth."

Mr. Wells thinks that "state blindness" is the most serious malady from which Americans suffer at the present time. "I do not mean," he says, "that the typical American is not passionately and vigorously patriotic, but I mean that he has no perception that his business activities, his private employments, are constituents in a large collective process; that they affect other people and the world forever, and cannot, as he imagines, begin and end with him." He is "fundamentally honest," but "confused ethically." The charge that the financial leaders of the nation are "unparalleled villains, conscienceless conquerors," Mr. Wells thinks ridiculous. "Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's mild, thin-lipped, pleasant

face," he observes, "gives the lie to all such melodramatic nonsense." In Mr. Wells's eyes this great Standard Oil magnate is "an industrious, acquisitive, commonplace, pious man, as honestly and simply proud of his acquisitiveness as a stamp collector might be." To quote further:

"At times, in his acquisitions, the strength of his passion may have driven him to lengths beyond the severe moral code, but the same has been true of stamp-collectors. He is a man who has taken up with great natural aptitude an ignoble tradition which links economy and earning with piety and honor. His teachers were to blame, that Baptist community that is now so ashamed of its son that it refuses his gifts. To a large extent he is the creature of opportunity; he has been flung to the topmost pinnacle of human envy, partly by accident, partly by that peculiarity of American conditions that has subordinated, in the name of liberty, all the grave and ennobling affairs of statecraft to a middle-class freedom of commercial enterprise. Quarrel with that if you like. It is unfair and ridiculous to quarrel with him."

Our distinguished visitor was impressed by a quality of harshness, as well as of kindness and hospitality, in the American temperament. He finds concrete instances of this quality in the "social lynching" of Maxim Gorky and in the—to him unjustifiable—imprisonment of the anarchist, MacQueen. He also carries the analogy into broader fields, and speaks with feeling of the horrors of child slavery and the prevalent attitude toward the negro. "My globe-trotting impudence," he remarks, "will seem, no doubt, to mount to its zenith when I declare that hardly any Americans at all seem to be in possession of the elementary facts in relation to the negro question." His sympathies, he confesses, are all with the colored people; and toward the close of a chapter on "The Tragedy of Color," he makes the statement:

"Whatever America has to show in heroic living to-day, I doubt if she can show anything finer than the quality of the resolve, the steadfast effort hundreds of black and colored men are making to-day to live blamelessly, honorably and patiently, getting for themselves what scraps of refinement, learning and beauty they may, keeping their hold on a civilization they are grudging and denied."

Despite all his hostile criticism, Mr. Wells ends his book with an affirmation of his conviction that "in America the leadership of progress must ultimately rest":

"The problem of America, save in its scale and freedom, is no different from the problem of Great Britain, of Europe, of all humanity; it is one chiefly moral and intellectual; it is to resolve a confusion of purposes, traditions, habits, into a

common ordered intention. Everywhere one finds what seem to me the beginnings of that—and, for this epoch it is all too possible, they may get no further than beginnings. Yet another Decline and Fall may remain to be written, another and another, and it may be another, before the World State comes and Peace.

"Yet against this prospect of a dispersal of will, of a secular decline in honor, education, public spirit, and confidence, of a secular intensification of corruption, lawlessness and disorder, I do, with a confidence that waxes and wanes, balance the creative spirit in America, and that kindred spirit that for me finds its best symbol in President Roosevelt's gesticulating figure. Who can gauge the far-reaching influence of even the science we have, in ordering and quickening the imagination of man, in enhancing and assuring their powers? Common men feel secure to-day in

enterprises it needed men of genius to conceive in former times. And there is a literature—for all our faults we do write more widely, deeply, disinterestedly, more freely and frankly than any set of writers ever did before—reaching incalculable masses of readers, and embodying an amount of common consciousness and purpose beyond all precedent. . . . Things are done in the light, more and more are they done in the light. The world perceives and thinks. . . .

"After all is said and done, I find the balance of my mind tilts steadily to a belief in a continuing and accelerated progress now in human affairs. And in spite of my patriotic inclinations, in spite, too, of the present high intelligence and efficiency of Germany, it seems to me that in America, by sheer virtue of its size, its free traditions, and the habit of initiative in its people, the leadership of progress must ultimately rest."

EFFICIENCY AS THE TRUE TEST OF CHARACTER



HE emphasis of the past has been set too often on abstract morality and "goodness"; the need of the present is practical accomplishment and efficiency. So, at least, avers William H. Allen, a writer in *The World's Work* (November). Convinced that good government, in whatever field, will never be possible so long as goodness is to be the sole or even the chief qualification of its officers, he proposes to substitute an "efficiency test" for the goodness test. "Goodness," he claims, "is a false criterion for three reasons: we cannot agree upon its meaning; it does not prevent the continuance of bad government; and other tests have been proved to be more trustworthy."

Under the first head, that of the impossibility of defining goodness, Mr. Allen writes:

"To some, working and playing golf on Sunday are evils worse even than smoking cigarettes, playing cards, or using profane language. Hundreds of thousands of good people cannot believe in the goodness of others who refuse to subscribe to some particular orthodoxy, to a program of Sunday closing, to prohibition, or to woman's suffrage. The incarnation of evil to the avenue—the ward-heeler—is the incarnation of good to the alley. One man deems ingratitude, selfishness, or evasiveness incompatible with goodness; but his neighbor overlooks these weaknesses if the candidate attends church regularly, supports his poor relations, organizes enjoyable picnics, erects handsome monuments, or gives liberally and frequently to charity. In other words, the good man we talk about so much does not exist; or rather he exists in so many shapes and types that the composite can never be found."

Passing on to a consideration of the alleged ineffectiveness of goodness as a world-force, Mr. Allen says:

"Most of the revolting crimes and stupendous blunders of history have been committed from good motives. The Spanish Inquisition, the massacres of Drogheda and St. Bartholomew, the expulsion of the Moors, the Huguenots, and the Acadians, the murderous proselyting of Mohammed, the crucifixion of Christ are examples. Epoch-making fallacies have always found earnest supporters among good men acting only from good motives. The Hindoo mother is 'good' when she throws her baby into the Ganges, the Western crusader is 'good' when she takes the law into her own hands and smashes saloon property; excess of loyalty led the Continental Congress to mistrust Washington; the good men of the South turned 'white-cap' when the good men of the North forced an obnoxious reconstruction policy upon them; religious zealotry too often ends in hate of men. To protect the goodness of Athens, Socrates was made to drink hemlock. In every contest our country has known, goodness has supported wrong as well as right. Loyalty in 1776 was confined to good men, the kind we now want to enter politics; Patrick Henry and James Monroe did their best to defeat the new constitution in 1787; the 'Know-nothings' were pre-eminently 'good'; the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches divided over the question of slavery; Horace Greeley was Lincoln's harshest critic. At this very time, there are good men so bigoted as to believe that all who oppose trusts, protective tariff, and high license are good, while all who defend them are bad. Thus it happens that knowing a man to be good, upright, honorable, Christian, furnishes no basis whatever for judging whether he believe in free silver or gold only; whether he be Protestant, Catholic or Jew; Republican, Democrat, or Socialist; total abstainer or moderate drinker; a help or a hindrance to his fellow man. Still less does it indicate his suitability for the office of mayor, auditor, alderman, pastor, or hospital trustee."

The true moralist, intimates Mr. Allen, can have no patience with a merely negative good-

ness; and "democracy has never in practise advanced mere goodness." He continues:

"Even in friendship we ask much more than goodness of a companion for an evening or for life. We do not forgive a blundering dentist because he is of irreproachable character. We measure the caterer's viands, not his morals. A gardener must grow beautiful plants, not good intentions. We buy a paper for its news and illustrations, not for the goodness of its editor. Whether or not a builder be good is the last question asked in letting a contract. Shopping would be impracticable if the shopper were to seek 'good' dealers instead of good bargains. Politics has given numerous illustrations of unspotted leaders dooming good causes to failure because of their inefficiency. A 'good' general is not chosen to command an army in time of war. Stevenson saw the truth—'I would rather see a man capably doing evil than blundering about good.'"


In religious circles the truth that Mr. Allen inculcates is already finding acceptance. "The preacher," he remarks, "must not only be good, he must know how to preach satisfactorily and to arouse general interest in parish work." Furthermore:

"The complex civilization of our day, the requirements imposed upon the church by intelli-

gence in the pew and by outside social conditions have rendered it very difficult to procure an effective pastor and attractive preacher in one man. Many churches are still compelled to compromise and tolerate a poor preacher because of unusual leadership, or to overlook poor parish work because of effective preaching. But in very few parishes is a pastor retained because of goodness only, even rural districts generally demanding more. Ability to sing is beginning to be regarded as an indispensable qualification for the choir. 'Goody-goody' books circulate little farther than water runs up-hill, but in selecting Sunday-school teachers, city missionaries, and committee-men, goodness and the desire to do good are still extolled and permitted to hamper church progress, against the law of attendance and interest which is gradually effecting a transition to the efficiency measure. For the foreign field medical missionaries of approved training are preferred, and all must first pass physical, educational, and personality tests. Theological seminaries with lengthening courses, rigid examinations by men who apply the test of probable results, teachers' classes, deaconesses' training schools—everywhere is the unmistakable repudiation of the 'goodness test.'"

In short, says Mr. Allen, "the modern Diogenes does not go about with a lantern seeking goodness; he looks for efficiency, and expects 'goodness' to be thrown in."

A LITERARY SPECIALIST'S TRIBUTE TO THE BIBLE

 "HERE can be no doubt," says Prof. J. H. Gardiner, of Harvard University, "that above all other books in English the Bible has the power of stirring the imagination and moving the soul"; and this inspiring power, he goes on to say, is something almost apart from religious appeal. Under its spell, members of Christian churches and unbelievers are alike awakened to "a sense of realities which are on a higher plane than the affairs of everyday life."

These statements occur in a book* in which Professor Gardiner, as a specialist in English literature, deals with the literary values, rather than the theological aspects, of the Bible. If he were a special pleader in behalf of the Scriptures, his tribute could not be more whole-hearted. When one puts the greatest work of modern writers, such as Milton, Browning, even Shakespeare, beside the Bible, "one finds," he says, "the modern writing al-

most trivial and ephemeral beside the old." He continues:

"Much reading in the Bible will soon bring one to an understanding of the mood in which all art seems a juggling with trifles, and an attempt to catch the unessential when the everlasting verities are slipping by. The silent, unhurrying rumination of the East makes our modern flood of literature seem garrulous and chattering; even the great literature of the Greeks loses beside the compression and massiveness of the Old Testament. It is this cool solidity of poise, this grave and weighty compression of speech, that makes the Old Testament literature so foreign. It has no pride of art, no interest in the subjective impressions of the writer, no care even for the preservation of his name. It is austere, preoccupied with the lasting and the real, and above all, unceasingly possessed with the sense of the immediate presence of a God who is omnipotent and inscrutable. This constant preoccupation with the eternal and the superhuman gives to this literature a sense of proportion which again separates it from other literature. Beside the will of the Almighty the joys and griefs and ambitions of any single writer are a vanity of vanities, a vexation of spirit, or as the Hebrew is more closely translated in the Revised Version, 'a striving after wind.' It is as if, in the words of the marginal reading of

*THE BIBLE AS ENGLISH LITERATURE. By J. H. Gardiner, Assistant Professor of English in Harvard University. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Ecclesiastes iii, God had 'set eternity in their heart.' In our modern literature it is hardly possible to find an author who has not some touch of the restless egotism that is the curse of the artistic temperament; in the Bible there is no author who was not free from it.

"In this art which is not art, then, in this absorption with the solid facts of reality and the neglect of man's comment and interpretation, in the unswerving instinct for the lasting, and the sense of the constant and immediate presence of an omnipotent God, the Bible stands apart in our literature."

And yet, in spite of its majestic solitude, the Bible is of all books the one most completely possessed by English-speaking people. "There is no other book," observes Professor Gardiner, "of which it can be said that for many generations all classes of the people were equally familiar with it." This familiarity exists at both ends of the social scale, and is characteristic of poor and uneducated, as of rich and cultured people. Bunyan and Ruskin, at the two extremes of literary temperament, both testify to its power. Lincoln, in his most solemn utterances, quite naturally adopts the language of the Bible. To quote again:

"Much of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament, can be described as primitive in thought; but only if 'primitive' be taken to mean that such writings go down to the common roots of all human nature, and are grounded in feelings and ideas which are the common heritage of all men, and which are therefore perennial and universal. Thus this Biblical literature and this Biblical style in spite of their foreign origin are in a still deeper sense native, since their appeal reaches down below feelings and instincts which are peculiar to one age or to one country to those which belong to all."

Not the least of the contributions of the Bible to English language and literature, declares Professor Gardiner, is the standard which it has set for all English writing. "If the whole range of English prose," he says, "were figured in the form of an arch, the style of the Bible would be the keystone; and it would be there not only because it is the highest point and culmination of prose writing, but also because it binds the whole structure together." Of the biblical style he writes further:

"In setting the English Bible as the measure of English prose style, one would name as the general qualities of that style, simplicity and earnestness. In defining French prose style, one would think first, perhaps, of lucidity, added to keenness and subtlety; in defining German prose style, rather of thoroughness and the capacity for carrying strangely complicated burdens of thought; but in the case of English prose, since

we have had neither an academy nor a cloistered body of learned men for whom books have been chiefly written, if there is to be a standard which shall be a common measure for Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, and Burke, or in our own period for Macaulay, Newman, Ruskin, Thackeray, and Lincoln, we must find for that common measure a style which will be read by all classes of men, and which will carry the weight of high and earnest ideas. In France there is a gulf between literature and the peasants whom Millet painted; in England, Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' one of the monuments of the literature, was the work of a tinker; and one might recall, too, Stevenson's story of the Welsh blacksmith who learned to read in order to add 'Robinson Crusoe' to his possibilities of experience. It is a striking fact that, as the generations pass by, the books which are still regularly and constantly reprinted are those like 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' which appeal not only to a highly educated upper class, but to the moderately educated middle and lower classes: in literature, as in everything else in England and America, the final appeal is to the broad democracy. In the second place, it is notable that the books which do survive, at any rate in the case of prose,—for in the case of poetry final causes are deeper and more complex,—are almost all written by men with a purpose, men who have a mission to make the world better. There is something in the genius of the people which brings the language to its noblest heights when it carries a message that is to lift the people above themselves; and something in the genius of the language which makes it inevitable that when the language reaches these high points it shall show most strongly these two qualities of simplicity and earnestness.

"With these qualities the style of the Bible is also notable for directness of statement, which gives to the style an unsurpassed power of carrying its readers with it; the books of the Bible are set forth as statements of facts, never as an apology or justification of the facts; and the effect of this confidence is to give to the Bible a virility and robustness which in themselves make it a worthy model of a great national style."

Moreover, since adequate style inevitably reflects the character of its substance, one can say, in the language of Professor Gardiner, that the Bible is "the norm and standard of our English literature."

"Leaving out of consideration Shakespeare, whom it is so hard to bring into our generalization, one may roughly say that the spirit of English literature at its best is prophetic, that the essential characteristics of the books which are the record of the thoughts and feelings of the English race are virility, directness, unconsciousness, prepossession with the higher sides of life, and a noble and uplifting purpose. Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' is a glorification of purity and the virtues of chivalry; Addison aimed to reform the licentious manners of his day; the one constant motive of Swift's morbid genius was to castigate the vices and follies of men; and Dr. Johnson, the stoutest Englishman of them all, was a conscious force

for righteousness. The nineteenth century opened with the aspiring dreams of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley; and its great prose writers, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Emerson, and the rest, were all consciously preachers. The ideal of art merely for the sake of beauty has never taken a deep hold on the men of our race. Keats, who above all English poets revelled in sheer

beauty and sensuousness of form, is commonly and naturally thought of as a poet's poet. It remains true, therefore, in a broad way with the substance of English literature as with the style, that the English Bible stands as the norm about which all the rest can be arranged and as the standard by which it is not unreasonable to estimate it."

A LAYMAN'S PLEA FOR BETTER SERMONS



HAT versatile English writer, Mr. Arthur C. Benson, confesses that he has always felt a deep sympathy for clergymen who have to preach two sermons every Sunday. "Conceive of the difficulty of the situation!" he exclaims. "To address the same people twice a week on religious subjects for, say, twenty years! And the difficulty is increased a hundredfold by the fact that if a clergyman makes his sermons practical, drawing them from his daily experience, he is sure to be accused of preaching at some one or other." The truth is, says Mr. Benson, that to preach effectively to the same congregation twice a Sunday for twenty years a man needs to be "a saint and a man of the world, and a literary man, and an orator, all in one." He continues (in *The National Review*, November):

"My experience is that the clergy, as a rule instead of neglecting this branch of work, expend an almost pathetic amount of trouble on their discourses, and search very diligently after impressive, interesting, and lucid ideas. Of course the net result is often not very satisfactory, for the simple reason that the expression of any sort of truth, the exposition of any subject, is a thing which, to be effective, needs a personality behind it endowed with a certain kind of charm and force, which is by no means a common thing. Then, too, the difficulty is immensely increased by the character of the congregation. A village congregation consists, perhaps, of a few cultivated people and a few of some intellectual vigor, but the majority are neither intellectual nor cultivated; there are men, women, and children of all ages and all temperaments; and how is a man to find the common denominator for all these?

"Then, too, many clergymen feel bound to devote a good many sermons to doctrinal teaching, and doctrinal teaching is a very difficult thing. It is metaphysical, psychological, and moral at the same time; it deals with subtle mysteries and remote mental conceptions."

It is easy enough, however, to criticise, as Mr. Benson admits. The question is whether any scheme of practical reform can be sug-

gested. Mr. Benson has a number of suggestions to offer:

"In the first place, I should like to see the number of parochial sermons halved; one sermon a Sunday is ample. . . .

"And then, too, I can never understand why the reading of the discourses of great preachers is not encouraged. If Robertson, or Newman, or Kingsley have written persuasively and enthusiastically about some point of the Christian life, why should we not be allowed to listen to their words, rather than to the words of a tired and possibly dispirited man who preaches because he must, and not because he has any very urgent message to deliver?

"And then, too, I should like a far wider variety of discourses. There is nothing which holds the attention of old and young alike, as a biographical lecture; why are not sermons more biographical? Why should not one listen to a simple narrative of the life of some hero or saint? Why is it justifiable to attempt to spin a sermon out of the meager and attenuated records of the life of St. Matthias or St. Jude, and not to preach about Gordon or Father Damien?

"Then, too, surely the parable, the story, is sadly neglected. With the example of the Saviour before us, why may not His disciples make a simple tale the vehicle of divine teaching? I declare that Hans Andersen's parable of the flax, or if one must be more historical, the tale of the Monk Telemachus in the Colosseum, are worth a hundred expositions of high doctrine. For the truth is that it is not doctrine that we live by, but great examples, glowing hopes, simple affections."

Mr. Benson goes on to indicate another region in which he thinks more experiments might be tried. There ought to be more robust preaching, he intimates, based on perception of human character and dealing with questions of daily interest. He writes on this point:

"If there is one subject which attracts hearers, it is the shrewd delineation of human character. An observant man, fond of humanity, may find rich material for perception in the quietest country parish. But the clergy are far too apt to dwell upon a conception of Christian meekness and submissiveness, which are not the most attractive human qualities to the minds of ordinary people; they uphold the dove-like harmlessness of the

Christian character, rather than its serpentine wisdom. The morality of the pulpit ought not to diverge from the morality of ordinary life. If it is right to be adventurous and bold, if it is right to be ambitious and popular, if it is right to make money, to fall in love, to play games, to strive after equality or supremacy, it is right to preach about such things. There is a right way and a wrong way of doing most of them, a Christian way and an un-Christian way. I would go some considerable distance to hear a sermon by a kindly and shrewd old parson, who had lived an honest and simple life, on making money, or on falling in love; and the more that sermons deal with universal experiences, the better for pastor and flock alike. One does not want sermons to aim at transporting one into a different region; one does not desire to be conducted into the courts of an imaginary and not very interesting heaven, so much as to be brought face to face with the Kingdom of God on earth."

Mr. Benson's article has aroused considerable interest and discussion in religious circles. The Bishop of Bristol, to whom it was submitted, looks with favor on the practice of reading standard sermons from the pulpit, and speaks hopefully of "a scheme for issuing a list of approved modern homilies by well-known preachers of recent times, to be used by all deacons till such time as their own

manuscript sermons, sent to their bishop for criticism, reach a standard which is not unfit for public utterance." On the other hand, *The Christian World and Evangelist* (New York) comments:

"In this matter of reading the sermons of others we may note an experiment that does not strengthen the Bishop's position. Years ago the pulpit of a Unitarian Church on Staten Island was vacant, and Mr. George William Curtis volunteered and read some sermons in the absence of a regular minister. The reading began; but fine a reader as Mr. Curtis was, the congregation soon tired of the reading and it was discontinued. But unquestionably inferior preachers are in pulpits today;—what of them?

"Obviously, in the absence of any provision for retiring them, they must be left to make the best possible use of their mediocre talents, and often very good results are seen from such preaching, Brother Jasper, of Richmond, with his sermon, 'The Sun he do move,' was hardly to be considered a very intellectual preacher; yet it is the testimony of those who knew of his church and his people that his work there brought out good result: give mediocrity a right setting and it may show results that higher abilities may not achieve: needless to say this is no plea for mediocrity or for ignorance. If we are to correct this evil of inferior sermonizing we must begin with the young theologian and refuse to graduate one who gives no promise of usefulness."

WILL THE CRAPSEY VERDICT STRENGTHEN OR WEAKEN THE CHURCH?



HE "Anglican Clergyman" who has lately written to the *New York Sun* affirming his conviction that "the decision of the ecclesiastical court regarding Dr. Crapsey's case will undoubtedly strengthen the position of the Episcopal Church in America," comes to a conclusion that hardly seems warranted by the facts in this now famous case (see CURRENT LITERATURE, November, 1905, and June and July, 1906). It is doubtful if any deposed minister of a Christian church in America has ever had so many influential friends and supporters among the members of his own denomination as Dr. Crapsey has had. The congregation that he has served in Rochester for twenty-eight years is said to be almost unanimously in sympathy with him. The Protestant Episcopal organ in New York, *The Churchman*, consistently opposed the resort to a "heresy trial" in his case. During the course of the trial the Bishop of Michigan, in a convention address, went out of his way to declare that

he did not believe in "the weapons of excommunication or deposition for purely intellectual errors," and an Ohio clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cox, addressed an open letter to his Bishop endorsing all the "heresies" for which Dr. Crapsey was being called to account. A number of influential ministers in good standing in the Protestant Episcopal Church were summoned to Batavia to express their substantial agreement with Dr. Crapsey's views, but were not allowed to testify. Edward M. Shepard and James B. Perkins, who argued Dr. Crapsey's case before the ecclesiastical court, have made it clear that, not merely in their professional capacity as lawyers, but as private individuals, they stand with the deposed clergyman. Mr. Shepard, indeed, has shown an almost fanatical devotion to Dr. Crapsey, and when Bishop Potter, in an address made before the announcement of the judicial decision, spoke derogatorily of "those who can seek the priest's office for a piece of bread," and of the baseness of a man who "clings to

any holy office in which he is not honestly entitled to that bread," Mr. Shepard hotly resented the imputation as "false and indecent." And, finally, three of the most prominent laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York—Seth Low, Spencer Trask and George Foster Peabody—have united in giving moral support to Dr. Crapsey's cause.

In his letter to Bishop Walker, of Buffalo, renouncing his ministry, Dr. Crapsey asserts that he has reason to know that there are "hundreds of clergymen and thousands of laymen" in the Protestant Episcopal Church who have reached the same conclusions as he has. Mr. Shepard thinks that the "relatively small" and insignificant position of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States must be attributed, in part at least, to the "narrow and short-sighted policy" of its leaders. He writes to the *New York Times*:

"The only high statistical rank of our Church, to our grief, is in its wealth. Having, with all its God-given faculties and beauties, increased since its organization in the United States 117 years ago, to only nine-tenths of one per cent. of the population . . . its Fathers in God, instead of devoting their energies as sectaries to deplete it of its men (already too few in number) of conscience and self-sacrifice and energy and eloquence, had better take pattern of the rectors of St. George's past and present, or of the rector of St. Michael's, New York, or of the rector of St. Andrew's, Rochester, and remember the admonition that their office is committed to them 'that by their ministry and assiduity the greatest possible number of men may be joined unto Christ.'"

Both *The Independent* and *The Outlook* have thrown their influence on Dr. Crapsey's side. "Doubtless these other hundreds of priests and thousands of laymen who agree with Dr. Crapsey," remarks the former paper, "believe that they hold Jesus Christ as Master and Lord, and his teachings as the true basis of the Church as truly as do the members of the court which by a majority condemned him. Then let it be fought out within the Church itself. By such conflict of argument will the truth be reached and in no other way; and it is the truth and that only that we want, the truth which each generation must find for itself." *The Outlook* says:

"The time is not far distant when the attempt to conceive of a Church in the Catholic sense of the word from the legalistic point of view and of defending its faith by legalistic procedure will be recognized as an absurdity; and then, for the first time, the Church will try the method of leaving Truth free to fight error and destroy it in the

only way in which error can be overcome and destroyed; and, above all, while it condemns the error, it will hold fast to and keep in fellowship the man who errs."

The *New York World* takes the view that "heresy-hunting" is almost invariably detrimental to the interests of true religion. It comments on the present case:

"Denominational discipline has triumphed. But how has it profited the Episcopal Church? What does a religious organization ever gain by holding its clergy to the letter of dogmatic theology under penalty? Did the Catholic Church benefit by its restriction of Father McGlynn or the Presbyterian Church by the prosecution of Dr. Briggs, of which Newman Smythe said that 'it was the Presbyterians, not Dr. Briggs, who were guilty of "dangerous heresy"?'"

"Events have justified Bishop Potter's wiser course in the charges against Dr. Heber Newton of leaving that 'heresy' to correct itself. To expel from the Episcopal communion all who nowadays subscribe to views deemed dangerous fifteen years ago would be a formidable undertaking."

On the other hand, the *Atlanta Constitution* argues that "if the denominations upon which millions of people in America depend for spiritual inspiration did not purge themselves of the Crapseys and Coxes, there would eventually develop a religious anarchy that would wreck the happiness of uncounted hosts." Similarly, the *New York Times* contends:

"The Protestant Episcopal Church is not a mere unbased society for ethical culture. Like every other religious denomination, properly so called, it is founded on a consensus of belief among its members, on what may properly be described as 'dogma,' what cannot be properly described otherwise. When one of its Presbyters comes to find its confessions, the authoritative statements of its belief, incredible . . . it is then not only the right but the duty of those of his order who take another view to challenge his interpretation and to bring the case to a judicial determination."

Not merely church discipline, but the very preservation of religious principles, in the opinion of the Protestant Episcopal paper in Milwaukee, *The Living Church*, demanded Dr. Crapsey's deposition. The same paper comments further:

"The Anglican Communion has been extreme among Catholic Churches in her leniency with those who do not wholly affirm her faith. In an age of intellectual unrest such leniency is commonly felt among ourselves to be wise. But the danger that leniency with men would resolve itself into apostasy of the Church has been a very real one.

"There are limits beyond which leniency cannot go without at least partial apostasy, and Dr. Crapsey had very clearly exceeded those limits. There has been, in his case, no 'heresy hunting.' He has flaunted his individualistic teachings in

the face of the Church and has challenged the Church to expel him from the ministry if she saw fit. He has fought the administration of justice inch by inch. He has been represented by the ablest counsel that the country could supply, has had the benefit of a propaganda of literature at great expense, has had the sympathy of the whole school of rationalistic thought within and without the Church, the support of one of the Church's weekly journals and of a very influential semi-religious magazine. He has had a fair trial, in which, with very inadequate and in some ways defective machinery, points have been strained to favor him; and an absolutely impartial review of that trial by a court of theologians and jurists, the intellectual equal of any in this country. Through it all the Church wins and Dr. Crapsey loses. The Church is greater than the priest who preferred his own way to the ways of the Church."

The Philadelphia *Church Standard* (Protestant Episcopal) takes the same position:

"We wish it were possible to hope that this most painful affair would be the last of its kind. The Church is grieved and wearied with the scandal of it. She is tauntingly accused of heresy-hunting, when the fact is that the very foundations of her faith are assailed by men who have sworn to teach it in the plain grammatical and historical sense in which the Church itself 'has received the same.' We have said before, and we repeat, that, with the deepest conviction of the destructive character of those denials, we regard the immorality of their propagation by men who are under oath to banish and

drive them away as much more reprehensible. And then we ask, what moral enthusiasm for Christian faith can there be in any man who holds and teaches that the very foundations of religion—not only of the Christian religion, but of all religion—are without ethical value? Yet Dr. Crapsey himself is stenographically reported to have said in a public conference at Rochester last spring that 'the three dogmas of the existence of God, the immortality of the soul and the future accountability of all men are without ethical value.' Of what use, then, is any religion of any kind in the forming of human conduct or as an inspiration of enthusiasm for humanity? Dr. Crapsey, we are very sure, greatly exaggerates the extent of his following among the clergy of the Church; but he has followers nevertheless whose defiant proclamations of their unbelief must necessarily constrain the Church either to proceed to the most painful of all its duties, or else practically to sanction the propagation of apostasy in its own pulpits. That, indeed, is the course which a recently appointed bishop is said to have publicly advocated within the last month in an address to his Diocesan Convention, maintaining that *no intellectual error* ought to be regarded as a sufficient cause for the removal of a man from the ministry. We do not discuss that monstrous deliverance—of a bishop, be it observed—until we shall have an authentic copy of the address before us. But, unless the Episcopal Church in the United States is ready and willing to become an apostate Church, it is very clear that it must accept the painful alternative of requiring apostate ministers of any and every rank and degree to propagate their infidelity elsewhere."

THE PURSUIT OF PAIN



HERE is a common impression that the desire for happiness is universal, innate and unconquerable. Even psychologists sometimes overlook the fact that there is another pursuit as primitive and as ineradicable as the pursuit of pleasure—namely, the pursuit of pain. Miss Constance Clyde, who calls attention to this fact in a suggestive article in *The Independent Review* (London, November), goes on to say:

"It is strange that this truth should be ignored by those who know that in the New World, as in the Old, the most virile of savage races have felt this necessity, the wild Indian youth seeking visions through starvation as naturally as any brain-sick hermit of medieval times. No pilgrimages for pleasure have ever equaled in extent of duration the many and marvelous pilgrimages for pain, and though it is customary to speak of certain nations as having been sunk in debauchery and physical ease, it needs but little

knowledge to perceive that in such historic instances it was but one class, falsely represented as the nation, that so degraded itself; whereas, from the Spartans of ancient days to the Zulus of to-day, there have been many instances of countries maintaining for generations an ideal of conduct that was essentially that of the ascetic—a dread of ease and pleasure never losing its hold. From the beginning of time Man has not only borne the sufferings that Ignorance or Nature created; he has clung to them. He has not regarded them with secret impatience and flung them off when able to do so; he has held them long after the remedy was within his reach, and has persecuted those that offered the remedy."

Not only does each age see the need of penance, continues Miss Clyde; "each age is instinctively able to choose, almost automatically, the type of penance which it individually requires, harm ensuing only when through habit it retains a form of suffering coarser

than the spirit of the time necessitates." She illustrates:

"Thus the Japanese, artistic, temperate, gay, qualify their delicate joy in life by an ideal which enjoins them to quit it for a punctilio, without the coarse counter satisfaction that is the spirit of our one-time duel. Our English ancestors again qualified their robust and healthy animalism with an ideal of Feebleness and Disease so powerful that, through its influence, plagues were encouraged, and anesthetics, up to modern days, regarded with disfavor, it being only one fact among many that a cure for small-pox, springing up in Edward the First's reign, was forced to lie dormant for centuries till the people's hold upon their misery was released. Thus we understand why the Hindu fanatic, hating the English soldier who puts down sutteeism by force, should equally hate the English savant who proves from his own books that sutteeism is not an integral part of the Hindu creed. We understand it, that is to say, when we realize that the penance is not something imposed on us by a religion; it is not even something necessarily increased by a religion; it is a deep-seated need that expresses itself by way of dogma, but which must find an outlet in rational ages, as well as in those more obviously superstitious."

If this ideal has been lost, says Miss Clyde, it is not because our age is more rationalistic, but because our lesser robustness does not require this remedy; our search for a penance has gone in another direction. Nowadays, "our ideal is no longer the world a hospital, but the world a workhouse. It is the industrial struggle that we now guard with reverential formulæ, the pilgrimage for work having acquired the sanctity formerly given the pilgrimage of pain." To quote further:

"The commonly accepted notion regarding this struggle as being essential to a strong national character has just as much superstition in it as the ancient respect formerly accorded to what Oliver Wendell Holmes terms the tuberculous virtues; it is no less superstition because in the one case as in the other there is considerable truth. Our error lies in the assumption (again with the one as with the other) that if this special penance were removed, the age would not immediately, and almost mechanically, evolve another, perhaps of a better type, to take its place. We know that the truly religious medieval mind could not have realized that a people could remain virtuous if altogether healthy, and we remember how the convulsionists of Cevennes, removing to England, considered that goodness had departed from them because, as a result of the change of air, they no longer suffered from epileptic fits. Similarly the thinker of to-day cannot picture a nation continuing strong and enterprising, with the fear of want and destitution altogether legislated away. It was not understood by the one, as it is not comprehended by the other, that human nature requires a penance but not necessarily this penance, that it may safely be rescued from suffering just because it cannot cease to suffer,

that as one form of pain is removed, it will swiftly and healthfully reach out for another."

Idealist pictures of a perfect social state have been mostly "valueless and without human interest," in Miss Clyde's opinion, just because they have ignored "that instinct (possessed by the veriest savage) which qualifies ease by some organized suffering. Our modern Utopias, our 'Looking Backwards,' " she says, "and the much superior works that have followed them, show us a people happy to be happy, asceticism, the earliest instinct of humanity, altogether perished!" She continues:

"We wander through these hygienic streets, among these quietly cheerful people, and we see no sign of the dark and painful something that must be behind all this—the originators of these fanciful Paradises actually putting forward, as a proof of their success, that there is no such dark and painful thing behind. Perhaps Mr. H. G. Wells has come nearest to a conception of this need, when he pictures his Samurai mildly ascetic, and bound likewise to spend seven days a year in the utter silence of the wilderness, though this rule to be effective would need to apply to the whole nation, and to be compulsory by some form of public opinion equal in actual power to that of a law."

There is nothing really fantastic, asserts Miss Clyde, in this notion of a state-ordained penance when we remember the position of the medieval church in this respect, or with what satisfaction the people welcomed this guidance of their ascetic energies. She says in concluding:

"It may be that a future age may see its need in this respect even more clearly, and be capable of gratifying it without the husk of religious formulæ, even as we obey certain hygienic rules without requiring to be assured, as was the case in Mosaic days, that these are pleasing to the Almighty. Thus wandering through a genuine Utopia of the To Be one might notice certain specially laborious or dreary forms of mining or factory work to which every citizen at periods would resort, less for the material good of the nation than for his own ethical needs. In this the individual would acquiesce as naturally as he now does—save when it is too prolonged—in industrial suffering—that is to say, he would acquiesce, not quite comprehending the rights of it, yet instinctively obeying a law which coincides with his own deep-seated instinct. The State itself will have taken a new departure, realizing the concentrative and dynamic force of asceticism and yet never forgetting how much that valuable force was wasted and rendered injurious when running at will through uncontrolled channels. In those days the wise men of the race will act not as originators but as regulators, learning to know the national psychological moment when penance is to be modified or changed."

THE REAL NATURE OF FRENCH NEO-CATHOLICISM



ONE of the immediate results of the Separation of Church and State in France has been the remarkable growth of a movement for the extension of the power and privileges of the laity within the Roman Catholic Church. In the opinion of Gabriel Hanotaux, member of the French Academy and ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, this "Neo-Catholic" movement has a great future before it. "Not merely the destinies of a narrow school are at stake," he says, writing in the *Paris Journal*; "the whole world is giving way, the soul of the masses is stirred." He continues:

"The introduction of the laical element and of the laical spirit into the government of the Church is a necessity which must be submitted to sooner or later. The famous saying, 'Democracy is not receiving its share,' is applicable here. Democracy will penetrate, in fact it has penetrated already, to the very doors of the sanctuary. In Italy, in Germany, in America, it has forced recognition. It is backed by numbers, by money by public opinion; it bases its claims upon science, reason, liberty. Think you that these are illusory forces and negligible quantities?"

Apocryph of this declaration of M. Hanotaux, Jean de Bonnefon, a well-known ecclesiastical specialist whose impartiality is generally conceded, gives in a later number of the same paper a clear and concise statement of the origin and the program of Neo-Catholicism. He says:

"The Neo-Catholics are the disciples of the Roman Church who desire to procure for the laity a share in the management of the Church. They aspire, in collaboration with the clergy, the bishops, and the Pope, to control and direct the churches. They claim the place which the State—the great layman—held under the Concordat.

"Under the régime of Separation, the Roman Church becomes again a complete social organism, assuming a character of which it was robbed by the interference of the State in the administration of the cult. The clergy as a body of functionaries were without the independence necessary to participation with the Pope in the great deliberations upon the affairs of the Church Universal. The laity, being no longer obliged to support the priests, had delegated their ancient rights to the State, which alone represented the laical element and which played the rôle of the faithful in the choice and support of shepherds.

"The laity now desire, inasmuch as Separation puts upon their shoulders the entire burden of the maintenance of worship, to resume their ancient rôle. Now that they must feed the bishops and the priests and build and adorn the places of worship, they desire to participate with the Pope in the nomination of the bishops and the priests.

"The Neo-Catholics are trying to restore to

Catholicism its ancient form and to replace the absolute monarchy of the modern Popes by the fraternal republic of the primitive Church."

The Church has not always been a monarchical body, as M. Bonnefon reminds us. In the beginning it proclaimed the equality of all its members, and the right of "the faithful" to vote was maintained up to the day when, in the Concordats, the King substituted himself for the laity and the Pope substituted himself for the Councils. The provisional exercise of certain priestly functions by pious laymen has always been permitted. Any one may administer the sacrament of baptism in an urgent case. Women are allowed to teach the catechism in regions where the number of priests is insufficient. "But these," remarks M. Bonnefon, "are exceptions which recall the ancient rights of the laity only as a bit of moss-covered stone recalls the existence of an ancient castle." He goes on to say:

"Little by little, 'the faithful' have lost all their rights. They were electors of the priests, of the bishops, of the popes. They were, later, members with a consultative voice only, of the electoral assemblies. Then the assemblies were suppressed. The clergy gradually met the same fate as 'the faithful.' The power was monopolized by the Councils up to the moment when the popes suppressed the Councils and became the absolute sovereigns. The last Council (that of the Vatican) was convened by Pius IX only that it might commit suicide and pronounce the infallibility, the divinity of the Papacy.

"The infallible is not to be reasoned with: it is to be bowed down to and adored. Of what use are elections, assemblies, deliberations, when a single man is proclaimed the depository of the absolute truth?

"It is against this theory that Neo-Catholicism is protesting timidly, with all the reserves and all the formulas of submission commanded by the Faith."

The entire program of the Neo-Catholic party is summed up by M. Bonnefon in four phrases:

"A return to the rules of the primitive Church.

"Consultation between the laity and the Church authorities regarding the temporal affairs of the Church—equivalent to giving the laity the place which the State held under the régime of the Concordat.

"Restoration of the principle of the election of those who are to exercise ecclesiastical functions.

"A closer union between the people and the democratized Church."

M. de Bonnefon adds this further historical explanation of the real significance of the program:

"The Neo-Catholics of France recall with pride that the French clergy (the most important of the Catholic clergies) were never stronger than at the time when the General Assemblies of the clergy were all that survived the ruin of the 'Etats Généraux,' when the communal life was concentrated in the assemblies of the parishes, when the Treasury of the Church of France, better administered than the public Treasury by elected agents, paid the king an annual subvention of three millions and was the creditor of the State to the amount of one hundred and forty millions. "This was the case on the eve of the Revolution.

"The Neo-Catholics desire to utilize again for their own benefit—for the benefit of the church that is—this incomparable mechanism."

The Neo-Catholic program may serve to recall the fact that the Church was a pioneer in many methods now employed in civil life; that its Councils were the models for Peace Congresses, that its parish assemblies have been copied by the municipal councils, that the procedure of parliaments originated in the general assemblies of the French clergy, that the device of competitive examination functioned for Church livings before it functioned

for the civil service, and that old-age pensions were inscribed in the canonical law eight hundred years before they appeared in the civil code. Mr. Bonnefon concludes:

"The Neo-Catholics note the disappearance of all these splendors under the régime of the Concordat, and maintain that the Church, now that it is separated from the State, can resume its august functions. . . .

"The Church of France was yesterday a minor under the tutelage of the State and of the Holy See. The Neo-Catholics would take advantage of the Separation to proclaim that this same Church has attained its majority and should be henceforth under the direction of 'the faithful' and of the priests.

"The Papacy has not admitted, in theory, the right of the laity to intervene in this fashion. Will it admit it, in practice, by necessity, now that it depends on the laity for its subsistence?"

M. de Bonnefon answers his own question in the negative. Others, like M. Hanotaux, equally well informed, answer it in the affirmative. Either way, the future religious life of France would seem destined to be radically different from that of its immediate past.

THE MORAL VALUE OF ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC games ought to improve the wholesomeness and effectiveness of both the mental and physical powers of man. As a matter of fact, says Dr. W. R. C. Latson, a writer in the December *Outing*, they have often "done as much harm as good"—and this because of the spirit of brutal competition and the tendency to physical overstrain that seem inseparable from present-day sport. And yet, he continues, in the broadest moral sense, the effect of athletics is distinctly beneficial.

"Athletic games tend to develop some of the most admirable qualities of heart and mind which can be found in the human being. In the life of every day, in the struggle for place and power, in the effort to uplift our fellowmen by teaching or writing or by example—in all these activities there are certain qualities which are essential to success and power. The man who would be or do anything significant in the world must have physical power, endurance and control; he must possess courage and concentration, aggressiveness; he must have clear conceptions, quick judgment and decisiveness; he must, last of all, have the power of sacrificing himself for the good of his fellows.

"Now, I have no hesitation in claiming that all these characteristics of body and mind are developed by the proper practice of athletic games."

No moral quality, asserts Dr. Latson, is more important in the battle of life than will-

power. "If we glance over the epoch-makers of life—the men whose names stand out upon the scroll of history, Cæsar, Savonarola, Napoleon, Luther, Cromwell, Bismarck, Washington, Jackson—we shall find that their most marked characteristic was will-power, the determination to do something no matter what the consequences." Now, will-power is largely a matter of habit. A man who says: "I am going to break down that guard no matter what the consequences—even if I break my collar-bone, my arm, my leg, or lose my life," is the kind of man who will be fearless in battle and forceful in any other exigency of life. As a means of developing will-power, argues Dr. Latson, there is probably nothing in the world to excel football.

"Other games are close seconds, but better than all these stands football as a means of developing aggressiveness, courage, will. Other athletic games have something of the same effect in training character. The man who catches off the bat, knowing that a misjudgment of an inch or two may mean disfigurement for life; the man who pushes his horse at the five-bar gate, realizing that a fall will probably mean injury or destruction; the man who, in boxing, risks the blow that is going to mean defeat and dangerous injury; the man who drives his automobile at the rate of two miles a minute, knowing that a slight failure in his self-control or a slight inequality in the road,

will mean to him death and defeat—all these are developing that faculty which means power: all these are developing in themselves courage and will-power. And courage, backed by will, is the prime secret of conquest in this constant struggle which we call life."

Since courage, as defined by Dr. Latson, is "nothing more nor less than an exhibition of will-power," it follows that "all those games and sports which develop will-power inevitably develop courage at the same time." To quote again:

"Perhaps no more striking exhibition of courage is ever shown in any human activity than that displayed by the boxer, who faces in the ring an adversary at least his equal, and perhaps his superior, in the pugilistic struggle. The moral qualities exhibited by the boxers in an actual knock-out ring fight of, say, twenty rounds, is one of the most notable examples of moral power which could be mentioned. Each of the contestants is in danger not only of physical injury, which is to him a trifle, but dishonor, loss of prestige and injury to those bettors who have risked their money on him and who, through the slightest carelessness or failure on his part, may lose their money.

"Boxing is an exercise which is not only of the most marked benefit in a purely physical way, but it is of the utmost value as a means of training the mental and moral faculties. One of the most unfortunate whimsicalities of our very whimsical day is the prejudice against boxing as a sport and exercise. There is no sport in which there is provided such splendid exercise for body and mind and spirit as in boxing."

Baseball is also highly praised by Dr. Latson as a sport which awakens and develops estimable qualities in man's character. "I can-

not think of any position in athletics," he says, "where a man would have to exercise so much judgment, imagination, perception, insight, self-control, self-confidence and will, as in the pitcher's box during a game between expert players" and "few positions in life are of more value as a means of moral, mental and physical training than that of the catcher behind the bat." In fact, he adds:

"I do not hesitate to say that the man who is a thoroughly good catcher or an expert pitcher—the man who has worked his way to the top on the 'varsity nine, the National or the League team, has developed powers which will insure him success in any walk of life in which he chooses to earnestly apply himself."

In two concluding paragraphs, Dr. Latson balances the deleterious and beneficial effects of athletics as follows:

"The practice of athletics is not entirely and altogether beneficial to the young man who engages in it. Harm is often done. Physical strain leading to disease and weakness in later life; divergence of the young man's energies from more important matters; the encouragement of aggressiveness, brutality and the spirit of self-advancement—these are frequent results of athletic practice.

"On the other hand, however, the good effects of athletics probably more than outpoint the bad. Courage gained through boxing, football, baseball, high diving, automobiling; perception, judgment, aggressiveness, learned in the same schools; altruism through team work; discretion and obedience—all these are valuable in the practical hurly-burly of every-day life, and all these are part of the general moral effects of athletics."

A PLEA FOR ENTHUSIASTIC LIVING



CTOR CHERBULIEZ, the French novelist, has put into the mouth of one of his characters the sentiment: "My son, we should lay up a stock of absurd enthusiasms in our youth, or else we shall reach the end of our journey with an empty heart, for we lose a great many of them by the way." This saying serves as the text for a brochure* in which President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, appeals for a greater enthusiasm in living, and exhorts us all "to do things because we love them, to love things because we do them, to keep the eyes open, the heart warm and the pulses swift, as we move across the field of life." He aptly quotes Stevenson's recipe for

joyousness, "To take the old world by the hand and frolic with it," and adds:

"Old as the world is, let it be always new to us as we are new to it. Let it be every morning made afresh by Him who 'instantly and constantly reneweth the work of creation.' Let 'the bit of green sod under your feet be the sweetest to you in this world, in any world.' Half the joy of life is in little things taken on the run. Let us run if we must—even the sands do that—but let us keep our hearts young and our eyes open that nothing worth our while shall escape us. And everything is worth our while, if we only grasp it and its significance. As we grow older it becomes harder to do this. A grown man sees nothing he was not ready to see in his youth. So long as enthusiasm lasts, so long is youth still with us."

President Jordan goes on to speak of the potentialities of his own profession. "Plodding and prodding," he remarks, "is not the teacher's work. It is inspiration, on-leading, the

*LIFE'S ENTHUSIASMS. By David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University. American Unitarian Association, Boston.

flashing of enthusiasms." The true teacher must become a master of the art of living, as well as of the arts and sciences, and he will send his students to learn their lessons among their own fellows. To quote again:

"The very humanity of men at large is in itself a source of inspiration. Study men on the trains, at the ferry, on the road, in the jungles of the forest or in the jungles of great cities,—'through the ages, every human heart is human.' Look for the best, and the best shall rise up always to reward you. One who has traveled among simple-living people, men and women we call savages, because they live in the woods and not in cleared land or cities, will bear witness that a savage may be a perfect gentleman. Now as I write their faces rise before me. Joyous, free limbed, white toothed swimmers in Samoan surf, a Hawaiian eel-catcher, a Mexican peon with his 'sombbrero trailing in the dust,' a deferential Japanese farm boy anticipating your every want, a sturdy Chinaman without grace and without sensitiveness, but with the saving quality of loyalty to his own word, herdsmen of the Pennine Alps, Aleuts, Indians and Negroes, each race has its noblemen and through these humanity is ennobled. It is worth while to go far from Boston to find that such things are true."

The man who loves and honors nature can hardly fail to be a devotee of the life enthusiastic. Such a one has always a source of "saving grace" on which he can draw, and treasures of experience that are real and his very own. As President Jordan eloquently says:

"The song of birds, the swarming of bees, the meadow carpeted with flowers, the first pink harbingers of the early spring, the rush of the waterfall, the piling up of the rocks, the trail through the forest, the sweep of the surf, the darting of the fishes, the drifting of the snow, the white crystals of the frost, the shrieking of the ice, the boom of the bittern, the barking of the sea lions, the honk of the wild geese, the skulking coyote who knows that each beast is his enemy and has not even a flea to help him 'forget that he is a dog,' the leap of the salmon, the ecstasy of the mocking-bird and bobolink, the nesting of the field-mice, the chatter of the squirrel, the gray lichen of the oak, the green moss on the log, the poppies of the field and the Mariposa lilies of the cliff—all these and ten thousand more pictures which could be called up equally at random and from every foot of land on the globe—all these are objects of nature. All these represent a point of human contact and the reaction which makes for youth, for virtue and for enthusiasm."

And then there are poetry, and prose, and music, and painting, and sculpture—all ready to yield us not merely professional satisfaction, but "the strength that comes from higher living and more lofty feeling," if only we approach them in the right spirit. In the study of history and biography, too, we can find the stimulus to enthusiastic living. History is more than its incidents, as President Jordan

points out. It is the movement of man. Moreover:

"It is the movement of individual men, and it is in giving illumination to personal and racial characters that the succession of incidents has its value. The picturesque individual, the man who could not be counted with the mass, the David, the Christ, the Brutus, the Cæsar, the Plato, the Alfred, the Charlemagne, the Cromwell, the Mirabeau, the Luther, the Darwin, the Helmholtz, the Goethe, the Franklin, the Hampden, the Lincoln, all these give inspiration to history. It is well that we should know them, should know them all, should know them well—an education is incomplete that is not built about a Pantheon, dedicated to the worship of great men."

The study of history in this spirit is sure to lead to "that feeling of dedication to the highest purposes which is the essential feature of religion." According to President Jordan's view, religion should be known by its tolerance, its broadmindedness, its faith in God and humanity, its recognition of the duty of action. And "action should be understood in a large way, as the taking of one's part in affairs worth doing, not as mere activity, nor promises, nor movement for movement's sake, like that of 'ants on whom pepper is sprinkled.'" President Jordan concludes:

"As the lesser enthusiasms fade and fail, one should take a stronger hold on the higher ones. 'Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,' and one sees in better perspective the things that need doing. It is thus possible to grow old as a 'grand old man,' a phrase invented for Gladstone, but which fits just as well our own Mark Twain. Grand old men are those who have been grand young men, and carry still a young heart beneath old shoulders. There are plenty of such in our country to-day, though the average man begins to give up the struggle for the higher life at forty. President White, President Eliot, President Angell,—few men have left so deep an impression on the Twentieth Century. Edward Everett Hale, the teacher who has shown us what it is to have a country. Senator Hoar, Professor Agassiz, Professor Le Conte, Professor Shaler,—all these, whatever the weight of years, remained young men to the last. When Agassiz died, the Harvard students 'laid a wreath of laurel on his bier and their manly voices sang a requiem, for he had been a student all his life long, and when he died he was younger than any of them.' Jefferson was in the seventies when he turned back to his early ambition, the foundation of the University of Virginia. The mother of Stanford University was older than Jefferson before she laid down the great work of her life as completed. When the heart is full, it shows itself in action as well as in speech. When the heart is empty, then life is no longer worth while. The days pass and there is no pleasure in them. Let us then fill our souls with noble ideals of knowledge, of art, of action. 'Let us lay up a stock of enthusiasms in our youth, lest we reach the end of our journey with an empty heart, for we lose many of them by the way.'"

Science and Discovery

RESULTS OF A CONFIDENTIAL CENSUS OF RACE SUICIDE

STATISTICAL evidence points unmistakably to the existence of a volitional regulation of the marriage state that is practically ubiquitous. But the eminent English sociologist, Sidney Webb, recently undertook a confidential census, as he calls it, in order to make the data scientific. The procedure adopted was to have blanks filled out by a sufficiently large number of married people who could be relied upon to give frank and truthful answers to a detailed interrogatory. For this information resort was had to between six hundred and seven hundred persons from whom there were reasons to believe answers would be forthcoming. About half of these persons reside in the metropolitan area of London, the remainder being scattered over the rest of Great Britain. In social grade they included a most varied selection of occupations, extending from the skilled workman to the professional man and the small property owner, omitting, on the one hand, the great army of uneducated laborers and on the other hand, with few exceptions, the tiny fraction of the population with incomes from investments exceeding five thousand dollars a year.

The individuals enumerated in this census of race suicide were selected without the slightest reference to the subject of the inquiry. So little indeed was known about them from this standpoint that about twenty per cent. of them proved to be unmarried and thus unable to bear testimony. They were invited to give the information desired without revealing their identity. The blank to be filled up was so arranged that figures and crosses sufficed for the purposes of the census. Each individual enumerated was asked if married or not. There was a space to indicate sex, age last birthday, date of marriage, age of husband at marriage, age of wife at marriage, and particulars of children born. Next the three following searching interrogatories were put:

"Do you expect to have any more (or any) children?"

"In your marriage have any steps been taken to render it childless or to limit the number of children born?"

"If yes, during what years have such steps been taken?"

"Has there been any exceptional cause (such as the death or serious illness of husband or wife) tending to the limitation of the number of your children? (If possible, state the cause.)"

Altogether, 634 blanks were sent out to be filled up. From these there have to be deducted for one reason or another 158—namely, 114 bachelors, 30 duplicates (wives of husbands making returns), five which failed of delivery through the mails, two refusals, five returned blank or incomprehensible and two relating to marriages abroad. Of the 476 remaining, 174 did not reply. Whether these should be added to the number of those candidly confessing to have taken steps to regulate the births in their families, or to those who had taken no such steps, or in what proportion they should be distributed between the two, the reader must judge for himself. Significant replies were received from 302 persons. But as 14 of the returns included particulars of two marriages, the total number of marriages of which particulars are recorded is 316. In six cases the papers contain references to second marriages of which insufficient particulars are given. These will not, however, materially affect the results. What is recorded here is the result of 316 marriages and concerns 618 parents—not, of course, an adequate sample of the people of Great Britain but, being drawn from all parts of the country and from every section of the "middle" class, sufficient, perhaps, until more adequate testimony can be obtained, to throw some light on all previous statistics indirectly accumulated on this momentous subject.

In order to avoid clumsy sentences, the term "limited" marriage will be used to signify a marriage in which the family is intentionally limited, and the term "unlimited" marriage one in which it has not been so limited. Of the 316 marriages, 74 are returned as unlimited and 242 as limited. But in order to ascertain the real prevalence of voluntary limitation as affecting population,

certain deductions should be made. Marriages prior to 1875 may fairly be taken out, since the decline of the general birth rate only began after that date. This eliminates six limited and 17 unlimited marriages, leaving 236 limited and 57 unlimited. Again, a usual commencement of limitation appears to be after the birth of at least two children. Marriages contracted in 1903, 1904 and 1905 should, therefore, be deducted. This leaves 212 limited and 41 unlimited for the period 1875 to 1902, both years included, and including also four marriages the dates of which were not reported, but which almost certainly fall within the period named. But it must be further noted that no less than 13 of the 41 unlimited marriages were childless and therefore no occasion for limitation arose, unless the parents had desired a childless marriage. This reduces the number of fertile and unlimited marriages during the period 1875 to 1902 to 28 out of 252 or, if the infertile, unlimited marriages be deducted, 239.

If we take the decade 1890-99, which may be regarded as the typical period, we find that out of 120 marriages, 107 are limited and 13 unlimited, whilst of these 13, five and possibly six were childless at the date of the return. In this decade, therefore, only seven or possibly eight unlimited fertile marriages are reported out of a total of 120.

Taking all limited marriages, we may next ascertain what is the probable total of intended fertility. We find that the 242 marriages in this classification have yielded or are intended to yield a total of 619 children and an average of 2.56 children per marriage.

If we take the typical decade 1890-99 we find that the offspring of each limited marriage is precisely one and a half children per marriage. The number of children to be expected from each marriage in England twenty-five years ago was at least three times as great.

Taking all the limited marriages we find that the causes specified by the parents for limiting the number of their children indicated as follows:

CAUSES OF LIMITATION.

Economic	38
Sexual ill health	13
Other ill health or heredity	19
Disinclination of wife	9
Death of wife.....	6
Not stated	114
Several causes	43
	—
	242

The death of a parent, of course, is a cause of limitation in another sense from that elsewhere employed in this study. Analyzing these last again, we find the following causes assigned:

Economic	35	out of 43
Sexual ill health	11	" 43
Other ill health or heredity	19	" 43
Disinclination of wife	15	" 43
Death of parent	2	" 43
Other causes	5	" 43

We find, thus, that out of the 128 marriages in which the cause of limitation is stated, the poverty of the parents in relation to their standard of comfort is a factor in 73 cases, sexual ill health (that is, generally, the disturbing effect of child-bearing) in 24 and the other ill health of the parents in 38 cases. In 24 cases, again, the disinclination of the wife is a factor, and the death of a parent has in eight cases terminated a marriage. Summing up in *The Popular Science Monthly*, Mr. Sidney Webb says of the inferences to be drawn from what is the most remarkable census ever undertaken:

"After a quarter of a century of this practice (race suicide), the total number of children born annually in Great Britain is less than four-fifths of what it would be if no such interference had taken place. Nor is the practice confined to Great Britain. The statistics indicate that New South Wales and Victoria have already carried it further than we in England have, whilst New Zealand is not far behind. Registration in the United States is very imperfect, but it is clear that the American-born inhabitants of New England and perhaps throughout the whole of the northern states are rapidly following suit. The same phenomenon is clearly to be traced in the German Empire, especially in Saxony, Hamburg and Berlin, but the German rural districts are as yet unaffected. The Roman Catholic population of Ireland (and of the British cities) as well as those of Canada and Austria appear to be still almost untouched, but those of Belgium, Bavaria and Italy are beginning to follow in the footsteps of France. The fact that almost every country which has accurate registration is showing a declining birthrate indicates—though, of course, it does not prove—that the practice is becoming ubiquitous.

"These clearly proved facts—which we are bound to face whether we like them or not—will appear in different lights to different people. In some quarters it seems to be considered sufficient to dismiss them with moral indignation, real or simulated. Such a judgment appears to the present writer both irrelevant and futile. It is impossible, as Burke has taught us, to draw an indictment against a whole nation. If a course of conduct is habitually and deliberately pursued by vast multitudes of otherwise well-conducted people, forming probably a majority of the whole educated class of the nation, we must assume that

it does not conflict with their actual code of morality. They may be intellectually mistaken, but they are not doing what they feel to be wrong. Assuming, as I think we may, that no injury to physical health is necessarily involved—aware, on the contrary, that the result is to spare the wife from an onerous and even dangerous illness, for which in the vast majority of homes no adequate provision in the way of medical attendance, nursing, privacy, rest and freedom from worry can possibly be made—it is, to say the least of it, difficult on any rationalist morality to formulate any blame of a married couple for the deliberate regulation of their family according to their means and opportunities. Apart from some mystic idea of marriage as a 'sacrament,' or, at any rate, as a divinely instituted relation with peculiar religious obligations for which utilitarian reasons can not be given, it does not seem easy to argue that prudent regulation differs essentially from deliberate celibacy from prudential motives. If, as we have for generations been taught by the economists, it is one of the primary obligations of the individual to maintain himself and his family in accordance with his social position and, if possible, to improve that position, the deliberate restriction of his responsibilities within the means which he has of fulfilling them can hardly be counted otherwise than as for righteousness. And when we pass from obligations of the 'self-regarding' class to the wider conception of duty to the community, the ground for blame is, to the ordinary citizen, no more clear. A generation ago, the economists, and, still more, the 'enlightened public opinion' that caught up their words, would have seen in this progressive limitation of population, whether or not it had their approval, the compensating advantage of an uplifting of the economic conditions of the lowest grade of laborers. At any rate, it would have been said, the poorest will thereby be saved from starvation and famine. To those who still believe in the political economy of Ricardo, Nassau Senior, Cairnes and Fawcett—to those, in fact, who still adhere to an industrial system based exclusively on the pecuniary self-interest of the individual

and on unshackled freedom of competition—this reasoning must appear as valid to-day as it did a generation ago.

"To the present writer the situation appears in a graver light. More accurate knowledge of economic processes denies to this generation the consolation which the 'early Victorian' economists found in the limitation of population. No such limitation of numbers prevents the lowest grade of workers, if exposed to unfettered individual competition, from the horrors of 'sweating' or the terrors of prolonged lack of employment. On the other hand, with factory acts and trade union 'collective bargaining' maintaining a deliberately fixed national *minimum*, the limitation of numbers, however prudent it may be in individual instances, is, from the national standpoint, seen to be economically as unnecessary as it is proved to be futile even for the purposes for which McCulloch and Mill, Cairnes and Fawcett so ardently desired it.

"Nor can we look forward, even if we wished to do so, to the vacuum remaining unfilled. It is, as all experience proves, impossible to exclude the alien immigrant. Moreover, there are in Great Britain, as in all other countries, a sufficient number of persons to whom the prudential considerations affecting the others will not appeal, or will appeal less strongly. In Great Britain at this moment, when half, or perhaps two-thirds, of all the married people are regulating their families, children are being freely born to the Irish Roman Catholics and the Polish Russian and German Jews, on the one hand, and to the thriftless and irresponsible—largely the casual laborers and the other denizens of the one-roomed tenements of our great cities—on the other. This particular 25 per cent. of our population, as Professor Karl Pearson keeps warning us, is producing 50 per cent. of our children. This can hardly result in anything but national deterioration; or, as an alternative, in this country gradually falling to the Irish and the Jews. Finally, there are signs that even these races are becoming influenced. The ultimate future of these islands may be to the Chinese."

HOW THE TRIGGER OF THE WEATHER IS PULLED



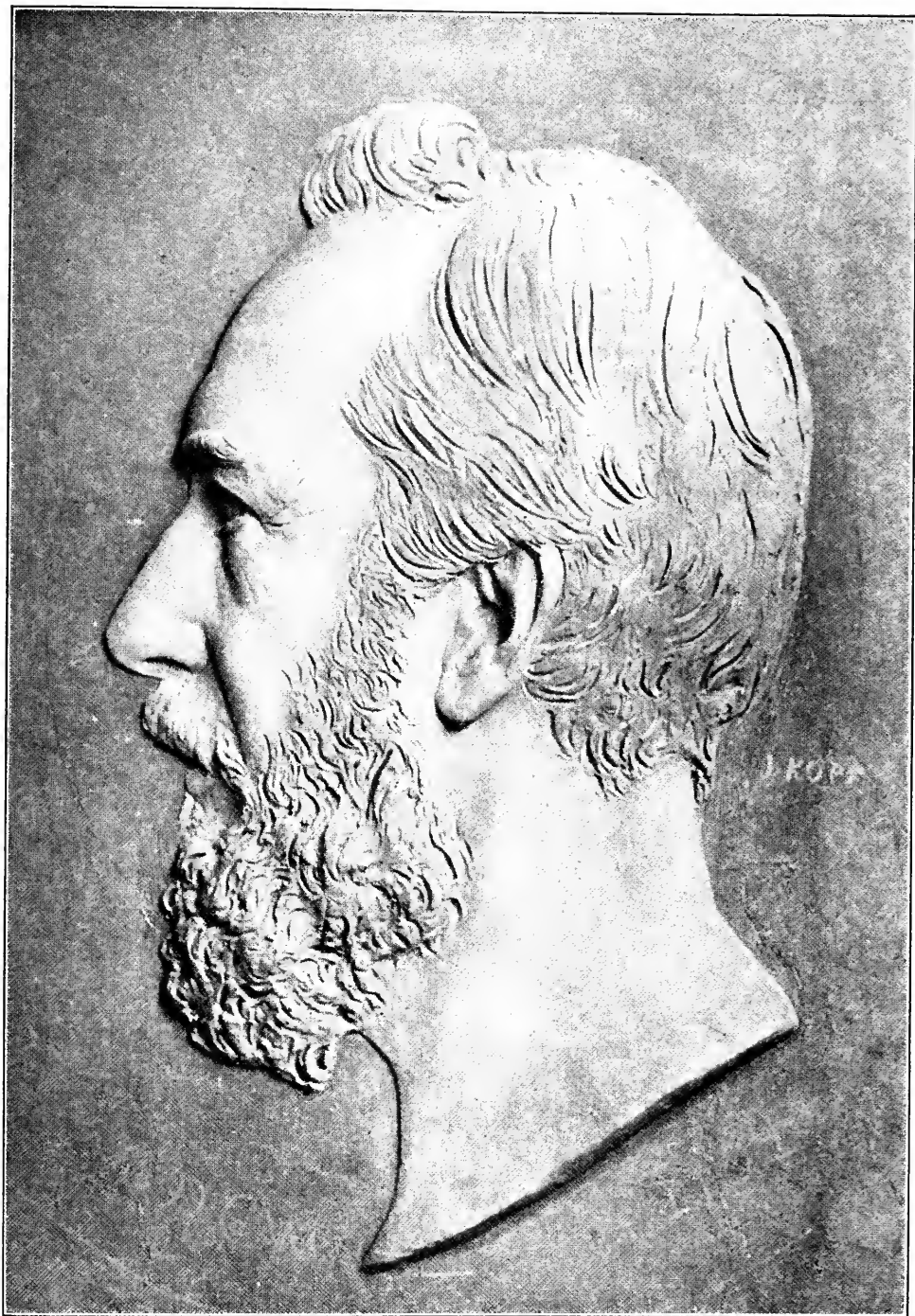
GUN may be charged with powder and remain for years perfectly at rest until a touch on the trigger explodes the powder with tremendous effect. The example, observes that able student of physics, Mr. George Iles, is in all respects typical. Nature and art abound in instances of a little energy rightly directed, controlling energy vastly greater in quantity. Often in a chemical compound the poise of attraction is so delicate that it may be disturbed by a breath, or by a note from a fiddle, as when either of these induces iodide of nitrogen to explode.

A beam of light effects the same result with a mixture of chlorine and hydrogen. One of

the most familiar facts of chemistry is that a fuel, such as coal, may remain intact in air for ages. Once let a fragment of it be brought to flaming heat and all the rest of the mass will take fire too.

The action is that of a trigger. There are triggers electrical, triggers mechanical, all emulating the mechanism of the pistol and all familiar enough from observation. But it is little appreciated that Nature pulls her triggers after setting her weapon. The result is as likely as not to be an upsetting of the equilibrium of the atmosphere. Ordinary folk call that a change in the weather. In Mr. Iles's work*

*INVENTORS AT WORK. By George Iles. Doubleday, Page and Company.



Courtesy Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co.

THE FRAMER OF THE BIOGENETIC LAW

Ernest Haeckel, the most authoritative expounder of evolutionary ideas now living, is here represented as shown in the relief portrait modelled by Kopf, of Rome, and reproduced in Bölsche's study of Haeckel's life and work. The points to which attention has been called include the remarkably fine facial angle, the high forehead with its protuberance over the brow and the unusually large expanse of brain case from the tip of the ear to the top of the cranium. These details denote a high capacity for thought.

dealing with this and kindred topics we have Professor Balfour Stewart giving his own high authority to this view.

Suppose a stratum of air to be very nearly saturated with aqueous vapor—that is to say, to be just a little above the dew point, while at the same time it is losing heat but slowly, so that if left to itself it would be a long time before moisture was deposited. Such a stratum is in a very delicate state of molecular equilibrium. The dropping of a small crystal of snow into it would at once cause a remarkable change. The snow would cool the air around it, and thus moisture would be deposited around the snowflake in the form of fine mist or dew.

This deposited mist or dew, being a liquid, and giving out all the rays of heat possible to its temperature, would send its heat into empty space much more rapidly than the saturated air. Therefore it would become colder than

the air around it. Thus more air would be cooled. More mist or dew would be deposited. So the series of events would progress until a complete change of condition had been brought about.

In this imaginary case the tiniest possible flake of snow has pulled the trigger and made the gun go off. It has altered completely the whole arrangement that might have gone on for some time longer as it was, had it not been for the advent of the snowflake. We thus see how in our atmosphere the presence of a condensable liquid adds an element of violence and also of abruptness amounting to incalculability to the motions which take place. This means that our knowledge of meteorological phenomena can never be mathematically complete, like our knowledge of planetary motions. We can never predict accurately just the moment when the trigger of the weather will be pulled.

THE DISCOVERY TO WHICH HAECKEL OWES HIS FAME



ONE idea is of greatest consequence in the structure of all scientific thought to-day—the biogenetic law. Ernest Haeckel brought this idea so effectively to the front and applied it in so many ways that his latest biographer, Dr. William Bölsche, regards it as Haeckel's most characteristic achievement—the discovery, in fact, to which Haeckel owes his fame. The phrase "the biogenetic law" is known far and wide to-day. It crops up, says Dr. Bölsche, in a hundred different fields—psychology, ethics, philosophy, even in art and esthetics. Dr. Bölsche says he has traced it into modern mysticism.

Nevertheless, the biogenetic law is so travestied in all popular interpretations of it that, according to Dr. Bölsche again, there is a total misconception of what Haeckel means by his stupendous generalization. For that reason the subject is made much of in the new and authoritative study of Haeckel's life and work which Dr. Bölsche himself has given to the world.* The interpretation of the biogenetic law provided by Dr. Bölsche is intended to correct all current misstatements of a theory now generally talked of but, it would appear, wholly misunderstood outside of a limited circle. At any rate

Haeckel himself endorses Dr. Bölsche's elucidation.

The germ of the biogenetic law was taken by Haeckel from Darwin. In its present form it finds its simplest illustrations in a green aquatic frog and a fish—say a pike. Each of them has a solid vertebral column in its frame, therefore each must be classed among vertebrates. But within the limits of this group they differ considerably from each other. The frog has four well developed legs. Its body terminates in a tail. It breathes by means of lungs like a bird, a dog or a human being. The fish has fins, it swims in the water by means of these fins and its long, rudder-like tail, and it breathes the air contained in the water by means of gills. When we arrange the vertebrates in a series, with man at their head, it is perfectly clear that the frog stands higher than the fish in regard to its whole structure. It is lower than the lizard, the bird or the mammal, but at the same time it is a little nearer to these three than the fish is. The fishes are the lowest group of the vertebrates. The frogs belong to the group immediately above them.

Now, let us see how one of these frogs is developed to-day. The frogs are egg-laying animals. The mother frog lays her eggs in the water. In due course, a new little frog develops from each of these eggs. But the object that develops from them is altogether different from the adult frog.

*HAECKEL: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By William Bölsche. With introduction and supplementary chapter by the translator, Joseph McCabe. George W. Jacobs & Company.

This object is the familiar tadpole. At first, it has no legs. But it has a long oar-like tail, with which it can make its way briskly in the water. It breathes in the water by means of gills just like a fish. It is only when the tadpole grows four legs, loses its tail, closes up the gills at its throat and begins to breathe by the mouth and lungs instead, that it becomes a real frog. There can be no doubt whatever that the tadpole is very much more like a fish than like a frog. Between the frog-egg and the frog itself we have a stage of development in each individual case of which we might almost say that the young frog has first to turn into a fish before it can become a frog.

How are we to explain this?

At first scientists suggested something like the following: All beings in nature are admirably adapted to their environment and their life conditions. Whatever be the explanation of it, it is a simple fact. Now, the frog lays its eggs in the water. The young ones develop from these eggs and find themselves in the water. The most practical adaptation for them is to swim about by means of a tail and breathe by means of gills like the fish. They do not reach land until later. At last they creep on to it. They have an equipment of legs and lungs.

This explanation, however, throws no light on the question why the frog lays its eggs in the water. However, there might be some utility or other, some need for protection, for instance, in that.

Let us take a few other cases.

There are several species of tree frogs and toads and closely related amphibia, like the salamanders, that do not lay their eggs in the water. Some of them bury them in folds of their own external skin. Others (such as the Alpine salamander) retain them as the mammals do. The young animals develop internally from the eggs. Even there, however, where there is no question of aquatic life, the young frogs, toads and salamanders first assume the fish form. The young frogs and toads have fin-like tails and all of them have gills. There seems to be some internal law of development that forces the frog and its relatives to pass through the fish stage in their individual evolution even when there is no trace whatever of any external utility.

Now, says Dr. Bölsche, let us examine the matter as believers in evolution:

"There are reasons on every hand for believing that the frogs and salamanders, which now stand higher in classification than the fishes, were

developed from the fishes in earlier ages in the course of progressive evolution. Once upon a time they were fishes. If that is so, the curious phenomenon we have been considering really means that each young frog resembles its fish ancestors. In each case to-day the frog's egg first produces the earlier or ancestral stage, the fish. It then develops rapidly into a frog. In other words, the individual development recapitulates an important chapter of the earlier history of the whole race of frogs. Putting this in the form of a law, it runs: each new individual must, in its development, pass rapidly through the form of its parents' ancestors before it assumes the parent form itself. If a new individual frog is to be developed and if the ancestors of the whole frog stem were fishes, the first thing to develop from the frog's egg will be a fish and it will only later assume the form of a frog.

"That is a simple and pictorial outline of what we mean when we speak of the biogenetic law. We need, of course, much more than the one frog-fish before we can erect it into a law. But we have only to look around us and we find similar phenomena as common as pebbles.

"Let us bear in mind that evolution proceeded from certain amphibia to the lizards and from these to the birds and mammals. That is a long journey, but we have no alternative. If the amphibia (such as the frog and the salamander) descend from the fishes, all the higher classes up to man himself must also have done so. Hence the law must have transmitted even to ourselves this ancestral form of the gill-breathing fish.

"What a mad idea, many will say, that man should at one time be a tadpole like the frog! And yet—there's no help in prayer, as Falstaff said—even the human germ or embryo passes through a stage at which it shows the outlines of gills on the throat just like a fish. It is the same with the dog, the horse, the kangaroo, the duck mole, the bird, the crocodile, the turtle, the lizard. They all have the same structure.

"Nor is this an isolated fact. From the fish was evolved the amphibian. From this came the lizard. From the lizard came the bird. The lizard has solid teeth in its mouth. The bird has no teeth in its beak. That is to say, it has none to-day. But it had when it was a lizard. Here, then, we have an intermediate stage between the fish and the bird. We must expect that the bird embryo in the egg will show some trace of it. As a matter of fact, it does so. When we examine young parrots in the egg we find that they have teeth in their mouths before the bill is formed. When the fact was first discovered, the real intermediate form between the lizard and the bird was not known. It was afterwards discovered at Solenhofen in a fossil impression from the Jurassic period. This was the *archeopteryx*, which had feathers like a real bird and yet had teeth in its mouth like the lizard when it lived on earth. The instance is instructive in two ways. In the first place it shows that we were quite justified in drawing our conclusions as to the past from the bird's embryonic form, even if the true transitional form between the lizard and the bird were never discovered at all. In the second place, we see in the young bird in the egg the reproduction of two consecutive ancestral stages: one in the fish gills, the other in the lizard-like teeth. Once the law is admitted, there

can be nothing strange in this. If one ancestral stage, that of the fish, is reproduced in the young animal belonging to a higher group, why not several?—why not all of them? No doubt, the ancestral series of the higher forms is of enormous length. What an immense number of stages there must have been before the fish! And then

we have still the amphibian, the lizard, and the bird or mammal, up to man.

"Why should not the law run: the whole ancestral series must be reproduced in the development of each individual organism? We are now in a position to see the whole bearing of Haeckel's idea."

BLOODTHIRSTINESS IN CHILDREN



NOTHING seems more clearly established than the cruelty of children. The subject has been dealt with at some length by eminent German educators. Professor Paulsen, of the University of Berlin, has ventured, in some cursory observations, to question the validity of the conclusion, but the facts in support of it have hitherto been regarded as overwhelming. Instances collected in a recent German volume indicate that many boys are in the habit of reading to their little sisters details of ghastly murders and crimes, and of pointing out how easily they could kill by similar methods. It is thought to be the propensity of all boys, from the age of five to the age of fourteen, to inflict every kind of cruelty upon insects and animals.

In dealing with this propensity, it should be understood at the outset, says a writer in the *Revista* (Florence), himself a noted student of child life, that the problem is not primarily ethical. We should never approach the subject of bloodthirstiness in children from an ethical point of view. The defect is almost entirely intellectual. It is therefore a scientific blunder to call the attention of a cruel boy to the suffering occasioned by his cruelties. It is true that a child gifted with a highly constructive imagination would be influenced by this argument; but imagination is a very rare gift, and the tendency of modern education is to destroy it altogether, or at any rate to weaken it. It is therefore difficult to the educated child even to imagine the effects of its procedure upon the organisms it destroys. It is almost out of the question for a highly constructive imagination to conceive the agony occasioned by the removal even of one's own abdominal muscles. Moreover, there is high scientific authority for the view that anguish is keenest at the point of contact with the external surface of an organism. The pain, to be sure, is felt in the brain, but the brain is less sensitive to the impression as the invasion of the organism proceeds. Thus a man may

suffer keenly when cut with a pen-knife, but if stabbed beyond the tissues with a dagger he may feel at first very little physical inconvenience. Hence it is far from an accurate assumption that the cruelty of children to animals has such an intense effect in causing pain as the humanitarian would have us suppose.

It can be shown to a certainty that many children of highly benevolent instincts seem to their parents and guardians intolerably cruel. The truth seems to be that these so-called cruel children are merely ingenious. They will cease their cruelties in time through a development of their intellectual capacities in other directions. If this be not done—if the intellectual element in the whole problem be not perceived—a grave wrong may be done to the child. This is shown in the records of gifted murderers and murderesses. Certain types of murderers are highly benevolent. They are humanitarian, affectionate, moral and naturally kind. The circumstance is so well known as to make reference to it superfluous, except by way of illustration. The trouble with these murderers is defectiveness of point of view. They are told that their deeds are cruel, but it requires a highly developed constructive imagination to grasp the essential cruelty in some acts of murder. Indeed, many murders are consistent with the highest benevolence in the murderer. The cases of girls of eighteen to twenty-five who have committed murder indicate a complete misunderstanding of the nature of cruelty on the part of those who have educated them as well as those who have judged them. If, therefore, there is to be any effective cure of the propensity to murder there must be a closer investigation of the purely intellectual basis of cruelty in children. For cruelty, on its ethical side, is a matter of intention only, and there is no evidence that bloodthirsty children intend their cruelties in the way those cruelties present themselves to maturer types of mind.

THE POSSIBILITY OF AN INTELLIGENCE IN THE PLANT



FEW more fascinating propositions than those which have been advanced in connection with the possibility of an intelligence in the plant come at present under the notice of the man of science, remarks that noted English student of botanical principles, S. Leonard Bastin. To most people, he admits, the suggestion may seem to be scarcely worthy of consideration—the point having been settled long ago to their way of thinking. Yet, urges Mr. Bastin, when one comes to approach the matter unhampered by any prejudices, it must be admitted that, far from being settled, the question of plant intelligence has never, until very recently, been the object of any serious inquiry at all. It is now an established fact that plants can feel, in so far as the phenomenon of sensation is understood to be a response to external influence. This being so, there is nothing unreasonable should we go still further and seek for evidence of something approximating to a discerning power in the vegetable world. To quote Mr. Bastin, who writes in the London *Monthly Review*:

"It is always wise to keep before one the near relations of the great living kingdoms. As is well known, the exact line of demarcation between the two worlds has not been, and probably never will be, definitely fixed; in a sphere of life of which we should be quite unconscious were it not for our microscopes, plants and animals appear to blend imperceptibly together. Higher up the scale it is sufficiently obvious that the organisms have developed on very different lines, although one can never forget the extremely close connections at the start. To animals we freely grant a limited amount of intelligence and it does not appear that there should be any vital objection to making a similar concession to plants, if due allowance be made for the differences of structure. It is the purpose in the present paper to gather together a few instances which seem to point to the presence of a limited intelligence in the vegetable kingdom; each one of these is either the outcome of personal observation, or else gathered from the record of an indisputable authority. In all cases they are selected as being examples which it is not easy to explain as direct response to any special stimuli, and cannot therefore be referred to as plant sensation.

"The interesting group of plants, almost world-wide in distribution, which have developed carnivorous habits, has always attracted a good deal of attention. Each one of the many species offers an infinity of fascinating problems, but for the present purpose it will be sufficient to confine our observations to the Sun Dew group—*Droseraceæ*. Our indigenous Sun Dews are attractive little plants, found commonly in bog districts. The leaves of all the members of the family are densely covered with clubbed hairs, and a fly settling

among the tentacles is immediately enclosed by these organs; meantime, a peptic fluid is exuded from the glands of the leaf."

An interesting experiment may be conducted with the Sun Dew. This experiment consists in placing a tiny pebble against the tentacles. These at once close in, it is true, but not the least attempt is made to put out the digestive liquid. How does the Sun Dew know the difference between the fly and the pebble? Still more remarkable were some investigations conducted a few years ago by an American lady—Mrs. Treat. She proved conclusively that the leaves of the American Sun Dew were actually conscious of the proximity of flies even when there was no direct contact. Pinning a live insect at a distance of half an inch from a healthy leaf, we are told that in about a couple of hours the organ had moved sufficiently near to enable it to secure the prey by means of its tentacles. A member of the same natural order as the Sun Dews—the celebrated Venus Fly Trap—is well known to be quite one of the strangest plants in the world. The species, a native of South Carolina, is sometimes grown in glass houses in England. The general form of its leaves is fairly familiar. Designed in two bristle-fringed lobes, both hinged together, the leaf, when fully expanded, bears a striking resemblance to a set spring trap. On the upper surface of each side of the leaf are arranged three sensitive hairs. Should any object touch one of these, no matter how lightly, the lobes snap, they go together, the bristles interlock and the prey, if there be any, is a prisoner beyond any chance of escape. It is not surprising to find that such a highly specialized plant will give us an incontrovertible instance in support of the theory of plant intelligence. The leaf of the plant will enclose anything which irritates its sensitive hairs. To induce the plant to accept a small piece of cinder, for instance, is a simple matter. But it does not take very long for the plant to find out—how, it is not easy to suggest—that its capture is inedible and, acting upon this impression, it slowly opens its leaf and allows the substance to roll away. Now, try the same fly-trap with a leaf or even a morsel of raw beef. So tightly clenched are the two lobes that nothing short of actual force will separate them until after the interval of several days, when the plant has drained the fragment of the desired nitrogenous elements. Unless one admits the presence of

some kind of discerning power on the part of the plant, it is not easy to explain its behavior.

At first sight the study of roots may not appear to be one of entrancing interest, and yet it is likely that these organs exhibit some of the most striking instances of intelligent action to be found in the vegetable kingdom. It was long a matter of speculation as to how growing plants are always able to direct themselves toward the dampest situations. The explanation of this is probably to be found in the fact that roots are inclined to take the line of least resistance. Thus, place a plant in a pot which is kept constantly standing in a saucer of water and it is surprising to find how soon the roots will appear through the hole at the bottom. We may, perhaps, take it that the roots have not grown downward thus quickly in order to get to the water so much as that the soil, softened by the capillary attraction of the water upward, has encouraged a speedy development in that direction. On the other hand, in the case of a calla plant, the pot of which was entirely immersed in water, the roots grew upward almost against the law of gravitation, so as to disport themselves freely in the water. In the last instance it seems to be only half an explanation to say that the roots grew upward, as they did in the greatest profusion, simply because it was possible that the line of least resistance lay in that direction. Other root phenomena are even more difficult of explanation. Take, for instance, the following typical example, so well described by Dr. Carpenter that one cannot do better than give his own words:

"In a little hollow on the top of the shell of an old oak (on the outer layers of which, however, the branches are still vegetating) the seed of a wild service tree was accidentally sown. It grew there for some time, supported, as it would appear, in the mold formed by the decay of the trunk on which it had sprouted; but this being insufficient, it has sent down a large bundle of roots to the ground within the shell of the oak. These roots have now increased so much in size that they do not subdivide until they reach the ground; they look like so many small trunks. In the soil, however, toward which they directed themselves there was a large stone, about a foot square, and had their direction remained unchanged they would have grown down upon this. But about half a yard from the ground they divide, part going to one side and part to the other . . . so that on reaching the ground they enclose the stone between them, and penetrate on the two sides of it."

Now here is a puzzle indeed. The growing root points were aware of the obstructing stone eighteen inches before they could have come into contact with it, and, acting upon this

knowledge, they took steps to get over the difficulty. Eighty odd years ago the account of a young Scotch fir upon a wall sending down its roots many feet to the ground was treated with incredulity, but this is now known to be a not uncommon achievement. Such examples are not easy to explain if we discount the idea of root intelligence. Again, the aerial roots of the tropical lianes seem to possess a wonderful cunning. Cases have been recorded in which these plants, growing under artificial conditions, have sent out their organs to a tank twenty-five feet beneath, evidently with the knowledge that they would find water at the end of their journey. Again:

"The opening and shutting of the floral envelopes is largely dependent upon the action of the light. In various species the degree of illumination operates in a different manner. With some flowers it is only the failing light toward evening which causes them to shut up, while in others the cloudiness of the sky during the daytime, which may herald rain, exerts a similar influence upon the blossoms, and thus the delicate essential organs are protected from the damaging moisture. As a rule, the blossoms which have acquired the power of closing up at the threatening downpour are those which are quite, or nearly, erect in their bearing. On the other hand, in a general way, the blooms which cannot gather their petals together are pendulous in their habit. A remarkable change in the pose of a flower under artificial conditions is that of the *Gloxinia*, a case which has been the subject of a good deal of comment from time to time, although it appears that few people realize the important bearing which this instance has upon the subject of plant intelligence. As is well known, the wild ancestor of the fine florist's variety is an insignificant South American species, with small drooping blooms, the corolla of which is open throughout the whole life of the flower. The aim of the gardener in connection with the *Gloxinia* has been to enlarge the bloom and also to cause these to be erect in their bearing. His efforts have been completely crowned with success, and we now have varieties with huge flowers borne in a perpendicular fashion—the whole plant forming a strange comparison with the early type. The point upon which, in the present instance, one would wish to enlarge is the fact that this has to a great extent been made possible owing to the culture of generations of *Gloxinias* under glass; it appears to be doubtful whether such a radical change in the bearing of the flower could have been brought about in the open, even in a tropical climate. It must be remembered that ever since the introduction of this species into our greenhouses—now many years ago—the plants have never known what it is to experience rain, and finding out that the principal reason for the hanging of their flowers has gone, have been willing models in the hands of the florist. Much the same kind of thing is taking place among the South African *Streptocarpus*, the members of which genus are rapidly becoming much more erect in their bearing as a result of their cultivation under glass. There seems to be something

more than a mere adaptation to environment in these changes under artificial surroundings; the plants appear to have become aware of the fact that as far as they are concerned it will never rain any more, and that the former precautions against falling moisture are no longer necessary."

It is very much to the interest of some plants to display their blossoms at night, in that they are dependent upon the offices of insects which fly after dusk for the fertilization of their organs. In most cases of this kind the flowers are white or of a very light color and show up in the dark quite clearly. Here we see that the failing light has exactly the reverse effect which was noticeable in the examples of day-blooming species. In the so-called *campan* of Great Britain there is a drooping of the pretty flowers all through the day, but they are displayed to advantage at the approach of evening. In some of the cacti the flowers are never open at all except in the hours of darkness—a typical instance opening its blossoms at about ten o'clock. Another typical nocturnal plant is the white tobacco, a species so commonly grown in gardens, on account of its fragrant blossoms. Within the last few years, hybrids have been raised between this and some of the colored *nicotianas*, and it is very strange that most of the forms possessing colored blossoms open their flowers during the daytime, altho their past ancestors were night-blooming species. One may say that the plants seem to know that colors do not show up during the hours of darkness. As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful whether any British Hawk Moths—an exotic relative of which fertilizes *nicotiana*—ever visit the plants in England, as it is certain that their probosces would not be sufficiently long to reach the end of the tube. Still, this does not alter the significance of the action on the part of the hybrids mentioned above. In the whole question of the opening and shutting of flowers there seems to be something evidenced which is akin to an intelligence. All students are aware of a number of instances in which plants open their flowers and emit perfume at certain times, and on examination it is found that this is just during the hours when a particular insect—often the only one which can assist the fertilization of the organs—is abroad.

The whole subject of the relation between plants and insects is one which is full of mysteries. It is not always easy to see just how these relations have been established, even tho one admits that they must have been developed side by side. In hundreds of cases, plants have specially adapted their floral or-

gans for the reception of one kind of insect, often so arranging the processes that others are excluded. We quote again:

"Even more remarkable are those instances in which a definite compact seems to have been arrived at between the plant and the insect; the former tolerating and at times even making some provision for the latter. The case of a species of fern is a typical one. This plant provides little holes down the sides of its rhizomes for the accommodation of small colonies of ants; the exact service which these insects render to their host is not very clear. The following instance of a Central American acacia is quite romantic in its way, but it is vouched for by good authorities. This tree grows in districts where leaf-cutter ants abound, and where the ravages of these insects are so dreadful that whole areas of country are at times denuded of foliage in a few hours. The acacia has, however, hit upon a unique way of protecting itself against the assaults of these enemies. At the end of some of its leaves it produces small yellowish sausage-shaped masses, known as food bodies. Now these seem to be prepared especially for the benefit of certain black ants which eat the material greedily, and on this account it is no matter for surprise that these insects (which are very warlike in habit) should make their homes in the acacia, boring out holes in the thorns of the tree to live in. It is not very difficult to see how this arrangement works out. At the approach of an army of leaf-cutting ants, the hordes of black ants emerge, fired with the enthusiasm which the defense of a home is bound to inspire, with the result that the attacking enemy is repulsed, and the tree escapes unscathed. Explain it how one will, it is impossible to deny that it is very clever of the acacia to hire soldiers to fight its battles in the manner described above.

"When plants find themselves in extraordinary positions they often do things which seem to be something more than just cases of cause and effect. There really appears to be such a thing as vegetable foresight, and by way of illustration reference may be made to the manner in which plants in dry situations strive to come to maturity as soon as possible. Specimens growing on walls are most instructive in this connection. It is always noticeable that plants in such positions run into flower and produce seed much in advance of their fellows living under more normal conditions. By so doing they have made certain the reproduction of their kind long before the hot summer has arrived, at which time any active growth on a wall becomes an impossibility. It is willingly conceded that shortage of water discourages a luxuriance of growth and tends to induce an early maturity, but to anyone who has watched the habits of plants under these circumstances there seems to be something more than this—something which enables the plants to grasp the fact that their life can only be a very short one and that it is their duty at the earliest possible time to flower and produce seed ere they perish.

"Generally speaking, plants are most desirous to obtain as perfect an illumination as is possible to their foliage. Of course, light is so necessary to bring about the formation of perfect green tissue that it is not surprising to find that it is a suf-

ficient stimulus to cause vegetables to move their organs to the direction from which the illumination is coming. But there are parts of the world in which plants find that the direct rays of the sun, where this orb is nearly vertical as in Australia, are more than they can stand. The blue-gum trees, for instance, find that the solar heat is too great for their leaves, and accordingly adopt an ingenious way out of the difficulty. As young plants growing under shelter, the eucalypti develop their leaves in lateral fashion, fully exposing their upper surfaces skyward. Later on, however, as the plants grow into trees and rise above any screening shade, the blue-gums turn their leaves edge-way fashion, so that no broad expanse is exposed to the scorching sun. Some plants direct certain organs away from the light, as is seen in the case of the vine, where the tendrils always seek dark corners. The value of this tendency is very apparent, for it must be seen at once these organs, whose sole object is to obtain a hold somewhere, would be much more likely to do so in some cranny, than if they took their chance by growing out into the open. This

habit is exceedingly interesting when we remember that the tendrils are modified shoots, parts of the plant which certainly do not shun the light. Indeed, these tendrils seem to be working against their inherent tendency.

"The instances which have been detailed above might be multiplied almost indefinitely. They have been selected out of an immense mass of evidence which is at the disposal of any student who will take the trouble to watch the members of the great vegetable kingdom. To say that plants think, as has been suggested by an enthusiast, is probably carrying the matter too far; the word used in its accepted sense scarcely conveys a right impression of the mysterious power. Rather would one refer to the phenomenon as a kind of consciousness of being, which gives to each plant an individuality of its own. It is likely, and indeed highly probable, that it is impossible for the human mind to grasp just how much a plant does not *know*, but in the face of proved fact the existence of some kind of discriminating power in the vegetable kingdom will scarcely be denied."

WHY A MAN WITH A LONG PEDIGREE IS INCLINED TO FEROCITY



It is often forgotten that by a process of natural selection—in the evolutionary sense—civilized mankind was for generations subjected to systematic brutalization. Mr. Francis Galton, the celebrated student of heredity, connects the fact with the supremacy of the church in Europe during the middle ages. Celibacy was enjoined by the religious orders upon their votaries. "Whenever," declares Mr. Galton, "a man or a woman was possessed of a gentle nature that fitted him or her to deeds of charity, to meditation, to literature or to art, the social conditions of the time were such that he or she had no refuge elsewhere except in the bosom of the church." The consequence was, observes Mr. Galton in a recent paper read before a British scientific society, that gentle natures had no continuance. "The church," he insists, "brutalized the breed of our forefathers." She acted, he avers, precisely as if she aimed at selecting the rudest portion of the community to be alone the parents of future generations. "She practised the arts which breeders would use who aimed at creating ferocious, currish and stupid natures." Investigation has shown that monks in the middle ages had larger brains than the laity. The laws of heredity indicate that the religious orders were recruited from a class more highly organized, from the standpoint of refinement and gentleness, than were the laity.

But the laity were not entirely freed from the influence of gentle and refined natures. The church drained off the cream, but she necessarily left a residue. But this residue was plebeian. When a scion of some aristocratic house was fitted by temperament and sweetness of disposition for the religious life, he was promptly requisitioned. Moreover, this entry into the religious life solved many awkward personal problems. An aristocrat with an inconveniently large number of sons or daughters tended to send the best of them into the church. There was at work here a law of heredity which, by a misapplication of scientific principle, tended to accentuate ferocity in persons of good pedigree.

Ferocity of character may become latent, but there are tendencies always at work as a result of which latent traits reappear. If the ancestry has been conditioned by a progressive elimination of the less feral instincts, a tendency to savagery is inevitable. In the study of a human pedigree, therefore, it must be remembered that if it includes a line of progenitors extending back generation after generation to the aristocratic strains of the middle ages, we must anticipate decided reversion to the primitive type. There is, then, to speak technically, a prepotency to ferocity of character. The process is analogous to that at work in the strain of pigeons. No matter how purely these birds may be bred, there is a con-

stant tendency to the production of an individual with the special characteristics of the wild ancestor.

This latency of inborn characters is quite normal. Nor can it be reasonably objected that there are two theories of heredity in mutual conflict. It matters little for the present purpose which is accepted. Suppressed ancestral traits, as Mendel has shown, tend to reappear as an exclusive character in a proportion of grandchildren. Even the grandchildren who do not revert tend to have offspring and descendants who do.

The forms or types of heredity now recognized are four. There is, to begin with, that kind known as continuous or normal inheritance. In this kind of inheritance the children resemble the father and mother. Next is reckoned interrupted inheritance. Here the offspring resemble the grandparents. A third variety is known as collateral inheritance. Offspring in this case inherit the characteristics of an uncle or aunt. Last of all is classified atavism or reversion. This is an inheritance of the characteristics of a remote ancestor. When individuals of two domesticated races are crossed, for example, the offspring may resemble neither of the parents. The offspring may simply revert to the ancestral or wild species. To use the popular language of the breeder, there is a "throwing back." Galton speaks of "alternative heredity." This he illustrates by reference to the human eye. If one parent has a light eye color and the other a dark eye color, some of the children will, as a rule, be light and the rest dark. They will seldom be medium eye colored, like the children of medium eye colored parents. But we do not know why certain traits are transmitted hereditarily or why other characteristics are not. We can foretell by a kind of statistical deduction, within limits, what the characteristics of a certain class of human offspring will be, however. We can calculate the hereditary tendency of the individual.

A concrete illustration of hereditary tendency in the individual is afforded by the case of Herbert Spencer. "From the information afforded by the autobiography," observes Prof. J. Arthur Thomson in his study of Spencer,* "we learn that on both sides of the house Spencer came of a stock characterized by the spirit of non-conformity, by a correlated respect for something higher than legislative enactments and by a regard for remote issues rather than

immediate results." In these respects Herbert Spencer was true to his stock. "Disown him as many non-conformists did, they could not disinherit him. Non-conformity was in his blood and bone of his bone." Grandparents taken together, says Professor Thomsen, count on an average for about a quarter of the individual inheritance; but in Herbert Spencer's case we have a striking instance of reversion to an ancestral type. His grandmother was a peculiarly dominant hereditary factor. Hundreds unknown to fame must have shared a similar heritage of indefatigable unselfishness, unswerving integrity, uniform good temper and extreme gentleness of disposition. Such qualities are largely due to remote ancestral types and are brought out by something like reversion:

"The large problem is as to the modes in which the inheritance, normally bi-parental, and in some sense always a mingling of ancestral contributions, can express itself. Sometimes the expression is one-sided, sometimes it is a blend. The mother may look out of one eye and the father out of another, or the grandfather may be reincarnated. By interbreeding hybrids pure types may be got or reversions or an epidemic of variations. This is the problem of the diverse modes of hereditary transmission which we know in some cases to be expressible in a formula, such as Mendel's law or Galton's law."

Herbert Spencer's case, as we are assured by independent investigators, is strictly in accordance with Galton's law of ancestral heredity, according to which a trait possessed by an entire ancestry is almost sure to reappear. But a trait possessed by only one parent and only half the ancestry is likely to reappear with almost equal force in one out of every two descendants. It follows, as a matter of logic, that every European aristocrat with a long pedigree—assuming its accuracy—is certain to be more ferocious in tendency than a base-born person. It is not less certain that a scion of non-conformist English stock would manifest a tendency to independence of thought. Even a hereditary musical genius can be perpetuated by a process of careful elimination, as we see in the case of the famous Bach family. But Mr. Galton's point is that the tendency to ferocity of disposition in civilized man during the medieval period is the strongest atavistic trait ever handed down by an ancestry in the history of civilized mankind. A strain with that trait in it would be subjected to a force of tremendous hereditary potency. The longest and most aristocratic pedigrees, it will be noted, go back to the robber barons of the middle ages.

*HERBERT SPENCER. By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A. English Men of Science Series. E. P. Dutton & Company.

Recent Poetry



UPON a young man of twenty-six, with a boyish, beardless face, athletic frame, and a manner devoid of mannerism, the eyes of literary Great Britain are just now directed with more than passing interest. Mr. Alfred Noyes is an Oxford man, and he rowed in the Exeter College Eight. When he left Oxford a few years ago he set himself to work to earn a living by writing poetry! The daring of such a procedure is foolhardy or splendid, according to results, and in his case the result has been crowned with success. He has earned his living and has compelled serious public attention. He has published a volume of verse each year since leaving the University ("Drake: An Epic" is the title of the latest), making five in all. One of the volumes, "Poems," has just been reprinted on this side (Macmillan's) with an introduction by Mr. Mabie, who finds in his verse "the heart of the child and the mind of the man."

One of the best of the poems in the volume, "Sherwood," was reprinted by us a few months ago. We reprint below the best part of another poem, which is too long to quote entire, and which seems to us to suffer little from the elimination of a number of stanzas:

THE BARREL-ORGAN

BY ALFRED NOYES

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street

In the City as the sun sinks low;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet

And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain

That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;

And they've given it a glory and a part to play again

In the symphony that rules the day and night.

And now its marching onward through the realms of old romance,

And trolling out a fond familiar tune,
And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France,

And now it's prattling softly to the moon,
And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore

Of human joys and wonders and regrets;
To remember and to recompense the music evermore

For what the cold machinery forgets.

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone

In the City as the sun sinks low;
There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,

There's a clerk and there's a butcher of a soft reposeful tone,

And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known:

They are crammed and jammed in busses and—they're each of them alone

In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a very modish woman and her smile is very bland

In the City as the sun sinks low;
And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jewelled hand

Is clenched a little tighter and she cannot understand

What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered land,

For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,

In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an Oxford man that listens and his heart is crying out,

In the City as the sun sinks low,
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,

For the minute-gun, the counting and the long dishevelled rout,

For the howl along the towpath and a fate that's still in doubt,

For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about

In a land where the dead dreams go.

There's a laborer that listens to the voices of the dead

In the City as the sun sinks low;
And his hand begins to tremble and his face is rather red

As he sees a loafer watching him and—there he turns his head

And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled,

For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led

Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an old and haggard demi-rep, it's ringing in her ears,

In the City as the sun sinks low;
With the wild and empty sorrow of the love that blights and sears,

Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be sure, be sure she hears,

Hears and bears the bitter burden of the forgotten years,

And her laugh's a little harsher and her eyes are brimmed with tears

For the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it sweet
 Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet
 Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
 Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
 In the land where the dead dreams go.

In a recent number of *Blackwood's* is a love-poem by Mr. Noyes, but a poem of love in the large generic meaning of the word. It is pretty nearly perfect of its kind:

A SONG OF LOVE

BY ALFRED NOYES

Now the purple night is past,
 Now the moon more faintly glows,
 Dawn has through thy casement cast
 Roses on thy breast, a rose.
 Now the kisses are all done,
 Now the world awakes anew;
 Now the charmed hour is gone—
 Let not love go, too.

When old winter, creeping nigh,
 Sprinkles raven hair with white,
 Dims the brightly glancing eye,
 Laughs away the dancing light,
 Roses may forget their sun,
 Lilies may forget their dew,
 Beauties perish, one by one—
 Let not love go, too.

Palaces and towers of pride
 Crumble year by year away;
 Creeds, like robes, are laid aside,
 Even our very tombs decay!
 When the all-conquering moth and rust
 Gnaw the goodly garment through,
 When the dust returns to dust,
 Let not love go, too.

Kingdoms melt away like snow,
 Gods are spent like wasting flames,
 Hardly the new peoples know
 Their divine thrice worshipped names!
 At the last great hour of all,
 When Thou makest all things new,
 Father, hear Thy children call—
 Let not love go, too.

Get at the innermost heart of almost any literary man, and you are pretty sure to find there the longing to write successfully in verse. The very fact that it is the least lucrative form of literary production takes it out of the commercial atmosphere that pervades our play-writing and novel-writing so insidiously and makes it all the more attractive to a true literary artist whose soul revolts time and again against the commercial standards with which writers and publishers

are forced to compromise. Thomas Nelson Page is the latest to succumb to this longing for metrical expression. He has just had published (Scribners) a volume entitled "The Coast of Bohemia," and his preface is not the least poetical part of the volume. In it he says:

"The author of this little volume knows quite as well as the most experienced mariner the temerity of sailing an untried main in so frail a bark. But he is willing, if the Fates so decree, to go down with the unnumbered sail of that great fleet which have throughout the ages faced the wide ocean of oblivion, merely for the thrill of being for a brief space on its vast waters."

Mr. Page does not delude himself in regard to the market value of minor poetry. "Despised matter" he terms it, and he accounts for the production of so much of it as follows:

"There is for the minor poet also a music that the outer world does not catch—an inner day which the outer does not see. It is this music, this light which, for the most part, is for the lesser poet his only reward. That he has heard, however brokenly, and at however vast a distance, snatches of those strains which thrilled the souls of Marlowe and Milton and Keats and Shelley, even tho he may never reproduce one of them, is moreover a sufficiently high reward."

The quality of Mr. Page's poetry is fairly well indicated in the last sentence above. It is almost entirely an effort to reproduce the strains of past singers. There is nothing compelling in his verse, and while the poetic impulse and feeling are always manifest, poetical ideas do not abound. Two of the strongest poems are elicited by the author's patriotism—a patriotism that includes Great Britain as well as America and holds to her history as a part of our own heritage.

THE DRAGON OF THE SEAS

APRIL, 1898

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

They say the Spanish ships are out
 To seize the Spanish Main;
 Reach down the volume, Boy, and read
 The story o'er again:

How when the Spaniard had the might,
 He drenched the Earth, like rain,
 With Saxon blood and made it Death
 To sail the Spanish Main.

With torch and steel, with stake and rack
 He trampled out God's Truce
 Until Queen Bess her leashes slip't
 And let her sea-dogs loose.

God! how they sprang and how they tore!
 The Gilberts, Hawkins, Drake!
 Remember, Boy, they were your sires:
 They made the Spaniard quake.

Dick Grenville with a single ship
Struck all the Spanish line:
One Devon knight to the Spanish Dons:
One ship to fifty and nine.

When Spain in San Ulloa's Bay
Her sacred treaty broke,
Stout Hawkins fought his way through fire
And gave her stroke for stroke.

A bitter malt Spain brewed that day,
She drained it to the lees:
The thunder of her guns awoke
The Dragon of the Seas.

From coast to coast he ravaged far,
A scourge with flaming breath;
Where'er the Spaniard sailed his ships,
Sailed Francis Drake and Death.

No coast was safe against his ire;
Secure no furthest shore;
The fairest day oft sank in fire
Before the Dragon's roar.

He made the Atlantic surges red
Round every Spanish keel,
Piled Spanish decks with Spanish dead,
The noblest of Castile.

From Del Fuego's beetling coast
To sleety Hebrides
He hounded down the Spanish host
And swept the flaming seas.

He fought till on Spain's inmost lakes
Mid orange bowers set,
La Mancha's maidens feared to sail
Lest they the Dragon met.*

King Philip, of his ravin' reft,
Called for "the Pirate's" head;
The great Queen laughed his wrath to scorn
And knighted Drake instead.

And gave him ships and sent him forth
To sweep the Spanish Main,
For England and for England's brood,
And sink the fleets of Spain.

And well he wrought his mighty work,
Till on that fatal day
He met his only conqueror,
In Nombre Dios Bay.

There in his shotted hammock swung
Amid the surges' sweep,
He waits the look-out's signal cry
Across the quiet deep,

And dreams of dark Ulloa's bar,
And Spanish treachery,
And now he tracked Magellan far
Across the unknown sea.

But if Spain fire a single shot
Upon the Spanish Main,
She'll come to deem the Dragon dead
Has waked to life again.

THE OLD LION

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE

"The whelps of the lion answer him."

The old Lion stood in his lonely lair:
The sound of the hunting had broken his rest:
He scowled to the Eastward: Tiger and Bear
Were harrying his jungle. He turned to the west;
And sent through the murk and mist of the night
A thunder that rumbled and rolled down the trail;
And Tiger and Bear, the Quarry in sight,
Crouched low in the covert to cower and quail;
For deep through the midnight, like surf on a shore,
Pealed Thunder in answer resounding with ire.
The Hunters turn'd stricken: they knew the dread roar:
The Whelp of the Lion was joining his Sire.

Miss Florence Wilkinson does not often write love-poems. We wish she would write more of them if they are all as good as this one in *McClure's*:

THE MOUNTAIN GOD

By FLORENCE WILKINSON

There is a mountain god, they say, who dwells
Remote, untouched by prayers or temple bells;
A god irrevocably who compels
The hidden fountains and the secret wells
Upward and outward from their cloistered cells;
He calls them, calls them, all the lustrous day,
And not one rippling child dare disobey.
There is a god who dwells within your eyes
Like that veiled god of mountain mysteries,
Compelling all my secret soul to rise
Unto a flooded brim of still surprise,
Flooded and flushed beneath the god's great eyes.
Belovèd, you have called me to the day,
And all the fountains of my life obey.

The following poem tells nothing and yet tells everything. The last line gives us a very strong climax. We find the poem in *The Reader Magazine*:

THE VISION

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

"O sister, sister, from the casement leaning,
What see'st thy tranced eye, what is the meaning
Of that strange rapture that thy features know?"
"I see," she said, "the sunset's crimson glow."
"O sister, sister, from the casement turning,
What saw'st thou there save sunset's sullen burning?"
—Thy hand is ice, and fever lights thine eye!"
"I saw," she said, "the twilight drifting by,"
"O sister, oft the sun hath set and often
Have we beheld the twilight fold and soften
The edge of day—In this no myst'ry lies!"
"I saw," she said, "the crescent moon arise."
"O sister, speak! I fear when on me falleth
Thine empty glance which some wild spell enthralleth!"
—How chill the air blows through the open door!"
"I saw," she said, "I saw"—and spake no more.

*NOTE.—It is related that King Philip one day invited a lady to sail with him on a lake, and she replied that she was afraid they might meet "the Dragon."

The heart of the whole Christian religion—the incarnation, the loving ministry, the agony, of Christ—are all embodied in the following short poem which appears in the December *Scribner's*:

ECCE HOMO

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

"O thou that comest past the stars
And past the utmost bound that bars
Us from unguessed infinity,
What hast thou seen along the road,
What marvels vast thy pathway strewed,
The long, long path to Calvary?"

"I saw the Sower down his brown fields striding
Fling wide the fruitful grain,
I saw the foxes in the old tombs hiding
By white towns veiled in rain."

"But this we that are men may see—
Did no great Voices speak with thee
A journeying to Jerusalem?
Thou that hast walked with Life and Death
In lands forbid to mortal breath,
What secrets are unloosed of them?"

"I heard what games the children's feet were
winging
There in your markets met,
I heard the price two tiny birds were bringing—
That I remember yet."

"Nay, Lord, but show some wonder done,
Now, or in times ere times begun,
That flashes forth thy Deity;
Light with a look a new-made world,
Or stay the swift hours onward whirled,
Till we forget Gethsemane."

"I knew, I knew, ere Eden's rose was blowing,
Prick of the twisted thorn—
The nails, the darkness, and the warm blood
flowing,
I knew—and I was born."

Carman's "Songs of the Sea Children," one hundred and twenty-one in number, are not songs of the sea but of love, with the organ-tones of the sea, now loud, now low, as an accompaniment. The full effect of the series is lost, of course, in a detached song. We venture, nevertheless, to quote the following little lyric, numbered XLIX in the series:

FROM "SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN"

BY BLISS CARMAN

I was a reed in the stilly stream,
Heigh-ho!
And thou my fellow of moveless dream,
Heigh-lo!

Hardly a word the river said,
As there we bowed him a listless head:

Only a yellowbird pierced the noon;
And summer died to a drowsier swoon,

Till the little wind of night came by,
With the little stars in the lonely sky,

And the little leaves that only stir,
When shiest wood-fellows confer.

It shook the stars in their purple sphere,
And laid a frost on the lips of fear.

It woke our slumbering desire,
As a breath that blows a mellow fire.

And the thrill that made the forest start,
Was a little sigh from our happy heart.

This is the story of the world,
Heigh-ho!
This is the glory of the world,
Heigh-lo!

"The new poet is not yet," says a critic in the London *Saturday Review*, but he finds in John Davidson many of the qualities the new poet must have. He is clearly conscious of a new age since the Victorian poets sang. He is a modern who feels "the stiffness and unsuitability of the old vehicles"—"those conventions of poetic form which petrify the utterance of this generation." His verse is full of experiment, but the critic finds in it lack of strength or intellectual force or something else that is required to make the new poet.

The *Fortnightly Review* publishes the following poem by Mr. Davidson, which is beautiful, but which seems to us partly to lose its grip in the latter part:

HONEYMOON

BY JOHN DAVIDSON

I waken at dawn and your head
On the pillow beside me lies;
And I wonder, altho we were wed
Such an infinite fortnight ago,
"Have the planets stood still in the skies
Since my sweetheart and I were wed,
Since first I awoke, and lo
On the pillow beside me her head!

Through our window the wind forspent—
Marauder in garth and wild!—
His opulent burden of scent
Unloads lest he faint by the way;
For the flowers, they were subtly beguiled,
And their dewdrops and manifold scent
Perfume now the crimsoning day
On the wings of the wind forspent.

I look and I look at your face
Till my thought of you pierces your sleep,
Till your silken lashes unlace,
And your blossomlike lids upheave,
Till your eyes emerge from the deep
As your writhen lashes unlace,
And morn and awakening weave
The wonder and joy in your face.

Then your memory quickens and bids
 A blush and a happy sigh
 At the lift of your azure lids,
 A concord of color and sound;
 And there dawns in your violet eye,
 When you open your flowerlike lids,
 A thought from the depths profound
 As an exquisite memory bids.

And this is your twentieth year,
 And your bridegroom is twenty-one;
 And our thoughts are as fragrant and clear
 As the lucent splendor of noon.
 My love is as rich as the sun,
 And your love is as tender and clear
 As the lily-light of the moon
 In the sweetest month of the year.

At once when we waken we rise,
 For the earth is as fresh as our thought,
 And the heaven-high dome of the skies
 A miracle constantly new:
 A marvel, diurnally wrought,
 The earth with its seas and its skies,
 Its flowers and its matinal dew,
 Awaits us as soon as we rise.

Through the woodland and over the lea
 That dips to a golden strand,
 Like fugitives seeking the sea
 We haste in our morning mood;
 Together, and hand in hand,
 We hurry to reach the sea
 Through the purple shade of the wood,
 And over the spangled lea.

In our boat on the swell of the tide .
 We steer for the heart of morn,
 And I say to you, "Sweet and my bride
 Should hope be for ever undone,
 Should destiny leave us forlorn,
 Thus, thus shall we journey, my bride,
 Right into the heart of the sun
 On the morning or evening tide."

Could we harbor with sorrow and care,
 And friendless, in penury lost,
 Remain at the beck of despair
 Like prisoners or impotent folk?
 Could we chaffer, and reckon the cost,
 And measure out love till despair
 Subdued us, bereft, to a yoke
 In harness with sorrow and care?

Oh, not while the morning is crowned,
 And the evening, with roses and gold;
 Because like adventurers bound
 For a kingdom their faith could create
 In a future of beauty untold—
 Like hazardous mariners bound
 For the haven and wharf of Fate
 On a voyage with happiness crowned,

In our boat when the day is done,
 On the lift of the evening tide
 I should steer for the heart of the sun,
 And sigh with my ebbing breath,
 "Be resolute, sweet and my bride;

We shall sink with the setting sun,
 And shelter our love in death
 Since our beautiful day is done."

But now while our hearts beat high
 With youth and unfolding delight,
 And the honeymoon in the sky
 At her zenith usurps the reign
 Of the day as well as the night—
 With the honeymoon in the sky
 We steer for the shore again
 While our bosoms with hope beat high.

Through-the tasselled oats and the wheat
 We march to the skylark's song,
 Where the roses, pallid and sweet,
 In delicate pomp parade
 The precincts the wild bees throng—
 Where the winding byways, sweet
 With scent of the roses, wade
 Through the flowing tide of the wheat.

Oh hark, from the meadows! Oh hear
 The burden the mower sings!
 The past, how it hovers near
 This uttermost isle of the sea!
 Where the stone on the scythe-blade rings
 The shadowy past draws near,
 And the spirit of eld, set free,
 Revives in the song we hear.

The dawn and the dusk are crowned
 With chaplets of roses and gold;
 We two are invincibly bound
 For a Kingdom our faith can create
 In a present of beauty untold:
 Oh love, we are certainly bound
 For the ultimate haven of Fate
 On a voyage with happiness crowned!

The newest of Munsey's string of magazines,
Woman (at least it was the newest last month),
 contains a very little poem by Bliss Carman:

IN A GARDEN

BY BLISS CARMAN

Thought is a garden wide and old
 For airy creatures to explore,
 Where grow the great, fantastic flowers
 With truth for honey at the core.

There, like a wild, marauding bee
 Made desperate by hungry fears,
 From gorgeous *If* to dark *Perhaps*
 I blunder down the dusk of years.

The authorship of the little poem which we reprinted last month under the title "A Slumber Song" has come to light. The author is Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates, and it was published in 1895 (Putnam's) under the title "Sleep Sweet" in a volume of verse by Mrs. Gates entitled "The Treasures of Kurium." We are indebted for this information to Mrs. Thomas O. Conant, wife of the editor of *The Examiner*.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

Pierre Loti's name at once evokes visions strange, tender and exotic. We have beheld him draped in many brilliant garbs,

THE bringing in the folds of his cloak
DISENCHANTED the perfumes of Eastern gardens.

M. Pierre Loti, says *The Times Literary Supplement* (London), is fond of dressing up:

"Life is for him one long charade, in which the great art is to shift one's apparel rapidly and represent as many costume-parts as possible. He has been a bridegroom in the Sandwich Islands; he has been a Turk of Stamboul; he has been a very pious unbelieving Christian pilgrim in Galilee; he has been a sea captain; the Japanese husband of a Japanese Mousmé; a young Protestant from La Rochelle. What has he not been?"

The same reviewer answers this question. He has never been a fighter, a doer of things. During the Dreyfus affair his name was not heard. While others were brandishing clubs, M. Pierre Loti was flirting with a Fantôme d'Orient. And now, after years spent in the Horsk with the fair ladies of all nations, he has found his mission. He has given a voice to the suffering of Turkish women in a novel* which the *Times* reviewer unhesitatingly welcomes as a "Sequel to Uncle Tom's Cabin." The reviewer rubs his eyes in wonder at this "dreamlike paradox." So do the other critics. Nevertheless, it remains an undeniable fact that for the first time in his artistic career Loti has written fiction not wholly amorous, not wholly art for art's sake.

The position of Turkish women, Loti tells us, is no longer what it was. Their masters grant them almost absolute intellectual freedom. They read, in the original, Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, Verlaine and Baudelaire. But moral and physical freedom are absolutely withheld from them. They have no word in the choice of a husband and may not even look upon the faces of the men to whom they are going to be given in marriage until after the ceremony has been completed. The heroine of the book, Djenan, is such a woman. Married according to Moslem fashion when still a child, she falls in love intellectually with a French novelist, attaché to the French Embassy, in whom we recognize without difficulty the fea-

tures of Loti himself. With her two cousins, wrapt in veils, she manages to arrange meetings with him in a secret harem. There is no breath of scandal, but the tragic conflict of her life drives her to suicide. Djenan dies, but dies not before having implored her friend to write the book that shall set free her sisters, the disenchanted dwellers of the harem—"disenchanted" in that the old spell of Moslem law has passed from them.

This promise Loti has set himself to fulfil. His novel has an avowed purpose, but by no means lacks his old witchcraft in words and images. By a wave of his wand he transports us to the atmosphere of the Stamboul, where still lives the reminiscence "of the primal human dream, lingering in the shade of the great mosques, in the oppressive silence of the streets, and in the widely pervading region of graveyards, where tiny lamps with a thin yellow gleam are lighted up at night by thousands for the souls of the dead."

It is for that very reason that *The Independent* fails to detect in the book a note of reality. The people and the customs described seem too far removed from our standards. "Poor little gray ghosts of womanhood," exclaims the reviewer, "shrouded in *tscharchaf* or *yashmak*, sold like bales of Oriental silks, slaves of the deadly monotonous custom has for immemorial ages prescribed for well-born Turkish women! We are sorry for them, but their tragedy does not touch us as it should." Perhaps, also, the picture is not truthful. M. Loti, the same reviewer remarks, like other sailors, has, or professes to have, a sweetheart in every port and he "learns about women from them." But the women of Japan have indignantly repudiated him as the interpreter of their thoughts and feelings, and it may be that the Turkish women, if they gain a voice, would likewise disavow any kinship with Djenan, Zeyneb and Melek." In connection with this point, it may be of interest to give one Turkish opinion of M. Loti's work which seems to exonerate the novelist from the charge of fibbing. Moustafa Kamel Pasha in the Paris *Figaro*, pays a glowing compliment to Loti's genius and deep sincerity. When, he says, a Mussulman speaks of the author of "Disenchanted," it is with profound gratitude. For Loti, we are told, "has fathomed with greater ability than any other writer the abyss between Orient and Occident."

*THE DISENCHANTED. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Clara Bell. The Macmillan Company.

In Roberts's new romance* we find no turbaned eunuchs and oriental perfumes, but plenty of sea-breeze and the fresh smell of

THE HEART THAT KNOWS lilac blossoms. The Canadian poet has chosen for the background of his stirring tale the little village of Westcock in the Bay of Fundy. The plot of the story is not entirely novel, but Roberts can touch no subject without giving to it a part of his own vitality. Mr. Roberts, says the *New York Times Saturday Review*, has put his fisherfolk before us in picturesque and vigorous fashion which is at once simple and strong. What is perhaps most remarkable about these people is that, by long tradition, affianced lovers hold themselves as sacredly man and wife as if the marriage ceremony had actually taken place. Yet, as the *Times* reviewer remarks, even the most vulnerable are unusually hard upon an erring sister who happens to be jilted before her wedding days. These premises we must accept on trust if the story of Luella and Jim Calder is to mean anything to us. Then we can understand the anguish of the girl as she waits for her lover, into whose heart, in the words of *The Independent*, a female Jago, a slender, red-haired slip of a girl-demon, clever beyond belief, has sown the seed of distrust. But she waits in vain. He has sailed away leaving the defenseless girl to scandal and disgrace without a word of explanation. In the course of time she gives birth to a boy who grows up with the purpose of wreaking vengeance upon his father but, by a miraculous chance, becomes the instrument of reconciliation between the latter and his deserted bride. The dénouement seems incredible to a number of critics who refuse to believe in Jim's unchanging devotion to the woman he had flung aside like a wanton at the first breath of suspicion. *The Independent* answers this objection. It says Jim's readiness to believe evil of the woman he loved, and who had a peculiar claim upon his consideration, would be incredible were it not that, as Coleridge told us:

"To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Still, asks another reviewer, why is it that men are so exasperatingly stupid? The author's delineation of his female characters calls forth less criticism. The characters of the women, says the *Chicago Record-Herald*, are drawn with unusual clearness and sympathy, indicating that the author's poetic temperament, as in the case of George Meredith, gives him special powers in

this direction. The *St. Louis Dispatch* remarks in virtuous indignation that Mr. Roberts has here written a novel which reads well, but smells bad. The majority of critics, however, seem to agree with the verdict of the *Pittsburg Press*: "There is nothing morbid or at all forbidding in this romance; rather it is clean, good, and uplifting."

Miss Cholmondeley's latest novel, "Prisoners,"* coming after a silence of four years, is calling forth enthusiastic comments from critics on both sides of the ocean. PRISONERS "The author's previous work," remarks the *London Academy*, "was full of promise, but this is more than promise: it is performance. In no modern novel has the female mind been analyzed with a more delicate sense." This is the keynote of the English criticisms and it is re-echoed in the American reviews. M. Gordon Pryor Rice proclaims almost ecstatically in the *New York Times Saturday Review* that in "Prisoners" Miss Cholmondeley has produced a novel so finely conceived and executed that criticism is lost in sheer delight and admiration. He continues:

"The plot is singularly original—is, indeed, almost adventurously out of the common. Baldly stated, its strangeness might repel the reader who loves a story lying close to life as familiar to us all; but, as Miss Cholmondeley handles it, the plot has no trace of the bizarre, but becomes as real as though it had entered into our own experience. Her secret lies in the reality of her characters. Given men and women human and vital to the core, an author may do almost what he pleases with them without loosening their hold upon the reader's interest and sympathy. The characters of 'Prisoners' are alive; they walk out of the pages as we read, and become of our own kind—flesh and blood, not figments of fancy.

"The story is written around contrasting 'prisoners'; the one in physical bondage through the utmost nobleness of vicarious sacrifice, the other in the more cruel chains of selfishness—a selfishness that permitted the immolation of the innocent upon its altar."

A number of critics admit that the novel at times taxes our credulity and is decidedly melodramatic in its outline. The *London Spectator* speaks of "Prisoners" as an extremely favorable example of a blending or hybridization of melodrama and tragedy. The melodrama, we are told, remains, and, though submerged at times in the waters of caustic criticism, keeps cropping up throughout the book, and asserts itself with undiminished vitality in the last chapter. The story is roughly summarized as follows:

"An English girl, who has made a *mariage de convenance* with a middle-aged Italian Duke,

*THE HEART THAT KNOWS. By Charles G. D. Roberts. L. C. Page & Company.

*PRISONERS: FAST BOUND IN MISERY AND IRON. By Mary Cholmondeley. Dodd, Mead & Company.

meets, while still a young married woman, the young man—now a diplomatist—whose suit her family had persuaded her to reject. Michael, though still in love, honourably resolves to escape temptation by flight; but Fay—the Duchess—entreats him to pay her a last visit at her villa, and proposes elopement. At this critical moment an Italian Marquis is opportunely murdered in the garden of the villa; Michael is discovered in hiding, and to save Fay's honor confesses to the murder, and is condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment. After a year the Duke, who has guessed her secret, and is convinced of Michael's innocence, dies, and on his death-bed appeals to his wife to tell the truth, and release her lover. Fay, who is cowardly as well as selfish, keeps her counsel, and Michael languishes in prison until the wife of the murdered man confesses to the crime. Meantime Fay has returned to her people in England, and at the time of Michael's release is engaged to be married to his elder brother Wentworth, a blameless prig, whose sole redeeming feature is his affection for Michael. Ignorant, however, of the previous relations between Fay and Michael—which Michael has vainly urged upon Fay to disclose—he develops an insane jealousy of his brother, which becomes so acute as ultimately to force a full confession from his betrothed."

Jane T. Stoddart in the London *Bookman* complements this account. We are allowed, he tells us, to understand that after Michael's death Wentworth forgives Fay and marries her. What does Miss Cholmondeley intend us to think of their future? We have, he goes on to say, no reason to suppose that either at the last is truly repentant.

"Wentworth is brooding over his own fancied wrongs when he is summoned to his brother's death-bed. Fay would have crept from the painful scene but for the bishop's express command. Is there any prospect of happiness in such a union as theirs? We miss at the close of this brilliant novel that sense of calm and healing, that uplifting hope for the survivors, which lightens so many of the great tragedies of literature. If the curtain rose again, it would show us, we fear, the petty life of two petty souls. Memories from the past must haunt them, for

'Neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.'

But there are some who find no place for repentance, though they seek it carefully with tears."

Jack London is a very prolific writer. He is perhaps too prolific. Of late he has even been charged with being in such a hurry to produce "copy" that he was forced to dip his pen into other people's ink. However this may be, in his new book* he has returned to the scene of his earlier success and writes once more in a vein original and unique to himself.

WHITE FANG

*WHITE FANG. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company.

The publisher's announcement and the New York *Times Saturday Review* pronounce "White Fang" even better than "The Call of the Wild"; the majority of critics, however, do not seem to share that view, but all agree that the book is strong. *The Evening Post* voices the general feeling when it remarks:

"This is the kind of thing Jack London does best. In this atmosphere he wears neither his street swagger nor his more distressing company manners. As a biographer of wild animals he has hardly an equal. A generation ago this remark would have meant little, but what with Mr. Kipling, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Thompson-Seton, the Rev. Mr. Long, and the rest, this field of natural letters, as it might be called, has become conspicuous. It is the 'pathetic' consideration which gives such books their hold upon us; we like to speculate as to the relations or analogies between beast-kind and mankind."

"White Fang" really is the companion piece to "The Call of the Wild." In the former, London portrays how instinctively and irresistibly domesticated wild animals revert to freedom, while in the latter he shows the converse of this situation. As the San Francisco *Argonaut* puts it:

"From his puppyhood in a pack of Arctic wolves, White Fang, a wolf, with a quarter strain of dog, was the enemy of his kind. For the first five years of his life he was bitter and implacable. As leader of the sled team of Grey Beaver, the Indian, his trips were long remembered for the havoc he wrought amongst the dogs of the Yukon villages. But when he was purchased by a brutal white man, and was goaded and tormented and kept in a rage, that he might be exhibited as 'The Fighting Wolf,' White Fang became the enemy of all things. A new life begins for him when he is rescued from the jaws of a bulldog by a new white master, who attempts to tame White Fang by kindness. The task seems hopeless, but in the end he learns to be trustful and law-abiding. And when he takes the long journey to the Santa Clara Valley in California, he comes to be known as the Blessed Wolf, for he saves his master's family from the murderous vengeance of an escaped criminal."

In a tale of this nature everything depends on the telling, and the story of "White Fang" is told exceedingly well. The manner in which the author manages to interest one in the history of the wolf is an achievement of which, in the opinion of the *Times Saturday Review*, "Mr. London, with a long list of triumphs already to his credit, may well be proud. One even wonders occasionally why all the details worked out in the little fellow's evolution do not grow wearisome, but they never do, and from the thrilling hunger cry of the wolf pack around their victim's campfire to the last chapter's vision of doggish domestic bliss, White Fang is as enthralling a hero as any novel of them all can boast of."

A Terrible Night—By Anton Tchekhov

The author of this story, the late Anton Tchekhov, one of the foremost writers of modern Russia, received from his contemporaries the appellation of "The Russian Maupassant." He undoubtedly shared with the brilliant Frenchman the gift of short-story telling, also his pessimism, untainted, however, with the latter's morbidity. His pessimism was philosophical rather than temperamental. He had brooded long over the riddle of the universe and come to the conclusion that life is futile. Most of his later books were enshrouded in an atmosphere of gloom. Only at rare times, as in the present story, a touch of humor suddenly illuminates the shadow that darkens his page. (Translation made for CURRENT LITERATURE.)



JEAN PÉTROVITCH PANIKHIDINE, paling, turned down the wick of the lamp and began in a voice full of emotion:

"An impenetrable, gloomy fog was enveloping everything one night in November, 1883, as I was returning home from the house of a dead friend where we had been holding a long spiritualistic séance. The narrow streets on my route were for some unknown reason but poorly lighted, and I was obliged to grope my way ahead. I was living in Moscow, near the Church of the Resurrection, in the house of a public employee whose name was Troupof—that is to say, in one of the most deserted parts of the Arbate quarter. As I walked along my thoughts were of a painful and overwhelming nature. . . .

"Your life approaches its end. . . . Repeat. . . ."

"Such was the phrase which had been addressed to me by Spinoza, whose spirit we had evoked at the séance. I had demanded its repetition, and not only was it repeated, but there was an addition: 'To night.'"

"I do not believe in spiritism, but the idea of death or a mere allusion to death fills me with sadness. Death is inevitable, gentlemen, it is the common lot; but, nevertheless, death is contrary to human nature. Now that the cold and impenetrable darkness was enshrouding me, and the furious rain-drops madly whirling before my eyes, while overhead the wind was plaintively wailing; now when I could see not a living soul around me and could hear no human voice, my whole being was seized with an undefinable, inexplicable fear. I who had no superstitions, hastened my steps, fearing to look back or even to glance aside. It seemed to me that if I dared look behind me I should surely see the ghost of the dead man."

Panikhidine sighed heavily, drank a little water and continued:

"This undefinable fear, you will understand, did not leave me even when, having mounted the four flights of stairs of Troupof's house, I opened my door and entered my room. It was dark within my modest dwelling. I could hear

the weeping of the rain through the stovepipe; it was beating on the draft doors as tho beseeching hospitality.

"To believe Spinoza," said I to myself, smiling, 'I shall have to die to the sound of this wailing. All the same it is painful!'

"I lit a light. A furious blast of wind swept over the roof of the house. The calm wailing changed to a wicked roar. Somewhere below a counterblast produced a knocking sound and the draft vent began to cry plaintively for help.

"It is a hard thing to be without shelter on such a night," thought I.

"But there was no time to abandon myself to reflection. As the sulfur of my match began to burn with a blue flame and as my eyes were searching the room, an unexpected and terrible sight was presented. . . . What a pity some blast of wind did not extinguish the match! Perhaps then I should have seen nothing and my hair would not have stood on end. I uttered a cry, took a step toward the door, and, filled with fright, despair and amazement, I closed my eyes. . . .

"In the middle of the room was a coffin!

"The blue flame did not burn long, but I had had time to discern the outlines of the coffin. . . . I had seen the glittering red brocade with its spangles, I had seen the gold cross in passementerie on the cover. There are things, gentlemen, which engrave themselves on the memory, tho one sees them but for a moment. It was thus with this coffin. I looked at it for a second only, but I remember its slightest details. It was a coffin made for a person of medium height, and, judging from its crimson color, it seemed destined for a young girl. The expensive brocade, the supports, the bronze handles, everything told that the dead occupant had been wealthy.

"I rushed from the room with all speed, and without reflecting, without thinking, but wholly under the influence of an inexpressible fear. I descended.

"The corridor and the staircase were in darkness, my feet became entangled in my pelisse, and I am surprised that I did not fall and break

my neck. Reaching the street, I leaned against a lamp-post and began to compose myself. My heart was beating terribly, my respiration had ceased."

One of the ladies who was listening turned the lamp lower, and drew nearer the story-teller, who continued:

"I should not have been astonished had I found my room on fire, or encountered a thief or a mad dog. . . . I should not have been astonished had the ceiling fallen, or the floor given way or the walls tumbled in.

"All that would be natural and comprehensible. But how could a coffin have made its entrance into my room? Where did it come from? It was an expensive coffin, designed for a woman, evidently for a young aristocrat. How could it have fallen into the poor apartment of a small employee? Is it empty or does it actually contain a body? Who was this young patrician who had abandoned this life forever and paid me the strange and terrible visit? Poignant secret!

"*'If this is not a miracle, it is a crime,'* such was the thought that came to my mind.

"I was lost in conjectures. During my absence the door had been fastened and the place where we kept the key was known only to myself and to some intimate friends. But no friends had ever brought me this coffin. It might possibly be surmised that the coffin had been brought to me by mistake by the undertakers. Wrongly directed they had made an error and brought the coffin where it was not needed. But everyone knows that our undertakers never go on a job until they first have been paid or at least furnished with drink money.

"*'The spirits have foretold to me my death,'* thought I. *'Have they not possibly taken the trouble to supply me with a coffin?'*

"I do not believe in spiritism, gentlemen, and never have believed in it, but a coincidence like this gives a mystical turn of mind even to a philosopher.

"I concluded that the whole thing was a piece of folly and that I had been scared like a mere student. It was an optical illusion, nothing more. Returning under the mastery of such gloomy impressions, it was not strange that my sick nerves had conjured a coffin before my eyes. Most certainly it was an optical illusion! What else could it possibly be?

"The rain beat against my face and the wind was tossing my coat skirts and hat. I was numb with cold and wet to the bone. It was necessary to go somewhere, but where? To return home was to risk seeing the coffin again, and such a sight was beyond my strength. Without a living soul in sight, without a human voice within hear-

ing, to remain alone face to face with this coffin in which was a corpse, perhaps—this would be to visit the loss of one's reason. To remain in the street exposed to the torrential rain and exposed to the cold was equally impossible.

"I decided to go and pass the night with my friend Oupakoiëf, who, later, as you know, committed suicide. He was then living in the Hotel Tchérepof, Rue Meustvy.

Panikhidine wiped away the cold sweat which was running down his pale face, and heaving a painful sigh, continued:

"I did not find my friend at home. Having knocked at his door and being convinced that he was not in, I felt for the key on the shelf over the door, and fitting it into the lock, entered. I threw my wet coat on the floor, and touching a sofa, I sat down to rest myself. It was dark. In the ventilating shaft the wind was howling sadly. In the stove a cricket was making its monotonous chant. I hurriedly struck a match. But the light did not relieve my melancholy—quite the contrary. A terrible and inexpressible fear seized me anew. . . . I uttered a cry, stumbled, and losing all control over myself, hurled myself out of the room.

"In my friend's room, as in my own, I had just seen a coffin!

"My friend's coffin was almost twice as large as mine, and its chestnut garnishing gave it a particularly mournful aspect. How came it there? It was impossible to doubt, now, that this was an optical illusion. It was not possible that there could be a coffin in every room! Evidently this was some nerve malady. It was an hallucination. It mattered little, now, where I went; I should see everywhere before me the frightful image of death. Evidently I had become mad; I had been seized with a mania for coffins, and the cause for my madness was not far to seek. The spiritualistic séance and the words of Spinoza explained it.

"I am going mad! I thought with horror, as I held my head in my hands. My God! What shall I do?

"My head was bursting, my legs gave way under me. . . . It was raining in torrents, there was a piercing wind and I had neither coat nor hat. To return to the hotel for them was impossible. Fear was contracting my limbs. My hair was standing on end, a cold sweat was pouring down my face—all in spite of my belief in an hallucination.

"What was to be done?" continued Panikhidine. "I was going mad and was in danger of taking cold. Fortunately I recollected that not far from the Rue Meustvy lived a good friend of mine, Dr. Pogostof, who recently had obtained his di-

ploma and who, moreover, had assisted with me at the spiritistic séance. I hastened toward his house. He had not yet married the rich lady, who has since become his wife, and he lived on the fifth floor of the house occupied by the counselor of state, Kladbischteuski.

"It is to be recorded that at Pogostof's my nerves underwent new torture. While mounting to the fifth story I heard a terrible noise. Overhead someone was rushing about, stamping his feet and slamming doors. I heard piercing cries: 'Come here! help! concierge!' and a moment afterward there descended upon me a melancholy shadow wearing a coat and a battered silk hat.

"Pogostof!" cried I, recognizing my friend. "It is you! What has happened?"

"Reaching my side, Pogostof stopped and seized me convulsively by the hand. He was pale, breathed with difficulty, and was trembling. His eyes were haggard and his breast was heaving.

"Is it you, Panikhidine?" he asked in a hoarse voice. "But is it really you? You are as pale as a ghost come from the grave. . . . But are you not an hallucination? . . . My God! You are frightful! . . ."

"But, what is the matter with you? You are all in disorder!"

"Ah, dear friend, let me breathe. I am content merely to see you, if, indeed, it be you and not another hallucination. A curse on spiritism! It has so shaken my nerves that, on returning home, imagine it, I saw in my room—a coffin!"

"I could not believe my ears and I begged him to repeat it.

"A coffin, an actual coffin," said the doctor, seating himself with great effort upon a stool. "I am not timid, but the devil himself would be frightened if he saw a coffin loom up before him in the darkness."

"I gave the doctor a stammering account of the coffins I had seen.

"For a whole minute we looked at each other in open-mouthed astonishment. Finally, to convince ourselves that we were not laboring under hallucinations, we began to pinch each other.

"Both of us can feel the pain of that," said the doctor, "consequently, we are not asleep, but wide awake. Consequently, the coffins, mine and yours, too, were not optical illusions; they exist. What shall we do now, my friend?"

"After remaining a whole hour on the staircase, shivering, lost in conjectures and supposi-

tions, and perishing from the cold, we decided to get the better of our cowardice, and to rouse the servant in order that we might enter the doctor's rooms in his company. We did what we had decided upon. Entering the room, we lit a candle, and, true enough, we saw a coffin garished with gold, fringed white brocade and acorns. The servant piously crossed himself.

"Now," said the doctor, pale, and trembling in all his limbs, 'we shall know whether the coffin is empty or not.'

"After hesitating a long time the doctor, his teeth chattering from fear and expectation, bent over and raised the coffin pall.

"We looked; it was empty.

"There was no body in it, but to make up for this absence we found a letter which said:

"My dear Pogostof: You know that my father-in-law's affairs are in a bad way. He is head and heels in debt. To-morrow, or the day after, he will be seized by the sheriff. This would be a fatal blow for his family and mine; and our honor, which I rate above all else, would be tarnished. Yesterday in family council we decided to conceal everything of any value. As the whole fortune of my father-in-law consists of coffins (he is the finest maker of caskets in the city, as you know), we have decided that the most beautiful shall vanish. I address you as a friend; save my fortune and our honor! In the expectation that you will be willing to do me this service, I send you, dear friend, a coffin which I beg you to keep for me till I send for it. Without aid from our friends and acquaintances we are lost. I hope that you will not refuse me this, as this coffin will not be permitted to remain with you more than a week. To all those I consider my true friends I have sent a similar message, and I count upon their generosity and their integrity.

"Your loving friend,

"JEAN TCHELOUSTINE."

"After this adventure, I nursed my shattered nerves for three months; our friend, the son-in-law of the coffin manufacturer, saved his honor and his possessions; he now heads an establishment for the sale of funeral supplies. The business is not a very prosperous one, and every evening on my return home I dread seeing near my bed a white marble monument or a catafalque."

Fiorella—A Comedy by Sardou



O the Americans must be allotted the credit of writing the best contemporary short stories, declares that able literary critic, M. Funck-Brentano, in the *Paris Figaro*; but it is to France, he adds, that one must go for the best written one-act plays. France, he believes, is the home of the one-act play—the “curtain raiser.” This form of dramatic composition must have a literary quality if it is to appeal to the French taste. That is, it must be readable by and in itself, apart from any merit revealed from its presentation on the stage. The French theaters attach great importance to the curtain raiser, a fact which, we are told, may account for the care bestowed by contemporary French writers upon this form of composition.

The following one-act comedy is by Victorien Sardou and P. B. Gheusi. The latter is referred to by M. Funck-Brentano as one of the men doing the most distinctive work of this kind in France at the present day. Sardou, of course, is known to all the world. He is now in his seventy-fifth year, and this little play is therefore a sort of conjoint effort by a representative of the old and a representative of the new school of French playwrights. “*Fiorella*” was produced for the first time in London, at the Waldorf Theater. The scene is laid in Venice in the sixteenth century. There are but five characters:

Cordiani, the lover of *Fiorella*;
Gattinara, a bandit chief;
Agostin, a Venetian senator;
Fiorella, niece of *Agostin*;
Zerbine, *Fiorella*’s maid.

The curtain rises upon a hall in *Agostin*’s palace. In the background is a large bay-window fronting upon the canal and affording a view of the palaces on the bank opposite. It is night, deep night. The rising moon is silvering the roofs and campaniles. *Agostin*’s palace is shrouded in silence. The song of some gondoliers floats into the windows and then dies down. The patrician *Agostin*, emerging from the gallery which leads to his apartment, crosses the hall and stops to listen at *Fiorella*’s door. Hearing nothing, he calls.

Agostin: *Fiorella!* (*Continued silence on the part of the young girl. Agostin raises his voice*)
Fiorella!

There is no reply. Zerbine hurriedly enters by the door leading to the canal. She is out of

breath. In her hand is her prayer-book. She seems plunged into consternation by the other’s presence. Agostin, suspicious and unfriendly, questions her.

Agostin: Why, *Zerbine*, where do you come from at this hour?

Zerbine: From vespers, my lord.

Agostin (*incredulously*): The bells of St. Mark’s have long been silent in the darkness of to-night.

Zerbine (*volubly*): I prayed for you.

Agostin (*drawing her toward him*): Look me in the face. Whence come you?

Zerbine: From the service.

Agostin: Who preached?

Zerbine (*without hesitating*): A Spanish canon, Don Guzman.

Agostin: From what text?

Zerbine (*with comic terror and mocking tone*): Some terrible Latin that foretold the awful fate of misers. Their souls will have, as the inheritance of hell, the black pest and St. Anthony’s fire. The worthy preacher made us see in the great caldron a man being roasted and tortured for having hounded his lady’s maid too much.

Agostin (*threateningly*): Fool!

Zerbine: In the glowing furnace there was also, aflame from head to foot, a guardian smelling of sulfur. He had remorselessly wrung tears from an adorable niece.

Agostin: Fibber!

Zerbine: But the most terribly punished of all, howling, roasting and agonizing, was a scolder, a pig-head, a jealous fellow, proud as yourself and, like yourself, a senator of Venice.

Agostin: Impudent thing! Be off! Yes, I say, I dismiss you. (*He controls himself suddenly.*) Are you going to serve *Fiorella* her supper?

Zerbine: My mistress?

Agostin (*sarcastically*): She sulks and curses me, no doubt. Console her. Preach her a sermon. Be eloquent. Your memory is still charged with the holy discourse.

Zerbine: Alas! She is the prey of her sorrows. She weeps. I can guess as much.

Agostin: May Heaven grant you are right, *Zerbine*. I had not dared to hope for tears. A woman who weeps is already consoled. She who is most sorrowful and most desolate in her tears finally finds a smile again. Bid her to forget *Cordiani*.

Zerbine: Her betrothed! You are raving. She loves him.

Agostin: No. That is over and done with. Stripped of his all in an infamous gaming-house by a Greek accomplice of that Gattinara who is to be hanged to-morrow, the chevalier cannot have for his wife the niece of Agostin, the wealthy senator. Let her then forget this gallant, who will henceforth be but a soldier of fortune—mocking phrase, that, meaning that he has no fortune at all.

Zerbine: You are false to all you have sworn.

Agostin: What he swore to counted for so little with him!

Zerbine: There was but one love in his heart.

Agostin: That of the gaming table.

Zerbine: He is the victim of a robber—

Agostin: Less despicable than himself.

Zerbine: He wrote such pretty verses—

Agostin: In the sand. Such things as the breeze blows away. I have found, for the purpose of ending this deceitful love—

Zerbine: The best means of intensifying it.

Agostin: One word more and I will bury you both to-morrow in a cloister.

Zerbine (terrified): In the convent!

Agostin: The convent! (*He is about to go. A sudden tumult outside, the sound of the watchman's whistle, and an increasing uproar impel both patrician and servant to run out to the balcony.*)

Zerbine: What has happened?

Agostin: The watchman will tell us.

Zerbine: Listen!

Agostin (indifferently): Some funeral procession.

Zerbine: A robbery.

Agostin: That would be worse.

Watchman (outside, in the profound silence of the night, relates the event he is called upon to announce): From the leaden-roofed prison this night the terrible bandit Gattinara has made his escape. The city will pay ten thousand ducats to anyone who will return him. Any who shelter him will receive the halter. At your first call for aid, at the slightest noise, the watch will rush to your aid. Midnight! (*Bells, horns and noises.*)

Agostin (in consternation): At liberty! Gattinara! What terrible news! No more repose for honest men.

Zerbine (without alarm): Gattinara has never known cruelty from woman. Wo to neglectful husbands!

Agostin (trembling): Gattinara, who disguises himself in a hundred ways, in order to get into our houses to rifle us as he pleases!

Zerbine (smiling): Gattinara, who falls at our feet, and, abandoning infamous pillage, murmurs in the ear of women bold and sweet avowals!

Agostin: Ha! Zerbine! Have you bolted the door?

Zerbine: Heaven!

Agostin: You don't know whether it's bolted or not, I declare! May the north wind fly away with you! Let us go down. Light the way.

Zerbine (petulantly, relighting the extinguished lantern): Bad luck to the rascal who upsets all my plans! How is the door to be left open for our chevalier?

Agostin: Before we go to bed let us look to the locks and windows. Hurry up! Let us go.

Zerbine (counterfeiting terror): I'm afraid. (*She shrinks, followed by Agostin, who is uneasy.*)

Agostin (sheepishly): By my ancestors, I'm afraid myself.

Zerbine: Not as much as I am.

Agostin (imperiously): Go first! (*Both go out, the senator behind the servant, he advancing and retreating with her, according to Zerbine's mischievous fancy. Two gondolas pass in the night and there is the sound of mandolins and guitars. Fiorella, in melancholy mood, appears on the balcony and leans over it.*)

Fiorella (dreamily): Venice sleeps in the harmony of mandolins and stringed lutes. Their sweet refrain makes night balmy with songs of love. In the softness of the pensive shades along the river come dreams which drive away all thought of the hour to return home. (*In the distance the serenading mandolins die away.*) In sadness I await the friend who is tardy. The moon watches the dancing of the ripples in the calm waters. When shall I at last behold the approaching gondola of my well beloved? (*Zerbine enters by way of the gallery. Fiorella eagerly questions her.*) Zerbine! Well?

Zerbine: I have delivered your letter. The chevalier will come. Hush! You must let your guardian go to sleep. I managed to open the door after him again. Don Agostin had double bolted and barred it.

Fiorella: Then he has had his suspicions aroused?

Zerbine: He is afraid. The famous bandit Gattinara is wandering about in the darkness. He has just escaped from the leaden-roofed prison.

Fiorella (gazing keenly along the banks and canals from her station on the balcony, while Zerbine stands at her side): There is nothing that seems suspicious in this vicinity.

Zerbine: Below there, in the shadows, glides a bark. A man in a dark cloak is steering in our direction.

Fiorella: Then it is my knight! But how can I be sure of it? He draws near. He listens!

Zerbine (summoning the unknown with a gesture): Let us make him a sign.

Fiorella (surprised): He seems to hesitate.

Zerbine (leaning out over the canal): Is it really you, Signor Cordiani?

Voice (muffled, from below): Of course.

Zerbine: Push the door. Come in. You are expected. *(To Fiorella)* It's done. He is coming.

Fiorella: Look out for Don Agostin and let us know if he awakes. *(While she is going toward the gallery, Gattinara enters, in the rear, he being swathed in the ample folds of a monk's habit.)*

Gattinara (aside): A love-affair! A quiet place of refuge! A double good fortune offered in return for my boldness. I am not the lover that is expected. Never mind. Suppose I take his place?

Fiorella: Cordiani!

Gattinara (in the light): Madam!

Fiorella (terror-stricken): Heaven! You are not Cordiani!

Gattinara (standing in her way): Perhaps.

Fiorella: A monk!

Gattinara (abandoning the costume in which he is disguised): No. The habit does not make the monk. *(Sinking to his knees.)* From the jealous it hides a gallant whose heart beats beneath the doublet of a gentleman.

Fiorella (endeavoring to be rid of the intruder and in terror lest Agostin awake): Begone!

Gattinara: Never!

Fiorella: I will call my people.

Gattinara (succeeding in his effort to kiss her hand): Death were to me less cruel coming from this hand, so soft to my lips.

Fiorella (in surprise): Death! Then you are—

Gattinara: One with a price upon his head. A rebel.

Fiorella (showing him the door hidden in an angle): Fly!

Gattinara (trying to draw her closer to him): That would mean giving myself up.

Fiorella (angrily): Go!

Gattinara: That means refusing a refuge, a last refuge, to the proscribed. I am at bay.

Fiorella (incredulously): Who is responsible?

Watchman (his voice is farther off in the distance than it was before, yet it is still quite distinct): Good people, Gattinara is being hunted out. By a ruse he has escaped the leaden-roofed prison. He is ugly, little, knock-kneed and skinny, bearded like a pirate and tanned like a negro. Remember this description.

Gattinara (much amused by the falsity of every detail in his pretended portrait, which he has noted with a brief nod and appropriate mimicry): Luckily, the description is not only incorrect but a lie from beginning to end. It is a description invented by some jealous man whose wife must be laughing at his expense. *(He gaily approaches Fiorella, who is terror-stricken.)*

Watchman (ending his cry): Lock your doors against the terrible bandit! Down with Gattinara! Look out! One o'clock!

Fiorella: Great heaven! Gattinara! It is he! *(She goes toward him boldly.)* I understood all, signor. Here are some valuable rings, my purse, my jewel-case. It is my whole wealth. Have mercy! Go!

Gattinara (charmed with her, takes her hands and draws her to the balcony into the light of evening): Oh, enchanting voice! Speak on! Let me behold those eyes!

Fiorella (resisting): Night of terror! Have pity!

Gattinara: How pretty she is!

Fiorella (rebellious but powerless): Alas!

Gattinara: Be not afraid. Restore, oh, divine marvel, the crimson of a smile to the flower of your lip. What I shall ask of you—

Fiorella: I can guess—Agostin's gold. It is in the next room.

Gattinara: You take me—

Fiorella (with a shade of mischief): For one proscribed.

Gattinara (in high good-humor): For a robber. Well, yes, I am one. But what matters to me the strong box of some miser or his gold plate? While he sleeps with his door trebly barred, I would seize the incomparable treasure, the peerless jewel which dazzles with its sovereign brilliance this whole palace, where my good angel points out the refuge of my heart and the haven of my bark. It is you, radiant beauty, who are the object of my longing or my dream. It is the beam of your dreamy and serene glance that rises upon the horizon of my hope.

Fiorella (anxiously and aside): How am I to make him go?

Gattinara: My heart ceases to feign and my voice no longer lies. Look into my distracted soul and let it be yours to smile. Nothing here below could be compared with your love. Yes, I will steal them, trembling and pale bandit that I am—I will steal those diamonds, your eyes, and that gold, your hair, your radiant lips, oh, divine they are! I would that you loved me blindly and wildly—as I love you! *(He falls upon his knees in the attitude of one beside himself with love, when Cordiani appears and precipitates himself toward the maid.)*

Cordiani (in fury): Fiorella!

Fiorella (running to him): Save me!

Cordiani (throwing aside his cloak and drawing his sword): Death!

Gattinara: My rival!

Cordiani: Wretch!

Fiorella: Silence! Agostin is asleep.

Cordiani: How does this man come here?

Gattinara: Kill me! That would be a fine thing to do—one gentleman killing another who is unarmed.

Fiorella (in fright): Cordiani!

Gattinara (in amazement—aside): What do I hear? He whom one of my followers robbed in a gaming-house of twenty thousand gold ducats! I swear by our lady that I will return the money if I save my own skin.

Cordiani: What is your name?

Gattinara: Guess?

Cordiani: Gattinara.

Gattinara (surprised): My head is worth ten thousand ducats. You may gain the money.

Cordiani (appeased): Why did you come here?

Fiorella (showing her jewel-case): To rob.

Gattinara (pointing to the chevalier's naked sword): To die.

Cordiani (returns his sword to its scabbard and opens the little door in the angle): Be off.

Gattinara (without stirring): I am a knight and a poet. You give me life. In accepting that gift from my equal, two words will repay the debt.

Cordiani: Two words?

Gattinara: To you, thanks. *(Kissing the long*

sleeve of Fiorella's cloak): To madam, pardon, I beg. (*He salutes, and goes without hurry.*)

Cordiani: An original character. Let him go and get himself hanged somewhere else.

Fiorella: With what suspicion did you malign me an instant since, without even hearing me?

Cordiani: No, I never doubted you, my Fiorella. But what has happened? Your letter alarms me. Agostin—

Fiorella: Nothing moves him. He wishes to separate us forever.

Cordiani: Not until he has heard me.

Fiorella: With to-morrow's sun, if we still resist him, he means to shut me up in a convent.

Cordiani: But his promise?

Fiorella: He deems himself released from it on account of the robbery you have suffered.

Cordiani: Accused be the gamester's trap which the demon of gambling caused me to fall into. In poverty, henceforth, a wanderer far from your beloved eyes—my stars—night shall obscure with her veil my beautiful but fading dream. Along the distant banks whither I shall flee to spend my last hours, destiny has chosen the bleak promontory beside the weeping waves where I am to die.

Fiorella: I would not have you leave Venice. The days of happiness will bring their flowers once again.

Cordiani: The grimness of destiny is to me eternal.

Fiorella: There is—oh! let me tell you so—but one misfortune without remedy—that is death.

Cordiani: Alas! Happy days? So far, so forlornly, so quickly, does time deflower their fleeing careers.

Fiorella: Then let us submit to the destiny which overwhelms us. It is a sacred duty—there is the hope of a to-morrow.

Cordiani: Fiorella—do you love me?

Fiorella: Oh, my hero, I love you.

Cordiani: Very well. If these superhuman skies, deaf to my supreme prayer, hide from our eyes their stars of love, let us fly together. My bark is moored in the shadows of the tower.

Fiorella: Whither shall we fly?

Cordiani: To those shores where the sea in more merciful mood has found shelter on blossoming headlands for smiling villages that are hospitable to those in love.

Fiorella: Leave here? And my guardian?

Cordiani: A tyrant.

Fiorella: And the esteem of our friends?

Cordiani: Your flight is justified. Respect the sacred vows desecrated by the perjured Agostin.

Fiorella: Do not tempt me. Pity my weakness.

Cordiani: I shall die if your heart abandons me.

Fiorella: Zerbine!

Cordiani: She will join us later.

Fiorella: Grant me one more day. (*On a sudden, outside, is heard a tumult. There follow a shot and the noise of pursuit.*) Heaven!

Voice (in the distance): Help! (*Gattinara rushes in.*)

Fiorella and Cordiani: Gattinara!

Gattinara (breathless): Hide me! I implore you to save me once again! It will be the last time. Otherwise I shall be taken and slain.

Cordiani: So I see—the guards are in pursuit of you.

Gattinara: The whole band saw me enter the palace.

Fiorella (to Cordiani): My friend, let us save him.

Cordiani (parodying the bandit): We cannot devote ourselves to the service of a gentleman by halves. But where shall he be hid?

Fiorella (while the brigand is donning his monk's habit): In the only sure place of refuge—my apartment.

Cordiani: The heaven from which I am exiled is to be made over to this brigand?

Fiorella (smiling): He is no longer dangerous.

Cordiani: A robber!

Fiorella: It does not matter. Guardian, convent or watchman would not have saved me from something worse in the form of a man, had it been necessary to hide him.

Cordiani: What do you mean?

Fiorella: A lover.

Gattinara: They come. The palace is surrounded. I entreat you—let me defend myself. A sword, a dagger! I am hanged already.

Cordiani (very calm; he pushes the bandit into Fiorella's chamber): Not yet. Go in there.

Agostin (rushes in, followed by Zerbine, the watchman and some soldiers, the latter remaining in the background. Cordiani has hidden himself in the angle of a doorway): This way, gentlemen. But since he has been captured in my house by me, it is to myself that Venice owes ten thousand ducats. That is the promised sum.

Watchman: No doubt. (*Cautiously, to his men on the stairway*) Remain there. Watch every door. Fire upon him if he appears.

Zerbine: Fire upon him! (*She lets herself sink into an officer's arms.*) Then I am dead.

Watchman (far from reassured and pushing the others in front of him): I am obliged, in view of my headstrong rashness, to be very circumspect. When a brawl is proceeding it is enough for me to show myself to see them all run away. Therefore I must hide behind you all. I must assume an apparent fear. If he saw me, our man, without being necessarily a coward, would be too frightened. Take particular care not to irritate the man. He is said to be rather courageous. Don't forget either that he is a gentleman. He is headstrong, like ourselves. As soon as the accused is trembling in your hands, I will reveal my presence. But I will be silent—for he would be quite capable of making his escape—he is so afraid of me.

Agostin: Fiorella, fear nothing. It is that Gattinara, a scamp who, in the darkness, has stolen into our abode. But we are many. He is caught. (*In a voice trembling with fear*) Surrender!

Fiorella: Uncle!

Agostin (louder, behind the watchman, whom he has managed to thrust in front of him): Rascal, give yourself up! A bit of tapestry is moving there. (*Hurried retreat of all.*)

Fiorella: It's the breeze.

Agostin (pale and broken of voice): An armed hand!

Zerbine (clinging to the watchman): A ghost!

Watchman (terrified): A rat! (*Zerbine lifts the suspicious bit of tapestry. Nothing there.*)

Agostin: Nobody!

Watchman (relieved): He must have fled.

Agostin (affrighted): No, that red cape is his.

Cordiani (advancing): Pardon me, it is mine.

Agostin (in fury): You!

Watchman: He is our robber.

Agostin: Of course, since he robs me of the ten thousand ducats prize money. Ah, rascal, whence come you?

Cordiani (indignant, he steps forward toward Agostin, who retreats): Signor!

Watchman (to Zerbine): I see now why the niece is dumbstruck and the guardian is furious. *(To Agostin)* Signor, shall we not take this gallant to prison or shall we throw him out of the window?

Agostin: I will attend to that.

Watchman: I understand—a family secret.

Agostin (handing him a purse and pushing him to the door): Insolent!

Watchman (in a loud tone, calling to those on the stairway and the balcony): Ho, there! Off with you! Make no noise. Everybody is asleep.

Agostin (furious, handing him a few more coins): Not a word.

Watchman: Silence is golden. *(He departs, followed by the guard.)*

Agostin (returning to Cordiani): Now for us both.

Fiorella: We three!

Agostin: Fiorella! With to-morrow's dawn you enter a convent *(To Cordiani)* As for you—disappear! I dismiss you.

Cordiani: But your oath?

Agostin: Enough!

Zerbine: These poor lovers!

Agostin: Be quiet, simpleton!

Zerbine: Separate them—what a cruel fate!

Agostin: Again! To-morrow, I will put you in a convent. You will not leave it while I live.

Gattinara (having stolen from his place of refuge, bent over like a hunchback, a cowl over his eyes, he reaches the door and sniffs behind them): Dominus vobiscum! *(All turn in surprise.)*

Zerbine: A monk!

Agostin: Or else, perhaps, that Gattinara, a past master in the art of assuming all disguises.

Cordiani (humbled and determined): Farewell!

Agostin (amiable and eager, retains him as he is about to depart): What! Leave us so soon, without permitting your friends to retain you for a few minutes longer? *(Reassured by the presence of Cordiani, he turns to the monk)* And how, reverend father, did you come up here?

Gattinara: By a stairway.

Zerbine: I hope so.

Gattinara: Is Don Agostin here?

Zerbine: Here he is.

Gattinara (in boundless delight, crying aloud): God be praised, this morning hour will witness the liberation from infernal torment of a penitent who sorrows for his deep sin.

Agostin (uneasily to Cordiani): This chanter of psalms is an object of suspicion to me. *(To the seeming monk)* I am sorry, father, but at this hour I always close my door to beggars as well as to robbers. I shall therefore be regretfully obliged to show you the door.

Gattinara: I do not come to seek money. I bring some.

Agostin (expansively): You don't say!

Gattinara: Overcome with his sorrows, his heart heavy as lead, his head bowed, his eyes

filled with tears, my penitent said to me: "Before I die, hasten to Don Agostin, and say to him that his son-in-law—"

Agostin: What wild talk! I never had a son-in-law and never will.

Gattinara (without permitting himself to be interrupted and taking hints from the gestures of Zerbine): Say to him: "The betrothed of his niece Fiorella—"

Agostin: My niece betrothed! That is an impotence.

Gattinara (turning to the two lovers, who make signs to him): You shall soon see that it is the truth.

Agostin: No, no.

Gattinara (humbly to Cordiani): "—has lost all his wealth in a vile gaming-house where"—my penitent robbed him.

Cordiani (furiously): That bandit!

Gattinara (appealingly): He repents. I have twenty thousand ducats to restore to you on his behalf.

Agostin (deferentially, to the chevalier): Ha! Twenty thousand ducats.

Gattinara (to the guardian): I beg your pardon—I thought some mistake—

Agostin: Ahem!

Gattinara (solemnly): Is it the truth? Is this gentleman your son-in-law? If not, nothing is accomplished.

Agostin: He has always been.

Gattinara (taking a paper from his pocket): At Sanguisuela—

Agostin: My banker.

Gattinara: The sum will be handed to you. Here is the draft.

Agostin (having examined the paper, he retains it): Signed by my own banker!

Gattinara: In real gold.

Agostin (showing the paper, which he holds at a distance): It is as he says. Ah, the honest robber!

Cordiani: I saw very well that he was indeed a gentleman.

Agostin: Twenty thousand in gold—does not the honest rogue retain anything for himself?

Gattinara: He returns the whole sum.

Agostin: These brigands are sometimes upright and delicately refined.

Zerbine: Many an honest man would have kept those ducats. To cheat while gambling is a trivial offense to many a Cræsus who shines by his virtue.

Fiorella (smilingly to the bandit): Let us forgive the worthy villain.

Agostin: It is done already.

Fiorella: Then may he be happy and—better.

Cordiani: May he avoid the halter and win an inheritance.

Agostin: One bandit still remains odious—Gattinara.

Gattinara (exchanging mocking glances with Fiorella and Cordiani): Why, no, sleep in peace, for your property has nothing to fear from the brigand—to-night.

Agostin: Is he dead?

Zerbine: Or captured?

Fiorella (smiling): Or drowned?

Cordiani: Or burned?

Agostin: Slain without fuss!

Gattinara: A thousand times worse—he turned monk.

Humor of Life

A GLIMPSE OF THE INVISIBLE

"Bobbie," demanded Bobbie's mother, reproachfully, "why in the world didn't you give this letter to the postman, as I told you to?"
"Because," replied the youth, with dignity, "I didn't see him until he was entirely out of sight."
—*Harper's Magazine*.

IT' ALL DEPENDS

"After all," remarked the old bachelor, "there's no place like home."
"That's right," rejoined the married man sadly, "and there are times when I am glad of it."
—*Smith's Magazine*.

FINANCIALLY WEAK

TRAMP (piteously): "Please help a cripple, sir."
KIND OLD GENT (handing him some money): "Bless me; why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?"
TRAMP (pocketing the money): "Financially crippled, sir."
—*Illustrated Bits*.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

"Waiter!" called the customer in the restaurant where an orchestra was playing.
"Yes, sir."
"Kindly tell the leader of the orchestra to play something sad and low while I dine. I want to see if it won't have a softening influence on this steak!"
—*Tit Bits*.

AFRAID IT WOULD SLIP

Senator Tillman piloted a constituent around the Capitol building for a while and then, having work to do on the floor, conducted him to the Senate gallery.

After an hour or so the visitor approached a gallery doorkeeper and said: "My name is Swate. I am a friend of Senator Tillman's. He brought me here and I want to go out and look around a bit. I thought I would tell you so I can get back in."

"That's all right," said the doorkeeper, "but I may not be here when you return. In order to prevent any mistake I will give you the password so you can get your seat again."

Swate's eyes rather popped out at this. "What's the word?" he asked.

"Idiosyncrasy."

"What?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"I guess I'll stay in," said Swate.—*American Spectator*.

EVIDENCE

"Yep," remarked Si Whipple, the landlord of the Benson Bend Hotel; "ther sausages I've bean a-feedin' my guests air made from kanines."
"How'd yer find thet out?" inquired the postmaster.

"Wa-al, I fed 'em sausages fer a week, an' by Saturday every guest I had begun ter growl."
—*Judge*.

BEYOND WORDS

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the doctor.
"Let me see your tongue, please."
"What's the use, doctor," replied the patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."
—*Tit Bits*.

WHAT TROUBLED HIM

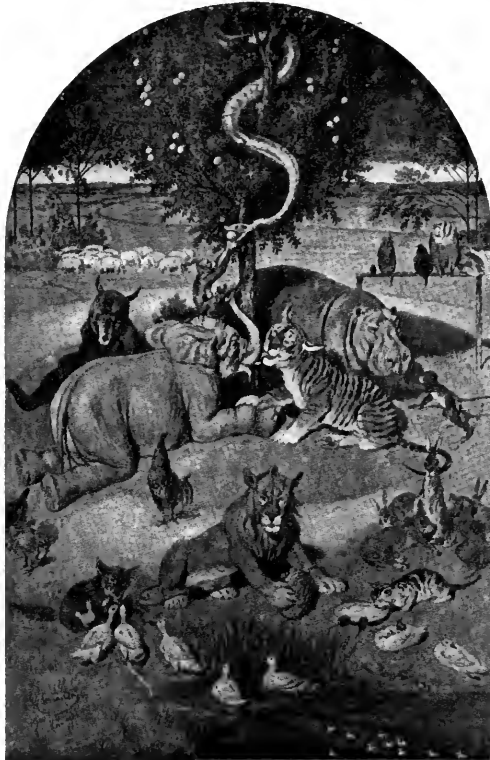
A well-known Atlanta minister tells an amusing story of an Atlantan who has a wife with a sharp tongue.

Jones had come home about two in the morning, rather the worse for a few highballs. As soon as he opened the door his wife, who was waiting for him in the accustomed place at the top of the stairs, where she could watch his uncertain ascent, started upbraiding him for his conduct.

Jones went to bed, and when he was almost asleep could hear her still scolding him unmercifully. He dropped off to sleep and awoke after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark:

"I hope all the women don't have to put up with such conduct as this."

"Annie," said Jones, "are you talking again or yet?"—*Atlanta Georgian*.



THE ANIMAL PARADISE

—Oberlaender in *Westermann's Monatsheft*, Leipzig.

HUMOR OF LIFE



HOME MILLINERY

MRS. OSTRICH.—Now, George, stop your fault-finding. You should be glad to give them up. Just think how much better they look in my hat than in your tail.

—From *Puck*.

INESCAPABLE LINES TO A LITERARY MAN IN LOVE

Lover, if you would Landor now,
And my advice will Borrow,
Raleigh your courage, storm her Harte,—
In other words, be Thoreau.

You'll have to Stowe away some Sand,
For doubtless you'll Findlater
That to secure the maiden's hand
Hugo and tackle Pater.

Then Hunt a Church to Marryatt,
An Abbott for the splice;
And as you Rideout after Ward
You both must Dodge the Rice.

Next, on a Heaven-Gissing Hill,
A Grant of Land go buy,
Whence will be seen far Fields of Green,
All Hay and Romany Rye.

Here a two-Story House-
man builds;
The best of Holmes is it.
You make sure that on its
Sill
The dove of peace Haz-
litt.

"Hough does one Wright
this Motley verse,
This airy persiflage?"
Marvell no Morris to How-
itt's Dunne,
Just Reade Watson this
Page!

—Elizabeth Dickson Conover
in *Putnam's Magazine*.

OBJECTIVE POINTS

STELLA: "Did you enjoy
your European trip, my dear?"

BELLA: "Yes, indeed; we
went to 117 souvenir post
cards."—*Puck*.

HE SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT IT FIRST

WHYTE: "Yes, I intended to buy that
seaside hotel; but I went down there and
stayed a week to look it over, and——"

ROGERS: "Yes?"

WHYTE: "And after paying my bill I no
longer had the price of the hotel."—*Tit Bits*.

THE EXPERT

"Is Speedman a good chauffeur?"

"Good? Say! he caught a man yesterday
that every motorist in the city has had a try
at and missed."—*Judge*.

AN EXAMPLE SET THE YOUNG

How can Sea-urchins be brought up
To act by laws and rules?
Their Grampus swim on Sabbath day
Their Porpoise play in schools.

—E. L. Edholm in *Overland Monthly*.

UP AGAINST IT

PROPRIETOR BOOKSHOP (in Lallapoloosa, Ind.):
"Look here, young man! Why didn't you for-
ward the list of our six best-sellers to New York,
last week?"

THE NEW CLERK. "'Cause we only sold five,
sir."—*Puck*.

A DEFINITION.

A stick and a ball and a wee, small boy,
A whack, and the ball is off;
A walk of a mile; then do it again,
And that is the game of golf.

—E. J. Johnson in *Lippincott's*.

ALWAYS BEHIND

"I am strongly inclined to think that your
husband has appendicitis," said the physician.
"That's just like him," answered Mrs. Cumrox.
"He always waits till everything has pretty near
gone out of style before he decides to get it."

—*Tit Bits*.



OTHER MEANS OF SUPPORT IN SIGHT

"Lazybones Lincoln is goin' to get married, maw."

"How you know dat?"

"He done throw up his job yesterday."

—From *Judge*.

FORTUNES IN RISING COPPER PROFITS



THESE are money-making times. The whole world is prosperous and progressive. But there is one particular industry that is producing wealth far more swiftly than any other. That is the business of supplying the civilized nations with the metals.

The United States produces two-thirds of all the copper consumed in the world. Europe is now as dependent on our copper as she is on our cotton. Shut off the American supply of this metal, and electrical progress would stop completely in France, Germany and Holland. The scarcity of copper in all the civilized countries amounts to practically a famine. The United States is depended upon to supply this tremendous, frantic demand. Here is the result:

In 1906, the copper product of the United States will amount to \$185,000,000. The dividends of copper mines in the United States will reach \$58,000,000. Already during ten months of this year dividends of American copper companies have exceeded \$48,000,000. The fact is that copper mines are paying one-half the total dividends paid by the entire mining industry. The money difference between copper and gold in 1905 was \$60,000,000 in favor of copper.

For this important situation the extension of the uses of electricity in trolley, telephone and telegraph and the increase in the consumption of brass (which is two-thirds copper) are directly responsible. There is no boom. The only question is, "Can the science of mining keep up with the demand for this metal?" Three electrical companies consume 250 million pounds a year. The American Brass Company took 125 million pounds in 1905. Germany's copper bill is \$86,000,000 annually.

The growing consumption of this metal has brought about one natural result. In a year the price of copper has risen ten cents a pound. It will continue to rise, for at the present rate of consumption, the world will need twenty-four billion pounds in the next score of years.

And the most fortunate fact in the whole situation is that the millions of dividends from the copper industry are being distributed everywhere throughout the United States to the men and women who own copper stocks.

The newest copper belt in the United States is the Southwest—Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico. There are scores of mines here which have made many wealthy within four or five years. Five years ago you could have bought 100 shares of the Calumet & Arizona for from \$125 to \$350. These shares are now worth from \$14,000 to \$15,000. If you had bought 1,000 shares and paid from \$1,250 to \$3,500 for them, you would now be receiving in dividends \$16,000 a year. You could have sold out recently for \$163,000 cash.

You could have purchased Nevada Consolidated a year ago around \$1 a share. It has sold for \$20 a share. If you had invested \$1,000, you could have made a clear net profit of \$19,000 in one

year. Or you could have held your stock and received enormous dividends. These are only two instances of the scores of great mineral successes of the Southwest. There are many others as striking and as significant.

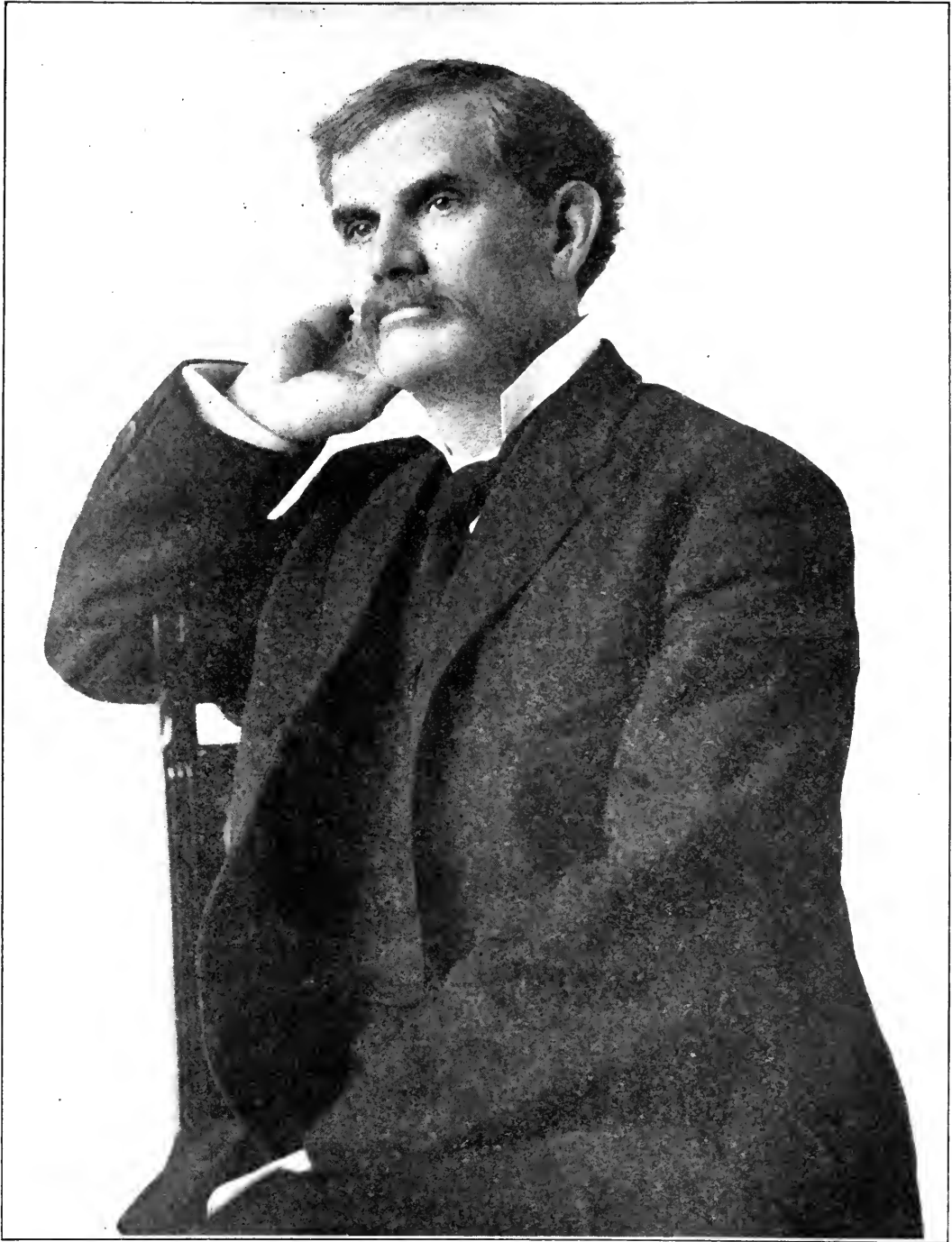
As a wealth producer zinc is going to the front with copper, and for the same reason—the rapid increase in its consumption. Zinc producers are paying splendid earnings. Twenty-four million dollars was the yield in 1905 of American zinc mines. Among the largest and richest of the new copper and zinc properties of the Southwest is the Kelly Mine of New Mexico. Another which is interesting for many reasons is the Starlight Mine of Arizona. Engineers of distinguished ability state that these mines will make astonishing records within a short time.

In these days of mineral activity it is necessary to observe this fact: That to make tremendous profits in mining—a fortune by a single financial stroke—you must purchase shares from a company which has proven large deposits of the metals, and is offering its stock at a low price to develop its property and purchase equipment to greatly enlarge its operations and profits. When a company has begun paying dividends, its stock is held at just what it is worth as an interest payer.

The men in control of the Tri-Bullion Smelting & Development Company, which owns the Kelly and the Starlight Mines, recently offered some of the company's shares for the purpose of carrying out plans that would place them in the front rank of producers. These shares were at once sought by conservative interests. If they can now be had, their purchase is an unusual opportunity to share in the wonderful prosperity of the metal producers. I suggest that you write to Mr. John W. Dundee, Treasurer, 43 Exchange Place, Suite 1510, New York, and ask him for engineers' reports and information. These are days of quick action. The real opportunities do not remain open long.

The properties of the Tri-Bullion Company differ from many of those whose shares have been offered to the public in that Tri-Bullion properties are producers, while many companies have interests which have not been thus definitely proven but which are only of a prospective value. Such propositions are purely speculative. One Tri-Bullion property is now making a large daily net profit. New equipment being installed will increase this to about \$4,000 daily. This is the best test of the actual value of a mineral property, making its shares a more safe and conservative investment. The officers of the Company are men prominent in the mining world, with ample experience in the operation of mines. The immediate operation and development of the mines is in the hands of skilled and successful engineers. Both of these conditions are necessary for the successful conduct of any mineral enterprise.—*Wm. Edward Chapman.*





"A LEADER WHO LEADS"

John Sharp Williams, of Yazoo, Mississippi, who marshals the forces on the Democratic side in the House of Representatives, has a well defined presidential boom under way, especially in the South, but persists in treating it with frivolous disrespect. He is a lawyer and a cotton planter, has considerable wealth, was educated at several universities, including Heidelberg, and his manners are "as easy and unpretentious as an old shoe."

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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George S. Viereck

FEBRUARY, 1907

A Review of the World



HE simmering of the presidential pot is heard in the land. It is not boiling-time, just simmering-time, for the nominations will not be made for sixteen or seventeen months. But the politicians are at work and the prospective candidates are putting out feelers here and there. Mr. Bryan has been heard from again, and he is in a receptive mood. Mr. Taft has been heard from, and he also is in a receptive mood. President Woodrow Wilson has made a statement that indicates a similar receptivity of disposition. Vice-President Fairbanks has not been issuing any proclamations, contenting himself at this stage with corralling degelates, especially in the Southern states. Senator Foraker is trying to rally the anti-administration forces around himself as a center, with the design presumably of being able to dictate the next nomination even if he cannot secure the prize for himself. The three figures that loom largest on the Republican side, not counting President Roosevelt, are the two Ohio men, Taft and Foraker, and Fairbanks, who is almost as much of an Ohian as an Indianian. There are, of course, various other "favorite sons" whose friends are doing preliminary work in their behalf. John Sharp Williams, Senator Daniels and ex-Governor Francis are mentioned prominently on the Democratic side, and Senator La Follette, Speaker Cannon and Secretary Root on the Republican side. Hearst is apparently eliminated, Senator Bailey likewise, Governor Hughes is referred to now and then as a possibility, and hope of the renomination of President Roosevelt is still clung to here and there.

ONLY one contest can be said to be exciting any marked attention at this stage of the presidential canvass, and that is the one over Secretary Taft. It is generally conceded that

if President Roosevelt can name his successor, he will name his portly secretary of war. All the political maneuvers of the next sixteen months in the Republican party will be dominated by this one question: Is the President to be allowed to name his successor? Striving to secure a negative answer to this question are found all the more conservative forces in the party. The corporate interests do not desire the continuation of the Roosevelt policy. The Ohio senators and the element now dominant in Ohio do not wish to see Taft the nominee, because thereby the leadership of the party in Ohio would again be wrested from the hands of Senator Foraker and his colleague Senator Dick. The fight made over the discharge of the black soldiers is important politically because it gives to the opponents of the administration capital to fight with in securing the delegates to the next national convention from the Southern states as well as the delegates from those Northern states where the negroes hold a balance of power. In addition to the corporate power, the various personal ambitions and the pro-negro sentiment, the line-up against Taft includes the more rigid adherents of the protective tariff, who distrust him because of the favor which he expressed a few months ago for tariff revision and the activity he has shown in behalf of a scaling down of the tariff on Philippine products.

ON THE other hand, it remains a question to what extent the pro-administration sentiment of the country can be rallied around Secretary Taft. How far the President himself will try to interfere in the course of events is uncertain. Nothing direct and unequivocal has come from him or is expected to come from him, out of consideration for the proprieties of his position. The country is left



"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?"
—Morris in *Spokesman-Review*.

to infer his desires, first by the fact that he has put Taft forward so prominently of late as spokesman for his policy, second by Taft's own statement made at the close of the year to the effect that his ambition is not political and he sees objections to his availability, but that he would not decline a nomination for the Presidency "in the improbable event" that it comes his way. It is assumed that this statement had the approval of the President or it would never have been made. Secretary Root has also helped to establish the conclu-

sion that Secretary Taft is the first choice of the Administration. Interviewed a couple of months ago in Cincinnati, he remarked: "When sizing up presidential timber, don't for an instant lose sight of William H. Taft." The question of Taft's availability, upon which he himself with characteristic candor throws doubt, is discussed in a rather gingerly fashion by the better recognized Republican journals. They are not committing themselves very freely at this time, and according to some of the Washington correspondents the President is disappointed at the apparent lack of enthusiasm with which Taft's statement has been received. "Apparently," says the *New York Times's* correspondent, "the President expected a great wave of popular enthusiasm which would check at the outset the schemes of the old-line politicians who are plotting to control the next National Convention against him. Nothing of the sort happened and the President was accordingly disappointed." The same correspondent, however, observes that there is not apparent any good reason for the disappointment, as the statement "was received everywhere with approval, probably more approval than would have been given the candidacy of any other man in President Roosevelt's official family or closely connected with him."

SEVERAL of the New England journals are without any doubt as to Taft's availability. Says the *Boston Herald* (Ind.):

"The Republican party would hardly venture to nominate any man who has not been, in the main, in sympathy with the President's policy toward trusts and law-breaking corporations. On these and kindred questions Secretary Taft has occupied a safe and sane middle ground. His character, temperament and judicial mind and training would make him an acceptable candidate to the large body of voters who want to preserve and continue the really valuable work which President Roosevelt has begun, without accelerating the tendency to more extreme radicalism on one hand or on the other heading a reaction toward the old, corrupt conservatism. . . . Unless the President shall suffer an obvious loss of popularity and prestige, his secretary of war will be the most logical and available candidate."

The *Connecticut Courant* holds similar views. It is positive that "Taft is the most popular man mentioned for the place." It says:

"If the question were left to the people, nothing could prevent either his nomination or his election. He has the complete confidence of the country alike in his personal integrity and his very large ability. He trusts the people and they trust him. The fact that everybody concedes that his nomination would mean his election puts him in a class by himself. You don't hear that about anybody else."



It is rumored that the skull and jawbone of the giant prehistoric man recently discovered in Nebraska will be named by the scientists "Oratoriuspresidential-candidatusagainos."
—Walker for Baltimore Syndicate.

The New York *Press*, which voices the opinions of the radical element in the party, of which La Follette is the leader, thinks that the reception given to Taft's statement "palpably puts him in the lead of the avowed candidates for the presidential nomination."

SEVERAL journals point out that while the President's popularity remains unshaken, his power will steadily decline as the time for his term of office to expire draws near, and that his ability to name his successor seventeen months hence will be very doubtful. The Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, however, sees one card which Mr. Roosevelt may play with tremendous effect even then:

"There is another feature which the politicians who are starting out in this campaign [against the administration] apparently have not figured on, and that is that if they are successful, if by grabbing negro delegates and putting in favorite sons and playing various games of this kind they succeed in getting enough strength for the man who in Mr. Roosevelt's opinion will be the wrong man, they may force Mr. Roosevelt to abandon his present position and jump in personally; and if he does that all the politicians in the United States cannot stop his nomination. Not only that, but this movement needs a Hanna to engineer it, and there is no Hanna in sight."

It may be remarked in passing that a body calling itself "The Roosevelt Third Term National League," with headquarters in Chicago, has been sending out circulars in favor of the President's renomination on the ground that it is not the province of Theodore Roosevelt to say he will or will not be President. "He who acts as President acts solely as a servant of the people and when called by them must come."

THE attitude of Vice-President Fairbanks in relation to the Roosevelt policies and the attitude of President Roosevelt toward the presidential aspirations which the Vice-President is supposed to entertain remain largely a matter of conjecture. The assumption is generally made that Mr. Fairbanks is the candidate of the conservatives in the Republican party, yet there has never been any indication of antagonism on his part to the present administration. Says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Evening Post*: "He has approved publicly the work of Mr. Roosevelt as far as it has gone, and no one must doubt his sincerity; but hardly any one holds to the belief that as a successor of Roosevelt he would carry to their logical conclusion the policies which the

President has introduced." The same observer finds that the South will be solid for Mr. Fairbanks in the next convention, that the signs are "unfailing" of the favor with which he is regarded by the corporate interests, that he has "the best 'unorganized organization' that ever did duty for a presidential candidate," and that he has been in the last three years in nearly every state in the Union, and "has made the most of his travels." The correspondent adds:

"Many of the old party leaders, perhaps most of them, never have been able to look upon the new growth of public policies through the glasses of Mr. Roosevelt. Most of these old party leaders are still in office, and all of them are still in politics. They are a tower of strength when it comes to getting delegates. These men are for Fairbanks for President. They will not go to the end of sacrificing their own futures for the cause of the Vice-President, but they will support him through the campaign preceding the national convention, provided Mr. Fairbanks can show that he has any hold on the affections of the people. In both houses of Congress a majority of the Republican members is of the old pre-Roosevelt school of conservatism. This majority is in favor of the nomination of Mr. Fairbanks, and in a quiet way is doing its work for the Vice-President while the friends of the other candidates seemingly are content to sleep."



THE FLYING MERCURY
Designed by Cuban admirers
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



"SECRETARY TAFT SAYS HE IS IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS"

—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade.



William Alden Smith, the new Senator from Michigan, has been regarded as one of the ablest men in Congress. "Not 'Uncle Joe' himself," says one paper, "exemplified in more decided form both the virtues and the faults of that remarkable body." He beat two millionaire candidates for his new office, being himself a man of moderate means.



Joseph Moore Dixon, Senator-elect from Montana, is in his fortieth year, and has been a Republican member of the House of Representatives at Washington for the past three years. His profession is that of a lawyer, and by birth he is a North Carolinian. Like most men in the breezy West, he is self-made, but he had the advantage of having received a college education, and he learned the art of hustling, which some one has said is the first of all arts in the achievement of political success. He acquired his first distinction in a political way serving as a prosecuting attorney in his adopted state.

SOME NEW SENATORS

ARE we drifting toward a monarchy? The question was asked in Washington's day, again in Jackson's day, again in Grant's day, and now it is asked in Roosevelt's day. It has usually been raised for partizan or personal reasons, and has a flavor of demagogism about it. But it is being propounded to-day in a different spirit, and President Roosevelt's own secretary of state, in his already famous speech made in New York City a few weeks ago, to which we referred last month, has done perhaps more than any other one man to direct the thoughts of the country to this subject. Not that Secretary Root used the word monarchy. His word was "centralization," and his speech was one of warning, not against any particular man or particular party, but against a trend in political affairs for which he held the state governments responsible irrespective of party. That trend is admitted on all sides. But the responsibility for it is a subject of earnest discussion which is to-day the most marked feature in American politics. By many the term "executive

usurpation" is freely used as indicating the reason for our centralizing tendencies, and Secretary Root's speech is regarded as an apology rather than a warning,—an apology for the abounding activities of the Vesuvian gentleman whose address is the White House. By others, the cause of the centralizing tendency is held to be the vast development of corporate activities beyond the power of control by the state governments, and the disregard shown by our "kings of finance" and "captains of industry" for considerations other than financial.

ATACKS upon Roosevelt as a "usurper" and a "menace to industry" are not as open and free as they were a year ago in Washington; but this fact is not attributed to any less hostility on the part of senators and corporations. "There are unmistakable signs," says one of the Washington correspondents, "that active antagonism to what is considered usurpation of power by the Executive will be witnessed soon in Congress. Many Congressmen hold that it is time to call a



Charles Curtis, of Kansas, is the son of a full-blooded Kaw Indian mother, and will be the first of his race to sit in the United States Senate. He used to run a peanut stand in Topeka, then became a hack driver and at the same time studied law, being admitted to the bar when twenty-one. He has been elected to the House of Representatives eight times. He is still a member of the Kaw tribe, and is listened to with deep respect in their council chamber. He has a fine voice and is a ready speaker. He has the erect Indian figure, black eyes and swarthy complexion.



Simon Guggenheim, the new Senator from Colorado, is a multimillionaire, and his election has revived the cry of "Plutocracy." He says: "If I go to the senate, it will not be to represent the smelting company or any other company, or any interest. I will go as a citizen to represent the people of Colorado."

FROM WESTERN STATES

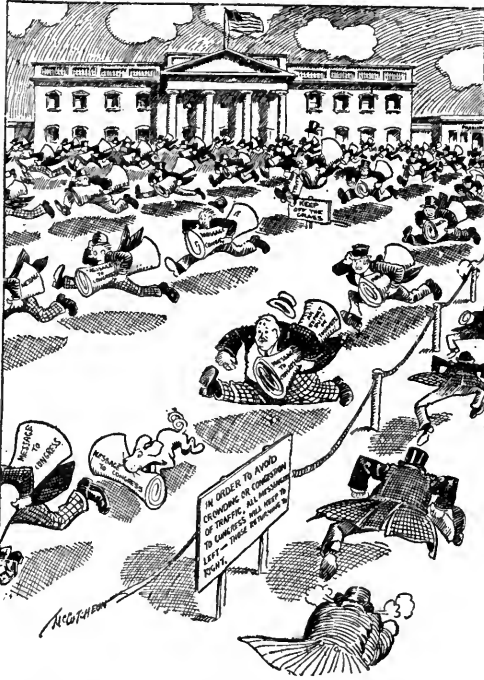
halt on what they contend is a dangerous trend toward absolutism." Various plans for carrying out this purpose have been considered and dropped, and except for Senators Foraker and Scott, the Senators are represented as actually cowed by their experiences a year ago and by the marked favor with which the voters of the country sustained the President's friends and punished his enemies in the recent elections. Even the Democratic Senators are represented as sharing in this feeling. If they read the Democratic journals diligently they may well share in it. One of the boldest of the Senators, in his criticism of the President last year, was Senator Rayner, of Maryland. The leading Democratic paper of that state, the *Baltimore Sun*, has recently published a long editorial entitled "Jackson and Roosevelt," in which the latter's likeness to the idol of Democracy is dwelt upon. Here is an extract:

"There is a striking resemblance between Jackson and Roosevelt in their will-power and in their determination to accomplish results, and at times Jackson, like Roosevelt, seemed to entertain

a somewhat contemptuous opinion of the Constitution when it got in his way. In New Orleans Jackson arrested a judge when he interfered with the public order and welfare and declared martial law. Roosevelt has denounced the courts when the decisions did not suit him. At the great Jefferson dinner in 1830 Jackson wrote the toast: "Our Federal Union—It must be preserved," and when it was threatened by South Carolina he was determined to preserve it without stopping to inquire whether South Carolina was acting within her constitutional rights or not. In his present attitude toward the State of California the President out-Jacksons Jackson. . . . No President since Jackson has had such influence over Congress as Roosevelt has; no President since Jackson exercised such domination over his own party as Roosevelt has.

"In one important particular, however, which goes to the very root of character, these two men are an absolute contrast. Jackson was direct, blunt and sincere. There was no deviousness nor shadow of turning about him. Mr. Roosevelt, while he is a statesman, is at the same time one of the most adroit politicians in our public life."

ONE direct frontal attack is made upon the President. It is found in a Republican paper, the *New York Sun*, whose deepest feel-



THE PRESIDENT SENDS A FEW MESSAGES TO CONGRESS

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*.

ings in the last few years have been those of hostility to the labor unions. It finds in Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the unions and in his attitude toward vast aggregations of capital cause for sweeping criticism. It acquits



ONWARD!

—B. S. in *Columbia State*.

him of any deliberate design to produce certain results, but it nevertheless holds him responsible for the results which it sets forth as follows:

"Look at the state of the country. Class is arrayed against class. The relations between the employer and the employed are destroyed and enmity and hatred have taken their place. The rich are held up to universal execration and are assailed in the pillory which Mr. Roosevelt has built for them. All over the land there is impatience with the law and intolerance of Judges. The constituted authorities are set at defiance.

"From whom did the people derive their new found hatred of wealth?

"Who seduced organized labor from the paths of industry and sanity? Who became its self-constituted champion when he wanted to secure its votes? Who joined a union and prostituted himself and his high place in his lust for office?

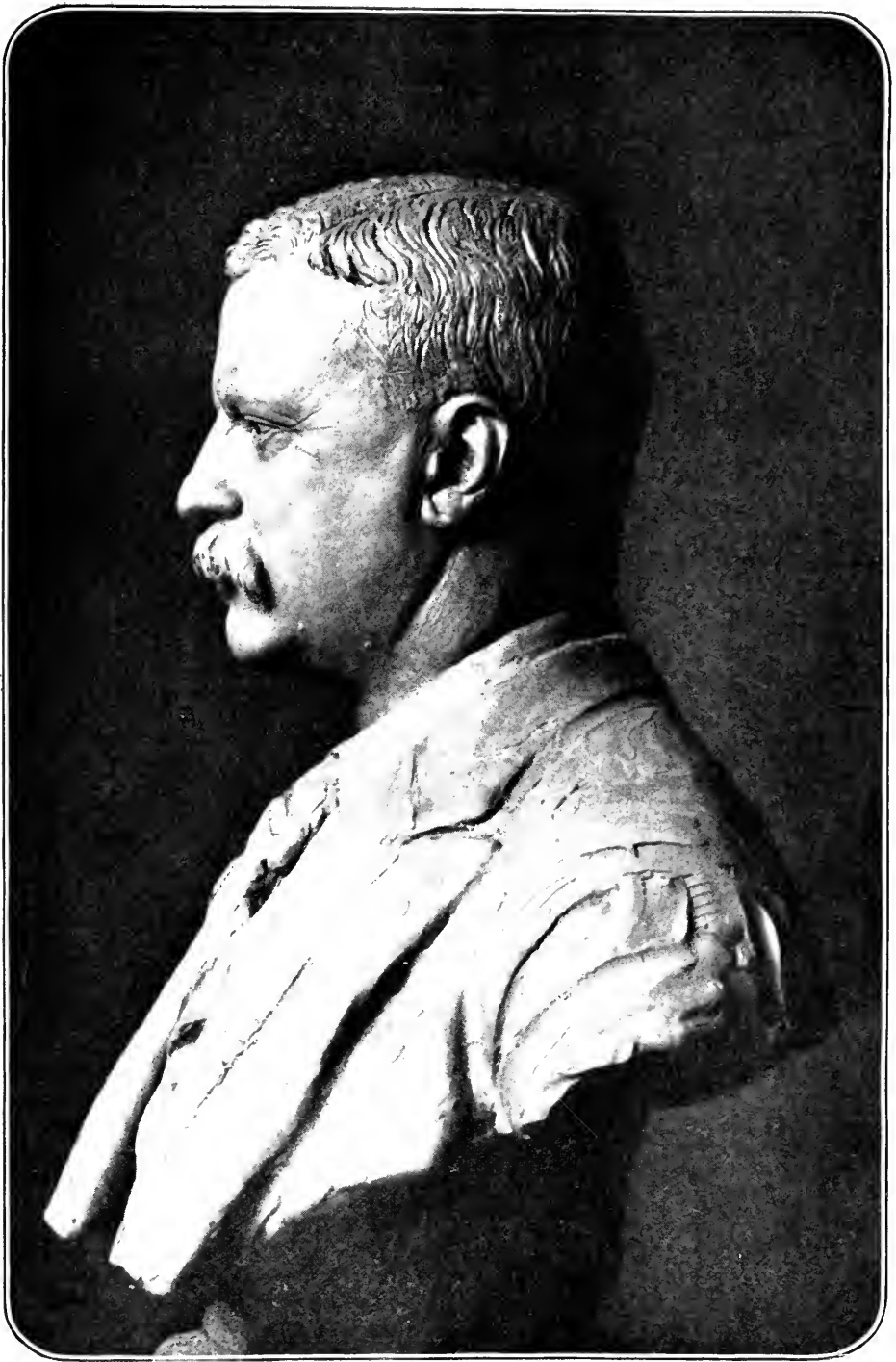
"To whom do we owe the growing contempt for the law and the widespread impatience with its processes and disrespect of its officers that we see throughout the country? Can a more shocking or dangerous example be set before the people than that of the President of the United States rebuking an honest Judge for rendering an opinion according to the laws and according to his conscience, which opinion was distasteful to him, the President, personally?

"When the President of the United States inveighs against wealth and casts about publicly for means to pull it down he invites violence. His idea implies violence, and the imagination of the people, already most unwisely inflamed, will give practical issue to it.

"A reaction in our prosperity may not be due for some time, but Mr. Roosevelt is seemingly bent on precipitating it."

THIS comes as near to being an authoritative public expression as we can find of what may be termed the Wall street view of the President. It is reinforced in *The Sun* later on by a long letter signed "Republican," from which we quote as follows:

"More thoroughly Bryanistic [than the President's attitude toward railways] even is the manner in which for the last two years Roosevelt has been fomenting class hatred. Murder, arson and dynamiting accompanied the great coal strike and were known to be the work of sympathizers therewith. At almost the very time when members of one miners' union was being banqueted at the White House fifteen men were dynamited in Colorado by the friends of another miners' union, and it has been shown conclusively that a large number of trade unions refuse to allow their members to serve in the militia of their own States. Has the President ever warned the people of the danger and tyranny of these associations? Instead, all his invectives have been reserved for obnoxious capitalists, who must be crushed at any cost, until it is largely due to his persistent attacks upon one class of his subjects that at the present time the cheapest way of attaining popularity (as some of our magazines have discovered) is to abuse all the rich and



Courtesy of Pearson's Magazine

TO REMIND THE SENATE IN YEARS TO COME

This powerful portrait bust of President Roosevelt is now being made for the United States Senate by James E. Fraser, the distinguished young sculptor suggested by Augustus St. Gaudens for the work. Mr. Fraser has succeeded in catching Mr. Roosevelt's characteristics in a quite wonderful way and in imbuing the clay with a sense of his rugged force. The above view shows the President's left profile and straight backhead, which are unfamiliar to the American public.

prominent. All this is consistent Bryanism, but even Bryan's diatribes 'pale their ineffectual fires' before Roosevelt's latest proposition to confiscate such fortunes as are in his inerrant opinion of unhealthy size. I doubt if history recalls another instance of a ruler deliberately endeavoring to injure a certain class of his subjects without regard to their guilt or innocence."

WALL STREET has a phrase, so James Creelman tells us (in *Pearson's Magazine*), in which it sums up its opinion of the President. Its phrase is: "Theodore the Meddler," and its opinion is that he is the most meddlesome President the nation has ever had. To his "meddling" is thought to be due the loosing on the American continent of "wild forces of political, economic and social revolution." Mr. Roosevelt, says Mr. Creelman, is a meddler. He has meddled, for instance, with the financial-political plans of Mr. Harriman and his accomplices. He meddled with the attempt of James J. Hill and J. Pierpont Morgan to unite the railways of the northwest in the illegal Northern Securities Company. He has meddled with the meat-packers and with the manufacturers of adulterated foods. But Roosevelt as President does not differ a whit from Roosevelt as governor, Roosevelt as civil service commissioner, Roosevelt as police commissioner, and Roosevelt as a member of assembly. He has been a meddler since boyhood. It is in his blood. But his has been intelligent meddling and the only difference in him now is that he has the power to make his "meddling" effectual. And the deepest cause of hatred for him in the breasts of the Harrimans, Rockefellers, Rogerses, Archbolds, Morgans, Hills, and all their kind, is that he was determined to prove and has proved the supremacy of the government over Wall street and its ability to enact or enforce law against the opposition of any combination of wealth or cunning whatever; and proved it not in secret but in sight of the whole people. Mr. Creelman adds:

"The strangest thing of all is that Wall street ignores the equally significant fact that Mr. Roosevelt has set his face against the political truculence and brow-beating of labor unions, and against rioting or any kind of lawlessness done in the name of organized labor, as sternly as he has compelled the great corporations to recognize the unquestionable sovereignty of the law and the Government."

"There are those who believe that the President of the United States should be a man of slow, conservative temperament. But these are times which call for dynamic force, for moral rage, as it were, to break through the thousand subtle thralls which have been woven about the

hands and feet of civilization. And if Mr. Roosevelt hurls the weight of his great office against the evils which stand in the way of American progress, if he moves sometimes with a suggestion of violence, heart and mind in a fury of earnestness, it is because he has investigated deeply, knows the real facts, appreciates the danger of delay in a country governed by popular suffrage, is constantly face to face with a blind, sordid greed whose resistance can only be overcome by shock, and has made up his mind to save legitimate wealth in spite of itself."

WHETHER Mr. Creelman's interpretation of the Wall street view and of the reasons for it is right or wrong, it is generally admitted that this is the interpretation the country at large has come to accept, and even the critics of the President confess their inability to see any lessening of his popularity. President Eliot, of Harvard, is reported as saying of Mr. Roosevelt that he "has never grown up." Commenting on this the *New York Times* says:

"The impulse to which we have referred, the delight of exercise of inherent powers, is most fresh and energetic in youth. Mr. Roosevelt applies to the analysis of any moral question to which he turns his attention his keen mental force with much the same spirit that a healthy lad runs and jumps and wrestles on an errand to which a man of fifty would go soberly and with no needless expenditure of effort. He cannot help it. It is the imperious demand of a nature still abounding in vigor and spring. What distinguishes him from others of like temperament is the direction his activity takes. It is the ethical bent in his mind. He thinks and feels as to most things in terms of right and wrong. Undoubtedly he likes power, and it would be absurd to contend—he would not do it himself—that he is utterly free from ambition, or vanity, or a certain degree of selfishness; but he instinctively sees the moral side of affairs and reaches a judgment with regard to it, which he maintains with the utmost firmness. He may be hasty. He may be blinded by the intensity of his own sentiments. But it is that side of things that appeals to him and excites him and keeps him excited."

A WRITER in the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia) comments in a humorous vein on this abounding energy and breadth of intellectual sympathy displayed by the President. Whitehouseitis, we are informed, is a disease that is epidemic all the time the President is in Washington. To quote further:

"Conferences at the White House are all surprise parties. Talk about tunnel workers having the bends! People who go to see the President are likely to come out with so many new ideas beaten into them that they make a person who has been subject to the ministrations of compressed air look like a girl in a white dress sitting on a stoop on a summer afternoon. The President talks about anything that interests

him; and everything does interest him, from the right way to crook the tail of a Boston terrier to the proper policy to be pursued at The Hague Peace Conference. He has theories on all subjects, from the exact way a hen should lay an egg to the ultimate destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, and he'll turn them on at any moment."

As to the President's popularity, the same writer expresses in an exaggerated manner the prevailing view. He writes:

"The rural view of Congress is that it is a lot of fellows who are mad because the President is there watching them and keeping them in the straight and narrow path. The old precept that 'the king can do no wrong' is getting to be orthodox doctrine in the West. If the President were to go out and tear down the Washington Monument the people would say: 'Well, the blamed thing ought to have been round instead of square, anyhow,' and if the fancy seized him to burn the White House the country would applaud and shout for as many millions as he liked to build a new one according to his own designs.

"They don't understand this in the Senate. They remind me of a lot of antique St. Bernards barking at the moon. They lay a trap for the President and he gayly walks into it, and they stand around and say: 'Now—now we've got him!' Then they listen for the kind applause from the proletariat, and it never comes. Instead, they get a roar of: 'Them scoundrels down there in the Senate is tryin' to hender the President, but he'll fix 'em!' You'd think after more than five years of this sort of thing the Senate would wake up and acknowledge that a few of the eighty millions of people in this country believe in the President. They won't, though. It takes more than five years to get the Senate out of a trance."

NOT President Roosevelt, but a far more uncontrollable force is pushing us along on the path to monarchy, namely the force of circumstances. That is the view of Mark Twain, put forth in all seriousness in last month's *North American Review*. Unavoidable and irresistible circumstance, he thinks, will gradually take away the powers of the states and concentrate them in the central government, and then the Republic will repeat the history of all time and become a monarchy. Mark is stirred to these reflections by Secretary Root's recent speech and especially by the following sentences in that speech:

"Our whole life has swung away from the old State centers, and is crystallizing about national centers."

"... The old barriers which kept the States as separate communities are completely lost from sight."

"... That [State] power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the national government."

"Sometimes by an assertion of the inter-State commerce power, sometimes by an assertion of

the taxing power, the national government is taking up the performance of duties which under the changed conditions the separate States are no longer capable of adequately performing."

"We are urging forward in a development of business and social life which tends more and more to the obliteration of State lines and the decrease of State power as compared with national power."

"It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against . . . the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control where the State themselves fail in the performance of their duty."

Mark's comment on all this is as follows:

"Human nature being what it is, I suppose we must expect to drift into monarchy by and by. It is a saddening thought, but we cannot change our nature: we are all alike, we human beings; and in our blood and bone, and ineradicable, we carry the seeds out of which monarchies and aristocracies are grown: worship of gauds, titles, distinctions, power. We have to worship these things and their possessors, we are all born so, and we cannot help it. We have to be despised by somebody whom we regard as above us, or we are not happy; we have to have somebody to worship and envy, or we cannot be content. In America we manifest this in all the ancient and customary ways. In public we scoff at titles and hereditary privilege, but privately we hanker after them, and when we get a chance we buy them for cash and a daughter. Sometimes we get a good man and worth the price, but we are ready to take him anyway, whether he be ripe or rotten, whether he be clean and decent, or merely a basket of noble and sacred and long-descended offal. And when we get him the whole nation publicly chaffs and scoffs—and privately envies; and also is proud of the honor which has been conferred upon us. We run over our list of titled purchases every now and then, in the newspapers, and discuss them and caress them, and are thankful and happy."

THE view of Secretary Root that the failure of the state governments to exercise their powers in any adequate way for the protection of the people's rights is responsible for the increase of federal powers was expressed nearly a year ago by Speaker Cannon. As quoted in the *Chicago Tribune* Mr. Cannon said: "In my judgment the danger now to us is not the weakening of the federal government, but rather the failure of the forty-five sovereign states to exercise respectively their function, their jurisdiction, touching all matters not granted to the federal government." The *Tribune* expresses its regret at the tendency toward centralization, but considers it inevitable. But the process should "be extremely slow and deliberate," for otherwise the federal government will become so overloaded with work that it will be able to do nothing efficiently. The *Philadelphia Press* also uses the



SOME INTERESTING STUDIES

word "inevitable" in speaking of the tendency. It says:

"The tendency to nationalism has been inseparable from modern growth. Mr. Root portrays the causes with a rapid and vivid touch. Enlarged human interests and intercommunication have altogether overleaped State lines. The great agencies of activity can stop at State boundaries no more than at county boundaries. Thus the question of regulating railroad rates, when the railroads cross State lines, is one with which the States cannot adequately deal. The Federal anti-trust law, the anti-rebate law, the Federal laws on meat inspection, oleomargarine and pure food laws are also of this character. Congress was compelled to legislate because legislation had become a prime necessity and the State could not supply it effectively. . . . The movement is a natural evolution. It has preceded and must pro-





IN PRESIDENTIAL FACIAL EXPRESSION

ceed only within constitutional lines. It cannot be stopped so long as there is a great public wrong without a legal remedy, and which in its consequences reaches beyond State boundaries."

THE *Atlanta Journal* voices its fear of the centralizing process, especially of that part of it that increases the power of the Executive, in the following language:

"In itself it necessarily leads, this policy, to the further strengthening of the powers of the chief executive; to further government by the executive at Washington and his advisers. Mr. Roosevelt has gone a long way on that road already. It is a great deal easier for the people to accept laws from a law-giver, if they are good laws, than for them to make them for themselves; and every race has had its period of laziness when it ac-



cepted good laws from a good ruler in content. But afterwards comes always an unwise, a weak, a personally ambitious, or an unscrupulous ruler; this latter finds the popular initiative weakened by sloth, and he does what he pleases; Mr. Roosevelt's policy of centralization, if carried out logically, would gradually make way for an essential change in the character of the government, although the form of government might be longer in changing. There is no immediate danger of this republic ceasing to be a republic in spirit; but there is a danger of sowing seeds in the present which will spring up into a troublesome crop of weedy problems for posterity."

The whole subject, observes the *Philadelphia Ledger*, is "of transcendent importance, since it really involves our whole conception of the nature and purpose of government and the maintenance of our constitutional system or its transformation into a system altogether different."

* * *



AROUND the dusky form of Sergeant Mingo Sanders is probably to be waged the rest of the battle concerning the discharge of the black battalion. Two features of the case are as good as settled by the latest message of the President on the subject. By revoking that part of his first order that debarred the discharged soldiers from civil employment, the President has nearly eliminated the question raised as to his constitutional power. The additional sworn evidence submitted to the Senate with that message seems to establish beyond all cavil the fact that the midnight shooting in Brownsville was done by soldiers of the battalion, not by civilians. But the issue that remains and that is personified in the figure of Sergeant Sanders is the question of personal justice to soldiers who did not take part in the raid, and who deny having knowledge that might lead to the detection of those who did take part. Mingo Sanders has served in the army twenty-six years. In May, 1908, he would have retired for age on a pension of \$35.00 a month. He has been honorably discharged eight times, and has re-enlisted each time. His papers of discharge bear testimony to his efficiency as a soldier. He has seen service in the Indian fights, in Cuba, and in the Philippines. His character is declared by Senator Foraker to be "excellent." Sanders has been in Washington working for his reinstatement, and has filed in the War Department affidavits that he did not participate in the raid and does not know who did. The correspondents represent him as dazed and crushed by his discharge without honor, but

confident that the President will restore him to the service.

ASIDE from the game of politics that is supposed to enter into this contest with the administration which some of the Senators have made on this affair, the question of personal justice for Sanders and others in a like situation is the one feature that still calls forth criticism from journals that are not usually hostile to the President's policy. The *New York World* is not fond of Foraker, and thinks his motives are personal and selfish. But it says:

"Mingo Sanders is not bothering his head about what candidate the negro delegates to the Republican National Convention in 1908 will follow. He is not scheming to capture the negro vote, North or South. After twenty-five years' faithful service he wants to re-enlist. He and his companions of the Twenty-fifth Infantry who are innocent have a right to have their military records corrected. They want their cases judged on their merits, not on impulse or prejudice. To make them pawns in the game of politics would ruin their hopes and serve in justifying an Executive lynching."

The *New York Times* admits that the new testimony is "altogether conclusive" that the raid was made by soldiers; but it holds that the testimony is by no means conclusive that knowledge of the raid and of those participating in it "must have been" in the possession of all the soldiers of the battalion. "It was upon this theory," says *The Times*, "that is, the theory that all the negro soldiers knew of the firing and knew the names of the guilty, that the President proceeded when he dismissed the three companies. This is the weak point in his defense of an act which he is perfectly satisfied is within his Constitutional authority."

THE President not only discharged without trial the innocent and the guilty," says the *Springfield Republican*, "he punished without trial." The *Philadelphia Ledger* does not believe that in the history of the nation there is a parallel to the President's argument as found in his statement: "Many of its old soldiers who had nothing to do with the raid must know something tangible as to the identity of the criminals." In other words, says *The Ledger*, the basis for this drastic procedure of punishing innocent men by wholesale is a belief harbored in the mind of the President and a few officers. "Was ever government so conducted on the principle of guess-work?" Says the *New York Sun*:

"The issue is one of simple justice to American soldiers who are also American citizens. Men charged with the crimes which these soldiers are said to have committed are clearly entitled to a trial before some competent tribunal. They have been tried neither by military court-martial nor before the criminal courts of Texas. A local Grand Jury found no ground on which to indict them. The issue is distinctly legal and in no way either personal or political, and those features should be entirely eliminated."

EVEN assuming that a number of the soldiers were innocent, what else could the President have done under the circumstances, with the evidence available, but discharge the whole battalion in the public interest? This question is answered as follows by the *New York Times*:

"If the President had put the three companies under detention, if he had begun a rigorous inquiry, prolonged for months, if necessary, opening up every discoverable source of evidence and neglecting no means of getting at the truth in order that the riotous spirit and murderous acts of the soldiers might be duly punished, the country would have said that he had gone about the task in the right way. By his hasty dismissal of all the soldiers of the three companies he made a searching investigation impossible and cheated justice by the infliction of a miserably insufficient penalty upon the guilty. That was the President's worst mistake, and that it was a mistake he is not yet ready to admit."

The answer made by the *Springfield Republican* to the same question is:

"If the government could do nothing besides this [punish the innocent with the guilty] then it should have done nothing. If it cannot discover the culprits, then it has nothing to do but wait until it can discover them, before inflicting penalties for violation of laws or discipline. It can, however, redistribute suspected soldiers in other commands and thus minimize their power for further mischief. One live detective, meanwhile, might work wonders in securing evidence, if he could be let loose among them."

ONE of the few journals that has not been convinced by the President's latest evidence that the shooting was done by negroes is the *New York Evening Post*. It still attaches weight to the evidence collected by the Constitutional League—a negro organization. The League's contention has been that the negroes were victims of a conspiracy, and that there was ground for belief that the shooting was done by white men who had blackened their faces, put on cast-off uniforms of the soldiers, picked up clips from the rifle range and then strewed them around in the streets on the night of the shooting. Referring to this theory *The Evening Post* remarks:

"The Assistant Attorney-General, who collected the new evidence at Brownsville, was told to go there and get it; and there are many citizens of that place who were only too glad to give him what he wanted. His hearings were, moreover, secret. What is now needed is a public investigation, with opportunities for cross-examining the witnesses, to ascertain if the murderers were actually soldiers, or negroes and white men dressed in khaki clothes."

THE President, however, submitted to the Senate, with his latest message, not only cartridge clips but loaded cartridges picked up in the streets of Brownsville which are declared by the experts of the ordnance bureau to be manufactured exclusively for the government, and for use in the Springfield rifle only, of the model of 1903,—the rifles used by the troops. Moreover, bullets were found as follows (we quote from Secretary Taft's report accompanying the message):

"Three bullets were extracted, one in the presence of Major Blocksom at the Gowan House, one by Major Blocksom from the Yturria House, and one by Mr. Garza from his own house, on the southeast corner of the alley and Fourteenth Street. Each of these bullets was of the weight and size of bullets used in the Springfield ammunition and bears the four marks of the lands or raised parts between the grooves of the rifling. The rifling of the Winchester rifle, 1905, into which the shells of the size of the Springfield rifle shells would fit, has six lands, so that the bullets could not have been fired out of the Winchester rifle. The bullets, however, were about the same size as the Krag-Jorgensen bullet, and had the same mark of the lands, which is four in number; but, as already said, the shells found would not enter the Krag-Jorgensen chamber by an inch, and the evidence indicates that there was but one Krag-Jorgensen rifle in the neighborhood of Brownsville, and that was owned by a witness who testified. The evidence is conclusive that there were no guns except the Springfield guns which would discharge the bullets from the cartridges found."

EVIDENCE of a "conspiracy of silence" extending to all or practically all the soldiers of the battalion is not direct but indirect and inferential. The facts as elicited by the sworn testimony of "four or five" witnesses is that the firing began inside the garrison, some of it from the upper galleries or porches of the barracks. Then the soldiers to the number of fifteen or twenty emerged from the garrison, divided into two squads, and proceeded by different routes, shooting into houses as they went. The alignment of bullet holes in the houses along the garrison road, says Secretary Taft's report, show that the bullets were fired from inside the garrison wall and

some of them from the second story of the barracks. Says the Secretary:

"What took place on the porches and just back of the barracks, the volleying, the noise, the assembly of the men, and the walking along the porches, could not have taken place without awakening and attracting the attention of all who were in the barracks, privates, and non-commissioned officers; whether asleep or not, and it is utterly impossible that they should not have been aware of what was going on when the firing continued for at least eight or ten minutes thereafter. That a guard which was on watch, with a sergeant in charge, 400 feet from where the first firing took place, should not have been aware that this was the work of their comrades is utterly impossible."

THE President's own conclusions from the evidence is that "it is well nigh impossible that any of the non-commissioned officers who were at the barracks should not have known what occurred." That, of course, includes Mingo Sanders. A negro preacher in Boston, Rev. A. Clayton Powell, defending the soldiers even for the conspiracy of silence, says:

"The President promised to turn the guilty over to the State of Texas. He knew when he made the promise that within forty-eight hours after they were turned over to the Texas authorities they would be burned at the stake and their charred bones sold for souvenirs. Under these conditions who can blame them if they did 'stand together in a determination to resist the detection of the guilty'? If the few who may know should become backdoor tattlers and betray their comrades they would bring down on their heads the withering curses of all mankind."

An interesting point is brought out by the New York *Sun* regarding the character of the population of Brownsville. It is "not a Southern community," we are assured. Aside from the Mexicans, who form the numerically preponderating element, the white population is almost wholly of Northern birth or extraction. Says *The Sun*:

"As a rule, the men who represent the financial, social, and material importance of the town are old soldiers of the Union army and their descendants. Considered in mere numbers, the Southerners making their homes in Brownsville represent a very small minority. . . . The assumption that Brownsville is a typical 'Southern community,' where everybody hates the negro and delights in subjecting him to injury and humiliation will not bear a moment's honest and enlightened inquiry. The truth is that Brownsville, so far as concerns the character, influence and importance of its constituent elements, is much more a 'Northern community' than is either Chicago or New York."

AGITATION of this Brownsville incident has led to consideration of the much broader question whether the present plan of

enlisting negro regiments is a wise one: Representative Slayden, of Texas, has introduced a bill for the disbandment of all the black regiments, and he has culled from the records numerous incidents of disorder in the history of those regiments. Four other cases similar to the Brownsville raid are on the records of the Twenty-fifth regiment, and a number of such cases darken the record of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry. Even since the Brownsville raid serious disturbances have been created at El Reno and Fort Leavenworth by the colored troopers, and all the black regiments in the country have been ordered to be ready to sail for the Philippines between March 5 and June 5 of this year. The enlistment of negro regiments dates back to 1866, when the army was reduced to a peace footing, and the four regiments now in the service—two of infantry and two of cavalry—have a continuous history of forty years. On the average, according to the Springfield *Republican*, their record has been as good as that of the white regiments. In the matters of gambling and fighting among themselves they have been worse than the white soldiers. The records of frontier campaigns are filled with thrilling incidents in which the black troops participated. Says *The Republican*:

"With the disappearance of the old frontier in the United States, which was coincident substantially with the Spanish war, the negro soldiers have become more a part of the garrison of civilization in the various parts of the country. Since the Spanish war, it may be said, and since then only, has the disposition of these troops become troublesome to the government. It is a new question of army administration, comparatively speaking, and to assume that it is one impossible of satisfactory adjustment would be a flagrant illustration of premature judgment. The colored race in America has earned by hard service in toilsome march and bloody field the right to serve under the flag. The black regiments have come up and through the furnace of war and they will stay with the colors."

THE New York *Independent*, however, thinks it would be well if there were no colored regiments and if instead colored men were admitted as soldiers in all regiments. The segregation of negroes into separate regiments is a discrimination on account of color and race, and "the army should know of no caste." The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* is for the elimination of negro soldiers altogether. It says:

"There is one proper solution of the problem, and only one. The army should be promptly and permanently rid of its negro commands, and the negro regiments should be reorganized by the enlistment of white troops. Many communities



THE LATEST VICTIM OF THE EARTHQUAKE

Kingston, Jamaica, is a city of misfortunes. Cholera, hurricane, fire and now earthquake have in turn brought disaster, and made the loveliness of nature seem for the time like the false smile on the face of an alluring enchantress.

have protested against the stationing of negro commands in their vicinage, for the very good reason that these commands, instead of being a protection, are a threat. . . . The negro commands in the army are a menace to the country, and a disturbing influence wherever they are stationed, and it will be little short of an outrage if the authorities do not take cognizance of the fact. Punitive methods having failed, absolute abolition of the negro commands is necessary not only to the reputation of the army but to the peace of the country."

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JAMAICA, through the medium of the earthquake that wrecked her capital last month, affords the latest illustration of that steadily increasing lateral pressure acting on a long and relatively weak shore line to which the seismic convulsions of the past year are ascribed by scientists. The loveliest island of all the Caribbean was metaphorically picked up and shaken to pieces from a point of which Kingston formed the center of energy. Not that the experience was a first taste of misfortune for Jamaica. Her dates, it has been well said, are epochs, not numerals. The island calendar reckons from the cholera rebellion, the hurricane years, the slavery emancipation crisis, the great Kingston fire and the cyclone summer. The cyclone fatality occurred some three years ago. It entailed a monetary loss of \$12,000,000. The earthquake, if we are to accept the first estimates at hand, will cost Jamaica three times that sum. But as, in the case of the cyclone disasters, there was a tendency to sensationalism in the dispatches; it may be that the earthquake, tho a real calam-

ity, is not of so overwhelming a character as people in the United States have been led to imagine. As regards property, no town or village has been "wiped out" in a literal sense, as was at first reported; but scarcely a house or church or public building within the earthquake radius escaped without some damage. Kingston's loss has been greatest in comparison with that experienced by towns like Port Antonio, Manchioneal, Port Maria and Falmouth. It is in the country districts, however, that the distress has been most extensive. The houses of the peasantry are frail structures of wattle and mud, roofed with palm thatch. Many are placed upon precarious foundations. Scores of these were knocked down or lifted bodily into the air—a lively demonstration of the vehemence of this natural convulsion.

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THE nerves of the country, not yet recovered from the insurance revelations, seem threatened with another series of shocks. When the Interstate Commerce Commission began its investigation into the Harriman group of railroads several weeks ago, the disclosures of the first day's proceedings were sufficient to send a distinct sensation to the outermost parts of the country. Since then Mr. Harriman has loomed up as the largest figure for the time being in the realm of high finance. The investigation, however, will, it is thought, be extended to other railroad systems and it bids fair to take us into the innermost sanctums of the financial temple. By

That question subsequent hearings are expected to answer. It is known, however, that the company had a surplus six months ago of about \$50,000,000, and that Mr. Harriman was given a free hand by formal resolution of the board of directors to borrow such sums as he saw fit, using the securities of the company as collateral. With fifty millions to start on and using the stocks purchased as new collateral for fresh loans the process of purchasing other roads becomes a simple problem of high finance, and the extent to which it can be carried depends only upon the extent to which stocks are placed on the market by their holders at reasonable prices. The Harriman revelations, says the *Philadelphia Press*, will have an effect as deep as that resulting from the insurance revelations. "If the railroad companies face another season of drastic legislation, they have Mr. E. H. Harriman to thank for it. Neither the country nor Congress can pass in silence or without action the revelations made." *The Press* continues:

"Nothing is safe if these things can be done. Great railroads can be bought and looted in a day. Cities and whole industries will find their trade and profits affected. Whole armies of railroad employees and the interests of tens of thousands of shareholders will find themselves mere pawns in the game.

"It is a very serious matter that at the very time when railroad corporations are on trial these revelations are made. They are certain to raise a stern demand that the responsibility of directors and railroad officers, to the interests of their shareholders, shall be enforced by law. This legislation may not come in this Congress. It is certain to come in the next. It is idle to suppose that this wholesale abuse of great trusts by direc-



"THE ABLEST TRUST-BUSTER IN THE UNITED STATES"

That is said to be President Roosevelt's opinion of Frank Billings Kellogg, of St. Paul, one of the lawyers conducting the investigation into the affairs of the Harriman railroads. He was reared on a Minnesota farm.

tors and a president, who are trustees for shareholders, can be laid bare without bringing the same storm which shook three great life insurance companies to their foundation."

EARNINGS

TOTAL EARNINGS, 1905, \$ 2,082,000,000							
MORGAN 20.36 %	HARRIMAN 17.46 %	VANDERBILT 16.15 %	PENNSYLVANIA 13.32 %	HILL 7.84%	GOULD 5.84%	R.I. 4.63%	
TOTAL UNDER CONTROL \$1,776,659,000, 85 %							IND. 14.93%

MILEAGE

TOTAL MAIN LINE, 1905, 216,000 MILES.							
MORGAN 21.3 %	HARRIMAN 13.4 %	VANDERBILT 10.8 %	HILL 9.3 %	GOULD 7.8 %	MOORE 6.7 %	PENN. 5.4 %	
TOTAL UNDER CONTROL, 161,306 MILES, 74.7 %							INDEPENDENT 25.3 %

THE legality of Mr. Harriman's proceedings will undoubtedly be brought to the federal courts for decision. The Sherman anti-trust law forbids the ownership and operation of parallel and competing lines by one company. The case for which the attorneys for the government are evidently laying a foundation is that the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific are, or were, competing lines, and the efforts of the railroad's attorneys are to show that they were not competing lines. "Of all the contests which the government has had with trusts and combinations of various kinds," says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "the largest is that which it has just begun against E. H. Harriman." That the government means business is indicated by the character of the attorneys it has chosen for these preliminary inquisitorial proceedings. They are Frank Billings Kellogg and C. A. Severance, both of St. Paul. Mr. Kellogg is said to be regarded by President Roosevelt as "the ablest trust-buster" in the United States. It was he who began the litigation for the state of Minnesota against the Northern Securities Company. It was he who broke up the "Paper Trust" last May. It is he who has been retained by the government to conduct the suit for the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company. He is a man of fifty, was reared on a farm in Minnesota, had but little schooling, and read law in the office of a country lawyer, being admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. Mr. Severance is one of his law partners.

ONE serious effect that is feared as an immediate result of the Harriman revelations and the agitation growing out of it is that upon the proposed vast schemes of expansion and improvement which most of the railroad systems have begun. In addition to the large outlays decided upon by the Pennsylvania Company and announced before President Cassatt's recent death, a further increase of bonds and stocks to the amount of \$100,000,000 has been announced since his death, for new equipment and for extension of tracks. The New York Central about a year ago authorized an increase of \$100,000,000 for the same purposes. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé has recently decided on an increase of \$98,000,000. The two Hill lines have lately increased their stocks, one by \$60,000,000, the other by \$90,000,000. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul announces an increase of \$100,000,000. Over half a billion dollars must be obtained somewhere to float these issues,

and other railways are calling for similar increases of capital to fit them to handle properly their rapidly increasing traffic. James J. Hill has recently said that \$1,100,000,000 ought to be spent by the railways every year for the next five years on new construction. What effect the new agitation will have upon the marketing of these stocks and bonds is the source of anxiety to Mr. Hill and to that watchful organ of the capitalists, the *New York Sun*. It says:

"The last quarter of the year has seen over \$100,000,000 added to the wages of railroad employees. (Likewise the greatest decrease in the efficiency of labor ever noted in this or any other country.) The record of the prices of railroad supplies, rails alone excepted, during the year shows the greatest advance ever known in a like period. The condition of all around apparent prosperity is the most ominous disclosed in our annals.

"In these conditions a 10 per cent. horizontal reduction in rates of transportation by the joint forces of the Interstate Commerce Commission and special enactment is proposed, and it suggests at once to the sane and competent observer that Mr. Bryan's idea of Government ownership of all the railroads was wiser and more equitable and implied a decenter regard for the rights of property. It would seem as if the intention was to go Mr. Bryan one better, or go him one worse.

"In the face of this menace, what are the railroads to do? Where are they to get the money to buy the additional trackage, the need of which is now so painfully apparent; the money for additional rolling stock; the money for more motive power, and the money for enlarged terminals? The pressure to acquire all these is the most acute that has ever existed in our railroad history. How can the money be forthcoming in the presence of the destructive plans of the Federal Government?"

ON THE other hand, *The World* contends that the money that should have been paid out in new equipment has been paid out in acquiring the stock of other roads. It says, regarding the Harriman revelations:

"In disclosing this system of manipulation the commission will also lay bare the real reason for the inability of the railroads to meet their traffic demands and to protect the lives of their patrons. While the demands of 1906 were heavier than ever before, there had been a rapid increase in business for ten years previous. The 1906 traffic did not come as a surprise.

"The statistics compiled by Poor's Manual show that while the mileage increased only 18 per cent. between 1896 and 1905, the stock increased 29 per cent. and the bonds 37 per cent. This is apart from all leases. The interest paid on bonds increased only 11 per cent., but the gross earnings increased 89 per cent., the net earnings 106 per cent. and the dividends 150 per cent. Even at that the dividends actually paid accounted for less than a third of the net earnings.

"Money that should have been used in develop-

ing the physical properties has been spent in purchasing stocks in other lines, while surpluses have been allowed to accumulate by hook and crook to use for the same purpose or for juggling the market.

"In ten years of unprecedented railroad prosperity the control of *three-quarters* of the mileage has passed into the hands of *six or eight groups*. The lines themselves have been merely chips in a Wall Street poker game. The functions of the common carrier have been subordinated to the business of Wall Street exploitation. The operation of the roads has been an incident and not the main business of the men in control."

GENERAL conditions in American railroads and the characters of the men who are running them are interestingly set forth by a writer—C. M. Keys—in *The World's Work*. Seven men, says Mr. Keys, dominate the financial policy of three-fourths of the lines in America, and nine out of every ten tons of freight and nine out of every ten passengers transported pay tribute to their power. These seven men are: J. Pierpont Morgan, William K. Vanderbilt, Henry C. Frick, Edward H. Harriman, James J. Hill, George Jay Gould and William H. Moore. Each of these men dominates in his sphere of operations not because he actually owns a controlling interest in the road, but by reason partly of his holdings and partly of his personal mastery of affairs. Mr. Hill, for instance, owns personally less than one-fifth of the stock of his roads. The same is true of Mr. Vanderbilt. Others own a still smaller fraction. Of these seven men Mr. Keys says:

"It is enough to say that this great Senate of the railroad world is composed for the most part of men who have made themselves, who know the joy of conflict, the sense of commercial and monetary growth and expansion, the economics of industry. There is not one of them who is in any sense, as was Jay Gould in another generation, a wrecker of railroads or of communities. Financial exploitation is, among these men, secondary to the development of the area which they rule. No man can say of any one of them at the present moment that he has lost sight of his duty and the duty of his railroads to the people whom they serve."

BIGGEST of all the railroad men intellectually as well as financially is, we are told, J. Pierpont Morgan. His activity in railroads has been but incidental to his career as a banker, yet nearly half of the big systems have been reconstructed and put upon their feet by him. His influence has been for peace—peace in finance, peace in railroad management, "community of interests." In these days of new leaders of great daring, men are

forgetting the Morgan of yesterday. "Yet there is no other name that stands with the name of J. P. Morgan." One of the seven men is quoted by Mr. Keys as saying: "Mr. Morgan is the biggest man this age has seen, and will continue the biggest until he leaves the world of activity of his own accord. The dollar looks smaller to him than the point of a pin. We are like children, squabbling over trifles; like beggars, grubbing for pennies. Morgan is the measure of a man!"

Mr. Morgan does not hold any important office in the railroad world. But he has created the policies of great lines and selected the men to carry them out, and his influence dominates one-fifth of the railroad mileage today.

NEXT to Morgan in importance Mr. Keys places Harriman, "the man whose ambition knows no limitation, whose kingdom must stretch from sea to sea and from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico." It is a dangerous ambition, the writer thinks; yet Mr. Harriman, who is often likened to Jay Gould, has never been a wrecker of railroads. At least he has never wrecked a main line. He cares little or nothing for branch lines and small local roads, and not much for the small communities along the line of his big roads. He wants to be master of the main highways. He is the man who would be king, and "he is the greatest of them all in the measure of the deeds that he has done."

THEN comes Vanderbilt, "the railroad aristocrat," who dominates a mileage nearly as large as that controlled by Harriman. Two years ago the Vanderbilt roads were in a condition of confusion, division and weakness. Vanderbilt was a man of leisure, spending half his time in France, seldom seeing anything of his roads. Big men broke their hearts trying to run his roads. The blight of indolence and favoritism lay over them all. Traffic was stolen from them at every junction point. But something has galvanized the Vanderbilt system into new life. When the announcement was made of the Pennsylvania's tunnel under the North River, one of the New York Central's officials remarked: "Now it's hustle or hell for us." An expenditure of seventy millions was decided upon for terminal improvements in New York City. In the last year twenty-five millions have been spent for new cars. A new activity is seen throughout the system, but it is not inspired

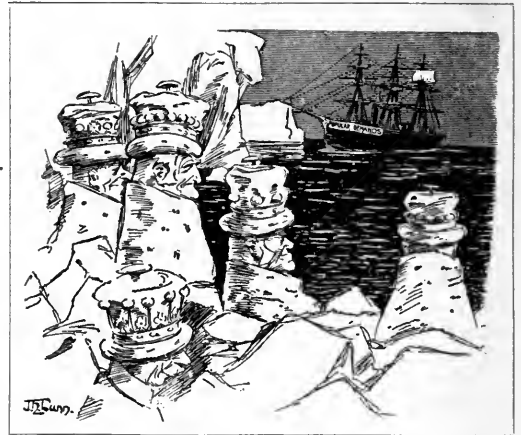
nor directed, tho it is no longer hindered, by Mr. Vanderbilt himself, who controls simply because he inherited control.

CASSATT has gone, and the dominant figure left in the Pennsylvania system is Henry C. Frick. He is not a director, and has no official authority. But he is a heavy owner, and his suggestions "go." At least they went when Cassatt was alive, and they will presumably go now. He is credited with being the heaviest single owner of railroad stocks in the United States. "He is a wonderful personality," writes Mr. Keys, "this little, trim, gray man, who came from the little poverty-ridden hut of the Pittsburg steel worker to be one of the mightiest of the mighty beneath the shadow of Trinity spire." Yet the boast of the Pennsylvania system is that no man or single group of men controls it. "The stockholders own the Pennsylvania Railroad." No ten men, it is claimed, possess enough of the stock to control the road. The stockholders are scattered from one end of the world to the other. Cassatt was the dominant figure, and the stockholders were ready to give him authority to do almost anything he liked. Frick has not the same degree of dominance that Cassatt had and still less that which the other railroad kings have in their realm. But he is the biggest figure left in the biggest of all the railroads.

HILL is dubbed by Mr. Keys as "the man who has kept the faith." He can command more money in a blind pool, it is said, than any other man in the world." His men are loyal to him in a personal sense even after they been enticed away to other systems by larger salaries. His stockholders are loyal. The farmers along his lines swear by him. Other financial leaders must explain more or less what they want money for. All Hill has to do is to ask for it. He is closer to his public than is any other man, and "he would sooner talk with a group of farmers out in Minnesota than lunch with Mr. Morgan." George J. Gould, who, like Vanderbilt, inherited his control in railroads, is styled by Mr. Keys "the sick man of the railroad powers." He has ambition and energy and courage. "If the energy and the determination were continuous he would accomplish much, but he halts by the wayside every now and then." He fought and won a splendid fight for entrance into Pittsburg; but then came vacillation, the little halt, the streak of financial meanness or timidity, and since then his posi-

tion in Wall street has been a weak one. Ex-Judge William H. Moore, the last of the seven men named by Mr. Keys, is styled "the sphinx of the Rock Island." He is the financial boss, but he is not an official of the road. His personality is but little known to the general public, and Mr. Keys has apparently little to add to that knowledge.

FOR a hundred years no Archbishop of Canterbury has been the center of such a political storm as is now raging about the head of the present successor of Thomas à Becket in consequence of the final defeat of England's education bill. This famous measure was rejected by the House of Lords in the face of the most solemn warnings from the Prime Minister that the peers would cease to form an upper legislative chamber if they persisted in their defiance of the majority in the House of Commons. The bitterness of the agitation that must now ensue is conceded by so firm a friend of the Lords as the London *Spectator*. It holds the Archbishop of Canterbury responsible for the situation. He undertook to lead the fight for sectarian schools. He merely followed a group of bigots. That is the summing up of more than one unbiased commentator. It has been hinted in the course of the month that the ministry will strive next autumn for something like the undenominational system of education that prevails in the pub-




AN ARCTIC BARRIER

"The resources of the British Constitution are not wholly exhausted. The resources of the House of Commons are not exhausted. And I say with conviction that we must find, and we will find, means by which the will of the people expressed through their elected representatives in this House will be made to prevail."—Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, in the House of Commons.

—From London *Tribune*.


lic schools of the United States. The Archbishop of Canterbury can not believe that any British ministry will prove so "godless." The *London Saturday Review* is not so sure. It thinks Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is pondering the situation in France. He is also pondering Home Rule. Indeed, predicts the *London Times*, there is to be a Home Rule bill when parliament next assembles. The Irish have not hitherto taken kindly to the undenominational educational ideal. They are to be bribed, therefore, with the prospect of a parliament of their own in Dublin. Next the Lords are to go. Finally the estates of the great English landlords are to be subjected to some unspecified form of confiscation. Such, remarks the *London Times*, are the consequences of tolerating a Prime Minister who is at heart a Jacobin.


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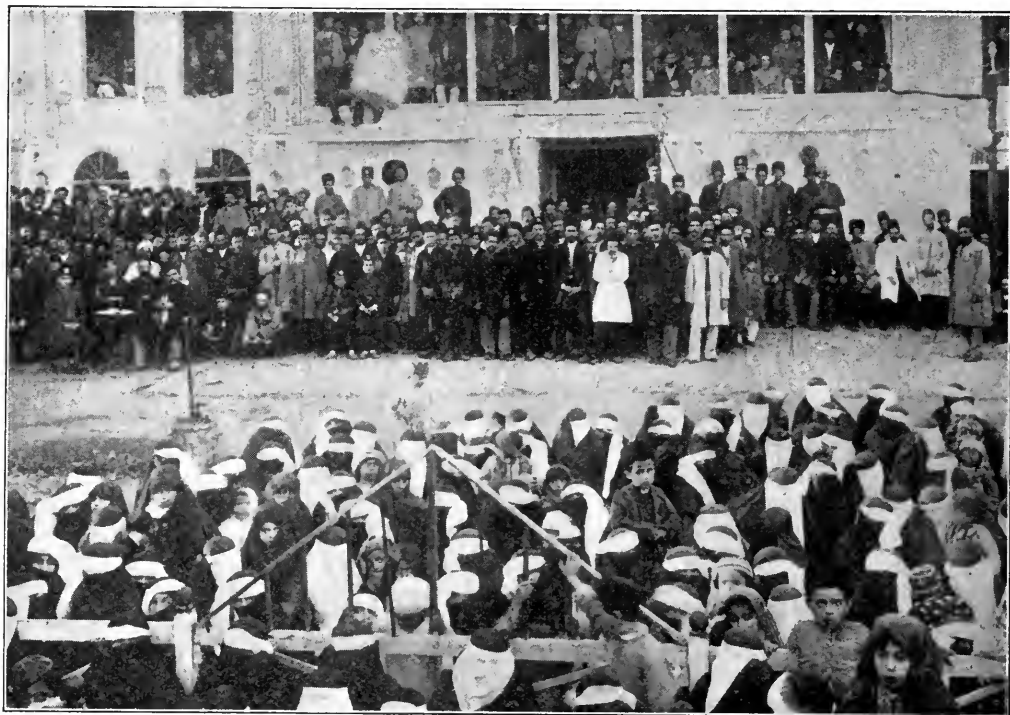
HEN the present King of England was merely Prince of Wales he was in the habit of saying that the most remarkable woman in Great Britain, after his own mother, was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The death of this philanthropist last month has occasioned more obituary literature of the eulogistic kind than even the passing of Queen Victoria inspired. "One of the most remarkable and splendid characters of the Victorian era," says the *London Telegraph*. "The organization and administration of her benevolence was in itself a life work," observes the *London Mail*; "never was charity less ostentatious." The *London Times* thinks the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was, all things considered, the most famous woman on the globe, the most disinterested in her love of humanity and the most tactful in achieving her philanthropical aims. Angelina Georgina Burdett came into the fortune upon which she built her renown at a time when ten million dollars—that was what her possessions amounted to then—seemed a prodigious sum. The British imagination was staggered. Americans failed to grasp the immensity of the monetary aggregation. Ten million dollars, all concentrated in a single individual! However, the most sensational circumstance of her career was her marriage to the poor American youth who was barely old enough to be her grandson when she made him her husband. His full name was William Lehmann Ashmead-Bartlett. His father had been an instructor at Harvard before our civil war. Little William was sent to England with his brother because his widowed mother

could live cheaply there. The boys were to return in time to be put through Harvard. But they never came back. One married the most remarkable woman in England and went into parliament. The other became the husband of a beautiful Scotch heiress and likewise entered the House of Commons.

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AST month Mohamed Ali Mirza became Shah of Persia under circumstances inspiring the suspicion that he means to make a speedy end of the parliament that has been in session at Teheran during the whole period of the late Shah's fatal illness. Mohamed Ali Mirza revealed his outspoken reactionary tendencies to his Vizier on the first day of his reign. He avowed a pronounced aversion for the constitution granted by his father not many months ago. Soon after the promulgation of that instrument, Prince Mohamed Ali Mirza founded a reactionary league at Tabriz, where he resided, and where he was upheld by a coterie of mullahs. The influence of these mullahs, who are a kind of Mohammedan clergy, is great in Persia. They have maintained an ecclesiastical organization unknown in other Moslem countries. They exercise much authority of a judicial kind. They are said by a competent authority to be the only body of men in the land capable of standing between the new Shah and his subjects. They have on more than one occasion, according to the Teheran correspondent of the *London Times*, interposed their influence against misgovernment. Between them and the late Shah the breach had grown wide. Not long before the death of that potentate the mullahs actually threatened him with excommunication.

PERSIA'S new Shah is believed to be influenced by a widespread popular superstition that his father, Muzaffer-ed-Din, was destined to be the last of the present dynasty. The mullahs about Mohamed Ali Mirza are proclaiming that a constitution and a parliament are in conflict with the law of the Koran. They are imitations of the infidel west. They must therefore be obnoxious to all true believers. In thus interpreting the sacred text, they reflect, it seems, the conviction of the new Shah that Persia's parliament, if it be allowed an opportunity, will legislate his dynasty off the peacock throne. In order to support his reactionary theories with the sanctions of the faith, the new Shah has sent a mission to the great religious center of



HOURS OF SUSPENSE

The crowds that waited for news outside the palace gates during the sickness of the late Shah of Persia shared in the popular belief, based on superstition, that the dying Muzaffer-ed-Din was to be the last of his dynasty. The belief will not make any easier the course of the new Shah, Mohammed Ali Mirza.

Shiite Mohammedanism. If that mission returns with a condemnation of the Persian parliament, Mohamed Ali Mirza will have won a great triumph. But the Persian people, avers Professor Arminius Vambéry, who knows them well, look to their new parliament as their only refuge against the despotic system under which they suffered so much when the late Shah reigned. It is highly unlikely that Mohamed Ali Mirza will prove strong enough to overthrow the only parliament ever chosen on the mainland of Asia. Yet his proceedings indicate an uncompromising frame of mind to which his subjects are in no mood to yield.

HE IS now about thirty-five, but his accession to the throne is an anomaly in that his mother did not belong to the Kajar dynasty. It has been maintained by the mullahs that only the son of a Kajar princess could become Shah. They have decided, however, that Mohamed Ali Mirza is a Kajar because his father was. The new Shah received what is termed a European education. He speaks French fluently. His knowledge of English

is elementary. His Persian tutors were innumerable in the days when he was Vali Ahd, or crown prince, and resided at Tabriz in a palace noted for the beauty of its gardens. Much was made of the faith in the present Shah's training. Mohammedanism is, of course, the religion of the land to-day. But Persia adheres to that sect within the faith known as Shiite. The new Shah, consequently, regards Ali, first cousin and son-in-law of Mohamed, as the true successor of the prophet. This sets the Persian Shah in opposition to the Turkish Sultan, upholder of the Sunnite sect of Islam. The Mohammedan world is thus rent by schism. But when he was merely Vali Ahd, the new Shah was suspected of indoctrination with the heresies of Babism. The public square outside his palace at Tabriz was the scene of the execution of the Bab some half a century ago. By a coincidence that has been deemed ominous, the Bab's three names were the same as those of the new Shah. His Majesty the king of kings and light of the world is called Mohamed Ali Mirza. The Bab had for his real name Mirza Ali Mohamed.

IN THE eyes of the new Shah, however, the tenets of the Bab are rank heresy. His Majesty's devotion to the truth faith has been certified by his mullahs. It is further attested by his approval of the execution of a Mohammedan seer who had forsworn the faith of the prophet and taken to Christianity. The seer was immured in a cell looking out upon the palace grounds. Having been kept upon bread and water for several weeks, the apostate from Mohammedanism was carried into the public square at Tabriz and, upon his refusal to abjure the Christian creed, was strangled in the presence of a great concourse of the faithful. The firmness with which the Vali Ahd vindicated his religion on this occasion edified the faithful at the time and was recalled to his advantage last month. But the new Shah is much criticized for his devotion to the automobile and for his somewhat English type of sportsmanship. He shoots all day whenever he has time. He is accused of alluding disrespectfully, too, to the tomb of Ali, the son-in-law of the prophet, who is buried at Nejef, in Mesopotamia. His Majesty has the further misfortune to be on bad terms with the most influential personage, politically, in Persia, Mushir-ed-Dowleh. This aged statesman has been Minister of War, Foreign Minister and Grand Vizier. His record as a Europeanizer of Persia seems to have been fatal to his position at the court of the new sovereign, however. His Majesty consorts with the mullahs and the mullahs are boycotting Mushir-ed-Dowleh.

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EMPEROR WILLIAM'S optimism—his strongest quality, according to himself—may fail him when the outcome of the first and second ballots for the next German Reichstag are laid before his Majesty in the course of the coming fortnight. The ten million or so of voters in the fatherland are even now in the voting booths. A huge fraction must cast an additional ballot, for in many a constituency the election will not yield the requisite majority for any one candidate. Herr Bebel, the veteran leader of the Socialists, must wait a week or two for verification or failure of his prediction that his party's vote is to attain a total of four million. The Socialists polled three million votes in the election of a few years ago. If any great increase is to be effected, Herr Bebel must achieve the task. His energy throughout the campaign gives emphasis to the assertion that he is easily the greatest liv-

ing German engaged in public affairs. His unceasing propaganda has spread over the country and has been followed up by an organization which the exigencies of the campaign demonstrate to be well nigh perfect. He has spoken at all kinds of gatherings, to all kinds of people, sympathizers and opponents, with an unquenchable zeal, a burning force and a contempt for constituted authorities rarely tolerated in the fatherland. In one past campaign Bebel was forced to abandon convenient premises in which, as a turner, he had built up a paying business, and, at heavy loss, to re-establish himself beyond the reach of political persecution. This year he has been let alone to an extent quite new in German experience.

BEBEL, nevertheless, seems to have rasped the Emperor's feelings violently. The Socialist leader has preached from his old text that the constitution of the German Empire was intended to establish what in Great Britain goes by the name of responsible government. The German constitution, interpreted by Bebel, creates a Reichstag elected by universal suffrage. The Reichstag has a share in legislation. It has the right of examining and of approving or of rejecting the estimates laid before it on behalf of the imperial authority. But there is a second body, the federal council, made up of delegates appointed by the states of the German Empire. Above these two bodies is placed the Emperor. Bebel takes issue with the theory that the Emperor is the supreme executive officer in a despotic sense, acting through a chancellor, ministers and officials who are appointed and dismissed by his Imperial Majesty and responsible only to him. Nevertheless, the Emperor's choice of ministers is independent of the Reichstag and its votes. What Bebel protests against is the administrative absolutism superimposed upon a representative legislature empowered to grant or to withhold supplies. There is nothing in the nature of "responsible government" here, for the administration is not responsible to the Reichstag. Emperor William II conducts the government of Germany himself.

HERE is the issue of the struggle. William himself is fully alive to it. His frequent public utterances are replete of late, declares the London *Post*, with expressions of his personal opinions and represent the acts of his government as the outcome of his own initiative. To this fact is due the growing impres-

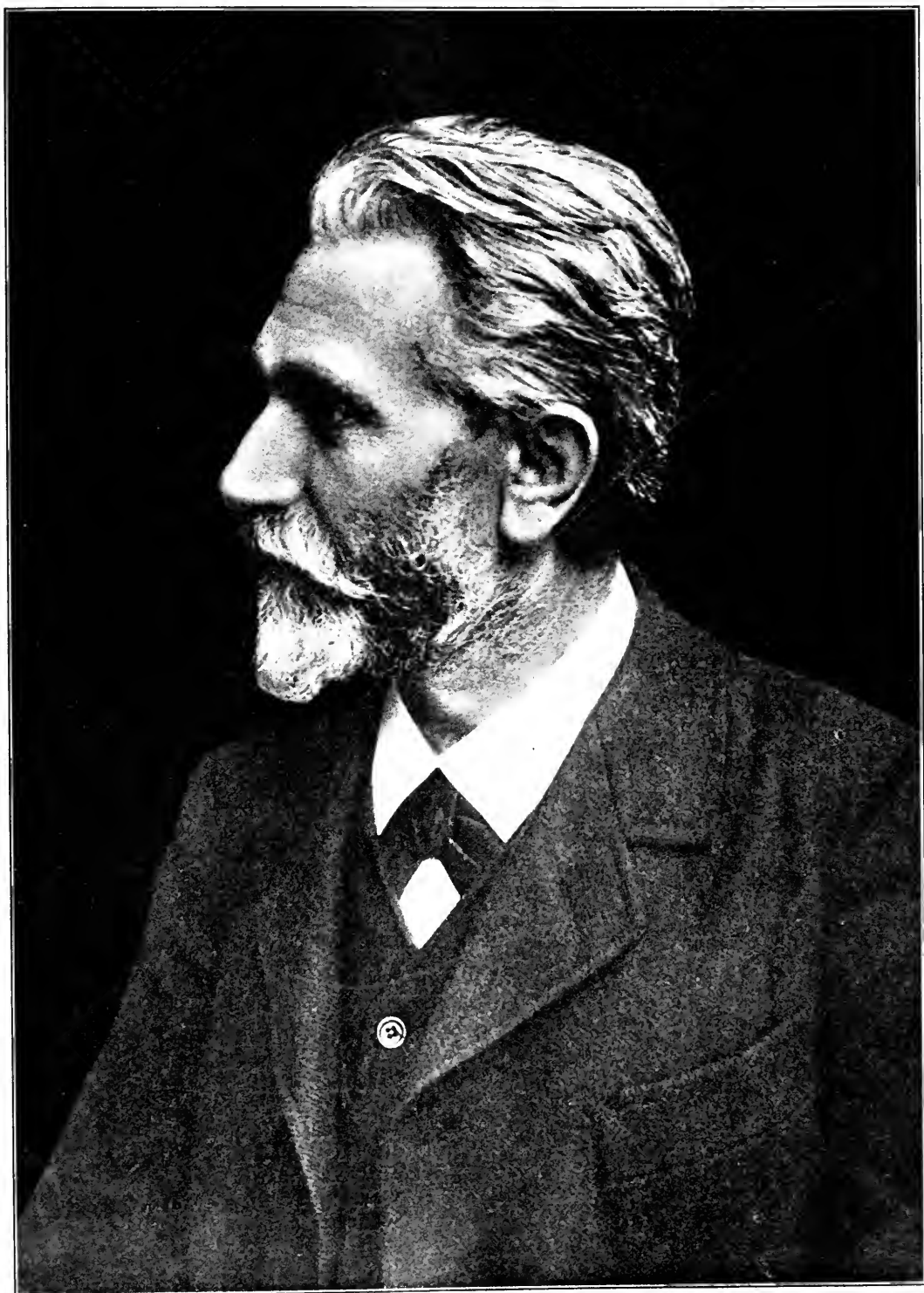
sion in Germany that the government of the country is absolute rather than representative or parliamentary. Public opinion in Germany, as reflected in the uninspired press, would welcome any arrangement by which it could be made practicable for the Emperor to choose his ministers from among men in sympathy with the views of the majority in the Reichstag now in process of election. The dissatisfaction with the present system is so widespread and acute that Bebel is deemed to display tactical genius of the highest order in exploiting it as he does. On the other hand, Bebel is too far in advance of the German parliamentary standpoint. The composition of the German Reichstag is not of such vital importance as it is in England, in France or even in Italy, where the fate of the government is indissolubly bound up with the issue of an election. The stability of the government of Emperor William will remain independent of the various majorities resulting from the month's ballots. In fact, the German Reichstag has only, so to say, a negative strength in that it can reject bills submitted by Emperor William's government, but can never make laws of its own right and authority. Without the consent of the federal council, with its chancellor president, that constitutional bulwark of the throne against Reichstag majorities, the whole legislative work of the Reichstag itself is vain.

CHANCELLOR VON BÜLOW has hinted that in the event of a Reichstag unsatisfactory to the ruling caste in Germany, the Emperor will bring about a fresh dissolution. That would mean a domestic political crisis of the severest sort. Yet William II would prefer that, it is said, to a Reichstag in which the Socialists, instead of being eighty strong, hold over a hundred seats. The increase in Socialist membership is retarded, however, because the government and the federal council have not adhered to the electoral basis adopted by the framers of the German constitution in 1871. According to this, as Bebel has pointed out very often recently, each 100,000 of the population would return one member. This made in 1871 an aggregate of 397 deputies. Altho since that time the German population has grown prodigiously, the number of deputies has remained about the same. Even the hall in the new Reichstag building has, by direction of the imperial authorities, accommodation for the old number only. Moreover, the division of the 397 electoral dis-

tricts is very unequal. The rural constituencies are unduly favored at the expense of the great towns and industrial populations. For instance, the fourth electoral division or ward of Berlin returned but one member to the Reichstag, when seventy-five country constituencies, each with less than a fifth of the population in the urban constituency, returned a member apiece. Knowing that a just alteration of the electoral laws would benefit the Socialists mainly, Emperor William's government refuses to sanction it. None the less, Bebel is quoted as predicting a Socialist group of nearly a hundred when the new Reichstag comes together. There were but eighty in the Reichstag dissolved by the Emperor when the colonial vote angered him.

DOCTOR PETER SPAHN, the bearded, eloquent and erudite Leipsic jurist who leads the Roman Catholic Center party, is like Bebel in having behind him a splendid political organization. It may be assumed, according to observers on the spot, that the Roman Catholic Center will experience no difficulty in again carrying at least 76 out of the 88 seats which they won outright on the first ballot in the Reichstag struggle of 1903. The imperial government is said to be behind the active campaign against the Center now at its height in many sections of the German press. Such attacks upon the Center are accompanied by the assurance that the campaign is purely political and that there is no intention whatever of reviving the religious struggle of Prince Bismarck's time. Dr. Spahn avers that the imperial government has not sufficient power to restrain the excesses of the movement it has started. The clerical organs, of which the Berlin *Germania* is the chief, quote many anticlerical dailies and innumerable platform utterances which are affirmed to be quite in the spirit of the warfare which Bismarck, when at the height of his power and fame, waged against the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. Dr. Spahn has made capital of these outbursts in those Roman Catholic constituencies which have been thought lukewarm in their political allegiance.

UNLIKE the organization of which Bebel is the champion, the clerical party led by Dr. Spahn derives its strength from every social layer in Germany. The Center includes landowners of the aristocratic Bavarian region as well as toiling masses in the great



Courtesy The Socialist Literature Company

"THE GREATEST LIVING GERMAN ENGAGED IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS"

August Bebel, the leader of the Social Democratic party in the empire of William II, is thus characterized by a writer in the London *Spectator*. He has been the most conspicuous personality in the campaign that ends this month in the choice of a new German Reichstag. Bebel has predicted a total Socialist vote of about four millions, a pull that ought to increase the representation of his party in the Reichstag to about a hundred. It was eighty in the last session.

manufacturing cities along the Rhine. "The probability is," according to the competent Berlin correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, "that those electors who were Catholic and voted Catholic before will be and vote Catholic again." In that event one of Bebel's calculations will be widely astray. It is his pet political theory that there has been wide disaffection from the Center on the part of pious wage-earners. The Center's loss will be the Socialist gain. The *Germania* professes its amusement at this theorizing. It says the Roman Catholics will appeal to the voters with the cry: "We will have no absolutist government for which the Reichstag is but a machine to turn out money." The astute Dr. Spahn has stolen some of the Bebel ammunition. He argues that the electors should have a firmer control of the administration than they possess at present. He avows his sympathy with the prevailing discontent at the burden of new taxes and at the high price of food. The Center has been hitherto the one force potent enough to check the spread of Socialism among the working-class population. The competition between the two for the support of the wage-earning population, especially in such constituencies as contain a large mining element, has been keen. The Center includes, as is pointed out by the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, a number of Roman Catholic nobles and country squires who have no great sympathy

with many of the popular views taken up by Dr. Spahn. Dr. Spahn feels, on the other hand, that the strength of his party comes from the support of Roman Catholic workingmen in the great industrial towns of Rhenish Prussia, Westphalia and Silesia, in addition to the vote of the south German peasantry. "These classes are almost as democratic in their views upon many subjects as are the more moderate of the Socialists, and the candidates for their suffrages are often compelled on certain questions to profess strong liberal opinions and to support a constitutional policy in parliament on pain of forfeiting the confidence of their constituents and even of seeing some of them desert to the Socialist camp." As such desertion involves ultimate renunciation of the authority of the Church, no effort is spared by the priesthood to prevent it.

CONFRONTED by Socialists on the one hand and the Center on the other, the various other political organizations involved in the fray—Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals and what not—have striven for such a combination of parties as has governed France for the last six years. The fathers of this plan have even adopted the French term "bloc" for what they have in mind. For a week or so following upon the dissolution of the last Reichstag, these efforts seemed destined to be successful. "All the Liberals," to quote the Berlin *Post*, "from the National Liberals, who have been competing with the Center for years to win the favor of the government, to the most advanced radicals of the *Freisinnige*, were to wheel into line with the reactionary Conservatives in order to overwhelm the democratic forces of the Center and of the Social Democrats in a common defeat." But the Prussian landed aristocrats and the advanced radicals have been up in arms against a scheme which nullifies so many of their principles. That faithful mouthpiece of the Prussian nobles, the *Kruez Zeitung*, has actually suggested that the Center party ought to be conciliated before the crisis gets beyond control. The Center, it observes, has often been conservative in policy. Real Conservatives should have nothing to do with Radicals, who are "little better than Socialists." Radical organs have in turn frowned down a political pact with Prussian reactionaries. The issue in this campaign, according to an organ inspired by Chancellor von Bülow, is whether the Emperor is to govern "traditionally" or whether he is to be at the mercy of casual combinations of political groups as is the national



BÜLOW, THE IMPERIAL LIGHTNING-ROD
—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).

administration of the French Republic. This is taken as a hint that no matter what kind of a Reichstag emerges from the balloting, von Bülow will be retained in office by his imperial master.

PRINCE VON BÜLOW remains the one man in the crisis who could walk on the keyboard of a piano from the Wilhelmstrasse to the Reichstag without sounding a note. Such is the ebullient hyperbole of a Berlin daily that excels in this sort of comment upon the progress of the campaign. A brilliant Socialist leader has labeled the Prince's oratorical baggage with the tags, "second-hand railery" and "worn-out epigrams." The London *Times* has called his parliamentary methods "primitive," but it was forced to concede—and any concession from the London *Times* to Prince von Bülow is remarkable—after the unusually brilliant speech preceding the dissolution of the Reichstag, that "the Chancellor's parliamentary manner, which is adroit and lively, enables him to deal successfully with the ordinary embarrassments of debate." But he cannot conceal his conviction that nothing that happens in the Reichstag can matter very much. When William II is pleased to overlook that provision of his empire's organic law requiring the counter-signature of the Chancellor in certain contingencies, there is a chorus of protest, but the voice of von Bülow never swells it. How appositely he remembers, when a debate on the constitution elicits expressions of dissatisfaction with some imperial methods, that Bismarck once set out on a vain quest for a contented German! With what easy grace he gradually finds his way back to his own peculiar vein of parliamentary seriousness by deploring, as he loves to do, the unbridled license of the German comic press! He can be thus epigrammatically evasive throughout one whole session of a Reichstag wherein the Socialists on the "left" and the agrarians and conservatives on the "right" represent extremes of policy. Von Bülow's course between them has been to bait the Socialists and to please the "right." The expedient has proved relatively simple, altho occasionally embarrassing. For how long a time after the assembly of the new Reichstag it will remain possible for von Bülow to exorcise the spirit of opposition to his imperial master with what his Socialist critics describe as a combination of the pettier arts of diplomacy with lively loquacity is a theme concerning which the dailies of the fatherland afford us nothing but conjecture.

REITERATING for the fifth time his assertion that the government of the third French republic is waging warfare not merely against the Roman Catholic Church, but against Christianity itself and all spiritual ideas, Pope Pius X last month issued an encyclical which reveals how determined he is to carry the struggle to the last extreme. It is "a gigantic act of plunder and sacrilege" which the ministry, headed by Georges Clémenceau is engaged in perpetrating. France is to be transformed into something more than a non-Christian nation. She is to be made an anti-Christian land. In thus summing up the situation, the sovereign pontiff, to the way of thinking of the London *Saturday Review*, organ of Toryism and reaction, is only just. "Every word in this connection that the Jacobin politicians say," it affirms, "every act that they do, proves them to be not only the enemies of Catholicism, but also of Christianity." The "contemptuous toleration" that the republic extends to powerless Calvinistic sects, it adds, in no way interferes with its general purpose. Organs of British opinion are willing to see Christianity injured without a protest so long as the Pope suffers humiliation. "The belief, however, is widespread that in their comments on French ecclesiastical matters they are tuned to the Jewish financial rings on the continent." Perhaps the "most offensive feature" in this press campaign, concludes our commentator, is the attempt made to represent the Pope as the assailant of the laws and liberties of Frenchmen and to drape "this Jacobin anti-Christianity" in the mantle of Gallican religious independence. The Pope's latest encyclical is therefore peculiarly palatable to this foe of an atheistic republic.

AS EVIDENCE of the godlessness of the government now in power in Paris, alleged utterances of its guiding spirits are given publicity in organs of clerical opinion like the Paris *Gaulois*. Into the mouth of Clémenceau himself is put the statement that "God must go." That ablest of living Socialist orators, Jean Jaures, is made to say: "Down with God!" From a speech delivered by one whom the London *Times* describes as "a statesman of profound conviction and consummate talent," who "has no superior among contemporary public men in France," namely Minister of Education and Public Worship Briand, is quoted the assertion: "It is time to do away with the Christian idea." One by one the clerical dailies go through the list of members of French ministry and find them convicted,

out of their mouths, of atheism. Frenchmen of international fame, noted for their support of the anticlerical policy to which this war with the Vatican is due, are revealed in not less godless guise. Emile Combes, so recently at the head of a ministry of his own, is deemed the most incorrigible atheist of them all. Leon Bourgeois, an old-time foe of Vaticanism, is discovered glorying in his antagonism to God. Such are the sentiments of the men who, making up ministry after ministry, display their sentiments, according to the clerical *Correspondant* (Paris), by "spitting in the face of Jesus Christ," and converting "the faith he labored to found" into mockery.

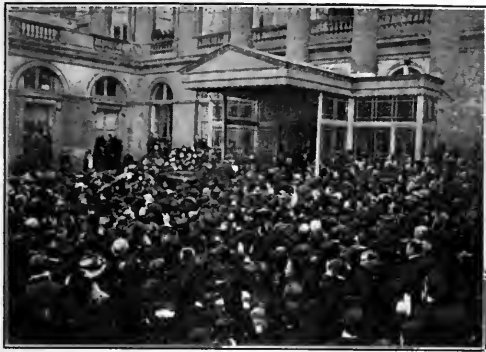
FROM the point of view of the exercise of religion, says the Pope, the law separating church and state sets up a system of uncertainty and arbitrariness. "There is uncertainty as to whether the churches, which are always liable to disaffection, shall or shall not in the meantime be at the disposal of the clergy and faithful." In each parish the priest will be in the power of a municipality possibly as "atheistic" as the government at Paris. As regards the declaration required for public worship under the law of 1881, the encyclical denies that it offers the legal guarantee the church

has the right to expect. "Nevertheless, to obviate worse evils, the church might have tolerated making declarations; but laying down that the clergy shall be only occupants of the churches without any legal status and without the right to perform any administrative act in the exercise of their ministry, placed them in such a vague and humiliating position that the making of declarations could not be sanctioned." The *Temps* contravenes this interpretation by the Pope of a French statute which, it declares, can only be finally passed upon by a French court of law. Meanwhile it contradicts the assertion in the encyclical that the clergy are to be only occupants of the churches without any legal status. The papal arguments here are pronounced "specious."

LEFT to themselves, in the opinion of this moderate organ, "the French bishops would have accepted the separation law and the French Catholics would have formed the public worship associations offered by the government as a means of enabling the church in France to organize itself and to enjoy autonomy and independence within its own sphere." Pius X interfered when all was going smoothly. He feared a weakening of the authority of the Vatican. "The French government could not compel the church to accept the advantages offered it. It did the next best thing for the church by simply leaving it to be governed by the ordinary law of the land. There were no disabilities and no special treatment." Clergy and faithful were regarded merely as citizens. They had all the rights of any other class of citizens. They were expected to yield the same obedience to the laws of the land. "Even so, various concessions were made to the church as to the use upon easy terms of buildings which had been and were the property of the state, and as to church property placed within these buildings." The immense majority of French Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, proceeds the same authority, were disposed to accept the situation. But the French republic was forced by the Pope's action to fall back upon the ordinary law. Thus it became necessary for the clergy to give notice of meetings for public worship. "M. Briand made the thing very simple by accepting a single notice as valid for twelve months in the case of each particular building in which such meetings were to be held." Cardinal Lecot declared that the giving of such notice is "an administrative formality which implies neither the renunciation of any right nor outside interference in religious worship."



THE TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY
—Sanbourne in London *Punch*.



EXPULSION OF THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARY IN FRANCE FROM HIS PALACE

Cardinal Richard, the aged Archbishop of Paris, left the official residence that has been the scene of such excitement ever since separation of church and state went into effect, and took refuge in the home of a clerical member of the Chamber of Deputies. The Cardinal was escorted to his new abode by a crowd of sympathizers, including many of the most aristocratic men and women in France.

This was immediately before the Pope issued his sudden prohibition and brought about the contest which has grown so bitter.



HOW THE FAITHFUL ATTESTED THEIR SYMPATHY WITH THE "SEPARATED" FRENCH CHURCH

Inside the carriage is seated the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. His Eminence was cheered as he rode through the streets of the French capital, after his ejection from the archiepiscopal palace. The vehicle in which the Cardinal rode had to proceed at a slow rate for miles, owing to the dense throngs of sympathizers.

and unrest in French Roman Catholic circles are evident to all who pass their days outside the Vatican. But the Pope fills his encyclical with talk of "popular reprobation" existing in his misinformed mind only.

THE "atheism" of the third French republic is asserted to be another phantom of the pontifical imagination. George Brandes, the personal friend of Clémenceau, denies that the Premier is atheistical in any but a Vatican sense. Clémenceau, speaking at Roche-sur-Yon last September, championed the right of every Frenchman to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. Clémenceau denied that he opposes the preaching of Roman Catholic doctrine in any part of France. He favored liberty of conscience. "Who does not see," he asked, "that the principle of liberty of conscience entails as a necessary consequence the separation of the churches from the state?" It is alien to the spirit of our age, he proceeded, to place the social resources of the whole body of citizens, believers and unbelievers, at the disposal of a particular form of faith. To quote Clémenceau further:

"It is the union of church and state that we have striven to abolish. But while it has taken time and incessant effort to alter the state of the law, it has proved an infinitely greater labor to change the state of minds. The proclamation, the realization of the principle of liberty of conscience, implies a new state of mind. Dogma, from its very nature, aims at possessing the mind of man entirely, dominating it, ruling it in every aspect of life. The daily practice of

SO EGREGIOUS is the misinformation upon which the encyclical of his Holiness is based, observes the *Humanité*, organ of a Socialist group, that the document refers to "the rising tide of popular reprobation" moving against Clémenceau. The *Humanité* is partisan on this point, but such organs as the *London Times*, the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* and the *Paris Temps*—all noted for independence of attitude in this crisis—agree with the Socialist mouthpiece. Those prelates and priests who really approve of the uncompromising attitude of the Vatican are manifestly in a small minority. Thus the *London Times*. The really striking feature of the situation at present, it adds, is the profound dismay and discouragement among the clergy of all ranks. "It is not against religion itself nor against the priesthood that the separation law was introduced, but against the undue interference of the Vatican in the affairs of the state and its audacious efforts to obtain control of the different branches of state administration." There are innumerable Roman Catholics in the third republic who look at the situation from this point of view. They would reject schism. Yet they are anxious to be freed from the yoke of elderly Italian ecclesiastics ruled by a pious but tactless pontiff, whose well-meant but impossible policy has plunged the faithful of France into uproar. Symptoms of discontent

liberty, implied in a system of separation of church and state, calls for a spirit of tolerance from which dogma has striven for centuries to turn the mind of man. We can not, therefore, be surprised if we fail to find in our opponents such a transformation of mind as will be brought about in them, beyond a doubt, by the beneficent system of freedom of conscience."

OF THE "atheism" of Leon Bourgeois, that pioneer of separation in France, no one but a "Vaticanized prelate," avers the *Echo de Paris*, could find a trace. The private life of Bourgeois accords with his public life in being estimable. He has long been a model as a family man, though his mother and sister distinguish themselves by the piety of their type of Roman Catholicism. His perfect agreement with his family circle shows accommodating amiability that, happily, is not rare in the domestic life of the "atheists" of the third republic. In religion Bourgeois adheres to that primitive Christianity of which Tolstoy is a kind of prophet. In the principles of the sermon on the mount, Bourgeois professes to find the loftiest rules of conduct. Yet, as a student of social philosophy, he sat at the feet of Comte and has remained his follower. But he has avowed the faith with which he read the gospel of Matthew. But faith, as Bourgeois uses the word, has nothing in common with the faith interpreted from the Vatican. Does the fact, asks the *Lanterne*, make Bourgeois an atheist? "Was the United States an atheist republic," inquired Senator Delpech in the *Action* recently, "when the great President Jefferson repudiated the dogmas of the faith in which he had been reared?"

BUT Combes, as he is pictured in the clerical organs, is the atheist of atheists. Emile Combes carried anticlericalism further than any Prime Minister the third republic has ever had. His ministry was a long one, as French cabinets go. It witnessed the elimination of the crucifix from the halls of justice. It made the navy "a lay service"—that is, the officers and the marines were freed from obligatory attendance at mass aboard ship and the emblems of the Roman Catholic religion were taken from their conspicuous positions on battleships and cruisers. "This," comments the *Lanterne*, "was called the banishment of God from the squadrons of the republic. But if God be everywhere, may he not still linger on the deck of a French man-of-war though the priests have fled? To the Vatican there is, of course, but one God—the God of the syllabus. Away with such a

God—France has had enough of him." This is the cry of Combes. The God of the syllabus—"we are weary of him," cried Combes in the chamber of deputies during the debate that preceded the announcement of his resignation. "The God of the syllabus is made by the Vatican to brand as abominations liberty of worship, of speech and of the press. That God denies the right of the individual citizen to embrace and profess such religion as he may have recognized as true in the forum of his reason and conscience. That God anathematizes all who believe that the Pope should become reconciled to modern progress, liberal ideas and civilization. Such a God we denounce and condemn." That is as far, affirms the *Humanité*, as Combes ever went in his denunciation of what it calls "the Vatican God." "It was not too far," Combes, in an interview with a London *News* correspondent, denies that he rejects theism, denies that he is "atheistical" in the sense of doubting the existence of a supreme being.

NOR is the atheism of Aristide Briand, the eloquent Minister of Public Worship, admitted by him to be more substantial than that "rejection of the Vaticanized God" for which the anticlerical organs praise him to the skies. The *Aurore* insists that his denunciations of "God" comprise only sentences taken here and there from speeches delivered as far back as five years ago and twisted out of their context. "Must we remind you," said M. Briand in the chamber of deputies some weeks ago, "that the Roman Catholic Church has denounced all the liberties of this country? The Roman Catholic Church, through its syllabus, has denounced freedom of conscience, freedom of the press and freedom of thought." M. Briand denied, in an interview widely published last month in European dailies, that he aims at destroying "the idea of God in the French mind." "Let the French mind conceive God as it will," he is quoted as saying. "But let not the French republic uphold one God against another." He pointed out that the openly atheistic group in the chamber of deputies, that of the so-called Socialist republicans, condemns the Clémenceau ministry for "its concessions to the religious idea." In fact, the fall of the Clémenceau ministry, according to the careful Paris correspondent of the London *Standard*, would be followed by the accession of a ministry in which genuine atheists would be represented instead of "Vatican atheists." A policy far less conciliatory would be put into execution.

Persons in the Foreground

THE HUMANIZATION OF EDWARD H. HARRIMAN



HAT Edward H. Harriman is a real human being, with blood in his veins, nerves in his body, and with an emotional as well as an intellectual system, has come as a sort of unexpected revelation to the public in the last few weeks. He has been for years a bogey man, a sphinx, a man of mystery, a powerful money-making machine. Now it is discovered that he once had a childhood and a youth, that he knows how even yet to play, that he has fads and feelings, and that he can be sick like other men. Like some of the other kings of finance now regnant—John D. Rockefeller, for instance—he seems to have changed his mind recently in regard to the necessity of keeping himself at a sacred distance from the public, veiled in awesome mystery. At least one of the numerous magazine articles about his career that have been recently published was read by him in proof and his sanction given to it, with a mild protest against some of the statements. His early life, about which he has been very reticent even with his associates, has become known, and there is nothing that so humanizes a man to other men as to know what kind of a youngster he was, and how he managed to get his first good grip on the skirts of circumstance.

Harriman was reared in poverty that was almost penury. His father was an Episcopal clergyman who had to live for a number of years on an income that consisted of a salary of \$200 a year and whatever else he could make at odd jobs. There was a family of five children to support, and there was a family name and a vast amount of family pride to keep up. The father—Rev. Orlando Harriman—was a classical scholar and a winner of medals at Columbia. The mother was a member of an aristocratic family of New Brunswick, N. J. The pride of learning, the pride of social caste, and the lack of enough to eat and wear form a hard combination. Says C. M. Keys, writing in *The World's Work*:

"Over this long period from 1850 to 1866 hangs a heavy cloud. It was a period of poverty, of humility, of terrible discipline. The family lived in a small house on the meadows [Jersey City]. There was never enough money to go around. Making ends meet was a task of the supremest difficulty. It was a dark time indeed.

"Yet through the darkness shines one splendid ray of light. It is the personality of a noble woman, the mother of Edward H. Harriman. Her splendor lives not in cold records, but in the hearts of those who knew her. She came of an old aristocratic family of New Brunswick, N. J., and lived up to the best of its traditions. In the midst of hardships she taught her husband patience and her sons true manliness. Every effort of her hands and mind was given to the future of her sons and daughters. She is described as a cultured, refined, and wholly amiable lady of that old school now unhappily departed. How much of his steadfastness, courage and superb command Edward H. Harriman owes to her the world can but blindly guess."

Young Harriman was born in Hempstead, Long Island, in 1848, the fourth of five children. A few months later his father had a controversy with his vestry over arrears of salary, as a result of which he left Hempstead, moving to Castleton, Staten Island, and later to Jersey City. Edward H., or Henry, as he was known as a boy, attended Trinity School, in New York, tramping two miles in the morning to the ferry and another mile from the ferry to the school. An associate of those days describes him as "the worst little devil in his class and always at the top of it." He was a "scrapper" and a leader in sports and boy organizations, but his fondness for study was slight. When he was fourteen he quit school and went into Wall street, as a clerk in a broker's office. Every cent of his first year's salary went to his father to help support the family. He never had any more schooling. At the age of eighteen he was in a partnership in Wall street. At the age of twenty-two he struck out for himself, and procured a seat in the Stock Exchange. Before that time his mother had come into possession of a bequest that placed the family beyond want. But how the young broker got money enough—from \$10,000 to \$15,000—to buy the seat in the Exchange none of Mr. Harriman's recent biographers tells us. He was at that time, as other brokers remember him, full of fun, fond of society and socially well liked.

He kept his eyes open and watched and worked. He saw panic after panic in the street, but was not engulfed in any of them. "Black Friday" was one, the smash caused by Jay Cooke's failure was another, the Grant-

Ward failure and the Baring collapse were others. During all this period he kept his nerve and gradually acquired securities purchased at panic prices and held on to them year after year. At the age of forty he had a comfortable fortune. Then he wanted to devote himself to "more intellectual pursuits," for the influence of his father's scholarship had never left him. "I wasted fifteen years of my life from the time I was fourteen," he said recently to Carl Snyder, writing him up for *The Review of Reviews*. But the stream of events on which he had now become embarked proved too strong for him. Instead of pulling out of it he soon found himself in a deeper and stronger and more rapid current, the current

few weeks before the world will know just what Mr. Harriman proposes to do in any particular event.

"The quality of directness, noted in his boyhood days, intensified as he grew older. It had been the moving force behind him as he progressed from penury to wealth. It was to be the power behind him to the end. In fact, it became and is to-day the one factor that stands out from his diverse character. It has made of him, in the popular fancy, a financial juggernaut that stops for nothing. The Morgan forces withstood him in 1901, and he did not hesitate to create a situation that led to a panic in the Stock Exchange. Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, the comrade of his young manhood, withstood him in this last year, and he crushed Mr. Fish as he would an enemy. A hundred lesser instances of this same characteristic could be adduced."



ARDEN

The summer home of Mr. Harriman. It is situated in the Ramapo Valley, New Jersey, and the estate surrounding it is twice as large as Manhattan Island. Mr. Harriman transacts much of his business here by the use of the telephone.

of "high finance." Of him at this time, Mr. Keys writes:

"Mr. Harriman was about forty years of age when he set his feet upon the path that was to lead him into sovereign power. Many of the characteristics of his boyhood had fallen from him. The friends of his youth describe him as frank, open, fond of gaiety and fun. The twenty-odd years of the Stock Exchange had effectually removed the frankness and the openness. In their place he had a studied reserve, a careful holding of himself in leash, a fixed resolve that no man should be able to guess the real thoughts and motives that lay within his mind. He had, by sheer effort of will, made of himself a psychological puzzle. So he has remained to this day. His plans are deep in mystery, even to the men he calls his friends. They will know only a

He knows what he wants and goes after it undeviatingly. He must dominate whatever he is connected with. "My work," he once said to a reporter about his functions in the board of directors of the Union Pacific, "has been to harmonize different opinions held by the members of the board of directors." When this statement was shown to a man who had been a director on the road he laughed and said: "I guess the reporter got him wrong. I guess he really said 'Harrimanize.'"

Harriman's entrance into the sphere of railroad finance, in which he has become one of the greatest figures, was made almost incidentally. In 1883 he held quite a block of stock

in the Illinois Central. Stuyvesant Fish, with whom he had become acquainted in the Stock Exchange years before, was interested in a fight over the road, and Harriman was chosen a director, his influence and vote in turn being cast for Fish as Vice-President. When Fish in 1887 was made President, Harriman became Vice-President. When the President went to Europe Harriman became acting President and a difference arose between him and the general manager, E. T. Jeffrey. The latter resigned, and Harriman, who had gone out to Chicago to stay a few months before retiring to "more intellectual pursuits," found himself up to the chin in work handling a railroad system that had more business than it could

The business is here. We must be ready to carry it." The business was there and the earnings the next year greatly increased. And in the next few years over twenty million dollars were expended in rebuilding. "The Harriman policy," says Carl Snyder, "has been distinctly one of concentration, rebuilding and upbuilding." When by "a brilliant coup" he became possessor, after Huntington's death, of the Southern Pacific, the two roads expended in six years' time over \$200,000,000 in improvements and extensions. Last year the gross income of the whole system was larger than that of any other railroad system in the country, with the single exception of the Pennsylvania, and the dividend disbursements,



AT THE TUXEDO HORSE SHOW, 1906

Mr. Harriman is passionately fond of a fine horse, and loves to drive one. The group above consists, besides himself, of his wife, his boy and Mrs. Harriman's father.

take care of. He and Fish, working together, made a new road out of the Illinois Central. Then Harriman's eyes turned longingly toward the prostrate Union Pacific, that had gone into bankruptcy in the crash of '93, and had a second mortgage on it to the Federal Government to the amount of \$54,000,000 and only \$13,000,000 in the sinking fund to meet it. He and his friends bought the road, and he became chairman of the board of directors. He began a close personal examination of the property, and from his exploring car telegraphed back a huge order for new equipment. His colleagues demurred. Harriman wired: "I cannot wait to discuss the question.

amounting to \$28,000,000, were larger than those of any other corporation excepting the United States Steel Corporation. Still more startling are some of the revelations being brought out in the investigation of the Harriman roads by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. These revelations are described by us on a preceding page. By them there is laid bare, "a scheme of railroad aggrandizement," in the words of the *New York Times*, "that startled even the members of the commission," who have grown pretty well used by this time to bold projects.

The man who conceives and executes these vast financial transactions is described by



"FAIR LAUGHS THE MORN AND SOFT THE ZEPHYR BLOWS"

The young lady who, with perfect confidence, is driving the four-in-hand is Miss Mary Harriman, and the other young lady is Miss Cornelia Harriman. They are daughters of the "king of high finance." The gentleman in the front seat is Mr. Thomas Hastings, the architect.

James Creelman in *Pearson's Magazine* as follows:

"He is a small, spectacled man, with a large forehead and slight, narrow chin. He has deep-set gray eyes and a dark-skinned, expressionless face. His jaws are short and wide; his nose is straight, thin and pointed. He looks like a Frenchman of the small professional type. His manner is cold and dry. But for the lines of muscular contraction on either side of the chin, running almost from the corners of the secretive mouth to the thin, wiry neck, and an occasional bunching of muscles at the tight-gripped angles of the jaws, it would be hard to reconcile the weakness of Mr. Harriman's dwindling lower face with the terrific force which he sometimes displays in his ceaseless struggle for money and power."

He has the "seeing eye" in a supreme degree, says Mr. Snyder in his *Review of Reviews* article. And he is "a tremendous worker." Mr. Snyder writes:

"The day is begun with a round at the telephone, one secretary or assistant after another being connected with him; at his home, each morning in regular order. Over the telephone he hears reports, is read letters of importance, makes engagements for the day, gives directions, then by ten or half-past he is at his desk. He has the faculty, his associates say, of getting through

business at a tremendous rate; his mind works swiftly, his decisions are rapid. This he is enabled to do because the questions involved have all been patiently thought out, studied and turned over, long in advance. This is the secret. 'They may appear offhand judgments,' Mr. Harriman remarks, 'but they are not.' His mind seems to be working all the time.

"He works four days in the week only. Friday, Saturday and Sunday he does not go to his office, more often to the country, always to the country throughout the summer time.

"It is at Arden that he has the most of his fun, though I imagine that like most men who succeed at business, work itself is his enjoyment in life. After it comes the Arden estate. It lies just above the fashionable colony at Tuxedo, on the line of the Erie road, a slight matter of 26,000 acres. That is an area of about twice the size of Manhattan Island. It is mostly wildwood, and if the mosquitoes are as numerous usually as on a summer day some years ago when I cycled through the country back of Tuxedo, I for one could have no envy for his possession."

His chief fad, Mr. Snyder goes on to tell us, is boys, and it is his pride that he is president of the largest club of boys in the world:

"That is the Boys' Club, at the corner of Tompkins Square and Tenth street, New York City. Here is a big building, five or six stories in height, with gymnasias, baths, playrooms, reading-



THE LEADING FIGURE TO-DAY IN THE REALM OF HIGH FINANCE

Edward H. Harriman, who from a boyhood passed in penury has come into domination over 25,000 miles of railroad track, is described as having "a slight, rather stooping figure, with a very large head, very piercing black eyes, with the habit of command and the confidence of success."

rooms, 30 or 40 separate clubrooms. Here in the course of the year 8,000 or 10,000 East Side boys have fun. They are not taught. It is not a church, it is not a school, it is not a reformatory, it is not a movement for the ethical culture of the East Side. It is simply a big place where the boys may enjoy themselves. Incidentally they do learn a great deal; they are taught a great deal. But it is Tom Sawyer fashion, who defined work as play that you didn't want to do.

"Here, for all ages, from little chaps just able to toddle up to big chaps ready to marry and have homes, there is a chance to find most any kind of wholesome amusement and sport. They have their football teams, baseball teams, camera clubs, natural history clubs, debating clubs. They give a Gilbert and Sullivan opera once a year, no one taking part but the boys; and the perform-

ances are said to be capital. They have an orchestra of their own, they have two drum corps, and they have a brass band.

"Mr. Harriman is, and has been for years, president of this club. Its history dates back 30 years and more, and Mr. Harriman's association with it dates from the beginning. Here, as a young man of eight-and-twenty, he undertook the work with a company of other young men, largely college men, and he has held to it ever since."

For his own recreation Mr. Harriman rides horseback, drives fast horses, motors, golfs a little, and in the winter time plays hockey with his boys. He has two sons and three daughters. The daughters are young ladies, the sons are still in school.

KING EDWARD'S NEW AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON



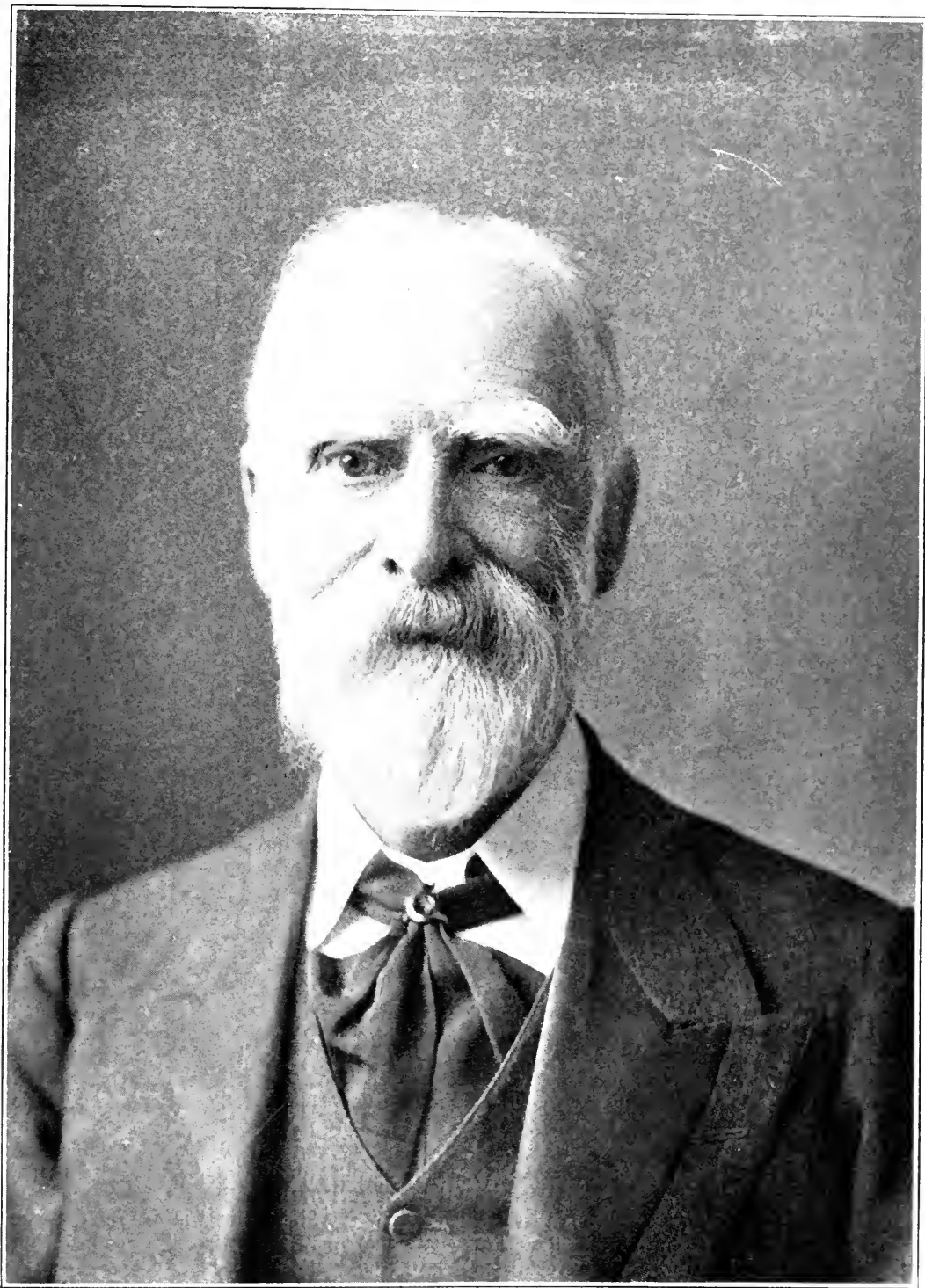
HO he is now nearly seventy, James Bryce is to-day a noted athlete. His figure is gaunt, his limbs are long, his eyes, ears and nose are big. His voice is hard, tho quite clear. The thick mustache and beard and the thin hair surmounting an unusually high forehead are white. All who have known James Bryce well in the past thirty years pronounce him the healthiest man in British public life to-day. The resemblances between many of his personal characteristics and those of the Scotch-Irish stock, from which he sprang, proclaim him the victim of an excessively nervous temperament who attained self-mastery by the exercise of the highest moral powers. He has traveled as widely as Marco Polo. He fishes with the enthusiasm of Izaak Walton. He climbs mountains with the fearlessness of an Alpine guide. His nine-mile walks before breakfast were long the talk of Oxford.

Professor Mahaffy has described James Bryce as the most learned man of this generation. He is entitled to write more letters of the alphabet—"D.C.L.," "M.P.," "F.R.S.," and the like—after his name than any other man admitted to the ministry when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman assumed office recently. He knows eight or nine languages well, perhaps ten not so well. He has written with authority on Poland, Hungary, Iceland, Transcaucasia, the holy Roman Empire, the American commonwealth, the Eastern question, trade-marks, historical jurisprudence. He is referred to still as "the Professor," altho nearly forty years have passed since he assumed the chair of civil law at Oxford. He has been famous since he was twenty-four.

He had scarcely attained that age when he won the Arnold historical prize with his study, "The Holy Roman Empire." This was an international success. He resembles John Morley in being one of the few successful politicians who made a first appearance at Westminster when past middle age. He was past forty-two when he entered the House of Commons, being already a distinguished man of letters, a scholar with an acknowledged reputation at every seat of learning in the world.

One gift only was denied him—eloquence. James Bryce does not speak with a brogue, nor yet with the Scotch "burr." His accent suggests somewhat a combination of the two. There is not a particle of music in his voice. He has never achieved a triumph in debate. His platform speaking is like his character—hard, able, persistent, practical, convincing. He has no irresistible magnetism of personality to move an audience with. Metaphor is unsuitable to the matter-of-factness of his speech. Illustration he never or very seldom employs. Wit he seemingly has no use for. Of what is called "retort" he has an intellectual contempt. He has always been the most impersonal of beings. He remains to-day the most impersonal of public speakers. The man's facial expression, as it is known in the daily round of his life, is immobile. The countenance does not light up on the platform. In the House of Commons he edified, he inspired respect. He raised no laugh, he could not seem brilliant, altho every member knew he must be.

Nothing has surprised the London intimates of James Bryce more than the American im-



MOUNTAINEER, DIPLOMATIST, FISHERMAN, HISTORIAN, ADMINISTRATOR AND EXPLORER

The Right Honorable James Bryce, King Edward's new ambassador in Washington, is about seventy, the most learned man in high position anywhere in the world and a most ardent admirer of the United States. The London *Saturday Review* complains that in any dispute between London and Washington, Mr. Bryce can be relied upon to take the side of Washington.

pression that he is "new to diplomacy." James Bryce has been a high authority on the diplomacy of Great Britain and of Europe for more than thirty years. He has even had an official connection with the profession itself. He was long under-secretary for foreign affairs, choosing, in that capacity, incumbents of the highest British embassies. He has directed the diplomatic policies of two Prime Ministers. There was a time not so many years back when he inspired the whole diplomacy of his native land in all that relates to the Eastern question. The Paris *Figaro* lately praised him as the only living British statesman competent to discuss the question of naval expansion from the standpoint of diplomacy. For James Bryce is a writer of repute upon the two-power standard of Great Britain. The naval policy of a nation, James Bryce has said, is simply a branch of its diplomacy. He has been a student of diplomacy when some of the most distinguished living ambassadors were small boys. How America came by its notion that James Bryce is not to be regarded as a trained diplomatist puzzles certain London organs much.

The new British Ambassador in Washington is systematic, punctual, unceremonious and a little quick in manner. He has always risen early. The peculiar pleasure which a solitary ramble in wild surroundings gives him makes his morning walk prolonged. His pleasure is not dependent on those dangers which are supposed to attend "first class" mountaineering, for James Bryce is too true a mountain lover to disdain a little safe scrambling among any hills that may be near. He has come back to breakfast very much the worse for soil. He is so practiced a mountaineer, moreover, that he can go safely for walks where people less skilled would certainly be in danger. But, like the experienced man he is, he remains careful in indulging himself in this particular hobby, fascinating as it has always been to him. Mr. Bryce is said to be the first white man that ever stood upon the summit of Mount Ararat. The tales of his prowess in the Alps relate to avalanches of snow that have fallen right upon him, to a sudden storm in which he was lost for two days, and to the breaking of a rope that left him suspended over an abyss. But Mr. Bryce's judgment is so good and his eye is so trained that he can detect a crevasse covered with snow by the mere shade of the white mantle. It must be noted that many Alpine stories involving Mr. Bryce are as apocryphal as that concerning the scar on his chin.

He won his scar, it was affirmed long ago, in a student duel at Heidelberg. Mr. Bryce went on to Heidelberg after passing out of Trinity College, Oxford. Thus he came by that fluency in the use of German which enabled him on sundry occasions to address Teutonic electors in the east end of London in their mother tongue. But he got no scar at Heidelberg and he fought no duel there. The scar and the Alpine incidents were invented for political purposes to convey the idea that he is too reckless to sit in the House of Commons.

James Bryce the fisherman can go into ecstasies over the rise of the trout to a floating artificial fly. He is a wary angler, who has learned the art of taking covert. He is no amateur to scare fish after fish by a too bold appearance near the brink. Dropping upon one knee in some tuft of thick rushes, he screens himself from the quick eye of his prey. It has been termed an education in itself to try how close one can get behind a rising trout and watch its actions unobserved. Mr. Bryce can do it. He has carried home several brace of heavy trout after a long day upon the banks of some neglected stream where an angler is an apparition almost as lonely as a heron. Success with the salmon, it has been said, depends upon conditions different from those of triumph over the trout. In trout-fishing one must be able to tell, by intuition or from experience, where fish are likely to be hovering. One must be nimble in the use of rod and line flies, and James Bryce is that. But in salmon-fishing the boatmen provide the knowledge of the fishes' haunts, and it is self-control in excitement—the supreme gift of James Bryce—rather than dexterity that does the rest. Mr. Bryce has the fisherman's psychology as Izaak Walton lays it down. He has great wisdom, learning and experience, he loves and practices the art of angling, and he neglects all sour censures.

Mr. Bryce's five senses are affirmed to remain as keen to-day as they were when he took a double prize at Oxford at the age of twenty-four. There is not a trace of deafness in him. His hearing is, indeed, so fine that any inharmonious combination of sounds, however subdued, will spoil a musical composition for him. His unusually large eyes, surmounted by the bushiest of white brows, are keen, inquisitorial, but never roving or restless. Mr. Bryce uses glasses but sparingly. He lacks, however, what is called the artist's eye. He has not the artistic temperament. He has too much perfect health for it, says a writer in the London *World*, enlarg-

ing, like many others, upon the extent to which Mr. Bryce has enjoyed good sight, good hearing, good digestion, good capacity to smell and touch and taste long after those powers in most men have begun to show signs of decay. Still, his brow is seamed with lines. There are countless wrinkles about his eyes. He looks like an old man, but an old man who is strong, masterful and alert.

The preservation of his physical powers is said to go along with an intellectual vigor little less than prodigious. Mr. Bryce is believed to be as good a Latin and Greek scholar as he was nearly fifty years ago, when his classical attainments were the marvel of his college. He has lost none of his Sanscrit and his Hebrew. He uses six or seven of the languages of modern Europe without any difficulty. But it is in administrative history that he is deemed the greatest of experts. Mr. Bryce is what the British call an administrator. Government as viewed from the standpoint of the executive has been the study of his life. His great work on American institutions, his not less famous study of that Holy Roman Empire, which was "neither holy, Roman nor an empire," and his lectures on jurisprudence, on constitutional law and on the history of diplomacy invariably take the administrative standpoint. We have here the compass that steers us through the shoreless ocean of his learning. It is a learning that sits most lightly upon him. He is no slave to it. His days are not spent in studies of the past, nor are his nights taken up with "great authors." At no time of his life was he a bookworm. But the intellect is with him supreme.

So cold and so dry is the white light of that reason through which he looks at things that Mr. Bryce has been accused of a want of human sympathy. Shortly after he became chief secretary for Ireland in the present British cabinet, he was called upon to deal with a failure in the potato crop. It was thought characteristic when Mr. Bryce refused to be moved by tales of distress. He declined to say what he might or might not do to relieve distress. He must first be made aware what amount of distress there would be. In some parts of Sligo, Mayo, Donegal, Galway and other western counties of Ireland there had been serious failures of the potato crop, however. Mr. Bryce had to admit the validity of the evidence. Yet he would not believe that things were as bad as they had been described. The potato crop had failed. Other crops must have succeeded.

Any man but James Bryce, talking like this in the face of a great Irish calamity, would have been denounced. Mr. Bryce gave no offense because his "administrative" point of view was allowed for. It was "poor administration," again, to go in for "relief works," yet Mr. Bryce lost none of his Irish popularity when he refused to countenance them. As an adept in the work of administration, he felt that relief works were far from the best means of relieving distress among an impoverished people. It is a dangerous thing to institute a public work simply for the sake of relief. If public works have to be instituted at all, their value to the community must alone be considered. Otherwise, there might be great demoralization. The people would always expect relief to be given. Many would get relief who did not need it. There would be much waste of public money.

Herein is reflected that absence of warmth which is held responsible for Mr. Bryce's failure as an orator. He can not look upon so personal a thing as human suffering in any but an impersonal way. Yet no administrator has done more to lighten economic burdens in Ireland, where he carried out a policy that was held to lead straight to Home Rule. His solutions of labor problems were actually declared, during his incumbency some twelve years ago of the office of President of the Board of Trade, to be pauperizing London. This charge is akin to the familiar one that, for all his standing as a great administrator, Mr. Bryce is a relaxer of discipline. He is certainly most popular with subordinates. He seldom asks any man under him how he is putting in his time. He calls for information, for details or for results. He has the quickly thinking mind which enables him to generalize soundly from facts collected by others, to detect inconsistencies in the facts themselves and to put aside the irrelevant instinctively. Through such mental traits has Mr. Bryce earned his reputation as a public servant who gets more work out of his subordinates because he gives them less to do. Lord Rosebery put the matter in this way once.

Mr. Bryce, with his wife, has done much entertaining in London. The dinners at his town house have never been so elaborate as to suggest the man of wealth—for Mr. Bryce has but a small private fortune—but they have been elaborate affairs. The best of the Bryce entertaining has been done in Aberdeen. To this ancient Scottish town Mr. Bryce has repaired year after year with the homecoming sense of the Scot who, tho

born in Belfast, was bred in Glasgow and kept in the House of Commons by Aberdeen. Mr. Bryce's annual speech in Aberdeen has long been the political event of the year, as his garden party has long been the social event of the year in South Aberdeen. His social qualities include geniality in conversation, a complete unconsciousness that he is anybody in particular, and an aptitude for listening, to which attention has often been called. Mr. Bryce is believed to be sincerely delighted to listen. The circumstance is due to an ever fresh interest in human nature and to an eagerness to get information from men instead of from books. So that while Mr. Bryce is a good talker of the quiet kind he is probably the best listener anywhere in the world. Canon Rawnsley is thought to have put James Bryce the man, James Bryce the Home

Ruler, James Bryce the scholar, James Bryce the administrator and James Bryce the agitator of the Eastern question into this sonnet:

Friend of fair freedom, lover of the light,
You who have climbed unconquered wastes of
snow

And seen the peaks of Oberland aglow
When all the vales were purple-dark with night,
Did not the vision from your morning height
Help the great hopes within you—you who
know

Peace yet in far Armenian fields shall grow,
Bulgaria rest and Macedon have right!

To other heights you climb, the thankless throne
Of office and the pinnacle of state,
Shall not that vision tell of dawn to be
When love shall flow where roars a sunder-
ing sea,

When tireless years of good shall vanquish
hate
And Erin's heart with Britain's heart be one.

THE FIELD COMMANDER OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

IF William J. Bryan is commander-in-chief of the Democratic forces at the present time (a proposition that will not pass undisputed), John Sharp Williams is certainly the general in charge of the forces in the field. As the chosen leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, he is the only man in the party whose leadership in national politics to-day has an official tag on it, and the only man who seems able to issue orders without exciting an insurrection in the ranks.

When Williams came into this post of leadership in the House of Representatives, he found the Democratic minority in a condition likened to that of "a plowing, snorting herd of Texas steers suddenly released from all restraint." In five days he had turned his chaotic following into a disciplined and soldierly army. It was a feat all the more surprising because he had never been suspected of being an organizer. He was one of the orators of the party, brilliant and forceful, but known as "simply an orator." In the first five days he had a fight on his hands within his own army—the only serious fight of the kind he has had to wage. It was on the subject of Cuban reciprocity. Williams had determined that the watchword of his party should be tariff revision and that the bill for Cuban reciprocity should receive Democratic support. The Democratic senators were dismayed by his decision, but by gentle and persuasive

methods he won out, and his army presented a united front at the end of that time and has kept it surprisingly well. A recent attempt to depose him died a-borning. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* has described his methods of handling men as follows:

"He is persuasive, not domineering. He has a winning manner, and he seems to be seeking help and light from you at the very time he is bringing you around to his views. Congressmen who go into his little room in the library wing determined to let Williams understand that they will put up with no nonsense, go forth pleased and flattered and inclined to help him out. On the rare occasions where it is necessary for him to show his authority the iron hand comes out of the velvet glove, and the insurgent knows what has happened without having any one tell him."

None of the Washington correspondents finds Williams's personal appearance very impressive. His "corrugated" legs, his loose-hanging clothes, and his general unpretentious air give him the appearance of a man of little importance. Yet he "needs hardly to speak above a whisper to attract the close and strained attention of the whole house in a moment." Here is a personal description given by Dexter Marshall recently in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*:

"John Sharp Williams is slightly below the average in height. Naturally slender, he is now showing some tendency toward stoutness. His gray eyes are deeply set beneath shaggy brows. His mustache is dashed with gray, and his dark curly hair appears never to have been combed.

When his face is in repose it seems to frown, but when he talks his smile banishes all notion that he can possibly be surly. He wears loose clothes—if they are not loose they hang awkwardly—his waistcoat is seldom entirely buttoned, and his black string tie is usually loose and dangling to one side or the other.

"His legs are replicas of his grandfather, John M. Sharp's, and Mr. Williams is proud of them. From hip to knee they are like ordinary legs, but below the knee they bend backward in an extraordinary manner. 'Corrugated,' they have been styled. He is not physically graceful.

"Mr. Williams is partially deaf in his right ear, and as that is the side presented to the enemy on the floor of the House, he is usually seen using his hand as an ear-trumpet, with his head cocked well forward. His voice is rasping and not attractive at first, but this is soon forgotten in the pleasure furnished by his rich Southern accent and drawl, and the purity of his English."

He is incisive in speech, and his command of sarcasm is said to be unequaled in the House by any one except De Armond. Yet his manners are "as easy and unpretentious as an old shoe." His occasional absent-mindedness has given currency to some amusing stories. Here is one which Mr. Marshall tells:

"Dressing for dinner one evening he encountered trouble with his tie, which would not take or keep a satisfactory set. Finally, however, he arranged it, gravely donned his dinner-coat and waistcoat and turned to his secretary for his approval.

"'Bob, do I look all right?' he demanded.

"'Yes,' replied the secretary, 'but, if you will pardon the suggestion, I think the effect would be better if you were to put on your trousers.'"

The great-grandfather of Williams was a colonel in the Revolution, his grandfather was a Confederate captain in the Civil War, and his father, a Confederate colonel, was killed at Shiloh. He and his brother inherited considerable wealth, and are to-day rich men for Mississippi. They own half a dozen cotton plantations in that state, covering about 10,000 acres, and real estate in Memphis as well. His brother attends to the management of the plantations, while John Sharp attends to the management of the Democratic Congressmen. He was educated at the Kentucky Military Institute, the University of the South, the University of Virginia, and the University of Heidelberg. There was some talk recently of his being asked to join the faculty of the University of Virginia, and there is more talk of his succeeding Senator Money in the upper house of Congress.

For several years his name has occasionally been mentioned in connection with the next Democratic nomination for the Presidency. But he refuses to take the subject seriously. Interrogated on this matter two years ago,



A FEW REMARKS TO MAKE

John Sharp Williams as he appears on the floor of Congress. He has taken to wearing a four-in-hand instead of a string tie, but his easy manners, winsome smile and incisive oratory are unchanged.

he replied with seeming earnestness: "My boy, my boom is making tremendous strides. My private secretary is unreservedly for me, and I have hopes of securing the support of Charley Edwards, the clerk of the minority room." Only a few days ago he was interrogated again on this subject, the chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee having come out in favor of his nomination. Williams pushed his big spectacles up on his forehead and solemnly assured the reporters that he had talked the subject over carefully with his wife and she was of the opinion that the White House cellars were so damp that Kit and Sallie would catch their death of cold there. Consequently he has decided not to accept the job.

If John Sharp Williams were to be the next Democratic nominee, he would be the first Southern man to be placed before the country in that capacity by either of the leading political parties since the war. Williams is intensely Southern, but he is singularly free from sectional prejudices. One of his most remarkable speeches in Congress was a defense of General Sherman against the charge

of having violated the rules of war in his famous march to the sea. It was listened to with breathless attention by a crowded house. Here is one of the passages which occurred in the course of that speech:

"As an American citizen, as the son of a 'rebel' soldier, as a man who is intensely American, although he is intensely Southern, I want the world to know that when civilized men were fighting civilized men upon the American continent—one of them in behalf of the cause of the preservation of the Union as he understood it, and the other in behalf of the cause of local independence as he understood it—the watchword was chivalry and fair fight."

He has a wide reputation as a story-teller and the grave charge is made and denied and made again that he occasionally writes poetry. He spends most of the time not devoted to public affairs at his home in Yazoo, among his books. His wife, while of course interested in his career and proud of his success in public affairs, devotes most of her time to the family and does not attempt to follow closely the ins and outs of political strife. They have seven children,—four sons and three daughters.

THE CONCILIATORY GENIUS OF THE QUEEN OF ITALY

NO DIPLOMATIST in Europe is ignorant of the profound influence exerted by Queen Elena of Italy upon the relations subsisting between the Quirinal and the Vatican. At a time when the eldest daughter of the Church is in open rebellion, Italia has drawn closer to the faith than at any period since the fall of the temporal power. The Queen's conciliatory personality is given credit for it by the few who know what transpires behind the scenes. Yet Elena was not reared in the Roman Catholic faith. Indeed, she was educated in something like abhorrence of it. Her first religious notions were implanted in her girlish mind by no less a person than Procurator Pobiedonosteff, of the Holy Synod. Alexander III, when on the throne of Russia, had made up his mind that the bride of the future Czar—Elena having been selected for that high destiny—should be as orthodox as a member of the Greek Church could possibly be. To-day Elena is one of the potent personal factors in the good-will growing up between the King in the Quirinal and the Pope in the Vatican.

The commencement of what may be a reconciliation between the royal house of Italy and the sovereign pontiffs dates from the baptism of the little Prince of Piedmont. It had all along been the wish of the Italian irreconcilables in the anti-clerical camp to have this little boy made Prince of Rome. Such a title would have constituted a gross affront to the Vatican. There is but one Prince of Rome in the eyes of those who uphold papal claims to the temporal power. But if court gossip be a reliable guide, the title of Prince of Rome had already been selected for the little Humbert. It was at this juncture that the Queen of Italy interposed. To her influence was directly due the choice of "Prince of Piedmont," a title to be henceforth as distinctive of the heirs of the house of Savoy as is the appellation "Prince of Wales" with reference to the heirs of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

From the hour of her reception into the Roman Catholic communion, Elena has constituted herself the medium of conciliation between church and state in Italy. The warm friendship that grew up between the present Pope during his incumbency of the patriarch-



ELENA AS MOTHER, WIFE AND QUEEN

One of the most beautiful women in Europe, Her Majesty, the Queen of Italy, is taking a morning canter with Victor Immanuel III and their three little ones. The Prince of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne, is balanced on the baby saddle strapped to the donkey's back. The little Princess Mufalda (or Mafalda) is on a pony at the King's left. The Princess Yolande, first-born of the trio, is likewise mounted on a pony at her mother's right.

ate of Venice and the Queen still subsists. His Holiness has even granted her Majesty special recognition as Queen of Sardinia. In this last capacity it is permissible for Elena to avail herself of every spiritual favor granted by the Church to those of the faithful who are in the necessary state of grace. Elena has thus two royal titles. But she was merely a princess of Montenegro at the time of her marriage to the present King Victor Emmanuel of Italy in 1896.

This was the climax of the series of brilliant matches arranged by Prince Nicholas, reigning sovereign of Montenegro, for his beautiful daughters, of whom the Queen of Italy was originally intended to become the consort of the present Czar of Russia. Her Majesty, who is now thirty-four, was taken in girlhood to St. Petersburg to be educated for this exalted destiny. Elena and the present Czar's sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia, soon formed the most passionate of mutual attachments.

In due time, Elena's sister Militza married a Russian Grand Duke. Another sister, Anastasia, became Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg. Alexander III, then on the throne of Russia, bade his son take Elena to wife. But Nicholas had now taken an interest in the

Princess Alix of Hesse. Alix and Elena were at this time celebrated as the loveliest princesses in Europe. The gorgeous eastern coloring of Elena's dark countenance proved a foil for that gracious simplicity to which the effect of the blonder loveliness of Alix was mainly due. Elena subjected by every intoxicating form of feminine enchantment. Alix subdued through a pouting loveliness most stimulating to the chivalrous instinct in the breast of man. The affections of the one were all sentiment, of the other all passion.

Elena's education, finished at a young ladies' seminary patronized by the Empress Dagmar, equipped her for a more pretentious life than that led by her father, the Prince of Montenegro. He is a cultivated and traveled man, familiar with most European capitals, yet addicted to mountaineering habits and fond of his native costume, which he expected his children to wear when at home. There never was much ceremony or etiquette at the home of Princess Elena. The poorest of her father's subjects and the obscurest of strangers are received, as a rule, without formality. An eye witness relates that at the public announcement of Elena's betrothal to the present King of Italy, the Prince of Montenegro was seized by a dozen of his mountaineers and carried bodily



LENGTH IS THE "NOTE" OF THIS QUEEN'S BEAUTY

The arms, the waist line, the neck, the hair and the chin of Queen Elena of Italy are so harmoniously adjusted, so far as her Majesty's curves of beauty are concerned, that the extreme height of this most celebrated of royal beauties passes almost unobserved.

down the main street of his capital, all concerned roaring with laughter. When a diplomatist deplored the meager and valueless nature of Montenegro's exports in the hearing of the Prince, his Highness replied:

"I don't know. What about my daughters?"

The Prince of Naples, as Victor Emmanuel III was then styled, first met Elena in Venice during the famous exposition there. Her beauty was at this period as striking as her height. She was, in truth, ethereally huge, absolutely without pride, yet looking down upon everybody and everything. The soul of the Prince of Naples had seen a vision. But Crispi, the powerful minister of King Humbert, thought a Princess of Montenegro too farcical a royalty to share the throne of Italy.

Elena having been duly received into the Roman Catholic faith, however, her marriage to the man who has loved her with unremitting devotion ever since, took place in October, 1896.

The three children of this union are said to be responsible for the fact that Elena is so little seen in public. Her first child, the Princess Yolanda, was born in 1901, eleven months after the tragic death of King Humbert had brought his son to the throne. The birth of a second daughter caused great disappointment to the Italian people. The child was christened Mafalda. At last, in September of 1904 Elena gave birth to Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, who snatches the succession to the throne of Italy from the Duke of Aosta. In her care of these little ones Elena has studied fresh air, clothing, sleep and exercise so assiduously that her husband's subjects complain of the seclusion in which she lives. Racconigi, one of the most delightful of the various homes of the Italian royal couple, shows Elena in her most maternal aspect. The place is some twenty miles south of Turin. In and out among the park ponds, plentifully stocked with trout, wander the princesses, the prince and the Queen. "No royal child ever had more devoted or more constant care," says Mrs. Batcheller of the Prince of Piedmont.* "Nothing is ever allowed to interfere with his wants and needs, and no royal function of any sort can hope for the Queen's presence if it interferes with H. R. H.'s supper."

Queen Elena has inherited not only the majestic height of the Montenegrin princes, but nearly all the poetical talent transmitted through generation after generation of those royal mountaineers. Elena's father has written dramas based upon such events in Montenegrin history as appeal most strongly to the national pride. The Prince's verses deal effectively with every variety of feeling, situation and character. Queen Elena's poems reflect sentiments of the purely personal kind. Her latest book is made up wholly of stanzas inspired by the trials of one in a royal position. The strain is at times lofty and impassioned. But in the main, elegy seems best fitted to the frame of mind from which the Queen's versification proceeds. The correspondence between the Queen of Italy and the Queen of Roumania, which has subsisted long and breathes a mutual love, is conducted in rhymed stanzas.

*GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE. By Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. Doubleday, Page & Company.

Literature and Art

IS GENIUS NEGLECTED BY THE MAGAZINES?



HE voice of "neglected genius" is one that never grows faint in our ears. In every generation there are those who will not let us forget that Milton sold his masterpiece for a song; that Chatterton was goaded into suicide by an uncharitable world; and that Keats died of a broken heart. To-day in America a small army of men who have evidently persuaded themselves that they are the lineal descendants of Milton and Keats are still raising the old cry, Why is genius forsaken? And since in our day and age the magazine editor is popularly regarded as the real arbiter of genius, this old cry has led to a new one, Why is genius neglected by the magazines?

The New York *Sun* has lately opened its columns to a discussion of this subject, and the result is a correspondence of unusual interest. One of the contributors says bluntly: "There is no market for the product of genius." He continues:

"Conditions to-day are just exactly the same as in E. A. Poe's time. One may tramp the streets of New York City with a valuable manuscript in his pocket and starve. He may make the 'rounds of the editors' with stories and articles that are the result of twenty years' experience; tales and treatises wherein there is nothing but first-hand information that has been gathered at a great cost, a tremendous sacrifice to the author; he may offer to editors products that contain nearly all of the elements that make literary genius; he can do all this and have all this and still be compelled to stop on his journey to Editor Wise and grab a handful of free lunch. And this in a land where enough good food is wasted to feed an entire nation!"

A second unsuccessful aspirant contributes a remarkable autobiographical document to the discussion. He came from Canada to New York, he asserts, with high literary ambitions, and was immediately struck by the contrast between the best English magazines, on which he had been nurtured, and the American periodicals. He sent out his stories to the magazines, but they were almost all returned. Editors wrote him that his tales were "not pleasant," or had an "unhappy ending," or were "gloomy," and the like. One editor said: "Please stick to the realities of life." He told this editor that he believed he *had* struck a chord in real life, and he tried to find

out what the editor meant by "realities." He gathered that under this term were included "the affairs of the body, exterior happenings, bodily adventures (always decorous, however; matters that a clergyman could view, or young ladies watch); fights and wrecks and plots and counterplots;" and he came to the conclusion that his idea of "realities" was something very different from this. To continue the narrative:

"I simply tried my best to relate honestly and as finely as I could my own real impressions of life to-day. And I found that such work would not keep me from hunger. It may be, of course, that I am not capable of writing such real works in an adequate manner. Passing that point by, I claim that even the attempt to write honestly of real life is discouraged in every possible manner by the magazine editors, the publishers and the theatrical managers of the day. I assert that they do not want to consider honest literary work; that they are not capable (the most of them) of judging, or even recognizing, honest literary work. I accuse them of moral dishonesty, witting and unwitting. I say that their criterions are false, and that with rare exceptions the stuff they foist on the public is trivial, banal, false and fraudulent in the highest degree."

"I had been slaving on an honest novel," the same correspondent goes on to say. But it was rejected, and he became discouraged and began to write "pot-boilers." He set to work on a new novel that he thought might meet the demands of the market. It took him just five days, and he sold it in a week for nearly \$300. The rest was easy:

"I banged off on the typewriter magazine fiction, articles; acceptances here, there, all around; with cupids dancing on the keyboard, matinee young ladies and musical comedy young heroes surrounding me; sexual interest (false and slushy sexual interest) everywhere.

"Gold bricks!

"And anybody can produce them. Of course, there are manufacturers of this brand of writing who are really honest, who think that way and write that way. Peace and the best of luck to all honest craftsmen! They have their place, even as Bowery whisky sellers have. At any rate, my stuff won't harm readers as much as the real stuff, for it lacks conviction. But the foolish editors buy it. I'll go on; what else is there for me to do? I, too, must live and graft."

These sentiments find an echo in many of the letters printed by *The Sun*. But by no means all of the correspondents take a view


of magazine conditions so pessimistic. Mr. Gustav Kobbé, the well-known writer on musical topics, thinks that the real trouble lies not so much with the editors as with the so-called "geniuses." "They have," he says, "what often is misconstrued as genius—an abnormal desire to produce something great without a corresponding creative faculty." A second correspondent thinks that "the man who returns your story comes pretty near knowing what he is about—he wouldn't be at the head of a responsible magazine if he didn't." And a third, "A Professional Writer," makes this comment:

"When a New York weekly magazine offered a prize of \$5,000 for the best short story submitted, the committee of judges was chosen wholly outside the magazine editorial field. These gentlemen reported that of 12,000 manuscripts submitted not 10 per cent. were worth a second reading. The scribbling public thinks that 'anybody can write

a story,' and that it will be better than 'the trash they publish in the magazines.' The talk of an editorial trust organized to bar these suffering victims is childish and absurd. The competition among editors is as keen as that among sellers of any kind of merchandise. Every month there appear stories by writers of no previous reputation. There was never a time when a writer with sufficient talent and industry could find a readier recognition or larger rewards.

"It is all tommyrot to say that Poe and Stevenson and Hawthorne could not sell their stories to a magazine to-day. If the magazines are not publishing great literature it is because America has not the writers capable of turning it out. Take Joseph Conrad, for example. He is writing pure literature, and magazines are glad to publish it. Yet his stories have a very limited popular appeal and his books have had an inconsiderable sale. There is not a writer of recognized literary talent in this country or England to-day who has not found ready access to the magazines regardless of his or her 'circulation building' power."

BRUNETIÈRE'S THEORY OF LITERARY CRITICISM

ERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE, who died in Paris last month, is universally conceded to have been the greatest systematic critic of contemporary French literature. Without possessing either the style of Hippolyte Taine or the marvelous intuitions of Sainte-Beuve, he became the master of critical methods that have carried his name to the ends of the world. These methods were primarily scientific. Brunetière was "more intent to weigh and compare than to enjoy or help others to enjoy," observes Jules Lemaitre. And M. Louis Allard, of Harvard University, in an article in the *Boston Transcript*, says:

"He believed that the function of criticism is not only to explain, but to judge and to classify, the works it considers. The principle of criticism should not be individual feeling, which is often capricious, and even fantastic, but reason; that is to say, that element of the critic's mind which is in harmony with the most fixed and constant and general and permanent characteristics of human nature in all time and in all civilizations."

Building on this basic principle, Brunetière came to the conclusion that France's purest literary period was that of the seventeenth century. Tested by this same standard, he held that much of the work of the modern "realists," such as Zola, was futile and corrupt. As M. Allard puts it:

"In this principle is the explanation of his whole work, is the origin of all his ideas. What value has he accredited to works of literature? A value in proportion to their expression of human

truth, the most general, as the most impersonal and universal. According to this idea has he established the hierarchy of writers or of groups. A work then is of value for its broadly human character, for what it expresses of the norm of human nature; and here his theory renews and adds new life to the classic theory of Boileau. For this reason he placed the literature of the seventeenth century above that of any other, and of the writers of that time, he placed Pascal and Bossuet at the top. For this reason he looked somewhat askance at the romantic literature, because it expressed more the particular than the general, and most especially the ME, that is, the most individual and the most unstable of the whole being. If he praised anything in the poetry of Lamartine or of Hugo, it was the expression of the emotions common to all mankind. For the morbid protrusion of personality as found in the poetry of Baudelaire and of Verlaine, he felt nothing but loathing. That affectation of indecency, which seems to be a part of present-day naturalism, was most repugnant to his pure nature, and he attacked it relentlessly, as well as the search for minute detail and the peculiarly personal trait—the unusual, in a word. All this in a work, he declares, will perish, and the work will last only because of the original expression, in which the author clothes universal truth."

Brunetière defended his point of view vigorously, and even bitterly, for he was something of a dogmatist by nature. "Sometimes," says M. Allard, "he went too far in his criticisms; he used the big stick, where a needle would have been enough." Still, "he was more impartial than is generally believed, and if, for instance, he did not value Zola at his real worth, he did at least distinguish the

ridiculous and indecent exaggerations of the naturalistic school from the real services which it rendered." Brunetière's work, it should be added, can only be truly estimated when considered in its relation to the "impressionist" school that preceded it—a school of which Renan was the pontiff, and Anatole France and Lemaitre are to-day the accomplished leaders. M. Allard writes in this connection:

"It does not seem to me that the objection which the impressionists have brought against him, that he has simply created a system out of his personal preferences and tastes, that the foundation of his whole method is but a personal inclination, in any way weakens the integrity of that theory. And besides, has he not always endeavored to enforce his preferences by his fund of reasoning? And indeed it seems to me, that he had an instinctive mistrust of all caprices and surprises of feeling, and was inclined to be hostile to all manifestations of individualism, which in his eyes were a menace not only to literature, which he took to be but the imitation of human verity, but also to order, and to the best interests of a well organized society."

The same logic that drove Brunetière into the championship of the classical tradition in literature, led him, quite inevitably, into the Roman Catholic Church. For several years previous to his death he was a stanch defender of the authority of Rome. Most of his essays, both on religious and literary subjects, were first printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which he became the director in 1894. His best known works are entitled "Etudes critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature française," "Nouvelles Etudes," and "Histoire et Littérature." He was an excel-



Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Company

THE GREATEST FRENCH CRITIC SINCE TAINE AND SAINTE-BEUVE

M. Brunetière has been described as "a bureaucrat of letters." He held it the duty of the critic to set authoritative literary standards before the unlearned public, and brought to this task untiring energy and great erudition. He has died at the age of fifty-seven.

lent speaker as well as a writer, and at the time of his death was one of the most influential members of the French Academy.

JAMES HUNEKER, AN INTERPRETER OF MODERNITY

THE name of James Huneker is associated with every modern art movement in America. "If," says Michael Monahan, in his extinct *Papyrus*, "there be in America or elsewhere any man who has more art, literature and music at his fingers' end than James Huneker, I have not heard of him. Indeed," he goes on to say, "I have only one criticism to pass upon James—he writes overmuch about people who are not nearly so interesting as himself." To quote further:

"James is a wonderful blend of Celtic and Hungarian genius with the American spirit, and his talents are as unusual as the racial combination that produced him. An immediate Irish relative of his bore a gallant part in the idealistic and

happily bloodless Fenian raid into Canada some forty years ago. Another direct forbear was a Hungarian music composer of no small renown. James has given a striking proof that the Celtic drop predominates in himself by adoring the Fenian patriot and damning, critically, the Slavonic master. The equation of the mingled elements of his blood might also be determined from his literary style, which is fairly riotous with provocation, suggesting the Irishman's well-known description of whisky as a mixture of ladies' charms and boxing gloves."

It appears from this that Mr. Huneker is a literary prophet honored in his own country. But not only there. We gather from the New York *Times Saturday Review* that an edition of his "Visionaries" has recently been published in Bohemian, with an appreciation

in the same language. And in the *Tageblatt* of Berlin we find an account of Mr. Hunecker's literary work and personality in which he is spoken of as the greatest interpreter of modernity on this side the ocean. "Hunecker," the writer continues, "is one of the pathfinders of literary America; he points the way to the future."

Mr. Hunecker, we are told, interprets modernity, both in his critical work and in his fiction. The great iconoclasts in music and philosophy have always appealed to him most. This may seem strange, for his early environment was not of a nature to foster such tendencies. He studied several years for the priesthood, but, happening to look out of the seminary window one fine spring day, he saw one of the prettiest of girls and was diverted to secularism and letters. In appearance, however, he has never been quite able to overcome the influence of his early training. On meeting him on the street one would be tempted to mistake this exponent of Nietzsche and Ibsen for a Roman Catholic priest. Subtlety of psychological analysis and dialectic skill, these, we read, Mr. Hunecker owes to his Jesuit teachers.

The peculiarity of his ancestry singled him out to become the interpreter to his compatriots of the wonderful civilization beyond the great water-wall, of which they knew little. With the charming impudence of a young man he started by stealing the literary thunder of the French, their devil-worship and their wit. Then, in conjunction with his friend, Vance Thompson, he founded a semi-monthly, *Mademoiselle New York*, one of the sprightliest things that ever escaped the professional moralists of the Comstock stamp. Unfortunately, the critic exclaims, it did not pay financially to throw pearls before the American public. It was used to a different diet. When finally business prospects brightened, other considerations forced the editors to discontinue their publication. However, like the famous "Yellow Book," it had fulfilled its purpose.

In all those years, the *Tageblatt* critic informs us, Hunecker was wavering between two loves: music and literature. In the former he was more or less of a failure, at least in his own opinion. It is an irony of fate, the writer observes, that in spite of his fiasco as a musician, Mr. Hunecker is one of America's first musical critics. It was he who took up the cudgels for Richard Strauss in America, and in his first book of short stories, "Melomaniacs," he is positively obsessed with

musical motives. Strauss, Chopin, and Liszt are the musical trinity from whose spell he cannot free his soul. In his second book of short stories, "Visionaries," the musical motive is less strongly pronounced. But his fiction, no less than his criticism, breathes the spirit of modernity.

"Have you never written poetry?" Mr. Hunecker was once asked.

"Certainly," he replied, "but I possessed the courage of my criticism not to publish it." When he was very young—he is past forty to-day—Mr. Hunecker was one of Walt Whitman's intimate circle. At that time he wrote a ludicrous parody of the good gray poet's "Children of Adam," and brought it to him. Whitman, whose sense of humor was very deficient, read and re-read the poem several times. After a while he remarked and without as much as a smile: "I've never written anything so rank as that."

After this interesting diversion, the *Tageblatt* writer speaks at length of Hunecker's critical accomplishments. As a critic, he says, Mr. Hunecker has no equal in America. Maeterlinck, indeed, once spoke of him as "the American Brandes." It was in a letter to Hunecker that Shaw for the first time expressed his condemnation of Candida as a heartless woman. Ibsen and Nietzsche were, if not for the first time, at least most impressively interpreted in America by Hunecker's "Overtones" and "Iconoclasts." This, our German critic insists, is the secret of Hunecker's success: he unites Hibernian wit with German thoroughness. To quote further:

"His genius is closely akin to the modern Germany of Sudermann and Hauptmann. But Italy, France, Sweden, Norway and Russia, too, he has visited, at least, in spirit, to share the treasures of their literary storehouses with his people. It is significant that not a single of his essays in either of his two critical books deals with an American writer. Purposely or not, he has made himself the interpreter of a foreign civilization."

"The more Hunecker's reputation is increasing, owing to his stories and critical essays, the greater his influence upon the development of American literature becomes. Without his pioneer work Ibsen, Shaw and Wilde would not have been so readily accepted even by the *cognoscenti*. His influence upon younger men is marked, but he is no more 'popular' than the author of 'Pippa Passes,' or Ibsen or Wilde. The highest aim that an artist may aspire to is, after all, to impress his personality upon an ever-growing number of men of culture. The greater their number, the greater the intellectual wealth of the nation. But even that is not Hunecker's aim. Art, in his opinion, is self-sufficient. An English critic once observed, foaming with rage: 'Mr. Hunecker writes as if art were the only object in life.' 'The devil' was Hunecker's retort, 'It is,—to me.'"

THE SIMPLE AND FANTASTIC GENIUS OF BLAKE

THERE is surely no more remarkable or romantic story in the annals of artist endeavor than that which tells of William Blake, the English poet and painter. He was born amid the gloom of a London November in 1757, and he died in humble rooms in the same city seventy years later, practically unrecognized and unknown. He manifested throughout his life a creative activity that was almost feverish in its intensity, yet he cared so little for fame that he took not the slightest pains to preserve his work. Poems that have since been extolled by Swinburne and the most eminent critics of our age were committed to scraps of paper, or to hand-illuminated folios. The only "editions" of much of his poetry were those engraved by himself and his wife, and issued in stray copies that drifted hither and thither. Drawings and paintings that are now beyond price, and have been compared with those of Michael Angelo and Rembrandt, lay for long years, undiscovered, in dusty attics and damp cellars.

Charles Lamb was one of the few contemporaries of Blake who discerned his genius. The Rossetti brothers, Dante Gabriel and William Michael, were among the next to set a high value on his achievement. Then came Swinburne, with his "William Blake: A Critical Essay;" and the humble poet's reputation was established beyond all cavil. Swinburne recognized in him "the single Englishman of supreme and simple poetic genius of his time," and his book, which has just been republished,* after forty years, is still regarded as the best criticism and commentary on Blake that exists. The standard life of Blake is by Alexander Gilchrist. This, too, has been recently reprinted,† with an essay by a London artist, W. Graham Robertson. At the present time new editions of Blake's writings and new commentaries upon his art and life are multiplying with a rapidity that is almost bewil-

***WILLIAM BLAKE: A CRITICAL ESSAY.** By Algernon Charles Swinburne. E. P. Dutton & Company.
 †**THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BLAKE.** By Alexander Gilchrist. Edited with an Introduction by W. Graham Robertson and Numerous Illustrations. John Lane Company.



Courtesy of John Lane Company

"WHAT IS MAN THAT THOU SHOULDEST TRY HIM EVERY MOMENT?"
 (By William Blake)

One of a series of illustrations to the book of Job. In this mood William Blake has been compared with Michael Angelo.



Courtesy of John Lane Company

MADMAN OR GENIUS?

Some of William Blake's contemporaries regarded him as demented; but Swinburne recognized in him "the single Englishman of supreme and simple poetic genius of his time."

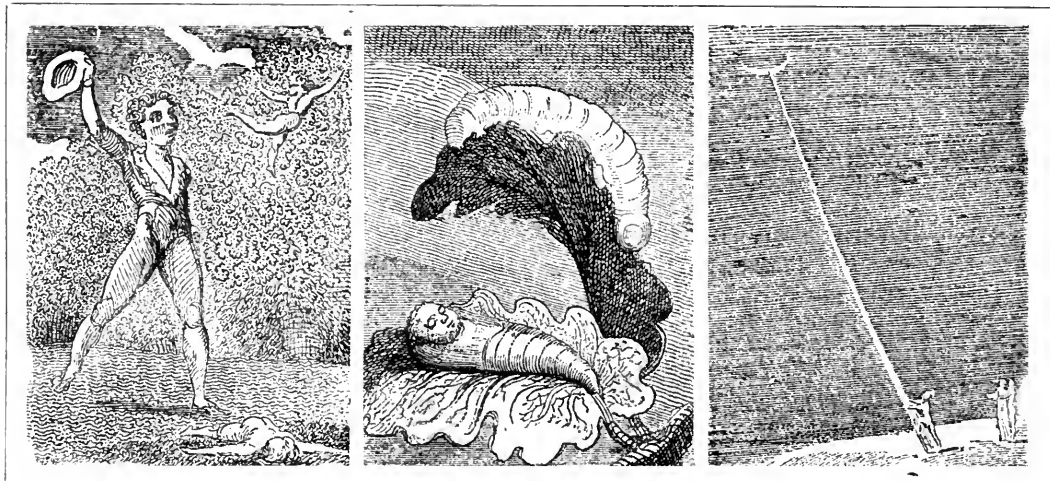
dering. Among the more recent volumes may be mentioned: "The Life and Letters of William Blake" (Scribner's), edited by A. G. B. Russell; "William Blake: Illustrations of the Book of Job" (London: Methuen), with an Introduction by Laurence Binyon: "The

Poetical Works of William Blake" (London: Chatto and Windus), edited by Edwin J. Ellis; and "The Poetical Works of William Blake"* (Oxford University Press), edited by John Sampson. When to these are added a study by Paul Elmer More in his newest collection of "Shelburne Essays," and a dozen magazine articles that have lately appeared in England and America, it becomes evident that William Blake has passed the stage of experimental or tentative estimate. He takes his place with the immortals.

The first element that strikes one in Blake's work, both literary and pictorial, is its extraordinary simplicity—a simplicity born in mysticism and so childlike that it constantly verges on the grotesque. He wrote for children and angels, it has been said, himself "a divine child" whose playthings were the sun and stars. One theme preoccupied him in all his writings, and it is expressed in the title of his greatest book—"Songs of Innocence and of Experience, showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul." The purpose of these songs, which a writer in the London *Academy* prophesies will outlive the poetry of Shelley, is to reconcile the surprising and grave lessons of experience with those joyous revelations which come to eyes newly opened upon the world; and this, says Prof. Walter Raleigh, is the problem of all poets. Professor Raleigh continues:

"There is nothing in all poetry like the 'Songs of Innocence.' Other writers—Hans Andersen, for instance—have penetrated into that enchanted country, have learned snatches of its language,

*Also issued in abridged form, with an Introduction by Walter Raleigh. New York: Oxford University Press.



ALAS!

WHAT IS MAN?

I WANT! I WANT!

THREE OF WILLIAM BLAKE'S ALLEGORIES



Courtesy of John Lane Company

THE GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS

(By William Blake)

"Shapes of elements, the running lines of water, the roaring lines of fire, the inert mass of strong earth; above all, the naked human body in its numberless gestures and attitudes of effort or endurance"—such, says Mr. Laurence Binyon, were the subjects that Blake delighted in.

and have seen some of its sights. But they are at best still foreigners, observers, emissaries; the golden treasures of innocence which they bring back with them they coin into pathos and humor for the use of their own countrymen. There is no pathos in Blake's innocent world; he is a native of the place, and none of the natives sits aloof to compare and ponder. There is no humor; the only laughter heard in that Paradise is the laughter of woods, and streams, and grasshoppers, and the sweet round mouths of human children. There the day is a festival of unceasing wonders, and the night is like the sheltering hand of God. There change is another name for delight, and the parting of friends is a prelude to new glories:

"Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

"Death itself is an enterprise of high hope, an introduction to the Angel with the bright key who opens the long row of black coffins. Sorrow there is, and pity for sorrow; tears and bewilderment and darkness; but these things are all within the

scheme, and do not open vistas into chaos. When the little boy is lost, God himself, dressed in white, appears by his side and leads him back to his weeping mother, to the world of daylight and shepherds, and lions with golden manes. One who has known this holy land, and has lived in it until it was overrun by infidel invaders—how should not his later life be a great crusade for its recovery?—

"Bring me my Bow of burning gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

"I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land."

Even in the "Songs of Experience" the old simplicity and happiness reassert themselves.

"His whole-hearted joy in the world kept the enemy for long at bay.

"For I dance,
And drink and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.



Courtesy of Johu Lane Company

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

William Blake's portrayal of Jehovah measuring the earth with His compass.

"He does not agonize with the Fate that holds him in its grasp; his peaceful, almost infantine, submission to the Power that is so cruelly strong in its dealings with those who struggle against it, saved him from anything like a tragedy of thought. He lay still, and knew no fear. The trouble, when it came to him, came in the form, not of doubt, but of bewilderment and sorrow of heart. The reign of love and of natural happy impulse is partial and precarious. Against it are ranked all the baser passions—fear, envy, anger, jealousy, covetousness—which Blake unites under the single name of Self-hood.

"While the soul is a fount of action, spending itself without stint on outward objects, joy and faith are supreme; but when its activities flag, when it becomes distrustful of itself and afraid of the world, defensive, secretive, eager to husband its resources, it falls under the control of Satan, and reasons, and doubts, and inhibits, and measures, and denies. Everything that it touches is blighted by the contact.

"He who bends to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise."

Not all of Blake's poetry is as coherent as that given here, and not all of his commenta-

tors are as sympathetic as Professor Raleigh. He was a poet of flashes and fitful outbursts, and did not always trouble to round out his thought or his inspiration. As Mr. G. L. Strachey, a writer in *The Independent Review* (London), puts it: "Blake was an intellectual drunkard. His words come down to us in a rapture of broken fluency from impossible, intoxicated heights. His spirit soared above the empyrean; and, even as it soared, it tumbled in the gutter." Some of the poems of William Blake read like the ravings of a lunatic. Of his later and more complex "Prophetic Books," with their rushing eloquence and strange symbolism, Mr. Paul Elmer More writes:

"The travail of soul that went into the recording of those apocalyptic visions is like nothing so much as some Titanic upheaval of nature, accompanied with vast outpourings of fire and smoke and molten lava, with rending and crushing and grinding, and with dark revelations of earth's unfathomable depths. And afterwards, in midst of these gnarled and broken remains, he who seeks shall find scattered bits of colored stone, flawed and imperfect fragments for the most part, with here and there a rare and starlike gem."

The simple idealism and fantastic imagery which distinguish Blake's poetry are just as clearly marked in his art. No artist has as yet done for the pictures of Blake what Swinburne has

done for his poems, but his place as a world-figure in art is now assured. Never before, it may be stated confidently, has a great genius perpetrated such artistic atrocities as Blake was sometimes guilty of creating. The story is told of how Arthur Symonds once showed some of Blake's drawings to Rodin, the great French sculptor. "Blake used literally to see those figures," said Mr. Symonds; "they are not mere invention." "Yes," replied the sculptor; "he saw them once; he should have seen them three or four times!" The artist in Blake was too often supplanted by the poetic scribbler, and the worst of his pictures have the same kind of irresponsibility as the worst of his poems. Nevertheless, it must be added, he brought to his art a spirit creative in the highest sense. He had something *new* to express, and he succeeded in expressing it. "Shapes of elements, the running lines of water, the roaring lines of fire, the inert mass of strong earth; above all, the naked human body in its numberless gestures and attitudes of effort or en-

durance"—such, says Mr. Laurence Binyon, were the subjects that Blake delighted in. Mr. Binyon says further (*Independent Review*):

"Throughout Blake's art the image of fire and flame is a constant and haunting presence. It inspires his design so much that not only do these wavering yet energetic forms play a signal part in his decorations, but the human bodies that people his art bend and float and aspire, rush, recoil, embrace, and tremble, with an accordant vehemence of motion. There was indeed somethink flamelike in the nature of the man himself.

"Rhythmical line, radiant color—mastery of these is of the essence of art; and in the shapes of the fire Blake could find, without distortion, a theme entirely congenial to his eye and hand. But it was also congenial to his soul. I can not remember that any other European artist has treated this element with the peculiar imaginative joy of Blake. Those who have painted scenes of fire, from Raphael to Millais, have made the human terror and human courage evoked their subject. But of Blake I can not but think that he rejoiced with his flames in their destruction of the materials of this world. Here certainly we seem to find an attitude quite opposite to that of the normal painter, prizing so much the world's fair surface that ministers to his work and his delight. Yet the opposition is only apparent. It could only be real if art were indeed but imitation of nature. But art is never this. All creative minds, in whatever sphere they work, need to destroy the world that they may rebuild it new. Blake is only an extreme type."

Blake has been described as "an artist so eager for perfection that he could not submit to the laws of art;" but in all his greatest work he made his own laws, and lived up to them. The painter Romney ranked the historical drawings of Blake with those of Michael Angelo; and Mr. Graham Robertson speaks of his "Illustrations of the Book of Job" as having "crowned the world's greatest poem with an added glory."

Enough has been said to make it clear that Blake was much more than poet and painter only. He was seer and philosopher—a prophet with a gospel all his own. He claimed to have communion with the great spirits of the past, and sometimes he talked to his friends so strangely that they wondered whether he spoke in parable, or whether he was mad. But his biographer, Alexander Gilchrist, thinks that this was but the attitude of a prosaic world toward a man who, in Swinburne's phrase, was "drunken with the kisses of God." "So far as I am concerned," says Mr. Gilchrist, loyally, "I would infinitely



THE REUNION OF SOUL AND BODY
(By William Blake)

rather be mad with William Blake than sane with nine-tenths of the world." He continues:

"When, indeed, such men are nicknamed 'mad,' one is brought in contact with the difficult problem, 'What is madness?' Who is *not* mad—in some other person's sense, himself, perhaps, not the *noblest* of created mortals? Who, in certain abstruse cases, is to be the judge? Does not prophet or hero always seem 'mad' to the respectable mob, and to polished men of the world, the motives of feeling and action being so alien and incomprehensible?"

In an article in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, Prof. Lewis N. Chase likens William Blake to John Bunyan. These are "the two and the only two great visionaries of English literature," he avers. Mr. Graham Robertson prefers a comparison with Walt Whitman as the poet "most akin" to Blake.

But comparisons of Blake with Bunyan and with Whitman hold good only at certain points. After all is said, William Blake remains unique. He was a prophet without disciples. He had no predecessors, and he is not likely to have any successors.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIBUTE TO THE IRISH SAGAS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is known to be an incessant reader, and once in a while he tells us what he reads and what he has learned from his reading. A year ago it was American poetry that engaged his pen. Now it is the Irish sagas. "Next to developing original writers," he remarks in an article in the *January Century*, "the most fortunate thing, from the literary standpoint, which can befall any people is to have revealed to it some new treasure-house in literature." In this spirit he calls attention to the ancient Celtic and Erse manuscripts as forming "a body of prose and poetry of great and wellnigh unique interest from every standpoint." The President confesses to a special admiration for the cycle of sagas which tell of the mighty feats of Cuchulain and of the heroes whose life-threads were interwoven with his. This series of poems dates back to a purely pagan Ireland—"an Ireland cut off from all connection with the splendid and slowly dying civilization of Rome, an Ireland in which still obtained ancient customs that had elsewhere vanished even from the memory of man." To quote further:

"The customs of the heroes and people of the Erin of Cuchulain's time were as archaic as the chariots in which they rode to battle. The sagas contain a wealth of material for the historian. They show us a land where the men were herdsmen, tillers of the soil, hunters, bards, seers, but, above all, warriors. Erin was a world to herself. Her people at times encountered the peoples of Britain or of Continental Europe, whether in trade or in piracy; but her chief interest, her overwhelming interest, lay in what went on within her own borders. There was a high king of shadowy power, whose sway was vaguely recognized as extending over the island, but whose practical supremacy was challenged on every hand by whatever king or under-king felt the fierce whim seize him. There were chiefs and serfs; there were halls and fortresses; there were huge herds of horses and cattle and sheep and swine. The kings and queens, the great lords and their wives, the chiefs and the famous fighting men, wore garments crimson and blue and green and saffron, plain or checkered, and plaid and striped. They had rings and clasps and torques of gold and silver, urns and mugs and troughs and vessels of iron and silver. They played chess by the fires in their great halls, and they feasted and drank and quarreled within them, and the women had sun-parlors of their own."

Of the tales that go to make up the Cuchulain cycle the President selects for special

mention the "Fate of the Sons of Usnach," the "Wooing of Emer," the "Feast of Bricriu," and the story of the great raid to capture the dun bull of Cooley, which is said to be the most famous romance of ancient Ireland. The "sons of Usnach" were Naisi, the husband of the beautiful Deirdrè, and his two brothers. All four fled from Ulster to Scotland; and Deirdrè sang of her protectors:

"Much hardship would I take,
Along with the three heroes;
I would endure without house, without fire,
It is not I that would be gloomy.

"Their three shields and their spears
Were often a bed for me.
Put their three hard swords
Over the grave, O young man!"

Emer, the bride of Cuchulain, had the "six gifts of a girl"—beauty, and a soft voice, and sweet speech, and wisdom, and skill in needle work, and chastity; "she was true to him," says Mr. Roosevelt, "and loved him and gloried in him and watched over him until the day he went out to meet his death." In all these tales Bricriu appears as "the cunning, malevolent mischief-maker, dreaded for his biting satire and his power of setting by the ears the boastful, truculent, reckless and marvelously short-tempered heroes among whom he lived." To quote again:

"The heroes are much like those of the early folk of kindred stock everywhere. They are huge, splendid barbarians, sometimes yellow-haired, sometimes black or brown-haired, and their chief title to glory is found in their feats of bodily prowess. Among the feats often enumerated or referred to are, the ability to leap like a salmon, to run like a stag, to hurl great rocks incredible distances, to toss the wheel, and, like the Norse berserkers, when possessed with the fury of battle, to grow demoniac with fearsome rage."

If the heroes of the Irish sagas were the tempestuous creatures of a barbaric age, the heroines, so Mr. Roosevelt makes us feel, were tender and womanly, in almost the modern sense. "Emer and Deirdrè," we are told, "have the charm, the power of inspiring and returning romantic love that belonged to the ladies whose lords were the knights of the Round Table." It is true they were not all of this kind. Says Mr. Roosevelt:

"There were other Irish heroines of a more common barbarian type. Such was the famous warrior-queen, Meave, tall and beautiful, with her white face and yellow hair, terrible in her

battle chariot when she drove at full speed into the press of fighting men, and 'fought over the ears of the horses.' Her virtues were those of a warlike barbarian king, and she claimed the like large liberty in morals. Her husband was Ailill, the Connaught king, and, as Meave carefully explained to him in what the old Erse bards called a 'bolster conversation,' their marriage was literally a partnership wherein she demanded from her husband an exact equality of treatment according to her own views and on her own terms; the three essential qualities upon which she insisted being that he should be brave, generous, and completely devoid of jealousy!

The Erse tales have suffered from many causes. "Taken as a mass," says the President, in concluding, "they did not develop as the sagas and the epics of certain other nations developed;" but, nevertheless, he thinks, "they possess extraordinary variety and beauty, and in their mysticism, their devotion to and appreciation of natural beauty, their exaltation of the glorious courage of men and of the charm and devotion of women, in all the touches that tell of a long-vanished life, they possess a curious attraction of their own." He adds:

"They deserve the research which can be given only by the lifelong effort of trained scholars; they should be studied for their poetry, as countless scholars have studied those early literatures; moreover, they should be studied as Victor Bérard has studied the 'Odyssey,' for reasons apart from their poetical worth; and finally they deserve to be translated and adapted so as to become a familiar household part of that literature

which all the English-speaking peoples possess in common."

The New York *Evening Post* finds this article interesting not only in itself, but as an expression of the taste and mental attitude of our Chief Magistrate. "In this too brief paper," it comments, "we see again the Theodore Roosevelt who has related with such gusto his experiences in ranching and hunting, and who has chronicled with such vivacity and sympathy the prowess of those mighty men who won the West." It continues:

"In this revelation his mind shows a suggestive kinship with that of Thomas Carlyle. It was one of Carlyle's pleasures to dwell on the virtues and the achievements of the heroic man—the man whose power of arm or of leadership raised him above his fellows and made him a law unto himself. . . . The glorious courage of President Roosevelt's Irish chieftains and of Thomas Carlyle's berserkers was just the thing for an unsettled state of society, when law had not yet brought order out of chaos; but exactly that kind of valor is no longer worthy of imitation by those who would be strenuous. That glorious courage may still have play in the field of moral forces. We may be brave enough to refuse, as individuals or as a nation, to be drawn into savage and wicked quarrels. We may be brave enough to rest in the security of doing justly rather than maintaining a vast naval force. We may also remember that the age of the ape and the tiger, of Cuchulain and Eric Blood-axe, has passed; that these splendid fighters were, after all, barbarians; and that the strong man of to-day must show his strength through and under the law."

THE TWO NATURES IN ROUSSEAU



HE dual nature of genius has furnished countless fascinating themes for biographers and critics, as well as for novelists and poets; and the general public has never shown itself indifferent to the discussion of those frailties which seem almost inseparable from the lives of men of the highest creative talents. Goethe, Victor Hugo, Byron, Shelley, Richard Wagner, Edgar Allan Poe—none have escaped the blackening tongue of gossip. And Rousseau, the practical discoverer of the democratic principle in our time, the father of the romantic school in modern literature, has fared as badly as any of them. Was there ever a choicer morsel for gossip-mongers, a more interesting study for psychologists, than that presented by the spectacle of this great philos-

opher who chose to describe his *amours* in minutest detail; of this epoch-making writer on education who is charged with having committed his own children to a foundling asylum? There can be no doubt that Rousseau has been slandered. Voltaire's statements, in an anonymous pamphlet, that the author of "The Social Contract" and "The New Heloise" bore upon him "the marks of debauchery" and "exposed his children at the door of a hospital," are now known to have been the outgrowth of spleen and malice. It is also known that Rousseau was the victim of other persecutors who deliberately distorted the facts of his life. But after all has been said in extenuation, he remains a decidedly unattractive, if not repulsive, character, and many will sympathize with Sir Leslie



MADAME DE WARENS

Whose love affair with Rousseau is vividly described in the great philosopher's "Confessions." It was of this book, and more particularly of the part relating to Madame de Warens, that Sir Leslie Stephen said that whatever might be our differences of opinion about the author of the "Confessions," we must all agree that no gentleman could have written them.

Stephen's dictum that whatever might be our differences of opinion about the author of the "Confessions," we must all agree that no gentleman could have written them.

A determined effort is being made in our day to set the character of Rousseau in a more favorable light. Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, an English lady well versed in French literature, has devoted twenty years to an investigation of the worst charges that have been made against him, and publishes the results of her research in two bulky volumes.* She comes to the conclusion that "an entirely false reputation of Rousseau has been handed down to us"; and she asks us to share her conviction that "his private life was an example, in an artificial age, of sincerity, independence, and disinterested devotion to great principles," and that "his virtuous character lent authority to his writings."

In one respect Mrs. Macdonald is felt to have been completely successful. She proves beyond any reasonable doubt that Rousseau's character was systematically defamed by a clique of three, who were at first among his dearest friends, and later became his bitterest enemies. These three were the Baron Grimm, the encyclopedist Diderot, and Madame d'Epinay. In the lights of the new facts, it becomes evident that the "Memoires de Madame d'Epinay," hitherto accepted as an authority of the first consequence on the life of Rousseau, are quite valueless. Documents are photographed to show that the "Memoires" were grossly tampered with, and that libelous passages were interpolated. So that many of the "crimes" charged against Rousseau, such as anonymous letter-writing, ingratitude, calumny, spiteful temper, treachery toward Diderot, etc., will have to be discounted.

When it comes to clearing Rousseau of the more serious charge of deserting his own children, Mrs. Macdonald seems to have failed. Her theory is extraordinary indeed. She contends that Rousseau did not commit his new-born children to a foundling asylum, for the very good reason that he never had any children. At least, she says, no such children figure in the records of the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés, in Paris. The supposed maternity of Thérèse Levasseur, we are asked to believe, was an elaborate pretense designed to establish further claims upon the supposed father's affection. This theory, it may be stated here, is very generally scouted by the London press. *The Times Literary Supplement* regards it as "preposterous," and adds: "Even if Mrs. Macdonald's theory is correct, Rousseau's reputation does not gain very



THE VILLAGE IN WHICH ROUSSEAU WAS MOBBED

During the latter part of his life Rousseau lived for several years in the Swiss village of Motiers. It was while a habitant of the house shown in the picture opposite to the tree, that popular resentment against his writings rose so high that he was stoned.

*JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU: A NEW CRITICISM. By Frederika Macdonald. Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

much. Even if he was the victim of a deception, he certainly believed himself to be getting rid of his children in this barbarous manner, and must be judged accordingly."

The London *Outlook* finds Mrs. Macdonald's narrative as interesting as a detective story, and concedes the truth of her contention in the matter of the "Memoires." As a rehabilitation of Rousseau, however, it regards her book as a failure. It comments:

"In the attempt to clear that great man's name of the evil that clings to it we cannot see that she has advanced one step. What is it to our time to know that three petulant persons, full of the passion of a self-important intellectualism, put their heads together to 'show up' a man whom they honestly (we venture to think) believed to be so contemptible a character that no influence wielded by him could be other than noxious? They had changed their minds about Rousseau. Who that has read the story can blame them for that? If they showed a stunted spirit in elaborating disclosures which nobility would never have made, they acted after their kind. A generation that has seen the squabble over the graves of Thomas Carlyle and his wife cannot cast a stone at them. If their eyes were blind to the tragedy of that awful strife between soul and body of which their friend was the battle-ground, if they could not see that half of what they found evil in him was mere pathology, we are not yet wise enough to condemn them. If one should seek an example of the kind of temper in which desperate deeds of misconception and injustice are done, one might find it exemplified in Mrs. Macdonald's own writing, acrid and intemperate as it is, and penetrated with the motive of relentless antagonism. Such hero-worship can scarcely sweeten so much railing bitterness against the enemy. Rousseau, the man, needs no defense of this sort. That he needed any defense had not occurred to us until these volumes suggested it. With what agony and sor-

did pains ideas are often brought into the communities of mankind we know. As to the character of Rousseau, modern criticism has not been lightly led astray—not, at least, in England, where the waters of the Revolution have ceased to toss the minds of men. His strange mingling of nobility and vileness has not been learned from the writings of those who are here called 'the conspirators,' but from the body of his own work and from the instinctive apprehension of personality that the critic cultivates."

Mr. James Huneker, who writes on the subject in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, formulates an even severer indictment against Rousseau:



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

(From a painting by Ramsay)

"Jean Jacques," Carlyle once said, "was alternately deified and cast to the dogs," according to the point of view. The latest researches into Rousseau's life and character have only added to the mystery of his dual personality.

"Guilty or not, Rousseau and the whole crowd were an unsavory stew. No one can ever clear him of having sponged on women his life long. And from his own memoirs come the worst accusations against him. If ever a man deserved a place in the works of psychopathic specialists that man is Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is charitable to assume that he was often not far from madness; his life contained every sort of moral degeneracy, and by his own admission. Surely his memoirs were not forged; besides, his epoch is not so far away that his truthful contemporaries must be no longer heard. There is no doubt about the treacheries of his companions; Mrs. Macdonald has not gone into the matter

so deeply without securing indubitable evidence against Rousseau's assailants. But, granting the case, isn't Rousseau about where he stood before—i.e., as to the fundamental qualities of his character? He was a genius, a powerful prose writer, an original thinker, a disordered imagination, a loose liver; also something worse; a pathologic case; and a benefactor, an enemy of mankind in many particulars. As Ibsen once said: 'It is a pity that our best thoughts occur to our biggest blackguards.'"

The fact is, says the London *Saturday Review* in summing up the whole discussion,



THE AUTHOR OF "BEN-HUR"

Lew Wallace's famous book has had a wider circulation than any other American novel, with the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

there were two men in Rousseau, the one an eloquent writer with the gift of touching many hearts with love of virtue or things of the spirit, the other "a man if not exactly of a vile character, yet of a very complex and imperfect one." The same paper continues:

"He was the victim of an over-excited imagination which exaggerated mole-hills into mountains: a man whose morbid love of introspection led him to submit his conduct and his motives to an over-elaborate analysis which is salutary neither before a confessor nor one's own conscience, and which tends only to degrade the moral sense, and to paralyze the power of right action. If we add to these grave faults an overmastering egoism and vanity and a jealous and suspicious spirit, we may perhaps understand him."

"Hence his hysterical behavior under the influence of external nature, and his exaltation of emotion above intelligence. Hence his frantic devotion to his friends and more specially his women friends as long as they continued to worship him, and his jealousy and violence when he thought that they were allowing others to share the exclusive empire he had hitherto wielded over them, or when they disputed the originality or the truth of his abstract theories. Hence his misanthropy in actual life in spite of all his theories, and finally, his utter want of sterling principle, a want which in prosperity led him to many base and unworthy acts, and in adversity left him rudderless before the storm, driven to the verge of insanity if not to insanity itself."

HOW "BEN-HUR" CAME TO BE WRITTEN



TWENTY-SIX years ago President Garfield ventured the prediction that Gen. Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur" would "take a permanent and high place in literature." His prophecy, extravagant as it then seemed, has already been justified. It is true that General Wallace's novel has won a popular rather than a critical success; but a novel that can grip the hearts of a whole people becomes, by that very fact, a literary portent of the first order. With the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," no American book has equaled "Ben-Hur" in popularity. It has been published in fourteen editions, aggregating 1,000,000 copies. It has been translated into German, French, Swedish, Bohemian, Turkish, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Arabic, and has been printed in raised characters for the blind. In its dramatic version it has been witnessed by tens of thousands of people in all our great cities.

An interesting account of the genesis of this famous novel is given in the posthumous

"Autobiography"* of Lew Wallace. General Wallace once took the pains to formulate for *The Youth's Companion* the motives that actuated him in writing "Ben-Hur;" and this article, together with other material bearing on the subject, is printed in the new work. It seems that General Wallace first started the book as a novelette which he intended to offer to *Harper's Magazine*; but the story soon outgrew its original design. 1875 was the year in which he began "Ben-Hur," and it occupied him for seven years. During a great part of this time he was Governor of New Mexico, trying, as he said in a letter to his wife, to "manage a legislature of most jealous elements," to "take care of an Indian war," and to "finish a book"—that book being "Ben-Hur." In the dead of night, and only then, was he able to escape the multitudinous demands that pressed upon him. It was his custom to retire from his executive offices in

*LEW WALLACE: An Autobiography. Harper & Brothers.

the old palace at Santa Fé to a kind of secret chamber in the rear. Once there, at his rough pine table, "the Count of Monte Cristo was not more lost to the world." Not all of "Ben-Hur," however, was written in Santa Fé. A considerable portion of the book was transcribed by General Wallace beneath the shade of a majestic beech-tree near his Indiana homestead. And certain other passages were "blocked out on the cars 'between cities' or in the waits at lonesome stations."

The motive for "Ben-Hur" is said to have come to the author after a straightforward talk one evening with Ingersoll on the eternal religious theme—God, Christ and immortality. He writes:

"Trudging on in the dark, alone except as one's thoughts may be company good or bad, a sense of the importance of the theme struck me for the first time with a force both singular and persistent.

"My ignorance of it was painfully a spot of deeper darkness in the darkness. I was ashamed of myself, and make haste now to declare that the mortification of pride I then endured, or, if it be preferred, the punishment of spirit, ended in a resolution to study the whole matter, if only for the gratification there might be in having convictions of one kind or another.

"Forthwith a number of practical suggestions assailed me: How should I conduct the study? Delve into theology? I shuddered. The theology of the professors had always seemed to me an indefinitely deep pit filled with the bones of unprofitable speculations.

"There were the sermons and commentaries. The very thought of them overwhelmed me with an idea of the shortness of life. No; I would read the Bible and the four gospels, and rely on myself. A lawyer of fifteen or twenty years' practice attains a confidence peculiar in its mental muscularity, so to speak."

Thus was born the idea of a great gospel story, which should tell of the birth and of the death of Christ, which should make the Messiah *live* again in the imagination of our time. It was an idea that bristled with difficulties. At this period General Wallace had not so much as set foot in Palestine. He says:

"I had never been to the Holy Land. In making the location of my story, it was needful not merely to be familiar with its history and geography,—I must be able to paint it, water, land, and sky, in actual colors. Nor would the critics excuse me for mistakes in the costumes or customs of any of the peoples representatively introduced, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, especially the children of Israel.

"Ponder the task! There was but one method open to me. I examined catalogues of books and maps, and sent for everything likely to be useful. I wrote with a chart always before my eyes—a German publication, showing the towns and villages, all sacred places, the heights, the depressions, the passes, trails, and distances.

"Travelers told me of the birds, animals, vegetation, and seasons. Indeed, I think the necessity for constant reference to authorities saved me mistakes which certainly would have occurred had I trusted to a tourist's memory."

An even greater difficulty was that presented by the handling of the Christ-theme. "The Christian world would not tolerate a novel with Jesus Christ as its hero," says General Wallace, "and I knew it. Nevertheless, writing of Him was imperative, and He must appear, speak and act." The author of "Ben-Hur" settled this difficulty in the following way:

"I determined to withhold the appearance of the Saviour until the very last hours. Meantime, He should be always coming—to-day I would have Him, as it were, just over the hill yonder; to-morrow He will be here, and then—to-morrow. To bring Balthasar up from Egypt, and have him preaching the Spiritual Kingdom, protesting the Master alive because His mission, which was founding the kingdom, was as yet unfulfilled, and looking for Him tearfully, and with an infinite yearning, might be an effective expedient.

"Next, He should not be present as an actor in any scene of my creation. The giving a cup of water to Ben-Hur at the well near Nazareth is the only violation of this rule.

"Finally, when He was come, I would be religiously careful that every word He uttered should be a literal quotation from one of His sainted biographers."

General Wallace assures us that when he started "Ben-Hur" he was "indifferent" to religion, but that long before he had finished it he was "a believer in God and Christ." The year after "Ben-Hur" appeared he was appointed Minister to Turkey, and one of the advantages of his position, he afterward wrote, was that it gave him an opportunity to visit Jerusalem and Judea, under the most favorable circumstances. He took advantage of this opportunity to test the accuracy of the descriptions given in "Ben-Hur," and the result must have been most gratifying to him. As he tells the story:

"I started on foot from Bethany, proceeding over the exact route followed by my hero, walked to Mount Olivet, saw the rock at which the mother and sister waited for Christ to come and heal them of their leprosy. Then I went to the top of Olivet and saw the identical stone, as I thought, upon which my hero sat when he returned from the galley life. I went down into the old valley of Kedron, and from the old well of Enrogel looked over the valley, and every feature of the scene appeared identical with the description of that which the hero of the story looked upon. At every point of the journey over which I traced his steps to Jerusalem, I found the descriptive details true to the existing objects and scenes, and I find no reason for making a single change in the text of the book."

Music and the Drama

THE OPERATIC TRIUMPH OF OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN



WHEN Oscar Hammerstein was called before the curtain on the opening night of his new Opera House in New York, he stated very emphatically that he alone had created this enterprise, and that he had had "no assistance, financially or morally, from anybody." He has reiterated this statement on several other occasions. His attitude makes it clear that if failure had been the lot of the new venture, the responsibility would have been his. In view of the great success that has come to the Manhattan Opera, it seems only fair that he should have the credit.

Of course, Mr. Hammerstein could not have succeeded without the co-operation of a host of others—singers, conductors, stage managers, chorus, orchestra—but if, as has often been maintained, the real test of genius in any enterprise lies in the selection of the right kind of partners and subordinates, the efficient corps that the new impresario has gathered around him is but a tribute to his insight and astuteness.

"Mr. Hammerstein has done wonders—simply wonders," exclaimed Emma Eames, the famous opera singer, after attending a performance at the Manhattan; and her sentiment is echoed by much less enthusiastic temperaments. Mr. W. J. Henderson, of the *New York Sun*, pays a hearty tribute to Oscar Hammerstein's "extraordinary achievement"; and Mr. Richard Aldrich, of the *New York Times*, says:

"Mr. Hammerstein has gratified many and surprised some by the excellence of much that he has accomplished, and by the apparent spirit of determination to do something that shall take root in the New York musical soil. It will not, of course, be denied that there are crudities and weak spots and insufficiencies in Mr. Hammerstein's operatic presentations. But a review of the first month of his activities makes it certain that he has done something that is much in itself and still more in what it promises."

Much of the popular interest in connection with the new performances at the Manhattan has naturally centered on the "stars," and among these, it need hardly be said, Nellie Melba and Alessandro Bonci shine the brightest. Melba, who is appearing in grand opera in New York for practically the first time in six years, was given a royal welcome when

she appeared in "La Traviata" the other evening. Says *The Times*:

"Her engagement was Mr. Hammerstein's trump card; her coming was expected to put a crown upon his efforts in this opening season of his opera house, and to give the new undertaking its highest touch of distinction. So it was regarded by the opera-loving public of this city, which crowded the house in numbers that have not before been equaled at any of the regular performances since the house was opened, and gave it the appearance of brilliancy that it has not had before. The opera was 'La Traviata,' and with this and 'Romeo et Juliette' Madame Melba's name has been more closely associated in recent years than any other except Puccini's 'La Bohème.' . . .

"Her singing last evening showed her to be still in the possession of all those marvelous qualities of pure vocalism that have so often been admired here in other years. Her voice has its old-time lusciousness and purity, its exquisite smoothness and fulness; it is poured out with all spontaneity and freedom, and in cantilena and in coloratura passages alike it is perfectly at her command. Such a voice is a gift such as is vouchsafed but rarely in a generation, and her art is so assisted by nature, by the perfect adjustment of all the organs concerned in the voice that, like Patti's, it seems almost as much a gift as the voice itself. Madame Melba's singing of the music of Violetta was a delight from beginning to end."

The redoubtable Bonci came here with a big reputation to live up to, and, in the opinion of the majority of the critics, has more than "made good." His is "the finest male voice in the world," according to the *New York Evening Journal*. Mr. Lawrence Gilman, the musical critic of *Harper's Weekly*, finds Bonci greater in artistry, in "sheer skill and sensitiveness," than Caruso, but less great in natural endowment. He writes further:

"Mr. Caruso possesses what is probably the most magnificent voice of its kind in the world—its beauty is obvious and overwhelming; but scarcely less obvious to many is his distressing misuse of it: his exaggerated sentiment, his abuse of certain emotionalizing effects, his too ready lachrimosity. A superb singer—one whom it is often a delight of the keenest sort to hear; but one who makes too frequent sacrifices to the gods of the mob, and who is always less the artist than the man of incomparable gifts. Mr. Bonci presents a totally different case. It is his misfortune that he is unusually small of stature, and his voice, too, is small; but it is exquisitely beautiful, and it is employed with the dexterity, the finish, and the reposeful mastery of perfect and sufficient art. . . . Caruso is the most potent, the

more influential, personality; Bonci the more delightful and satisfying artist."

Not merely Melba and Bonci, but many of the less celebrated singers, win their meed of praise from the critics. Maurice Reynaud, a French baritone, is conceded to be a singer of the first rank; and Dalmorès and Ancona, Pauline Donalda and Regina Pinkert, are characterized as artists of sincere purpose and excellent accomplishment. "The performances at the Manhattan," remarks the *New York Sun*, "have shown that there are good singers in Europe who remain unknown to this public, and that, the foreign field is by no means so barren as New Yorkers had been led to believe."

The two most brilliant performances so far given by Mr. Hammerstein have been those of "Carmen" and "Aïda," and their virtues are extolled by Mr. Edward Ziegler in the *New York World*:

"Bizet's 'Carmen' proved to be a rousing performance; in many particulars a model 'Carmen,' and to the fact both the public and the press attested. The principals engaged in this production have nearly all been equaled or eclipsed by their colleagues at the Metropolitan. Calvé has acted better than did Bressler-Gianoli, Fremstad has sung better; Saleza, at times, has been the superior to Dalmorès as Don José; the Micaela has easily been heard to better advantage at the Metropolitan, and as good a Toreador has certainly been on the boards many times. Yet the 'Carmen' at the Manhattan will live long in the memories of those who heard it as a glowing production, full of the lights and shades that are so essential to the beauties of Bizet's masterly score.

"These excellences are principally to be placed to the credit of Cleofanto Campanini,

the conductor, and the chief reason why this production, as a whole, outclassed the Metropolitan 'Carmen' was that Campanini is a more interesting conductor than were his colleagues of the baton at the other opera house. Instead of reading 'Carmen' in a cut-and-dried manner, as a thing to be taken for granted, Campanini deals with the most minute nuances, and colors his reading with episodes that, trifling tho they may seem at the moment, have their share in the design of the entire fabric; and, naturally, against such a shimmering, tonal background the singing of all the artists appears to greater advantage, and the whole performance becomes a notable one.

"Much the same applies to the production at the Manhattan of Verdi's 'Aïda.' This work has been particularly well performed at the Metropolitan during recent seasons, with casts embracing famous singers, with scenic display very imposing in its pomp, and with an interpretation at the hands of Conductor Vigna that has been

acknowledgedly the best work of this conductor. In the matter of singers and scenery the Manhattan production was not the best version of this work heard and seen here; but Campanini read a swing and fire into this opera, punctuating its climaxes with dramatic silences and imposing crashes of music until the audience was roused to a pitch of extraordinary enthusiasm."

In the contest between Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Conried, the musical public has been the clear gainer. It has witnessed excellent performances at the Manhattan and at the Metropolitan, and is evidently willing and ready to extend its support to both establishments. "Why should not the two opera houses," suggests *The World*, "restrict themselves to programs along well-defined lines which do not conflict?" The Metropolitan, it thinks, might specialize on Wagner, and the Manhattan on the Italian and French schools.



THE CREATOR OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

"I am not proud," Mr. Hammerstein wrote lately to *The Musical Courier*; "but I am healthy; and I love to laugh and bring sunshine into the life of others."

A RUSSIAN COMPOSER WITH A NEW MESSAGE

QF all the ultra-moderns I recommend to you Alexander Scriabine. He is of all the most remarkable. I wish every student in America to know his piano music." In these ingratiating words the new conductor of the Philharmonic, Wassily Safonoff, has directed public attention to one of his former pupils, the pianist-composer, Scriabine, who has crossed the ocean to introduce his music here. Scriabine is only thirty-five years old, but he has already written more than two hundred compositions. For several years past he has lived in Paris. His symphonies have been played in that city and



ALEXANDER SCRIBABINE

Who has come to this country to interpret his compositions. He is sometimes called "the Russian Chopin." His symphonies have been played in Paris and St. Petersburg, and his piano pieces are included in the repertoire of Josef Hofmann and Lhévinne.

in St. Petersburg, and his piano pieces are included in the repertoire of Josef Hofmann and Lhévinne. He has been called "the Russian Chopin," but objects to the title. Rather, says Florence Brooks, in *The Modern Theatre* (New York), his work should be described as a "development of Chopin." The same writer continues:

"Where Chopin left off Scriabine begins. Upon this foundation, more solid than the exquisite Chopinesque spirit might impress itself as being, his musical descendant builds a whole scheme of music. He founds a school in which he brings his art into an intellectual realm. He bases this new school of composition upon a psychological method whose perfected beginning was made by Richard Wagner.

"Alexander Scriabine aims to establish his compositions upon a whole philosophical system, which, including certain precepts from Hegel, is his own. Music and metaphysics, the human and sublime, are to be fused. The unity of the universe is the large aim to be disclosed, a revelation of the spiritual is to open before the sense, by means of greater forms, larger vistas, undreamed-of harmonies, and diviner laws."

Scriabine's best-known composition is a piano "Prelude for Left Hand Alone," but he refers to this depreciatingly, as a *tour de force* rather than a serious work. He has published more than sixty other preludes, as well as études, impromptus, mazurkas, vales, "allegros," "poèmes," a polonaise, a fantaisie, and four sonatas, for the piano. A serious philosophic motive underlies all his compositions. His "Poème Satanique," for instance, represents "the sardonic raillery of the Superman at the creatures beneath him"; and his Third Sonata is explained as follows:

"The work as a whole represents the struggle of the soul for perfect freedom. The opening Allegro Drammatico typifies the protest of the spiritual against the material. In the Allegretto, the soul having reached a higher plane of introspection, the soul longs for obliteration of the passion of love, that as the poet says 'is bitter sorrow in all lands.' In the Finale, the soul, through complete renunciation, attains a moment of victorious enfranchisement, but unable to sustain the struggle sinks back into the thrall of its material environment."

Scriabine likens his philosophy to that of the Hindu or the theosophist. He aims to express, he says, "evolution through life to ecstasy, the absolute differentiation which is ecstasy, the ultimate elevation of all activity." For the future he has tremendous plans. His "Divin Poème" and "Poème Extase," he declares, are but the preludes to new musical forms, which will require two orchestras, a chorus and solo voices, and will be given in a specially constructed edifice in which the audience will have an integral part in the symbol itself. Of scenery and action, as ordinarily understood, there will be none. But above the heads of the people will rise a great dome, symbolizing the universe.

NOTABLE PLAYS OF THE MONTH IN AMERICA



ON the occasion of his recent visit to this country, Henry Arthur Jones, from whose latest play, "The Hypocrites," we reprint copious extracts in this number, devoted considerable time to the study of our stage. He is no less conversant with the current of theatrical affairs in England. And after revolving the question long in his mind, he has come to the conclusion that the American theater is superior to the English theater, and has stated this conclusion in print. In an argument provoked by this utterance, in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. William Archer took a leading part, Mr. Jones fairly established the truth of his opinion that America is in advance of England so far as the appreciation of plays is concerned and so far as the future of a new national drama may be foreshadowed by present conditions. It is only necessary to compare the list of plays that are now running in the British capital with those advertised in the New York papers to see how much broader the tastes of our audiences are. This is less true of the past month than of any that preceded it. A notable revival was Maude Adams's presentation of "Peter Pan." A dramatization of Hugo's "Les Miserables" proved an artistic failure, while a dramatization of McCutcheon's novel "Brewster's Millions" was a decided hit. The plays discussed this month are of comparatively light fiber, but at least a touch of distinction or evidence of serious endeavor are discoverable in each.

In America we have always been accustomed to hear the greatest European celebrities, but in the last few years another surprising tendency is to be noticed. European actors and singers are no longer content with appearing in their own language but, adopting the speech of the land, become Americans. Schumann-Heink, Fritzi Scheff, and the Dutchman, Henry de Vries, to instance but a few, are such desirable artistic "immigrants." Others have tried and failed, like Madame Illing, the gifted German actress, and Madame Barsecu, a Rumanian actress, of undoubted genius. The former, it is announced, will attempt to gain a footing here by way of London, while the latter will appear with a Rumanian troupe in the ultimate hope of acting in English. Two successful newcomers are Madame Alla Nazimova, of whose Hedda Gabler we spoke at length in our January number, and Madame Abarbanell, a German

comedy singer, whose success in "The Student King" is one of the most remarkable of this month's dramatic events.

With "The Student King" Mr. Savage desired to rehabilitate a species of romantic operetta more pretentious than the ordinary light opera, but less weighty than the attractions of Mr. Conried and Mr. Hammerstein. The dialogue, remarks *The Times*, was never overloaded with brilliancy, but it was



A "DESIRABLE IMMIGRANT"

Lina Abarbanell, the German opera singer, who is starring in "The Student King." She has become an American and speaks English as well as Fritzi Scheff.

never coarse or vulgar, and all the numerous laughs it caused were never clouded by compunction. The music, it goes on to say, was in keeping with the pictures, bright, lively, harmonious, while the plot, if not original, was at least consistent. We are introduced to the Kingdom of Bohemia where, according to Messrs. Ranken and Stange, it was the custom for the reigning monarch to abdicate for twelve hours every year and permit a student,

elected by his fellows in Prague University, to reign in his stead.

Alan Dale wittily remarks of this plot that it is everything comic opera ever was.

The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the first appearance on any English stage of Lina Abarbanell, who last season tripped through the part of Haensel in Humperdinck's lovely opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mrs. Abarbanell, it may be added, has been in this country only for a year and a half. She knew no English when she came to play at Conried's German Theater and at his opera. It was then that Mr. Savage saw her and engaged her on the spot. In an interview with a representative of the *German Journal* the singer tells of her hard struggle to master the tongue of Shakespeare and Clyde Fitch. Her labor was not unrewarded. "Mrs. Abarbanell," says *The Tribune*, "speaks English now even as Fritz Scheff, with only a slight and piquant accent." *The Morning Telegraph* draws a further parallel. "As a prima donna soubrette," it observes enthusiastically, "she has but one superior and that the pre-eminent Fritz Scheff. So far as acting ability goes, Mme. Abarbanell is the superior."

Henry de Vries, the gifted Dutchman, who, following the current of the time, has expatriated himself linguistically and become an American in speech, recently made his appearance in a remarkable psychological play by Mrs. Rineheart Roberts, wife of a Pittsburg physician. Mr. Henry de Vries, it will be remembered,

scored a remarkable success in "A Case of Arson," in which his peculiar talent for representing multiple personalities was so aptly employed. "The Double Life" gives scope to an exhibition of the same qualities of this extraordinary artist. In this play, according to the account of *The Herald*, a wealthy young man, Frank Van Buren, on his way to examine some mining property in West Virginia, is held up and wounded on the head by outlaws. When he comes to, his mind is a blank as to his past. To continue:

"His former name and identity are unknown to him. Otherwise he is normal. As Joe Hartmann he becomes a miner, marries, rises to the position of pit boss.

"Nearly a quarter of a century elapses, when a sudden shock reverses his mental outlook—brings him back in memory to where he was before, but causes him to forget what has happened since, so that he does not even recognize his wife and daughter, for whom, however, his love, gradually re-awakens."

More interesting than even the play, is the genius of the actor. *The Evening Post* says that his art in the dual rôle of the hero

is a remarkable exhibition of thoughtful and highly skilful acting. "In a way it is nearly perfect. An equally satisfactory interpretation of Hamlet or Othello would be hailed universally as a great masterpiece."

The freshness of idea, crisp humor and incessant charm of "The Road to Yesterday," by Beulah Dix and Evelyn Sutherland, ought, in the opinion of *The World*, to maintain the play for a long time in high favor. The authors, avers this critic, combine the spirit of poetic romance with gentle



AN INTERPRETER OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY

Mr. Henry de Vries, the Americanized Dutchman, of whose acting it is said that equally satisfactory interpretations of Hamlet or Othello would universally be hailed as great masterpieces.

satire which, whether the scenes pass in waking moments or in dreams, never miss the mark. And they have also accomplished the rare feat of leading their audiences through the intricacies of the tangled plot without the slightest confusion of characters."

The Herald is reminded of Kipling's story of the London store clerk who in a prior state of existence had been a Viking, and of Mr. Winsor MacCay's "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend," while *The Times* poetically designates the play as a "mixing of Theosophy and Cheshire cheese." The amusing plot of "The Road to Yesterday" is summarized as follows:

"Elspeth Tyrell, a young girl, after a combination of historical novels, too much London sight-seeing, and a heavy luncheon at the Cheshire Cheese, is translated back in her dreams 300 years. She becomes a princess disguised as a barmaid, and a youth who has been posing for an artist friend in the costume of a swashbuckler, becomes her 'gallant hero,' though not until after he has woefully disappointed her through his unwillingness to fight five men at one and the same time.

"Unlike most of the heroes of romance, however, he has a modicum of common sense, and believing that he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day, is eventually able to come to her aid at the moment when the deadly cheese—or, in the spirit of the play, the base villain—is about to force her into a distinctly distasteful marriage. Incidentally Elspeth, or her astral body, since she herself is supposedly suffering the nightmare in the artist's studio, meets all of her old friends in new guises.

"One, a gentleman with an artistic temperament, who has previously imagined himself as being a reincarnation of Oliver Cromwell, is the clownish tapster of a Lincolnshire inn, where all the grave things transpire. Another, a young woman who has imagined herself a descendant of the Romanies, is a terrifying black gypsy woman, who succumbs to the fascinations of a Jacobite wooer, who teaches her in no gentle way how a strong man may master a brave and violent woman. Eventually of course Elspeth wakes from her dream, and with a proper pairing off of lovers, including herself and her erstwhile romantic rescuer, the final curtain falls."

One of the most felicitous touches in the fantasy is the fact that the heroine realizes all the while that her odd experiences are merely the fantasmagoria of a dream. Both Chicago and New York critics find fault with the authors for descending at times to practice the thing they gibe at. Moreover, remarks *The Sun*, if "The Road to Yesterday" had appeared in the height of the craze for the kind of play it satirizes it would have stood a chance of unusual success. "As matters stand, what it most needs is a recipe to go back on the road to the past some four or five years. But not even welsh rabbit and ale at midnight, it is to be feared, will accomplish that."

A play of strong local interest in New York is Mr. Broadhurst's "Man of the Hour." Like

Charles Klein, this playwright **THE MAN OF** has taken a typical American **THE HOUR** subject and treated it more or less conventionally, but nevertheless with great effectiveness. Mr. Brisbane devoted a whole editorial to it in *The Evening Journal*. The New York *Dramatic Mirror* thinks that it should be one of the most popular plays of the season. "Not," it says, "because it is remarkable for its strength, its novelty or its beauty, for, viewed simply as a play, it has neither great strength, much novelty nor overpowering beauty, but because it is the unwritten, unpublished side of many newspaper stories, applicable principally to this metropolis, but not without parallel in any large city in the country." To quote further:

"How truly Mr. Broadhurst has pictured certain not long past episodes in New York city's history those most interested will be able to judge. The general public will be satisfied to think he has not missed the mark very far.

"Constructively, the play is old-fashioned, conventional and, in a manner, crude. Comic relief is introduced at regular intervals; climaxes are 'worked up to' according to all the rules of play-writing; there is the proper admixture of heart interest and sentiment; 'big scenes'—and some of them are really big—are anticipated by that sort of preparatory silence that always precedes the *piece de resistance* of a fireworks display; and all the dangling ends of the story are carefully wound up before the final curtain falls.

"The theme is as old as literature—virtue triumphant—but the incidents are new, the story vital, and the characters are tricked out in fresh-fashioned garbs. The plot justifies itself, and it is questionable whether any other than a conventional treatment would be so effective."

The Theatre (New York), in giving the plot of the play, remarks that at one place at least it becomes somewhat tedious. The story, we are told, concerns the attempt of a money magnate and a city boss to obtain a perpetual charter for a city railway enterprise. The writer continues:

"In order to succeed, they must have control of the mayor. An election is approaching. In a conference between the two scoundrels they decide that they can elect a young man who is in love with the daughter of the rich conspirator. . . . The young man is elected mayor and is to marry the girl. When he discovers that the charter is a perpetual one he vetoes the bill. There is a good deal of animation in the conduct of the action from now on. The boss threatens him with the exposure of his father who had been eminent in the Civil War and whose memory is revered, but who had really been a 'grafter' in city affairs. His mother counsels him to stand firm and suffer the truth to be told at every cost. By one turn or another the adherents of the boss are gained

from him, and the mayor's veto stands. This mere outline which merely suggests the main action, at once suggests many stirring scenes; and the action in detail connecting these striking scenes fill the play with constant unexpected turns and strong situations."

Additional interest is aroused by the resemblance between Bennet, the hero of the

play, and the present Mayor of New York, and between Horrigan, the corrupt politician, and the present leader of Tammany Hall. The franchise is analogous to a certain gas franchise that disturbed the public two years ago, and to make the resemblance still more emphatic the orchestra plays "Tammany" as the curtain falls.

LUDWIG FULDA'S SECOND FLING AT THE KAISER

FROM Berlin comes the tidings that Ludwig Fulda's latest play, "The False King," a masterful satire on monarchical government, was an unqualified triumph at its first performance. The success of the play is due, in part at least, to the adroit manner in which Fulda manages to charm his audience, while he swings the lash of humor over their heads. This play is his second fling at the Kaiser, who seems to take as a personal insult any slighting reference to emperors and kings. Many years ago, when he was a comparatively young man, Ludwig Fulda competed with his "Talisman" for a donation known as the "Schiller prize." The prize was awarded to him by a competent committee, but the Kaiser unwisely vetoed their decision and the young dramatist at once became the most popular writer of the day. The Kaiser's objection was due, no doubt, to the spirit of levity in which the young radical had approached the doctrine of the "divine right" and omniscience of kings. Since then we have had the pleasure of reading many plays from the same pen, all graceful, clever and epigrammatic, but none that, in the opinion of Berlin critics, ranks in effectiveness with the "Talisman." "The False King," however, is given a place right next to that play, and by some placed above it.

Herr Fulda has always been more popular with the public than with his critics, owing to the fact that he would not join in the indecorous chorus of decadent art. For, as he remarked in an interview, on his visit to America not long ago, he believes in health and sunshine and scorns to play the madman even in a literary madhouse. Having once found himself, he remained true to his ideal. "It is incredible," reflects one Berlin critic, "how difficult it is to strike one's own individual note in art. She always raises new illusions before our eyes. There always are great models who lure us to the mountain-tops and often into abysses. Fulda has succeeded at last in limit-

ing his literary activities to the field to which his talent directs him. It is that which makes his new play in verse and rhyme a harmonious whole." Says another critic: "Herr Fulda thus spake to himself, 'Go to! What your fashionable idol Bernard Shaw accomplishes for you, that I, too, can do.' And forthwith he depicted a heroic court with an unheroic courier." German critics chuckle with glee that in doing so the dramatist has chosen England and King Arthur's court for his scene of action. The King Arthur in question, however, is not the Arthur of romance, but an imbecile scion of the warrior-king. Likewise the Lancelot of the play, an idiot, is a descendant of the character known to lore. The Arthur of Fulda's comedy, the tenth of his name, says the *Berliner Tageblatt* in its summary of the play, neither reigns nor rules. To quote further:

"In his stead the camarilla of courtiers oppresses the people. It however comes to pass that the King dies without an heir and they tremble at the thought of the hour when the royal name alone will no longer suffice to dazzle the people. Fortunately at this hour help comes from an unexpected quarter. The Princess Sigune, daughter of the Seneschall, had carried on an amour with a shepherd from the pasture to the palace. At once the courtiers hit upon a plan which will render it unnecessary for them to inform the people of the decease of the King. They announce that not only he still lives, but is to soon celebrate his nuptials. Thereupon the shepherd, impersonating the King, is married to Sigune. After some time,—the program discreetly speaks of ten months—unto them a prince is born. But before this consummation the shepherd gives ample proof of his mettle. When the Saxons are pressing upon his people, the youth dons the golden armor of Arthur the First, his alleged and legendary forbear—and, hiding his shepherd's face behind the visor, he routs the enemy at the head of his army. Thereby he establishes in truth his claim to the crown. But, when his subjects learn that it is not the blood of a king that circles in his veins, the tide of popular favor turns against him. They prefer degenerate blue blood to the vigorous shepherd's and in his place establish upon the throne Lancelot—the idiot."

TWO NEW OPERAS—MASSENET'S "ARIANE" AND MISS SMYTHE'S "STRANDRECHT"



BRILLIANT opening of the Paris opera season was assured by the production of a new work by the two veteran artists, Jules Massenet and Catulle Mendès. "Ariane" was the opera upon which they had collaborated, Mendès writing the libretto and giving it as much importance as Massenet's name gave to the music. All literary and artistic Paris was interested in the eventful presentation of "Ariane" (Ariadne), but while the occasion was notable and the success of the work apparently pronounced and unmistakable, the critical opinions deliberately expressed in the press are not all favorable. Some are distinctly adverse.

At Leipzig, at about the same time, another new opera was produced, a work by the English woman composer, Miss E. M. Smythe, whose one-act music-drama, "Im Wald," made a deep impression when given three or four years ago. Miss Smythe's opera aroused genuine enthusiasm among the audience, and is pronounced by one critic "the most powerful and unified production ever accomplished by a female composer." It is to be given at Prague and elsewhere on the Continent, but in England, her own country, Miss Smythe does not expect an early hearing.

The Massenet-Mendès opera is in five scenes, and tells the story of Ariadne, Theseus and Phædra in the poet's own way, with some departures from the classical version.

The first scene shows us the gate of the labyrinth, and we learn from the sisters, Ariadne and Phædra, of the thread Ariadne had given to Theseus. Then the hero appears, with the blood of the slain Minotaur on his sword. The three escape to the ship. In the second scene we see them in a boat in the open, tempest-lashed sea. Ariadne is joyful, and Phædra jealous and sad. In the third "the plot thickens," Ariadne becomes jealous, Phædra is killed and the contrite sister asks to be guided to Hades. The fourth scene takes place in the infernal regions, and the final one on the earth once more, Phædra having been restored to life. Theseus, after protesting devotion to Ariadne, follows Phædra to Athens, and the deserted Ariadne is driven to suicide by drowning.

There is great opportunity for fine stage effects, especially in the scene which takes

place in Hades, and the verse of Mendès is praised for its purity, simplicity and beauty. The interest, however, of the general public centers in the music. Gabriel Faure, the composer, analyzes the score in *Le Figaro*, praising it with some reservations. The musical editor of the *Mercure de France*, on the other hand, condemns the work severely. He writes:—"The music of 'Ariane' is of exceptional feebleness—the most monotonous and colorless that has flowed from Massenet's incontinent pen. It is banal and commonplace, irritatingly poor, and the orchestra is either clamorous or deaf."

Of Miss Smythe's opera a Leipzig correspondent of the London *Times* gives an elaborate account. The action is laid among the Cornish weavers in the eighteenth century, and is based on the fantastic idea that Providence arranged wrecks for the special benefit of these weavers. The plot is condensed as follows:

"'Strandrecht' begins by showing us the congregation and minister of a Cornish village, on a stormy Sunday evening, expecting the harvest that the morrow will bring. Everything is in their favor; the lighthouse keeper puts out his light; but yet no wreck comes to enrich the little community. Some one is playing traitor, for Laurent, the lighthouse man, brings the news that he has found traces of a recent fire, which has warned off the ships from the dangerous shore. Who has lit it? The first act ends before an answer has been found. Meanwhile Avis, the daughter of the lighthouse keeper, discovers that her sweetheart, Marc, no longer cares for her, and she identifies her rival by hearing the refrain of a song that Marc is fond of singing from the lips of Thurza, the minister's wife, who has braved popular opinion by declining to go to chapel with the others, by mending her nets on Sunday, and by protesting against the inhumanity of the trade by which the village subsists. She it is, in fact, who has induced Marc to light the warning fires, and, in spite of the suspicions of the villagers and an organized search for the culprit, Thurza and Marc kindle yet another, singing the while a passionate declaration of their love. As the villagers are heard approaching in their search for the fire, the lovers leave the stage, and Pasko, the minister, enters and discovers, not only the fire, but his wife's shawl dropped beside it. He falls down unconscious, and is found by the villagers, who suppose him to be the culprit, and settle that his guilt shall be judged in a certain cave that is used for such formalities. Before this rustic tribunal he keeps silence and is only saved from death by Marc, who owns to his actions. Avis, to save the man she still loves, tries to screen him by a false confession that he

spent the night with her, but Thurza confesses the whole truth, and she and Marc are left in the cavern to be drowned by the flowing tide."

There are many musical opportunities in this story, both of a lyrical and dramatic nature, and the correspondent says that Miss Smythe has made excellent use of them. Much of the music is powerful and original. The melodies are of singularly beautiful quality, and the orchestration is skilful and ingenious and impressive. The correspondent concludes:

"Here is a very remarkable work. It were

small praise to describe it as the most powerful and unified production ever accomplished by a female composer; it is much more than this, for it is not only completely free from the influence of any other music—even the most prejudiced critics are bound to admit this freedom—but the power with which the great situations are handled, the insight with which the characters are individualized, and the skill of invention and treatment which appears on every page make it one of the very few modern operas which must count among the great things in art. This being so, there is naturally no prospect of its being heard in England for many a year; but it is shortly to be given again at Prague, and will no doubt be heard elsewhere on the Continent before long."

THE TRAGEDY AND THE COMPENSATIONS OF THE ACTOR'S CAREER



ICHELANGELO is said to have once gratified a whim of his own or of some exacting patron by carving a statue of snow. It may have been his masterpiece, but, under the warm rays of the sun, it quickly melted into a shapeless lump, leaving no record of its beauty. "And this is what the actor does every night," Lawrence Barrett used to say; "he is forever carving a statue of snow."

The anecdote and the comment serve as a text for an article on the ephemeral reputation of the actor, by Prof. Brander Matthews. He sympathizes with the spirit of Joseph Jefferson's remark, "The painter, the sculptor, the author, all live in their works after death; but there is nothing so useless as a dead actor!" and develops the same thought further (in *Munsey's Magazine*):

"David Garrick was probably the greatest actor the world has ever seen; but what is he to-day but a faint memory—a name in the biographical dictionaries, and no more? Joseph Jefferson was the most accomplished comedian of the English-speaking stage at the end of the nineteenth century; but his fame will fade like Garrick's, and in a score of years he also will be but a name. This swift removal to the limbo of the vanished is the fate of all actors, however popular in their own day, and however indisputable their genius.

"And this fate the actor shares with all other performers, vocalists, and instrumentalists. It is a fate from which the practitioners of the other arts are preserved by the fact that their works may live after them, whereas the performers can leave nothing behind them but the splendid recollection that may linger in the memories of those who beheld the performance. Goldsmith was the friend of Garrick; and there are thousands to-day who have enjoyed the quaint simplicity of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and to whom, therefore, Goldsmith is something more than a name only. Macready was the friend of Bulwer-Lytton, who wrote for him 'The Lady of Lyons'

and 'Richelieu'; but the actor left the stage half a century ago and has long been forgotten by the playgoers, who have continued to attend the countless performances of the two plays Macready originally produced."

And yet, continues Professor Matthews, the actor's lot is not all loss. It has at least two compensations, one obvious enough, and the other not so evident, but not less suggestive. The obvious compensation for the transitoriness of the actor's fame lies in the abundant rewards, both in cash and in fame, that he receives. "The actor is better paid," says Professor Matthews, "than any other artist. In proportion to his ability, he is greatly overpaid. . . . Where there are to-day only one or two novelists and portrait painters who have attained to the summit of prosperity, there are a dozen or a score of actors and of actresses who are reaping the richest of harvests. And even the rank and file of the histrionic profession are better paid than are the average practitioners of the other arts." Moreover:

"The actor, overpaid in actual money, so far as his real ability is concerned, is also unduly rewarded with praise. In the general ignorance about the art of acting, he is often rated far more highly than he deserves. He is greeted with public acclaim; and he can rejoice in the wide reverberations of a notoriety which is the immediate equivalent of fame. He comes almost in personal contact with his admirers; and they are loud in expressing to him the pleasure he has just given them. Far more directly and far more keenly than any poet or any sculptor can the actor breathe the incense offered up to him. And if he be a Kemble, he may have the good fortune to listen while a Campbell declares acting to be the supreme art:

For ill can poetry express

Full many a tone of thought sublime,

And painting, mute and motionless,

Steals but a glance of time.

But by the mighty actor brought,
 Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And sculpture to be dumb.

"Even if the actor is not a Kemble and does not receive the homage of a Campbell, even if he is but one of the many stars that twinkle in the theatrical firmament, he has a celebrity denied to other artists. He may expect to be recognized as he passes in the street. He may count on the public familiarity with his name, such as no other artist could hope for. Few of those who stand in admiration before a stately statue in the square ever ask the name of the sculptor who wrought it.

"Even in the theater itself few of those who sit entranced at the performance of a play know or care to know its authorship. Mr. Bronson Howard was once asked how many of the audience that filled the theater at the hundredth performance of one of his plays would be aware that he was the author of the piece they were enjoying; and he answered that he doubted if one in ten of the spectators happened to be acquainted with his name. But at least nine in ten of the spectators knew the names of the stars; and when that piece chances to be performed nowadays by one of the stock companies, it is advertised as 'Robson and Crane's great play, "The Henrietta."'"


The second compensation of the actor's

career lies in the fact that a reputation achieved during his lifetime cannot be destroyed after his death. The judgment of his contemporaries is final. On this point Professor Matthews writes:

"Painters exalted in one century as indisputable masters have been cast down in another century, and denounced as mere pretenders. Pope was acclaimed in his own day as the greatest of English poets, only to be dismissed in our day as an adroit versifier, not fairly to be termed a poet at all. From these vicissitudes of criticism the actor is preserved; his fame cannot be impeached. No critic can move for a retrial of Garrick; the witnesses are all dead; the case is closed; the decision stands forever. 'Succeeding generations may be told of his genius;—none can test it'—and because none can test it, succeeding generations must accept what they have been told. Garrick painted his picture with an empty brush, it is true, and he had to carve his statue in the snow; and therefore neither the picture nor the statue can ever be seen by unfriendly eyes to-day. The skill of the artist cannot be proved; we have to take on trust and to hold it as a matter of faith.

"Beyond all question it is a signal advantage to the actor that he can leave behind him nothing by which his contemporary fame may be contested by us who come after."

SCENES FROM "THE HYPOCRITES"—THE STRONGEST PLAY OF THE YEAR

F this is a melodrama, let us have more melodrama." In these few words might be summarized the impression made on New York critics by Henry Arthur Jones's latest work, "The Hypocrites," selections from which we reprint this month from a privately published copy, by the courtesy of Mr. Charles Frohman. Jones stands to-day undoubtedly in the front rank of dramatic writers. In England he has only one rival, Arthur Wing Pinero, Shaw being in a class by himself. While Pinero is, perhaps, a more calculating craftsman, Jones touches more directly the springs of human emotion. Both have in common a mastery of stage effects and apparently a sound hatred for their public—the English middle classes. They never cease to attack sham and hypocrisy, tho, it might be urged, not infrequently making concessions to the very qualities against which their shafts are directed.

Jones's play, "The Hypocrites," significantly bears this legend from "The Pilgrim's Scrip": "Expediency is man's wisdom; doing right is God's." The keynote of the play is struck in the passage in which Viveash, the rascally lawyer, remarks in the course of the first act

to Parson Linnell, the only man in the community who is not a hypocrite: "My dear Linnell, you aren't a baby; you're an educated man. Open your eyes! Look at the world around you, the world we've got to live in, the world we've got to make our bread and cheese in! Look at society! What is it? An organized hypocrisy everywhere. We all live by taking each other's dirty linen, and pretending to wash it; by cashing each other's dirty little lies and shams, and passing them on. Civilization means rottenness, when you get to the core of it. It's rotten everywhere. And I fancy it's rather more rotten in this dirty little hole than anywhere else."

The locality referred to certainly boasts of a goodly collection of respectable hypocrites. The first act introduces us to the house of Mr. Wilmore, lord of the Manor of Weybury. An animated discussion is going on between him and other dignitaries: the Reverend Everard Daubeney, Vicar of Weybury, more fond of dining than of things divine; Dr. and Mrs. Blaney, and Mrs. Wilmore. A tenant of the Wilmores, William Sheldrake, it seems, has been indiscreet with a girl and is to be coerced into marrying her for the sake of

morality, altho Curate Linnell staunchly opposes this union on the ground that the girl is unfit to be the young man's wife. These worthies, however, agree to make it incumbent upon Linnell to effect the marriage in question. It happens that at the same time Lennard, Wilmore's son, is engaged to Helen Plugenet, daughter of Sir John Plugenet, Baronet, of Plugenet Court. The Wilmores are anxious for the marriage to take place, as their finances are in a shattered condition and Sir John happens to own the most important mortgages on their property. The lawyer Viveash desires no less ardently to bring the union about, as his money is tied up with that of the Wilmores. Helen Plugenet is a pure and somewhat romantic girl who expects from her future husband the same purity of heart that she brings to him. Of late her suspicions have been somewhat aroused by Mrs. Wilmore's evasive replies to her queries with regard to Lennard's past. At that critical juncture turns up at the Wilmore mansion a young drawing mistress, Rachel Neve. It appears that the girl had sustained intimate relations with Lennard, and that, half a year previously, he had bidden good-bye to her forever, in the belief that she would join her father in Canada. But Rachel, for very obvious reasons, feared to meet her father, and when at last her prospective maternity is no longer a matter of surmise, she comes to ask Mrs. Wilmore for advice and help. Lennard, who is a good fellow at heart, is almost overcome by shame and commiseration, but Mrs. Wilmore, who dreads a scandal, begs him to leave the matter in her hand. Her intention is to settle a sum of money upon the girl, but, above all, to get her away. Rachel promises everything, but on her way out of town happens to meet with an accident. She is brought, strangely enough, to Edgar Linnell's house. Mrs. Blaney, the doctor's wife, who is always on the lookout for immorality, pries into the girl's baggage and papers. Disturbed in reading one letter, she incautiously drops it on the floor. A little later Linnell happens to pick it up and peruses it under the impression that it is meant for him. From the letter he gathers enough evidence in conjunction with certain other incidents to connect the girl with Lennard. While he is still revolving the matter, Lennard makes his appearance and the following conversation takes place:

Linnell: Will you sit down? (*Lennard sits apprehensively.*) Mrs. Wilmore takes a great interest in Miss Neve.

Lennard: Neve—is that her name?

Linnell: Didn't you know?

Lennard: I think my mother mentioned it.

Linnell: Does Mrs. Wilmore know Miss Neve's history?

Lennard: I suppose she has told my mother something about herself.

Linnell: How much does Mrs. Wilmore know?

Lennard: You're very mysterious. What do you mean?

Linnell: I mean, does Mrs. Wilmore know the history of Miss Neve's relations with you?

Lennard: (*Starts up, betrays himself, then quickly recovers, stands face to face with Linnell for a moment.*) Relations with me! What bee have you got in your bonnet now? I'll send my mother down to you. You'd better ask her. (*Going off, opens door.*)

Linnell: I'm trying to save those dear to you from terrible sorrow and shame. To-morrow it may be too late.

(*Lennard closes door and comes down to him.*)

Linnell (very tenderly): Come, my dear lad! You see I know! So spare yourself all further equivocation, and let me help you if I can.

Lennard: It's a pretty bad business, isn't it?

Linnell: Trust me. Did you promise to marry her?

Lennard: I suppose I did. When a man's in love he promises everything.

Linnell: And you became engaged to Miss Plugenet, knowing that this other—

Lennard: No, I'm not quite so bad as that. I hadn't seen Helen since we were children. I was in Scotland last spring in charge of the railway, and when Mr. Neve left his daughter to go to Canada, she and I were thrown together a good deal. Then the railway was finished, and I came home and met Helen. Before I became engaged I saw Miss Neve again for a few days. We said, "Good-by," and parted, thinking it was all at an end. It was only to-day that I knew the cursed truth.

Linnell: What do you intend to do?

Lennard: My mother has promised to take care of her.

Linnell: And Miss Plugenet?

Lennard: There's no need she should know, is there?

Linnell: You'd marry Miss Plugenet, knowing this other one has your promise, knowing what she is going to suffer for you!

Lennard: It is rough on her, poor girl! And she's really good. It was her very innocence—and she did love me! When I remember how her face used to light up with the loveliest smile when she caught sight of me—by Jove, Linnell, a man may get to be a big scoundrel without meaning it, and without knowing it.

Linnell: But when he does know it, then he resolutely sets to work to undo the wrong he has done—as you mean to do?

Lennard: Well, of course, we shall provide for her.

Linnell: Yes—but Miss Plugenet?

(*A knock at the front door.*)

Lennard: I expect that's my mother. (*Patty [a servant girl] goes to front door and admits Mrs. Wilmore.*) You'll help us to keep this quiet, eh? You won't go against us and let it all come out?

Mrs. Wilmore (opens the door, and speaks to Patty): In here? Oh, yes. *(She enters.)* Ah, Len, why didn't you go back with Helen? Run back home, I want to have a little chat with Mr. Linnell about this young drawing-mistress. *(Looking at Linnell.)*

Linnell (stern and dignified): If you please.

(Mrs. Wilmore, arrested by his manner, looks inquiringly at him and Lennard.)

Lennard: Mother, he knows.

Mrs. Wilmore: Knows what? What has this girl been telling you?

Linnell: Nothing. By accident I saw a letter she wrote to your son.

Mrs. Wilmore: Why should she write to Lennard?

Linnell: Isn't it very natural?

(Lennard is about to speak, but Mrs. Wilmore secretly hushes him with a warning gesture.)

Mrs. Wilmore: Was this letter addressed to Lennard?

Linnell: No.

Mrs. Wilmore: Then to whom?

Linnell: To no one.

Mrs. Wilmore: And you jump to the conclusion—where is this girl? *(Going to door. Linnell intercepts her.)*

Linnell: One moment. She's very feverish and excited. Let me prepare her first.

Mrs. Wilmore: You won't prompt her to repeat this story?

Linnell: Story? You know it, then?

Mrs. Wilmore: It's easy to guess. I must see her, and get at the truth.

Linnell: The truth is as you know it.

(Exit to passage. Mrs. Wilmore watches him off, then turns quickly to Lennard. Her action throughout is rapid, keen, resolute, energetic, resourceful, remorseless, unflinching.)

Mrs. Wilmore: Quick, Len! What has taken place?

Lennard: He accused me, and of course I denied it.

Mrs. Wilmore: You denied it?

Lennard: At first. But, when I saw the game was up, I gave in.

Mrs. Wilmore: Gave in?

Lennard: I said I was sorry.

Mrs. Wilmore: What else? Tell me all.

Lennard: I'm afraid I let out I'd promised to marry the girl.

Mrs. Wilmore (with a gesture of despair): You've committed social suicide! You've ruined yourself!

Lennard: Can't we get him to hold his tongue?

Mrs. Wilmore: I'm afraid not. I'll try. I'll try everything! *(With a sudden thought.)* You say you did deny it at first?

Lennard: Yes. I rounded on him, and asked him what bee he had got in his bonnet!

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes! Yes! And then you said you were sorry, and pitied her, and he totally misunderstood you. It's only his word against yours. If we can only get the girl out of the way! What evidence is there to connect her with you in Scotland?

Lennard: Nothing that anybody can lay hold of.

Mrs. Wilmore: Think! There were other young fellows there—your chums on the railway?

Lennard: Bruce Kerrick.

Mrs. Wilmore (looking at him): It might have been him.

Lennard: It might, but it wasn't.

Mrs. Wilmore: Where is he now?

Lennard: In South Africa.

Mrs. Wilmore: South Africa? Good! Your father will be here directly. You'd better not wait. Leave this to me. Oh, Len, if I can save you yet!

Lennard: You are a brick, mother! And I've brought you nothing but trouble.

Mrs. Wilmore: Never mind that now. *(Opening the door for him.)* Go! *(Lennard goes noiselessly into passage.)*

Mrs. Wilmore (watches him off): Hush!

(He closes the front door noiselessly behind him, and she comes into the room, thoughtful, scheming, deeply considering. After a moment Linnell re-enters from study, and comes into room. Mrs. Wilmore composes her features.)

Linnell (entering): Your son has gone?

Mrs. Wilmore: There was no reason for him to stay, was there?

Linnell: We must come to some understanding about Miss Neve.

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes. What is to be done with her? You can't expect Mrs. Linnell to nurse a stranger through a long illness.

Linnell: The sprain will only last a few days. But there's a fever—

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes, poor creature! I know of some excellent rooms in Gilminster. I'll take entire charge of her myself, and see that she's thoroughly nursed.

Linnell: Pardon me, when I just now told her you were here, she seemed very much distressed.

Mrs. Wilmore: Why should she be distressed?

Linnell (sternly): Mrs. Wilmore, if we are to find some way out of this wretched business, I must beg you to be quite candid with me.

Mrs. Wilmore (rather hotly): I don't understand you! Why shouldn't I be allowed to take care of Miss Neve?

Linnell: You forget, there is another question behind.

Mrs. Wilmore: What question?

Linnell: Miss Plugenet. *(A loud knock at the front door.)*

Mrs. Wilmore: I believe that's Mr. Wilmore. He doesn't know about this. *(Another loud, impatient knock.)* Perhaps it would be better not to tell him for the present, at least not until you and I have decided what to do.

After the second knock Wilmore has entered at front door into passage. Patty, who has come out of the study to open the door for him, meets him in passage.

Wilmore (voice in passage): Mr. Linnell at home? Please show me in to him.

(Patty opens the door and shows him in. He blusters in, and closes the door after him.)

Wilmore: Excuse this unceremonious entrance, Linnell, but your letter about Sheldrake has thoroughly upset me. Coming just before dinner, too—I could scarcely touch a morsel. Haunch of venison, too! You saw me refuse everything. Charlotte?

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes, but something else has arisen—

Wilmore: I don't care what has arisen. We'll attend to this first. Now, sir, I've been talking with your Vicar, and we're thoroughly agreed—*(Mrs. Wilmore is making covert signs.)* Please don't interrupt me, Charlotte. It comes

to this—you will either uphold my ideas as regards morality, or you will leave Weybury forthwith. Which do you mean to do?

Linnell: What are your ideas as regards morality?

Wilmore (upset): Upon my word! My ideas of morality, sir (*tapping the table with his fore-fingers*), are the good, plain, old-fashioned ideas which all right-minded persons hold! And always have held! And always will hold! Do you, or do you not, intend to carry out my instructions respecting William Sheldrake?

Linnell: Meantime, what are your instructions respecting your own son?

Wilmore: My son?

Linnell: Look at home, Mr. Wilmore! Deal with your own household first.

Wilmore: I don't know what you mean. Explain yourself, sir!

Linnell: You will have no tampering with the plain dictates of morality? You have only one rule in these cases? Do you wish it to be carried out in the case of your own son, and the girl in the next room?

At once, of course, Wilmore's whole demeanor changes and he virtually offers Linnell the vicarage as the price of his silence. At the same time both he and Mrs. Wilmore deny that the incriminating letter was addressed to Lennard. Rachel upholds their denial. Wilmore asks, "Will you withdraw this monstrous charge against my son and own your mistake?" "No," the Curate replies, "not for a bishopric."

Here follows the famous third act in which all the forces of hypocrisy are united to crush the courageous curate. Rachel has consented to sign a statement that the father of her prospective child and Lennard are not identical. Sir John has arrived from India in order to give his daughter in marriage to young Wilmore. Informed of Linnell's accusations, he insists on a personal interview with all persons concerned. The scene is the Wilmore Manor, as in the first act:

Sir John (looking round): Mr. Linnell is not here?

Wilmore: Yes, I had him shown into another room until such time as we require him. (*Rings bell.*)

Sir John: We must have Lennard, too.

Wilmore: Lennard is only too anxious to face his traducer.

(*Goodyer [a man-servant] appears at door at back.*)

Wilmore: Ask Mr. Lennard and Mr. Linnell to come here. (*Exit Goodyer.*)

Sir John: And Miss Neve herself?

Viveash: In the next room.

Mrs. Wilmore: She's ready to come in at any moment, but I'm sure you'd wish to spare her as far as possible.

Sir John: Certainly.

Viveash: Meantime, there is Miss Neve's own statement in her own words. Just cast your eye over that. (*Giving him the letter Mrs. Wilmore has brought in.*)

Enter Lennard at back. Throughout the scene he assumes a careless, confident manner, but at moments he betrays intense anxiety and exchanges furtive looks with his mother.

Lennard: How are you? (*To Daubeny.*)

Daubeny: Good morning, my dear young friend. (*Shaking hands.*)

Lennard: How d'ye do, Mrs. Blaney?

Mrs. Blaney: How d'ye do?

Lennard: Good morning, Blaney. (*Shaking hands.*)

Sir John (having read the letter): But this is positively conclusive.

Viveash: I thought you'd say so.

Sir John: What can Mr. Linnell say to this?

Enter Goodyer at back, announcing "Mr. Linnell." *Enter Linnell. Exit Goodyer. Linnell bows as he comes in. Sir John, poisoned against him by the Wilmores and Viveash, regards him with evident distrust and coldness.*

Mrs. Wilmore (introducing): Mr. Linnell—*Sir John Plugenet.*

Linnell: Good morning, Sir John.

Sir John (very coldly): Good morning, sir.

Viveash: We may as well come to business at once. Will you be seated?

(*Daubeny, Mrs. Wilmore, Mrs. Blaney, Dr. Blaney sit. Viveash seats himself, and makes notes all the while.*)

Viveash: Mr. Linnell, I must ask you formally to withdraw certain damaging statements you have made regarding Mr. Lennard Wilmore and Miss Neve.

Wilmore: And apologize! (*A pause.*)

Sir John (sternly to Linnell): What have you to say, sir?

Linnell (glancing round him): Nothing.

Sir John: What! You make this dreadful accusation, and then you run away from it?

Linnell: I'm not running away. I'm here.

Sir John: But you've repeated this slander?

Linnell: Not to a single person since that night.

Wilmore: But it's all over the town!

Linnell: Not through any word of mine. I've no wish to repeat this story even now—unless you force me.

Sir John: Perhaps, sir, but before you leave this room you must either repeat it, or withdraw it absolutely.

Linnell: If you please. Through an accident I became aware of Mr. Lennard Wilmore's fault. I urged him to own the truth to you. I urge him still, I entreat him, with all—

Viveash (dry, hard): Mr. Linnell, please reserve your sentimental appeals for the pulpit. Sir John wants to get at the facts.

Linnell (sharp, dry, hard): I'll give them to him.

Sir John (cold, distrustful): I shall be obliged.

Linnell: While Miss Neve was in my house, a letter she had written tumbled on the floor. Thinking it was addressed to myself, I began to read it. It spoke of the writer's shame and distress—

Viveash: But what reason had you for connecting the writer's shame and distress with Mr. Lennard Wilmore?

Linnell: It said "I shall call on your mother this afternoon, and—"

Viveash: But, you may have observed, other people besides Mr. Lennard Wilmore have mothers.

Linnell: Yes, it is customary. (*Advancing a little towards Mrs. Wilmore.*) Mothers who bring their sons up to love the truth and hate lies—

Sir John: What? Mr. Linnell! You accuse a lady in Mrs. Wilmore's position!—Viveash, I shall lose my patience.

Viveash: Keep calm, Sir John! We shall soon explode this bag of moonshine. (*To Linnell.*) You're sure this letter didn't read, "I'll call on your grandmother?"

Linnell: No—the girl didn't mock at her agony. Do you?

Viveash: What became of this letter?

Linnell: Miss Neve burnt it.

Viveash: That's a pity. Mrs. Wilmore, will you please ask Miss Neve whether the letter Mr. Linnell picked up was written to your son, and whether it contained any reference whatever to you, or to him? (*Mrs. Wilmore goes towards door.*)

Linnell: Why ask her? You know she'll say "No."

Mrs. Wilmore: Surely Miss Neve must know to whom she wrote that letter. (*Exit Mrs. Wilmore, left.*)

Viveash: Have you any other evidence against Mr. Lennard Wilmore?

Linnell: Yes, his own word.

Lennard: My word?

Linnell: You owned to me you had betrayed this girl under a promise of marriage; and you begged me to hide it!

Lennard: What? I asked you what bee you'd got in your bonnet!

Wilmore: A bee in his bonnet! Now that to me exactly describes the situation.

Daubeny: A very happy phrase! A bee in his bonnet! (*Tapping his stomach.*)

Viveash: I suppose what really happened, Lennard, was this—Mr. Linnell told you this poor girl's story; you pitied her, and then he muddled up—

Linnell (*sternly*): Please don't put his lie into his mouth! He has it pat enough!

Wilmore: Lie! We're using very pretty language now!

Mrs. Blaney: And in the presence of ladies!

Dr. Blaney: Violent language is generally associated with a bad case.

Linnell: Yes, and sometimes with a good case, too!

Mrs. Wilmore re-enters.

Sir John: Lennard, my boy, you are to take my name, and be my son. Tell me—Is there any truth in what Mr. Linnell says?

Lennard (*catches sight of his mother's anxious face, and, after the faintest faltering, says firmly*): No, not the least.

Sir John: You did not confess you had betrayed this girl?

Lennard (*quite firmly*): No, Sir John.

(*Mrs. Wilmore shows immense relief.*)

Sir John (*relieved. Shakes his hand cordially*): I believe you. And now, tell this man to his face that he is—mistaken. He'll know what that means.

(*Mrs. Wilmore shows anxiety.*)

Lennard (*steps firmly to Linnell and says fiercely*): Mr. Linnell, you are mistaken!

(*Mrs. Wilmore shows great relief. Linnell flames with resentment, is about to reply, but*

stops and stares round, growing bewildered, and beginning to realize the hopelessness of his position; at length drops into chair, and buries his face in hands on table.)

Mrs. Wilmore (*comes forward*): Miss Neve says most positively that the letter Mr. Linnell picked up was not written to Lennard, and had no reference to him or to me.

Sir John (*to Linnell*): You hear that Miss Neve denies—

Linnell: Oh yes, she denies. They all deny! And Mr. and Mrs. Wilmore! Let them deny, too! If you please, both of you, deny, deny, deny!

Wilmore: So we're to be dragged into it! So we knew—

Linnell (*to Wilmore*): Aye, you knew! For you offered me the living to hold my tongue! (*To Mrs. Wilmore.*) And you—you begged me with tears to save your boy. Well, I've done my best to save him! You must go your way and ruin him! Go on and ruin him!

Sir John (*struck by the sincerity of Linnell's utterance*): Wilmore—Mrs. Wilmore, surely you didn't beg Mr. Linnell to—

Mrs. Wilmore: My dear Sir John, when we got there, we found Mr. Linnell in an excited state—with this bee in his bonnet—his own wife implored him to withdraw his silly statement. Mrs. Blaney, you remember?

Mrs. Blaney—Oh, yes. Poor Mrs. Linnell said she was sure he didn't mean it, and told him to beg Mr. Wilmore's pardon.

(*Linnell is overwhelmed. Sir John looks at Viveash, who shrugs his shoulders contemptuously.*)

Viveash: Have you any further evidence to offer us?

(*Linnell, growing more and more bewildered, shakes his head.*)

Viveash: Sir John, will you please show him Miss Neve's letter to Mrs. Wilmore.

Sir John: As, yes! (*Bringing out the letter which Viveash has given him.*) Please read that.

Linnell: To what end?

Sir John: Please read it. (*Linnell takes the letter, and looks at it mechanically, not trying to understand it.*) You see, the girl herself declares Mr. Lennard Wilmore is nothing to her.

Linnell: She knows! She knows!

Viveash: I'm glad you admit she knows.

Sir John: Well, what have you to say?

Linnell: Nothing. (*Giving back the letter.*)

Sir John: Nothing, sir? Nothing?

Linnell (*suddenly*): Yes! Please bring Miss Neve here—

Mrs. Wilmore (*alarmed*): Sir John, you shall see Miss Neve and question her yourself, but Dr. Blaney will say if she is in a fit state—

Dr. Blaney: I must certainly forbid any violent or distressing scenes. It would be highly dangerous to my patient.

Linnell: Then why is she here, if not to get at the truth? Sir John, for the sake of your daughter's happiness, I demand to ask Miss Neve one question in the presence of your future son-in-law.

Viveash: Surely Miss Neve's statement is sufficiently explicit.

Linnell: I demand to put them face to face.

Sir John: Mrs. Wilmore, I think we might ask Miss Neve to please step here for a moment.

Mrs. Wilmore: If you wish.

(*She just glances at Viveash, who just signs assent.*)

Sir John: I do.

Mrs. Wilmore: I'll fetch her.

(Mrs. Wilmore goes off left, leaving the door open.)

Viveash (to Sir John): Sir John, you'll take care Miss Neve is not frightened or brow-beaten?

Sir John: We will treat her with every consideration.

Mrs. Wilmore (appears at door): If you please—

Rachel enters very slowly, limping a little, with calm, set, determined face, and downcast eyes. She just raises them to meet Lennard's glance for an instant.

Mrs. Wilmore: This is Sir John Plugenet—Miss Neve.

(Sir John and Rachel bow slightly.)

Linnell: Good morning, Miss Neve. (He holds out his hand.)

Rachel: Good morning.

(She just looks at him, does not give her hand at first, but as he holds his out, at length she gives hers. He takes it, holds it, and leads her towards Lennard.)

Linnell (to Lennard): Will you please look at this lady?

Viveash: What now?

Linnell (to Rachel): Will you please look at Mr. Wilmore? I charge you both, as you will answer at that dreadful day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed—

(Lennard draws back a little. Rachel also shows a very slight sign of faltering, which she instantly controls.)

Viveash (very firmly): Sir John, I must protest against this paltry theatrical appeal! Miss Neve has scarcely recovered from her illness—

Linnell: If you please, Mr. Viveash! Let me put them to their oath.

Viveash: Doctor Blaney! Sir John!

Sir John: Mr. Linnell, will you please stand aside? I'll question Miss Neve myself. (To Rachel, very kindly.) I'm deeply grieved to trouble you. You know my daughter is to be married to this gentleman?

Rachel: Yes.

Sir John: Please forgive my asking. Has he ever been more to you than an acquaintance?

Rachel: No.

Sir John: Has he ever spoken to you any word of love?

Rachel: No.

Sir John: Have you the least claim upon him as a lover?

Rachel: No.

Sir John: That is your solemn word—your solemn oath, in the presence of Heaven? You have no claim whatever upon Mr. Lennard Wilmore?

Rachel (quite firmly, looking at Lennard, and then looking at Sir John): No, none whatever!

Sir John: Thank you for having spoken out so plainly. That sets the question at rest forever.

(Rachel has answered quite firmly and steadfastly throughout, but at the end she drops back on the sofa a little exhausted.)

Sir John: It has been too much for you?

Rachel: No—no—please don't trouble.

Sir John (turns to Linnell): Mr. Linnell, I daren't trust myself to speak to you! You, a

clergyman, whose first care it should be to hush all slander and evil speaking—

Wilmore: Leave this house, sir!

(Linnell, bewildered, dazed, looks round, goes up to door at back.)

Mrs. Wilmore (as he passes her): I told you how this would end.

Linnell: It's not ended! (Suddenly turns at door.) Sir John, tell your daughter to look! There's a rat under the floor of her new home! (Sweeping his hand round to Wilmore, Mrs. Wilmore, and Lennard.) You know it, all of you! You liars! You hypocrites! You time-servers! Damned time-servers! You know it! You know the rat's festering under the floor! (Coming down to Rachel.) You know it, too—

(Rachel starts up frightened, and staggers. Viveash and Sir John pull Linnell away. Rachel looks round, meets Lennard's look, utters a cry, rushes past him, but staggers, falls as she is passing by him. He instinctively catches her in his arms.)

Rachel (struggling to get free): No! No! Not you! Don't—don't touch me! They'll think—Oh, let me go!

Lennard: Rachel! Oh, what a hound! What a cur I've been! Rachel! Rachel, forgive me! (She revives, struggles free from him, and goes off left.) Sir John, I'm a scoundrel! I daren't face Miss Plugenet, but ask her—

Sir John (turns away from him with an angry gesture): Mrs. Wilmore, you knew this! And you lied to me and fooled me!

Mrs. Wilmore: What have you done, Len?

Lennard: Linnell, I beg your pardon. I've behaved like a—

Linnell: That's past! Look up! Look up, my friend! You've cleared yourself! You've owned your fault! You're a free man from this hour! (Shaking hands warmly.)

After this occurrence the Wilmores are being ostracised socially. Sir John is furious and threatens to foreclose his mortgage on the Manor. Financial ruin stares them in the face. To make matters still worse in Mrs. Wilmore's eyes, Lennard is determined to marry Rachel. All her plotting for his future seems to have been futile. She is losing not only her social position, but her boy as well. Helen Plugenet finds her in this state when she comes to bid her good-by. She is going to work with Linnell and his wife in London, where, through her father's influence, she procured an appointment for him. Mrs. Wilmore pours out her heart to the girl. "No. I'm dead. No, worse than that. I am living with nothing to live for."

They are embracing when the door at back opens, and Rachel enters, shown in and followed by Lennard. Rachel comes down a few steps. Mrs. Wilmore and Helen then disengage themselves, and Rachel and Helen recognize each other. Helen utters a little cry, and goes to the door.

Lennard (showing great shame): I beg pardon. I didn't know—(He is going off.)

Helen: No, please stay. I'm going. (*He stands deeply ashamed. Helen goes towards door, then stops, looks at Rachel a moment, goes to her.*) I hope you will be very happy! (*Kisses Rachel. Exit at back.*)

Lennard: Mother, we're leaving England in a few days. Haven't you a word to say to her?

Mrs. Wilmore (to Rachel, who has stood apart, ashamed): Yes. Please come to me. (*Rachel goes to her.*) I don't wish to speak unkindly, but, through you, Lennard's career has been destroyed for the time—

Rachel: Oh, don't say that!

Mrs. Wilmore: I must. My son was in a great position. He might have hoped for any honors—the highest—he had a splendid future. To-day he's a disgraced pauper—through you!

Lennard: Mother! Mother! Rachel, come away with me.

Mrs. Wilmore: No, Lennard, please let her hear me! (*To Rachel.*) I'm not reproaching you. It's done. But now you're going to do him a further injury—

Rachel: No! No!

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes! If you leave him, and go out of his life, this disgrace will pass away and be forgotten. We have some influential friends in London. In a few years he will redeem his mistake, and make a good marriage. Won't you give him a chance? Haven't you done him harm enough?

Rachel: Oh, what am I to do?

Lennard: Come away with me! Mother, I'll never give her up now.

Mrs. Wilmore: Then I hope she'll have the good sense and the good feeling to give you up.

Lennard: Rachel!

Mrs. Wilmore: Keep silence, Lennard, if you please, and let me save you from this last dishonor. What do you say?

Rachel: I love him so much! I can't give him up now! You won't ask me! I've promised Mr. Linnell! (*Linnell appears at door.*) Ah, tell me! Must I give Lennard up? Is it for his good? Tell me I ought, and I'll try to do it, even now!

Mrs. Wilmore: Mr. Linnell, please keep away from us now! I won't have you interfere in this. (*To Rachel.*) You've heard what I said! Don't listen to him.

Linnell: She will listen to me. And you will listen to me.

Mrs. Wilmore: I won't! Go, please! (*Pointing.*) The door! The door!

Linnell (to Lennard): Miss Neve, Lennard, please leave me a few minutes with Mrs. Wilmore. (*Motioning them to door, left.*)

Mrs. Wilmore: No! No!

Linnell: If you please, Lennard!

Lennard: Rachel—(*Taking her off.*)

Mrs. Wilmore: Is it always to be so? Will you always come in my way?

Linnell: Always! till you're in the right way.

Mrs. Wilmore: I won't hear you.

Linnell: Ah, but you will!

Mrs. Wilmore: No! No! You've broken up my home, you've defeated all my hopes, you've ruined my son, you're parting me from him now when I love and need him most, you're sending him away to India to die, perhaps, out there—I may never see him again. You've done all this! Well, you've done it! So be satisfied with your work, and let me be!

Linnell: My work isn't finished—

Mrs. Wilmore: Not finished? Pray, what more have you to do?

Linnell: To open your eyes! To make you see what you would have done! Think of it! And you asked me, God's minister, to wink at your foul trick and help you—help you prepare a long life of treachery and distrust for your son and his bride!

Mrs. Wilmore: You have stopped me! So be content.

Linnell: No, not till you own your son is doing right.

Mrs. Wilmore: To marry that girl?

Linnell: Yes! They love each other. Their future will be all the more secure from their bitter remembrance of the past. They'll work out their repentance in a great love. He'll build his house on the true love of man and wife. It will stand. His hopes, his honor, his safety, his duty, his happiness,—all lie with her. Can't you see that?

Mrs. Wilmore: I can see nothing, except that I'm to lose Lennard.

Linnell: No. (*Takes out a letter.*) Please read that. (*Gives it to her.*)

Mrs. Wilmore: From Sir John Plugenet? (*She opens and reads the letter.*)

Linnell: He feels sorry he made this story public. I've been with him and his lawyer all this morning. He proposes to take over all your mortgages, and leave you in possession here on easy terms.

Mrs. Wilmore: But we shall owe everything to Sir John Plugenet! (*Reading on.*) No! Worse than that! He says, "In conclusion, I may tell you that I am making this arrangement purely on the persuasion of Mr. Linnell. If it should secure your future well-being and happiness, you will owe it to him—" I can't! I can't! To owe everything to you!

Linnell: Don't think of me as your creditor. Think of me as your servant, God's servant, and therefore your servant, sent to hold a light to your path, and smooth it where it's rough and thorny.

Mrs. Wilmore (giving her hand): I'll try. But Lennard—Lennard is going from me.

Linnell: Go with him. A friend has given me money for a passage to India, and a year's stay there—

Mrs. Wilmore: A friend! Helen Plugenet!

Linnell: She has forgiven. You will forgive, too? Come to their marriage to-morrow, and go out to India with them. If you refuse, he will still make her his wife. You can't hinder that. Then you will remember all your life that you parted from him in anger. If, as you said, he should die out there—

Mrs. Wilmore: Bring them in! Bring them in!

Linnell goes to door, left, beckons to Rachel and Lennard, who enter.

Mrs. Wilmore (to Linnell): You've broken my heart! (*To Rachel.*) Come to me, my dear. (*The two women embrace in tears.*)

Linnell (to Lennard): Your mother is going to your marriage to-morrow, and to India with you—

Lennard: Mother, is that so? (*Mrs. Wilmore nods and smiles.*)

Linnell: Now my work in Weybury is finished! To-morrow all your lives begin anew!

Religion and Ethics

A POET'S REVERIE BEFORE THE GATE OF DEATH

QUENE of the significant signs of the times is the invasion of the theological field by laymen. Grave questions of religion and immortality used to be handled almost exclusively by ecclesiastical experts. Nowadays the most sacred topics are freely discussed by scientists, artists and poets. And who can say that religion has not been the gainer by the change? At least it is certain that if every theological treatise were written with the deft touch and unfailing poetic charm of a newly published volume entitled "The Gate of Death,"* the complaint would never be made that religious problems are dull. The author of this unique work is understood to be Mr. A. C. Benson, the English poet and essayist, and a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He sets forth his argument in the form of a diary which records his thought-life as he lay, during long weeks, before the "gate of death," disabled by an all but fatal accident. Face to face with the dark angel, he tells how the relative values of things were changed for him; in what aspect his past life appeared to him; and with what heart he confronted the unknown. "One hardly knows where in the literature of English," says the *New York Evening Post*, "to turn for an equally ingenious record of the experience of a human soul which has passed through the Valley of the Shadow and returned to consciousness of its house of flesh." The *London Telegraph* goes so far as to say: "Hardly any book since 'In Memoriam' has presented such notable claims to the consideration of popular theology."

The disabling accident is described as having taken place in the garden of a married sister's country home. It was followed by a period of complete unconsciousness, during which the doctor despaired of the patient's life. As he lay in bed all that he remembers is "a kind of fevered twilight," "loud booming sounds," "a face, strangely distorted." Sometimes he seemed "like a diver, struggling upwards through dim waters." Once he "came out quite suddenly on life, as from a dark tunnel, and saw two people bending over something which they held in their hands close to a bright

light." The first definite emotion of which he was conscious was affection. "I felt it," he says, "mostly in the form of compassion for those who were evidently so much distressed at what seemed to me a thing of very little moment. I had a sense of gratitude for the care and tenderness that were centered on me; a certain sorrow that I should give so much trouble." And then, as other thoughts returned, "like hovering birds to an empty dove-cote," there fell on him a mood of introspection. He began to estimate what his life meant to him, what there was in it of good or bad. The result surprised him:

"I cared not at all for my personal successes; not at all about the little position I had achieved; not at all about having labored steadily and conscientiously—all those things seemed unreal and immaterial. I did not even care to think that I had, however fitfully and feebly, tried to serve the will of God, tried to discern it, tried to follow it. In that hour was revealed to me that I could not have done otherwise, that all my life, success and failure alike, had been but a minute expression of that supreme will and thought. What I did care about was the thought that I had made a few happier, that I had done a few kindnesses, that I had won some love. I was glad that there had been occasions when I had conquered natural irritability and selfish anxiety, had said a kind and an affectionate thing. Rectitude and prudence, they seemed to matter nothing; what oppressed me was the thought that I might have been readier to do little deeds of affection, to have been more unselfish, more considerate."

In the face of his own vivid experience the writer was led to feel that most of what he had read in books about the sensations of dying men was "unutterably false and vain." He says on this point:

"These books do not approach the real experience at all. They seem to have been composed by comfortable people sitting in armchairs and trying to fancy what death would be like; but it is like nothing in the world, different, not in degree, but in kind, from any imagination that any one can form. I suppose that different people have different experiences; but the hollowest and emptiest of all the things written on the subject seem to me to be the consolations suggested. For instance, it is said in religious books that the memory of a virtuous life brings peace, the memory of an ill-spent life brings agony. If there is any shadow of truth in that, it resides in the fact, I believe, that people of virtuous and temperate lives are generally people of well-balanced and tranquil temperaments, not as a rule imaginative or passionate or desirous; such peo-

*THE GATE OF DEATH. A Diary. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ple would be likely to meet death as simply and quietly as they had met life; but on the other hand, people who have yielded freely to temptation, who have gratified sensual impulse, are generally people of unbalanced, eager, impatient temperaments, greedy of joy, subject to terror, imaginative, highly-strung, restless, fanciful. To such as these death would perhaps be full of fears. But it is sensitiveness and imaginativeness that make, I believe, the difference, and not the thought of sins and failures. The greatest saint in the world, if of a self-reproachful temperament, would be likely to have abundance of failures to recall, a deep sense of opportunities missed, a passionate remorse for wasted hours; while on the other hand a strong, coarse, bestial nature would probably face death with a surly indifference.

"But my own experience is that one hardly thinks of the past at all, that the imagination is dulled and the senses concentrated upon the ebbing life."

It has sometimes been urged that the universality of death robs it of some of its horrors; but the author of "The Gate of Death" avers that during his sickness such an idea never even dimly entered his mind. "The loneliness of the experience is so great," he says, "the isolation so complete, that one does not think, at least I did not, of others in connection with it at all. My feeling was that the experience was so strange that I could not fancy that any one had ever experienced it before; it appeared absolutely unique and personal." To quote further:

"What really appals the mind, what came upon me with a force that I had never contemplated, was the terrible loneliness and isolation of it all. Here, in this world, one can always resort, however much alone one is, to familiar books and thoughts; one can turn to nature; one can call another human being to one's assistance; but the thought came home to me in those hours how little fit one is for loneliness, and how little of one's thought is given to anything but the well-known material surroundings of the world in which we move. From dawn to night one lives in these customary things, one is wholly occupied in them; even at night one trafficks in dreams with the same wares, rearranging memory and reminiscence to suit one's fantastic taste. I felt how slender and faint one's spiritual life was; how dreamful and vague one's speculations were; how wholly imaginary and inconclusive. Was it possible, I wondered, was it advisable to live more in the things of the spirit? It seemed to me that it was not possible, not advisable; if the region of the spirit were a definite one, full of unquestioned facts and definite laws; if one arrived by speculation any nearer to one's conception of God and of the soul, if man after man succeeded in making discoveries about the life of the spirit which could not be gainsaid, it would be different; but each mystical and spiritual nature treads a lonely path; the discoveries, the certainties of one are not confirmed by, nay, are frequently at variance with, the discoveries and certainties of another. In mystical reveries we

are merely building an imagined house of our own in the gloom. The prophet of old saw the celestial city as a square fortress crowning a crag, with gemlike foundations and gates of pearly hue: but can we be assured for a moment that any such place existed out of his beautiful imagination? Is it not rather clear that the dreaming mind was but painting its own fancies upon the void?"

The writer goes on to state very frankly and definitely his own attitude toward immortality:

"It seems to me that just as I cannot conceive of the annihilation of existing matter, neither can I conceive of the annihilation of what I call vital force and consciousness. The life that animates matter is to my mind fully as real and actual as matter itself. As to consciousness, that is a different question, because life can certainly exist, as in the case of a person stunned by a blow, when consciousness does not exist, or when at all events the memory of consciousness does not exist afterwards. It may be that consciousness is dependent upon the union of life and matter; but I believe with all my heart in the indestructibility of life, and I thus believe that when I die, when my body moulders into dust, the life that animated it is as much in existence as it was before. Further than this I dare not go, because all the evidence that there is seems to point to a suspension of consciousness after death. How that vital force may be employed I cannot guess. It may sink back into a central reservoir of life, just as the particles of my body will be distributed among both animal and inanimate matter when I have ceased to be. It may be that the vital force which I call myself may be distributed again among other lives; it may be that it is a definite and limited thing, a separate call or center; and thus it may hereafter animate another body—such things are not incredible. But in any case it is all in the hands of God; and though I may desire that I knew more definitely what the secret is, it is clear to me that I am not intended to know; and it is clear to me, too, that all who have professed to know, or to assure us of the truth of theories, are either building upon their own imaginations or upon the imaginations of others, and that none of the theories that we so passionately desire to believe belong to the region of even practical certainties."

Gradually the writer was given strength to turn away from the gate of death. He shares with the reader his sense of the exhilaration of daily increasing vitality. He tells of the simple joys of a slow convalescence—of companionship and sympathy that made him feel more truly than ever before the privilege of mere life and consciousness. And he closes with a prose-poem that symbolizes his own deepest thought of death:

"I walked this afternoon, just at sunset, alone, along a little lane near the house, which has become very familiar to me of late, and is haunted by many beautiful and grateful memories. I was very happy in the consciousness of recovered strength, and yet there was a sadness of fare-

well in my mind, of farewell to a strange and solemn period of my life, which, in spite of gloom and even fear, has been somehow filled with a great happiness—the happiness of growing nearer, I think, to the heart of the world.

"The lane at one point dips sharply down out of a little wood, and commands a wide view over flat, rich water-meadows, with a slow, full stream moving softly among hazels and alders. The sun had just set, and the sky was suffused with a deep orange glow, that seemed to burn and smolder with a calm and secret fire, struggling with dim smoky vapors on the rim of the world. The color was dying fast out of the fields, but I could see the dusky green of the pastures among the lines of trees, which held up their leafless, intricate boughs against the western glow, and the pale spaces of stubble on the low hills which rose wooded from the plain. The stream gleamed wan between its dark banks, in pools and reedy elbows. The whole scene was charged to the brim with a peace that was not calm or

tranquil, but ardent and intense, as though thrilled with an eager and secret apprehension of joy.

"Just at that moment over the stream sailed a great heron, with curved wings, black against the sky, dipping and sinking with a deliberate poise to his sleeping-place.

"So would I that my soul might fall, not hurriedly or timorously, but with a glad and contented tranquillity, to the shining waters of death; to rest, while all is dark, until the dawn of that other morning, sleeping quietly, or if in waking peace, hearing nothing but the whisper of the night-wind over the quiet grasses, or the slow and murmurous lapse of the stream, moving liquidly downward beside its dark banks.

"God rests, but ceases not. Through day and night alike beats the vast heart, pulsing in its secret cell. Through me, too, throbs that vital tide. What pain, what silence shall ever avail to bind that nightly impulse, or make inanimate whatever once has breathed and loved?"

BERNARD SHAW'S RELIGION



It will come as a surprise to many to learn that Bernard Shaw, the subversive and paradoxical dramatist, regards religion as "the most interesting thing in the world." He has confessed that, as a dramatic critic in London, he often wondered why people paid high prices to see bad theatrical performances, when, by going to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral, they might have listened to "much more interesting talk" free of charge. On the invitation of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Mr. Shaw recently occupied the pulpit of the most influential Congregationalist Church in England, the London City Temple, and from this point of vantage defined his religious views. His address was attentively listened to by a large and enthusiastic audience, and, according to a reporter for *The Christian Commonwealth* (London), was distinguished by an attitude "essentially reverent." In fact, Mr. Campbell, who presided over the meeting and took occasion to affirm his substantial agreement with Shaw's position, has since declared: "The one thing that astonished the City Temple audience was the moral seriousness of Mr. Shaw."

"It is from the great poet, who is always the really religious man, that we get true ideas on great subjects," said Mr. Shaw at the outset of his address; and he illustrated the statement by citing Voltaire and Ibsen. Voltaire has often been called an atheist, but, in Bernard Shaw's opinion, his religious ideas, so far from being atheistic, were much the same as those held by the leaders of the Free Churches in England to-day. In view of the celebrated

Frenchman's "splendid record of social work, his far-sightedness, his self-sacrificing philanthropy," the lecturer urged that Free Churchmen should set up busts of Voltaire in all their places of worship. This led to an allusion to Ibsen, a "very great religious force in the nineteenth century," and a quotation from "Brand" ("the history of a deeply religious man") of the passage in which the hero protests, "I do not believe in your God. Your God is an old man, my God is a young man." We are apt, remarked Mr. Shaw, to picture God as an elderly gentleman with a beard, whereas "He ought to be typified as an Eternally Young Man."

According to Mr. Shaw's definition, a religious man is "a man who has a constant sense, amounting on his part to a positive knowledge, that he is only the instrument of a Power which is a Universal Power, the Power that created the universe and brought it into being; that he is not in the world for his own narrow purposes, but that he is the instrument of that Power." Given that belief, said Mr. Shaw, it was of no consequence what else a man might hold; without it a man had no religion in him. The lecturer went on to say:

"The great tragedy of human character is human cowardice. We pretend that we are brave men, but the reason why a nation will allow nothing to be said against its courage is because it knows it has none. Without fear we could not live a single day: if you were not afraid of being run over, you would be run over before you got home. What will really nerve a man, what, as history has shown over and over again, will turn a coward into a brave man, is the belief that he is the instrument of a larger and higher Power.

What he makes of this conviction and the power it gives depends upon his brain or conscience. It is useless for people to imagine they have apologized for everything when they say, 'I did my best, I acted according to my conscience.' The one thing you will never get in this life is any simple rule of conduct that will get you through life."

Mr. Shaw thereupon paid his respects to what he regards as the almost universal habit of keeping business and religion in separate mental compartments. Actually, he said, there is a very widespread feeling that any man who makes an attempt to apply religion to the affairs of life ought to be suppressed. Now he, for his part, did not pretend to "keep Sunday holy in such a tremendous manner as the ordinary city man does;" but, on the other hand, he did not altogether secularize Monday and the other days. To quote further:

"The religious life is a happy life. Because I do not eat meat and drink whisky people think I am an ascetic. I am not. I am a voluptuary! I avoid eating meat because it is a nasty thing to eat; I avoid drinking whisky because it gives me unpleasant and disagreeable sensations. I want to live the pleasantest sort of life I possibly can. What I like is not what people call pleasure, which is the most dreadful and boring thing on the face of the earth, but life itself. And that, of course, is the genuinely religious view to take: because life is a very wonderful thing. Life is this force outside yourself that you are in the hands of. You must not forget that the ordinary man who is not religious, who does not know that he is an instrument in the hands of the Higher Power, is nevertheless such an instrument all the time. While I have been describing the religious man you have been saying, 'That's me!' and while I have been describing the irreligious man you have been saying, 'That's Jones!' But I don't want you to feel uncharitable towards Jones. Although only an agricultural laborer, Jones may be doing the work of the universe in a more efficient way than the man who has become conscious of the Higher Power and brought his own mind to bear upon it, but not having a first-rate mind, and being mixed up with purely rationalistic theories of the universe, he may be doing a great deal of mischief, doing something to defeat the Higher Power. For it is possible to defeat that Power."

The audience is said to have followed with "breathless interest" Mr. Shaw's next statement, which goes right to the core of his argument and expresses a theory of Deity most striking and suggestive:

"Any personal belief is a document, at any rate. You may think mine fantastic, even paradoxical. I have more or less swallowed all the formulas, I have been in all the churches, studied all the religions with a great deal of sympathy, and I will tell you where I have come out. Most people call this great Force in the universe God. I am not very fond of the term myself, because it is a little too personal, too close to the idea of the

elderly gentleman with the beard. But we won't quarrel about the term. To me the Higher Power is something larger than a personal Force. But even the people who would agree with me: there still cling to the idea that it is an almighty force, that it is a force which can directly and immediately do what it likes. But if so, why in the name of common-sense did He make such creatures as you and I? If He wants His will fulfilled on earth, why did He put Himself in the position of having to have that will fulfilled by our actions? Because what is done in this world has to be done by us. We know that a lot of work lies before us. What we call civilization has landed us in horrible iniquities and injustices. We have got to get rid of them, and it has to be done by us. There is the dilemma. Why is it not done by God? I believe God, in the popular acceptance of the word, to be completely powerless. I do not believe that God has any hands or brain of our kind. What I know He has, or rather is, is Will. But will is useless without hands and brain. Then came a process, which we call evolution. I do not mean natural selection as popularized by Charles Darwin. He did not discover or even popularize evolution; on the contrary, he drove evolution out of men's minds for half a century, and we have only just got it back again. The evolutionary process to me is God—this wonderful Will of the universe, struggling and struggling, and bit by bit making hands and brains for Himself, feeling that, having this will, He must also have material organs with which to grapple with material things; and that is the reason we have come into existence."

In words that must have come with strange force from the lips of a man who seldom speaks directly and seriously, and who has spoken so often in biting epigram and irreverent satire, Mr. Shaw concluded:

"If you don't do His work it won't be done; if you turn away from it, if you sit down and say, 'Thy will be done,' you might as well be the most irreligious person on the face of the earth. But if you will stand by your God, if you will say, 'My business is to do Your will, my hands are Your hands, my tongue is Your tongue, my brain is Your brain, I am here to do Thy work, and I will do it,' you will get rid of other worldliness, you will get rid of all that religion which is made an excuse and a cloak for doing nothing, and you will learn not only to worship your God, but also to have a fellow-feeling with Him. . . .

"This conception that I am doing God's work in the world gives me a certain self-satisfaction—not with the limitations of my power and the extravagances of my brain or hand—but a certain self-respect and force in the world. People like their religion to be what they call comforting. I want my religion to give me self-respect and courage, and I can do without comfort, without happiness, without everything else. This sort of faith really overcomes the power of death."

On the strength of this address Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, whose recent utterances and articles on religious subjects have attracted world-wide attention, finds "Mr. Shaw also among the prophets;" and Mr.

G. K. Chesterton, the London author and journalist, draws the inference that it is impossible for a man in the modern world to be completely intelligent and a complete materialist. *The Christian Commonwealth* is convinced that Bernard Shaw, whatever one may think of his views, is "undoubtedly one of the people who

make history of the intellectual sort." It comments further: "Such utterances and episodes as these are indicative of the enormous change that has taken place in recent years in the attitude of the most brilliant intellects of the time to the problems with which religion concerns itself."

ORGANIZING CHRISTIAN WORKINGMEN IN GERMANY



N order to counteract the anti-Christian tendencies of the Social Democratic movement, a concerted effort is being made, on the part of Christian leaders in both the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches of Germany, to unite the laboring people under the banner of Christian principles and teachings. As a result of this effort, a "Christian Social party," under the leadership of the ex-Court Preacher Stöcker, of Berlin, has already been organized, and several labor unions with a pronounced Christian and Catholic program, have been established under the patronage of Roman Catholic Archbishops. Moreover, the official heads of the Roman Catholic and Protestant labor unions have now joined in a public appeal to the working people of Germany to establish and maintain only such organizations as recognize the positive teachings of Christianity. The *Chronik der christlichen Welt* (Marburg), which devotes the whole of a recent issue to this new movement, publishes the appeal in full. It is signed by Dr. A. Pieper, in the name of the Catholic labor unions of Western Germany; by E. Walterbach, in the name of the Catholic labor unions of Southern Germany; by Pastor Weber, as chairman of the united Protestant labor unions of Germany, and by the executive committee of the non-denominational Christian unions of the country. The appeal distinctly declares that the object of the new movement is not, and in the nature of the case cannot be, denominational, and bases its arguments on the assumption that there are fundamental teachings of the Christian religion maintained by both Roman Catholics and Evangelical Protestants. The need of the times, it says, is to root all the unions fairly and squarely in Christian principles; to consider labor in all of its relations from the Biblical standpoint; and to regulate the dealings between employers and employees in accordance with these principles, thus making labor unions and the labor movement important factors in

the interests of Christian culture and civilization. The appeal deplores the fact that hitherto so many Christian workingmen have stood aloof from distinctively Christian labor organizations, and maintains that the interests of both Christianity and labor demand a serious reform in this respect. Protestant and Catholic labor unions are described as "two great armies which the Christian workingman can employ in order to advance his best interests."

In connection with the appeal, the *Chronik* quotes from the *Wanderer*, the organ of some of these Christian unions, statistics showing the strength of the associations. While the Social Democrats are able to command several million votes, the non-Social Democratic organizations command only about 900,000, distributed as follows:

Christian Trade Unions.....	300,000
Catholic Labor Associations.....	300,000
Protestant Labor Associations.....	130,000
Catholic Journeymen's Unions.....	75,000
German National Clerk Association..	81,000
Trades Societies.....	120,000

Side by side with this joint movement there are also working class organizations specifically Catholic and Protestant in character. Of the latter the most prominent is a "National Christian Workingman's Committee," recently formed, with the sanction of Dr. Stöcker and Pastor Weber, for the purpose of electing Protestant candidates in the Parliamentary elections in 1908, and creating a party that shall represent the Protestants in Parliament, as the Center represents the Roman Catholic Church. A convention of the representatives of the Protestant organizations was held at the end of October in Casel, and worked out a program in considerable detail, beginning with the words: "We stand on the ground of Evangelical Christianity." A convention on a still grander scale was held in Berlin in the last week in January. The movement has also spread to Holland, and has taken root there among the textile workers.

HARNACK'S NEW THEOLOGICAL DEPARTURE



HE latest work of Adolf Harnack, defending Luke's authorship of the book of "Acts," and constituting the *pièce de resistance* in a new series of special New Testament handbooks published in Leipzig, seems to confirm the claims of those who have all along maintained that in the brilliant Berlin theologian—now conceded to be the most famous and influential theologian of the Protestant world—there are two minds struggling for supremacy, one conservative and evangelical, and the other critical and neological. At any rate, he has managed to keep the theological world on the *qui vive* in regard to the trend and tendency of every book that he has published. It is scarcely ten years since he inaugurated a theological controversy by advising his students to ask that the Apostles' Creed be stricken from the ordination vow, on the ground that portions of it, notably the declaration in respect to the conception of Christ by the Holy Ghost and His birth from a virgin, no longer expressed the best results of modern theological research. Soon afterwards he delighted the conservative world with his "Chronology of the New Testament," in which he declared that the historical data found in the New Testament books could easily be understood as the outcome of a single generation's development, and ascribed to a number of New Testament books, especially the Pauline letters, an even earlier date than that claimed by such conservatives as Zahn. The cry that Harnack had become conservative, then raised, was effectually hushed by the appearance of his famous "Essence of Christianity," which takes the position that Jesus Himself finds no place in the gospel as He proclaimed it, and which has come to be regarded by friend and foe as a most perfect expression of modern radical New Testament criticism. Now Harnack has again turned upon his own tracks, and in this new work, entitled "Luke the Physician, the Author of the Third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles," has fundamentally, it would seem, gone over into the conservative camp. In fact, if not formally, the book recognizes the traditional authorship and authenticity of two New Testament books, and this in the face of the data and facts furnished by that inner literary criticism which is generally regarded as the last court of appeals in advanced circles. Incidentally, it may be suggested that the seem-

ing contradictions in Harnack's theological development can be explained psychologically by two facts. On the one hand, it must not be forgotten that this eminent German thinker came originally of strong and stalwart Lutheran stock, his father, Professor Theodosius Harnack, of the University of Rostock, having in his day been one of the most pronounced exponents of the strict Erlangen school. On the other hand, it is necessary to take account of the fact that Harnack himself received his theological training at a time when the principles of the new critical school were beginning to supersede the older doctrines in the universities of the Fatherland and in Protestant theology in general.

Harnack is now a decided defender of Luke as the author of both the third gospel and of the entire "Acts." It is the "Acts," rather than the book of Luke, which constitutes debatable ground for the theologians. Harnack appeals to the third gospel chiefly in confirmation of his claim that Luke is also the author of the "Acts." His line of argument is briefly this—that, as it is generally admitted, even by most critical scholars, that the so-called "We" section in the "Acts," i.e., those portions in which the writer speaks of himself as having participated in the events recorded, are genuine, this fact, correctly interpreted in the light of the third gospel, compels the acceptance of Luke as the writer of the entire book of "Acts."

Of even greater importance and value than his defense of Luke as the author of the "Acts" is Harnack's insistence that the contents of the book, despite some critical difficulties, are historically reliable and correct. Notwithstanding the claim of critics that the "Acts" is a one-sided representation, or rather misrepresentation, of the actual course of events, Harnack contends that Luke's account of primitive Christianity is substantially correct; that his story of the origin of the Church among the Gentiles is also in accordance with facts; that Paul's relation to the law is truthfully recorded; that there is no evidence whatever that the author has, in the interests of any peculiar tendency, suppressed or perverted the truth; that he is writing not as a panegyrist, but as an objective historian; and that as a literary production the "Acts" is a work of prime value and worth. According to Harnack's view, Luke was not even a blind dev-

otee of St. Paul—at any rate he hardly shared Paul's profound conceptions of sin and grace. He was rather a warm advocate of the Pauline doctrine of universal grace. In short, Luke's writings must be regarded as historical sources of the first quality. Harnack goes so far as to claim that primitive Christianity was fully developed, in accordance with Luke's accounts, between the years 30 to 70 A. D., and that this development took place in Palestine, and more particularly in Jerusalem. Only to a limited extent, he avers, was the early Christian Church affected by the pronounced Jewish influence in the provinces of Phrygia and Asia, and "the critical view," he continues, "which claims that early Christianity was developed under influences found throughout the Gentile diaspora and extending over a period of at least one hundred years, is incorrect."

Luke is not regarded by Harnack as reliable in every particular. The German theologian is inclined to doubt the authenticity of the reports of many miracles credited to the early

Apostles. He suggests that Luke at times accepted testimony from unreliable sources, as, for instance, in the case of the four daughters of Philip and their prophetic gift (Acts: xxi. 9).

These conclusions have aroused keen interest in theological circles. A prominent conservative paper of Leipzig, the *Kirchenzeitung*, thinks that "the modern critical school will scarcely thank Harnack for what he has written about Luke." It is significant that, with one or two exceptions, the advanced journals have preserved an awkward silence in regard to the unexpected turn affairs have taken. Even the *Christliche Welt*, of Marburg, generally fair even to opposition views, has given Harnack's new departure no serious attention. On the other hand, the conservative *Literaturblatt* of Leipzig, while welcoming Harnack's researches, claims that the problem is not yet fully solved and that more evidence is needed before it can be said to be proved that the contents of the book of "Acts" are perfectly reliable and correct.

MONCURE CONWAY'S PILGRIMAGE TO INDIA



HERE is a sense in which the life of Moncure Conway, from the beginning until now, may be described as the pilgrimage of a truth-seeker. He has journeyed far and long since the days when he began his Methodist ministry in the South, has seen the world from many angles, has undergone fundamental intellectual changes. Two years ago he published an autobiography which told of his acquaintance and conversation with many of the most eminent men of our age. Now he has written a kind of spiritual autobiography* in which he describes his journey to India in search of a truer wisdom than any he had known.

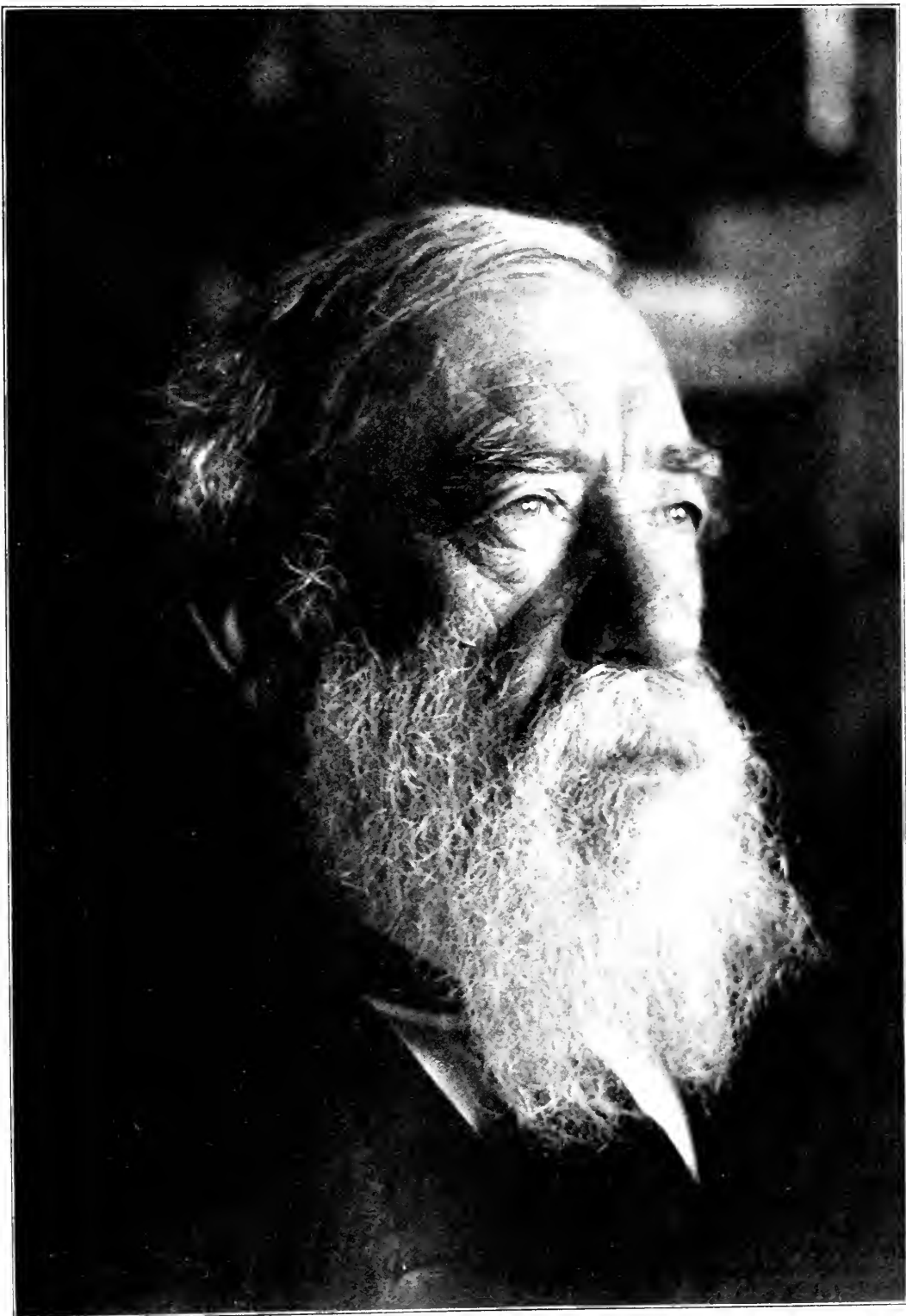
Mr. Conway had been for twenty years the leader of the South Place ethical congregation in London, when, in the summer of 1883, he was granted a vacation that made possible the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream. He was anxious to revisit America; to lecture in Australia; and, above all, to get a personal impression of the country which had always fascinated him more than any other, the coun-

try which may almost be described as the cradle of all religions—India.

"Grateful am I to sit at the feet of any master," says Mr. Conway, in a foreword to his present work, "and nothing could give me greater happiness than to find a master in the field to which the energies of my life have been given—religion and religions." It was in this spirit that he traveled to India, searching for "wise men" who could answer his questions and throw new light on the problems with which he had grappled. His quest, it may as well be said at once, was only in part successful. There are some things which mortal mind cannot compass, and before which the Oriental and the Westerner alike must stand mute. But, at least, in this unique pilgrimage, Mr. Conway succeeded in gaining a real insight into the Eastern mind; and in his new book he has interpreted that mind most suggestively, correcting many of the false ideas hitherto cherished by Europeans and Americans.

Almost all of the facts in regard to Indian religion, he thinks, have been colored by missionary partizanship. The sentiments ex-

*MY PILGRIMAGE TO THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST. By Moncure Daniel Conway. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.



Photograph by Van der Weyde

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

Whose latest work, describing his pilgrimage to "the Wise Men of the East," differs from other books of travel, says a London critic, "as a picture by a master differs from a photograph."



BUDDHIST PRIESTS OF CEYLON

During his sojourn in India Mr. Conway mixed freely with the priests, visiting them in their temples and theological seminaries, and discussing with them the problems of religion.

pressed by Bishop Heber in a famous hymn—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile"—

are only too typical, avers Mr. Conway, of a certain kind of missionary spirit. Ever since our childhood we have been nurtured on stories of Indian idol-worship and the bloody car of the Juggenauth. But, as Mr. Conway explains, even the humble Indians do not worship idols in themselves. "The images are covered with symbolical ornaments," he says, "representing the character or legendary deeds of this or that divinity. Each divinity has a certain day in the month and a certain hour when he or she enters his or her temple, and by a temporary transubstantiation enters the image. After receiving due offerings the deity departs, and from that moment until the return of their festival the image is without any sanctity whatever." As to the Juggenauth story, Mr. Conway writes:

"I found learned men in India, both native and English, puzzled by the evil reputation of Juggenauth and his famous Car, throughout Christendom. He is a form of Vishnu, the Lord of Life, to whom all destruction is abhorrent. The death of the smallest creature beneath the wheels of that car, much more of a human being, would entail long and costly ceremonies of purification. It is surmised that the obstinate and proverbial fiction about the Car of Juggenauth must have originated in some accident witnessed by a missionary who supposed it to be a regular part of the ceremonies. There have been suicides in India, as in Christian countries, from religious mania, but the place where they are least likely

to occur is in the neighborhood of Juggenauth. . . .

"The effort to prove that human sacrifices occurred under the Car of Juggenauth has totally failed. The lower classes still continue the animal sacrifices on great festival occasions, but one cannot say how far this is due to the motive of propitiation, or simply the continuance of old usages without any conscious purpose. At any rate, the presence of blood on any altar in India means a sacrifice to some demon."

During his sojourn in India, Mr. Conway had unequalled opportunities for conversing with the priests and sages, visiting the temples, and witnessing the religious ceremonies. "The Buddhist religion," he declares, "beginning with a philosophy that seems pessimistic — without

deity or faith in any paradise, heavenly or millennial—has produced the happiest believers on earth;" and he says that while he was in Ceylon he did not see a single



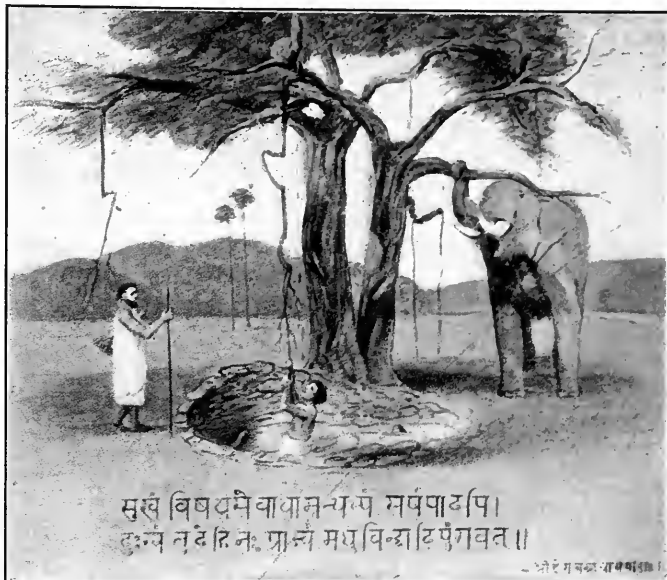
SUMANGALA, THE BUDDHIST PRIMATE

One of the "wise men" whom Moncure Conway went to India to meet. Sumangala showed great cordiality toward the visitor, and when Mr. Conway lectured in Colombo, sat on the platform beside him.

child crying. He was greatly impressed by the care with which Buddhist families are instructed in the moral tales and parables of their religion. "While the Christian mother is telling her child the story of the Prodigal Son, the Pearl searched for, the Leaven and Meal, the Buddhist mother is telling her child tales and parables just as sweet; and so far as they come from the unsophisticated mother's heart such instructions are alike in justice and compassionateness."

Mr. Conway enjoyed the rare privilege of visiting Widoaya College, a Buddhist institution not far from Colombo, and presided over by Sumangala, the Buddhist Primate and "Priest of Adam's Peak." He was admitted to the classrooms, and listened while the priest read an eloquent and moving plea for free thought, written by Buddha two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born. Then followed a colloquy, which Mr. Conway describes:

"Invited to question, I asked the priest about covetousness, and why it occupied such a cardinal place among the sins. I observed that all commerce is developed from man's desire for what belongs to his neighbor. I asked whether it might not be possible that originally the covetous eye meant the evil eye; it being still believed in some parts of England that if one strongly desires a thing belonging to another, that thing may be so rendered useless to its owner or even destroyed. The priests knew of no such superstition, and Sumangala said that covetousness was not associated with the things a man desired to exchange, and that it was regarded by Buddhism as especially evil because of its lasting effects. 'There are short sins and long sins. Anger is a great sin, but does not last long. Covetousness is a small sin, but endures long and grows. Even if a man loves his own things strongly, it brings unhappiness; still more if he strongly desires what belongs to others. He cannot ascend in the path of Nirvana—the extinction of desire. There are five sins especially destructive of what bears man to Nirvana, and these we reckon worst, though in immediate effects they may appear least.' 'But suppose,' I asked, 'a man strongly desires to go to heaven; is that covetousness?' 'Yes,' said the priest, resting his chin upon the table and levelling his eyes like arrows at the head of Christian faith; 'yes, it is covetousness to desire paradise strongly. One who goes there with such desires is as a fly stuck fast in honey. Paradise is not eternal. One who goes there



AN EASTERN RELIGIOUS ALLEGORY

This symbolical picture, presented to Moncure Conway by a devotee of the Jain religion in India, is supposed to represent the moral condition of mankind. A man has fallen into a well full of serpents, and is only saved from drowning by holding on to the branches of a banyan tree. From a honeycomb in the tree honey drips down to his lips. So absorbed is he in the sweetness of the honey that he does not notice the serpents, nor a rat gnawing the slender limb that he clings to, nor an elephant that will soon pull the whole tree down. Nor does he regard at all the priest who stands by, ready to save him if only he is willing.

must die and be born again elsewhere. Only the desire for Nirvana escapes from the mesh that entangles all other desires, because it is not desire for any object at all.' I asked: 'Have those who are in Nirvana any consciousness?' I was then informed that there is no Sinhalese word for consciousness. Sumangala said: 'To reach Nirvana is to be no more.' I pointed to a stone step and said: 'One is there only as that stone is here?' 'Not so much,' answered the priest; 'for the stone is actually here, but in Nirvana there is no existence at all.'"

Passing a temple one day on which were mural paintings representing monstrous hells and devils and the torture of human bodies, Mr. Conway asked a Buddhist scholar how it was that a religion of mercifulness could thus menace mortals with supernatural terrors. The Buddhist replied that it was the great aim of Buddha to save mankind from those sufferings. "But who, then," questioned the writer, "is responsible for the existence of such tortures in the universe?" "No one is responsible. These are the evils of nature, the conditions of existence, which no god or demon originated or causes, which not even the power of Buddha could abolish, but which he taught us how to escape." Wishing to know the popular, as distinguished from the theological, view of this matter, Mr. Conway

asked an intelligent layman what was his own view of punishment after death. His reply was: "None is ever punished by other than himself. All the evil that a man does during life, if not overbalanced by the good he has done, forms at his death a retributive self of that man; an image of himself, unconscious as a machine, tortures him according to his demerits."

The truest of all the Eastern religions, in Mr. Conway's estimation, is Zoroastrianism. It is based on the principle of dualism,—the eternal struggle between Ormuzd and Ahri-man, the Good Mind and the Evil Mind. Ormuzd, the "Shining One," is not in our modern sense a god at all. He is rather "a source of light, trying to inspire men and women to contend against the forces of darkness; he asks for no glorification, claims no majesty; he is lowly and in pain, and tells Zoroaster that he

is unable to achieve anything except through the souls of good and wise men and women."

In this connection Mr. Conway writes:

"In India I steadily realized not only that the true religion was that of Zoroaster, but that fundamentally the only practicable religion is the struggle of Good against Evil. That is what everybody is necessarily doing. Why, then, do I feel disappointed about these masses of the ignorant in India? I suppose that unconsciously I expected to see the great epics reflected in their religious festivals instead of sacrificial superstitions. But after all, were not these poor people struggling against Evil—disease, hunger, death—in the only way they could? . . . And when I hesitate about this, and fear that when Evils are resisted as persons—Satans, Ahrimans—the resistance is ineffectual, because unscientific, the overwhelming sense of Fate overwhelms me. A population of 300,000,000 whose most imperative religious duty is to multiply, must inevitably act inorganically. It cannot have the free thought or free agency of an individual."

THE RISE AND FALL OF DOWIEISM



WITH John Alexander Dowie incapacitated, and no longer able to lead the handful of followers that still remain loyal to him, what is to become of that curious addition to the world's religion, Dowieism? Will the principles which its founder laid down still be practiced by those who have rallied around Voliva, Dowie's former assistant, who led the revolt against him and brought about his unseating as the head of Zion City; or will the membership of his church gradually disintegrate and disappear as a religious body altogether?

These questions are raised by a writer in the *New York Sun*, and involve a unique chapter in the history of modern religion. It is but eleven years since "the Christian Catholic Church in Zion" was organized, and a much shorter time since Dowie told his followers, in a burst of pride, that the "estate of Zion," which he controlled, was "worth \$21,000,000 in this city and county alone." Dowie had world-encircling dreams, and for a while it looked as if they might be realized. He established branches of his church not alone in this country, but in Australia, in Germany, in England. He planned a new Jerusalem on the Nile, a colony in Mexico, a great temple in Zion City that should be a monument to the faith. Then came the New York crusade—and the beginning of the end.

"It was New York, the Relentless City,"

says Henry Underwood, a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, "that pricked the Dowie bubble." Mr. Underwood goes on to recall the salient features of those memorable days when Dowie and all his hosts descended upon New York and set up their tents—so to speak—in Madison Square Garden. He gives us a vivid picture of the first meeting of the crusade, attended by tens of thousands, and celebrated with noble music and solemn processional. The glamor of the occasion was only dispelled, he avers, by the "harsh, shrill, metallic voice" and "bullying spirit" of Dowie himself. To continue the narrative:

"Instead of being cowed the New Yorkers were bored. Very gently and quietly men and women arose singly or in little groups in various parts of the Garden. In the arena alone I estimated that between eight hundred and a thousand visitors were tiptoeing their way out with great decorum. They were too polite to whisper, but every face expressed the idea: 'Well, is *that* the wonderful Dowie? What in the world can any one see in him?'

"And poor old Dowie, drunk with power, his judgment drowned by years of adulation, made at that moment the mistake of his life. His beady eyes became fiery points that darted the lightning of his wrath upon the departing ones.

"'Sit down!' he yelled. 'You *must* sit down. You shall not go out.'

"But the people placidly continued on their way. Dowie roared at them, his voice rising almost to a shriek. What was most impressive in the crowd's demeanor was that they did not even turn to look over their shoulders at the fat little

old man who was hurling billingsgate after them. They had come to the Garden to see and hear the Wonderful Dowie. Well, he wasn't wonderful at all, merely commonplace and abusive. So they were going as decently as possible out into the pleasant air and clean sunshine.

"Stop those people!" Dowie shouted. "Captain of the Zion Guard, I command you not to let one of them go out!"

"The captain drew up his Zion Guard in a thin blue line, but the departing New Yorkers were now in such a great mass that the Guard was swept away without a struggle. Their captain ran to Smiling Dick Walsh, the police inspector in charge.

"Stop them!" he panted. "They musn't go out."

"Hm!" mused Walsh, as he smiled and stroked his blue chin. "If you can show me any statute they're violating, I'll make arrests. But it isn't against the law to leave the Garden, you know." And the crowd having stopped to listen to the colloquy, began to laugh, all the more amused because Dowie was now yelling 'Conspirators!' 'loafers!' 'ruffians!' and unprintable epithets after them.

"If only Dowie had controlled his temper that day—who shall say what a chapter he might have written in the history of marvellous pseudo-regiments!"

The New York expedition cost Dowie \$500,000, and he never recovered from the defeat. His subsequent journeys to Mexico, and, further afield, to Australia and Europe, were unsuccessful, and were followed by domestic dissension and financial ruin. Zion City is now in the hands of a receiver, and has shrunk from a population of 12,000 or 15,000 to less than 4,000. The Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, in an article in the *Boston Transcript*, collects some interesting first-hand testimony showing the rapid disintegration of the city. Voliva's rule, it seems, is not popular. A former officer in Zion makes the statement: "The present head of the Church is tyrannous and cruel, carried away by the desire to rule." Another man, still in Zion but meditating withdrawal, expresses much the same sentiments. "Voliva resorts to the most abusive language," he says, "and is a man of tyrannical spirit. He is also a man of unbusinesslike methods, in whose control the affairs of Zion would not be safe." A third witness, a former elder, who has now turned his back on Dowieism and is going as a missionary to China, offers the following comment on Dowie and Zion City:

"My own opinions have been somewhat in flux. I recall many happy experiences in the work in Zion, when we went forth two and two in earnest work, the like of which I have never known for earnestness and love. But Dr. Dowie has been for years a puzzle to me. Whether his nervous disease is really a case of demoniacal possession

I am not sure. I have often heard him say he was conscious of another personality affecting him through a control which he called 'embodiment.' But I wearied of the denunciation, the pride, the overmastering love of power.

"To succeed widely, the Zion plan of destruction and reconstruction requires a great prophet with unmistakable divine authority and marked common sense, attested by a holy life and mighty miracles. No such man is in sight. When he appears we shall consider his message.

"Both the Dowie remnant standing pat and the Voliva reform party seemed unable to conceive of theocracy except as the lifelong supremacy of one man as ruler over all Christians on earth. This idea of theocracy is against the letter and spirit of the New Testament, taken as a whole; it is against history and the experience of the best men. . . .

"The wholesale condemnation of all surgery (dentistry strangely excepted) is not warranted by a fair review of all the facts. Many, indeed, are harmed by surgery; many also are helped. True, it would be better if all would trust God and be quickly healed in answer to prayer. But to educate men up to divine healing is a slow process and is made slower by indiscriminate denunciation of all surgery.

"The Zion movement originally had noble aims, and much good was done in earnest rebuke of evil and in the rescue of many from sin and sickness. It was a vigorous attempt to restore a truly Christian and broadly Catholic church. We pray God to bless all who are led to work in separate and special movements. But let such also learn that God is great and good enough to continue to bless us who conscientiously abandon separatist movements and prefer to labor in some larger fellowship."

In the opinion of the *Sun* writer, already mentioned, Dowieism "is destined to be added to the long list of queer religious sects which have not outlived their founders." He says further:

"In fact, it is doubted by some persons if the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, the name given by Dowie to his organization, will outlast Dowie. Just at present its members seem to be more interested in getting back the worldly goods which they turned over to Dowie than in building up their Church.

"Dowieism seems to have been centered in its founder and leader. With their belief in his divine origin shattered, it would be unusual if his followers continued to subscribe to any of the tenets of the Church which he started."

The report that Dowie is now "stretched helpless in bed, his mind a wreck," is evidently an exaggeration. Dr. Barton speaks of receiving a letter from Dowie recently, in which the deposed prophet says that he looks on the disintegration of Zion City as the sure sign that in the end he will return to his own and be received by his people. "If he had physical strength," comments Dr. Barton, "his prophecy might come true."

A WORSHIPER OF BEAUTY AND OF POWER



ONE of the most brilliant of the younger English essayists, Mr. H. W. Garrod, of Merton College, Oxford, has lately given us a new definition of religion. "Religion," he says, "consists of an ardor of devotion which seeks ever to identify itself with the highest power and the most perfect beauty." "Power" and "beauty," he would have us understand, he interprets in the largest sense, including under the former term the Satanic, as well as the Godlike, forces, and under the latter the delights of friendship and travel, as well as of literature and the arts. And if it be urged that this is but "a sort of hedonism," he admits that the charge is true, adding, however, that it has been good for his own soul, and may be good for the souls of others.

Let every man ask himself, says Mr. Garrod, in a newly published book of essays,* what were the first objects to him of natural and spontaneous worship. "The first and most natural objects of worship," he thinks we must all admit, "are persons and places." He continues:

"Throughout life, in the religion of all men—whatever their creed—the worship of persons fills, as all men must know, a large space. The devotion to parents and brethren can never fail to be a large part of most men's religion. More passionate still, more religiously intense, is the devotion which we lavish in early youth, upon friends. Parents and brethren are a kind of divine accident. Our friends we have ourselves chosen out from the whole world; nor is the boy who, tho he dare not confess it even to himself, prefers his friend to his father, so unnatural as he may sometimes seem to the laudable jealousy of the latter. He is finding his religion, or a part of it. The worship of heroes, tho it be but a boy's worship, is in some sense a worship of God. Later comes the passion of love—in the popular signification of the word:

'Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos.'

[He seems to me the equal of a god,
Yea, impious though it be, to surpass the gods!]

"I ask in all sincerity, and would desire that every one should answer to himself in equal sincerity: Did any man ever love God as he has loved some human beings? Did he ever derive from the love of God a greater inspiration for all good things and thoughts than from the love of some one or other child of earth? Did he never feel that in the love of some single human being he was loving God? 'Forasmuch as ye have done

it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me?'"

The emotion which attaches us to places is described as "strong and deep also, tho slower and more subdued." Many factors contribute to it. For him "who plows with pain his native lea" there is a real religion of the soil. Then again there is the spell of patriotism, and of scenic splendor. There are also historic ties, and ties half historic, half domestic. "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain." To quote again:

"Other ties of a sort similar, or but little unlike, need hardly be spoken of. What is the source of the power of each and all of them I neither know nor ask to know. But I ask, is there not religion—not the whole of religion but much of it—in all of them? And if any man tells me that he does not worship these things, that it is not worship that he lavishes on father, fatherland, friend, hills of home, and the fields he played in, and rocks and streams,—I know that his 'own heart condemns him'; and the apostle who tells us that 'God is greater than our hearts' knew when, and in so far as, he said it, neither the heart of man nor the mind of God. Let us be honest, let us not, to escape an empty reproach of paganism, call those highest devotions and attachments of which we can have experience by any lower name than that of worship. Neither let us be afraid of making too strong these earthly ties. What we cannot but worship, that we should."

Religion, however, is much more than worship of persons and of places. These words but open up the way to larger horizons; and behind them both is "a whole world of mystery." Mr. Garrod recalls for us one place—the Brocken; and one person upon it—the person of Goethe. Goethe was not what the world would call a religious man, but when he stood for the first time upon the Brocken height his emotions found their natural expression in the words of the Psalmist of Israel, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou takest account of him?" and "the words he used," says Mr. Garrod, "gave expression to the sense which must be always with every man at all times when he reflects, the sense that he is ever in the presence of an infinite power imperfectly known." Then follows the argument:

"We are all of us worshipers of power—of mere and sheer power. We are too apt to suppose that worship is worship of the good. We have learned, indeed, that that is not so with the worship of savage or primitive races. Nor is it so, I believe, with a large part of the worship of

*THE RELIGION OF ALL GOOD MEN. And Other Studies in Christian Ethics. By H. W. Garrod, Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. McClure, Phillips & Company.

the so-called higher races. The darling of man, like that of nature, is still the strongest. I would even say that man is, must, and should be, largely a 'devil worshiper.' That, with regard to persons, the highest passion and devotion is often and knowingly lavished on objects the least worthy of it, is a commonplace. The Corsair of Byron had the love of a good woman, and it is the same with all Corsairs and the like of Corsairs. Nothing commands such devotion as power, and the devotion is legitimate. Goodness must stand in the cold disconsolate; and it is only loved when it is seen to be a higher power than mere power. Similarly in nature. The storm, the cataract, the avalanche, the earthquake, the terrors of deep and height—all these instruments of Satan are in greater or less degree *worshiped* by all men. They are worshiped because they are power. There is in this worship, as in all devotion, an *odi et amo*: therein lies the romance of it all. 'Love thou the gods by withstanding them,' says Sigurd the Volsung, and I could almost think it the last word in religion."

Mr. Garrod goes on to speak of the worship of beauty. "To some extent," he thinks, "beauty and power are interchangeable terms;" at least "it is certain that the order and harmony which are a part of beauty are a symbol of power." All human experience recognizes that a sensibility to the appeal of beauty should be recognized as inherent in the nature of religion. In this connection Mr. Garrod writes:

"We speak of the 'beauty of holiness,' and intend in so speaking to pay to holiness the highest

compliment in our power. The Greeks again, made a practical identification of the beautiful and the good. And poets and philosophers alike have identified the beautiful and the true. I would ask, also, Among the many emotions of life, which are those which, recognizing them to have been of the highest purity and excellence, we would most gladly recall? Sunset over the sea, a picture of Raphael, the cathedral of Milan first seen by moonlight—are not these and their like the kind of experiences in which we have seemed to ourselves to draw nearest to the best that life can offer in the way of emotion? Was there not *religion* in these?"

All this should not carry us so far from Christianity, says Mr. Garrod, in concluding. He adds:

"I pity the man for whom the services of the Church in which he was brought up have lost altogether their appeal. I pity the man to whom God is no longer a Father, though I hold no brief for Theism. I pity the man to whom the best of men is not still a Son of God. It is well that the imagination should dwell in these metaphors, though they may be but metaphors. Of the existence of a 'supernatural' God I think much what John Stuart Mill thinks: *it is a possibility*. I say only that we cannot worship a possibility. A *possible* God is a possible, and therefore not an actual, object of worship. None the less I feel no difficulty, I will not even admit any inconsistency, in regarding that variety of emotions which I call religious as a service to God the Father. I am myself a part of, a child of, that ever mysterious Power and Beauty which seem to me to be the real objects of all worship."

A NEW KIND OF IMMORALITY



CELANDIC mythology tells how the god Thor, when visiting the Giants one day, was challenged to lift a certain gray cat. "Our young men," they said, "think it nothing but play." Thor strained and strained, but could only succeed in lifting one of the creature's feet. The portent was so mysterious that he asked its meaning. "The cat—ah! we were terror-stricken when we saw one paw off the floor," replied the Giants, "for that is the Midgard serpent which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the created world."

This anecdote serves as a text for an article in the January *Atlantic*, in which Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Nebraska, endeavors to make us feel that new and subtle sins, as unyielding as the gray cat, are undermining our social fabric. He writes:

"How often to-day the prosecutor who tries to lay by the heels some notorious public enemy is baffled by a 'mysterious resistance! The thews

of Justice become as water; her sword turns to lath. Though the machinery of the law is strained askew, the evildoer remains erect, smiling, unscathed. At the end, the mortified champion of the law may be given to understand that like Thor he was contending with the established order; that he had unwittingly laid hold on a pillar of society, and was therefore pitting himself against the reigning organization in local finance and politics."

The real weakness in the moral position of Americans, continues Professor Ross, is not their attitude toward the plain criminal, but their attitude toward the quasi-criminal. And this attitude, he declares, is due not to sycophancy, but to perplexity. According to his viewpoint, we simply do not recognize the new sins as yet. To quote further:

"The immunity enjoyed by the perpetrator of new sins has brought into being a class for which we may coin the term *criminaloid* (like *asteroid*, *crystalloid*, *anthropoid*, etc. *Criminaloid* is Latin-Greek, to be sure, but so is *sociology*). By this we designate such as prosper by flagitious prac-

tices which have not yet come under the effective ban of public opinion. Often, indeed, they are guilty in the eyes of the law; but since they are not culpable in the eyes of the public and in their own eyes, their spiritual attitude is not that of the criminals. The lawmakers may make their misdeeds crime, but, so long as morality stands stock-still in the old tracks, they escape both punishment and ignominy. Unlike their low-browed cousins, they occupy the cabin rather than the steerage of society. Relentless pursuit hems in the criminals, narrows their range of success, denies them influence. The criminaloids, on the other hand, encounter but feeble opposition, and, since their practices are often more lucrative than the authentic crimes, they distance their more scrupulous rivals in business and politics and reap an uncommon worldly prosperity."

The key to the criminaloid, we are next informed, is not evil impulse, but moral insensibility. The director who speculates in the securities of his corporation, the banker who lends his depositors' money to himself under divers corporate aliases, the railroad official who grants a secret rebate for his private graft, the builder who hires walking delegates to harass his rivals with causeless strikes, the labor leader who instigates a strike in order to be paid for calling it off, the publisher who bribes his textbooks into the schools—these, says Professor Ross, "reveal in their faces nothing of wolf or vulture. . . . They are not degenerates, tormented by monstrous cravings. They want nothing more than we all want—money, power, consideration—in a word, success; but they are in a hurry, and they are not particular as to the means." The criminaloid may often be a very good man, judged by the old standards. Most probably he keeps his marriage vows, pays his debts, stands by his friends, and has contracted a kind of public spirit. "He is unevenly moral: oak in the family and clan virtues, but bass-wood in commercial and civic ethics." Of this type was Tweed, the Tammany boss, who had a "good heart," donated \$50,000 to the poor of New York, and was sincerely loved by his clan. To quote again:

"It is now clear why hot controversy rages about the unmasked criminaloid. His home town, political clan, or social class, insists that he is a good man maligned, that his detractors are purblind or jealous. The criminaloid is really a borderer between the camps of good and evil, and this is why he is so interesting. To run him to earth and brand him, as long ago pirate and traitor were branded, is the crying need of our time. For this Anak among malefactors, working unchecked in the rich field of sinister opportunities opened up by latter-day conditions, is society's most dangerous foe, more redoubtable by far than the plain criminal, because he sports the livery of virtue and operates on a Titanic scale. Every year that sees him pursue in insolent

triumph his nefarious career raises up a host of imitators and hurries society toward moral bankruptcy."

The plain criminal, we are reminded, can do himself no good by appealing to his "pals," for they have no social standing. The criminaloid, however, is shrewd enough to ally himself with some legitimate group, and when he is in trouble looks to his group to protect its own. Hiding behind the judicial dictum that "bribery is merely a conventional crime," boodlers denounce their indicter as "blackening the fair fame of his State." The law-breaking saloon-keeper identifies the interests of merchants with his by declaring that enforcement of the liquor laws "hurts business." When a pious fraud is unmasked, his pastor will declare: "Brother Barabbas is a loyal and generous member of our denomination. This vicious attack upon him is, therefore, a covert thrust at the church, and should be resented as such." High finance, coming to the defense of self-confessed thieves, will assert that it is "un-American" for an avenging public to "gloat over" the disgraces of the dethroned. In this connection Professor Ross writes:

"Here twangs the ultimate chord! For in criminaloid philosophy it is 'un-American' to wrench patronage from the hands of spoilsmen, 'un-American' to deal Federal justice to rascals of state importance, 'un-American' to pry into arrangements between shipper and carrier, 'un-American' to fry the truth out of reluctant magnates."

It is of little use, as Professor Ross points out, to bring law abreast of the time if morality lags.

"By the time new sins have been branded, the onward movement of society has created a fresh lot of opportunities, which are, in their turn, exploited with impunity. It is in this gap that the criminaloid disports himself. The narrowing of this gap depends chiefly on the faithfulness of the vedettes that guard the march of humanity. If the editor, writer, educator, clergyman, or public man is zealous to reconnoitre and instant to cry aloud the dangers that present themselves in our tumultuous social advance, a regulative opinion quickly forms and the new sins soon become odious."

"Now it is the concern of the criminaloids to delay this growth of conscience by silencing the alert vedettes. To intimidate the moulders of opinion so as to confine the editor to the 'news,' the preacher to the 'simple Gospel,' the public man to the 'party issues,' the judge to his precedents, the teacher to his text-books, and the writer to the classic themes—such are the tactics of the criminaloids. Let them but have their way, and the prophet's message, the sage's lesson, the scholar's quest, and the poet's dream would be sacrificed to the God of Things as They Were."

Science and Discovery

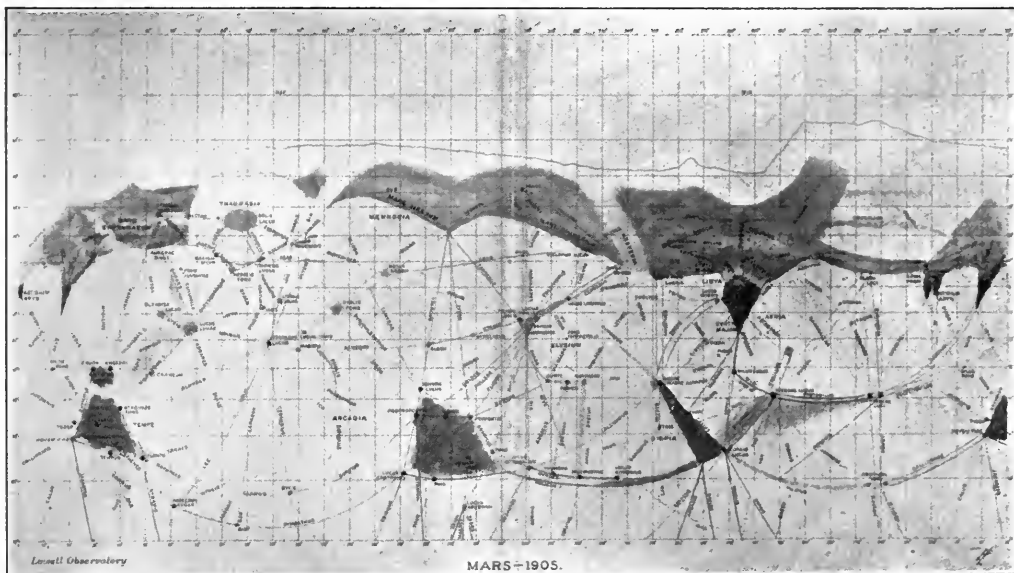
WHY THE DWELLERS ON MARS DO NOT MAKE WAR

MARS is inhabited by beings of some sort or other. So much is affirmed by that famous astronomer, Professor Percival Lowell, director of the observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz. This renowned authority likens the theory of the existence of intelligent life on Mars to the atomic theory in chemistry. Both theories lead to belief in units that cannot be defined. Both theories explain the facts in their respective fields, and they are the only theories that do so. "As to what an atom may resemble we know as little as what a Martian may be like. But the behavior of chemical compounds points to the existence of atoms too small for us to see, and in the same way the aspect and behavior of the Martian markings implies the action of agents too far away to be made out." So contends Professor Lowell in the new volume* setting forth the results he has arrived at after many years' practical observatory work devoted to Mars.

*MARS AND ITS CANALS. By Percival Lowell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company.

Girdling the globe of those who dwell on Mars and stretching from pole to pole, the Martian canal system, insists Professor Lowell (going farther on this point than any authority has yet done), not only embraces the whole planet, but is "an organized entity." Each canal joins another. There is in turn a connection with yet another and so on over the entire surface of the planet. This continuity of construction indicates "a community of interest." Mars is 4,200 miles in diameter. The unity of the canal system of Mars thus acquires considerable significance. The most gigantic work of human hands on earth seems petty in comparison.

The first deduction drawn by Professor Lowell in summing up the theory of the habitability of Mars is the "necessarily intelligent and non-belligose character" of the community which thus co-operates over the entire surface of the planet. "War is a survival among us from savage times and affects now chiefly the boyish and unthinking element of the nation." The wise understand that there are better



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MAP OF MARS ON MERCATOR'S PROJECTION

To the large spots, those of the first class, fall the places of intersection of the largest and most numerous canals, while the little spots make termini to fainter lines, ones that bear to them a like ratio of unimportance. Spots and lines are thus connected not simply in position but in size. The one is clearly dependent on the other, the importance of the center being gauged by the magnitude of its communications. This chart of Mars is one of the latest made, dating some eighteen months back and newly published by Professor Lowell's permission.

ways than battle affords of displaying heroism, other and more certain means of insuring the survival of the fittest. War is a thing that a nation outgrows. But whether they consciously practice peace or not, nature in the course of evolution practices peace for a race. After enough of the inhabitants of a globe have killed each other off, those who are left must find it to their advantage to work together for the common good. Professor Lowell adds:

"Whether increasing common sense or increasing necessity was the spur that drove the Martians to this eminently sagacious state we cannot say, but it is certain that reached it they have, and equally certain that if they had not they must die. When a planet has attained to the age of advancing decrepitude, and the remnant of its water supply resides simply in its polar caps, these can only be effectively tapped for the benefit of the inhabitants when arctic and equatorial peoples are at one. Difference of policy on the question of the all-important water supply means nothing short of death. Isolated communities cannot there be sufficient unto themselves; they must combine to solidarity or perish.

"From the fact, therefore, that the reticulated canal system is an elaborate entity embracing the whole planet from one pole to the other, we have not only proof of the world-wide sagacity of its builders, but a very suggestive side-light, to the fact that only a universal necessity such as water could well be its underlying cause.

"Possessed of important bearing upon the possibility of life on Mars is the rather recent appreciation that the habitat of both plants and animals is conditioned not by the minimum nor by the mean temperature of the locality, but by the maximum heat attained in the region. Not only is the minimum thermometric point no determinator of a dead-line, but even a mean temperature does not measure organic capability. The reason for this is that the continuance of the species seems to depend solely upon the possibility of reproduction, and this in turn upon a suitable temperature at the critical period of the plant's or animal's career."

This last point calls for a word of amplification. Contrary to previous ideas on the subject, the dependence of reproduction upon temperature was established in the case of the fauna of the San Francisco peak region in northern Arizona. The region was peculiarly fitted for a test because of its rising as a boreal island of life out of a sub-tropic sea of desert. It thus reproduced along its flanks the conditions of climates farther north, altitude taking the part of latitude, one succeeding another until at the top stood the arctic zone. It has been conclusively shown that the existence of life there was dependent solely upon a sufficiency of warmth at the breeding season. If that were enough, the animal or plant propagated its kind and held its foothold

against adverse conditions during the rest of the year. This it did by living during its brief summer and then going into hibernation the balance of the time. Nature, in a word, suspended her functions to a large extent for months together, enabling her to effect a resurrection when the conditions changed.

Thus hibernation proves to be a trait acquired by the organism in consequence of climatic conditions. Like all such, it can be developed only in time, since nature is incapable of abrupt transition. An animal suddenly transported from the tropic to a sub-tropic zone will perish. It has not had time to learn the "trick" of sleeping out a winter. "While still characterized by seasonal insomnia, it is incapable of storing its energies and biding its time." Given leisure to acquire the art, the ensuing existence depends upon the supply of heat in sufficient store to permit the vital possibility of reproducing its kind.

Diurnal shutting off of the supply of heat affects the process but little, says Professor Lowell. But a fall in temperature must not be to below the freezing point at the hottest season. So much is shown by the fauna of our arctic and sub-arctic zones, and, with even more pertinence as regards Mars, by the zones of the San Francisco Peak region, since the thinner air of the great altitude—through which a greater amount of heat can radiate off—is there substituted for the thicker one of different regions. We quote again:

"Now, with Mars the state of things is completely in accord with what is thus demanded for the existence of life. The Martian climate is one of extremes, where considerable heat treads on the heels of great cold. And the one of these conditions is as certain as the other, as the condition of the planet's surface shows conclusively. In summer and during the day it must be decidedly hot, certainly well above any possible freezing, a thinner air blanket actually increasing the amount of heat that reaches the surface, though affecting the length of time of its retention unfavorably. The maximum temperature, therefore, cannot be low. The minimum, of course is. But it is the maximum that regulates the possibility of life. In spite, therefore, of a winter probably longer and colder than our own, organic life is not in the least debarred from finding itself there."

Indeed, affirms Professor Lowell, the conditions appear to be such as to put a premium upon life of a high order. The Martian year being twice as long as our own, the summer is there proportionately extended. Even in the southern hemisphere, the one in which the summer is briefest, it lasts for 158 days, while at the same latitudes our own is but 90 days. This lengthening of the period of reproduc-



Photograph by Van der Weyde, New York

THE HIGHEST LIVING AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT OF MARS

Professor Percival Lowell has spent many years in careful study of the so-called Martian canals. He is looked upon as America's most eminent living astronomer. So valuable to science have been the results of his researches in connection with the habitability of the planet Mars that he was awarded the Janssen medal by the French Astronomical Society.

DISCOVERY OF A SUPPOSED PRIMITIVE RACE OF MEN IN NEBRASKA



AN extremely low, receding forehead and high projections of bones just above the eyes drew the attention of Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn to the craniums discovered in Nebraska last July by Mr. Robert Fletcher Gilder. Dr. Osborn is Da Costa professor of Zoölogy in Columbia University, and he has distinguished himself in that school of anthropology which teaches that man reached America at a very early period. Yet no direct evidence that man did, in fact, reach our shores before a comparatively late stage in his development presented itself until the recent "find" in Nebraska of crania or skulls in the Missouri Valley near Omaha.

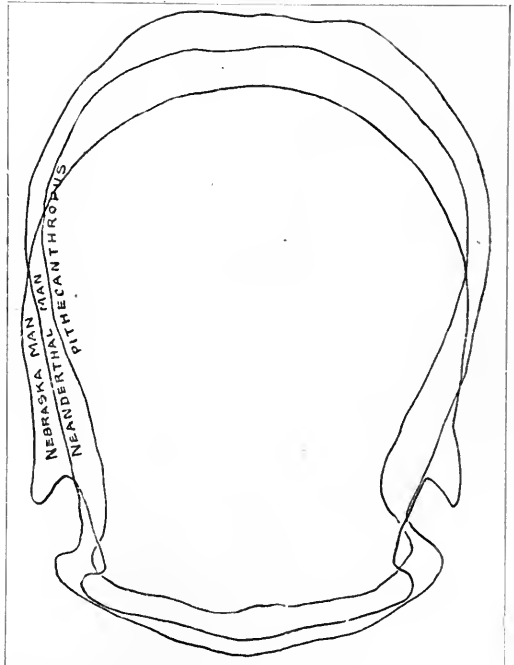
Dr. Osborn was impelled to conclude that these skulls, so far as photographs could indicate, had no Indian characteristics. He made a trip to Omaha, with the acquiescence of the authorities of the University of Nebraska, to which institution the "find" had been made over by Mr. Gilder. Altogether, Mr. Gilder had recovered parts of six skulls. Two of them, as Dr. Osborn relates in an article in *The Century*, from which magazine these details are borrowed, were of the modern Indian type. But the other four were of a more primitive type. Dr. Osborn separated the skulls into two lots. The two skulls having the larger brain cavities were found nearer the surface in a superficial layer. Beneath this layer was a stratum of ashes. Beneath the ashes was a deep and extensive layer of silt. The layer of silt had been compacted and hardened by the fire above. Beneath this earth the second lot of skulls was found. With these crania occurred other parts of skeletons. The only semblance of an implement was a small, broken, triangular flint knife.

Now, the comparisons which Dr. Osborn institutes between these Nebraska skulls and early cranial types in Europe—the three links in the chain of human ancestry—prove that the recent "find" tends to increase rather than diminish the probability of the early advent of man in America. The world has been afforded within a year, in other words, and within the limits of the United States, a glimpse into the ancestry of man that puts a new face upon anthropology. To quote from *The Century*:

"Virtually three links have been found in the chain of human ancestry. The earliest is repre-

sented by the Trinil man of Java, the discovery of which by DuBois, in 1890, aroused the widest interest. This pre-human species is known as *Pithecanthropus erectus*, in reference to its intermediate position between man and the anthropoid apes, and to its certainly erect carriage. In type it stands midway between the chimpanzee, which is the highest of the anthropoid apes, and the 'Neanderthal man,' or *Homo primigenius*, which constitutes the next higher link in human development. The German anatomist Schwalbe says that in its general structure it resembles the skull of the highest apes and most closely that of the chimpanzee, but in its details is unlike them all. . .

"The second great human type of Europe is the *Homo primigenius*, or 'Neanderthal man,' the top of a skull found, in 1856, in a cave in the valley of the Neander, near Düsseldorf. Schaafhausen's detailed description of this Neanderthal man as extremely primitive aroused specially the adverse view of Virchow that the skull was abnormal or pathological. . . . All doubts as to the normal character of this cranium were entirely removed through the discovery, in 1886, by Fraipont and Lohest, in a cave near Spy in Belgium, of the skulls and skeletons of two persons, which in all essential points agree in character with the Neanderthal type. These skeletons are known as the



From Putnam's Monthly

CONTOURS OF SKULLS OF PREHISTORIC MEN

The Nebraska specimen indicates that it is of a remoter antiquity than either of the others, although the others are affirmed by anthropologists to date back to the period when mastodons were common. The Nebraska man whose skull is here contoured was undoubtedly a primitive type of mound builder.



RECONSTRUCTION OF THE HEAD OF THE NEANDERTHAL MAN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROFESSOR OSBORN

"I have endeavored to depict the facial characters of the Paleolithic men of Neanderthal, Spy, and Krapina as I can conceive them, with the skilful aid of Mr. Charles R. Knight, the well-known animal painter," writes Professor Osborn in *The Century*, from which this picture is copied. "It appears to me that the superior individuals of this race must have exhibited a resolute and determined type characterized by alertness and considerable intelligence."

men of Spy. They enable us to reconstruct the entire head and the framework of the limbs of the men of Spy. Still another discovery, in a cave near Krapina in Croatia, of the Neanderthal man, we owe to Gorganowicz-Kramberger. In this cave were found also bones of many extinct animals, and these men of Krapina are even somewhat more primitive than those of the first Neanderthal discovery.

"The period of this Neanderthal man is that known as Moustierien, or, in the middle of the Paleolithic Age. On this all the authorities agree.

"To return to the recent discovery in Nebraska, the comparisons which we are able to make now prove that this cranium is of a more recent type by far than that of the Neanderthal man. It may prove to be of more recent type even than that typified by the early Neolithic man of Europe. Even if not of great antiquity it is certainly of very primitive type and tends to increase rather than diminish the probability of the early advent of man in America."

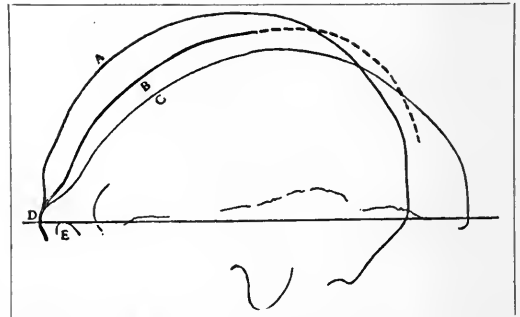
American anthropologists are divided into two schools of opinion on the question of the time of the appearance of man in America. There are those who believe that man reached America at a very early period, and among those who so contend is Professor Osborn. Other anthropologists believe that man first reached America in a late stage of development as compared with his history in Europe. The supreme importance of the

Nebraska discovery becomes evident. As Professor Osborn writes:

"During the early Pleistocene period, when we begin to find the first positive evidence of man in Europe, America, Asia, and Europe still formed one great continent, with a temperate climate in the northern portions, because the broad land ridge between America and Asia shut out the Arctic current, and the northern Pacific region was favored by what is now known as the Japanese current. In this period there culminated the great interchange of mammalian life between America, Europe, and Asia; America contributing to Europe its horses and camels, while Europe and Asia contributed to North America virtually all of the large existing fauna at the present time. But for this great contribution, North America would to-day be virtually barren, because the only quadruped of any considerable size, indigenous to North America, which survived the Glacial period is the prong-horn antelope. Europe sent us elephants and mammoths, which have become extinct, as well as all the great quadrupeds which still survive, as our moose, caribou, wapiti or true deer, Virginia deer, and, also, among Carnivora, the bear and the wolf.

"The primitive, or Paleolithic, man of Europe was a hunter. The earliest objects of human manufacture known are not utensils for the preparation of food, but weapons, of flint and stone, for the killing of game; the earliest works of art are representations of game animals, some of them of considerable artistic merit. There is no *a priori* reason why these Paleolithic hunters should not have followed the game in its exodus from Europe and Asia into North America; there is, on the contrary, much reason to believe that the older parts of Europe were already thickly populated, that there was considerable competition between different races of men in the chase. That hunting was carried on on a vast scale is proved by the enormous numbers of bones which were piled about some of the ancient hunting camps. For example, one of the bone heaps of the Solutrén period is estimated to include the remains of over 80,000 horses.

"Is it not *a priori* probable that man followed them, and crossed the great land ridge?"



From *The Century Magazine*

COMPARISON OF THE PROFILES OF THE SKULLS OF PRIMITIVE MEN

A, skull found in the upper layer of the Nebraska mound. B, skull found in the lower layer of the Nebraska mound. C, the Neanderthal skull. D, brow or supra-orbital ridges. E, the orbits.

PLEASURES AND PAINS OF THE BACTERIA AND OTHER LOWER ORGANISMS



PROF. H. S. JENNINGS, assistant in the chair of zoology in the University of Pennsylvania, was observing the behavior of an amoeba moving towards a Euglena cyst. The amoeba is a shapeless bit of jelly-like protoplasm, continually changing as it moves about at the bottom of a pool amid the remains of decayed vegetation. From the main protoplasmic mass there are sent out, usually in the direction of locomotion, a number of lobe-like or pointed projections, the pseudopodia. These are withdrawn at intervals and replaced by others. The Euglena cyst—Euglena is an organism—is sufficiently defined for the present purpose as a round mass floating in the environment of the amoeba, the prey of the latter.

When the anterior edge of the amoeba came in contact with it, the cyst rolled forward a little and slipped to the left. The amoeba followed. When it reached the cyst again, the latter was again pushed forward and to the left. The amoeba continued to follow. This process was continued till the two had traversed about one-fourth the circumference of a circle. Then the cyst, when pushed forward, rolled to the left, quite out of contact with the animal. The latter then continued straight forward, with broad anterior edge, in a direction which would have taken it straight away from the food. But a small pseudopodium on the left side came in contact with the cyst, whereupon the amoeba turned and again followed the rolling ball. At times the animal sent out two pseudopodia, one on each side of the cyst, as if trying to enclose the latter, but the spherical cyst rolled so easily that this did not succeed. At other times a single, long, slender pseudopodium was sent out, only its tip remaining in contact with the cyst. Then the body was brought up from the rear and the food pushed farther. Thus the chase continued until the rolling cyst and the following amoeba had described almost a complete circle, returning nearly to the point where the amoeba had first come in contact with the cyst. At this point the cyst rolled to the right as it was pushed forward. The amoeba followed. This new path was continued for some time. The direction in which the ball was rolling would soon have brought it against an obsta-

cle, so that it seemed probable that the amoeba would finally secure it. But at this point, after the chase had lasted ten or fifteen minutes, the ball was whisked away by one of those unicellular organisms known as infusoria.

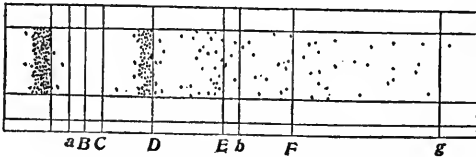
Such behavior on the part of an amoeba makes a striking impression on the observer, notes Professor Jennings in his elaborate work on the behavior of these low forms of life.*

For everywhere in the study of life processes we meet the puzzle of regulation. Organisms do those things that advance their welfare. If the environment changes, the organism changes to meet the new conditions. If the mammal is heated from without, it cools from within. If it is cooled from without, it heats from within. It maintains the temperature that is to its advantage. The dog which is fed starchy diet produces digestive juices rich in enzymes that digest starch. While upon a diet of meat it produces juices rich in proteid-digesting substances. When a poison is injected into a mouse, the mouse produces substances which neutralize this poison. But how can the organism thus provide for its own needs? To put the question in the popular form, how does it know what to do when difficulty arises? It seems to work towards a definite purpose. In other words, the final result of its action seems to be present in some way at the beginning, determining what the action shall be. In this the action of living things seems to contrast with that of things inorganic. It is regulation of this character that has given rise to theories of vitalism. The principles controlling the life-processes are held by these theories to be of a character essentially different from anything found in the inorganic world. This view has found recent expression in the works of a German scientist.

To return to the case of the amoeba. This jelly-like mass of protoplasm sometimes finds itself in an extremely inconvenient position. Sometimes an amoeba is left suspended in the water, not in contact with anything solid. Under such circumstances, the animal is as nearly completely unstimulated as it is possible for an amoeba to be. It is in contact only with the water and that uniformly on all sides. But

* BEHAVIOR OF THE LOWER ORGANISMS. By H. S. Jennings. Columbia University Press.

such a condition is most unfavorable for its normal activities. It can not move from place to place and has no opportunity to obtain food. *Amœba* has a method of behavior by which it meets these unfavorable conditions. It usually sends out long slender pseudopodia in all directions. The body of the animal may become reduced to little more than a meeting point for all these pseudopodia. It is evident that the sending out of these long arms greatly increases the chances of coming in contact with a solid body, and it is equally evident that contact with a solid is under the circumstances



Distribution of bacteria in a microscopic spectrum. The largest group is in the ultra-red, to the left; the next largest group in the yellow-orange, close to the line *D*.

exactly what will be most advantageous to the animal. As soon as the tip of one of the pseudopodia does come in contact with something solid, the behavior changes. The tip of the pseudopodium spreads out on the surface of the solid and clings to it. Currents of protoplasm begin to flow in the direction of the attached tip. The other pseudopodia are slowly withdrawn into the body, while the body itself passes to the surface of the solid. After a short time the *amœba* which had been composed merely of a number of long arms radiating in all directions from a center, has formed a collected flat mass, creeping along a surface in the usual way. This entire reaction seems a remarkable one in its adaptiveness to the peculiar circumstances under which the organism has been placed.

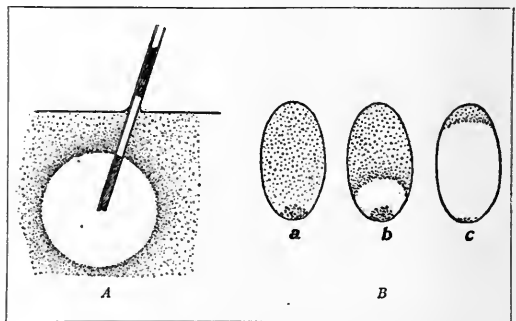
We now come to bacteria, which are perhaps the lowest organisms having a definite form and special organs for locomotion. In these characteristics they are less simple than the *amœba*, and resemble higher animals, tho in other ways the bacteria are among the simplest of organisms. Bacteria are minute organisms living in immense numbers in decaying organic matter and found in smaller numbers almost everywhere. They have characteristic definite forms. Some are straight cylindrical rods. Some are curved rods. Some are spiral in form. Others are spherical, oval or of other shapes. The individuals are often united together in chains. It is superfluous

for the present purpose to draw distinctions between disease-producing bacteria of various kinds—bacilli of typhus, diphtheria bacillus and the like. Bacteria are here viewed collectively. The purpose is merely to indicate their capacity to profit by their experience.

While some bacteria are quiet, others—we follow Professor Jennings, of course—move about rapidly. The movements are produced by the swinging of whip-like protoplasmic processes known as the flagella or cilia. The flagella may be borne singly or in numbers at one end of the body, or may be scattered over the entire surface.

In most bacteria we can distinguish a permanent longitudinal axis and along this axis movement takes place. Thus both the form and, in correspondence with it, the movement, are more definite than *amœba*. If the bacterium is quiet, we can predict that when it moves it will move in the direction of this axis. For *amœba*, such a prediction can not be made. In some bacteria the two ends are similar and movement may take place in either direction. In others the two ends differ, one bearing flagella while the other does not.

The movements of the bacteria are not unordered. They are of such a character as to bring about certain general results, some of which at least are conducive to the welfare of



REPULSION OF BACTERIA BY CHEMICALS

A, repulsion of one form of bacteria by malic acid diffusing from a capillary tube. *B*, repulsion of another form of bacteria by crystals. *a*, condition immediately after adding the crystals. *b* and *c*, later stages in the reaction.

the organism. If a bacterium swimming in a certain direction comes against a solid object, it does not remain obstinately pressing its anterior end against the object, but moves in some other direction. If some strong chemical is diffusing in a certain region, the bacteria keep out of this region. They often collect about bubbles of air and about masses of decaying animal or plant material. Often they

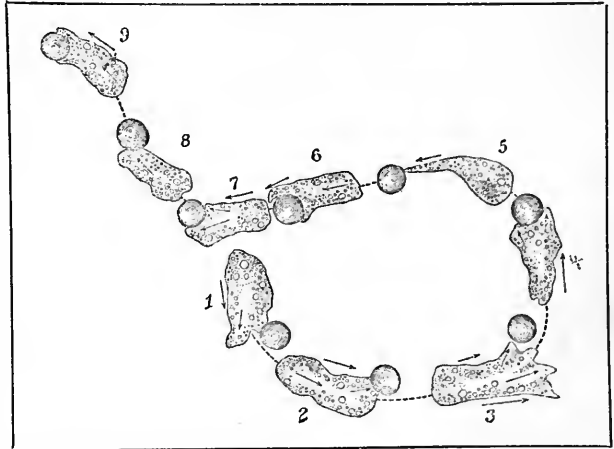
gather about small green plants, and in some cases a large number of bacteria gather to form a well-defined group without evident external cause.

How are such results brought about?

The behavior of bacteria under any form of stimulation to which they may be subjected depends on the nature of the normal life processes. Bacteria that require oxygen in their process of assimilation collect in water containing oxygen, displaying discrimination in their choice of environment when an alternative is afforded. Bacteria to which oxygen is useless or harmful avoid oxygen. Bacteria that use hydrogen sulphide in their life processes gather in that substance. Bacteria that require light for the proper performance of the assimilative process of their existence gather in light. Others do not. When one color is more favorable than others to the life processes, the bacteria gather in that color even though—strange as this may seem—they may under natural conditions have had no previous acquaintance with separated spectral colors.

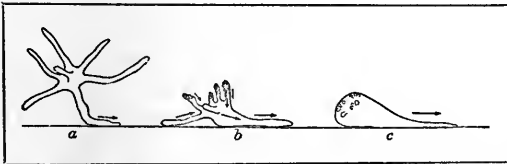
Keeping in mind that all these gatherings are formed through the fact that the organisms reverse their movement at passing out of the favorable condi-

entiated character, and acted under similar conscious states in way parallel to man? Professor Jennings is thoroughly convinced, after long study of this organism, that if the amœba were a large animal, so as to come within the every-day experience of human beings, its behavior would at once call forth the attribution to it of states of pleasure and pain, of hunger, desire and the like.



Amœba following a rolling *Euglena* cyst. The figures 1-9 show successive positions occupied by amœba and cyst

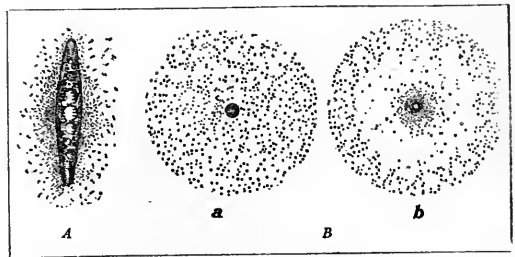
It might be inferred that such terms as pleasure and pain have only a limited meaning when applied to the lower organisms. But this is leaping at a conclusion. If words have meaning, it is correct to say that the bacteria enjoy themselves. They struggle for existence. The struggle implies all the victories and all the defeats attendant upon the struggle for existence among the highest organisms. The bacteria of an organic disease should be as capable of sensations as an elephant.



Method by which a floating amœba passes to a solid.

tions, these relations can be summed up as follows: Behavior that results in interference with the normal processes is changed, the movement being reversed, while behavior that does not result in interference or that favors the processes is continued.

Why do the bacteria choose certain conditions and reject others? This selection of the favorable conditions and rejection of the unfavorable ones presented by the movements is perhaps the fundamental point. It is often maintained that this selection is personal or conscious choice. Now, is the behavior of these lower organisms of the character which we should naturally expect and appreciate if they did have conscious states, of undiffer-



Collections of bacteria about algae, due to the oxygen produced by the latter. A, spirilla collected about a diatom. After Verworn. B, bacteria gathered about a spherical green alga cell in the light. a shows the condition immediately after placing the bacteria and alga on a slide; no collection has yet formed. b, condition two minutes later; part of the bacteria have gathered closely about the cell.

BEHAVIOR OF THE BRAIN WHEN PIERCED BY A BULLET



THE consequences produced by a bullet crashing into the skull are often so difficult of explanation, according to the British surgeon, Dr. R. Lawford Knaggs, that the numerous experiments made to obtain a knowledge of their nature merit the closest study. Now there is a certain physical phenomenon so closely associated with the effects of bullet wounds that Dr. Knaggs alludes to it first of all. In hydrostatics there is a law known as Pascal's. This law is that pressure exerted upon a mass of liquid is transmitted undiminished in all directions and acts with the same force on all equal surfaces, and in a direction at right angles to those surfaces. The bearing of this law upon the subject in hand depends on the fact that the skull is completely filled with contents of various degrees of fluidity. During life the general sum of the fluidity is greater than after death. Thus there is the cerebro-spinal fluid in the ventricles and in the subarachnoid space; the fluid in the lymphatics and the blood in the vessels. The brain itself, moreover, is a soft and viscous substance. The cranial contents do not constitute a uniform fluid, but we should expect Pascal's law to apply to them.

The results of firing a bullet at a flat brittle bone and into a soft substance like the brain are very different. The bone is pierced and the lateral displacement of its particles is very slight; but the brain is thrown aside in all directions. The difference is due to the different degree of cohesiveness of the particles composing the two bodies or, in other words, to the greater fluidity of the softer structure. Next, the importance of fluid contents in intensifying the effects of a bullet fired through a closed receptacle is shown by one of Kocher's experiments. Two identical tin canisters were filled with equal quantities of lint, which in one was dry and in the other saturated with water. A bullet of moderate velocity fired through them simply perforated the dry one, but caused the wet one to burst explosively. Kocher also filled a skull with water and found that a bullet fired through it caused bursting of the sutures. Very remarkable is the shattering that results when skulls that have been filled with water or with wax are treated in this way, and if they are compared with others showing the effects of bullet wounds under normal conditions, it is

easy to appreciate that the variations presented are dependent, in part at least, upon the difference in the character of the contents.

Dr. Knaggs is quoted in the London *Lancet*:

"A great many bullet wounds of the brain prove rapidly fatal either from the initial shock to the brain or from the hemorrhage that follows and compresses it, and it can only be in very exceptional instances that surgery can be of any material use at this stage. But if the individual should survive these dangers he still has to reckon with the possibilities of sepsis and in preventing or combating these the surgeon is by no means helpless. The risks of sepsis in these cases are such as are common to all compound depressed fractures of the skull and do not call for any special comment. But the bullet is a special feature and its relation to the question of sepsis is of considerable moment.

"It has been taught that the heat developed in the bullet when it strikes the body is sufficient to render it aseptic, but that idea is disproved by the fact that 'a bullet deformed by impact may inclose a hair or a piece of wood without these being in the least degree altered by heat.' On the other hand, its smooth surface, the heat developed at the moment of firing and from the friction in the barrel, as well as the effect of the friction of the air in its course, are all in favor of rendering it surgically clean at the moment when it enters the body. . . .

"Now how does this explosive force tend to produce death? Remember that it is propagated through the cerebral tissues in all directions against the hard and unyielding skull, not only toward the vertex, but also toward the base, and that if it is insufficient to burst open the cranium it will be reflected on to the brain. In such cases the surface of the brain, both at the base and elsewhere, shows numerous points of bruising as a result of the forcible contact produced between it and the bone. Moreover, in the floor of the fourth ventricle are two very important nerve centers—the center for the respiratory movements and the nucleus of the vagus, the nerve which is able to inhibit the action of the heart. These ganglia suffer with the rest of the brain from the general eccentric shock which follows the entry of the bullet. . . . It is the respiratory center that fails first and when death is taking place the heart will often continue to beat for some time after all respiratory movements have ceased. So Horsley found that when a bullet was fired into the cranial cavity, complete arrest of respiration followed. But the heart continued to beat and when artificial respiration was performed the animal recovered from what would otherwise have been a fatal arrest. But if this immediate shock to the respiratory center does not prove fatal another rise of intracranial pressure very frequently follows. This second increase of tension is due to hemorrhage taking place within the skull and as the blood accumulates the respiratory center is once more paralyzed, the vagus center is irritated, the heart's action is slowed, and death results."

MISUSE OF HYPNOTISM IN SECURING CONFESSIONS OF CRIME



OME little time before or after midnight on a January day last year a young married woman, by name Mrs. Bessie M. Hollister, was brutally murdered in Chicago. Immediately after the discovery of her body a young man, Richard Glines Ivens, was arrested and charged with the crime. It is alleged that he almost immediately confessed that he was guilty. He was tried by judge and jury, sentenced to death and duly executed last year. Nevertheless psychologists of international fame, including Professor Hugo Munsterberg and Professor William James, have asserted that young Ivens fell a victim to "popular ignorance of morbid psychology." In other words, his detailed confession of the crime was hypnotically suggested to the lad. Whether guilty or innocent, the case of this Chicago youth has already become classic in the annals of psychology, having been commented upon as far away as Paris by so eminent a psychologist as Professor Charles Richet, of the University of Paris. The inference of the most eminent of these authorities is that the confession of Ivens was "grafted" upon his intellect by the hypnotic suggestion to which the police subjected it. Dr. J. Sanderson Christison speaks as follows of the hypnotic state in general.

"In a hypnotic state the most absurd notions can be imposed upon a subject without arousing in him any sense of incongruity. He will show memory interruptions, irregularities of the will, inhibitions of faculty and a capricious and altered manifestation of personality. Absurd ideas may not only be grafted upon the subject's mental condition, but he can be led to believe and assert successive slight modifications suggested to him, while he may be opposed to other suggestions. For example, Dr. A. Stoddard Walker (in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, January, 1898) cites the example of a hypnotic patient who doubted the suggestion when only warned that a certain person disliked him, but when told next day that the same person only waited for an opportunity to poison him, he immediately acted on the suggestion. Of course, hypnotic manifestations vary with personal peculiarities.

"The hypnotic state is allied to somnambulism or sleep walking, with which it is often practically identical. It may be spontaneously induced or it may result from the operation of outside influence. It is more readily induced in persons with certain peculiar conditions of the nervous system, which may not be particularly noticeable on the surface, such as hysterical qualities. The hypnotic state may be entered upon quickly or gradually, and may also pass off in the same manner, whether it lasts for moments or for weeks.

"It is most frequently induced by external conditions and commonly requires counteracting conditions to relieve it.

"An example of spontaneous or 'self-suggestion,' which finally resulted in the subject 'confessing' to a murder, was told the other day by Dr. Hastings H. Hart, superintendent of the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, having offices in the Unity Building, Chicago. The subject was a girl he knew in Minnesota. She was fifteen years of age when her story became so burdensome to her conscience that she was impelled to 'confess' it. She declared that some years before, when living in Indiana, she became jealous of another girl and killed her with an ax. Thoro investigation, however, disclosed the fact that no death had occurred in the family named."

Dr. Christison insists that an innocent young man was hypnotized to the gallows in this Ivens case in accordance with a regular police practice. "It will be recalled by many," he writes, "that an innocent man was made to confess to the car-barn murder on the south side of Chicago over two years ago." How many other innocent men have been made to confess and sent to prison will, thinks this authority, never be known.

Dr. William James, the eminent professor of psychology at Harvard, says he can see, by reading the testimony at the trial of Ivens, that one might get the notion of the lad as "a sort of half-witted brute" with no intellectual resources, trying to screen himself or rather his first confession of the crime by the plea of not remembering the fact of it. To quote Professor James:

"If one rules out the collateral evidence, and takes the Ivens utterances alone, I think one stands between the two horns of a psychological dilemma; and either horn is antecedently so improbable that I can excuse an ordinary judge and jury for ignoring it. I mean that, *whether guilty or not guilty*, Ivens must have been in a state of dissociated personality, so exceptional that only experts could be expected to treat it as credible.

"If guilty, he must have lapsed into that state spontaneously shortly before doing the crime, and emerged from it only after he had been some days in prison. During it he made his confession, and was then so contracted in his field of consciousness as hardly to realize the significance of either the confession or the crime. (I have known a very similar case, with more complete amnesia afterwards.)"

If Ivens was innocent, on the other hand—and Dr. James inclines to that view strongly, as he says himself—the shock of his experience with the police threw him into a state which rendered the extortion of any kind of confession easy. "He was probably hypnotized by the police treatment," writes Pro-

fessor James of the rigorous pressure brought to bear upon Ivens by the authorities. Professor Munsterberg goes even further. He calls the execution of Ivens a judicial crime. He has studied mental abnormalities for years and has hypnotized many persons in that time. "I feel sure that the so-called confessions of Ivens are untrue," he declares. "He had nothing to do with the crime." And Dr. Max Meyer, Professor of Experimental Psychology at the University of Missouri, thus writes:

"(1) It is highly improbable that Ivens committed the crime. I might just as well think of having committed it myself.

"(2) There is no doubt to my mind that Ivens, while being questioned by the police officers, for some time at least, was in a state of hypnosis.

"(3) There is no doubt to my mind that the 'confessions' are the direct or indirect outgrowth of injudicious suggestions, coming from the police officers, received by Ivens during the abnormal mental state above mentioned.

"(4) The jury was incompetent for this case. None of the members of the jury could possibly understand the psychological factors of the case."

THE ANTAGONISM BETWEEN SENTIMENT AND PHYSIOLOGY IN DIET



WO great questions have to be considered in thinking out the diet of human kind, according to that eminent student of the subject, Dr. Josiah Oldfield. There is the physiological problem, he says, of what will nourish the body cells, and there is the interlinked mental problem of what will satisfy the esthetic nature.

Most writers on diet ignore this latter problem. They are quite satisfied to talk about tables of nutrition and percentages of nitrogen and carbon, as if these comprehended the diet question. Those, however, who have studied human beings as living personalities and not as cog wheels have discovered that sentiment plays a most important part in diet. The influence of sentiment on diet is increasing with the evolution of higher art and higher ethics.

Men in the medical profession are constantly faced with sentiment set on edge. Physicians are often taxed to the uttermost to harmonize the physiological food which they want to prescribe and the sentimental objection to it which patients most acutely manifest. There is the common illustration which every one meets a thousand times in a lifetime, of the girl whose functions need much fat but whose stomach rebels at the very thought of fat meat. The mother tries persuasion and entreaty and threats and penalties. But nothing can overcome the artistic development in the girl's nature which makes her revolt at the bare idea of putting the fat piece of a dead animal between her lips.

But since it is fat that is needed, and not fat meat, the antagonism that exists between physiological needs and artistic sentiment is got over by those who are endowed with sufficient common sense by obtaining the fat from a non-meaty source. Again and again Dr.

Oldfield affirms he has said to a patient: "Now, what you want is more fat. You must take plenty of fat." "Oh, but, doctor," is so often the answer, "I can't bear fat." "Don't you like butter?" Dr. Oldfield replies. "Oh, yes, I like butter." "Well," is the rejoinder, "did you ever see any lean butter?" "Oh, no, but I thought you meant fat meat." Dr. Oldfield proceeds, in *Chambers's Journal*:

"There is no doubt about it, hide it as one may, there is something in the very idea of eating a dead body which is repulsive to the artistic man and woman, and which is attractive to the hyena and the tiger. The poet who recognized that there was a tiger-side to man recognized, too, that it was the lower and the evanescent and the transitional, and that there was also an angel-strain in the human race, and that this is the higher and the progressive and the permanent. The tendency of an advancing evolution is to war out the ferocity of the tiger and the vacuous imitativeness of the ape, and let the grace of the angel live.

"This law holds as good of food as it does of all other fields of human activity. We are, therefore, perforce driven to face the problem of evolution in dietary, and to ask ourselves in what direction and on what lines this evolution tends. To me, the development of humaneness and esthetics necessarily makes for an increasing bias towards a humane and esthetic dietary. Whether we search in the majestic language of the prophets, or in the sweet melodies of great poets, or in the weighty thoughts of meditating philosophers, or in the fairy visions of romancers, or whether we turn to the brush-pictures of inspired painters, or to the imperishable mementoes of sculptors' dreams, we find that the aspiration of the upward-gazing man is towards the simpler life in food, and towards a bloodless, guiltless feast, and towards the products of the orchard and the harvest-field, and the vineyard and the olive-yard, and away from the shambles and the stockyards and the gore-stained slaughter-dens.

"My opinion, after a quarter of a century's study of diet, is that the future lies with the fruitarian, and that the practice of flesh-eating will become more and more relegated to the lower classes and to the unimaginative-minded."

Recent Poetry

REVIEWING recently eleven volumes of dramatic poetry by British bards of today, the London *Academy* calls attention to the fact that not one of them deals with events later than the time of the Borgias. "Has nothing happened since, or nearer home," it pertinently asks, "worthy of the dramatic poet's consideration?" Then *The Academy* quotes this passage from Emerson:

"For the experience of each new age requires a new confession, and the world seems always waiting for its poet. . . . We do not with sufficient plainness, or sufficient profoundness, address ourselves to life, nor do we chant our own times and social circumstances. . . . Banks and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus, methodism and unitarianism, are flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundation of wonder as the town of Troy, and the temple of Delphos, and are as swiftly passing away."

This noble passage might serve as a sort of Magna Charta for the whole poetic guild. What it implies is that the true poet must be a seer. We all know it and feel it, and every writer of verse is striving to prove that the seer-like qualities are his. Yet how few great seers a generation has, and how seldom one of these becomes also a master of form. Wordsworth, Carlyle, Browning, Emerson, Whitman,—all had the seer-like qualities and all were notoriously careless as to forms of expression. The only man now living and writing in English whom we would dare to name as a member of the same brotherhood is Kipling, who also has taken undue liberties with poetic form and even with the English grammar.

For a few brief minutes we thought when the other day we opened a little volume by William Ellery Leonard, of Madison, Wisconsin, that a new seer had begun to speak to us. The little volume, entitled "Sonnets and Poems," announces that it is "sold by the author," and it bears the imprint of no publishing house—a fact that will deter most critics from going further into it than the title-page. But even there something worth while is found in this quotation from the Koran: "The Heavens and the Earth, and all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?" The "Dedication" also arrests attention:

Ye gave me life and will for life to crave;
Desires for mighty suns, or high, or low,
For moons mysterious over cliffs of snow,
For the wild foam upon the midsea wave;
Swift joy in freeman, swift contempt for slave;
Thought which would bind and name the stars
and know;
Passion that chastened in mine overthrow;
And speech, to justify my life, ye gave.

Life of my life, this late return of song
I give to you before the close of day;
Life of your life! which everlasting wrong
Shall have no power to baffle or betray,
O father, mother!—for ye watched so long,
Ye loved so long, and I was far away.

The whole volume is one of distinct promise, but it is obviously the work of one whose imagination has been more often kindled by what he has read than by what he has seen for himself. But his aspirations are fine and his gift of poetic expression is most admirable. We quote two of the most representative poems:

ANTI-ROCCO

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

I would make mention of primeval things,
Oceans, horizons, rains, and winds that bear
Moist seeds from isle to isle, caves, mountain air
And echoes, clouds and shadows of their wings
On lakes or hillsides, autumns after springs
In starlight, sleep and breathing and the blare
Of life's reveille, love, birth, death and care
Of sunken graves of peasants as of kings,

The wide world over,—

O be bold, be free!
Strip off this perfumed fabric from your verse,
Tear from your windows all the silk and lace!—
And stand, man, woman, on the slope by me,
O once again before the universe,
O once again with Nature face to face!

COMPENSATION

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

I know the sorrows of the last abyss;
I walked the cold black pools without a star;
I lay on rock of unseen flint and spar;
I heard the execrable serpent hiss;
I dreamed of sun, fruit-tree, and virgin's kiss;
I woke alone with midnight near and far,
And everlasting hunger, keen to mar;
But I arose, and my reward is this:

I am no more one more amid the throng;
Thou name be naught, and lips forever weak,
I seem to know at last of mighty song;
And with no blush, no tremor on the cheek,
I do claim consort with the great and strong
Who suffered ill and had the gift to speak.

Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, another of the quite young and quite promising poets of America, whose plea for more passionate poetry we recently quoted in another department, has written a poetic sequence entitled "Amor Triumphans," selections from which are published in the December number of *The Pathfinder*, the little magazinelet printed by the University Press of Sewanee, Tennessee. The selections are preceded by a letter from Arthur Symons, who praises Mr. Lewisohn's work as "human and direct," and declares that

he will be surprised if it does not meet with immediate recognition. We quote the following selections:

IF THOU FORGET

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

If thou forget, beloved, there shall be
No music and no laughter left for me,
No rising of dead stars forever set,
If thou forget.

If thou forget, the bitter memories
Shall press no tears from hot, unsleeping eyes,
But pale and passionless my life shall be,
No music and no laughter left for me,
Beneath dread skies in which all stars have set,
If thou forget.

If thou forget, strange Autumns shall arise,
With sobbing winds, and weary rain-swept skies,
Weary as wind or rain my life shall be,
Alone with bitter, burning memories,
No music and no laughter left for me
In those dim days when all my suns have set,
If thou forget.

The following is also a part of Mr. Lewisoohn's poetic sequence, but is complete in itself. It is a splendid expression of the feelings of a young man who, sojourning still amid academic scenes, hears the call of the larger life. This at least is the interpretation that occurs to us:

THE GARDEN OF PASSION

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The lustrous flowers pale
Under the whiteness of innumerable
Great stars.
The winds arise and blow
A thousand fallen petals ruthlessly
Adown the garden-slopes, and from afar
Sounds the reiterate thunder of the sea.

Free lie the fields before me and the hills
And farther ocean. How the Autumn wind
Stirs the adventurous blood to immemorial
Dreams of strange lands and seas
In the illimitable West.
Not vain its call, for heart and blood have leapt
Swift at its coming, and I follow soon
The guidance of the wind and of the stars.

Soon, yet I tarry. Ah, how pale the flowers
That I have loved, how all their luring grace
Droops, fades and dies beneath these Norland
stars.

Here are no lilies, here no violets,
But blooms of ancient passions, dead desires,
Loves monstrous and unspeakable that stirred
Old unremembered kings in Babylon,
And priests of Ashtoreth upon the shore
Phœnician and the Lebanonian heights;
Blossoms that twined about the Phrygian oaks
And heard the madd'ning cymbals clash
When the fierce rout of priests
Worshipped the goddess upon Dindymus.

Here burns the lotus of the Nile, and there
The purple flower that broke
Into brief bloom where once Adonis fell,
Mourned by the maidens of the Asian shore
In deathless hymns of yearning.
The white narcissi of the Attic fields
Still flash beside the lake, and farther on
Dream passion-flowers on His agony.
How pale the flowers are—I must arise
And go unto the hills, and freely go,
Lest the winds die and the flower's pallor pass
Into golden glory and terrible tongues of flame,
And the ancient fervor throb in my racing blood,
Beautiful, unendurable and accursed.

The stars, visible deities, crown the hills
Forever. The winds are up, and the forest,
A primeval harp,
Responds with voices multitudinous;
And I were glad and free, but that the shadow
Of a dream of a garden haunts me, haunts me,
Till stars and forest and everlasting hill
Are desolation and endless desert spaces,
To the dream of a garden of unendurable blooms.

Impressionistic, colorful, decadent, are the adjectives that come to our mind as we read Arthur Symons' new volume, "The Fool of the World and Other Poems" (John Lane). The title-poem is a morality, in which Death, "the fool of the world," plays the chief part, attended by the Spade, the Coffin, and the Worm. It is too long to quote entire, and does not lend itself readily to quotation. We make selections from the other poems instead:

LONDON.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

The sun, a fiery orange in the air,
Thins and discolors to a disc of tin,
Until the breathing mist's mouth sucks it in;
And now there is no color anywhere,
Only the ghost of grayness; vapors fill
The hollows of the streets, and seems to shroud
Gulfs where a noise of multitude is loud
As unseen water falling among hills.
Now the light withers, stricken at the root,
And, in the evil glimpses of the light,
Men as trees walking loom through lanes of night
Hung with the globes of some unnatural fruit.
To live, and to die daily, deaths like these,
Is it to live, while there are winds and seas?

THE LOVERS OF THE WIND

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

Can any man be quiet in his soul
And love the wind? Men love the sea, the hills:
The bright sea drags them under, and the hills
Beckon them up into the deadly air;
They have sharp joys, and a sure end of them.
But he who loves the wind is like a man
Who loves a ghost, and by a loveliness
Ever unseen is haunted, and he sees
No dewdrop shaken from a blade of grass,
No handle lifted, yet she comes and goes,
And breathes beside him. And the man, because
Something, he knows, is nearer than his breath

To bodily life, and nearer to himself
 Than his own soul, loves with exceeding fear.
 And so is every man that loves the wind.
 How shall a man be quiet in his soul
 When a more restless spirit than a bird's
 Cries to him, and his heart answers the cry?
 Therefore have fear, all ye who love the wind.
 There is no promise in the voice of the wind,
 It is a seeking and a pleading voice
 That wanders asking in an unknown tongue
 Infinite unimaginable things.
 Shall not the lovers of the wind become
 Even as the wind is, gatherers of the dust,
 Hunters of the impossible, like men
 Who go by night into the woods with nets
 To snare the shadow of the moon in pools?

A SONG AGAINST LOVE

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

There is a thing in the world that has been since
 the world began:
 The hatred of man for woman, the hatred of
 woman for man.
 When shall this thing be ended? When love
 ends, hatred ends,
 For love is a chain between foes, and love is a
 sword between friends.
 Shall there never be love without hatred? Not
 since the world began,
 Until man teach honor to woman, and woman
 teach pity to man.

O that a man might live his life for a little time
 Without this rage in his heart, and without this
 foe at his side!
 He could eat and sleep and be merry and forget,
 he could live well enough,
 Were it not for this thing that remembers and
 hates, and that hurts and is love.
 But peace has not been in the world since love
 and the world began,
 For the man remembers the woman, and the
 woman remembers the man.

We find no very original note in the volume
 entitled "The Days That Pass," written by Helen
 Huntington and published by John Lane. But
 we find much that is graceful and attractive. This
 for instance:

VALUES

BY HELEN HUNTINGTON

"What shall I gain, O Tempter!
 if I throw my heart to the crowd?"
 "Fame," he replied, "and curious glance,
 and praises ringing loud."

"What in exchange, O Tempter!
 if I drown my love in the sea?"
 "Sleep," he replied, "and quiet days with
 never a memory."

"And what for reward, O Tempter!
 if I dig a grave for my dreams?"
 "Peace," he replied, "and pride of place
 and all that the world esteems."

"And what at the end, O Tempter!
 when I reach the farthestmost goal,
 And stand alone at the gates of Night,
 a poor little naked soul?"

The note of personal experience is stronger
 in another very slight volume, which lacks
 the imprint of a publisher. It is entitled
 "The Song of the City," and the author is Anna
 Louise Strong, the book being printed in Oak
 Park, Illinois. We select the following for quo-
 tation:

THE CITY LIGHTS

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The stars of heaven are paler than the lights
 That gleam beside them sixteen stories high;
 Outlined against the blackness of the sky
 Tall buildings glimmer through the frosty nights.

The stars of heaven in stately silence move
 Beyond the circle of the window-gleams.
 But dazzled by the fitful lower beams,
 I think not of the light that shines above.

But when I speed upon the outbound train,
 The lights of earth mist-hidden fade away;
 And quietly the stars resume their sway,
 And shine in peace above the world again.

CITY COMRADESHIP

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Face on face in the city, and when will the faces
 end?
 Face on face in the city, but never the face of a
 friend;
 Till my heart grows sick with longing and dazed
 with the din of the street,
 As I rush with the thronging thousands, in a
 loneliness complete.

Shall I not know my brothers? Their toil is one
 with mine.
 We offer the fruits of our labor on the same great
 city's shrine.
 They are weary as I am weary; they are happy
 and sad with me;
 And all of us laugh together when evening sets
 us free.

Face on face in the city, and where shall our for-
 tunes fall?
 Face on face in the city,—my heart goes out to
 you all.
 See, we labor together; is not the bond divine?
 Lo, the strength of the city is built of your life
 and mine.

The heart-cry of the emigrant finds new and
 poignant expression in the following stanzas,
 which recently appeared in *McClure's*:

THE DAUGHTER

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

It's not meself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm
 complaining,
 (He's a good man, is Michael, and I've never
 felt his frown)
 But there's sorrow beating on me like a long
 day's raining
 For the little wrinkled face of her I left in
 Kerrydown.

*It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and
no other—
Do you mind the morus we walked to Mass
when all the fields were green?—
'Twas I that pinned your kerchief, oh, me
mother, mother, mother!
The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the
world between.*

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to
up and follow—
(It's a fair land we've come to, and there's
plenty here for all)
It's not the homesick longing that lures me like
a swallow
But the one voice across the world that draws
me to its call.

*It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and
no other—
Do you mind the tales you told me when
the turf was blazing bright?—
Me head upon your shoulder, oh, me mother,
mother, mother,
The broad seas between us and yourself
alone to-night!*

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming
and there's going;
It's kind souls will be about me when the little
one is here;
But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort
I'd be knowing,
And her blessing on the two of us to drive
away the fear.

*It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself
and no other—
Do you mind the soft spring mornings when
you stitched the wedding-gown?—
The little, careful stitches, oh me mother,
mother, mother,
Myself beyond the broad seas and you in
Kerrydown!*

Our American poets are deprived of much of
the appeal that antiquity makes to the imagina-
tion. They have to draw their inspiration from
a glowing future rather than a glorious past. In
one of the most modern of our cities, however, a
touch of antiquity is found that has been happily
translated into the following poem, which is pub-
lished in *Munsey's*:

THE SAND SWALLOWS OF MIN- NEAPOLIS

By CHESTER FIRKINS

White cliff and rolling river,
And over them only the sky,
Thus has the Master-giver
Housed them and let them fly.
Age upon eon follows,
Races and forests fall;
Still nest the white-sand swallows
In old St. Anthony's wall.

I, that am young a dreaming,
And you, that are centuries old,
Both know the swift wings gleaming—
I and Père Louis, the bold!

Fleeing the red foe's pyres,
Two hundred years ago,
Found he these soaring choirs
Where now wide cities grow.

Hail to ye, winged warders!
In your carven watch-towers high;
Be ye, perchance, recorders
Of that hero-world gone by?
Oh, for those storied pages,
Tales of my sword-won land,
That ye hold through the changing ages
In your caves of the snow-white sand.

White breast and brown wings swerving,
And under them ever the roar
Of brown Mississippi, curving
Adown his cliff-locked shore.
Bard after warrior follows,
Yet never to bard shall fall
The lore of the white-sand swallows
In old St. Anthony's wall.

In *The Reader Magazine* appears an exquisite
little lyric, which seems to have almost sung it-
self:

A SKETCH

By BLISS CARMAN

In the shade of a wide veranda,
Where the sand-heat shimmer and glows.
Fronting the high Sierras,
In their tints of purple and rose,

There in her grass-rope hammock,
Idly she sits and swings,
Kicking the floor in rhythm
To the throb of her banjo strings.

She is dark as a Spanish gipsy,
Save for the eyes of blue,
Her skirt is divided khaki,
Her sombrero is pushed askew.

She is ardent and fine as a flower,
She is fearless and frank as a man,
In her heart is the wind of the desert,
On her cheek is the mountain tan.

What is the gorgeous music
She plays in a mood so slight,
Whose cadences haunt my fancy,
Barbaric as love or night?

It rings through the painted cañon
Where the dizzy trails deploy,
Piercing our modern sorrow
With its pagan note of joy.

Is it an Aztec measure,
Some Indian minstrelsy,
Or a great ungirdled love-song
From the magic isles of the sea?

Whatever the theme of the music,
Passion or prayer or praise,
It breaks with a dying cadence,
It will follow me all my days.

Ballad-writing may not be the highest order
of poetical production, but, judging from the
meager supply of it in this country, it is one of

the most difficult forms. For one thing there is a temptation usually overpowering to make the ballad too long. The following ballad, in the Boston *Transcript*, has undeniable dramatic action, but we fear that it has too great length for a very long portage.

FOR THE LIVES OF MEN AND THE FATHERLAND

By BERTRAND SHADWELL

"Oh, who will carry a message for me
Through the enemy's lines to Bois-le-grand?
And race with Death, by the darkened sea,
For our brothers' lives and the Fatherland."

"And I will take it," cried Carl the scout,
"Will carry your message to Bois-le-grand;
But I shrive my soul, ere my setting out
To race with Death for the Fatherland."

"Now shrive thy soul ere the moon rise bright;
Now grasp me thy lance's shaft in hand;
Now saddle a horse as black as the night,
And ride for the love of the Fatherland."

There's a stamp and beat by the stormy tide,
Heard through the crash of the breaking seas.
Quick through the darkness, strike and stride,
Galloping, galloping down the breeze.

Lost in the roar and blotted out,
Louder and nearer and coming fast.
"Body of God! A Prussian scout!
Swift as the whirl of the tempest blast."

A hurry of hoofs and a clank of steel,
A sentinel's challenge, a mocking cry,
A lance's thrust and a sudden wheel;
And he's through their pickets and thunders by.

"Fire at him! Shoot him, Jean and Paul!
Damn this breech-block, jamming tight!
Down with the horse and the rider 'll fall!
Gone, like a ghost, in the blinding night!"

Gone with a rush for the race with Death,
With a bullet-graze from the starter's gun:
Not a pull or a pause to gasp for breath,
Till the post be passed, and the stakes be won.

"Now gallop, now gallop, my coal black steed,
As never before on the foeman's ranks;
Now keep the lead with all thy speed,
For a skeleton horse is on thy flanks.

"Side by side, I can hear his stride,
On the boundless shores of the darkened sea.
Five leagues long and a full mile wide;
Ho, ho!—What a course for Death and me!

"Ho, ho!—What a course for Death and me,
Smooth and hard on the level sand,
Straight and true as a track can be,
For the lives of men and the Fatherland!"

Through the heart of a volley, roaring loud,
He reaches their lines, with ringing feet;
And there's never a pause in their music proud,
Or a change in the time of their rhythmic beat.

The rush of a rider down the night,
A thunder of guns along the sea,
And, dashing their files to left and right,
He has broken their ranks, and gallops—free.

Forty feet at a swinging stride,
Leaping on to the stinging goad,
He laughs, as their bullets go singing wide;
And the Frenchmen curse, as they fire and load.

"Fool and fanatic, to tempt his fate;
Yet, if he live, we have lost the day.
Telegraph on, ere it prove too late.
Half our cavalry—*Close the Way!*"

A clock strikes, close, in a darkened spire
He flies a shadow beneath the stars;
But swifter flies on its wings of fire
The fatal flash that his passage bars.

Vainly he urges and spurs his steed,
Sparing him not as he hears his goal;
Never the charger shall serve his need,
Never the horse that a mare did foal.

"Oh, who will carry a message for me
Through the enemy's lines into Bois-le-grand?
And race with Death by the darkened sea,
For our brothers' lives and the Fatherland."

Now stretch thy back, thou gallant black;
Yet I fear this race shall be thy last;
For the fleshless rider holds the track;
And his skeleton mount is winning fast.

O'er the dreary dune, as the rising moon
Showed a dead, white face to the sea and land,
With his stirrups beating a burial tune,
Came a riderless horse into Bois-le-grand.

There was blood on his rein; there was blood on
his mane,
And a bloody despatch in his girth's broad
band;
So the race was run, and the battle was won,
Ere we fired a gun—for the Fatherland.

The following poem we take from *The New England Magazine*:

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

By EDITH SUMMERS

"And many came before the hundred years had
expired, and tried to break through the hedge, but
perished miserably in the attempt, because it was
not yet time for the princess to awake."

O happy prince, wilt thou not weep one tear
For all the valiant hundreds that have failed,
Because nor skill nor giant strength availed
'Gainst that sealed scroll wherein no man may
peer—

The dead, who toiled and strove without one fear
To warn them that the chamber yet was veiled—
Hearts that in rout and peril never quailed
Vanquished by that long striving year on year?
O be thou humble, thou, the single one,
Who gained the prize the multitude have lost!
Mark those white fragments bleaching in the
sun—

Wan relics of lost hopes and passions crossed:
All that thou didst and more they too have done;
Thy ecstasy is purchased at their cost.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

Many years ago it was remarked that Marion Crawford reminded one of a lady in a French comedy who, having once been in

A LADY OF ITALY, introduced into her conversation at every possible and impossible occasion "*le beau ciel*

d'Italy." Since then Mr. Crawford has grown much older, but he is still obsessed with Italian subjects, and sacrifices his genius on the altar of local color. His latest novel, "*A Lady of Rome*,"* another Italian study, has called forth the most varying opinions. Says *The Argonaut* (San Francisco): "There is a strong family resemblance to all his characters, and we constantly meet old names and old localities in Mr. Crawford's latest book. For all that, the story ranks with the author's best novels." So far, so good. But on opening *The Mirror* (St. Louis), we find this unequivocal dictum: "Altogether it appears that this 'Lady of Rome' is nothing more than a Marion Crawford pot-boiler, saved from absolute worthlessness only by the technique that is the result of a quarter of a century of writing." *Town Topics* (New York) which, in spite of its unsavory reputation, is sparkling and reliable in its book reviews, takes a middle course between the two verdicts quoted above. "We recognize," it says, "in the 'Lady of Rome' the same fluency, the same charm, that all his [Crawford's] readers have long been familiar with, yet one can hardly escape ranking this novel as having only plot enough for a short story, and being chiefly notable as a specimen of how deftly a skilled workman can spin out the most tenuous of threads."

"*A Lady of Rome*" is the study of a woman, who, as *The Academy* remarks, expiates the sin of her early matrimonial infidelity at some length in the book, in fact from cover to cover. The subject is delicate, but Mr. Crawford can claim a special gift for treating a theme designated by *The Times Literary Supplement* (London) as "cleanly wantonness." Mr. Crawford's heroine is married against her will to an uncongenial husband, who leaves her when she confesses that her child is not his. Thereupon, observes *The Saturday Review of Books* (New York), "torn by conflicting passions of love, religion, and a healthy conscience, Maria Montalto begins her expiation by renunciation, nurtures through an impossible pla-

tonic friendship, and finally wins both salvation and material happiness through the timely death of the gentle, generous but unromantic husband, who was the unfortunate victim of both sin and expiation."

With its customary keen scent for wickedness, the same authority discovers that the story evidently contains a "spade," but, we are told, "it is cunningly buried from the gaze of the ubiquitous Young Person, and from the eyes of those whose acquired lack of imagination prevents them from either perceiving or appreciating the art necessary to contrive so deft a concealment." A critic in *The Bookman* (New York) is more outspoken on the subject. He refers to an essay by Crawford on "The Novel" in which the latter admits that almost every novelist sooner or later feels the temptation to write books "with the help of the knowledge of evil, as well as with the help of the knowledge of good," and in consequence "occasionally introduces a page or chapter which might have the effect, so to say, of turning weak tea into bad whiskey." This phrase, the reviewer says, is worth quoting here, not for the sake of commending it—indeed, the bigotry of such an attitude goes a long way toward explaining the artistic superiority of continental fiction over Anglo-Saxon—but because it throws some little light upon Mr. Crawford's own writings." He goes on to say:

"If he were in a candid mood, he would probably own that in writing his new volume, '*A Lady of Rome*,' he had yielded rather more than is his wont to this temptation to invoke the help of the knowledge of evil. Not that '*A Lady of Rome*' is especially startling, or even reprehensible, to readers who are not over-delicate in taste. It is rather the self-consciousness on the author's part, his obvious misgiving lest he may be giving bad whisky instead of the weak and innocuous tea that he has served more than once of late years, that calls your attention to the fact that everything is not quite *virginibus puerisque*."

"We always return to our first loves," says a French ditty. Analogously, there seems to exist

SIR NIGEL

among mature novelists a tendency to return to their earlier style. Conan Doyle's "*Sir Nigel*"* is a companion piece, in spirit at least, to "*The White Company*," a historical novel

* A LADY OF ROME. By Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company.

* SIR NIGEL. By A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Company.

written a year before its author leaped, arm in arm with Sherlock Holmes, into international fame. We gather from *The Outlook* (New York) that it is Conan Doyle's ambition to write sound, thoro, semi-historical fiction and that he regards "The White Company" as the most serious piece of work he has done.

In "Sir Nigel" he tells of deeds of derring-do in Surrey, and of those French campaigns which lie between Crecy and Poitiers. But his desire to be at once accurate and interesting has led him into a pitfall. Or more exactly, he, at times, falls between the two stools of explanation and action. *The Times Literary Supplement* (London) says on this point:

"Lo! at the eleventh hour we find him now explaining how it is that he has written in this way and that way, apologizing, cap in hand, to History for taking a liberty with her here and there, or submitting that 'the matter of diction is always a matter of taste and discretion in a historical reproduction,' hoping that his readers may not find incidents here and there too brutal and repellent, and finally pointing, with an air of pardonable pride, to the pile of books on his study table that have gone to the building of this one. History may easily forgive him; he has caught again the manner of the past, and we do not think that the modern reader will dream of accusing him of too much brutality. But the overconsciousness of that pile of books has done something to spoil a capital tale."

The London *Outlook* calls attention to the thinness of the plot, which it regards as responsible for the novel's lack of cohesive strength as compared with the author's earlier achievements. The mere spirit of knight errantry, the reviewer avers, is not sufficient to give a properly connected purpose and sequence. Tho, he continues, the author has drawn Nigel Loring with distinctive and gallant traits, his deeds, rather than himself, give interest to the story. Much more enthusiastic is "A Man of Kent," in *The British Weekly*. He says: "I have read Sir Nigel with unmixed delight. It is certainly one of the best historical romances in the English language. Every touch tells." The only criticism the "Man of Kent" makes on the book is that the love-interest is hardly strong enough. He objects to the author's description of the heroine as "dark as night, grave featured, plain visaged, with steady brown eyes looking bravely at the world from under a strong black arch of brows." "Should not," he asks, "'plain visaged' be omitted? There are no plain heroines, and never could be."

The Daily Mail (London) in its review of the book makes an interesting analysis of the writer. It says:

"To Sir A. Conan Doyle fiction is rather a

creed than a mistress; he develops his conscience and he minds his manners, but he does not manifest the exceeding joy of creation. He is mounted not upon Sir Nigel's fiery yellow horse of Crooksbury Hill, but upon a more humdrum, jog-trot steed warranted well up to his weight, and without vice. Sir A. Conan Doyle represents in contemporary fiction the essentially British standard. He has an orderly, well-regulated mind, and a confidence which may not be assailed. But he writes lacking that one flash of inspiration which would touch to fire great issues. He can interest, but he cannot thrill."

Yet, when all is said, the *Daily Mail* reviewer finds that "Sir Nigel" is "a thoroly skilful piece of work, and has never in its workmanship been surpassed by the author." "The tale," he concludes, "should take its rank, not only with 'The White Company,' but not too far on the shelves from the immortal company of Sir Walter Scott."

"Rezánov,"* by Gertrude Atherton, is also a semi-historical novel. It introduces us to Alaska at the time when the Russians attempted to gain a foothold there. Rezánov is a Russian plenipotentiary, a man of far-reaching aims and qualities comprising greatness. Foiled in his attempt to establish Russian rule at Nagasaki, he makes a second attempt at San Francisco. Here, to quote the London *Spectator*, "this storm-tossed Russian Ulysses, in whom ruthless ambition is combined with strong personal magnetism, finds his Nausicaa in Concha Argüello, daughter of the Commandante of the Presidio, a girl of only sixteen, but endowed with rare intelligence as well as personal beauty." To quote further:

"Rezánov—his Russian wife, it should be added, had died many years before—makes Concha his confidante, not intending at the outset to allow their relations to pass beyond the limits of a mere flirtation, but gradually finds his affections engaged and recognizes in her his true affinity. The progress of his love runs no more smoothly than that of his diplomatic negotiations. The Dons are dilatory, if courteous and hospitable, while, to say nothing of eligible rivals, there is the obstacle of differing faiths to be overcome."

Amid the splendidly picturesque environment of the same California landscape which Belasco recently has turned to such excellent use in his play "The Rose of the Rancho," the story marches vigorously to its predestined close and the proud Russian succumbs to fever and privation on his return from an adventurous expedition.

The opinion seems to prevail among critics that Mrs. Atherton has not succeeded in making Rezánov half as lifelike as Concha. She is also taken

* REZANOV. By Gertrude Atherton. The Authors' and Newspapers' Association.

to task severely for her peculiar mannerisms of style. *The Saturday Review* (London) remarks on this point: "Though there are many passages in which we admire the cleverness, the robust energy, and the direct expressiveness of Mrs. Atherton's style, there are also times when her powers of conveyance fail her, when her ingenuity of expression becomes twisted and obscure, and her forcible manner of description is a mere flinging of words." The London *Outlook* states that the writing is unequal. "The author does not altogether escape the pitfall of the high-sounding and ill-digested rhetorical periods to which many American speakers and writers are prone, and this form of literary success goes hand in hand with that other odd and engaging quality of trumpet-like explicitness in conversational manner."

But there is more trouble ahead for Mrs. Atherton. An American reviewer (in the Boston *Herald*), while admitting her narrative power and fine perception of human nature, affirms that her originality is on the wane. "Since 'Senator North' appeared," remarks the *Herald* critic, "this gifted author has not met her readers' expectations. Her later novels have seemed forced and her plots rather stereotyped. There is a decided lack of spontaneous movement, a noticeable poverty of material for the plot." The London *Academy*, on the other hand, pronounces the book, while not the most interesting, the best written and most carefully studied work from Mrs. Atherton's pen.

The Saturday Review, from which we have quoted above, draws an interesting parallel between Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Humphry Ward, which, on the whole, strikes us as rather favorable to the American writer. It says:

"Mrs. Atherton takes her work very seriously, and has always a definite aim of an extremely ambitious and pretentious kind. In that respect she resembles Mrs. Humphry Ward. Both ladies have a most portentous gravity of manner, and show an explicit confidence in their own powers of treating weighty matters, and epoch-making events, and of portraying the most distinguished and remarkable public men. Mrs. Atherton's continental intrigues are more naïve and consequently less irritating than Mrs. Ward's tea-table politics, and drawing-room diplomacy, moreover she is not dependent for her plots on well-known diaries and biographies, nor does her dialogue consist of the worn-out sayings and notorious bons-mots of Regency wits. While Mrs. Ward enriches her modern men and women with the ideas and conversational successes of the eighteenth century, Mrs. Atherton, on the contrary, makes her characters of a hundred years ago talk very fresh and modern American, and invests her

chosen period, the age of Napoleon Buonaparte, with the feeling and atmosphere of the present day."

Anthony Hope's new novel* offers another example of the tendency on the part of literary men to revert, after a long and prosperous career, to the manner of their early successes. Mr. Hawkins, says the New York *Evening Post*, speaking of the book, cannot be called mute, yet as to the note that he sounded in "The Prisoner of Zenda" his "harp mouldering long has hung." His Rupert, it goes on to say, was hardly more than a spurious claimant to the affectionate interest aroused by the former book; in "Sophy of Kravonia," however, there comes a lawful heir to enthusiasm.

This heir—but let us borrow the introductory remarks of the London *Tribune*. Mr. Anthony Hope, that publication gleefully informs us, was the man who first discovered the penchant of certain young Englishmen for visiting strange little kingdoms and principalities, not to be found on the map of Europe, in order to interfere in the fortunes of the reigning dynasties. "The little kingdoms," it says, "are usually Teutonic, tho occasionally Slavonic; the young Englishmen are invariably heroic. But if Mr. Hope was the first to discover this, others were by no means backward in taking the hint, and the number of young heroic Englishmen who have adventured in more or less Eastern unmapped Europe since Rupert Rassendyl first set the fashion must be almost enough to populate a fair-sized German kingdom on its own account." When this literary mine was exhausted by a score of imitators, who, the reviewer asks, "was so capable as its original prospector of pegging out the first claim in a new gold field? Accordingly, he has given us 'Sophy of Kravonia.' He has performed his prospecting with great skill." To quote again:

"Realizing that the same vein of gold which has been exhausted in the one mine will very likely crop up somewhere else in the same district, he has not troubled to shift his camp very far. He has sought his gold on the same principles as before; he has found it where he expected, and no doubt the public will be as anxious as ever to take shares in the company of which he is managing director. To abandon the language of metaphor, Mr. Hope makes but one change in his new version of the heroic young Englishman in unmapped foreign parts—and one which should appeal to the vast majority of his readers. The young Englishman is become a young Englishwoman. For Rupert read Sophy,

* SOPHY OF KRAVONIA. By Anthony Hope. Harper & Brothers.

and the trick is done. Sophy it is who adventures to the unmapped Kingdom of Kravonia, who performs prodigies of valor on behalf of the Crown Prince Sergius—marrying him, incidentally, upon his deathbed—and generally does, rather better, everything that her male predecessors have done before her.”

Other commentators are less patient. The London *Academy* pronounces the book dull. It ascribes its “comparative failure” to the repetition of an old device. In no circumstances, it says, can we imagine that the plot actually needs any fanciful land for its development, unless it be that the author wished to introduce kings, queens, and their ministers in order to delight the ears of the ladies’ maids. The reviewer goes on to say:

“Since the time of Homer fabulous countries have frequently been used with great effect by distinguished writers. Homer himself made them the scenes of strange appearances and wonderful adventures. Shakespeare was as brilliant as Homer when he gave us the island with Prospero and Caliban and Ariel upon it. For a very different purpose Jonathan Swift invented Lilliput and Brobdingnag. Like cannot be compared with unlike, but the purpose at which Swift aimed was as brilliantly achieved in his way as was that of Shakespeare and Homer in their way. Defoe stumbled upon a place of fictitious geography that will ever delight the minds of children. When Mr. Anthony Hope wrote ‘The Prisoner of Zenda’ this discovery of new land had a freshness and a beauty of its own. Perhaps one reason why we find the Kingdom of Kravonia dull is because Mr. Anthony Hope has had so many imitators. Probably a hundred books have been written since his first one appeared, and the device has become stale. He is not alone in his misfortune. Mr. H. G. Wells, who went beyond the habitable globe altogether in search of a dwelling-place for the efforts of his imagination, must also be now growing sick of the planet Mars and even of occasional comets. A fictitious land can only be usefully invented when there is something new to say. It is always more or less of a Utopia.”

Naturally the question arises whether, in the opinion of the majority of critics, Mr. Anthony Hope has been as happy in this romance as in its predecessor, which established his fame. And here critics differ widely. But Edward Clarke Marsh in *The Bookman* strikes the general tenor when he remarks:

“The persistent reference of everything he has written to that trifling product of his salad days seems at last to have got on the author’s nerves. ‘Hang it all!’ he may be imagined saying, ‘they’re still talking about that silly, superficial thing, are they? Very well; if they want ‘Zenda’ stories, they shall have them.’ And forthwith he writes the best story he has given us since ‘The Prisoner of Zenda.’”

“The Prisoner of Zenda,” Mr. Marsh assures us, is worthy of a place beside Stevenson’s masterful romance, “Prince Otto.” In the present book, he remarks, Anthony Hope has at last turned imitator of himself. That, we are told, is the exact measure of the distance between the two novels in question. “Yet,” Mr. Marsh exclaims, “if we can’t have the fine original again, let us be thankful for an imitation so nearly perfect.”

“The authors of this book,* Cyrus Townsend Brady and Edward Peple, are so attached to each other personally that they have dedicated this little comedy to
RICHARD each other, respectively—each,
THE BRAZEN however, claiming all the bright

things contained herein and blaming his collaborator for every fault which any reader may justly or unjustly criticize.” This bright inscription is the tag with which his two fathers sent into the world of fiction that delightfully American youth not at all misnamed “Richard the Brazen.” Brady’s name has adorned the title page of a prodigious number of novels. He possesses the power of telling a story, spinning a yarn, a power in which many masters of the literary craft are sorely defective. Edward Peple, author of “The Prince Chap,” on the other hand, can tell a joke well and likewise possesses constructive ability. It would be surprising if the two of them had not, in the words of one critic, produced a story, “winged with the spirit of laughter.” No reviewer dreams of accusing the joint authors of profundity of thought, and some seem to feel that two such collaborators ought to have produced a work of more permanent value; but the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* about expresses the general feeling when it speaks of the book as “a brave piece of up-to-date fiction, fat with the material of which thrills are made, and warranted to be finished in one sitting.” The authors, it continues, seem to take delight in appropriating all the poet’s license available, thus gaining the opportunity to let their fertile imaginations run amuck, creating sad but entertaining havoc in the hedges and byways of prosaic everyday probability.” To quote further:

“The story takes its name from the hero, Richard Williams, a young college-bred cowboy of Texas, who must have seemed brazen indeed at times, but who really was, in spite of the overwhelming evidence against him, a genuinely worthy and modest young fellow. It fell to his

* RICHARD THE BRAZEN. By Cyrus Townsend Brady and Edward Peple. Moffat, Yard & Company.

lot to rescue the pretty daughter of a New York financial magnate from under the hoofs of his father's steers, and during the process, hurried and breathless though it must have been, he fell in love with her. That she should afterwards turn out to be the daughter of his father's bitterest foe is the precise spot where the plot begins to thicken, and, incidentally, Richard's troubles to begin."

Altogether, says the *Pittsburg Index*, Richard the Brazen has a hard time getting his affairs settled. But all comes right at last, and one is sorry to come to the end of the story. Fortunately the authors have dramatized their romantic history, and those who have learned to like Richard may have the chance to see him in the flesh, at least on the stage.

The Fugitive—By Henry Normanby

The author of this terrible pen-picture of a hunted criminal is an English writer whose name has become known but recently and does not even appear in the British "Who's Who" for 1906. We are indebted to *The Grand Magazine* for this story, one of a number which that periodical has published from Mr. Normanby's pen.



HOW the rain fell! How the wind blew! How the barges creaked and groaned as they pressed upon each other! How the river hurried away! How dark the darkness was! How dreary, how hopeless, how bitter was the night!

The man came creeping and stumbling and shuffling along, turning to look back at every few steps, furtively glancing about him, starting at every sound—a dirty, unkempt, ragged, wretched being, the fear of his fellows in his slinking, crawling gait; the fear of death in his restless, hunted eyes; the fear of God in his evil heart.

Constantly he stopped and listened, then shuffled and stumbled on again, sneaking deep in the shadows of walls and houses, tho everything everywhere was in shadowed obscurity, avoiding the open places, avoiding men and women, avoiding even children.

Through filthy streets, made filthier by the mire of traffic, through squalid alleys and over dreary wastes he made his way, on and on, mile after mile, stopping only to listen, pausing only to look back. Hurrying stealthily and silently past the homes of men, away to the hospitality of the wilderness. His boots were without soles, and at each halting step his cut and bruised feet left a stain of blood. Blood there was also on his clothes, stale, dull-red, diluted with rain and mud, but still blood—veritable human blood.

Passing the open doors of foul pothouses he breathed more deeply, for the exhalation was fragrant to his nostrils, and the reeking warmth grateful to his starved body; but he dared not enter one of them, dared not even look in, for men, his fellows, were there congregated together, and light was there, and laughter, and the sound of revelry. There each man knew his neighbor and gazed upon him, face to face; but he, the outcast and fugitive, was wretched and secret, and a man of darkness.

How the rain fell! How the wind blew! How the river hurried away!

Oh, the inscrutable mystery of the breathing world! This fearful man had once been fair to look upon; his mother had sung him to slumber with low lullaby, his father had taken pride in him, his children had clung to him, holding him by the hand. He had walked abroad freely in the sweet and noble air, and drunk deeply of the breath of the morning. His name was untarnished, and no sinister whisper assailed it. He had set forth in all the braveries of youth, and the powers of evil had come upon him and compassed him about and brought him surely into this pitiable pass. He had wandered in dark places and stumbled amongst the rocks, and the hand of calamity had lain heavily upon him.

As he crept through the darkness, stopping only to listen, pausing only to look back, his shifting, hunted eyes lighted on a piece of bread, untouched even by the dogs; he snatched it up and shuffled on, devouring it ravenously.

Making his way in the direction of the docks, he crossed pieces of waste land, stumbling over loose stones, old tins and heaps of refuse. Finding himself at times shut in by hoardings, he had to retrace his steps and seek other ways to reach obscurity. He shuddered at the sinister suggestion of the cranes which projected from the warehouses towering above him, he shuddered at the wind, he shuddered at the beating of the pitiless rain.

The short alleys and streets to his right ran straight out to the river bank. He glanced down each one, hesitating for a moment, then, deciding to seek a more secure hiding-place, he went on and on, always through deserted places, always in the darkest shadows. The sudden blast of a whistle startled him, and at the end of one of the pitch-black alleys he saw the red light of an outward-bound steamship. Other lights flashed

in turn as the vessel went by, steaming safely through the mazes of the river, going freely out into the abysmal darkness of the deep. He could hear the steady beat of her propeller and the clatter of tackle about her decks. In a momentary silence he could even hear the pilot's order and the rattle of the chains as the wheel swung round.

She passed on, and he, too, resumed his way, flying tardily from the might of the Law. With every accomplished mile hope rose in his heart, every minute was enormously precious, and the minutes and the hours were passing, and his pursuers gave no sign.

Fear had conquered hunger, and holding the filthy piece of half-eaten bread in his hand he slowly hurried along, until at length his weariness became so oppressive and weighed so exceedingly upon him that he could scarcely thrust one foot before the other. Still he struggled on, stopping only to listen, pausing only to look back, until further progress was impossible. Dominated by his weakness he crept into a black alley which, like its fellows, ran crookedly out to the mud of the river, and, without attempting to find any shelter, lay down on the ground. The cessation from movement was sweet to him, even as he lay there, foul and pitiful, chilled to the marrow with the ceaseless, dreary, drenching rain.

For a minute, a radiant, perfect minute, he slept and forgot his danger, his sorrow, his unutterable misery. Oh, the sweetness of that brief oblivion, of which pain had no part, neither memory nor tears! The sublime absolution of that fraction of time wherein he was once more young and entirely innocent and magnificently free! It was no guilt-laden soul that slept there, but a child lapped in the loving safety of its mother's arms.

Round him were gathering all the forces of Fate, the tempest of retribution was thundering in the air, and the sea of his destiny was rising with the menace of destruction.

He awoke with a terrible cry, and started up, alert and listening. No, it was imagination, or a dream—nothing. He again lay down, only to start up once more in a few seconds. This time he was not mistaken. He heard with certainty the far-off baying of a dog!

Leaping to his feet, the wretched man hurried away, breaking into a shambling run, and once more through the noises of the night came that faint and far-off cry.

How the wind blew! How the rain fell! How the river hurried away!

He ran stumbling along, no longer stopping to listen nor pausing to look back. On and on through the dreary night, while again came the baying of the dog, more distinct, more insistent—

nearer! Through squalid streets, under dripping archways, across roads and down alleys the fugitive hurried. Sometimes they had no egress, whereupon he turned back, reluctantly retracing his steps, cursing bitterly the while. Still on, slackening perforce his half trot, half run, into obscurer alleys and yet darker places. At times he fancied the baying of the dog had ceased, and hope rose in his heart; but in the brief silences which followed the wild rush of the wind and the pitiless beating of the rain, it came to him again, distinct, insistent, unmistakable; and always nearer!

For the fraction of a minute it occurred to the wretched man to ask help of his fellows; but he dismissed the thought, knowing only too well that it would be useless. The hand of every man was against him, for even as he had sown so was he also reaping. His own mother had repudiated him and cast him forth. Oh, Father in Heaven, what manner of man was this whose mother turned from him in his hour of need?

He hurried further and further from the lighted streets and the comfortable warmth of taverns, and, keeping always in the shadows, turned down one of the alleys which ended at the bank of the river, thinking that possibly he might find a boat in which to cross.

He stopped for a moment to listen, running on again with the energy of desperation as the deep baying of the dog came out of the night, following him. The bread, which he had only half eaten, he threw away in the vain hope that the dog might be tempted to stop for it.

Still the blood, fresh and bright red, marked every footstep, and still on his clothes was blood, stale, dull red, diluted with rain and mud, but blood, veritable precious human blood.

He was utterly exhausted and spent. His jaw dropped and his tongue protruded. His breath came quickly and laboriously, as of those stricken with swift and mortal sickness, and a great oppression was upon him. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, yet they restlessly glanced hither and thither, seeking a means of escape. His legs gave way beneath him, and several times he fell headlong, only to drag himself up again and struggle on and on—anywhere for safety, anywhere out of reach of the vengeful, implacable beast that followed without ceasing.

Reaching the bank of the river, the hunted man saw in a moment that his time had come. The tide was far out, and the boats lay firmly in the thick mud. He made an effort to get out to the edge of the water, but the depth of the mud prevented him, and he hastened along the bank eagerly seeking for any hole or corner in which to hide. For a moment the wind died away, and

out of the darkness came the terrible cry of a huge bloodhound. Help there was none, hope there was none, pity there was none! Everything had its allotted task; the somber clouds were sweeping beneath the stars; the wind was blowing across the earth; the rain was falling upon the just and unjust; the river was hurrying away. Everything was fulfilling its destiny. The man also his.

As the desperate wretch hurried along looking for a place of escape, he suddenly almost fell into an open drain. Lowering himself down to lessen his fall he dropped into the foul sewage which flowed out over the mud to the river, and waded up the drain until he reached the small black tunnel through which the blacker filth ran with a sullen roar.

Within there was nothing but intense darkness, so deep, so sinister and appalling, that the man hesitated to enter; but his restless, eager eyes, always seeking a means of escape, discerned in the darkness without a monstrous bloodhound, with muzzle almost touching the ground, coming along the river-bank, even as he had come, following in his very footsteps. As irresolutely he gazed at the dog, the animal gave voice to a long, low growl.

The doomed man turned and waded into the horrible depths of the tunnel, while a great splash warned him that the dog had sprung into the

sewer and was following him with swift, unerring steps. The sewer deepened as he went on, and he was soon wading waist-deep in the pestiferous liquid which rushed past him. At the same moment something soft, wet and living leaped upon his shoulder and plunged again into the rushing water.

Behind him came the dog, silent and terrible. As he sank up to the neck the man made a last frantic effort to hold on to the slimy wall of the tunnel. He clutched at it vainly, his feet slipped, and the foul water rushed over him. He rose once more, and the next instant his throat was seized in a fearful grip. For a moment he struggled, tearing at the dog's head with his hands, then uttered a long and frightful cry, and the performance was over.

Holding the lifeless body of the man in his teeth, the dog swam out into the open air. He dragged it out into the mud, and, having given it a savage shake, just as he might have shaken a rat, turned slowly away and disappeared in the darkness. Immediately afterwards some dozens of small, wet, soft creatures, with pointed noses and glittering eyes, emerged from the black water and made their way to the body with a speed which suggested the expectation of a feast.

And still the rain fell, and still the wind blew, and still the river hurried away.



FOLLOW THE LEADER—A CHRISTMAS IDYL

—C. J. Rudd in *Harper's Weekly*.

Humor of Life

THE CLASS IN CHEMISTRY

SCHOOLMASTER (at end of object lesson): "Now, can any of you tell me what is water?"

SMALL AND GRUBBY URCHIN: "Please, teacher, water's what turns black when you puts your 'ands in it!"—*Punch*.

ARTISTIC PRIDE

AUNT: "I think you say your prayers very nicely, Reggie."

YOUNG HOPEFUL: "Ah, but you should hear me gargle!"—*Punch*.

LUCKY

A census-taker, while on her rounds, called at a house occupied by an Irish family. One of the questions she asked was, "How many males have you in this family?"

The answer came without hesitation: "Three a day, mum."—*Harper's Magazine*.

A FRIEND IN NEED

AUTOMOBILIST (to another who has broken down): "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

THE AFFLICTED ONE (under the machine): "Yes, sir. That lady you see is my wife. I'll be obliged if you will kindly answer her questions and keep her amused while I'm fixing this infernal machine."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

THE WRONG KIND

Paul's teacher was giving the class exercises containing words ending in *ing*, with the view of emphasizing the necessity of pronouncing final *g*.

Paul exhibited his slate timidly. "The horse is runnin'," read the teacher. "Ah, Paul, you have forgotten your *g* again."

A moment later the slate was thrust triumphantly under teacher's surprised nose.

"Gee! the horse is runnin'," she read this time, smiling patiently.—*Harper's Magazine*.



THE COMING SQUALL

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

"—BUT THOSE UNHEARD ARE SWEETER"

SCENE—A Boarding-house

WIFE: "Why do you always sit at the piano, David? You know you can't play a note!"

DAVID: "Neither can anyone else, while I am here!"—*Punch*.

NOT TRANSFERABLE

Six-year-old Tommy was sent by his sister to the grocery to buy a pound of lump-sugar. He played on his way to the store, and by the time he arrived there he had forgotten what kind of sugar he was sent for. So he took a pound of the granulated article, and was sent back to exchange it.

"Tommy," said the grocer, as he made the exchange, "I hear you have a new member in your family."

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy, "I've got a little brother."

"Well, how do you like that?"

"Don't like it at all," said Tommy; "rather had a little sister."

"Then why don't you change him?"

"Well, we would if we could; but I don't suppose we can. You see, we've used him four days."—*Harper's Magazine*.

BURIED TREASURE

DUMLEY: "I met a fellow to-day who was simply crazy about a buried treasure; couldn't talk of anything else."

PECKHAM: "That reminds me of my wife."

DUMLEY: "Oh! Does she talk about one?"

PECKHAM: "Yes, her first husband. I'm her second, you know."—*Tit-Bits*.



THE ARTIST: "Oh, ze madam has ze grand face. I shall make ze speaking likeness."

HENPECK: "Er—well, old man, you needn't go so far as that, you know."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.



PASSENGER (faintly): "S-s-stop the ship! I've dropped my teeth!"

—Punch.

THE MATTER WITH MIKE

SPORTSMAN: "I wonder what's become of Mike? I told him to meet me here."

DRIVER: "Ach, 'tis no use tellin' him anything! Sure, sorr, ut just goes in at wan ear and out at the other, like wather off a duck's back!"—*Tit-Bits*.

MIXED METAPHORS

"Comrades, let us be up and doing. Let us take our axes on our shoulders, and plow the waste places till the good ship *Temperance* sails gaily over the land."

"Gentlemen, the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst; and if it be not nipped in the bud, it will burst into a conflagration which will deluge the world."

—From "Humor of Bulls and Blunders."

AN EXPLANATION

An alienist came wandering through an insane asylum's wards one day. He came upon a man who sat in a brown study on a bench.

"How do you do, sir?" said the alienist. "What is your name, may I ask?"

"My name?" said the other, frowning fiercely. "Why, Czar Nicholas, of course."

"Indeed," said the alienist. "Yet the last time I was here you were the Emperor of Germany."

"Yes, of course," said the other, quickly; "but that was by my first wife."—*Argonaut*.

ITEMS OF INFORMATION

A correspondent writes to know what he ought to get for "kicking cows." We should say about a year if he does it habitually.

Mr. and Mrs. G— wish to express thanks to their friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the burning of their residence last night.

When a gentleman and lady are walking in the street, the lady should walk inside of the gentleman.

Owing to the distress of the times Lord Camden will not shoot himself or any of his tenants before October 4th.

A man was arrested this morning for stealing a string of fish very much under the influence of liquor.

—From "Humor of Bulls and Blunders."

ONE POINT OF AGREEMENT

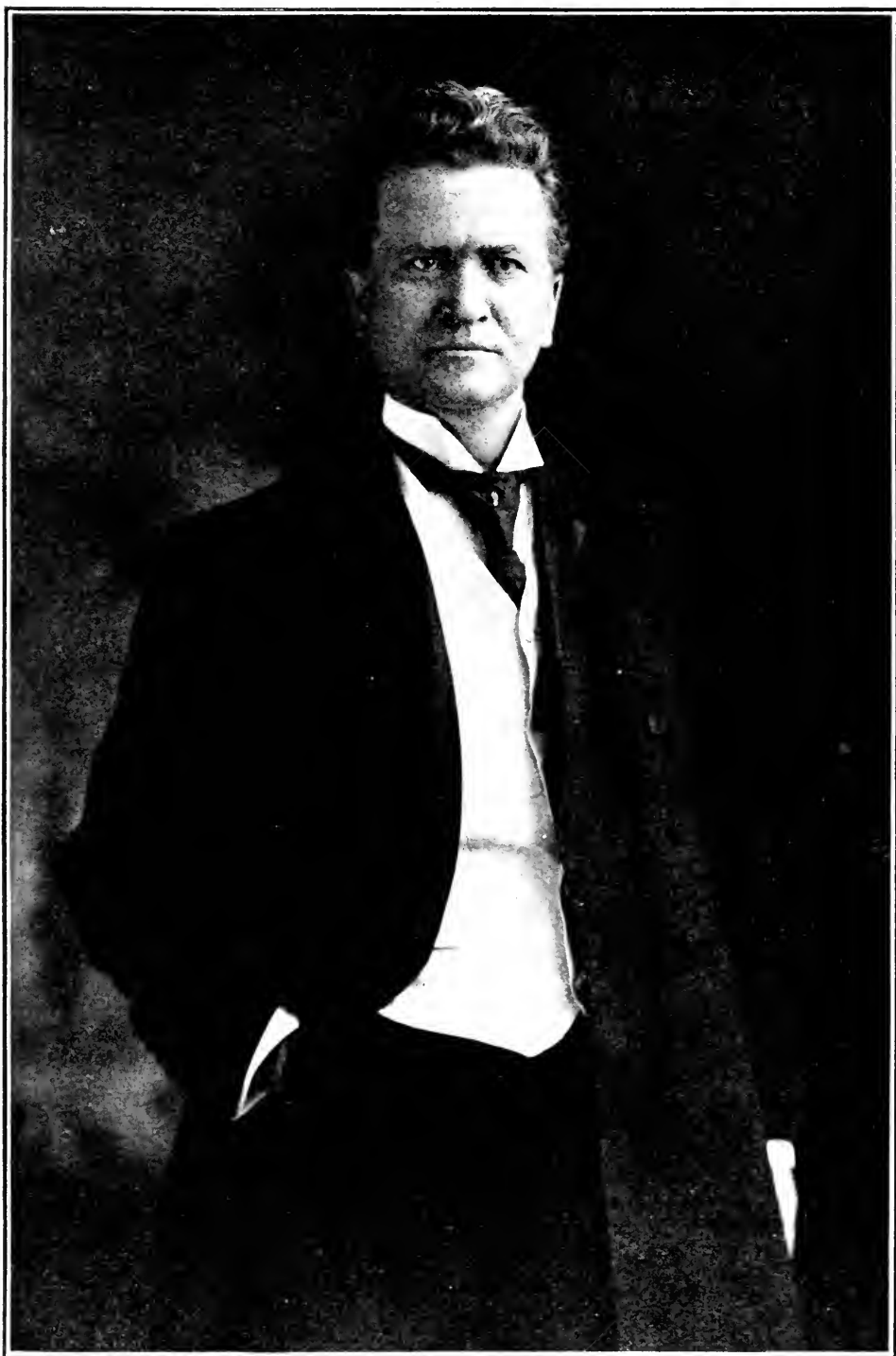
"But I am so unworthy, darling!" he murmured, as he held the dear girl's hand in his.

"Oh, George," she sighed, "if you and papa agreed on every other point as you do on that, how happy we would be!"—*Tit-Bits*.

THE GOOD OLD TIME

"What! it takes you four weeks to make a few insignificant repairs? Ridiculous! Why it took God only six days to create the world."

CONTRACTOR: "Ah, but he didn't employ Union labor."—*Hauser's Buerger und Bauernkalender* (New York).



Photograph by Harris-Ewing, Washington

"THE MOST ISOLATED FIGURE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE"

Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, finds himself out of touch with the other Republican Senators because of his supposed radicalism, distrusted by the President, and, of course, not in harmony with the Democrats. The other senator from his own state—Senator Spooner—is his dearest foe. Nevertheless he is always mentioned in these days in any list of presidential possibilities in 1908. He is but five feet four inches high, but he can talk on economic questions, especially railroads, in a way to hold the rapt attention of farmers, laborers, merchants and professional men.

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

VOL. XLII, No. 3 Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey
George S. Viereck

MARCH, 1907

A Review of the World

PLAYING with fire" is the phrase in which President Roosevelt is said to have characterized the attitude of San Francisco towards the Japanese. The press of the country has been doing something of the same sort. Especially in the despatches sent out day after day from Washington, peaceable citizens have found themselves confronted at their breakfast tables with the specter of a war which no one seems to want, but which many see approaching as Mark Twain sees monarchy approaching—by force of circumstance. "More than nine-tenths of the war talk and the stories of warlike preparations on both sides is anonymous," observes the *Minneapolis Tribune*. "What is the origin of it? Who is pulling wires in the dark to put two friendly countries by the ears?" It intimates that the desire of "the steel trust crowd" and the shipbuilders for large military and naval appropriations may be responsible, but this is evidently a mere guess. Some of the Japanese, it is said, attribute the bellicose talk to the war correspondents who were turned down so hard by the Japanese military authorities in the late war, and who are now alleged to be seeking revenge. This also is a guess and seems like a pretty poor one. In still other quarters the origin of the scare is said to lie in what President Roosevelt has said to the California congressmen; but his language is not quoted and the reports of what he said vary. Only one bit of direct information has come to light as a basis for the scare, and that is the assertion of Congressman Hobson, of Merrimac fame, that he had seen with his own eyes an ultimatum from the Japanese ambassador at Washington to the effect that the United States must place those Japanese children back in the San Francisco schools or "suffer the consequences." This is denied in Washington, tho not as explicitly

as might be, and the general opinion is that Hobson's zeal for a very big navy has caused him to "see red" without adequate reason. England, he insists, wants Japan to fight the United States in order to check our industrial progress, and Japan will pick a quarrel if she can before the Panama Canal is completed.

THE controversy over the Japanese school-children has progressed in the last few weeks far toward an amicable settlement. Various conferences have been held with the President by Mayor Schmitz and his board of education, who went to Washington for that purpose, and an agreement was reached subject to the assent of Congress, of Japan, and of the people of San Francisco. Congress has already assented to its part of the agreement that was reached. By it the younger Japanese children who speak English will be readmitted to the public schools. In return for this the immigration law has been amended so that Japanese coolies can be barred from our shores at the discretion of the President. A plan for this purpose was evolved by the President, Secretary Root and Senator Lodge that will enable Japan to "save her face." Japan does not now grant passports in any considerable number to her laboring classes for emigration to the United States. Such emigration is, in fact, discouraged. But passports are granted to Hawaii and to the Panama Canal zone and the Philippines. Once in any of these places, there is now no law to keep the Japanese coolies out of the United States. The plan gives to the President power to keep them out of this country unless their passports are to the United States direct. Then Japan, by refusing passports to this country, herself bars the way of her coolies, saves her face and maintains friendly relations with this honorable nation and its hon-



HAS HAD EMINENCE THRUST UPON HIM

The test case taken to the courts by the Japanese to prove their rights, under treaty, to send their children to the public schools of San Francisco, is made up over the exclusion of this little Jap, Keikichi Aoki.

orable President. The Butte *Inter-Mountain* derives a lesson from the war scare:

"It has been a useful lesson, this tempest in the Japanese teapot. Perhaps the Pacific Coast will be fortified now. Perhaps, in place of the vacillation of the past nine years, vigorous politics in the Philippines and Hawaii will be initiated. It is well enough to speak lightly of the result of a war in the Pacific; every American believes in the martial supremacy of this nation;

but who would relish an opening year of humiliation? David bumped Goliath; Japan might bump America if we should be caught unprepared."

AS FOR San Francisco, this war-talk has aroused very little interest and no excitement out there, strange as it may seem. That, at least, is the statement of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and it is confirmed by the special correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, William Inglis. The vital question out there is not the war with Japan, but the war with the grafters. "In the present furious state of the public mind in California," writes Mr. Inglis, "such a minor question as whether or not there may be war with Japan is here thrown aside as a mere academic problem." Not so the question of Japanese exclusion. That arouses intensity of feeling, not only in San Francisco, but throughout California. The correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* asserts that since the President issued his message on the subject the women have started an anti-Japanese crusade, and fifteen hundred Japanese house servants have been discharged. "Every woman who is healthy and able," so runs the women's war cry, "shall do her own work unless she can get a white girl to serve her family." Dennis Kearney, the sand lot agitator, has lifted up his voice in lurid warnings of the woe that will come unless Japanese immigration be at once stopped. The convictions of the California people are put in moderate but forcible language by the *San Francisco Bulletin*:

"We have learned a lesson from the experience of the Southern states. Their race problem is an ancient inheritance; a condition with which they must struggle. What amount of foreign commerce would the South not gladly sacrifice if by the sacrifice the blacks would be persuaded of their own free will to migrate to Africa or some other congenial clime? Our race problem is still in the future. We can prevent it from developing further if we act firmly and sanely now and put aside the counsels of doctrinaires and academicians.

"Californians do not hate the Japanese any more than the Southern whites hate the negroes. We respect and admire the Japanese for their



WILL THERE BE A WAR WITH JAPAN?—AN INTERVIEW WITH THE NATIONS.

—Spokane *Spokesman-Review*.



THE MEN WHO EXCLUDED THE JAPANESE CHILDREN

Mayor Schnitz (third from the right), with his assistant city attorney and members of the San Francisco Board of Education, made the trip to Washington to consult with President Roosevelt about the Japanese school children, and after many interviews reached an agreement that it is hoped will suit all parties. By it the Japanese children (not the young men) who speak English will be readmitted to the public schools and Japanese coolie labor will be practically excluded from our shores.

valor, their intelligence, their enterprise and their success in the world. But we see clearly that the copious immigration of Japanese coolie labor to the United States will in a short while cause very grave industrial evils, will tend to degrade white workingmen to the coolie plane of living, on which alone they can compete with the Japanese, and, in the long run, because of the reasonable or unreasonable refusal of the white and yellow races to intermarry, will breed a race problem of infinite difficulty.

"Excluding Japanese coolies is no more an insult to the Japanese nation than excluding Japanese goods. . . . There is no desire in California to insult or humiliate Japan. All we want is exclusion, and whether we get it from Washington or Tokyo, from Congress or the Mikado, by statute or by treaty, does not matter so long as we really get it."

ALWAYS a sprightly and a gay and very often a good-natured prime minister, the Marquis Saionji, in the notable address which he delivered to the Japanese diet recently, assumed a virtuous severity of expression when he pronounced the name of California. Every seat in the semi-circular

tiers into which the deputies are packed like an audience at a play was occupied long before the Marquis put in an appearance. Emperor Mutsuhito himself did not face a greater throng when, a month before, he read his speech from the throne to a legislature which deemed him still divine, tho his Majesty was in the ungodlike dilemma of needing money and had come to say so. The subject of the Prime Minister was peace. Having depicted Theodore Roosevelt in a light scarcely less fascinating and lambent than that of the moon, Marquis Saionji referred to the treaty rights of his country in the United States, to the interests of justice and humanity, and to the necessity of increasing the military and naval forces of the empire until they are adequate to vindicate the national honor and dignity. Peace, affirmed the Marquis, presupposed the efficiency of the army and navy. The safety of Japan depended upon the execution of the plans of the Minister of War and the Minister of Marine. The strength of the

Courtesy of *The Independent*

EXCLUDED

Here are some of the Japanese children who are not admitted to the public schools of San Francisco, except the one Oriental school, and who are now in attendance at a private school. The picture (which includes also a number of teachers) was made by Mr. K. K. Kawakami, whose investigation leads him to believe that a little tact on the part of the school authorities, when the children were sent home, would have saved the whole situation.

Japanese army is to be increased by fifty per cent. Moreover, three special forces must be organized at once—namely, heavy field artillery, quick-firing field artillery and cavalry horsed with the best cattle. The navy is to grow at an even more rapid rate. By the time the Marquis resumed his seat every deputy in the chamber was convinced that the

government contemplated a Japanese efficiency of preparation for peace.

JAPAN not long since completed the largest battleship in the world, a fact overlooked in this country by many who have read all about the huge British *Dreadnought*. But the *Satsuma* exceeds the *Dreadnought* in displacement, in speed and, it is said, in armament. The *Satsuma* was built with Japanese labor alone, except that some of her plates were rolled in the United States. Yokosuka, where the *Satsuma* was launched, is said to be the best equipped plant in the world to-day for the construction of warships. Two big battleships recently completed for the Japanese navy in England went into commission last month. Simultaneously came the announcement that two ships of more than the colossal size of the *Satsuma*, with the same tremendous broadside fire of twelve-inch guns, are approaching completion. Their construction was not supposed to be so far advanced. Sir William H. White, one of the highest living authorities on naval construction, professes surprise at the speed with which Japan is putting one great battleship after another into blue water. The financial strain must be severe, but the estimates laid before the diet



WHAT SAN FRANCISCO OBJECTS TO
—T. S. Sullivant in *N. Y. American*.

last month point to a state of unexampled national prosperity. Profits accruing from the nationalization of the railroads will, it seems, be devoted to naval development. But the Prime Minister wished it distinctly understood that Japan's expenditure upon her armaments is not made with any one power in view. "It is intended," said the Marquis, "solely to preserve peace." President Roosevelt, as the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* rather dryly observes, has faith in the Japanese mode of attaining peace. He has written a letter to the chairman of the naval committee of the Senate advocating the construction of battleships of 20,000 tons displacement each, with liberal complements of twelve-inch guns.

A JAPANESE squadron was to have visited the port of San Francisco this month. The Marquis Saionji had allowed a quarter of a million dollars for the expenses of this cruise. Vice-Admiral Kataoka, famous as an entertainer, was to take a battleship and two cruisers right into the great American harbor of the Pacific and proceed to the conciliation of the natives. The federal officials in San Francisco had been instructed from Washington to extend every courtesy to the officers and men of the squadron. Suddenly the affair was called off. Sensational dailies abroad scented a local trade union conspiracy to provoke some unpleasant incident while the ships were in port. Tokyo was compelled to deny officially that it had any idea of this kind. Now it is intimated that the Japanese squadron may arrive after all, not this month perhaps, but probably in April or May. Racial hatred has attained such virulence, according to the London *Standard*, that the cautious Tokyo government must yet decide that this cruise of conciliation would be hazardous. What if there were another Maine incident? There is scarcely a newspaper in Europe which does not reflect, in some such form as this, the prevalent view that the relations between Japan and the United States, altho not in the least strained diplomatically, are approaching a crisis that will intensify ere it assuages. San Francisco has become, for the time being, the most important factor in world-politics. The local officials of San Francisco, from the Mayor to the members of the Board of Education, have sprung into international prominence.

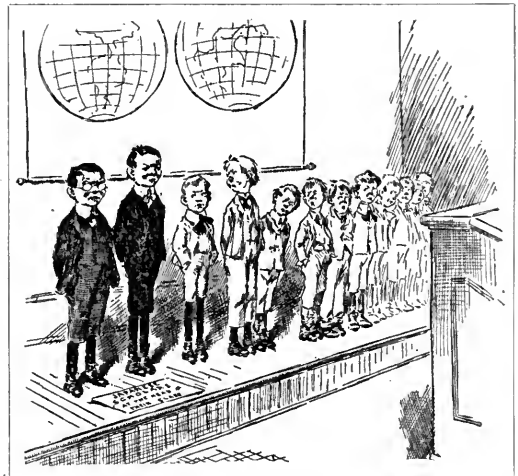
FOR a sink of sensual defilement grosser in corruption than San Francisco, as certain dailies abroad reflect conditions in that



"THE WORST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES"

That is the way Frederick Palmer, *Collier's* correspondent, characterizes Abe Ruef, of San Francisco. His unenviable reputation as a political boss, grafter, and attorney for resorts of vice has lately become international, French and British papers speaking of it with amazement. He (as well as Mayor Schmitz) is under indictment. Young Rudolph Spreckels has guaranteed a fund of \$100,000 to put him behind the bars.

metropolis, Dante might explore the darkest circle of his own hell to no purpose. "Things



THE YELLOW PERIL

Japanese scholars at the head of their class.

—Macaulay in *N. Y. World*.



UNCLE SAM AND THE LITTLE JAP

UNCLE SAM: "If you will persist in coming to school here, I'll end by giving you a lesson."

—Pasquino (Turin).

are done here," observes the British daily of the birthplace of "Abe" Ruef, "that would cause horror in the Eastern states or in Europe." Ruef himself, transformed, for the nonce, into a Californian Nero, is described as a man of forty who looks fifty, "the most cunning and unscrupulous boss the United States has so far produced," a little slender mortal who goes about in old clothes and has held Mayor Schmitz in a vise-like grip politically. The men now serving as minor officials under the present municipal government of San Francisco are held up as a disgrace to the city. "The majority of them can not speak a sentence in correct English, and some of them can hardly read or write. Barroom politicians, roughs, ward-healers, bullies, they form the most extraordinary assortment of officials ever seen in a great city." Ruef has dominated them all. Since the fire consequent

upon the earthquake, we are further assured, unblushing and systematized plunder has displayed the pride of public spirit. Gambling resorts make no pretense of concealment. Street railways strung trolley wires where they pleased, because they had paid \$750,000 to Ruef and his tools, the men who are loudest in demanding that the Japanese be excluded from the United States.

THE tall, handsome, genial man who crossed the country last month to discuss with President Roosevelt the segregation of Japanese with Chinese and Koreans, enjoys at this moment a European renown not less sinister than that of Mr. Abraham Ruef. Eugene E. Schmitz, Mayor of San Francisco, is admitted in European dailies to be glib of speech and pleasing in address. When he visited England last October he was quoted in the London newspapers as a high authority on the crisis. Since his indictment on charges of extortion from San Francisco restaurant proprietors, his international importance has accentuated itself. "He is about the same age as Ruef," remarks an unfriendly London biographer, "and is a native of San Francisco, the son of a German father and an Irish mother." Schmitz's maiden performance as mayor was the composition of a letter beginning "My dear Ruef," and stating that throughout his term of office the dear Ruef's advice and judgment would be the inspiration of the municipal administration. The consequences were encouraging to local pickpockets and confidence men. "They were protected so thoroly



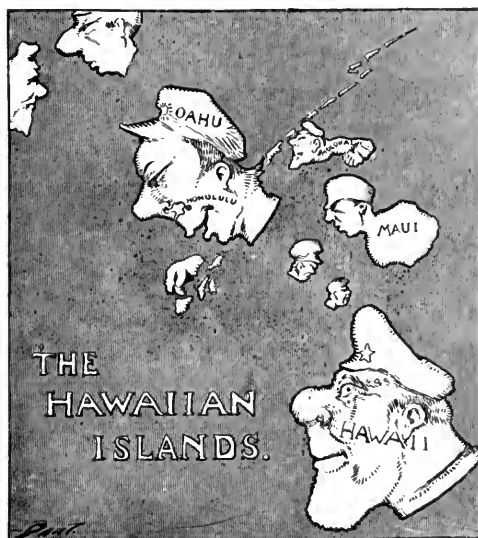
THE BOGEY-MAN OF THE WORLD

The nations in chorus: I wonder if he is looking at me!

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

that they were regularly organized." There were squads of these operators, each officered by an expert, who conducted them to their respective spheres of interest. The necessary cash and the benevolent neutrality of the policeman on the beat never failed. Royalties of a princely magnitude were collected by the agents of Mr. Abraham Ruef. "One man who ran a small 'game' at the back of his cigar shop paid a hundred dollars a week." Stories of this kind have been circulated in Europe until the name San Francisco is becoming inseparable abroad from an abominable odor of moral putrefaction.

PEOPLE in San Francisco, according to the London *Times*, have been incited to frenzy against the Japanese through an agitation that is "causeless, artificial and wicked;" but other British dailies do not take such a view of the matter. Competent authorities on such a theme as the Japanese native character side with Mayor Schmitz on the issue of ethics, the moral point. The Japanese in San Francisco belong, as a rule, to that proletarian class now swarming over Korea and pressing into Manchuria. They are petty traders and peddlers from instinct, lenders of small sums after the usurious fashion of the Greek pettifoggers who bled the fellaheen of Egypt until Lord Cromer drove them out of the land. The Japanese Prime Minister has himself striven to prevent the influx into Korea and Manchuria of multitudes of his countrymen of the undesirable kind now streaming into Hawaii, and of which an advance guard has reached San Francisco. Stockily framed, heavily built, square shouldered, the emigrant Japanese, affirms Mr. F. A. McKenzie, who knows him well, is of the lowest grade, morally and physically. Hordes of disorderly Japanese, destitute of civilized instincts, beat men, assault women, rob and murder all over Korea. Their brethren are piling into California on every available steamer. "It was the freedom they had to assault the Koreans," writes Mr. McKenzie in the London *Mail*, "that led the Japanese to think they had an equal right to ill-use the white people." Outrages on American missionary women in Korea, invasions of Roman Catholic religious institutions by crowds of roughs, the subjection of native ladies to the last foul affront that can be heaped upon their sex have been the accompaniments of Tokyo's supremacy in this unhappy country. The incidents are characteristic, not exceptional. The perpetrators of these crimes are in their native land on a social



THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

From telegraphic description, as seen by the war correspondent at the front.

—Bartholomew in *Minneapolis Journal*.

level with the Japanese proletariat of California.

JAPANESE who emigrate are said by those who know them to be more ambitious of success as traders or officials than of anything else. The men will, indeed, turn their hands to anything for a time—bricklaying, fruit-picking, menial service—but they invariably set up shop in the end. The tales told of the cruelty of the Japanese in Manchuria and in Korea would be incredible were they not so well authenticated. "The courtesy and breeding of the better classes in Japan veil and lessen racial antipathy. There are few Europeans knowing the truth but can relate stories of bullying, of ill-treatment and of petty tyranny from the emigrant Japanese. The stories I have heard and have verified of white men and women assaulted and abused have more than once made my blood boil." Thus Mr. McKenzie. His reports do not vary in essentials from the accounts of correspondents on the staff of the *Paris Temps*. The demand of the Tokyo government for "fair" treatment of the Japanese in California is said by the *Paris Journal des Débats* to reflect humorously upon the educational discrimination practiced in Korea. The Marquis Saionji, while insisting that Japanese proletarians sit side by side with American girls in San Francisco's public schools, will not educate Japanese and Koreans side by side in either Tokyo

or Seoul because the Koreans are an inferior race. Nor does the Marquis reveal in Korea any such scrupulous regard for treaty obligations as he is at present demanding in California. That, at any rate, is the view of the French daily, which supplies details concerning the refusal of Japanese magistrates to grant redress to Koreans when appeal is made to treaty stipulations. Nothing is easier for those who maintain that the influx of the Japanese into San Francisco is a moral menace than to give chapter and verse. The only difficulty, according to the Paris *Figaro*, is to conceive of any form of pollution capable of befouling the moral atmosphere of San Francisco with a grosser filth than its natives themselves supply.

AMERICANS in the eastern states are thought in Europe to be still influenced by impressions of the Japanese character derived from the progress of the late war in the Far East. It has still to be realized here that the army of Japan is composed of men belonging to the class known in England as "upper middle." No man of the class to be met with in the Japanese neighborhoods of San Francisco would be admitted to the ranks of the army of his own country. "The relative social grade of the Japanese soldier," says Mr. Homer B. Hulbert, one of the best informed of living authorities on Korea, in his new work, "The Passing of Korea," "is much higher than in any other country." Mr. Hulbert confirms all that is said by other observers concerning the moral character of the Japanese masses. The instances of cruelty given in his book are as shocking as any recorded by London or Paris dailies. No appeal to the Tokyo authorities is seriously considered by a ministry which, according to the Washington correspondent of the *London Post*, is not at all disinclined to have a substantial grievance against the United States. Those Berlin dailies which do not take the Marquis Saionji's San Francisco school complications very seriously have begun to hint that Japan, feeling that she has caught the United States unprepared in the Pacific, is preparing a great national humiliation for the American people.

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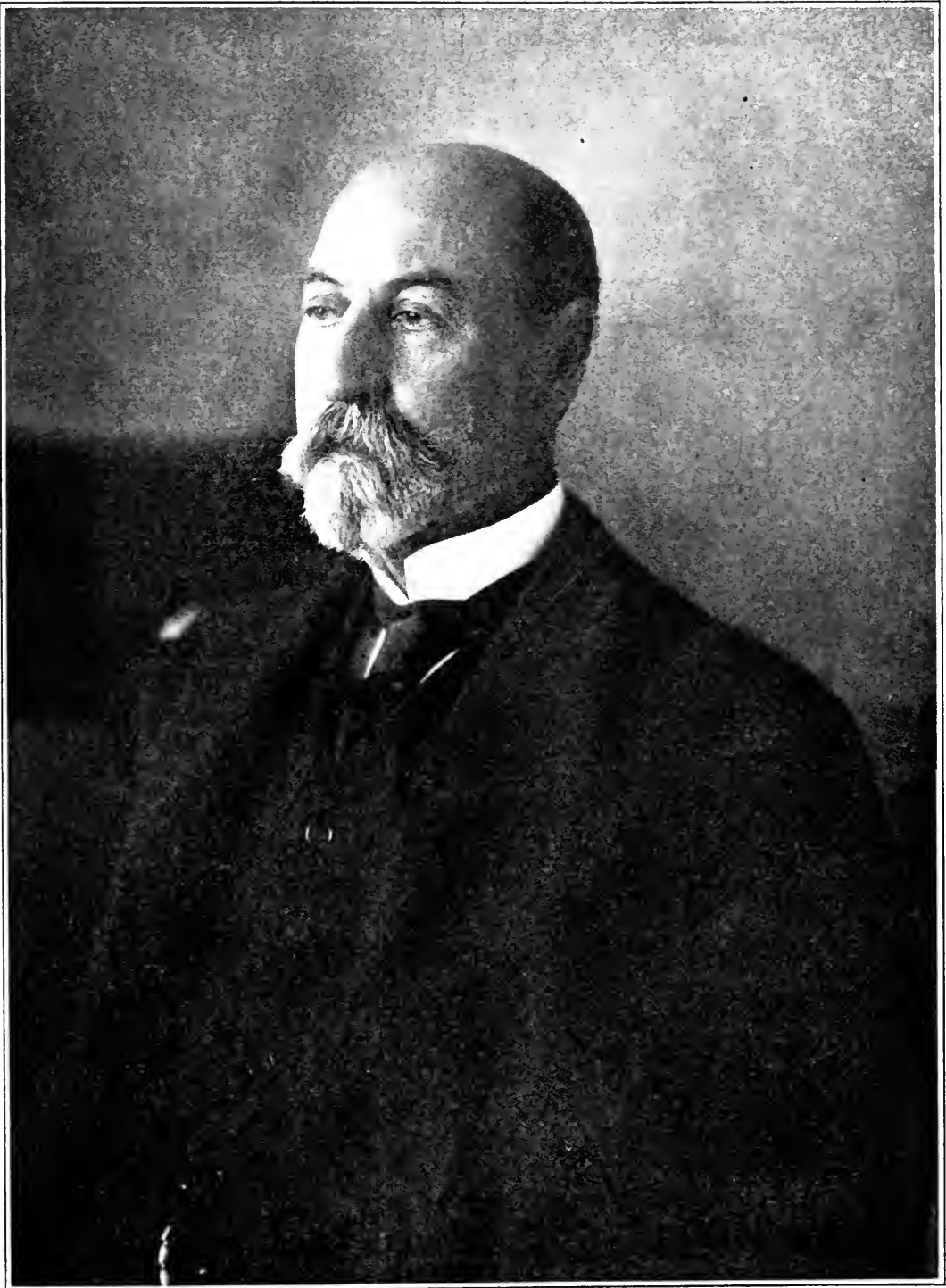


OW that both the Jamaica earthquakes—the one caused by the trembling crust of the earth, the other by the efforts of Governor Swettenham to be "jocular"—have passed into

history, both the humorous and the serious side of the event come out in clear perspective. So far as Sir Alexander himself is concerned, the appeal he makes to the American sense of humor is irresistible, especially since the explanation that his famous letter was meant to be "jocular" in part. What the result might be if the Governor ever took it into his head to write a letter wholly jocular one can hardly imagine. Mr. Dooley gives us one of his best productions on the incident, and sketches the career of the Governor during the forty years of his official service. "I everywhere he went," says Mr. Dooley, "he made friends where he had been before." One newspaper paragrapher, commenting on the remark that Sir Alexander's ears must be burning, observed that that cannot be so, for a conflagration of that size would reveal itself in a glow all along the Southern sky-line! Still another scribe, recalling the fact that it was an Englishman who said that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman, remarked that this process might well be necessary for a man of any nationality if the joke were a British joke. The same journal—the *Baltimore Sun*—observes that there is in all of us some latent force that is brought out only under the stress of a great shock. An earthquake shock was necessary to bring out the jocular propensities of Sir Alexander:

"Perhaps in the early days of the world there was a Swettenham who had the tiny germ of a joke imbedded in his subconsciousness. For innumerable generations this germ had been transmitted from Swettenham to Swettenham. The germ may have had its origin at the time when the earth had not cooled off, and may have been introduced into the Swettenham brain by some seismic convulsion. From that period of remote antiquity until a few days ago no Swettenham had been in the region of earthquakes, and the germ had had no opportunity to respond to the seismic call. But at last the man with the dormant joke-germ and the earthquake met, the joke emerged and Sir Alexander Swettenham stood revealed to the world as the one person who could jest in the face of earth upheavals, conflagrations and sudden death."

SO FAR as the relations of the two governments are concerned, the incident was stripped of its importance almost as soon as it became known. Secretary Haldane, the British secretary of war, immediately cabled to our secretary of state to express the gratitude of Great Britain for the assistance Swettenham had spurned. President Roosevelt at once announced that the incident would be regarded by us as closed. And then, after much prying, the British government succeeded in



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HE CARED MORE FOR HUMANITY THAN FOR RED TAPE

Rear Admiral Davis, whose haste to relieve suffering at Kingston gave the Governor an epistolary fit, is an officer who has been received with deference at many of the European Courts. All that he did at Kingston has been approved by President Roosevelt and defended by the Professor of International Law at Cambridge University, England.



SHE IS PROBABLY USED TO EARTHQUAKES

She has been married two years to Sir Alexander Swettenham, and her fortitude and gracious way of rendering assistance to the needy won general praise.

eliciting from Sir Alexander his belated apology to Rear Admiral Davis and his retraction of the offensive letter. At no time, therefore, has the incident assumed a serious aspect so far as the relations of the two governments are concerned. But so far as the relations of the two peoples are concerned, it has a more serious side. Cordial relations between the British and the Americans are regarded by many as the most important of the forces that shall determine future international relations

throughout the world. The courtship of the United States by John Bull during the last five or ten years has been so marked and open as to excite rage in Europe, a coy and gentle derision here, and impatient jealousy in Canada. The selection of one of Great Britain's foremost statesmen for ambassador to this country is generally accepted as a further proof of the importance attached to a good feeling between the two countries. Now comes the Swettenham incident, and on top of that the report of the American refugees from Kingston of brutal treatment by Sir Alfred Jones and his party, and on top of that the reports from Great Britain to American papers of the slurring comments made in English clubs and social gatherings upon the part played by the American admiral.

AMITY and good-will do not seem to have been advanced by our efforts to play the part of the Good Samaritan in Kingston. Here is an extract from a letter sent to the *New York Times* by its London correspondent:

"If Americans think Great Britain and the United States have been drawn closer together because of the visit of Admiral Davis to Kingston they are greatly mistaken. There is a good deal more anti-Americanism in Great Britain today than there was before the earthquake. From the lips and pens of British men and women of intelligence and refinement have come expressions relating to the Kingston incident that have caused some of us to hark back to that remark of Bishop Potter that there was a lot of gush in British protestations of friendship for America. If it is desirable to have good feeling between the British and American peoples, it is devoutly to be wished that America, on all future occasions when Britishers shall be in trouble, may leave them alone and let them wiggle out as best they may."

The Philadelphia *North American* derides



Photo by Brown Bros.

THE LAND SUBSIDED

Photograph of Port Royal after the earthquake, showing palm trees (at the point) now partly submerged.

the idea that any tension can be produced between the two nations by this incident, but it proceeds at length to observe that Swettenham is a type of Englishman perfectly and painfully familiar to Americans,—the type of those “who hate everything that is not English, and who reserve their bitterest animosity for Americans. It says further:

“Americans have not forgotten, even if long ago they have forgiven, the various methods in which these feelings were venomously expressed. We may recall how Mrs. Trollope, and many other British literary tramps came over here, looked at us for a while and returned to scoff at and fib about us. Men are living who remember how Dickens, as perfect a specimen of the British cad as ever lived, accepted our profuse and kindly hospitality and then filled volumes with scurrility in pretending to tell about us.

“Swettenham represents the class that was responsible for these things. The old envy and jealousy and hatred rankle in his British soul. He is ‘down on’ Americans in a broad general way, because they are foreigners; he sickens at the thought that they are going to dig the Panama Canal; he boiled over when Admiral Davis tried to give American food and American medicine and American good treatment to Jamaican subjects of King Edward who were hungry and sick and suffering. The type is constant. Swettenhams will exist and hold place and be perfectly absurd and singularly unpleasant so long as the British islands are inhabited.”

“THE fact is,” says the *New York Evening Journal*, “that England doesn’t like America very much, and it is also true, which we should also remember, that America doesn’t like England very much.” • The *New York Sun* thinks that the situation was saved by Governor Swettenham’s epistolary ambition. It says:

“If Governor Swettenham’s dismissal of the visiting Yankees had been unattended by the in-



THE GOVERNOR WHO DISSEMBLES HIS LOVE

Sir Alexander Swettenham is a Cambridge graduate and has written a book of merit on the Malay archipelago. The hardest thing he ever did, it is safe to say, was to write his apology to Admiral Davis for his “partly jocular” letter to the latter.

comparable portrait and self-revelation which he has seen fit to give to us and to the rest of the world the consequences might have been more serious. . . . If the Governor’s personal equation had remained undisclosed to us there might have resulted some strain to the tie that binds. As it is, the ardent literary impulse of the Governor and his uncontrolled desire to send Rear Admiral Davis and the rest of the Yankees away from Kingston feeling mean and cheap has solved the situation. After a single perusal of



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER IN JAMAICA

Camp of earthquake refugees on the race-track at Kingston. The American flag marks a camp of a patriotic American who wishes to make Governor Swettenham happy whenever he comes that way.



ANOTHER SALOME

—Opfer in N. Y. American.

the letter of Governor Swettenham to Rear Admiral Davis sensible Americans will understand the author about as well as if they had known that extraordinary person all their lives."

The *Baltimore Sun* is gratified over the common sense view taken of the affair on both sides the sea, and it recalls an historical incident of another sort that occurred in the same part of the world a generation ago:

"It is worthy of remembrance that about 33 years ago, namely, on October 31, 1873, a British warship sailed over precisely the same course [as



THE SECOND SHOCK

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

that taken by Admiral Davis] but in the opposite direction, to rescue Americans. The *Virginius* had been captured by the Spanish, carried into the harbor of Santiago, where Captain Fry and 52 of his men were condemned and executed with scarcely the form of a trial. Just as the remainder were being marched to death the British warship *Niobe*, commanded by Sir Lambton Lorraine, sailed into port. As soon as Captain Lorraine learned what was going on he swung his ship about, broadside on, and sent a brief note to the Spanish Governor, informing him that if the execution went on he would open fire upon the city. The lives of these Americans were saved by the friendly act of this British naval officer, and at a time like this it is well to remember these things."

TO EXPRESS in adequate words the sense of astonishment with which the people of England read the Swettenham letter is, declares the *London Telegraph*, most pro-American of British dailies, impossible. "We can as little hope," it adds, "to convey to the citizens of the United States a just impression of the pain and utter regret with which national opinion upon this side of the Atlantic regards one of the most deplorable and unintelligible incidents in the record of Anglo-American relations." Nor can the jingo and bellicose *London Mail* dissent from the *Telegraph's* condemnation of Swettenham. "He has dealt with the situation in an altogether wrong frame of mind," it avers, "and compromised the credit of his country in so doing. American help had been freely and generously tendered. It should have been accepted with equal generosity of spirit and acknowledged with the fullest courtesy. France did not refuse the help of the British cruisers when they were sent to Bizerta under very similar circumstances." The daily to which Britons refer colloquially as "the thunderer," namely the *London Times*, has its rod in pickle for Swettenham, too. "Perhaps the most charitable explanation of the extraordinary wording of Sir Alexander Swettenham's communication," it conjectures, "is that he was overwrought and unstrung by the terrible events of the week." One temporizer, the *London Standard*, which is so fond of halting between two opinions, hesitated long before finally permitting its evening edition to remark that "from whatever point of view one regards his action, Sir Alexander Swettenham committed a gross and unpardonable blunder." But, it adds, we must remember the shock he suffered.

IT IS true, according to the Liberal and anti-imperialist *London Tribune*, that the Swettenham letter is "sharply written" and in-



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

WHERE THE AMERICAN REFUGEES WAITED AND WATCHED

From the yard of the Hamburg-American docks, the refugees appealed for assistance to Sir Alfred Jones, whose yacht was moored near by. Sir Alfred says they were treated with great consideration by him, but the refugees didn't become aware of it, and they united in a statement charging brutal treatment and giving specifications.

correct. "It betrays some of that tendency to smartness which came in with the new diplomacy a few years ago and was productive of trouble." But the daily hoped against hope that later details would put a new face upon the incident only to find, in the end, that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. "A regrettable incident," is its summing up. The *London Morning Post*, ever alarmed because the British navy is too small, blames everything upon the weakness of his Majesty's squadrons in West Indian waters. The lone British warship in these wastes was a thousand miles from the spot where it was needed. "Is it likely that the American squadron would have acted as it did only that Admiral Davis understood our deplorable weakness? The presence of a British warship or a white garrison would

have enabled the governor courteously to decline any American help."

THE letter which caused all this hubbub has already obtained a reading so wide as to make even the circulation statistics of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" seem meager in comparison. But it invites repeated perusal for the same reason that induced Johnson to read Cervantes again and again—for its language. Sir Alexander, surrounded, one must remember, by the same sort of turmoil and panic and distress that followed in the wake of the San Francisco disaster, paused from the arduous labors of relief long enough to indite as follows:

"Dear Admiral,—Thanks very much for your letter, for your kind call, and for all the assistance

you have given and offered us. While I most heartily appreciate your very generous offers of assistance, I feel it my duty to ask you to re-embark the working party and all parties which your kindness prompted you to land. If in consideration of the American Vice-Consul's assiduous attentions to his family at his country house the American consulate should need guarding, in your opinion, altho he is present, and it was unguarded an hour ago, I have no objection to your detailing a force for the sole purpose of guarding it. But the party must not have firearms or anything more offensive than clubs or staves for this function. I find that your working party this morning was helping Mr. Crosswell to clean his store. Mr. Crosswell is delighted that this work should be done free of cost, and if your Excellency will remain long enough I am sure all private owners will be glad of the services of the navy to save them expense.

"It is no longer a question of humanity. All those who are dead died days ago, and the work of giving them burial is merely one of convenience. I shall be glad to accept delivery of the safe which the alleged thieves took possession of. The American Vice-Consul has no knowledge of it. The store is close to a sentry post, and the officer in charge of the post professes ignorance of the incident. I believe the police surveillance of the city is adequate for the protection of private property.

"I may remind your Excellency that not long ago it was discovered that thieves lodged and pillaged the house of a New York millionaire during his absence in the summer. But this would not have justified a British admiral in landing an armed party to assist the New York police.

"I have the honor to be, with profound grati-

tude and the highest respect, your obedient servant,

"(Signed) ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM,
(Governor.)"

TWO things had aroused the ire of the governor. He had requested that Admiral Davis's ships fire no salute, lest the panic of the populace be increased. The salute had been fired. Again, the admiral, as now seems certain, had not waited for the governor's permission before landing a small force of his men. From the official statement made by Secretary Metcalf, after the receipt of the full text of the correspondence, it seems that six men were landed "for the purpose of guarding and securing the archives of the American consulate," and another party of ten men "for the purpose of clearing away the wreckage." There is nothing to indicate that permission was asked up to this time. The next body of men, fifty in number, was landed "upon the earnest entreaty of the colonial secretary and the inspector of police to prevent the escape of prisoners in the penitentiary," the governor being at the time absent from the city and the secretary speaking for him. As for the salute, that was at once explained by the admiral as the result of a misunderstanding in the transmission of his orders, and he apologized for it. The land-



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"HOME IS WHERE MOTHER IS"

Camp of refugees on the race-track, at Kingston, established a few days after the earth had its ague-fit and shook the city to pieces, burying nine hundred victims in the ruins.



Photo by Brown Bros.

JUST ONE TELEGRAPH POLE WAS LEFT ERECT

And from the top of it this photograph was taken, giving a view of Port Royal street, Kingston, after the earthquake. Evidently it was a bad day for brick buildings.

ing of the first two squads of men, before the permission of the authorities was received, furnishes the real subject of debate on the question of international law.

OUR government maintains that the landing was according to precedent in such cases. President Roosevelt has officially expressed to Admiral Davis the "heartiest commendation of all that he did at Kingston." Dr. Jonn Westlake, professor of international law at Cambridge University, declares that there is nothing in international law to forbid the landing even of an armed force to assist in the work of rescue in the cause of humanity. The remark of the London *Morning Post*, that "one does not expect an exact knowledge of diplomatic etiquet or international law from a sailor," drew a response from an Oxford Don, Prof. Louis Dyer, to the effect that Admiral Davis, son of a rear-admiral as eminent as himself, and one of the members of the international commission that settled the North Sea incident and averted war between Great Britain and Russia several years ago, probably knew as much about international

law as a Swettenham whose official experience is the result of executive service in British Guiana, the Straits Settlements and the isles of the Caribbean. Davis has been welcomed with deference at the courts of three European potentates. Swettenham has shown his mettle in the mastery of Chinese coolies and the subjugation of tropical blacks. Davis is pre-eminently a scientific officer, having been connected with the various expeditions for the determination of the difference of longitude by means of submarine experiment. Swettenham, with a stick in his hand and a crew of natives in front of him, looks like a schoolmaster of the old-fashioned kind converted into a tropical despot. His record as "an empire-builder" is described in glowing colors by his friends, however, who point out that he is a Cambridge graduate, that he has served forty years in the colonial service, that he has published a book of much merit on the Malayan Archipelago. He makes enemies by the score, but even they concede his fairness, his justice, his disinterestedness and his ability in handling men of a backward race. He is sixty-one years of age, a non-smoker, a non-drinker,



Photo by Brown Bros.

STRUGGLING TO DISBURSE THE ROCKEFELLER MILLIONS

Rev. Wallace Buttrick, D.D., secretary and executive officer of the General Education Board, is a Baptist preacher, and has been general agent of the Slater Fund for several years. He was in the railway mail service for five years.

a great believer in pedestrian exercise, a splendid horseman, a fine sportsman and a lavish host. Such is the gentleman as presented by his friends.

WITHOUT doubt, however, Governor Swettenham was fully prepared to find fault with anything the Americans might do in Jamaica and to distrust their motives. It was Swettenham to whom President Roosevelt referred in his recent Canal message to Congress when he wrote the following: "At present the great bulk of the labor on the isthmus is done by West India negroes, chiefly from Jamaica, Barbados and the other English possessions. One of the governors of the islands in question has shown an unfriendly disposition to our work, and has thrown obstacles in the way of our getting the labor needed." The governor's attitude to Secretary Taft in the near past is described in Washington as outrageous. He is held mainly responsible for the failure to expedite the digging of the Panama Canal with Jamaican negro labor, and the Kingston correspondent of the *London Daily*

Mail reports a conversation between him and Admiral Davis that furnishes more light, possibly, upon the inner workings of his mind than is to be found in all the official documents of the case:

"Gov. Swettenham—I am grateful for the aid you have given.

"Admiral Davis—I am sorry that I am unable to give more.

"Gov. Swettenham—I understand. It would redound to your glory. Keep your glory at home."

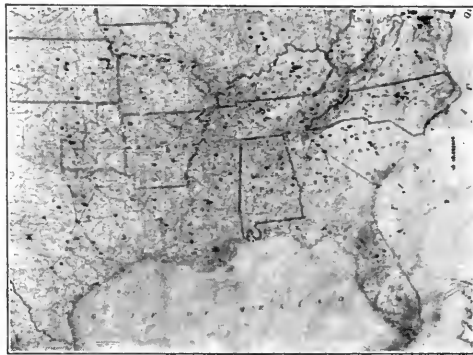
AS FOR the earthquake itself, almost lost sight of for the time being because of the flurry resulting from Governor Swettenham's course, no such event ever happened with timelier reference to prophecy. Long before Kingston was transformed from the gayest of tropical cities into a funeral pyre bright with the flames that cost nine hundred lives, the earthquake had been predicted with considerable accuracy by two seismologists of note. Dr. Joseph F. Nowack, after twenty years' study of the laws governing "critical" natural phenomena, predicted last year, before the assembled Academy of Sciences at Havana, just what has happened at Kingston. The time limit fixed by Dr. Nowack, whose seismological researches have been encouraged by the Austrian government, proved correct. Not less impressive was the forecast of that well-known student of terrestrial phenomena, Mr. Hugh Clements, an Englishman. His prophecy of a seismological upheaval in the West Indies specified the day of the event and was published in the *London Standard* some little time before its fulfillment. The Clements theory is that the joint attraction of the sun and the moon upon the earth from a common center produces oceanic tides. These tides cause the waves or quakes to which seismologists refer as tremors of the terrestrial crust. The Nowack theory has to do with the growth of the abrus plant, found in Cuba and Mexico. There is a direct relation, according to Nowack, between the rate of growth and the state of dryness of the abrus plant in any given season and the atmospheric conditions that precede an earthquake. Two Austrian noblemen have become so impressed with the Nowack theory that they have defrayed the cost of its further development. Havana, according to Dr. Nowack, will be the next conspicuous sufferer from the series of disturbances for which the shrinkage of our cooling globe is responsible. The Cuban capital, it is averred, is built upon a submerged volcanic crater. It is the inter-

secting point of the two lines along which the island will be split by an earthquake that can not be long delayed.

* * *

FIFTEEN American gentlemen, educators, financiers, editors and publicists, have suddenly found themselves organized into an educational "trust," with a capital of about forty-five million dollars. This trust is called the General Education Board, and a few days ago it received, without previous warning, the announcement that Mr. Rockefeller was ready to turn over to it income-bearing securities to the amount of \$32,000,000. This sum, added to the \$11,000,000 already bestowed by the same gentleman, makes up, according to the Board, "the largest sum ever given by a man in the history of the race for any social or philanthropic purpose." This statement is doubtless true if it be taken to refer to donations made at one time or to one organization. Mr. Rockefeller's own mind evolved the scheme of the General Education Board as a medium for his philanthropic purposes, and the plan is singularly like that which he evolved in the financial world and which has been so extensively imitated by financiers ever since. It is the Standard Oil Company plan of consolidation and concentration applied to educational institutions. If it will work as successfully in the latter case as it has, from a financial point of view, in the former, we are on the eve of a stupendous educational development.

CONSIDER what it is that the General Education Board is to do and how it is to do it. It is to have an annual income of about \$2,500,000 to bestow. There are about five hundred colleges and universities in the country that are eligible to become the recipients of this money. The Board decides which of these to help and which not to help. It makes whatever tests it may see fit, and a college must meet that test in order to become a beneficiary. The Board is already picking and choosing which of these institutions shall be built up and which shall be allowed to die, for it may be a difficult thing for an institution not aided by the Board to continue an indefinite existence in competition with those institutions that are to receive aid. The map of the country is being studied in order to decide (1) what sections are now neglected and (2) what sections are oversupplied with colleges. For instance, Fred-



EVERY SPOT MEANS A DONATION

Map on which the General Education Board keeps tab of the educational institutions to which the Rockefeller (and other) donations go. Different colored pegs indicate at a glance the different sums given and the location of the colleges receiving them.

erick T. Gates, chairman of the Board, tells us that one mistake that has been made heretofore is in the neglect of the cities. He says:

"The ancient and mistaken tradition that colleges, for efficiency, should be located in the deep country has prevailed to an extent so alarming that to-day the great centers of population and wealth, to which the people are more and more flocking, are almost wholly neglected in our system of higher education. We have something like 400 colleges in this country located in small country towns. The first work of the General Education Board for higher education has been, and will continue to be, to assist the great centers of population and to make them the pivots in fact, as they are in all true educational theory, of the future system of higher education in this country."

Then it has been ascertained that all colleges, including even the large universities, draw over fifty per cent. of their students from a radius of one hundred miles. Consequently another conclusion reached is that where two institutions are within the same zone one hundred miles in diameter, one should be eliminated. This duplication, according to Dr. Wallace Buttrick, secretary of the Board, is quite extensive throughout the country, and "the Board wants to overcome this." In other words, the Board will decree, so far as it has power, where new institutions should be located, what standards of efficiency they ought to conform to, what institutions are needless and should go out of existence, what small institutions should be built up into large ones and which should remain small. Says the *New York Tribune*:

"While certain colleges will be selected for contributions or endowments, forming a chain of educational institutions across the continent, others not so favored will be left to their fate by the Rockefeller fund, and many of them, it is ex-



LIBERTY'S RIVAL

—Philadelphia Ledger.

pected, will be forced to close their doors in the face of such strong support to their fortunate rivals. It will become a question of the survival of the fittest, it is said, for which it is believed a better and higher standard of education will result. And on the maps in the William street office of the Rockefeller fund the little colored pins will probably seal the fate of many a college and work out the destiny of others to prosperous ends."

THE power that this educational body of fifteen men is likely to exert will not be limited to that which attaches to the appropriation of two and one-half million dollars a year. In the first place the conditions on which the appropriations are being made require that the recipient of a donation secure two or three times the same amount from other sources also. So that the financial power of the Board to carry out its comprehensive plans for the development of the educational system of the country is indicated by a figure three or four times as large as the sum it directly appropriates. Then the moral power of the Board is likely to become dominant. Says Mr. Gates:

"The Board aims to be better acquainted with every college in the United States than is any member of its own board of trustees. The information at the command of the board has many times astonished the president of a college himself when he has come to search our files for what we know of his institution. Not a few of the

eminent philanthropists of the country who are constantly giving money for education are availing themselves of the information we have. Several of the recent gifts by distinguished philanthropists have been made after conferring with our secretaries."

THAT is to say, other benefactors than Mr. Rockefeller are beginning to make the Board the medium for the bestowal of their gifts. It has already in its employ a force of skilled experts to advise philanthropists in these matters, and this force, it is announced, "undoubtedly will be increased." If its affairs are wisely administered, it is not too much to expect that most of the benefactions to colleges and universities in the near future will be found flowing through this General Education Board, and be in a large measure directed here or there according to its decisions. When that times comes our higher educational institutions will be as thoroly systematized and as harmoniously and efficiently administered, it may be hoped, as are the business affairs of the Standard Oil or any other great trust. But already the members of the Board are feeling it incumbent upon them to deny that there is any intention of interfering with the liberties of teachers. That is quite likely, but will it be possible, either now or hereafter, to avert suspicion such as has persistently attached itself to the Chicago University despite numerous denials? The suggestion has already found public expression, for instance, that the purpose of Mr. Rockefeller's large gift is to head off, if possible, the teaching of socialism, which is on the increase, it is said, in a number of universities. This purpose is disclaimed by the officers of the Board, but it will be strange if the disclaimer silences the charge.

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HE discovery of Canada by Elihu Root six weeks ago has created something of a sensation in England. Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of State, swathed in furs, skated freely among the Canadians, whose reception of their visitor recalls how Cortez was taken by the simple-minded Aztecs for a superior being. The London *Saturday Review* is disgusted. "Mr. Root was on a flapdoodle expedition," it explains, "and it would be absurd to suppose he attached the smallest importance to the propositions he was pouring forth. Probably no one is more amused than Mr. Root himself when he reads over his own bunkum the next day. He would enjoy a hearty laugh

over it with any intimate he could trust not to give him away. The object of all this is to get the Canadians out of a critical mood. They have suffered a good deal from the United States and they are now on their guard. So Mr. Root had to talk them into a good temper." That Mr. Root's demonstrations of friendliness to the people among whom he found himself quieted much suspicion in the native mind seems clear from comment in the *Ottawa Citizen*, the *Toronto Globe* and numerous other dailies which now anticipate that sources of friction between the Dominion and the republic will be removed when Ambassador Bryce and Mr. Root go over them together. But that is not at all the idea of the London weekly just quoted. It does not, to be sure, overlook the efficacy of that "arrogance of the most vulgar and ignorant type" which, it feels confident, is the foundation of Elihu's Root's personal character. Yet it hopes much from what it describes as "a popular feeling in Canada that no more concessions ought to be made" to the United States.

IT WAS to return that official visit which Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, paid to this country a year ago that Mr. Root became the guest of the Dominion. "For eloquence and broadmindedness," the *London Times* assures its readers, the equal of the speeches of the American statesman at Ottawa have "seldom been heard in Canada." Mr. Root revealed the exquisite spontaneity of his tact, it was thought, by referring to Sir Alexander Swettenham's gratitude for American aid after the earthquake in Jamaica. The applause following Mr. Root's reference to the cordial understanding between the French republic and the British empire as a guaranty of the peace of the world was deafening. But the hit of his trip was Mr. Root's reference to the courage, fortitude, heroism and self-devotion of the men of Canada in early times. Such a tribute from the citizen of a country which Canada refused to join in rebellion against Great Britain was, indeed, praise from Sir Hubert. Everyone born and bred under the common law of England, said Mr. Root, and under the principles of justice and liberty that the English-speaking races had carried the world over must breathe freely in Canada. "Mr. Root certainly plays the part well," comments the *London Saturday Review*. "He understands the emotional appeal, he knows the value of platitudes and of a great volume of words." He counted himself happy, Mr.



THE CONCILIATOR OF THE CANADIANS

Elihu Root, Secretary of State, in the long skin coat and round fur hat with which he assimilated himself with the rest of the Canadian population during his recent tour. British dailies conjecture that Mr. Root dressed himself like this to curry favor with the people, but the Canadian papers think he wore the furs to keep out the cold.

Root went on to say, to be one of those who could not be indifferent to the glories and achievements of the race from which they sprang; and to his pride in his own land, to the pride that, as part of his inheritance, he was entitled to take in England, was added the pride he felt in this great, hardy, vigorous, self-governing people of Canada, who love justice and liberty. (Cheers from the audience, sneers from the *London Saturday Review*.) Above all, said Mr. Root, he saw a people trained and training themselves in discussion, which differentiates latter day civilization from all the civilizations of the past, and must give to the civilization of our time a perpetuity that none of the past has had. "On one side Mr. Elihu Root's dispensation lasting forever," says the *London Saturday Review*, "and on the other the trumpery little days of Egypt, China, Babylon, Rome."

HOWEVER, neither Earl Grey nor the Prime Minister of the Dominion, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, took his cue from the tone of this anti-American British weekly. There

was no evidence anywhere in Ottawa of any alarm created in Canada by recent reports that a comprehensive settlement of all outstanding disputes with Washington is to be effected by London regardless of Dominion protests. The most critical of all the questions at issue, according to the Canadian press, is still the ancient quarrel over the respective rights of all parties in the fisheries. Earl Grey furnished Mr. Root, during the latter's stay at Ottawa, with a copy of the debates on this fisheries question in the Canadian House of Commons. Mr. Root affirmed in one of his speeches that he had been much impressed by "the thoughtful, temperate and statesmanlike tone" displayed by the legislators. He was sure that whatever conclusions Parliament reached would be dictated by a sincere, intelligent and right-minded determination to fulfil their duty as representatives towards the people whose rights they were bound to maintain and protect. Such language has set the Canadian press wondering whether the "joint high commission," appointed to settle so many disputes in 1898, but which reached a deadlock over the Alaska boundary, may reconvene. That commission was never dissolved. Technically, it stands adjourned until the arrival of a moment sufficiently psychological for Washington, Ottawa and London to seize simultaneously.

THAT sore controversy between Canada and the United States regarding the distribution of the water powers derivable from the boundary lakes and rivers is said to have been aggravated in the past by the influence of great electrical companies in the Senate at Washington. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government did not mend matters by its somewhat sudden abrogation recently of the postal convention between Canada and the United States. That step was taken, it seems, at the solicitation of publishing interests in London. American periodicals were too pervasive in the Dominion. The population was undergoing Americanization in consequence. Sir Wilfrid has redressed the balance of postage in favor of London periodicals. The most serious of the month's reports, from an American point of view, relates to Sir Wilfrid's desire, or alleged desire, to withdraw the privilege of participation in the Canadian coast trade from the ships of the United States. The question of reciprocity with Canada, which used to come up daily in one form or another, seems, from what the Toronto *Globe* hints, to have entered a phase of

obscurity. It is nevertheless clear, to the London *News* that American opinion in favor of better trade relations with Canada is steadily growing stronger. But Mr. Roosevelt has still to declare himself categorically on a matter which divides his own party. Canada appreciates the President's position.

EVEN Senator Lodge, who once thought the reciprocity proposal "an insult to the Republican party," and who is cordially detested throughout Newfoundland as the perverter of the presidential mind on the subject of herring, announced not long since that he is "in favor of the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada advantageous to both countries." High protectionists thereupon flocked towards Washington. Remonstrations were directed to Roosevelt against any relaxation of schedules. But Mr. Root, according to a report in the Canadian dailies, did broach the subject of reciprocity. If so, Sir Wilfrid probably explained that times have changed since those days when he was glad to say of reciprocity that "if the United States should make an advance we owe it to our own self-respect to meet them in a fair and generous spirit." A few weeks back the Canadian Prime Minister told his fellow citizens "they would have no reciprocity in trade for many years" so far as the United States is concerned. The London *Saturday Review* finds in this utterance the only consolation suggested by Mr. Root's trip to Ottawa. "Trade or tariff reciprocity between Canada and the United States," it says, "would be gravely prejudicial to the commercial interests of the British Empire. More than that, it would make the consolidation of the empire impossible, and might easily be the first step in its dissolution." Until now, we read further, Washington has been unwilling to relax any schedules in the Dominion's favor. "The plan was by keeping Canada out of all trade advantages to put on the screws so severely as to shake Canada's British allegiance." The plot was foiled. Mr. Root went to Ottawa too late. Canada can dispense with his reciprocity now.

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HAT ails our railroads? From almost every point of the compass complaints of inefficiency, of schedules disregarded, freight blockaded, trains wrecked and lives lost have come within the last few weeks in surprising frequency,

as if for the express delectation of "muck-rakers" in search of a new job. Many of the stories of insufficient service in the Northwest may be put down to the exceptionally hard winter in that region; but the weather does not account for the story of 1,500 carloads of coal held up at Minneapolis because of a dispute between the railroad and the consignees, nor for the 4,000 empty cars said to be standing a few weeks ago on side tracks in Kansas City, nor for passenger trains on Southern roads twelve hours or more behind schedule time day after day, nor for the apparent increase in the number of railroad wrecks. "A freight blockade of enormous proportions" is the way James J. Hill describes the general railway situation in the country. "Knocking" the railroads has now become the fashion in the press, and it seems as if the railroad men themselves have joined the corps of "knockers." The traffic manager of one of the transcontinental lines is reported to have told the Interstate Commerce Committee recently: "We are short of both cars and locomotives. A year ago all the traffic managers urged the purchase of more cars and locomotives, but the presidents of the roads insisted that the traffic at that time had reached high tide and that rolling stock was unnecessary."

PRESIDENT FINLEY, of the Southern Railway, tells of cars and locomotives contracted for in 1905 and not yet delivered. President Stickney, of the Chicago & Great Western, apprehensively points out that the average railway dividends in 1905 were but 3.02 per cent., and that a decrease of rates of one mill per ton per mile will wipe out the dividends on the strongest roads, and put into bankruptcy most of the minor lines in competitive territory east of the Missouri. And the first vice-president of the New York Central, W. C. Brown, in a letter recently made public, warns all of us of moderate means not to invest any money in railroad securities at the present time. He writes:

"I do not think you or any other man of ordinary prudence would for a moment think of investing money in a business against which every man's hand, from the President down, seems to be raised, and in the defense of which few men hoping for political preferment dare raise their voices. I do not at the present time own a share of railroad stock as an investment, and, in fact, have never owned any stock of this character. Such money as I have been able to accumulate in nearly thirty years of business life is invested in farms, in banking stock, in manufacturing enterprises, and the least profitable investment I have

of this nature pays a better return than the best railroad stock in the United States to-day, based on the actual cost of the railroad, what it would cost to reproduce it, or the market value of its securities. The only people who can afford to invest money in railroad bonds or stock are those whose means are large enough to make an investment attractive which gives a comparatively low return, but which is reasonably safe."

THE point which Mr. Brown and other railroad officials who are joining in this sort of talk wish to make is that the public hostility against the roads is responsible for their deplorable condition. Says Mr. James J. Hill, in a letter that has attracted general attention:

"It is not by accident that railroad building has declined to its lowest mark within a generation, at the very time when all other forms of activity have been growing most rapidly. The investor declines to put his money into enterprises under the ban of unpopularity, and even threatened by individuals and political parties with confiscation or transfer to the state. This feeling must be removed and greater confidence be mutually established if any considerable portion of the vast sum necessary is to be available for the work."

Vice-President Brown makes an appeal to the public for fair play and urges President Roosevelt to issue a similar appeal. Not only railroad interests but all corporate interests are suffering from "indiscriminate" attacks upon them. He writes:

"Personally, I believe that the attacks on nearly every class of great corporate interests in this country are commencing to bear their legitimate and inevitable fruit, and that already we can begin to see the slowing down of the wheels, and that within eighteen months from this time the chill which the commerce of the country will have received will make possible a very substantial reduction in Mr. Hill's figures."

"I do not wish to be understood as justifying any wrongdoing on the part of railroads or other corporations, but while the offenses have been local and occasional, the condemnation has been universal and indiscriminate; and while I believe such abuses and hurtful practices as did exist have been stopped, the prejudice and condemnation continue and will continue until the President makes an appeal for fair and reasonable treatment for them. Such an appeal would clear the atmosphere and restore confidence as nothing else can do."

LITTLE effect from this and similar appeals is as yet discernible in the tone of the press. Not the hostility of the public but the poor judgment or rapacity of railway officials themselves is the cause of the present condition, if most of the newspapers diagnose the case correctly. Mr. Hill's statistics showing but 21 per cent. increase in mileage in the last ten years, 23 per cent. increase in pas-

senger cars, 35 per cent. in locomotives and 45 per cent. in freight cars, while during the same period the number of passengers has increased 95 per cent. and the freight mileage has increased 118 per cent., is construed by the *New York Journal of Commerce* as evidence of bad judgment on the part of railway officials. It says that it has been the deliberate policy of the roads to "condense their traffic," by increasing the power of locomotives and the capacity of freight cars, and to run trains at shorter intervals, rather than to increase the track mileage. This policy had much to justify it in 1895, but it has been carried too far and the country is now suffering from the error of judgment. It adds:

"We do not believe, that the 'ban of unpopularity' has anything to do with it or that the investor has been any more indisposed to put his money into new trackage, where it was needed, than into new equipment. Of 'that feeling' there is not the slightest evidence. When new capital has been sought the boards of directors have determined the use to which it was to be put, and have made whatever discrimination has been made

against additional construction. The investor has not been influenced by the distinction. If construction has not kept pace with equipment the companies are responsible and not the public. . . . If greater confidence needs to be 'mutually established,' the railroads are responsible for the need and will have to do their part in the process of rehabilitation. It cannot be done by acquiring huge values in mining property and using their resources in accumulating each other's stocks, 'cutting melons' and watering stocks to be enriched by future earnings or marking up dividends for stock market effect, instead of turning their resources above a fair return to the investor into needed construction, equipment, terminal facilities and effective systems for expediting traffic."

Another conservative paper, the *Philadelphia Ledger*, places the blame upon the frenzied finance methods of the men who dominate the railroad systems of the country. It remarks: "If all the railroads of the country had been controlled, in these later years, by railroad men, and had not been made mere counters in a vast game of speculation, it is conceivable that they would now be in better condition to carry on their business."



WHAT THE PRESIDENT PROPOSES TO DO TO THE RAILROADS

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

MORE radical journals, such as the New York Press, the Philadelphia North American, the New York World and the Hearst papers, are more caustic in their criticism. *The World* thinks the gravest railroad evil has been discrimination, and that were it not for secret preferentials and a consequent building up of commercial monopolies the railroad business would now be in a healthy condition. *The Sun* (New York) comes to the defense of the railways, and finds their present plight to be a result of federal interference. It speaks ominously of the future:

"Where are they to get the money to buy the additional trackage, the need of which is now so painfully apparent; the money for additional rolling stock; the money for more motive power, and the money for enlarged terminals? The pressure to acquire all these is the most acute that has ever existed in our railroad history. How can the money be forthcoming in the presence of the destructive plans of the Federal Government? What is the prospect for the wage earners? As a highly privileged class they have some interest in knowing whence these things are to come. The apparent prosperity of the present must give way before the certain paralysis of the railroads. As it is, we see no signs of building the new trackage. Indeed, we are disturbed by the ominous fact that, in spite of the well-known and obvious conditions, the market for steel rails is slackening. It could

not possibly do so if the railroads were doing what under normal circumstances they could have no choice but do."

SEVERAL magazine articles on the railway question have attracted unusual attention. Charles E. Russell is the author of one of these, entitled "The Record of the Railroads for Nineteen Days," that appeared in the final number of *Ridgway's*. He deals with the casualty statistics for the first nineteen days of January, and then turns to the casualty figures for the last few years on the railways of this country, Great Britain and France. His figures show one passenger out of 1,375,855 killed on American roads in 1905, and but one out of 7,223,024 killed in Great Britain. In the same year one passenger out of 70,554 was injured in America, and but one out of 380,641 in Great Britain. What is still more portentous, *the chances of a passenger in America being killed have increased 40 per cent. in nine years, and his chance of being injured have increased 20 per cent.* Mr. Russell's comment is caustic. Here is a part of it:

"In the nine years in which these slaughters beyond the record of any modern battlefield have



"DO YOU KNOW, THEODORE, WE'RE GETTING BETTER ACQUAINTED EVERY DAY!"

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

been piling up, there has been injected into the American railroad system at least \$2,000,000,000 of watered stocks, and it is for the sake of this fictitious, illegitimate and baseless speculation that these lives have been lost and these persons mangled. It is for the sake of this gambling that your life is exposed to all these risks every time you travel on an American railroad train. It is for the sake of high finance and the swollen fortunes of Chancellor Day's adoration that all this needless blood is spilt."

One defect in Mr. Russell's figures he does not seem to be conscious of. The comparisons he makes between different countries and between different years lack a material element because he does not show the mileage figures. The railway men insist on the falsity of such comparisons for that reason. It is evident, they say, that if American railroads carry passengers ten times the distance, on an average, that British passengers are carried, then, other things being equal, the injuries and deaths on American roads would naturally be ten times as great. This feature of the case Mr. Russell ignores entirely.

ANOTHER severe arraignment of the railroads is made by Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*. Dr. Shaw, by the way, is a close personal friend of President Roosevelt, and is also one of the fifteen men of the General Board of Education in whose hands Mr. Rockefeller's recent big donation was placed. Unless, he remarks, railway conditions now prevalent change soon for the better the advocates of government ownership will be able to point "to the complete breaking down of efficiency in the actual business of transportation in this country." The mismanagement of insurance companies, he thinks, has been "a mere passing trifle" compared with that of railway companies. He sees "very great" objections to public ownership, but "it would be better than the indefinite continuance of an irresponsible and uncontrolled private management in the interest of a ring of plutocrats." It is now "the most slovenly of all our great business organizations, whereas it ought to be the most precise, methodical and alert." Further:

"There are vast networks of railroads in this country where it is a needless expense to print timetables, because there is no longer any such thing as the operation of trains on schedule. There are sections of the country where the railroads are refusing to receive freight for shipment, either because they cannot supply the cars or cannot see any reasonable prospect of having them conveyed to the point of destination. It is true that there has been rapid growth of population and traffic in the West, but this recent growth

has been nothing like so rapid relatively as was that of the seventies and eighties. The railroads have had plenty of warning and abundance of opportunity to keep well abreast of the development of the country. No condemnation of their failure to do this is likely to be too drastic or to state the facts with serious exaggeration. Even the great Eastern trunk lines, serving a country that has been wealthy and prosperous for two generations, have come far short of showing reasonable foresight and due attention to the strict requirements of a legitimate transportation business. One or two fast trains to Chicago,—at the expense of general demoralization of all the remaining volume of passenger business—have been about the only thing to which the managers of these roads could point as an example of enterprise."

The trouble with the roads, in Dr. Shaw's opinion, is that they "have been used for making a set of individuals enormously rich at the expense of the country's prosperity."

ALL this is in the way of castigation and warning. Remedies for this condition of affairs are not as abundant as the reasons given for it. The advocates of government ownership are, indeed, the only ones who are positive and specific in speaking of general remedies. An interesting contribution to their side of the question appears in *The Arena* (January) by Alfred Russell Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., the noted British scientist and radical social reformer. Dr. Wallace has put before the people of Great Britain and now puts before the people of America a method of acquisition of the railways by the nation founded, he says, "upon a great principle of ethics which, when it is thoroly grasped, is seen to solve many problems and to clear the way to many great reforms in the interest of the people at large." We quote further:

"This principle is, that the *unborn* can have, and should have, no special property-rights; in other words that the present generation shall not continue to be plundered and robbed in order that certain unborn individuals shall be born rich—shall be born with such legal claims upon their fellow-men that, while supplied with all the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life they need do no useful work in return. It is not denied that the present generation may properly do work and expend wealth for the benefit of future generations: that is only a proper return for the many and great benefits we have received from those who have gone before us. What this principle says is, that it is absolutely unjust for our rulers (be they a majority or minority) to compel us to pay, to work, or to suffer, in order that certain *individuals* yet unborn shall be endowed—often to their own physical and moral injury—with wealth supplied by the labor of their fellow-men. As this is, I consider, perhaps the most important of all ethical principles in its bearing on political reforms and general human progress,



THE SAD OLD MAN OF GERMANY

August Bebel, veteran leader of the Social Democratic party, sustained the worst defeat of his career last month, when the German people reduced the representation of his followers in the Reichstag by almost one-half. The result will weaken Bebel in his conduct of the factional struggle within the Socialist organization.

it will be well to show that it is in harmony with the teachings of some of the greatest thinkers of the age."

DR. WALLACE proceeds to quote Herbert Spencer and Benjamin Kidd to show that this principle is in accord with their conclusions, tho the application he makes of it was not made by them. His application is as follows:

"Having thus firmly established the principle of not recognizing any claims to property by the unborn, it follows that in all transfers of property from individuals to the state we have only to take account of persons living at the time of the transaction, and of the public interest both now and in the future. When therefore the government determines, for the public good, to take over the whole of the railways of the Union, there will be no question of purchase but simply a transfer of management. All trained and efficient employees will continue in their several stations; and probably their numbers will for some time be steadily increased in order that shorter hours of labor may be adopted and the safety of the public be better guaranteed.

"The first step towards an equitable transfer

will be to ascertain, by an efficient and independent inquiry, the actual economic status of the shareholders of each line, dependent largely on the honesty and efficiency of its previous management. As a result of this inquiry the average annual dividends of each company or system which have been honestly earned while keeping up the permanent way and rolling-stock in good repair and thoro working order, would be ascertained. The amount of this average dividend would, thereafter, be paid to every shareholder in the respective companies during their lives, and on their deaths would, except in special cases, revert to the railway department of the state for the benefit of the public."

This method of acquiring the railroads Dr. Wallace considers more just than an outright purchase and more beneficial to present owners of stocks, who would thus be more certain of a return on their property than they now are or than they would be if their interest were purchased and they had to find ways to reinvest the money. The question whether government ownership, even after it is effected, would be desirable he does not go into at length. He has long been convinced that it is desirable, and the chief purpose of his article is to show how it can be accomplished.

* * *



IN ALL the forty years expended by August Bebel upon the creation of a compact Socialist vote of three millions out of straggling groups of poverty-stricken wage-earners and inarticulate laborers, his beloved proletariat has never put upon him a humiliation so personal as that embodied in the final results of the national election throughout Germany. With his trusted lieutenants in absolute control of forces disciplined into military subordination, with ninety daily Socialist newspapers denouncing "absolutism," "meat famine" and "bread usury," with candidates running in every one of the 397 election districts (the Socialists alone were sufficiently well organized to achieve that feat), with an army of canvassers so vast that 3,000 of them were concentrated in a single constituency, Bebel, the organizer of victory, sat, on the closing night of the struggle, like Job among the messengers. The eighty Socialists sent to the Reichstag some three years ago, after the most brilliant victory achieved in the whole history of Bebel's leadership, have been reduced to forty-three. Hamburg, which has kept Bebel in the Reichstag for twenty-six years, sent him back with a reduced majority, altho a Socialist colleague from the same city secured an increase of over twelve thousand in his majority. In Breslau that brilliant fol-

lower of Karl Marx, Bernstein, one of the prides of the party, lost his seat to a radical. The failure of the Socialist effort to capture the Berlin constituency in which stands the imperial palace was abject. Direst of all was the Socialist Sedan in Saxony. Three years ago the party swept that kingdom, carrying all the twenty-three seats but one. This representation is reduced one-half. Bebel's mastery of his party seems a thing of the past.

THAT Roman Catholic political party, representing the thirty-six per cent. of the population of Germany which acknowledges the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, returns strengthened to the new Reichstag. Its gain is three, making the number of its deputies 105. Pius X had a "Te Deum" sung in Rome on the morning after the first ballots. This triumph of the clerical German "Center," following the failure of the anticlerical campaign in Italy and the collapse of an anticlerical ministry in Spain, tempers to the Vatican the winds of adversity in France. A Roman Catholic political organization remains, therefore, the strongest party in the parliament of the foremost Protestant nation of continental Europe. These, explains the Berlin *Vorwärts*, are the practical results of a gerrymander—for the political slang of America is not unknown in the fatherland—according to which some sixteen thousand votes are made to elect a Roman Catholic deputy, whereas thirty-seven thousand votes barely suffice to get a Socialist into the Reichstag. But the *Vorwärts* resembles Bebel in the consternation with which it reflects that the Roman Catholic Center is becoming democratic with a rapidity most distasteful to Emperor William. His Majesty's hostility has been a trump card in many a Socialist hand. The Center is now beginning to play it with effect, for the conservative elements have lost their old hold upon the clerical organization. But the popular vote shows the same relative stagnation in the clerical body that seems to prevail among the Socialists. Bebel's party did add to its vote in the country at large. It was an increase so slight as to have all the moral effect of a decline. The clericals had no increase at all. An instance of the mode in which they conducted their campaign is reported in the London *Standard* from Inneringen, where the Roman Catholic priest, Father Hecht, publicly warned his parishioners that when they reached Heaven they would be asked whether they had given their votes to the candidate of the Church.



THE PRINCE DOFFED HIS HAT, WITH A SMILE

It was a gesture of that graceful kind for which the German Imperial Chancellor is renowned in all the European capitals. To hold a stick in one's hand—the hand gloved at that—and to lift a high silk hat from one's head at the same time is the most difficult thing in the world to do with perfect distinction. Yet here behold the German Imperial Chancellor, arriving at the polls to vote the radical ticket, performing this feat.

THE "only man alive who could walk on the keyboard of a piano from the Wilhelmstrasse to the Reichstag without sounding a note," namely, the imperial Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, emerges from the fray like Napoleon after Austerlitz. No more will von Bülow exploit his lively loquacity and his incomparable felicity in the quotation of the classics for the mere purpose of charming away the ill-humor of the clericals in the Reichstag. Ultra-Protestant sentiment in Germany has been affronted by the terms upon which the Chancellor has secured the support of the Center heretofore, especially when those terms were found to include a partial repeal of legislative discrimination against Jesuits. The Socialists on the "left" and the agrarians and conservatives on the "right" represented the extremes of political thought in the Reichstag so angrily dissolved by Emperor William. The Chancellor's course between the parliamentary opposites was to bait the left and conciliate the right. The expedient proved relatively simple, although occasionally embarrassing owing to the support given to von Bülow by the clerical "center." From the Reichstag that came into



THE HOHENZOLLERN JEWELS

The only daughter of the German Emperor, Princess Victoria, aged fourteen, is seated on the arm of the chair, holding the hand of her mother, the German Empress. The sixteen-year-old youth is Prince Joachim, the most poetical and artistic of all the children of the German imperial couple.



THE ISSUE IN THE GERMAN ELECTION

The territorial aristocrat had to choose between his beloved fatherland and his beloved pork.

—Munich *Simplicissimus*.

being last month it is numerically possible for von Bülow to conjure a majority without reference to either clericals or Socialists. This implies that in practice the Chancellor must combine conservatives of all shades with liberals of many shades, and effect their harmony with radicals who detest everything they stand for. In the divine establishment of monarchy, in the supremacy of the military over every other authority in the state, and in the investiture of themselves with the higher offices of the administration, the conservatives behold the great principles which the contest at the polls has vindicated. They have some eighty seats. The liberals, or, rather, the "national liberals," have very little in common with the party so designated in England. They are protectionists in the main, very largely conservative, not to say Tory, altho there is a relatively progressive faction, and they are suspected of a secret dislike of universal suffrage. They have fifty-five votes in the new Reichstag, a slight gain.

EXQUISITE, indeed, must be the art of the Prince's diplomacy if he is to harmonize the policy of so rigid a pillar of monarchy as the conservative leader, Count von Kanitz, with that loud Herr Bassermann, who is to the National Liberal party what Hector was among the sons of Priam. The pair might be found to agree in a scorn of those radicals with whom they must be brought into line somehow. German radicalism, or "Freisinn," as the political jargon of the fatherland has it, has made greater gains, relatively, than any of the other seventeen political organizations that went into last month's battle. Their membership of forty-six in the new Reichstag and the interest taken in their policy by Prince von Bülow—he voted for a radical candidate himself—point to a bright parliamentary future for the only party in Germany advocating principles with which the name of our own Lincoln is associated. German radicals have hitherto been sundered into somewhat discordant groups. These united on a common platform last year. How permanent their cohesion can be when the conservatives who despise their democratic ideas invite them to stultify their convictions depends upon von Bülow's comprehension of the dilemma he will then be in. The imperial Chancellor had threatened, during the campaign that preceded the great Socialist setback, that Reichstag after Reichstag would be dissolved, if necessary, until a "national" majority evolved itself. It has

turned out as "national" in von Bülow's sense as even William II, who wore a grave face on election day, could have hoped.



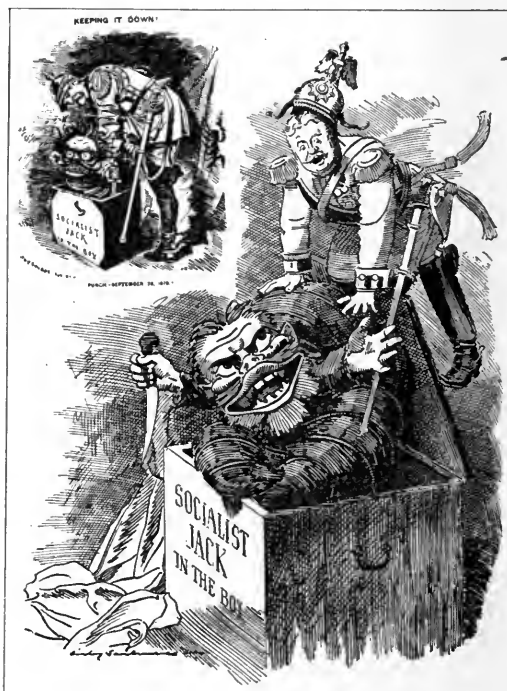
"I KNEW A MAN AND HE HAD SIX SONS"

This quotation from Walt Whitman might have been applied to the German Emperor, who is here revealed marching through the streets of Berlin in line with five of the striplings who have blessed his union with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. The youngest and sixth son of the couple has not yet attained military rank of sufficient dignity to parade thus splendidly.

rise of a wealthy merchant class with horror, hateful to the court cliques who loath the business man in public office. Bernhard Dernburg began the world vulgarly enough as a clerk in a Berlin business office. His record was made additionally disreputable by a period

POLITICAL campaigning of the energetic description to which the imperial Chancellor openly resorted within the past few weeks constitutes a departure from many German traditions. Von Bülow's predecessors in office held more aloof. They would have been rendered dumb by the bold references of their successor to his sovereign. William II, declared von Bülow in one address, aims at no personal absolutism in his government today. His imperial Majesty, adds that Bismarckian mouthpiece, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, has been profoundly impressed by German criticism of his autocratic ideals. He is determined that in future no act or word of his shall give point to further discontent on that score. The imperial will subordinates itself to constitutional limitations. This change of heart took shape in the edict of last month modifying the rigors of the punishment inflexibly meted out to all in Germany who refer disrespectfully to William II. His imperial Majesty is graciously pleased to decree that only those persons shall suffer the penalties of the law against *lèse-majesté* who speak scornfully of himself with premeditation and evil intent, and not merely from ignorance, thoughtlessness or haste. As Emperor William thus broke with his own past, the imperial Chancellor contravened all Prussian official tradition by haranguing a crowd beneath the palace windows. The election returns were pouring in, and Bebel was in a back room at the other end of the capital staying himself with flagons.

GRREAT as is the personal triumph of the result for the Emperor, gratifying as must be the verification of his political prophecies to Prince von Bülow, it is to Herr Bernhard Dernburg (who, to the astonishment of Germany, was made director of the colonial department last year) that one must turn to find the Wellington of Bebel's Waterloo. Dernburg was undoubtedly a burning issue in this contest, whose issue many radicals deem an endorsement of the most anomalous figure in the whole range of Germany's official life. The conspicuous place he held in the battles of the month induced the Conservative *Kreuz Zeitung* to beg von Bülow that Dernburg be relegated to the background. He is hateful to that sheet, hateful to the Prussian territorial lords who have witnessed the



FROM BISMARCK TO BULOW
A bigger task for a smaller man.

—London *Punch*.

of service in a New York financial establishment. Returning with a comprehensive American experience, Dernburg had the ill-luck to rise from the post of foreign correspondent in a Berlin banking establishment to the management of the concern, which assisted in the rehabilitation of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Another great enterprise which disgraced Dernburg in the eyes of the conservative aristocracy was the successful liquidation and reorganization of those Berlin mortgage companies which were involved in the collapse of the notorious Pommern Bank some five or six years ago. If the wretched man had not always been actively engaged in business, if he were not essentially self-made, if one of his great-grandfathers had not been a Jew, the shock of his appointment to succeed a hereditary Prince von Hohenlohe—in direct descent from Everard, Duke of Franconia—would have seemed less American in those aspects which rendered it a stench in the nostrils of all Prussian junkers.

THE direct challenge of this appointment of a bank director of Jewish lineage to so exalted a post under the imperial government was at once taken up by the aristocratic bureaucracy, whose supremacy, hitherto unquestioned, had received a tremendous blow. All the forces of agrarian conservatism and of violent protection in tariff matters and of autocratic reaction in political policy flew into revolt against such open recognition of the importance of Germany's commercial classes in official life. Dernburg's campaign addresses in behalf of the German colonies were resented as conferring too much prominence upon so low a person. It was hinted by various agrarians that in his dubious past, that is, before he became Director of Colonial Affairs, Dernburg belonged to the most advanced of the radical groups—that *Freisinnige Vereinigung* which boldly advocates many of the same democratic abominations to which the moral and mental perversion of the American people is solely attributable. Dernburg is furthermore the son of a journalist, Herr Friedrich Dernburg, who many years ago edited the *Berlin National Zeitung*, and who impenitently contributes to the diffusion of progressive ideas in the *Berlin Tageblatt*. The *Tageblatt*, which probably has a larger circulation than any other political daily in the capital of the Hohenzollerns, happens to be the leading organ of the party to which the colonial director is accused of having attached himself when accumulating his considerable fortune.

IN SACRIFICING a business income exceeding sixty thousand dollars annually for an office of which the yearly salary is less than four thousand dollars, Herr Bernhard Dernburg enabled Emperor William to make the boldest experiment of his reign. Dernburg does not seem to have attained even the lowest rank as an officer of the military reserve. For a captain, therefore, not to speak of a colonel in the colonial service, to take orders and reprimands from a military inferior or from a mere civilian is a thing abhorrent to the spirit of Prussian institutions. Dernburg is known to be a man of uncommon energy, impatient of contradiction, somewhat short of temper and bent in every contingency upon having what he considers the right prevail. Herr Dernburg has carried all before him so far. It was upon a vote involving his department that Emperor William appealed to the German people against the Reichstag that had put von Bülow on the adverse side of a majority. It was Dernburg who, according to a belief prevailing in quarters where the facts should be ascertainable, precipitated the crisis between the imperial administration and the Roman Catholic Center party. Herr Dernburg's personal campaign has been directed against the "blacks," as the clericals are called. But the blacks come to the new Reichstag in better shape than they were in when Dernburg first took the field against them. Von Bülow, on the other hand, was in command of the forces that marched against the Socialist position. Bebel is unhorsed. The conservatives argue, as a consequence, that it is von Bülow, not Dernburg, who should be hailed wearer of the victor's wreath. In any event, the newly elected Reichstag assembles on the eve of a revolutionary change in the parliamentary policy of William II. It has actually been hinted that a mere steamship magnate may be the next imperial Chancellor.

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NEWS more unexpected than that of George Clémenceau's possible retirement as Prime Minister of the French republic has not reached the Vatican for a long time. The ill-health attributed to the head of the anticlerical ministry in Paris is thought to coincide strangely with rumors that Briand may become Premier and with the determination of certain extreme groups in the chamber of deputies to deal more energetically with the church. Emile Combes, so long Premier and now leader of

that party which complains that the Pope is treated with too much toleration, is said in the organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, to be scheming for his own return to power. "France ought to have avoided," avers Combes, "the feeble and undignified policy of running after the church with facilities and concessions," by which he means the successive compromises offered by the Minister of Public Worship, Aristide Briand, in the course of the past month. The Pope himself consented a few weeks ago to something that looked at the time like a modification of his original position. The Roman Catholics of France had been told explicitly that there can be no settlement of the dispute between church and state until the republic consents to negotiate directly with the Pope. "It is a fight," to quote the *Temps*, "for retention by the Vatican of the purely secular power of negotiating with the French state upon all sorts of subjects which belong to the province of the state." M. Briand refused to yield.

FRANCE was astonished, consequently, to learn later that her bishops had expressed willingness to enter into contracts on the subject of the church buildings. The contracts must secure them in the use of the sacred edifices. They must run for eighteen years. They must provide for transfer of rights from one priestly incumbent to another. The authority of the bishop over every incumbent must be conceded. Interference by the municipal authority must be excluded. The contracts must be general. No commune can declare itself exempt. "Unless the form of contract be thus made universal, the bishops decline to have anything to do with it anywhere." The last provision is occasioning discord. Should the government go over the heads of the municipal authorities in such fashion it enters into a relation of contract with the Vatican. Technically, it gives up the point upon which Clémenceau has taken his stand. Practically, insists the *Journal des Débats*, it abandons nothing essential. The Pope, it feels confident, is anxious for a settlement. Clémenceau is unwilling to prolong the crisis. The new attitude of the Vatican is thought in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* to denote some loss of prestige on the part of those papal councilors who act through Cardinal Merry del Val.

A MINISTERIAL crisis resulting in the fall of Clémenceau could only be brought about, says the anticlerical *Action*,

by the exercise of Vatican influence upon the financiers of Paris. This anticlerical daily hopes much from the impending publication of documents seized at the papal nunciature when the last representative of the Vatican in France was driven over the frontier. The documents prove, it is further hinted, that Vatican ecclesiastics have precipitated political crises in Madrid, Vienna and Buda-Pesth. The Vatican was enabled to exert such pressure upon the Spanish ambassador in Paris that he acted directly contrary to instructions from Madrid. The episode is still obscure, but the papers soon to see the light will reveal sensational aspects of it. Emile Combes says so, and he is mainly responsible for the seizure of these files of correspondence. "The Holy See," says the Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, "declares that it declines any responsibility for such publication, leaving it to persons who think themselves injured to use the means they judge best to protect their rights." The anticlerical ministry, notes the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) had evidently a powerful weapon at its disposal in these documents. It suspects that the very unexpected modification of the Vatican's attitude towards the French government may be connected with the anxiety of many exalted personages to keep these documents out of the newspapers. The clerical *Gaulois* (Paris) is amused at the innuendo. It urges the premier to give his sensation to the world which has waited breathlessly so long for it.

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HOME RULE and the extinction of the House of Lords gave tone to the sensational speech from the throne read a fortnight ago by King Edward when he opened the new session of his Parliament. His Majesty did not use the words Home Rule. He refrained from saying the Lords would lose their hereditary right to legislate. But the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, could be blunt. Not that the words Home Rule passed even his lips. He had a better word for his purposes, "devolution." Ireland, it seems, is to have a parliament sitting at Dublin to make the laws of the country. That is not Home Rule; it is devolution. John Redmond, the Irish leader, said in the sort of speech that is expected from one in his position, at the opening of Parliament, that self-government for Ireland is coming. He would never have said this without previous consultation with the Prime Minister. Mr. Bal-

four, still the Conservative leader, after sustaining the worst defeat at the polls ever inflicted upon a party commander in England, declared that neither Home Rule nor a modification of the House of Lords is possible without a fresh election. The Prime Minister told how the education bill got through the House of Commons after protracted debate, how it was mutilated in the House of Lords, how the Commons rejected the amendments of the Lords, how the Lords stood to their guns and how the ministry gave up the attempt to pass the bill. "This question of the House of Lords," concluded Sir Henry, amid resounding cheers, "must be settled." But it can not be settled, if the unanimous verdict of the English press counts for anything, without unsettling all that is fundamental in the political institutions of the kingdom.

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THREE irreconcilable sets of election returns bewilder the student of the month's contest throughout Russia for control of the new Duma. There is, first of all, the accurate report of the result compiled by the secret police but inaccessible to all not enjoying their implicit confidence. There is, next, the result as announced publicly by Premier Stolypin, indicating a safe ministerial majority. Finally one has the figures somewhat confusedly presented in the very partisan native press. By his juggling with the election laws, his threats to dissolve the newly chosen Duma unless it be "obedient," his prohibition of the right of meeting to parties of a democratic tendency, and his refusal to permit the use of printed ballots, Prime Minister Stolypin, writes Professor Maxime Kovalevsky in the *London Post*, has imperilled the prospects of the parties that support him. The great mass of peasants voted against Stolypin's candidates. The same hostility was manifested in the Siberian constituencies, in the Caucasus and in the outlying districts of southwestern Russia. So Kovalevsky affirms. He seems to have followed the month's developments carefully, and he is known to be a Russian politician who weighs his words. Among the landed proprietors, he admits, there exists a current of opinion friendly to Stolypin. Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias, is said to have boasted, as the long drawn out election proceeded, that his empire is the only country in the world permitting its peasantry, to choose representatives of their own order as a class apart from the rest of the population.



THE GREATEST ENEMY OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister of Edward VII, has just declared that the question raised by the House of Lords when it threw out the Education Bill in defiance of the House of Commons involves the gravest constitutional crisis. Sir Henry himself, it seems, has a Home Rule Bill in reserve.

UNTIL Nicholas II reached Tsarskoe-Selo from Peterhof, the real autocrat of Russia, we are assured by the *Paris Temps*, was Prime Minister Stolypin. Immured since last summer in the seclusion of Peterhof, his Majesty, disposed by disposition to retirement, had seemed to sicken of his own autocracy. Stolypin waxed into a vice-despot, an irresponsible dictator. It was the condition he had imposed upon the Czar before accepting the responsibilities of office. He guaranteed the ultimate success of his policy, if everything were left to his discretion. Wearied with taking arms against his sea of troubles, worn to a shadow by the insomnia that has grown upon him, the autocrat relinquished all authority to Stolypin, the greatest optimist in Russia. Nicholas went so far as to refer every minister to the Premier. Stolypin has given every order since last summer. "It was constitutional government in all its vigor," observes the *Paris Débats*, which furnishes these particulars, "but it was constitutional

government without a constitution. The Czar reigned, but he did not rule." The absolutism to which Nicholas had aspired Stolypin attained. The Prime Minister told a French journalist not long ago that the press was nowhere so free as he had made it in Russia. In another week the *Russ* had been suppressed because someone wrote it a letter protesting against an execution. "The fact is," says that observer on the spot—Hon. Maurice Baring in the *London Post*—"the press would be free if martial law did not obtain everywhere."

NOTWITHSTANDING Stolypin's reputation as the finest type of gentleman evolved by Muscovite civilization, in spite of his personal prestige as the chivalrous son of a stainless soldier and of a princess who combined wit and beauty with ineffable goodness, his performances during the past month have slightly tarnished his renown as a champion of fair play. The disillusion came when he required the publishers, editors and principal members of the staffs of newspapers to sign an undertaking not to criticize the Stolypin mode of conducting a national election. The newspapers were likewise ordered not to interpret the development of the political campaign in a sense unfavorable to the authorities. They were called upon to soothe the public mind. All newspapers that proved refractory were either suppressed forthwith or subjected to heavy money fines. In some instances, the writers of unpalatable comment upon the Stolypin "explanations" were sent to prison. The most drastic step was enforcement of a military censorship of the press that had spread far and wide by the time the elections entered their last stage. It is hardly too much to say that for the past six weeks authentic news of what is happening in the interior of Russia has been all but unprocurable. Yet Prime Minister Stolypin has remained the most accessible of mortals to the St. Petersburg correspondents of newspapers published outside his native land. Interview after interview has impressed readers of British, French and American dailies with that firm purpose to do just the right thing for which Peter Acadievitch Stolypin is so esteemed.

NICHOLAS II reached Tsarskoe-Selo at a moment when the initial phases of the creation of the new Duma indicated its final appearance as a stormy, undisciplined and refractory body doomed in advance to a speedy dissolution. Stolypin had taken five million dollars from the national treasury for

the campaign. His efforts to eliminate the Constitutional Democrats—the party led by estimable professors like Milyoukoff—had resulted in a probability that they might elect their ticket in St. Petersburg and make gains in Moscow. The peasants were restive in spite of the government's offer on easy terms of some 23,000,000 acres of land in different provinces of European Russia and 55,000,000 in Siberia. But the peasants were warned from Siberia by the campaign literature circulated surreptitiously in every hut. They were told that the poorest farmers must wait longest for land at home because they were crowded in provinces where farms were to be had only by dispossessing their landlords—a policy frowned down by Stolypin himself. The emergency was met with a law which even the organ of the Constitutional Democrats, the *Reich*, concedes to be fraught with far-reaching benefits, not only for the peasantry but for the whole Russian people. Peasant ownership was decreed in village communes wherever any farmer called for it. Individual ownership is thus to supplant community of land. "No more important act," asserts one of the highest living authorities on modern Russia, Dr. E. J. Dillon, of the *London Telegraph*, "has emanated from the Russian government since Alexander II emancipated the serfs forty-five years ago." The fetters of the peasant had been but partially struck off before. He will be henceforth, and to the extent that the word is applicable to any Russian, free. So tremendous was the political effect that the agitators in that group of toil which hails Aladin, the educated peasant, as its hero, noted a marked disaffection among their supporters.

SO VEXED was the autocrat by the dilemma that drove him to this act of emancipation that he looked about, say the correspondents, for a successor to Stolypin. Rumors of Witte's restoration to the post he had quitted in humiliation intercepted that statesman himself as he journeyed to his estates in the Caucasus. He seems to be a very sick man. His name has been connected with desperate efforts to float a fresh loan in Paris—a loan that will remain unnegotiable, as the Rothschilds are said to have assured Stolypin, until wholesale massacre of Jews are punishable in fact as well as on paper. When the news that Witte had actually been invited to St. Petersburg was confirmed, the organs of reaction pronounced him the head of a conspiracy to slaughter the entire governing caste,

an unhappy miscreant who, raised to posts of the highest honor in the state, had sold his sovereign to foreign Jews. Witte reached St. Petersburg when the effervescence of such furies hissed hottest. Not long afterwards he was on his way to Brussels, where his married daughter makes her home. He is said to have lost the power of speech during one stage of his recent illness. He told a correspondent that his return to the anxieties of the time when bombs were smuggled into his study disturbed him less than the thought of the shattered health which would make assumption of official responsibility an act of self-destruction. The reactionary organs likened him to Cataline proclaiming his own lack of guile to the Roman senate.

ALL THE leaders of the thirteen political parties involved in the struggle for control of Russia's new Duma predict the outcome with a confidence worthy of William Randolph Hearst when he foretold a majority of 200,000 for himself in New York State. Only one Russian political leader, Aladin, soul of the peasant labor group in the late Duma, consents to obscurity. He was duly heard from in London, foretelling confusion for Stolypin in a long article printed by *The Times* of that city. Aladin had been informed that he would be placed in a dungeon if he showed himself within his constituency of Simbirsk. Aladin has spent much leisure in prison at Kazan, but he is now anxious to avoid any renewal of his former associations with Russian penal rigor. Cossacks, he averred, have invaded Simbirsk to keep him out of the new Duma. His rhetoric was as fervent as his rage when he told New York audiences last month of all these things. Count Heyden, the landed aristocrat of venerable appearance and ample wealth, who abjures recourse to political methods punishable by law, has organized what he calls a party of peaceful regeneration upon the basis that only a responsible ministry enjoying the confidence of the new Duma can establish order and good government. Mr. Michael Stakhovich, some time leader of those moderate Octobrists who derive their name from the month made glorious by one of the Czar's innumerable manifestoes, has gone over to the party of peaceful regeneration and back again to the Octobrists with such speed and frequency that the *Russ* became quite sarcastic until it was suppressed and had to appear under another name.

THAT fervent orator and genial giant, Dr. Rodicheff, who performed parliamentary prodigies for the Constitutional Democrats before the military locked the late Duma out of the Tauride Palace, hopes to baffle the Prime Minister's efforts to balk his election from St. Petersburg. The distinguished writer on Russian institutions, Professor Milyoukoff, who was kept out of the first national representative body ever chosen by the Russian people only through a technicality, hopes to get in this time. So, too, does Professor Kovalevsky, whose clear, instructive discourses in the Tauride Palace, combined with his typically Muscovite appearance and manner, made him a great favorite among the peasant deputies and who is now insisting that the first act of the new Duma must be the impeachment of Stolypin for dissolving the last. Dimitri Shipoff, so often named as a possible Prime Minister, had nailed his colors to the mast as an Octobrist until Count Heyden won him over to the party of peaceful regeneration with a view to the combination of all constitutional groups in the coming Duma. The irreconcilable Alexander Guchkoff, leading spirit among the Octobrists, emphatically declares that "in Russia the monarchical principle must be constitutional or nothing," and he is deemed certain of election. These, and a multitude besides, are running the gantlet of Prime Minister Stolypin's electoral savages, "the union of Russian men," which has vowed the death by assassination of many an opposition candidate. But the terrorists have shown in the past few weeks that they understand the art of assassination. Count Alexis Ignatieff, the Czar's disciplinarian, General Litvinoff, a provincial governor famed as a flogger, Prefect Pavloff, organizer of spies, and some lesser lights, have died the death of Plehve. Bombs have been thrown at candidates for the Duma here and there, but the bearers of distinguished names yet live—Rodicheff, Milyoukoff, Kovalevsky, Shipoff, Heyden, Guchkoff—all leaders, some in the same political group, yet united in little except the idea that Stolypin must go. It is this very fact, say all observers, that commends Stolypin to the Czar.

By an inadvertence last month, the copyright notice was omitted from the ten photographs of President Roosevelt on pages 130, 131. They were made from stereographs copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York, 1906.

Persons in the Foreground

THE LONELIEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

* * * * *
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

T WAS about two weeks before the election of 1894, in the State of Wisconsin, that a meeting was being held of the leaders in the La Follette faction of the Republican party from different parts of the state. The burden of all reports was the same—failure. Then “the little lion of Wisconsin,” as his admirers call him, rose to the full height of his five feet and four inches and began to recite that most famous of Henley’s poems, quoted in part above. His eyes were blazing and his voice quivering, and his diminutive stature seemed to loom higher and higher as he proceeded to cheer his downcast lieutenants. “In ten minutes,” says a former law partner of La Follette, who tells the story, “he had swept away their dejection and filled them with new zeal.” Of course there is but one right way for such a good story to end. This story ends in that way. His followers “rushed back to the firing line,” and when the election had been held the La Follette Republicans had become the dominating factor in Wisconsin politics.

Robert M. La Follette, now the junior Senator from that state, and, according to Newton Dent, writing in *Munsey's*, the most isolated and prophetic figure seen in that body since the days of Sumner, began his life in a log hut, a few miles from Madison, Wisconsin, fifty-two years ago. He is of French Huguenot extraction. His boyhood was spent on a farm. He worked his way through college—the University of Wisconsin—for his father died when Bob was in the cradle, and he had to help support the family as soon as he was in his teens. “He was the poorest student in his class,” says one of his biographers, “and the ablest.” Part of the time he taught school and part of the time he edited the university paper. He captured the championship for oratory in an interstate collegiate contest, and greater

glory than that can no man in a western college acquire. He graduated in 1879 in the science course and in 1880 from the law department. He had had visions early in life of a career on the stage, but a tragedian told him that a Hamlet only five feet four in height was out of the question, and, with a sigh, he turned to law. At the age of 25 he was elected district attorney, at the age of 29 he was made a congressman. He has served three terms in the lower house of Congress, and has been elected governor of his state three times. Now in the United States Senate he may be lonely, but he doesn’t seem to let that fact prey upon his mind. He has friends outside the Senate, and a good many of them think they have him as good as nominated for president on the next Republican ticket. The most popular Republican paper in New York City—*The Press*—is strenuously for his nomination.

In personal appearance he is described by the writer in *Munsey's* as “more like a missionary-bishop than a hard-headed man of affairs.” Here is the way one Washington correspondent describes his appearance: “He is a well-built, athletic, energetic, good-looking man with a high, broad forehead, a square jaw, a pair of keen brown eyes, and an aggressive, wavy pompadour. He has a ready smile and a handshake that makes the other fellow remember the day his fingers got caught in a door.” Another observer speaks of his having the face of a Savonarola and the physique of a Daniel Boone. And still another, one of his admiring constituents, has much to say of his flashing eyes, his leonine head, his square jaw and his clarion voice. He has also a stomach,—the kind, that is, that makes itself known. It is an insurgent stomach, and it is said that it kept him flat in bed for six months each year during several years of his fight to reach the governorship. The hardest fight he ever had, in fact, was to conquer “Little Mary” by diet and regular exercise.

As a political leader La Follette’s characteristics are now fairly well known in the country at large. He is an effective orator, but his oratory is not of the flowery kind. Despite the fact that he is, as a writer in *The Arena* says, “familiar with all the masterpieces of literature” and lectures on Shakespeare’s

plays, he "quotes no poetry or literary gems of any kind, uses no figures of speech, has no climaxes, tells no stories, indulges in no humor," and "uses no historical examples or allusions." But his delivery is "graceful," his English "pure," his thought and expression "vigorous" and his ideals "lofty." It goes almost without saying that he is a fighter from way back. The main issue on which he has fought his way up is that of "representative government," which has meant, with him, opposition to the machine which he found in his party, and opposition to the railroad and other corporations that supported the machine. Direct nominations by the people has been one of his strongest weapons, and to secure it took years of hard combat even after his party had adopted it in its platform and elected him governor. His temper is supposed, especially in the East, to be very radical, so radical indeed that President Roosevelt distrusts him and all the Republican Senators are afraid of him. If the writer in *Munsey's* is correct, he is far from what the real radicals would consider one of themselves. Says Mr. Dent:

"His unique merit as a social reformer is that he has a long record of building up, not tearing down. He is not a socialist, Populist, or single-taxer. His ideas come from the people whom he meets day by day, and from his own reflections upon events. No matter how eloquent his peroration may be, it does not prophesy the coming of a golden age of universal affluence. The only millennium that interests him is the time when we shall have common honesty, and plenty of it, in the administration of our public affairs.

"In fact, La Follette is essentially a conservative with regard to American institutions. He is well satisfied with the handiwork of the men who built this republic. When a friend said to him, recently, 'We must abolish the Constitution,' he was horrified. He has no sympathy whatever with those who assail the Senate in general terms. And as for being a social revolutionist of the Bebel or Jaurès type, nothing could be more foreign to his practical mind.

"His idea is not to change American institutions, but to make them work. He wants to clean up the machinery, and oil it, and make it run. In Wisconsin there are few cranks and faddists among his adherents. The red-flag socialists are so strongly opposed to his moderate proposals that they have on several occasions joined forces with the railroads against him. His attitude, in general, is rather that of a business man than of a politician or social reformer."

The three qualities that most distinguish the man, according to the *Arena* writer, are his absolute honesty, his first-class skill as an organizer, and his effectiveness as an orator. His arch-enemy is Senator Spooner. Congressman Babcock, now ex-congressman, was



COMES HONESTLY BY LOVE OF THE STAGE

Miss Lola La Follette, daughter of Senator La Follette, is a member of Ada Rehan's company. Her father would have gone on the stage if his short stature had not been such a handicap.

another of his foes. But with them all in mind, after his last nomination for governor had been made by unanimous vote of the Republican convention, following, however, on a bitter contest, he concluded his speech of acceptance as follows:

"I do not treasure one personal injury or lodge in memory one personal insult. The span of my life is too short for that. But so much as it pleases God to spare unto me I shall give, whether in the public service or out of it, to the contest for good government."



HIS PERSONALITY IS SAID TO BE AS DELIGHTFUL AS TAFT'S

Prince von Bülow, imperial German Chancellor, is deemed the hero of the Waterloo inflicted last month upon the Socialists of the land. The Prince is so urbane that his speech is irresistible, his courtesy is so perfect that he has not a personal enemy in the world, and his culture is so fine that he enters into the spirit of every art and all literatures. He has only recently recovered from a long illness. No one seems to know what foundation there may be for rumors of his coming retirement.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR



IT IS said of Prince von Bülow, now hailed even more than is his master William II as the real victor of the recent German elections, that he never was a boy. He became a man by the time he had cut his teeth. His mother used to say, as she combed the long flaxen hair for which he was locally illustrious at the age of eight, that Bernhard would become a celebrated artist. The prophecy, if anything may be inferred from German press comment of the sarcastic kind, has been abundantly fulfilled. The particular art in which he has not merely an enthusiastic ambition to excel but a mastery that speaks volumes for the length of his training, is the art of trifling. Yet he could stand on his head in a clown's motley without forfeiting a trace of that personal distinction which gives atmosphere to his character. He does it metaphorically all the time. Big and heavy physically, the Prince nevertheless conveys an impression of lightness—his critics say frothiness—that seems to have nothing German in it. Accepting the views of his enemies, indeed, one must believe that Prince von Bülow is German neither in his outlook upon life nor in his training.

He has sprung from a very ancient and distinguished house. His genealogy goes back eight centuries. Generation after generation of the Bülows have held lucrative public office. But Bernhard von Bülow was not born a prince nor even a count. He has never possessed vast landed estates. He has never held a commission in the German army. His university career was French. The land of which he knows most is Italy. He even possesses what the French call "esprit"—a word feebly transliterated into liveliness of wit and fancy, and therefore inapplicable, according to Parisians, to any genuine German. Yet no one who reads the monologs with which the Chancellor delights the Reichstag, affirms the *London Times*, can hesitate to allow that he is abundantly endowed with the winning Gallic quality in question. Nothing could be gayer, lighter or more adroit than the fashion in which this responsible statesman ensures his triumph as an artist by trifling with the weightiest international interests with which Europe is concerned. The Prince does try hard to be

serious upon occasion, and then the whole Reichstag is dissolved in merriment. "The expansive good nature of his whole attitude and the exquisite art with which it is used to cloak and to relieve the playful malice of some of his ingenuous-looking sentences," says the *London Times* again, "have a flavor—it is true a trans-Rhenane flavor—of La Fontaine."

The Prince has large, expressive blue eyes, the gaze whereof is pronounced keen and penetrating. His complexion is blond, inclining slightly to the florid. He is some six feet tall, with a tendency to plumpness. The Germans do not like his fondness for English modes. They make fun, too, of the poodle to which he is so attached. The Chancellor is a good deal of a pedestrian. Clad in a tweed suit, with a heavy stick in his hand, a short pipe between his teeth, and followed by the faithful dog, the imperial German chancellor will wander for hours in high-ways and byways. He has footed it all over northern Italy, the region he seems to love above all other portions of the world. The Prince prefers Italian cooking to German cooking, Italian artists to German artists. He thinks in Italian, we are told, and translates into German. His wife is an Italian of Italians. She was a Princess Maria Camporeale, daughter of one of the most brilliant women in Roman society years ago, and stepdaughter of the Italian statesman Minghetti. They have no children.

Von Bülow makes no concealment of his love for Italy. He agrees with Theophile Gautier that the grand canal of Venice is the most wonderful thing in the world. He has spent day after day amid the ruins of Pompeii, the frescoes therein filling him with delight and inspiring his sympathetic interest in the project for the excavation of Herculaneum. For every form of Italian art—painting, music, sculpture, poetry, architecture—he has a passion. His tastes in this direction were influenced by Marco Minghetti, the stepfather of his wife, an orator of brilliant talent, a lover of the great classical authors from whose writings he quotes with unexampled felicity. From Minghetti von Bülow learned that art of quotation which he employs with such effect in the Reichstag. It is well known that the Chancellor will re-

solve all debate into a poetical quotation, well timed. Goethe, Homer, Shakespeare, he seems to have them all by heart. Theocritus is another author that he loves. Taine he commends highly because that Frenchman comprehended Italy.

Brilliant as are the talents for which the Chancellor is famed—sprightliness in conversation, readiness of wit, facility in negotiation, brilliance as an orator—there is some doubt as to whether they are wholly genuine. He is deemed somewhat ostentatious of the abilities, such as they are, which he possesses. He never tells anything but the truth. But he does not think himself bound to tell the whole truth when some—political opponents mainly—think he ought to tell it. He seems to have no great capacity for friendship. His brother is said to be his most intimate chum. The Emperor is said to admire him immensely without exactly loving him. Von Bülow is of that type which lives upon approbation, which detests the notion of being guilty of a rude act or an impolite remark. He never affects to be above even a Socialist member of the Reichstag. He respects, with an almost religious scrupulosity, all the established decorums of German life; but the flexibility of his manner, while making him most agreeable, is alleged to denote some capacity for slyness. And if Boileau be right in affirming that no truly great genius was ever wholly satisfied with himself, von Bülow lacks the highest type of human ability. For he possesses the characteristic, or, rather, the personal trait to which the immature refer when they say that so-and-so is "dead stuck" on himself.

From the lips of von Bülow the German language falls in sentences of perfect clarity. It has been affirmed that parliamentary oratory is unknown in the fatherland. It is certainly non-existent in any sense intelligible to Anglo-Saxons. But von Bülow and Bebel between them have brought into being a kind of public speaking quite new in the political life of their common country. Each makes free use of simple gestures, but both abstain from the awkward and the obscure, from those divagations and involutions that render the talk of a German professor so ponderous. Bebel and Bülow are further kin in the mordant quality of the humor of each, in an irony that is both grim and unstrained. The sentences flow in a steady stream, without harking back or stumbling forward. Germany has come a little late into her national parliament, as she has come a little late into her national navy, but in von Bülow and in Bebel she has speakers of such power and brilliance that their superior does not exist in the parliament of any other land. An oratorical duel between the pair is always an international sensation. Nothing could be more characteristic or more killing than the courtesy of the Chancellor throughout these crises. Bebel is always so terribly in earnest and von Bülow is always so thoro a trifler that the contrast between them would be striking even tho the Chancellor refrained—which he never does—from quoting something or other from the poets by way of illustration that makes Socialistic aspirations seem like gelid beams plucked on the pale-faced moon.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



TWELVE years ago, at the age of fifty-five, John D. Rockefeller, having amassed the largest private fortune of the world, decided to retire from active business. Up to that time the world in general knew little of his personality, and that little was the result of guesswork and deduction. The figure that had taken its place in the public mind was that of a remorseless man, driven by a lust for power, unfeeling and unyielding. Miss Ida Tarbell's conscientious endeavor to find the real Rockefeller from his record resulted in the portrayal of a man who became in early manhood "money-mad," and had been ever since dominated by the obsession of a fixed idea. When Mr. Rockefeller

began his series of donations to Chicago University the paragraphers and cartoonists represented him as squeezing the unfortunate "common people" just enough tighter to reimburse himself for his beneficence. Had Mr. Rockefeller died ten years ago he would have died in public execration. The term is hardly too strong.

But there has been a marked change in the public feeling of late years, and especially in the last two years. One reason for it, perhaps, has been the contrast forced upon the world's attention between his own unostentatious private life, with its freedom from scandal, and the life of certain other frenzied financiers whose ideas of "high life" seemed to

be to break the bank at Monte Carlo, to keep the divorce courts busy, and to supply racy material for the columns of *Town Topics*. Another and still more potent reason for the change has been due, probably, to the growing belief that Mr. Rockefeller actually cares a little for the good opinion of his fellowmen—cares for it not as a financial asset, but as any other normal human being on the way down the slope of life might care for it. Pity is akin to love, and even the socialists began to pity John D. Rockefeller for his supposed loneliness and heart-hunger! "The loneliest man in the world" he has been called by Frederick Palmer, and a touching picture was given by one magazine writer several months ago (and reproduced in these pages) of Mr. Rockefeller surrounded by guards, in constant fear of assassination, a sort of prisoner in his own home and a stranger to all the joys of open-hearted human companionship. Napoleon, standing with folded arms, grand, gloomy and peculiar, looking out over the waves as they broke upon the shores of Elba, was never a more pathetic figure than this Napoleon of finance that the public has been picturing to itself of late, hairless and hopeless, longing for a word of real sympathy and the touch of a hand that was not reaching for his pocketbook.

Already the picture fades and another is taking its place. The Great Inaccessible no longer wanders in solitary grandeur. Another magazine writer has broken down the barriers that hedge him about, and we now find him playing golf, riding a bicycle, whistling, singing, and throwing his hat in the air with the abandon of a sixteen-year-old boy. Lonesome? Miserable? Far from it. So far from it, indeed, that he is now proclaimed, on the testimony of "a close associate," as "undoubtedly the happiest man in the world."

It is *The Woman's Home Companion* that has given us this later, and, we are bound to believe, truer, picture of Mr. Rockefeller. Its representative went with letters of introduction to see him last August at his Forest Hill home in Cleveland. The scribe was stopped at the lodge gate. He went back to his hotel and wrote a letter to Mr. Rockefeller, telling him that he was the most hated and least understood person in the United States, and that here was his chance to set himself right with the world! Result: an invitation to play golf with the rich man, followed by another and another. And now we get "for the first time an accurate picture of the human side of the remarkable Mr. Rockefeller." At least one side of him, therefore, is human.

The humor of the situation is rather fetching, but there is no evidence that the writer in *The Woman's Home Companion* is conscious of it, tho it is not impossible that Mr. Rockefeller saw it and enjoyed it. "He said to me one day," says the writer, "We ought to be thankful for simple tastes—to be able to enjoy sunshine, blue sky like this, leaves, grass and our game of golf." He meant it, too. He is fond of discovering things for which he should feel thankful." We know not which the more to admire, the naïveté of Mr. Rockefeller or that of his companion. The fact that indictments and subpoenas were already beginning to hurtle through the air of Ohio at that time gives us the right kind of background for the picture, and for this touching expression of gratitude for sunshine, blue sky, leaves and grass. It was not for nothing, perchance, that Mr. Rockefeller had become a year before an honorary member of the association of American press humorists!

But let the game of golf proceed. It was a four-ball four-some, the other two players being two Cleveland preachers, both Baptists. The scribe was selected as Mr. Rockefeller's partner. "He knows how to make every one feel comfortable and at home," is the commentary on this. Very soon Mr. Rockefeller made an accurate approach thirty yards away from the fourth hole. "What a handclapping! He was as tickled as a boy with a new toy. He threw up his hat and danced a jig on the spot." Mr. Rockefeller and his *Home Companion* companion were beaten at the end of the course of nine holes. Then the millionaire wanted to play four more holes, which he and his partner won, and the solemn assurance is given us: "He is not superstitious. Thirteen holes is his favorite number every day." The biographer gives us another Boswellian touch:

"Mr. Rockefeller plays golf from a wheel, riding from shot to shot. He has three boy attendants, not that he needs so many, but this system seems a natural result of his ingrained sense of personal economy. This economic theory is especially well sustained in the case of Willie. Willie supplies part of the motive power for the wheel, running behind and pushing, as they move over the soft sod. Another boy carries a bag of golf clubs, and a third comes with a basket containing golf balls, chalk, extra gloves, a neckerchief, and underneath all these things I wondered—what! . . .

"When he is with friends and merry, you can't count the lines in his face—gentle, genial lines, and around the eyes, crow's-feet of delicious humor. Usually he wears no glasses. But the eyes! They are light blue, and just around the corner, a jolly, roguish twinkle. Far apart,

focussed in space, seeing things ten years off, they are brightened by hopeful imagination. Unlike most men of his age, he lives in the future as much as in the past. This is the more remarkable, too, because few men have lived through such thrilling times or seen such conquests.

"He has a long, straight, perceptive nose, mouth straight, firm but kind; thin lips, persuasive and sufficiently elastic to whistle or play a horn. I have heard him whistle and sing."

Never, says the same writer, has he known anyone who could approach Mr. Rockefeller in thoughtful little attentions. Remembering that the express object of the visit was to enable Mr. Rockefeller to set the world right as to his character, such thoughtful attention loses some of its evidential value in this particular case. But as a matter of fact, all the personal friends of the magnate, those who have had years of intimacy with him, tell the same story as to his attentiveness and kindly manner toward his guests. It extends to rather minute details and is habitual with him. He is never morose, is an agreeable talker, a fairly good story-teller, and quick at repartee. He is fond of reading, especially of reading serious books that interpret life from a religious point of view,—not sloppy sentiment, but the writings of such authors as Drummond and Ian Maclaren and Lyman Abbott. All these stories of guards outside his window at night and push-buttons located everywhere for the purpose of summoning speedy help and of constant mortal dread of assassination are scouted by his friends as tommyrot. They testify that the guards are not in evidence, that his houses are obviously like any other houses, that his manner is that of a cheery optimist, that he eats well and has the same variety of dishes any man of regular habits and good digestion and a clear conscience has.

The difference between the attitude toward the public of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie has been frequently noted. Mr. Carnegie is a "mixer," as the politicians say, and he has by his approachableness and good nature averted personal hostility and misunderstanding of various kinds. Mr. Rockefeller's latest magnificent gift to the cause of education—thirty-two millions at one stroke—has placed him certainly in the same category as Carnegie in the size of his benefactions. But Mr. Rockefeller has held himself personally aloof even from the objects of his beneficence. A recent writer in the *New York Times* interprets his attitude as follows:

"People have made some quaint guesses at Mr. Rockefeller's apparent attitude of standing apart from his benefactions, once they are made. It is

a pose, say some; it is probably a personal diffidence in facing crowds, say others. The true explanation is that he is absolutely wanting in the sense of personal display. It has long been conceded that his was the most practical and competent mind in the United States devoted purely to business problems in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. A simple love of home and family developed as he assumed the responsibilities of wedded life. His home, his church work, his business furnished his workshop, his playground, his drama, his entertainment.

"As the popular writers drew a mantle of mystery around him, he was content to be thankful for the opportunity it gave him to live quietly in the shade when everybody else seemed straining for a spot in the public eye. His suavity was no pose, it was part of his nature. His cheerfulness, however lacking in demonstrativeness, was unflinching, but operate in the public square he would not."

The same journal gives a list of Mr. Rockefeller's gifts as they have from time to time become known, and they amount to a little less than \$94,000,000. The *New York American* reckons up a total of \$158,000,000. Nearly all this vast sum has gone to educational institutions. Most of it has been given since his retirement from active business, but it is said that from the first his ambition has been to afford educational advantages to as many young men and women as possible. He is carrying out a lifelong purpose, not a purpose born, as some have inferred, of late years from remorse and an expiatory impulse. And he has made it an invariable rule of his giving to an institution that it shall raise additional sums before it can receive his gift. The most striking evidence that the use he is making of his fortune is disarming his critics is perhaps to be found in the editorial comment of Mr. Hearst's paper, the *New York American*, a few days ago, just after the announcement of the gift of thirty-two millions. Under the title, "Noble Use of a Vast Fortune," *The American* remarks that the most appropriate time for considering the social perils of such a fortune as Mr. Rockefeller's is not when he is parting with it for promoting knowledge. It adds:

"Centuries after Mr. Rockefeller is gone the effects of his benefactions will remain. The wisdom of men and the goodness of men will be increased through generations by his money. Moreover, while Rockefeller lives, and as long as his name shall be remembered, his example will stimulate other multi-millionaires to emulation. Surely there could not be nobler rivalry than competition in founding and endowing institutions of learning and setting free from the burdensome cares of life gifted men engaged in original research.

"The John D. Rockefeller who bestows millions with both hands upon universities and schools deserves all the applause that his enlightened benevolence brings to him."

MARQUIS SAIONJI, THE PRIME MINISTER AND BEAU BRUMMELL OF JAPAN



IN THOSE professions of unalterable esteem for America and for all things American which the Japanese Prime Minister framed with such effect in the Diet at Tokyo four weeks ago, we have evidence, say some cynics, that he might have excelled Garrick in comedy had his genius been turned in earlier life in the direction most congenial to it. The Marquis Saionji's eulogy of President Roosevelt rose at times to an almost lyric fervor after the peace of Portsmouth, altho to the Marquis that peace was meaningless and grotesque. The real personal sentiments of this statesman on the subject of our country are expressed in stolen half-interviews and in hasty asides amid the gaieties of a ballroom, and are of the kind that finds favor on the continent of Europe and inspires spicy reflections in the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*. But the official opinion of the Marquis is to the personal opinion of the Marquis as pantomime to real life. Praising our country is a part he obviously enjoys. His best performance echoed those rhapsodies through the medium of which President Roosevelt converted his recent annual message into a Japanese canticle. The Marquis reciprocated with an American madrigal of even greater animation than the Rooseveltian scherzo that Emperor William has worn threadbare. The political foes of the Marquis professed to find his references to this sweet land of liberty ridiculous in view of the dislike of America so often attributed to him. The political supporters of the Marquis retort indignantly. Roosevelt had scratched Japan's back. Japan scratched Roosevelt's back. There is nothing ridiculous in peace on earth, good-will to men. Nor is dissimulation the second-nature of the Marquis. It is merely his refuge, his very present help in trouble. It is, as we say over here, the game, and the Marquis learned it in France. Nothing is worth learning, according to the private opinion he is said to hold, unless it can be learned in France.

Certainly no one was ever so French as the Marquis tries to be. The Prime Minister of Japan does his thinking in French. His manners are French. His sympathies are French. His characteristics are the most excessively French that ever made a personality delightful. Of his brilliance there can be no possible doubt whatever. In his sincerity

no one has any faith at all. Fifty-eight, extremely rich, aristocratic to the finger tips, uncompromisingly democratic in principle, he disposes of serious things with an epigram and thinks nothing matters much. He is, to employ the hackneyed phrase that fits him, perfectly lovely. Mrs. Mary Crawford Fraser, who has met him often, vouches in the London *Monthly Review* for that. So do many ladies. "A desperate heart-breaker," says our fair authority.

The tallness of the Marquis is described in the Paris *Gaulois*, charmed by his Gallican traits, as "divine"—a term which amounts to no more, apparently, than that the Prime Minister is what we unpolished Americans would call big for a Jap. He has a very psychic eye that swims—we plagiarize the French daily—straight into your soul. It is with his psychic eye instead of with his lips that the Marquis smiles—sometimes cynically; often sentimentally, but always irresistibly. His features are extremely regular, altho quite heavy about the lips and chin for one of his nation. Unlike the Japanese generally, he possesses very even and regular teeth of dazzling whiteness. He is destitute of that national vanity which prompts so many of his countrymen to attempt, in defiance of ethnology, the cultivation of a beard. But the most wonderful of the physical attractions of the Marquis is his complexion. It is golden. The anomaly imparts a peculiar seductiveness to his cuticle, which is of an inimitably silky texture. The smartness of the Marquis Saionji's figure is said to be really that of his corset. He was initiated into the mysteries of that accessory to personal distinction by Austrian cavalry officers who took a fancy to him while he sojourned in Vienna in a diplomatic capacity. This, of course, is gossip, a thing the Marquis despises. A corset, moreover, would add nothing to the beauty of those lines and the grace of that motion displayed by the Prime Minister in the native Japanese dress he wears on social occasions. He shows himself then in every conceivable combination of color, and so perfumed that his approach needs no announcement. He bathes thrice daily in hot water and flowers. His ablutions are made poetical by the orchid, the chrysanthemum and the rose, with each of which the Marquis is so infatuated that his doting daughter deliberately effects a

combination of the characteristics of all three in her own form and face. The task is facilitated by the uncloying sweetness of this nymph. She is just eighteen, distractingly Japanese in tress, in gait and in that delicious shame with which the maids of her exalted social position become conscious of a male presence. Her mauve kimono trails in gorgeousness at her least movement, while her pansy sash is like music flowing. She speaks French with her father's fluency, and her English is without a trace of accent. If the father is perfectly lovely, the daughter is too sweet for anything.

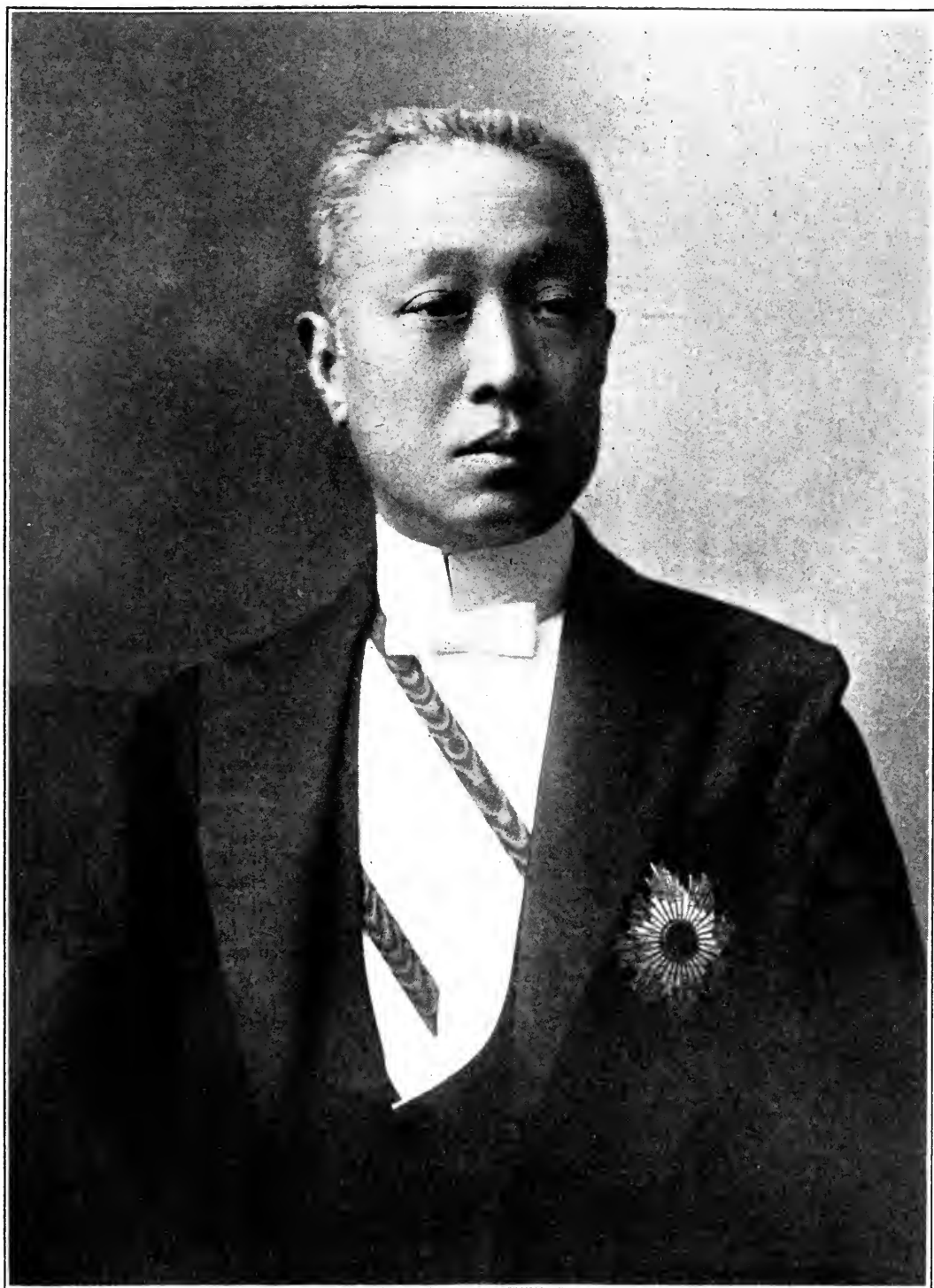
The Marquis Saionji, altho a scion of the most ancient house in the whole Japanese nobility, does not spring from that samurai or warrior class of which the daimyo or "great names" were the chief. The term samurai is derived from the Nippon equivalent of "to be on guard," and was first distinctively employed, say the learned, with reference to the sentinels of the emperor's palace. Now, while the ancestors of the samurai were pacing before the imperial portals, the ancestors of the Saionji were court nobles within, setting up and deposing emperors at their will and pleasure. This was in the golden age of Japanese classical literature in the eighth century of our era, altho the pedigree of the Marquis extends back some five thousand years prior to those specious days. He is privileged, in view of the antiquity of his origin, to visit the temple of Ise whenever the Emperor resorts thither to worship the first imperial ancestor, represented by a divine mirror. This divine mirror was given to the first imperial ancestor, says one tradition, by a Saionji in whom was incarnated, for the time being, the soul of the universe. However this may be, the Marquis, altho neither Shintoist nor Buddhist from conviction, is a devout ancestor worshiper, the shrines in his home at Oiso being of very ancient origin.

Oiso, where the Prime Minister resides with his family and to which he retires from Tokyo whenever affairs of state can be put aside, is likewise the abiding place of that famed statesman, the Baron Suematsu, and of that illustrious father of modern Japan, the Marquis Ito. The exquisite villas of these ornaments of their age stand side by side as if to symbolize the closeness of those ties by which their occupants are bound together. For the Marquis Ito is the political preceptor of the Marquis Saionji. It was Ito who urged the young Kin-Mochi Saionji to re-

pair, in his twentieth year, to the capital of France. Saionji, not yet a Marquis, was then in the imperial suite at Kioto, the city in which he was born in 1849. He found himself in Paris during those republican frenzies to which the collapse of the third Napoleon's empire gave rise. The young Japanese nobleman went everywhere and saw everything. He was not forced, like Ito, to view the western world in the capacity of a sailor before the mast. He was too well born and too rich, perhaps too fastidious. His brother, the celebrated Marquis Toku-Daiji, was Lord Chamberlain. Another brother, as the head of the great banking and mercantile family of Sumitomo and as a multi-millionaire owning collieries and copper mines, provided him with introductions to the great financiers of Europe.

For ten years the handsome Saionji lived with the gilded youth of the French capital. He made himself at home in the Latin Quarter, but he was welcomed in the abodes of those legitimist aristocrats to whom the third republic was an abomination and the second empire a vulgar show. It was now that he acquired his nice mastery of French, his taste for coffee and rolls in bed, his preference for scented cigarettes and his love for Watteau. He has never forsaken these fancies of his youth. Neither has he lost his taste for Voltaire and for the great French writers whose works load his library shelves at Oiso. He met and delighted the Comte de Chambord, who so narrowly escaped being made the legitimist King of France. But the hero of the young Saionji was Gambetta. To the fiery French statesman the present Prime Minister of Japan is understood to owe his tendency to a Jacobinical democracy of principle. All the young men whom Gambetta fascinated at this period were destined to distinguish themselves as diplomatists—the brothers Cambon, Delcassé and even, among the rest, this Japanese exile who tripped in and out among them. The elegant part of the youth's leisure was consecrated to art, to the opera and to the acquisition of that facility in making love to which he is indebted for his reputation as a lady killer.

This descendant of a hundred generations of courtiers returned to the land of his birth in time to hail Itagaki as the Rousseau of Japan. Itagaki was the great democrat of this era. Okuma, the plutocrat, led the solidly respectable business element. Ito had put himself at the head of a constitutional imperial party which hailed the emperor as the



THE CHAMPION OF RACIAL EQUALITY

Marquis Saionji, Prime Minister of Japan, is affirmed by society ladies who have met him to possess the most perfect manners of the age, to be a squire of dames in the true sense and to manifest on any and every occasion a chivalry unapproachable since the glorious age of Louis XIV, who took his hat off to every milkmaid he met.

source of all rightful authority. Saionji appeared—he was now about thirty—with his head full of Parisian Jacobinism and started a paper inspired by the spirit of the French Revolution. It was full of pleas for the rights of man copiously presented in the style of Robespierre, Danton and Marat. Saionji called his sheet *Oriental Liberty*, and it was the scandal of the peerage. Even Itagaki found it too revolutionary. Okuma thought a reign of terror was impending in Tokyo. Ito, then engaged upon his first draft of the present constitution of Japan, visited the Gallicized young revolutionary, who was only too delighted to give up the cause of mankind for the love of a friend. No attitude could be more characteristic of Saionji's perfect politeness. He suppressed his paper, foreswore the French Revolution, abandoned mankind and became a Marquis. Ito got the title for him and had him made Minister to Vienna in another few years.

At the court of the Hapsburgs Saionji seemed to the manner born. His serious moments were consecrated to love, while his leisure was given to waltzing and diplomacy. The calves of his legs were ultimately exhibited at the court of Berlin, where he danced in an official capacity to the advantage of his government. It would appear to be in the minuet, however, the most important of the dance forms, that the grace of the Marquis was overpoweringly displayed, although the triumph was delayed until his assumption of the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs at home. Saionji designed the radiant court dress, too, in which the diplomatists of Japan reveal the extent to which they can adapt themselves to western culture. The Marquis, he it observed, always wears European dress on official occasions, but in the privacy of his exquisite villa at Oiso he dons the silken gowns and beflowered sashes of a Japanese millionaire. For he is a very rich man, but no soldier. He is a knight of the carpet variety, quite at his ease among flowers and ladies. His important engagements have never been military.

Among the cascades, lakes and streams of his garden, where he sips tea beneath the maple that he loves, he resembles nothing so much as a detail in some color print by Hokusai. He is so infatuated with landscape that he will have a rock or a stone transported immense distances for the decoration of his garden. If a boulder be too huge, it is sedulously split and pieced together when it reaches Oiso. The sums expended by the

Marquis in this way would be deemed great even in New York. His villa has its suites in the European style, adorned with the costliest bric-à-brac, and its spacious Japanese apartments with movable partitions and nothing in the shape of furniture beyond the matting on the floor, a potted plant and a pair of gilded screens. From the open door one gets a glimpse of the garden wherein every tree and shrub is adjusted to scale and each stone has some poetical designation of its own. Tiny bridges are thrown across the scented streams, pagodas peep above the shrubbery, and the Marquis reclines prettily on a bed of flowers making verses in honor of the cherry blossom, the lotus or the iris, according to the season of the year and the inspiration of the hour. In spite of his familiarity with Europe, the Marquis has acquired no ease in the practice of sitting on a chair. Supply him with a few mats, however, in an unfurnished room, and he rolls in luxury in a very literal sense. His taste for French viands is noteworthy in one of his nation. The Marquis has an expensive chef in his service, but his Japanese dinners are also among the events of the social season in Tokyo.

Personally, as has been noted, the Japanese Prime Minister has a reputation for insincerity. The trait is attributed to the thoroughness of the diplomatic training he received in Europe. His political opponents are convinced that, having been taught by his foreign mentors to despise the religions of his native land, and having imperfectly assimilated the western ethical code, he is now as melancholy a moral degenerate as can well be imagined. These disparagements emanate from the very critics who insist that as a speaker he is not worth listening to, altho his eloquence has drawn tears from the eyes of the heir to the throne. The Marquis is, indeed, one of the most brilliant talkers in Japan. His charm makes him a social conqueror apart from the prestige of his exalted official position and his even more exalted birth. His manners are the prettiest of the innumerable pretty things about him. Nothing can be conceived more graceful than his mode of kissing the hand of any continental European lady who happens to adorn the diplomatic circle at Tokyo. Yet he is accused of having no heart. But what a perambulating poem he is! Such a living grasp of the sun-king's spirit of condescension! Such a capacity to cull the very best from it!

Literature and Art

A NEW AMERICAN SCULPTOR OF GENIUS



AMONG the artists of all nationalities now laboring in Paris, there is a young American who already has achieved envied distinction, and who in the future is almost certain to reflect high credit upon the land of his birth. The name of this genius—for as such he is hailed by high French authorities—is Andrew O'Connor. He is a sculptor and a disciple of Rodin, and altho but little over thirty years old, his work, which already is considerable, has attracted unusual attention among artists and critics, who unhesitatingly predict for him a great career.

O'Connor is of Irish origin, and was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1874. His artistic talent showed itself early. At fourteen he was expert with the chisel, and was working with his father at the rather thankless occupation of producing designs and monuments for cemeteries. In 1900 he exhibited a bust which was much admired by artists in this country. For a period he studied in London under the auspices of Sargent. Some very creditable examples of his work may be seen in the bas-reliefs adorning St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. These decorations are full of life and expression, and stamped with such originality and distinction as to convince a discerning eye of their exceptional worth. One can now readily trace in them the characteristics which were to develop in the more congenial atmosphere of Paris.

This young American artist has recently produced work of so rare a character as to challenge the admiration of the Parisian art critics, who, as every one knows, are chary of enthusiastic praise. They declare that O'Connor's art shows kinship with that of Rodin and Meunier, and they do not hesitate to couple certain of his sculptures with the masterpieces of those famous artists. There is in his work a quality that reminds one of Rodin's characteristic statuary, and yet does not suggest the slightest idea of a copy. One sees that the pupil has been strongly influenced by the master, but this influence has not altered a certain modesty and delicacy which he possesses in a marked degree, and which are

not found in the sculptures of Rodin. The trait of delicacy which shines through O'Connor's most strenuous conceptions imparts to his work an individuality which has not failed to evoke the admiration of the Parisian art world. In a recent issue of *L'Art* (Paris), M. Maurice Guillemot, a distinguished critic, has an article which is remarkable not only for its warm praise of O'Connor, but for its friendly attitude toward American art and artists. He calls attention to the high appreciation of Chartran and Meissonier shown in America, and expresses gratification that America, in its turn, is now to contribute its share of esthetic ideas to the Old World. He goes on to say:



ANDREW O'CONNOR

A young American sculptor who shows the influence of Rodin and Meunier, and is achieving enviable distinction in the Paris art world.

"It is encouraging to look forward to an American art which will



"THE OWL"

A funeral monument conceived by O'Connor in a spirit that would do credit to Baudelaire or Poe.

be not merely a temporary phenomenon, but the expression and synthesis of the life of a whole people. There are in America at the present time strong individualities which are about to be revealed to the world. The period has gone by when Americans were content to purchase our marbles and objects of art and to adopt our historic buildings,—to copy, in a word, what was already in existence, without taking heed of the progress of the centuries and the exigencies of the present. This habit of refined taste developed

by the collector has, nevertheless, contributed to original production, and a striking example of this fact is found in Andrew O'Connor.

"There is in him an energy, a sort of brutality, that will easily triumph over a certain mannerism which does not naturally belong to him. The clean-shaven face, the high brow crowned with rebellious and ruddy locks, the vigorous torso, the powerful hands, the great energy concealed under an outward timidity, the sincere convictions and sane ambition shining in his clear glance, give testimony of a man who goes straight to his aim, of a strong will and of progressive instincts. His chief idols are Donatello and Rodin, and it is the latter who has had most influence upon him. He actually shares in one of the gifts of the incomparable master,—that of a cunning distribution of lights and shadows in sculpture. One finds in his work no literal copying of the model, no modeling from nature, but, on the contrary, a sort of superb augmentation, a lyric exaggeration of strength in reserve, a certain majesty which is the result of harmony and combination. The fact that he makes use of symbols has but slight significance. In that figure seated with the casque and buckler, in the woman holding a palm, the expression is in no sense due to these accessories. Indeed, these almost escape notice, so strong is the effect of the ensemble. In his atelier, in the Boulevard Garibaldi, there are a number of works in process of completion: enormous sketches, clay that looks as if it had been tortured, triumphant forms. One perceives here the artist's courageous struggle with matter—a struggle that always ends in victory. You see matter conquered, obedient, submissive, and you experience a species of pleasure in the brutal composition with its black shadows and accentuated harmonious reliefs."

O'Connor's most remarkable achievement thus far is a funeral monument, "The Owl," conceived in a spirit that would do credit to Baudelaire or Poe. This Egyptian phantasy is pronounced by M. Guillemot an extraordinary piece of monumental sculpture. To quote:

"This gigantic bird of night looms up from its pedestal, a startling apparition, enigmatic and disquieting. It will have an interior stairway, and the eyes are to be illumined with electric lights, the tomb being thus converted into a lighthouse. Into this mysterious apparition of the night the artist has put tragic power, just as into his caryatides he has put a certain charming grace. But in all of his figures, even in the most charming, there is always a certain reserve strength, a certain energy, that save them from that species of Italian archness which is the reproach of our medieval sculpture and of our cathedrals. There are those who imagine that work of this kind on a grand scale is a very simple thing, and that the principal merit belongs to the founder and workman. This is a grave error. Colossal sculpture has an esthetic of its own which even many artists have no suspicion of. To erect a statue in the open air on a monumental base, on the upper cornice of a building, or on a rocky height, is a difficult artistic feat. In the first place, the general aspect must be satisfying, agreeable and comprehensible. It is necessary, further, that the details shall be visible, and that this effect shall be gained without

detriment to the ensemble; finally it is essential that the idea which has inspired the artist and which contributes the *raison d'être* of the work, be understood."

The rare qualities here described receive vivid expression, according to the critic, in O'Connor's sinister "Owl." Is this equivalent to saying that the young American genius has solved successfully all the formidable problems of colossal sculpture? By no means, says M. Guillemot. But what he undoubtedly possesses is the instinct which enables him to grasp the essential requirements of this branch of his art. M. Guillemot's critique concludes as follows:

"He has outlived all the influences of his early period, and has succeeded in realizing his personal conceptions. Living in the inevitable environment of Rodin, towards whom his temperament draws him, and for whom he professes the greatest admiration (contrary to so many self-styled French sculptors), he will develop still greater capabilities, for it must be remembered that he is but thirty-one years of age.

"Venice, in Voltaire's story, played the host to kings: Paris even more willingly offers hospitality to artists. It is the Mecca to which they all come, and if talent confers naturalization, the young master of whom we have written is wholly worthy of that honor."



"INSPIRATION"

(By Andrew O'Connor)

An allegorical study exhibiting rare traits that have evoked the praise of French art critics.

THE UNORIGINALITY OF GREAT MINDS

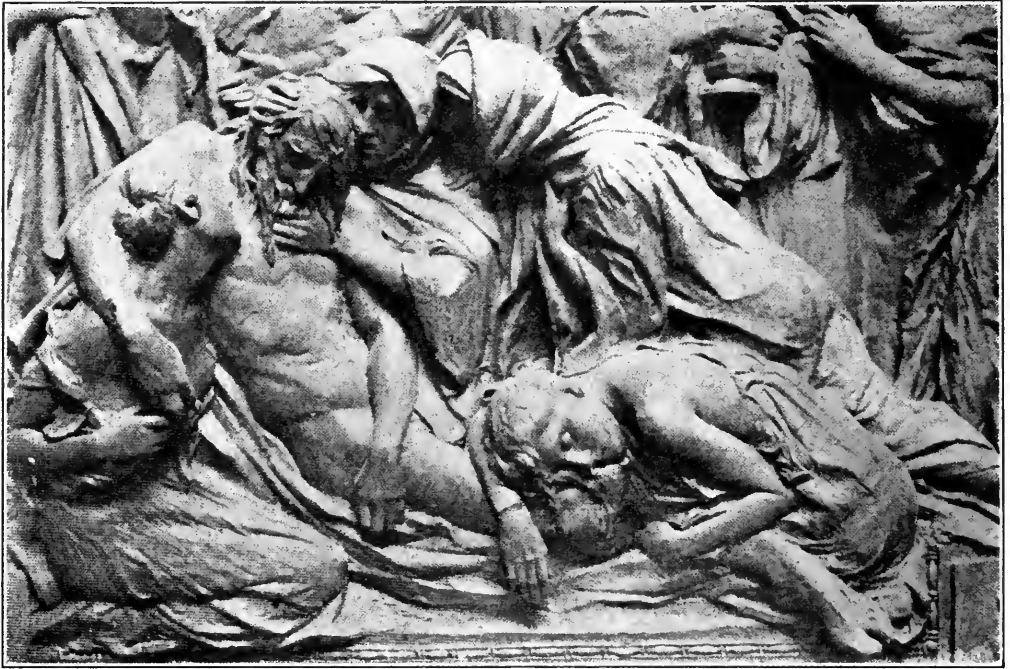
WHEN a man aims at originality," Lowell once said, "he acknowledges himself consciously unoriginal. The great fellows have always let the stream of their activity flow quietly." In illustration of the general principle here laid down may be quoted a passage from Prof. Barrett Wendell's suggestive lectures on the "Temper of the Eighteenth Century in English Literature." Professor Wendell is speaking of Shakespeare, and he says that a distinguishing characteristic of the greatest of dramatic poets was "a somewhat sluggish avoidance of needless invention. When anyone else had done a popular thing, Shakespeare was pretty sure to imitate him and to do it better. But he hardly ever did anything first."

Is it true, then, that the greatest minds are unoriginal? Prof. Brander Matthews, who

takes up the question in *Scribner's* (February), is inclined to answer it in the affirmative. He writes:

"This 'sluggish avoidance of needless invention' which is characteristic of Shakespeare—and of Molière also, although in a less degree—is evidenced not only by their eager adoption of an accepted type of play, an outer form of approved popularity, it is obvious also in their plots, wherein we find situations, episodes, incidents drawn from all sorts of sources. In all the two-score of Shakespeare's plays, comic and tragic and historic, there are very few indeed the stories of which are wholly of his own making. The invention of Molière is not quite so sluggish; and there are probably three of four of his plays the plots of which seem to be more or less his own; but even in building up these scant exceptions he never hesitated to levy on the material available."

But if the greatest poets are often unoriginal, they are nevertheless imaginative in the



THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST

One of O'Connor's bas-reliefs in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, showing natural traits which have been greatly developed by contact with Rodin and the modern French school of sculpture.

highest degree. In default of "the lesser invention" they have "the larger imagination;" and Professor Matthews draws a sharp distinction between the two. "Invention," he says, "can do no more than devise; imagination can interpret. The details of 'Romeo and Juliet' may be more or less contained in the tale of the Italian novelist; but the inner meaning of that ideal tragedy of youthful love is seized and set forth only by the English dramatist." To quote further:

"La Fontaine, one of the most individual of French poets, devised only a few—and not the best—of the delightful fables he related with unflinching felicity. Calderon, who was the most imaginative of the dramatists of Spain, was perhaps the least inventive of them all, contentedly availing himself of the situations and even of the complete plots of his more fertile fellow-playwrights; and two of his most characteristic dramas, for example, two in which he has most adequately expressed himself, the 'Alcalde of Zalamea' and the 'Physician of His Own Honor,' are borrowed almost bodily from his fecund contemporary Lope de Vega. Racine seems to have found a special pleasure in treating anew the themes Euripides had already dealt with almost a score of centuries earlier. Tennyson, to take another example, displayed not a little of this 'sluggish avoidance of needless invention,' often preferring to apply his imagination to the transfiguring of what Malory or Miss Mit-

ford, Froude or Freeman had made ready for his hand."

We are sometimes apt to forget, continues Professor Matthews, that it requires a higher talent to vitalize and make significant the universal human motives than to invent fantastic tales. "'Called Back' and 'She'—good enough stories, both of them, each in its kind—did not demand a larger imaginative effort on the part of their several authors than was required to write the 'Rise of Silas Lapham' or 'Tom Sawyer';" and Anthony Hope, when he turned from his imaginative kingdom of Zenda to grapple with the realities of life and character, was not entirely successful. The case of the creator of Sherlock Holmes yields another illustration of the general truth for which Professor Matthews contends. "The tales that dealt with Sherlock Holmes and Brigadier Gerard and the White Company," he says, "are works of invention mainly; and the writer had proved himself capable of adroit and ingenious invention." On the other hand, Conan Doyle's attempts to deal with every-day themes have been to a large degree failures. He has at his command "the more showy invention," but he cannot attain to "the larger imagination."

LONGFELLOW: OUR AMERICAN LAUREATE

LONGFELLOW is "the true American laureate," says Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, and must be accorded the title for the good reason that "no one else has written lines that have sunk so deeply down into the national consciousness, making their strong appeal to men and women of every rank and station, and of every degree of culture and refinement."

This tribute has special vividness at the present time, in view of the widespread interest in the celebration of the centennial of Longfellow's birth. The ceremonies are in the hands of the Cambridge Historical Society, and include a public exhibition of Longfellow "editions" and memorabilia in the Cambridge Public Library; appropriate exercises in the Cambridge schools on the day of the poet's birth (February 27); and a public meeting in the Sanders Theatre, with William Dean Howells, President Charles W. Eliot, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Prof. Charles Eliot Norton as the speakers.

Longfellow's publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, have appropriately

issued a biographical sketch and appreciation* of the poet by Professor Norton, who long enjoyed his friendship and now writes: "I wish I could give to others the true image of him which remains in my heart. It may be learned from his own sweetest verse, for no poet ever wrote with more unconscious and complete sincerity of self-expression." Professor Norton writes further:

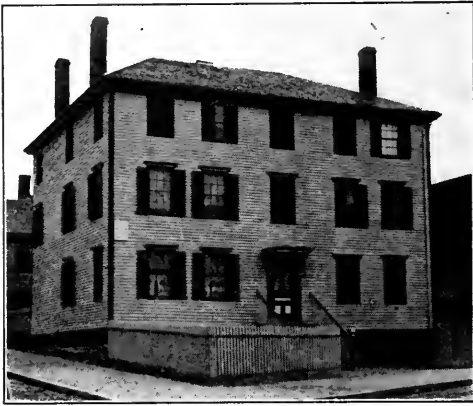
"His readers could not but entertain for him a sentiment more personal and affectionate than that which any other poet awakened. It was not by depth or novelty of thought that he interested them, nor did he move them by passionate intensity of emotion, or by profound spiritual insight, or by power of dramatic representation and interpretation of life. He set himself neither to propound nor to solve the enigmas of existence. No, the briefer poems by which he won and held the hearts of his readers were the expression of simple feeling, of natural emotion, not of exceptional spiritual experience, but of such as is common to men of good intent. In exquisitely modulated verse he continued to give form to their vague ideals, and utterance to their stammering aspirations. In revealing his own pure and sin-

*HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. A Sketch of His Life. By Charles Eliot Norton. Together with Longfellow's Chief Autobiographical Poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.



LONGFELLOW'S HOME IN CAMBRIDGE

It was here that Longfellow lived during the heyday of his career, and here that he entertained Lowell, Agassiz, Emerson, Hawthorne, Sumner, Fields, and George William Curtis.



THE HOUSE IN PORTLAND IN WHICH LONGFELLOW WAS BORN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

In 1807 Portland, Me., was "one of the pleasantest towns in New England," says Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, and "the spirit into which Longfellow was born, and of which his own nature was one of the fairest outcomes—the spirit of the New England of the early nineteenth century—is embodied in his verse."

cere nature, he helped others to recognize their own better selves. The strength and simplicity of his moral sentiment made his poems the more attractive and helpful to the mass of men, who care, as I have said, rather for the ethical significance than for the art of poetry; but the beauty of his verse enforced its teaching, and the melody of its form was consonant with the sweetness of its spirit. In the series of delightful stories which year after year he told in the successive parts of 'The Wayside Inn,' there were few which did not have for motive some wise lesson of life, some doctrine of charity, gentleness, and faith. The spirit of humanity, of large hope, of cheerful confidence in good,—this spirit into which he was born, and of which his own nature was one of the fairest outcomes,—this spirit of the New England of the early nineteenth century,—is embodied in his verse."

Perhaps the two most interesting contributions to the literature of the Longfellow Centennial are Harry Thurston Peck's, in *Munsey's*, from which are taken the opening phrases of this article; and Francis Gribble's, in *Putnam's Monthly*. Professor Peck's attitude toward his subject is as whole-heartedly appreciative as Mr. Gribble's is coldly critical. The former finds in all the lines of Longfellow the "essential vivifying spirit" and "clear unerring tones"; while the latter says: "The standing marvel to the student of Longfellow's work is that a man with so commonplace a mind should occasionally write so well."

It is undeniable, observes Professor Peck, that much of what Longfellow wrote has been so quoted and so many times recited as to seem trite; but, nevertheless, he adds, "his 'Psalm

of Life,' and even the imperfect stanzas of 'Excelsior,' have power to stir the blood; and what is more, they point always upward to a noble and inspiring ideal of human life—of a life that is more than the life of the flesh, since it means strenuous effort and high endeavor toward truth and righteousness and justice." And Longfellow, continues the same writer, was, in a very real sense, the exponent of what has lately come to be known as "the simple life." To quote again:

"The poet's eye can see the fineness and the charm of what belongs to every-day experience. The village blacksmith, swart and strong beside his forge, where the flames flare out from the blown fire, and the sparks leap in coruscating cascades as his hammer smites the red-hot metal on the anvil; the wreck of the coasting vessel overwhelmed by mountainous billows, while the captain's daughter prays to Christ, who stilled the sea at Galilee; the old clock chiming on the stairs; the hanging of the crane in the new-built house; the musing figure on the historic bridge—here are themes which in their usual aspect are quite commonplace, but which under Longfellow's magic touch have become instinct with an exquisite beauty to which he has opened every reader's eyes."

If Longfellow had never written anything except "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and "Hiawatha," says Professor Peck, his place as American laureate would be secure.

"Through these poems he peopled the waste places of our prosaic land with the creations of his fancy. In 'Hiawatha' he stretched out his hand and set the seal of his genius upon the West, giving us in it a poem which is not far from being an epic, sprung from the soil and from the forest of aboriginal America. He had, indeed, the epic poet's gift of true constructiveness. As Mr. Horace Scudder said of him, 'He was first of all a composer, and he saw his subjects in their relation rather than in their essence,' though he saw them in their essence, too. What could be nobler, and what could sound more perfectly the motif of his story of 'Evangeline,' than the wonderful poem in which the forest primeval, with its murmuring trees, its long dim vistas, and the far-off disconsolate accent of the ocean, attunes our minds, as it were, to a symphony in which unsophisticated nature and the sorrow of love are anxiously and poignantly intermingled. Here he is certainly American in theme and thought alike; nor is there any trace of that bastard Americanism which is sordid, or boastful, or ignoble."

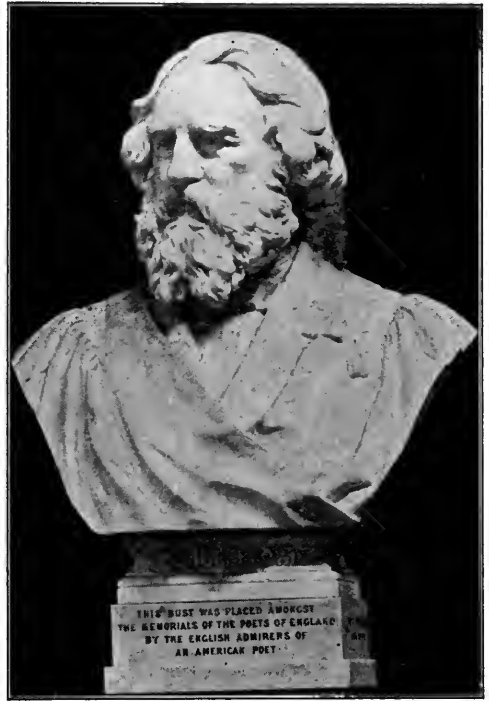
In presenting the obverse view of Longfellow's genius, Mr. Gribble takes the ground that Longfellow was a true poet, but can never be regarded as a poet of the first rank. Some of the reasons for this opinion he sets forth as follows:

"A poet of the first rank, Longfellow obviously was not, and, for obvious reasons, could not, have been. The manner of his life presented insuperable obstacles. His very virtues stood in his way, since they were virtues which a great poet cannot afford. The great poets have either lived in revolt, like Byron and Shelley, or else they have lived in seclusion, like Wordsworth. Longfellow did neither of these things, but adopted a conventional middle course. The one great sorrow of his life came after his work was done, too late to be a part of his education. For the rest, his life was placid, happy, uneventful, busy, devoid of exciting incidents, but full of trivial duties. First, he was a traveler, rather homesick, traveling only for the purpose of learning foreign languages. Then he was a professor, happily married, spending most of his time in lecturing and looking over exercises, and the rest in the cultivated gaieties of a university circle. Finally, he sat at the receipt of homage, received visits from admiring strangers, and good-naturedly wrote autographs at the rate of seventy a day. It was an admirably rounded life—on the whole a very useful life,—but it was not the sort of life in which a man of genius can come into his kingdom, or indeed the sort of life which one expects a man of genius to consent to live."

Mr. Gribble thinks that Longfellow was predestined to be "the poet of the obvious and the humdrum." There have been plenty of others, we are reminded, but "he towers above them." We read further:

"His was a limited genius of the sort that needs to be sheltered to reach its full development. He had a keen sense of the beautiful, but also a keen appreciation of the orderly. He had nothing to say—no message to deliver—that could not just as well be delivered from the pulpit. . . . And, of course, he paid the price of his docility. His limitations as a poet are precisely the limitations of the man who is perpetually seeking edification from the pulpit. It would be untrue to say that he makes no appeal to intellectual readers, but he certainly makes none to their intellect. An intellectual reader may admire his work as he admires a pretty child, or a pretty piece of embroidery, or even a simple plaintive ballad. But the effect passes 'like the ceasing of exquisite music,' and no permanent trace remains. There has, one feels, been no new thought, and no fresh reading of the riddle. The Sunday's sermon has been versified; edification has been set to music: the conventional has been restated less conventionally, the obvious—or what passes for such with the church-goers—has been embellished by some beautifully pathetic anecdote. Longfellow, in short, has played a suitable voluntary at the close of the evening service.

"No doubt it was largely because the obvious thus bounded his horizon that Longfellow became so quickly and so widely popular, achieving instantaneously the recognition for which Wordsworth had to wait through many weary years. His readers had never realized before how beautiful were the implications of their own quite commonplace ideas; and the poet who had shown them this was rewarded in his later years with an almost embarrassing homage."



THE LONGFELLOW BUST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Longfellow is read in England even more widely than Tennyson.

Between estimates so contradictory as Harry Thurston Peck's and Francis Gribble's the average reader may well feel bewildered. But when it comes to a question of the permanency of Longfellow's reputation, there can be no two opinions. For fifty years he has held a supreme place in the affections of the American people. His bust stands in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, and he has been more read in England than even Tennyson. "One has merely to glance at any detailed catalog of the translations from Longfellow's works," says Colonel Higginson, in his *Life of Longfellow*, "to measure the vast extent of his fame." The same writer adds:

"The list includes thirty-five versions of whole books or detached poems in German, twelve in Italian, nine each in French and Dutch, seven in Swedish, six in Danish, five in Polish, three in Portuguese, two each in Spanish, Russian, Hungarian and Bohemian, with single translations in Latin, Hebrew, Chinese, Sanskrit, Marathi, and Judea-German—yielding one hundred versions altogether, extending into eighteen languages, apart from the original English. There is no evidence that any other English-speaking poet of the last century has been so widely appreciated."

"THE ONLY GREAT MIND THAT AMERICA HAS PRODUCED IN LITERATURE"



F CRITICS were asked to name the greatest figure in American literature, the choice would probably narrow itself down to Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman and Emerson. Each of the four has his champions and would be accorded supremacy by his own particular admirers; but few of us have had the opportunity or the inclination to balance the claims of all. It is surely significant that Prof. George E. Woodberry, a biographer of Poe and of Hawthorne, and a close student of Whitman, sets upon Emerson the stamp of final distinction conveyed by the phrase at the head of this article. The characterization appears in Mr. Woodberry's new contribution* to the "English Men of Letters" series, and is the more remarkable in view of his confession that he has approached Emerson with a lack of sympathy amounting almost to repulsion. "I have little intellectual sympathy with him in any way," he says, "but I feel in his work the presence of a great mind." He continues:

"His is the only great mind that America has produced in literature. His page is as fresh in Japan and by the Ganges as in Boston; and it may well be that in the blending of the East and West that must finally come in civilization the limitations that awaken distrust in the Occidental mind may be advantages when he is approached from the Oriental slope of thought, and his works may prove one of the reconciling influences of that larger world. His material is permanent; there will always be men in his stage of mental culture or, at least, of his religious development; his literary merit is sufficient to secure long life to his writings. For this reason his fame seems permanent, and with it his broad contact with the minds of men. However unconvincing he may be in detail, or in his general theory and much of his theoretic counsel, he convinces men of his greatness. One has often in reading him that feeling of eternity in the thought which is the sign royal of greatness."

It is in Emerson's poems that Professor Woodberry is most conscious of this greatness, in these that he finds "the flower of his mind." Emerson's poetic expression may have been faulty and deficient in the matter of technique, but "the technical quality of his verse," says Mr. Woodberry, "is immaterial and should be neglected and forgotten, so far as possible; its value lies in its original power of genius and owes little to the forms." The

"Poems" should be taken as "autobiography in a very strict sense," revealing to us the real self of Emerson, "secret and private and most dear to him." To quote further:

"Emerson's poetry does not make a wide appeal; it has been for a select audience, and perhaps it may always be so; yet to some minds it seems of a higher value than his prose. He was more free, more completely enfranchised, in poetry. . . . There is a vehemence, a passion of life in 'Bacchus' that no prose could have clothed. The whole world takes on novelty in the verse; on all natural objects there is a luster as if they were fresh bathed with dew and morning, and there is strange coloring in all; not that he is a color poet; he does not enamel his lines as the grass is enameled with wild flowers; but the verse is pervaded with the indescribable coloring of mountain sides, and the browns and greens of wide country prospects. This luster of nature is one of his prime and characteristic traits. There is, too, a singular nakedness of outline as of things seen in the clarity of New England air. His philosophy even helps him to melt and fuse the scene at other times, and gives impressionist effects, transparencies of nature, unknown aspects, the stream of the flowing azure, the drift of elemental heat over waking lands, the insubstantial and dreaming mountain mass; all this is natural impressionism in the service of philosophy."

In the "Essays" of Emerson, as in his "Poems," Professor Woodberry discerns *mind*, rather than literary instinct, and Emerson's mind, he avers, was predisposed to a religious interpretation of life and preoccupied with morals. "He was by type a New England minister, and he never lost the mold either in personal appearance or in mental behavior; all his ideas wear the black coat." To continue the argument:

"He was a man of one idea, the moral sentiment, tho the singleness of the idea was compatible in its application to life with infinite diversity in its phases; wherever his theme may begin it becomes religious, he exhorts, and all ends at last in the primacy of morals. The 'Essays' are the best of lay-sermons, but their laicism is only the king's incognito. He was so much a man of religion that he undervalued literature, science, and art, and their chief examples, because they viewed life from a different point, just as on his first visit to England he thought Landor and Carlyle, Wordsworth and Coleridge, failed of the full measure of men because they were not overwhelmingly filled with the moral sentiment and its importance. In both cases the view taken is professional. Literature enters into the 'Essays' as salt and savor; but their end is not literary. Emerson in the substance of his works belongs with the divine writers, the religious spiritualists, the sacred moralists, the mystic philosophers, in

*RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By George Edward Woodberry. The Macmillan Company.

whose hands all things turn to religion, to whom all life is religion, and nothing moves in the world except to divine meanings."

According to this line of reasoning, Emerson was "not a great writer in the sense in which Bacon, Montaigne or Pascal are great writers, but he was a writer with greatness of mind; just as he was not a great poet, but a poet with greatness of imagination." He helped men to larger truth and the assurance of the divine and infinite nature of the soul. He became "the priest of those who have gone out of the church, but who must yet retain some emotional religious life, some fragment of the ancient heavens, some literary expression of the feeling of the divine." And, finally, he inspired and vivified the whole nation. As Professor Woodberry puts it:

"His Americanism undoubtedly endears him to his countrymen. But it is not within narrow limits of political or worldly wisdom that his influence and teachings have their effect; but in the invigoration of the personal life with which his pages are electric. No man rises from reading him without feeling more unshackled. To obey one's disposition is a broad charter, and sends the soul to all seas. The discontented, the troubled in conscience, the revolutionary spirits of all lands are his pensioners; the seed of their thoughts is here, and also the spirit that strengthens them in lonely toils, and perhaps in desperate tasks, for the wind of the world blows such winged seed into far and strange places. It is not by intellectual light, but by this immense moral force that his genius works in the world. He was so great because he embodied the American spirit in his works and was himself a plain and shining example of it; and an American knows not whether to revere more the simple manhood of his personal life in his home and in the world, or that spiritual light which shines from him, and of which the radiance flowed from



PROF. GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

Who declares, in a new biographical study, his conviction that Emerson was "not a great writer in the sense in which Bacon, Montaigne or Pascal were great writers, but he was a writer with greatness of mind; just as he was not a great poet, but a poet with greatness of imagination."

him even in life. That light all men who knew him saw as plainly as Carlyle when he watched him go up the hill at Craigenputtock and disappear over the crest 'like an angel.'"

WHISTLER'S CHIEF CLAIM TO ORIGINALITY



ACCORDING to Elizabeth Luther Cary, a versatile interpreter of many temperaments, it is the "impulse toward reality," united with a "desire to realize the unseen," that inspires the artistic mind to its highest achievement. Miss Cary offers this generalization in her new book* on Whistler, and anticipates objection to it by pointing out that men of the most diverse natures may each endeavor to portray the world that is realest to *them*, and yet may produce work that lies at the opposite poles of artistic expression. In this sense, but in this sense

only, Whistler and his best-known contemporaries—such men as Manet, Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Monet—may all be described as artistic realists. "Like the most distinguished of his contemporaries," says Miss Cary, "Whistler was completely serious, and in representing reality he looked beyond the external, but he went further than any of them in his *discrimination of the relations between what he painted and what he did not paint*, which constitutes, I think, his chief claim to originality." She goes on to explain:

"In his portraits he not only refrains from flattering his sitters,—that is the crudest possible statement of it,—he refrains from giving them an

*THE WORKS OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER. By Elizabeth Luther Cary. Moffat, Yard & Company.

undue relative importance. His exacting research into the separate individualities leaves him curiously free to obey the intuition by which he knows how much to insist upon the value of those individualities. Apparently the 'Comédie Humaine' was continually in his mind as a woven tapestry might hang in a studio against which to try the tone and color of the figure to be reproduced. His Carlyle, under this appraising observation, is not the great man of the world, but one of the world's great men and not the greatest of them."

Miss Cary finds in Whistler's portraits of external nature "the same imaginative feeling for the vast background and the small part played by any single scene in the continuous and overwhelming panorama."

"His streets belong to the town, his waves to the ocean, his rivers and their banks to the wide horizons on which they vanish, his doming skies to the envelope of air and mists that wraps about the whirling earth. The universe rolls away on every side from the fragment of his choice, and those for whom the universal has a supreme importance are conscious that under no pressure of momentary interest is he guilty of shutting out the view. The immediate view is never the main purpose of his picture. However he may concentrate attention upon a single point of interest, there is always the gradual recession of an infinitely extended environment."

This unobtrusiveness of Whistler, says

Miss Cary, in concluding, seems to be less that of modesty than of wisdom. "It is the lesson of cities, of wide experience, of the traveled mind." In a word, it is "the mood of modern civilization." Moreover:

"It is a mood that in Whistler's painting does not appeal to the many, the austere method of its expression being against a popular appeal, yet it is the mood that most reveals the attitude of the modern mind toward the populous scene. It is far removed from the old, simple awe in the presence of natural forces; it is not of the nature even of reverence, but it marks intense appreciation of the scale on which the universe is constructed, and it testifies to the sense of proportion at the root of all greatness. We cannot then think of its possessor as moving in a narrow round, nor could we if his work contained but one of the numerous fields of observation in which Whistler was at home. Had he been only the painter of night, as most commonly he is called, his revelation of its dim secrets would have entitled him to our acknowledgment of his penetrating and soaring imagination. Had he been only a portrait painter his descriptions of human characters would have made it impossible to speak of him as restricted. Had he traversed his career with no other tool of trade than his etching needle, we should have been obliged to recognize the amplitude of his mental equipment. In reviewing the fruitful outcome of all his labors, we must decide that more than any other modern painter he is the classic exponent of the modern spirit."

HAMLET AND DON QUIXOTE—THE TWO ETERNAL HUMAN TYPES

By a strange omission, this lecture by Ivan Turgenieff, the greatest prose-writer in Russian literature, is not included in either of the standard editions of Turgenieff published in English. Yet it is one of the greatest pieces of literary criticism produced in the nineteenth century. It was first delivered forty-seven years ago, and in Europe it has become a classic. The present translation is made by David A. Modell, from the Russian original, and is believed to be the first complete translation of this lecture ever printed in English. The address is here given in full, except that some of the prefatory and concluding remarks, intended for hearers rather than readers, have been omitted.

The first edition of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Hamlet," and the first part of Cervantes' "Don Quixote" appeared in the same year at the very beginning of the seventeenth century.

This coincidence seems to me significant . . . It seems to me that in these two types are embodied two opposite fundamental peculiarities of man's nature—the two ends of the axis about which it turns. I think that all people belong, more or less, to one of these two types; that nearly every one of us resembles either Don Quixote or Hamlet. In our day, it is true, the Hamlets have become far more numerous than the Don Quixotes, but the Don Quixotes have not become extinct.

Let me explain.

All people live—consciously or unconsciously—on the strength of their principles, their ideals; that is, by virtue of what they regard as truth, beauty, and goodness. Many get their ideal all ready-made, in definite, historically-developed forms. They live trying to square their lives with this ideal, deviating from it at times, under the influence of passions or incidents, but neither reasoning about it nor questioning it. Others, on the contrary, subject it to the analysis of their own reason. Be this as it may, I think I shall not err too much in saying that for all people this ideal—this basis and aim of their existence—is to be found either outside of them

or within them; in other words, for every one of us it is either his own *I* that forms the primary consideration or something else which he considers superior. I may be told that reality does not permit of such sharp demarcations; that in the very same living being both considerations may alternate, even becoming fused to a certain extent. But I do not mean to affirm the impossibility of change and contradiction in human nature; I wish merely to point out two different attitudes of man to his ideal. And now I will endeavor to show in what way, to my mind, these two different relations are embodied in the two types I have selected.

Let us begin with Don Quixote.

What does Don Quixote represent? We shall not look at him with the cursory glance that stops at superficialities and trifles. We shall not see in Don Quixote merely "the Knight of the sorrowful figure"—a figure created for the purpose of ridiculing the old-time romances of knighthood. It is known that the meaning of this character had expanded under its immortal creator's own hand, and that the Don Quixote of the second part of the romance is an amiable companion to dukes and duchesses, a wise preceptor to the squire-governor—no longer the Don Quixote he appears in the first part, especially at the beginning of the work; not the odd and comical crank, who is constantly belabored by a rain of blows. I will endeavor, therefore, to go to the very heart of the matter. I repeat: What does Don Quixote represent?

Faith, in the first place; faith in something eternal, immutable; faith in the truth, in short, existing *outside* of the individual, which cannot easily be attained by him, but which is attainable only by constant devotion and the power of self-abnegation. Don Quixote is entirely consumed with devotion to his ideal, for the sake of which he is ready to suffer every possible privation and to sacrifice his life; his life itself he values only in so far as it can become a means for the incarnation of the ideal, for the establishment of truth and justice on earth. I may be told that this ideal is borrowed by his disordered imagination from the fanciful world of knightly romance. Granted—and this makes up the comical side of Don Quixote; but the ideal itself remains in all its immaculate purity. To live for one's self, to care for one's self, Don Quixote would consider shameful. He lives—if I may so express myself—outside of himself, entirely for others, for his brethren, in order to abolish evil, to counteract the forces hostile to mankind—wizards, giants, in a word, the oppressors. There is no trace of egotism in him; he is not concerned with himself, he is wholly a self-sac-

rifice—appreciate this word; he believes, believes firmly, and without circumspection. Therefore is he fearless, patient, content with the humblest fare, with the poorest clothes—what cares he for such things! Timid of heart, he is in spirit great and brave; his touching piety does not restrict his freedom; a stranger to variety, he doubts not himself, his vocation, or even his physical prowess; his will is indomitable. The constant aiming after the same end imparts a certain monotonousness to his thoughts and oneness to his mind. He knows little, but need not know much; he knows what he is about, why he exists on earth,—and this is the chief sort of knowledge. Don Quixote may seem to be either a perfect madman, since the most indubitable materialism vanishes before his eyes, melts like tallow before the fire of his enthusiasm (he really does see living Moors in the wooden puppets, and knights in the sheep); or shallow-minded, because he is unable lightly to sympathize or lightly to enjoy; but, like an ancient tree, he sends his roots deep into the soil, and can neither change his convictions nor pass from one subject to another. The stronghold of his moral constitution (note that this demented, wandering knight is everywhere and on all occasions the moral being) lends especial weight and dignity to all his judgments and speeches, to his whole figure, despite the ludicrous and humiliating situations into which he endlessly falls. Don Quixote is an enthusiast, a servant of an idea, and therefore is illuminated by its radiance.

Now what does Hamlet represent?

Analysis, first of all, and egotism, and therefore incredulity. He lives entirely for himself; he is an egotist. But even an egotist cannot believe in himself. We can only believe in that which is outside of and above ourselves. But this *I*, in which he does not believe, is dear to Hamlet. This is the point of departure, to which he constantly returns, because he finds nothing in the whole universe to which he can cling with all his heart. He is a skeptic, and always ponders about himself; he is ever busy, not with his duty, but with his condition. Doubting everything, Hamlet, of course, spares not himself; his mind is too much developed to be satisfied with what he finds within himself. He is conscious of his weakness; but even this self-consciousness is power: from it comes his irony, in contrast with the enthusiasm of Don Quixote. Hamlet delights in excessive self-depreciation. Constantly concerned with himself, always a creature of introspection, he knows minutely all his faults, scorns himself, and at the same time lives, so to speak, nourished by this scorn. He has no faith in himself, yet is vainglorious; he

knows not what he wants nor why he lives, yet is attached to life. He exclaims:

"O that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter . . .
Most weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world."

But he will not sacrifice this flat and unprofitable life. He contemplates suicide even before he sees his father's ghost, and receives the awful commission which breaks down completely his already weakened will,—but he does not take his life. The love of life is expressed in the very thought of terminating it. Every youth of eighteen is familiar with such feelings as this: "When the blood boils, how prodigal the soul!"

I will not be too severe with Hamlet. He suffers, and his sufferings are more painful and galling than those of Don Quixote. The latter is pummeled by rough shepherds and convicts whom he has liberated; Hamlet inflicts his own wounds—teases himself. In his hands, too, is a lance—the two-edged lance of self-analysis.

Don Quixote, I must confess, is positively funny. His figure is perhaps the most comical that ever poet has drawn. His name has become a mocking nickname even on the lips of Russian peasants. Of this our own ears could convince us. The mere memory of him raises in our imagination a figure gaunt, angular, rugged-nosed, clad in caricature armor, and mounted on the withered skeleton of the pitiable Rocinante, a poor, starved and beaten nag, to whom we cannot deny a semi-amusing and semi-pathetic co-operation. Don Quixote makes us laugh, but there is a conciliatory and redeeming power in this laughter; and if the adage be true, "You may come to worship what you now deride," then I may add: Whom you have ridiculed, you have already forgiven,—are even ready to love.

Hamlet's appearance, on the contrary, is attractive. His melancholia; his pale tho not lean aspect (his mother remarks that he is stout, saying, "Our son is fat"); his black velvet clothes, the feather crowning his hat; his elegant manners; the unmistakable poetry of his speeches; his steady feeling of complete superiority over others, alongside of the biting humor of his self-denunciation,—everything about him pleases, everything captivates. Everybody flatters himself on passing for a Hamlet. None would like to acquire the appellation of "Don Quixote." "Hamlet Baratynski,"* wrote Pushkin to his friend. No one ever thought of laughing at Hamlet, and herein lies his condemnation. To love him is almost impossible; only people like

Horatio become attached to Hamlet. Of these I will speak later. Everyone sympathizes with Hamlet, and the reason is obvious: nearly everyone finds in Hamlet his own traits; but to love him is, I repeat, impossible, because he himself does not love anyone.

Let us continue our comparison.

Hamlet is the son of a king, murdered by his own brother, the usurper of the throne; his father comes forth from the grave—from "the jaws of Hades"—to charge Hamlet to avenge him; but the latter hesitates, keeps on quibbling with himself, finds consolation in self-depreciation, and finally kills his stepfather by chance. A deep psychological feature, for which many wise but short-sighted persons have ventured to censure Shakespeare! And Don Quixote, a poor man, almost destitute, without means or connections, old and lonely, undertakes the task of destroying evil and protecting the oppressed (total strangers to him) all over the world. It matters not that his first attempt to free innocence from the oppressor brings redoubled suffering upon the head of innocence. (I have in mind that scene in which Don Quixote saves an apprentice from a drubbing by his master, who, as soon as the deliverer is gone, punishes the poor boy with tenfold severity.) It matters not that, in his crusades against harmful giants, Don Quixote attacks useful windmills. The comical setting of these pictures should not distract our eyes from their hidden meaning. The man who sets out to sacrifice himself with careful forethought and consideration of all the consequences—balancing all the probabilities of his acts proving beneficial—is hardly capable of self-sacrifice. Nothing of the kind can happen to Hamlet; it is not for him, with his penetrative, keen, and skeptical mind, to fall into so gross an error. No, he will not wage war on windmills; he does not believe in giants, and would not attack them if they did exist. We cannot imagine Hamlet exhibiting to each and all a barber's bowl, and maintaining, as Don Quixote does, that it is the real magic helmet of Mambrin. I suppose that, were truth itself to appear incarnate before his eyes, Hamlet would still have misgivings as to whether it really was the truth. For who knows but that truth, too, is perhaps non-existent, like giants? We laugh at Don Quixote, but, my dear sirs, which of us, after having conscientiously interrogated himself, and taken into account his past and present convictions, will make bold to say that he always, under all circumstances, can distinguish a barber's pewter bowl from a magic golden helmet? It seems to me, therefore, that the principal thing in life is the sincerity and strength of our

*Baratynski was a Russian lyric poet, a contemporary and successful follower of Pushkin, whom contemplation of "the riddles of the universe" had made very disconsolate.—*Translator*.

convictions,—the result lies in the hands of fate. This alone can show us whether we have been contending with fantoms or real foes, and with what armor we covered our heads. Our business is to arm ourselves and fight.

Remarkable are the attitudes of the mob, the so-called mass of the people, toward Hamlet and Don Quixote. In "Hamlet" Polonius, in "Don Quixote" Sancho Panza, symbolize the populace.

Polonius is an old man—active, practical, sensible, but at the same time narrow-minded and garrulous. He is an excellent chamberlain and an exemplary father. (Recollect his instructions to his son, Laertes, when going abroad—instructions which vie in wisdom with certain orders issued by Governor Sancho Panza on the Island of Barataria.) To Polonius Hamlet is not so much a madman as a child. Were he not a king's son, Polonius would despise him because of his utter uselessness and the impossibility of making a positive and practical application of his ideas. The famous cloud-scene, the scene where Hamlet imagines he is mocking the old man, has an obvious significance, confirming this theory. I take the liberty of recalling it to you:

Polonius: My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Hamlet: Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius: By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet: Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius: It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet: Or, like a whale?

Polonius: Very like a whale.

Hamlet: Then will I come to my mother by and by.

Is it not evident that in this scene Polonius is at the same time a courtier who humors the prince and an adult who would not cross a sickly, capricious boy? Polonius does not in the least believe Hamlet, and he is right. With all his natural, narrow presumptiveness, he ascribes Hamlet's capriciousness to his love for Ophelia, in which he is, of course, mistaken, but he makes no mistake in understanding Hamlet's character. The Hamlets are really useless to the people; they give it nothing, they cannot lead it anywhere, since they themselves are bound for nowhere. And, besides, how can one lead when he doubts the very ground he treads upon? Moreover, the Hamlets detest the masses. How can a man who does not respect himself respect any one or anything else? Besides, is it really worth while to bother about the masses? They are so rude and filthy! And much more than birth alone goes to make Hamlet an aristocrat.

An entirely different spectacle is presented by Sancho Panza. He laughs at Don Quixote,

knows full well that he is demented; yet thrice forsakes the land of his birth, his home, wife and daughter, that he may follow this crazy man; follows him everywhere, undergoes all sorts of hardships, is devoted to him to his very death, believes him and is proud of him, then weeps, kneeling at the humble pallet where his master breathes his last. Hope of gain or ultimate advantage cannot account for this devotion. Sancho Panza has too much good sense. He knows very well that the page of a wandering knight has nothing save beatings to expect. The cause of his devotion must be sought deeper. It finds its root (if I may so put it) in what is perhaps the cardinal virtue of the people,—in its capability of a blissful and honest blindness (alas! it is familiar with other forms of blindness), the capability of a disinterested enthusiasm, the disregard of direct personal advantages, which to a poor man is almost equivalent to scorn for his daily bread. A great, universally-historic virtue!

The masses of the people invariably end by following, in blind confidence, the very persons they themselves have mocked, or even cursed and persecuted. They give allegiance to those who fear neither curses nor persecution—nor even ridicule—but who go straight ahead, their spiritual gaze directed toward the goal which they alone see,—who seek, fall, and rise, and ultimately find. And rightly so; only he who is led by the heart reaches the ultimate goal. "Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur," said Voltaire. And the Hamlets find nothing, invent nothing, and leave no trace behind them, save that of their own personality—no achievements whatsoever. They neither love nor believe, and what can they find? Even in chemistry—not to speak of organic nature—in order that a third substance may be obtained, there must be a combination of two others; but the Hamlets are concerned with themselves alone,—they are lonely, and therefore barren.

"But," you will interpose, "how about Ophelia,—does not Hamlet love her?"

I shall speak of her, and, incidentally, of Dulcinea.

In their relations to woman, too, our two types present much that is noteworthy.

Don Quixote loves Dulcinea, a woman who exists only in his own imagination, and is ready to die for her. (Recall his words when, vanquished and bruised, he says to the conqueror, who stands over him with a spear: "Stab me, Sir Knight . . . Dulcinea del Tobosco is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth. It is not fit that my weakness should lessen the glory of

(Continued on page 349)

Music and the Drama

"SALOME"—THE STORM-CENTER OF THE MUSICAL WORLD



OUT of all the hubbub and impassioned controversy following the New York production of Richard Strauss's world-famous music-drama, "Salome," and its later withdrawal from the boards of the Metropolitan Opera House, one incontestable fact emerges: Music will never again be the same since "Salome" has been written. We may like the opera, or we may not like it; but, by common consensus of critical opinion, it is an epoch-making work, in the sense that Glück's "Alceste" and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" were epoch-making works. That is to say, it has extended the boundaries of musical form and expression. "Never in the history of music," says Lawrence Gilman, the critic of *Harper's Weekly*, "has such instrumentation found its way on to the printed page"; and Alfred Hertz, who conducted "Salome" on the occasion of its single presentation in New York, declares: "This score is like nothing else in music. It is a new note. It means a revolution."

It is perhaps unfortunate that musical composition of such significance and power should be indissolubly connected with a play that has aroused so much antagonism, and offers so many points of attack as are offered by Oscar Wilde's "Salome." The greater part of the play was printed in these pages last September, so that our readers have already had an opportunity to form their own estimate of a drama which, despite the execrations that have been heaped upon it, has had an enthusiastic reception in many European centers of culture. In New York, where it has been given on two different occasions in special performances, it has been almost unanimously condemned by the critics. There is a disposition in some quarters to regard the author of "Salome" as a man of quite inferior talents, and Mr. W. J. Henderson, of the New York *Sun*, voices this sentiment when he says: "Probably a dozen years hence we shall all look back with wonder at the Oscar Wilde movement of the present. The forcing into worldwide prominence of a poet who was at his best a feeble echo of Keats and Shelley, and a dramatist whose most significant achievement is a watery copy of Maeterlinck,

is one of the singular phenomena of an empty period." But the question immediately arises: Is it likely that Richard Strauss, admittedly one of the great creative geniuses of our age, would have chosen as the groundwork for his operatic masterpiece a libretto as weak as Wilde's "Salome" is alleged to be? Is it not more reasonable to share the view expressed by Lawrence Gilman in his new monograph on "Salome":*

"Whatever opinion one may hold concerning the subject-matter of Wilde's play, there can be no question of the potency of the work as dramatic literature. At the least, it is a remarkable *tour de force*, and few will deny the maleficent power and the imaginative intensity with which it is carried through, from its vivid beginning to its climactic and truly appalling close."

It will be noticed, however, that in this paragraph Mr. Gilman avoids what is really the crux of the whole "Salome" controversy. It was the matter, not the manner, of the Wilde drama that excited ire and indignation all the way from New York to San Francisco, and that led the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House to forbid further performances of the opera. The flood of protest was aroused by the undue emphasis given to the pathological aspect of the play, and, in particular, by the "dance of the seven veils" and the display of the decapitated head of John the Baptist. It was in choosing to exploit such a theme, says Mr. Henderson, that Wilde and Strauss committed an unpardonable offense. He adds:

"Not a single lofty thought is uttered by any personage except the prophet, and it is conceded that none of the other characters can comprehend him. The whole story wallows in lust, lewdness, bestial appetites and abnormal carnality. The slobbering of Salome over the dead head is in plain English filthy. The kissing of dead lips besmeared with blood is something to make the most hardened shudder."

Mr. Krehbiel, of the New York *Tribune*, expresses himself in terms equally caustic. He thinks we all ought to be "stung into righteous fury by the moral stench with which 'Salome' fills the nostrils of humanity." He goes on to say:

***STRAUSS'S SALOME.** A Guide to the Opera, with Musical Illustrations. By Lawrence Gilman. John Lane Company.



THE TEMPTATION OF JOHN

Fremstad and Van Rooy in the Wilde-Strauss Opera

SALOME: Thy mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. . . . There is nothing in the world so red as thy mouth. . . . Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

JOCHANAN: Never! Daughter of Babylon! Daughter of Sodom! Never!

"There is not a whiff of fresh and healthy air blowing through 'Salome' except that which exhales from the cistern, the prison house of Jochanaan. Even the love of Narraboth, the young Syrian captain, for the princess is tainted by the jealous outbursts of Herodias's page. Salome is the unspeakable, Herodias, tho divested of her most pronounced historical attributes (she adjoins her daughter not to dance, tho she gloats over the revenge which it brings to her), is a human hyena; Herod, a neurasthenic voluptuary."

The view of "Salome" taken by Mr. Henderson and Mr. Krehbiel is not shared by all the New York papers. *The World* and *The Times* show little sympathy with what they regard as a "belated" spasm of indignation. On the other hand, *The Evening Post* pronounces the presentation of the opera "a flagrant offense against common decency and

morality," and *The Tribune* comments: "Public reprobation of all such offenses has its source not only in sound morality, but in the highest conception of esthetic truth and beauty." *The Evening Journal* likens "Salome" to "a dead toad on white lilies," while *The Evening Mail* has endeavored to close the controversy with this dictum: "'Salome's' place is in the library of the alienist. It should be staged nowhere save in Sodom."

The intensely hostile reception of "Salome" in this country has drawn a brief rejoinder from Richard Strauss himself. In a cabled interview printed in the newspapers, he declares that he is amazed by the noise that "Salome's" alleged immorality has raised in New York. He expresses himself further:

"I would like to know what immorality really is. The boundaries and relations of morality have been variously conceived by various men at various times. Generally speaking, mankind's ideas of morality are indefinite.

"As to the average man who has seen 'Salome' and objects to it—if such there be—why does he balk at 'Salome' and accept 'Don Juan,' 'Figaro,' 'Carmen,' and numberless other operas which, to be consistent, he must regard as immoral?

"In morals, as in other matters, there is such a thing as straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. That man, or woman, who has clean hands, a pure heart, a spotless conscience, can regard 'Salome' and all art without disfavor or prejudice. It is for such men and women that all true artists labor; not for those vitiated or bigoted."

Bernard Shaw has also come to the rescue of the ill-starred opera. His utterance, as reported in the *New York World*, is characteristic:

"What can you expect of people who rejected me? . . . People in general cannot understand me, nor Oscar Wilde, nor such a towering genius as Strauss, who is certainly the greatest living musician. There is nothing which makes men angrier than to have their ignorance exposed, and they are brutally enraged against the man who is cleverer than they. By mere weight of numbers they howl him down.

"Plays such as 'Salome' were not intended for common people. If they do not understand it they can stay away and allow those who have brains enough to comprehend it to attend the

theater in their place. Great tragedies and problems are not for little folk."

These sentiments find only a faint echo on this side of the Atlantic. It is worth noting, however, that *The Musical Courier* (New York), our leading musical paper, regards the suppression of the opera as "a manifestation of parochialism" which is "disgraceful in the highest degree," and "should cause New York to hang its head in shame."

"Salome" is defended on quite other grounds by the *Deutsche Vorkaempfer* (New York), a monthly devoted to German culture in America, which ably maintains that Wilde's play, and the opera based upon it, so far from being utterly vicious, are *moral*, in a very real sense. It says, in part:

"Much in the play is undoubtedly repulsive, much perverse, and even inhuman. But that is not the major motive, but a detail which merely accentuates the true meaning. Like all the works of this brilliant degenerate, the final impression of 'Salome' is distinctly ethical in significance. As in 'Dorian Gray,' Oscar Wilde portrays with inexorable severity the fate of all that is morbid and inwardly corrupt. It may shimmer like decaying wood, hectic red may flame upon its cheek; but in all cases eternal retribution is visited upon those who offend against the law of health, which is the law of life. In the novel, it is a picture upon which every evil action of the hero leaves a trace bearing damning evidence against him. In 'Salome' we already hear at the rise of the curtain 'a beating of great wings.' It is the angel of Death, who descends upon the palace of Herod. And in the background we observe from the very start the soldiers with their heavy shields under which, before the curtain drops, they will bury the quivering body of the daughter of Herodias. But while there is no conciliating element in 'Dorian Gray,' we see, in the play, in John, the harbinger of a life to come. The rotten magnificence of Herod tumbles into the dust, but from afar . . . out of the lake of Galilee . . . rises the star of redemption.

"In the opera the sensuous element is far more pronounced than in the play. The philosophic purpose is obscured and the historical picture loses in color through the omission of important incidents. Others—such as the discussion of the Jews—lose in dignity, while that horrible scene in which Salome caresses the head of John the Baptist is painfully prolonged. The figure of Herodias, whose own corruption explains that of her daughter, is degraded to a mere puppet, while the one display of pure affection—the scene in which the page of Herodias bewails the death of his friend, the young Syrian captain—has found no place in the musical version of the play."

Nevertheless, the writer contends, even in the opera the ethical element is represented, "I cannot," he says, "see 'Salome,' either the play or the opera, without bearing in my heart, in addition to esthetic satisfaction, a feeling that here the fate of a world has passed



OFF TO THE PROVINCES

Mr. T. S. Sullivan's humorous comment (in the *New York World*) on the fate of the opera.



THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS

A moment of breathless suspense in the musical version of Wilde's "Salome"

HEROD: Ah! wonderful! wonderful! [turning to the queen] You see that she dances for me, your daughter. Come near, Salome, come near . . .

before my eyes, a Titanic struggle between sensuality and the pure, ascetic ideal, in which the latter is triumphant. 'Salome,' he concludes, "is a moral play."

From a purely musical point of view the importance of "Salome" can hardly be exaggerated. Puccini, the Italian composer, who traveled hundreds of miles to witness the first German performances, and was present at the New York performance of the opera, pronounces it "the most wonderful expression of modern music." Some of the German critics have gone so far as to say that in "Salome" Strauss has surpassed Wagner. It is a mistake to suppose that Strauss is dominated by Wagner, and is merely carrying the "first Richard's" methods one step further. So well-informed a critic as Charles Henry Meltzer recognizes in Strauss's latest music a kinship with Chopin and Berlioz, rather than with Wagner. He says further (in *Ridgway's*):

"As Strauss seems to conceive it, what, for convenience, we call his opera, is neither a pretext for the singing of beautiful songs nor merely the expression of drama by means of music. Rather might it be described as a medium for the tone painting of environments and the interpretation of moods, souls and characters."

If, as is charged, Wagner's musical method amounted, practically, to the "erection of the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal upon the stage," Richard Strauss has gone a great

way toward removing even the pedestal. "Salome" is really "a symphonic poem with obligato illustrative and explanatory action upon the stage," avers Mr. Richard Aldrich, of the *New York Times*. "It is undeniable," he thinks, "that Strauss has treated the voices in a manner that can be described as instrumental rather than vocal." Moreover: "The appeal is almost always what is called 'cerebral' rather than emotional."

All the critics agree that Strauss's strength lies in his orchestration and technic. The real point at issue is this: Has he supreme creative genius, as well as supreme technic? Arthur Symons, the English critic, in an essay on "The Problem of Richard Strauss," included in his latest book,* states flatly: "Strauss has no fundamental musical ideas, and he forces the intensity of his expression because of this lack of genuine musical material." Mr. Aldrich, who considers this point at length, concedes that few of the forty odd themes out of which Strauss has created "Salome" have real musical potency; but they are justified, nevertheless, he holds, by the use the composer has made of them. To follow his argument:

"It has been charged that Strauss's musical in-

*STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton & Company.



THE LEADING EXPONENT OF POETIC DRAMA
IN AMERICA

E. H. Sothorn intends to establish in New York a standard theater devoted to classic and modern poetic drama.

spiration, his melodic gift, is of the smallest. But in his already large collection of works, including the songs, the sonatas, and other earlier compositions, there is melody enough to give him the title of being a melodist. Is it not rather that he

now deliberately devises his musical material with a view chiefly to what he considers its descriptive quality, in the first place, and its plasticity in the next? . . . The ultimate justification of his themes is the use he makes of them. They are marvelously plastic under his hands; they lend themselves to all the ingenuities and extravagances of his manipulation perfectly, alone and in almost any complexity of combination."

Mr. Finck, of *The Evening Post*, is not ready to concede nearly so much. Strauss's music, he says, despite its cleverness, is "esthetically criminal." He continues: "Strauss's fatal shortcoming is the weakness of his themes, the utter lack of melody. In the whole opera, which lasts an hour and a half, there is not a page of sustained melody, either in the vocal parts or in the orchestra."

Mr. Gilman finds the opera of "tragic, almost superhuman, futility." He writes, in *Harper's Weekly*:

"Never was music so avid in its search for the eloquent word. We are amazed at the ingenuity, the audacity, the resourcefulness, of the expressional apparatus that is cumulatively reared in this unprecedented score. Cacophony is heaped upon cacophony; the alphabet of music is ransacked for new and undreamt-of combinations of tone; never were effects so elaborate, so cunning, so fertily contrived, offered to the ears of men since the voice of music was heard in its pristine estate. This score, in intention, challenges the music of the days that shall follow after it, for it foreshadows an expressional vehicle of unimagined possibilities. But they are still, so far as Strauss and the present are concerned, possibilities. The music of 'Salome' is a towering and pathetic monument to the hopelessness of endeavor without impulse."

THE RISE OF POETIC DRAMA IN AMERICA

MODERN managers, complains *Die Feder*, of Berlin, a German authors' journal, preferably give Shakespeare's inferior plays instead of the works of living writers, because, unfortunately, the dead require no royalty. This motive, however potent its appeal may have been in the Fatherland, seems to have never influenced our two great romantic actors, Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn. On the contrary, the underlying purpose of their productions of Shakespeare's plays, according to a writer in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, has been from the very beginning to turn to plays by contemporary writers—to the work of the noted dramatists of the Continent like Sudermann, Hauptmann and D'Annunzio, which has had very little place on our stage, to imaginative pieces by young American writers striving

for a footing in our theater; in a word, to poetic drama wherever they might find it, and to the poetic drama of our own generation most of all. Practically, *The Transcript* goes on to say, the American stage has been closed to it for years. "They would open the door wide, welcome it, set it high, and give it every aid that their own intelligence, imagination, ambition and tireless labor might lend in the acting and the setting of it. At last they have not only begun, but they have advanced surprisingly far in the accomplishment of their desire." In fact, so far have they advanced that they have produced or prepared for production no less than eleven modern and romantic plays, among these three by American writers, Boynton, Mackaye and William Vaughn Moody. D'Annunzio, it is reported, will come to America to be present at their

production of his play, "The Daughter of Jorio." And Gerhardt Hauptmann, whose visit to the United States, under the auspices of the Germanistic Society, is also announced, will not fail to witness their performance of his "Sunken Bell" in Charles Henry Meltzer's masterly translation. In an interview published in a New York paper, Mr. Sothern announces the opening under his and Miss Marlowe's artistic direction of a standard theater for plays classic and romantic. If we, moreover, keep in mind Mansfield's success in Ibsen's mystic play of "Peer Gynt" and Maude Adams' in "Peter Pan," there can be no doubt that not only our poets, but our audiences as well, are ready to hail the rise of poetic drama. Three plays in Sothern and Marlowe's repertoire have so far been most widely discussed. They are "Jeanne d'Arc," by Percy Mackaye, Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," and Sudermann's "John the Baptist." "Jeanne d'Arc" was fully treated in these pages at the time of its first production.

The revival of Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" likewise found audiences in New York and other artistic centers extremely appreciative. The New York *Sun* asserts that the play is "indubitably one of the few masterpieces of the modern poetic drama, and deserves the attention of all intelligent playgoers."

The third play of the series, Sudermann's "John the Baptist" has been received with considerably less enthusiasm. It both suffered and gained through the comparison with the operatic production of "Salome." Sudermann presents the story of the daughter of Herodias and her horrible passion with less artistry and final impressiveness, but also with the exclusion of that phase of her character which appeals more to the pathological student of Krafft-Ebing and the perversions of the Marquis de Sade than to the lover of poetry. Sudermann has been charged by German critics with imitating the Oscar Wilde play. He undoubtedly at times recalls Wilde.

It is only in the last scene, centering in the dance for the head of the prophet that, in Mr. John Corbin's opinion, the play takes on real color and dramatic effectiveness. The dance is handled with greater delicacy than is "Salome." Mr. Corbin says on this point:

"This Salome is no monstrous virgin swayed by sadistic lust, whose eye batten on mere flesh, and whose lips gloat in the kiss of blood and death. She is, to be sure, the degenerate daughter of a degenerate line; but she is a real and very human person, not more remarkable for her native licentiousness than for her native vivacity and girlish charm. It is the fire and power of the

prophet's soul that attracts her, not his hairy masculinity. The sensual appeal of the dance is justified if not ennobled by the dramatic intensity of the passions that inspire it. And finally, the audience is spared the sight, as well as the kissing, of the head on the golden charger. The greatest praise of the whole scene is that it is done so well as to justify its being done at all."



SUDERMANN'S SALOME

Julia Marlowe dancing the dance of the seven veils for the head of John the Baptist, in the German dramatist's play.

IBSEN'S VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

WHEN we dead awake," Ibsen significantly named his last play. "When we dead awake" is the motive chosen by Gustav Vigeland, of Christiania, for a proposed monument of the great Norwegian. And it undoubtedly is appropriate in more than one sense. Hardly had the news of his death reached the ear of the world when a general Ibsen revival began to take place. In America especially has the spirit of the great master of the modern dramatic school never been so much alive as to-day, when Richard Mansfield joins hands with Alla Nazimova in the interpretation of those works of the dead poet which have been so potent of late years in shaping the literary destiny of Europe. But in yet another sense is Ibsen's voice heard from the grave. The *Neue Rundschau*, of Berlin, has recently published certain fragments of a collection of the poet's posthumous papers which give us a more accurate conception of Ibsen's methods of work and thought than we could possibly have formed from material accessible in his lifetime. And simultaneously, the Danish author, John Paulsen, publishes a little book* in which are revealed some of the charming intimacies of Ibsen's life which bring the poet nearer to our hearts. Even before this, Brandes had lifted the veil from the poet's last love romance (see *CURRENT LITERATURE* for September). The colossus has fallen. Smaller men may at last peep into the stern giant-face that in life seemed too remote for close scrutiny, and behold, we find in it a knowledge of "mortal things," the sorrows and joys of daily life, that brings him close to his fellowmen and takes him out of the

category of demi-gods in which some of his admirers have seemed to place him.

The selections published by the *Rundschau* consist of sketches of several plays, a speech on women's rights, and poems. Especially suggestive are the playwright's reflections concerning the intellectual dissimilarity between men and women:

"There are two kinds of moral law, one existing in men, and quite a different one in women. Neither can understand the other, but in real life a woman is judged according to man's law, just as if she were really a man.

"In this play the wife finally loses all sense of distinction between right and wrong. The conflict with her natural impulses on the one hand and her belief in authority on the other brings her utter confusion. In our modern society, which is exclusively a male society, a woman cannot be true to herself, for society's laws are formulated by men, and the judge and the advocate criticise feminine actions from man's point of view.

"Nora has committed forgery. She is proud of it, for she did it out of love for her husband and to save his life, but she clings with all the honesty of the ordinary man to the letter of the law and regards her action with man's eyes."

Nevertheless, Ibsen is not pessimistic. "A new nobility," he pro-

claims, "will arise, not the nobility of birth or money, nor that of talent and knowledge. The nobility of the future will be the nobility of feeling and will."

Is it not, on reading those fragmentary utterances, as if we had a conversation with the spirit of Ibsen? They throw a new and friendly light on the man and his work. This is true in the same degree of Paulsen's reminiscences, only that here it is the man rather than the thinker who rises from the dead. We can see him before us with his white side-whiskers and his furrowed head. We can almost touch his hand.

During Ibsen's long stay abroad, we learn,



"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKE"

A proposed memorial in honor of Henrik Ibsen by Gustav Vigeland, a rising Norwegian sculptor.

*SAMLIV MED IBSEN. By John Paulsen. The Gyldendalske Publishing Company.

he lived mostly in solitude and did not accept any of the many invitations which were showered upon him. He did not even care about the literature of the respective countries. People and culture he studied through careful perusal of the newspapers. At the Café Maximilian in Munich, where he always appeared on the stroke of a certain hour, he had his accustomed place in front of a large mirror which reflected the entrance with all coming and going guests. Without having to turn around he could sit there and observe everything. Like a poetical detective, he sat before the mirror with his big newspaper held up to his face and nothing eluded his alert eye. "To create is to *see*," he once explained. The papers he read from the first page to the last. He did not even skip the advertisements. In these he found many a fragment of the history of culture.

Ibsen liked to be as self-sufficient as possible. When a trouser button became loose—a prosaic mishap that comes even to the greatest poets—he went into his room, carefully locked the door and sewed the button on with the same care that he would have expended on a detail in a new drama. Such an important task he would not entrust to anybody else, not even to his wife. One of Ibsen's theories was that "a woman never knows how to fasten a button properly." He had no suspicion that Mrs. Ibsen "fastened" the button "properly" on the sly, by sewing on the wrong side, something which Ibsen always forgot to do, but which is the most important part of the proceeding. "Let him keep his belief," she said to their intimate friends; "it makes him so happy." Another curious example of his independence is cited. One winter in Munich Ibsen asked Paulsen, with a serious and troubled face, "Tell me one thing, Paulsen, do you polish your own shoes?" When the latter made no reply and looked puzzled, Ibsen continued, "You ought to. It will make you feel like a new man. One never ought to let another do what one is able to do oneself. If you only begin by polishing your shoes you will end by cleaning your room and making your fire. In this wise you will finally become a free man, independent of Tom, Dick and Harry."

Referring to Ibsen's position toward the critics, Paulsen relates how Ibsen once warned him from searching for profound meanings in his works. "*There are none*," he said. "The critics are always eager to find strange depths and hidden symbols in every word and act, instead of keeping strictly to what is written."

Ibsen told several amusing examples of the blunders made by even some of the most astute. "A Doll's House" opens, as is well known, with Nora's appearing on the stage followed by a man carrying a Christmas tree. Nora produces a pocketbook and gives the man one crown instead of the 50 ore he demands, saying meanwhile, "Here is one crown—keep it all." If this episode characterizes anything, it is her lack of economy. A symbol-hunting critic has, however, found a clue here. Nora's paying double the amount has a deep, hidden meaning. Already, in this first scene, the author reveals his great symbolism. It is Labor versus Capital that Ibsen has in mind. Nora is at heart a Socialist. By giving the man more than he asked she plainly proves that she wishes a just division between capitalists and laborers! Ibsen laughed heartily at the remembrance of this article which had appeared in a Swedish paper.

In "Emperor and Galilean," Ibsen had chosen the name "Makrina" for one of the female characters. He had happened upon this name in an old book, and used it because of its unusual foreign sound. Then came the critic and proclaimed a new hidden meaning. "Makrina" was Greek and meant "the far-seeing." How pregnant and profound! What perspectives opened before one's imagination! Only an Ibsen would have thought of such a thing! The far-seeing! But Ibsen laughed.

During his early youth in Bergen Ibsen fell seriously in love with a very pretty girl of that town, Henriikka Holst. But he was poor and had nothing to offer the daughter of a prominent merchant family, and so they parted. Thirty years later, in the year 1885, they met again in the town of his youth. Henriikka Holst was then Fru Tresselt, and mother of many children. She had retained her joyous, healthy nature; was simple and candid, with a humorous outlook on life and a ready tongue. She herself speaks of this meeting as follows: "With a bouquet of wild flowers such as he used to love, I went up to his hotel to call. I assure you when I ascended the stairs my heart beat as if I had been a young girl. In spite of the thirty years we had been parted he recognized me at once, and I felt that he was glad to see me." She made a long, thoughtful pause. "Well, what did you say to him? It must have been an interesting conversation." "The first thing I said to him was, 'You can't guess, Ibsen, how often this old silly has looked in the glass today. For I wanted so much to look a little pretty at this meeting. I wanted you to like

me as of old." Ibsen paid her some compliments, and then, deeply touched, took hold of both her hands. She thanked him for his dramas, which she had read with delight. Ibsen asked her: "Have you found any traces of yourself and our young love in my books?" She smiled. "Let me think . . . yes, you mean Mutter Stroman in the 'Comedy of Love,' she with the eight children and the everlasting knitting in her hands." Ibsen protested. He knew of other less prosaic traces of her personality in his works, not to mention Hilda in "The Master Builder," for whom evidently she had been the model. Then he told her about his life since leaving Bergen; his family and his travels. At last he asked, while pensively peering at her through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, "But how have you been all these years?" "Oh, don't let us speak of that, father," she interrupted with a smile and shake of the head. "While you composed great works and became celebrated I have only brought children into the world and mended old pants." Ibsen laughed heartily and shook her hands. "You are the same dear old Rikke, mother—God bless you." And thus they parted.

Paulsen tells of another episode which illustrates Ibsen's fear of having any one see his manuscripts before completion. Ibsen was traveling by rail with his family one summer. He was just then engaged on writing a new drama, but neither his wife nor his son had any idea what it was about. When the train

stopped at a station Ibsen left the compartment, and, in rising, dropped a piece of paper. Mrs. Ibsen picked it up and glanced at it furtively. On the page was written, "The doctor says," and nothing more. Mrs. Ibsen smiled as she showed it to her son and said, "Now we will have a joke on father when he comes back. Won't he be terrified when he finds that we have an inkling of what he is writing?"

When Ibsen returned his wife looked at him playfully and said, "What kind of a doctor is it that appears in your new drama? He seems to have very interesting things to say." Had Mrs. Ibsen foreseen the effect of her innocent joke she would certainly have refrained from speaking. Ibsen grew dumb with astonishment and anger, and when he could speak again a flood of reproaches flowed from his lips. What did this mean? Was he surrounded by spies? Had they been in his recesses, had they broken into his desk, into his holy of holies? In his imagination he worked himself into a frenzy and saw ghosts everywhere around him.

Mrs. Ibsen finally produced the little piece of paper and returned it. "We know absolutely nothing about your drama but what this paper tells us—if you please." Ibsen stood there crestfallen. The drama he was working on was "An Enemy of the People." The "doctor" in question was no other than our old friend Stockman, the kind-hearted reformer.

THE INDOMITABLE YOUTHFULNESS OF ELLEN TERRY

PEOPLE think I must be so terribly old just because I have been on the stage for fifty years. They don't remember that I made my first appearance in 'Mammilus' when I was only eight. And so you see I'm not so old as it sounds, anyhow—and I feel as young as ever I did."

It was with these words that Ellen Terry, veteran of English actresses, after a lapse of almost five years, set foot again on American soil. Not, however, to say good-by. "After this appearance," she observed pleasantly, "I shall come as many times as the American people want me to come. It is arranged that I shall lecture some day, going over the entire country, but I have not thought as yet of a farewell tour."

Bernard Shaw's play, "Captain Brass-

bound's Conversion," in which the famous actress made her first re-appearance at the Empire Theater in New York, is one of the "three plays for Puritans," and was originally written for her. "There is," she says, "no great story as to how I came to play in 'Captain Brassbound,' except that Shaw, whom I met years ago in London, insists that he had me in mind when he wrote the play, as far back as 1899." She goes on to say:

"It had never been produced until it was taken up by Vedrenne and Barker at the Court Theater, and I myself, after the lapse of so many years, originated the leading rôle, as had originally been intended. It is singular indeed that the play should have waited so long for a production, and it is also singular that, after fifty years on the stage, I should now for the first time be making an appeal to the American public through a strictly modern rôle."

The Sun points out the significance of this fact. "Shaw women," it asserts, "are not always too charming. Be it said, then, that she appears as a Shaw man in feminine weeds." To quote further:

"Lady Cecily Waynflete is, in fact, less of the line of the Superwoman than of John Tanner. She has more of the dentist in 'You Never Can Tell' than of the lady of his unwilling choice.



Drawn for CURRENT LITERATURE by Pamela Coleman Smith

EVERY THEATER-GOER IN THE LAST QUARTER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY HAS BEEN IN LOVE WITH HER

This is what Bernard Shaw says of Ellen Terry, who is now appearing in his play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," written for her eight years ago.

She is, in short, the center of the dialogue and action, bright perversely sane, brilliantly commanding. Shaw wrote the play years ago for Miss Terry, and he paid her the compliment of putting himself into it, and, what is even more wonderful, a good deal of his heart.

"Among the people in this expedition into the interior of Morocco there is a potentate, an English judge, the bigness of whose wig is unquestionable, and a piratical smuggler, whose will is the law of life and death over his followers. There is a sheik and a cadi who rule over mountain fastnesses. But one and all bow to the charm and the wit of this Shaw man in petticoats.

"The Mussulmans are molten bronze in her fingers. The pirate takes to Shavian morals, and a shave, and though the hangingest judge in England remains firm in his self-esteem, the fact contributes all the more to the flouting and jeering of legal justice as it is practiced.

"The play bears a strong family likeness to 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' which it preceded in order of composition. It is modern, to be sure, instead of ancient, and its costumes and architecture are Arabian instead of Egyptian. But these are trifles. The three scenes are full of African light and color, of African architecture and costume, and—Mr. Shaw must stomach the word as he can—of African romance."

Of course, Ellen Terry's youthfulness in essence is necessarily different from the youth of a young woman of somewhat over thirty, as portrayed by Bernard Shaw. "It was curious," remarks *The Times*, describing a rehearsal of the play, "to see how the youth of the character became, so to speak, superimposed upon the youth of Miss Terry."

"She sat upon a piece of scenery, evidently meant to represent a stone wall, crossed one leg over the other, gently swayed her foot to and fro, and looked 'as pert as you please.'

"Now and then Miss Terry would for the instant abandon her character to explain some mistake to one of the younger members of the company. In one instance, the man was seated. She leaned over him and spoke in an undertone with a truly maternal air. Then they repeated the little episode and it went precisely as she desired. Again, with the energy of a young woman and surprising physical agility, she showed one of the actors how to trip and pretend to be on the verge of falling."

Her pains in the rehearsal were not unrewarded. The performance was a great ovation for her. She was called before the curtain no less than a dozen times, and the audience did not leave until she had come out of character long enough to express her thanks. It was her ageless art alone that, in the opinion of *The Evening Post*, redeemed the flaws in the play. "Ellen Terry," it says, "is still the delightful debonair creature of former days, the embodiment of mirthful spirit and

the realization of ideal grace in acting. Whether Mr. Shaw wrote the part for Miss Terry or not, it is tolerably certain that no other actress could have presented it with such plausibility." To quote again:

"If time has dimmed her shining locks a little with a touch of sober gray, her smile has lost none of its brilliancy or witchery, her voice is as soft, clear, and musical, her form as lithe, and her

step as light as ever. Her art, of course, is at its ripest. It was a constant gratification to watch the unstudied ease of her repose, or the spontaneous aptness of her gesture, and to listen to each significant inflection of her flexible speech. The play itself, in which she had chosen to appear, made no demand upon and offered but small opportunity to her finest powers, but the authoritative skill with which she gave vitality and substance to a fanciful and impossible character denoted the great actress and consummate artist."

A NEW CLAIMANT TO SHAKESPEARE'S FAME

T WAS not Shakespeare who wrote his plays, but "another fellow by the same name." When this conclusion was reached by Mark Twain he probably did not know that a similar theory had in all seriousness been advanced by a German scholar who attributed both plays and sonnets to a cousin of the famous "Will," and bearing the same name—Shakespeare. Now, to add to the general confusion, is wafted across the ocean, also from Germany, the voice of Dr. Karl Bleibtreu, poet and critic, who puts forward in the person of Roger, Earl of Rutland, a new claimant to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. In our January issue mention was made of this theory in an article describing Tolstoy's onslaught on Shakespeare. Meanwhile we have received Dr. Bleibtreu's essay, of which before we had seen only cabled extracts. It is printed as an introduction to a "tragic comedy" entitled "Shakespeare," written by Dr. Bleibtreu, in which the personality of the alleged author of Shakespeare's plays and the motives that probably actuated him in hiding his identity are set forth in dramatic form.

In America Dr. Bleibtreu's theory has been generally pooh-poohed. Prof. Edward Dowden in a review published in the London *Standard* affects to regard the theory as a jest. The London *Literary World* also expresses its derision in caustic terms. "The depths of human folly," it remarks, "are not yet sounded, and there are always plenty of people in search of a new sensation, and the sillier a theory is, the more it fascinates them." Nevertheless, Dr. Bleibtreu's reputation as a writer and recorder of literary history compels attention, and at least one eminent German Shakespearean scholar, Dr. William Turszinsky, has taken up the cudgels for the Earl of Rutland and his champion.

In order to bestow the laurel upon the brow of the Earl of Rutland, it becomes first neces-

sary to demolish the claims of Shakespeare himself and then of Sir Roger Bacon. In an earlier work Dr. Bleibtreu took issue with the Baconians on behalf of Shakespeare. His arguments against the Baconian theory are not repeated in this essay.

Only one fact, Dr. Bleibtreu holds, has been clearly established by the Baconians, namely that the "ignorant and obscure" actor Shaxper cannot have been the author of the works passing under his name. (Dr. Bleibtreu throughout, when referring to this actor who passes for the author, spells his name Shaxper. The plays themselves he refers to as "Shakespeare's.") He assumes that what is commonly related of Shaxper's (or Shakespeare's) early life is probably authentic. Young Shaxper's well-known satire on the Justice of the Peace proves, to Dr. Bleibtreu's satisfaction, that he was a "witless imbecile, without an inkling of literary ability." We do not now know with any degree of certainty to what theatrical company Shaxper belonged. We do know, however, that some of his alleged first plays were given by the Pembroke company, of which he was not even a member. Under the dramatic conditions prevailing then, we are informed, these plays could not have been Shaxper's. The only fact of the latter's life of which we are tolerably well informed is the amount of the box-office receipts at the Globe Theater.

When the enterprising actor-manager had saved enough to enable him to live comfortably, he retired from the stage; also from authorship. It has been advanced as the explanation of the silence of Shaxper's latter years that, like Goethe, he loved his comfort better than his work. But, Bleibtreu argues, Goethe was never a drunkard or a usurer, like Shaxper. The only authentic documents from Shaxper's hand in those years are his testament and the epitaph he wrote for himself. In the former Shaxper left to his wife only

his "second bed." This, we are told, is a ribald jest, worthy of an habitual drunkard. The epitaph, on the other hand, is so poor that any dweller in Grub street could have written a better one.

In the literary criticism of his contemporaries, we read, Shaxper's name is hardly mentioned. Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries" makes only a brief and slighting reference to him. Greene, it is thought, referred to him when he spoke of a crow with "borrowed plumes." Jonson's later poem on Shaxper, in which he speaks of him as "of all time," may have been written to the real Shakespeare. It was published seven years after Shaxper's death, and marks a complete change of front in Jonson's attitude. Nash's well-known strictures on Shakespeare's work were written in 1592, before the greatest of the dramas had appeared. They may refer to certain spurious Shakespearian plays which were rejected by latter-day criticism. It is, however, possible that these early and apocryphal plays may indeed be ascribed to William Shaxper, the actor.

In the greatest of the Shakespeare plays we find an intimate acquaintance with the law, court-life and military matters, which the said Will Shaxper could not possibly have acquired. Another instance which speaks against his authorship is the declaration of the two actors who edited the folio in 1623, that in the original manuscripts of the plays hardly a line had been changed or corrected. Shaxper could not even write orthographically until late in his career. Would not this fact prove that Shaxper, far from being the author of those plays, was exercising merely the functions of a copyist? Is it not likely that the Shaxper of the Globe Theater and the Mermaid's Tavern merely gave his name to the works of another who, for reasons of his own, preferred to conceal his identity?

Yet what a wonderful man this other must have been! The ancients, as well as Dante, Cervantes and Calderon, with their naïve view of life, are historical rather than literary in their appeal. Gottfried von Strassburg and the author of the "Nibelungenlied," altho literary giants, being epic writers merely, cannot supply a term of comparison with the author of Shakespeare's plays. Only two poets, Dr. Bleibtreu avers, may be mentioned in this connection—Goethe and Byron. And each of these gives us only fragments of the philosophy of which Shakespeare—the real Shakespeare—represents Cosmos and completion.

Whoever he may be, he cannot have been

of humble station, otherwise he would not have known of the family skeletons of the houses of Essex and Leicester or dared to expose their secrets in "Hamlet." Nor would he have risked deriding, in "Measure for Measure," the prudery of the "virgin queen."

The great unknown, the author of Shakespeare's plays, Dr. Bleibtreu claims, was no other than Roger, Earl of Rutland. Born in 1576, he died at the early age of thirty-six. His brief life, it seems, was rich in events. An orphan, like Hamlet, he was a protégé of Queen Elizabeth. In 1596 he made his "grand tour" to France and Italy, where he visited Venice, Verona, Mantua, Rome, Milan, and studied law at the University of Padua. This explains Shakespeare's continual reference to student-life and his intimate knowledge of the law; also his acquaintance with the details of Italian scenery. Later Roger took part in Essex's war quest to the Azores. Prospero's kingdom, it may be added, has always been associated with those islands. Rutland, we are informed, was deeply involved in the Essex conspiracy, which he probably had in mind in writing "Julius Cæsar." After Essex had been beheaded, Rutland was condemned to imprisonment and the payment of a heavy fine. In the period in which he was incarcerated—that is from 1601 to 1603—no Shakespeare play appeared. When James the First restored him to property and freedom, Rutland lived quietly and far from the court in his country seat. During this time, 1603-1612, were written those plays which make Shakespeare's name immortal, with the exception of "Hamlet," of which an earlier first draft exists, but which was not completed in its present form until 1603. In that year Rutland journeyed to Denmark to attend the baptism of the crown prince. This fact accounts for his familiarity with the terrace of Helsingfors and many touches of local color in the play. Guildenstern and Rosenkrantz, it must be mentioned, were at that time at the Danish court. Their appearance in the earlier version is explained by the fact that two barons of those names were actually fellow-students of Rutland at the University of Padua. In 1600 Rutland married the daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, through whom he probably became acquainted with Giordano Bruno's philosophy, for, during his stay in England, Bruno had found an asylum in Sidney's house. The last plays Shakespeare ever wrote, "The Tempest" and "Coriolanus," were published in 1612. On the 26th day of June in that year Rutland died. With him died Shaxper's inspiration.

Shaxper himself lived four years longer. He died in 1616. The real Shakespeare, Dr. Bleibtreu avers, like Byron, Raphael, Alexander the Great and Burns, died at the age of thirty-six. The flame within had consumed the vessel.

If the data here collected are correct, something may, perhaps, be said for Bleibtreu's theory after all. But again and again the question suggests itself: What possible motive could have prevented Rutland from revealing his authorship? Bleibtreu suggests that political reasons may have been the cause of his strange reticence. The works of the Right Honorable Roger Manners, Earl and Viscount of Rutland, would, by reason of their boldness of treatment, have aroused more opposition than the dramas of an obscure player. Moreover, it may not have been his intention never to lift the veil. But his untimely death may have prevented him from ever asserting his claim, and, after his decease, Shaxper probably cautiously destroyed every trace that might have betrayed the secret, thus strutting in borrowed plumes through eternity! But there is yet another possibility. Rutland, Bleibtreu asserts, like Leonardo da Vinci, was of a race and of a time when prodigies abounded, and men were not narrow in their application to one art or one mode of life. He was, in fact, the crown of this universality. This race of

giants, of which he was one, could do many things that we cannot do; above all, it could live without notoriety. "Can there be," the author remarks, "a vision grander than this master of all masters who, like Prospero, quietly lays aside his wand to return into eternity, his true home, without leaving his name to the unprofitable gaping world?"

Perhaps his silence was an example of Promethean defiance, that, having wrested the sacred flame from the heavens and given it to mankind, in return, immolates itself in superhuman, Titanic expiation upon the altar of oblivion. From whom, Dr. Bleibtreu asks, should we expect the supreme sublimity of such a view if not from him—the real Shakespeare?

Literary chronicles, we are told, record one similar instance of Germanic greatness and self-sacrifice. The ancient handwriting of the "Nibelungenlied" bears this inscription in monks' Latin: "And this is the end of him whom thou knowest not from Austria." Legend has put forth several claimants to the authorship of the great epic, but to this day the question remains unsettled. "Surely," Dr. Bleibtreu eloquently exclaims, "it were a pean in praise of Germanic greatness, if thus two of the mightiest singers of the race had joined hands across the ages in proud disdain of personal immortality?"

THE NEW PLAY WRITTEN BY CATULLE MENDÈS FOR SARAH BERNHARDT



WHEN Sarah Bernhardt appeared recently in the garb of Saint Teresa in a new play by Catulle Mendès, the foremost creative writer now in France, Paris may be said to have gasped. Mme. Bernhardt's famous "golden" voice has given utterance to many characters in her long career; "but never," as the Boston *Transcript* remarks, "has it occurred to any one that the voice was in reality the voice of the cloister, that the accents of pious orisons were best suited to its somewhat high-keyed resonance, that Mme. Bernhardt would make a better Saint Teresa than Duke of Reichstadt!" Yet the famous actress has accomplished this feat and, amid great outbursts of applause, she acted the part of the Carmelite nun a few weeks ago in the latest play from the pen of the great French lyricist. It is written in verse, and originally contained

4,500 lines, but was materially altered and condensed by the author in accordance with Madame Bernhardt's suggestions.

In the first scene, the priest Ervann, in his hermitage in Spain, has succumbed to the temptation of the witch Ximeira, found afterward to be a nightly worshiper of Satan. But Teresa, on the way to her nunnery, appears, ecstatic and ethereal in blue and white, and reclaims the priest. As she turns around from praying for light before a crucifix, Ervann's features, which strongly resemble those of the Christhead, unconsciously blend in harmony with the vision that still fills her soul. Ervann goes on a pilgrimage of penance, and becomes the leader of a mystic band of monks, preaching the abolition of cloisters and of celibacy. He assumes the name "The Arrived," and is by some declared to be the Antichrist. Teresa is ignorant of his identity with Ervann.

The second scene passes on the public square of Avila at the nail-studded iron gate of the Carmelite convent. There Ximeira, a beggar, lurks, dogging Teresa and watching for Ervann. On the square King Philip II's Jesuit confessor, Don Luis, and the Grand Inquisitor Farges talk Church and State in verse, and quarrel; for Ignatius of Loyola stands for the new school, and the Inquisition is growing out of date. Plenty of heretics, however, are still burnt, and the crowd goes off to see these "acts of faith."

Teresa (whose fame as a saint has begun to fill all Spain) frees from the convent a condemned Jewess, replacing her in the dungeon with a view to winning martyrdom. Instead, Don Luis de Cyntho, her and the king's confessor, gives her an order from the king, instigated by the Pope, making her abbess at Toledo, Olmedo, and Alba de Tormes, and requesting her presence. Before starting, she sees on the "Road of Calvary" outside the city, in a mist lighted by the fires of a near-by *auto-da-fé*, "The Arrived." She takes the appearance for an actual sight of the Saviour vouchsafed to her prayers. On her way, by night, on foot, accompanied by five sisters, in a scene recalling the witches' sabbath in Faust, she is set upon in a wild mountain gorge by hideous forms led by Ximeira. "The Arrived" is unable to rescue her, having been bound by Ximeira's lieutenants. But, bearing a cross that has fallen across her path, and the little band singing a holy song, with a word or two Teresa opens a way, confounds Ximeira by her purity, and goes her road, followed at a distance by the foul gang, who fall on their knees and are blessed by her.

Then follows the already famous fourth act of the play. At the end of it, in the first representation in Paris, the curtain rose no less than eight times.

The opening scene of this act is in the Escorial, the historic palace and mausoleum of the kings of Spain. Gleams of a dull morning are seen through a great window. The dawn mass is heard in the chapel adjoining. In the gloom, a white form emerges from one of the doors, bearing a torch. Another figure follows. They go to another door, leading to the crypt, and disappear. Then appear in the rear a priest and choir children, preceded by a mace-bearer. They also disappear a moment later. Then enter eight pages and, following them, two chamberlains. They open the casement and draw aside the tapestries, and the dawn flooding the spacious hall, reveals in the rear the king's archers arriving, and monks, gran-

dees and officers of the royal household. Up to this time hardly a word has been uttered. Fra Quiroga and Father Andres, leaders of the two opposing factions within the church, meet face to face.

Father Andres (cajoling): It's a holiday morning for me, Fra Quiroga, to see you at the Escorial.

Fra Quiroga (crabbed): You made a quick trip. *Father Andres (amiably)*: In ten stages, twenty leagues, the same as you. (*Fra Quiroga does not conceal his bad humor.*) What! ill-will between colleagues? On account of the escaped heathen?

Fra Quiroga (roughly): We have a better one. This hand has taken by the neck, among the pebbles of the way, "The Arrived." The prison of Olmedo is keeping him for us, and you shall see the Antichrist in flames!

Father Andres: I long to. In effigy, however.

Fra Quiroga: Strive that some day, in reality, they don't burn you, Father Andres!

Father Andres: I'll try to escape it!

Don Jaime, first chamberlain (to the eager courtiers): His Majesty, gentlemen, absent since yesterday, is awaiting at the island of Aranjuez a "Descent from the Cross," which has been sold him very dear—five hundred ducats. (*The tumultuous crowd retires. He speaks to Don Tomasso and to Don Luis*): So, my lords . . .

Dom Tomasso (without stirring): Acquaint the king with my presence, Don Jaime.

Don Luis (more conciliating): Say to him, duke, that I hope for an audience. (*Don Jaime insists the king is not at the Escorial.*)

Fra Quiroga: No, he hasn't left the palace.

Don Luis (indicating the door of the crypt): He is there.

Don Jaime: Yes, among the royal dead whom his vow has collected. (*Don Luis and Dom Tomasso dismiss their followers. Don Jaime continues*): Yesterday, he supped with expiatory zeal on bread and water with the brothers in the refectory, and repeated the service seated on the lowest bench. When the bells rang he came home, evening falling, slow, with his heavy leg gnarled with gout, but very calm, his forehead unwrinkled, his eyes without doubt, lord of the vast world and sovereign of himself. In the oratory of the Confessors of the Faith, he venerated the bones of Pastor and of Juste, contemplated the august image of the Emperor, his father, and himself, at times, he surveyed in an immense glass beside the portrait. I left. I was sleeping. Suddenly (as underground the lava mounts, gnaws, swells, and opens the crater for itself) I heard a human rumbling like a lion's sob that reverberates in jets of subterranean thunder! Oh! under some frightful thought of wrong, it was the king's voice in the night! Half-clad, distracted, I sprang to his door. He had ceased. Peace was sleeping in the shadow where the lamp waned. I only heard blows of discipline falling, rhythmically cruel, upon flesh. No groans. More blows, more muffled in the air on account of the flabbier flesh, till the hour of prime that the Major Chapel struck. Then the king came out, so spectral under the flare of the torch that you would have said it was a shroud rising, not to the light, but to deeper dark calling it. And it was a ghost that went under the

chapel, from the grave to the tombs. (*A sound in the direction of the crypt.*) I know nothing more. (*The door opens.*) Here he is! (*The three men have fallen back. They regard Don Philip, reascended from the sepulchers.*)

Don Philip: Dead books, I have not read ye! When the ancestral kings were laid to rest under the mass, the prior of the tombs made me this promise: that I could, in the days of trouble and in sight of reefs, decipher counsel from the coffined bones, the whole future being but a circle's return. In vain have I lifted the covering from the gloomy marbles; no word has formed itself beneath my anxious eyes, from the uncertain alphabet of the silent bones. (*He pushes to the door.*) Ah! the elect, in their bliss that naught curtains, shun temporal cares! (*He walks to and fro, with crossed hands.*) What shall I do? After fifteen years of illusory hopes; yielding peace, meek pride, bitten nails, when I hold against the godless, wicked, cowardly island the vast fleet (a swimming pack with its three thousand jaws of hell) which shall silence, if I lose it, the barkings of the wind and sea, I hesitate! I spare thee, England—and thee, London—where, under the cool insults of hypochondriac scorn, my youth, coming from the land of golden wines, slept off thy beer in the old Tudor's bed!

And heaven's interest lends itself to my grudge! The heresy-hydra has united its hundred heads in one: Were it not for this leader, it were but a crawling and destructive worm. Now, they say—and it is true—that I have (by way of dedication to St. Lawrence, martyr, who rescued me from peril) built the Escorial in the form of a gridiron, a great rectangle with a church as handle. Well, let the head of the hydra founder in the Handle and—God's faith!—I'll make the rest of it blaze in the nick o' time on my gridiron, while holding the church in my hand! (*Distracted.*) Heavens! to be at last—I, alone—the Word without reply, whence forever flows Catholicism's fate; to be over the living, my forehead mitted with fire, more than Emperor and more than Pope—Vice-God! (*Suddenly trembling.*) But last night—(*He has heard a sound; he turns round.*)

Who comes here? A trick, or inadvertently, in overhearing me one risks his head! (*To the inquisitor.*) Dom Tomasso! (*To the provincial of the Society.*) Don Luis! (*Both pretend to wish to withdraw.*) Stay.

(*He dismisses Don Jaime and sits down in the chair before the table. He signs to Dom Tomasso to sit down on the left, to Don Luis to sit down on the right. He extends his arms, seizes the hands of the two priests. In a voice muffled at first, then confidential:*)

I have seen hell! What, in your opinion, is hell? Fire, iron-red from fire writhing in the furnaces of the eternal flames, the eternal flesh of souls? No, priests, hell is not fire, it is water! Water everywhere, water always, a sliding roll of destruction harrowed by the mutual shock of the waves, an enormous armor's unwieldy flux with daggers for spray! And the proof that all hell lies in water is that it hates me, Christ's champion prince!

Yes, water hates me! Why, what bore me to Genoa toward the plague, to London toward the Tudor? The fatal, baleful, disastrous water! Oh, how many galleons with shining cargo ripped

open by the rock in ambuscades of water! And when I saw again, far from England's griefs, Spain at last, who took from me my books, my jewels, my costly plate and made me land, like a stray buoy, at the throne of Cæsar on a pilot's back? The mighty and deceitful water with its ravenous barkings. I am afraid of it when it rains; I am afraid when I drink any, for the spirit of malice in it mounts to the glass's brim, bubble by bubble!

Now the traitorous element persists in its hate. Listen! Last night I thought I saw—no, I really saw—beneath my steady eyes my mirror open into a soothsaying gulf, like water. (*He is on his feet.*) At first, it was the monotonous and grand sea upon which my royal image swam, with sure outline, in harmony with the wave and fate. But vaguer, in the misty distance that was rocking it (*he sits down again*), my reflection changed past all resemblance to me. As a cloud, but now with strict and unbroken circumference, disperses in unfolding its form, my reflection—ever more different and ever more vast, a formless chaos where immensity reforms—overran the abyss and pressed the horizon. Without my heart's ceasing to beat in it and my reason to rule, it became, upon the ocean that it indented, in a splendid and nebulous expansion of snowy peaks, of flowery vales, of winters, summers, churches raising crosses o'er the towns—Spain! And we were sailing upon the ocean—I, Spain! To the goal that the Lord has set for us we were going, having bronze fins and wings of cloth, and God's right hand now and then set straight the rudder of His vengeance that was lapsing.

But what fiend's hand broke up the cataracts of the pole! In spurts of shower, in dense tornadoes, the hurricane, dwindling, hovering, coming down again, riddled, hollowed, kneaded the ocean leaping up in waterspouts, as if Satan under the other pole had shaken the bottom of the gulf with shoulder-shoves! And all the water (a waterspout above, a waterspout below), ferocious, tore our flesh off between its murky fights; slashed with harpy claws the oar in splinters and the sail to rags; leapt to the peaks; filled the lovely, yawning vales; mingled (like two giant children dueling and exchanging in sport rocks like grape-shot) thefts from mountains and from walls; wrenched the woods; shook with laughter to breach the bishop's palace and the belfry tower.

And I, I felt, oh floating country! limb by limb cut to pieces in the vast harm. As we were but one, the sea, which was mangling Albaceta from Cadiz, quartered me; in plucking Castile from Leon, the tempest, fiber by fiber, took my head from my shoulders; my death-rattle sounded beneath the weight that was submerging Aragon. And, when the water of wrath and hell—the dragon water with its folds, with its bites, with its slaver—had strained, severed, scattered in waifs far, further, from wave to wave and from rock to rock, my Spain of faith, of hope and of pride, beneath the great birds that devour corpses—I, I, like her scattered in the breakers, in the harbors, on the strands, everywhere, at one moment felt the shreds of my body and the fragments of a world gasp, bleed horribly, under the disgusting wing and under the unclean beak.

Dom Tomasso: King! God warns you to avenge His honor!

Don Luis: Jesus warns you to show pity, my lord!

Dom Tomasso: It is His wrath that thunders and blows in the hurricane.

Don Luis: It is His love that signals in the terror.

Dom Tomasso: When, required to keep the faith pure by fire, you answered: "Thus I, the king, swear it!" what help did the Most High refuse you?

Don Luis: When at times your Christian heart was appeased, what sacred mercies were not vouchsafed you? The judge mounts to the skies when the jails open [referring to *Teresa's* liberation of the condemned Jewess].

Dom Tomasso: A false saint in the Carmelite convent at Avila, a crazy girl whom a pliant priest has bewitched—

Don Luis: A wise virgin, gold wholly pure in the human dust.

Dom Tomasso:—has caused a sorceress to escape from the blessed torture. Let her be judged! It is your soul that is at stake!

Don Luis: We are not saved by destroying one who has saved!

Dom Tomasso: She is hallucinated by gloomy hell-fire!

Don Luis: She is illuminated, like a mirror, by the sky!

Don Philip (who is absorbed in thought): Enough! I understand very well your two sacred zeals! And I am willing to consent to them more than you hope. For they aim at my welfare. (He strikes with a little ivory hammer upon a little copper coffin. *Don Jaime* enters.) Vasquez, Manrico, in haste. (*Don Jaime* goes out. The king takes *Dom Tomasso* aside.) Yes, to cure the fruit, death to the worm that taints it! Let us strike the enemies of the faith without mercy. (The king's two secretaries enter. To *Dom Tomasso*, almost in his ear, designating *Don Luis*): Tell me, suppose we begin with this one?

Dom Tomasso (vehement, in a low voice): No one has better earned a prompt punishment.

Don Philip: I think so. (Turning round to Vasquez, one of the secretaries): Then I will dictate.

Dom Tomasso: O, most holy prince!

Don Philip (taking the pen, after having dictated very rapidly in a low voice): And sign! (He approaches *Don Luis*, conducts him toward the back of the stage.) Yes, clemency is the supreme blossoming of faith. (The Holy Father and you are right. The Christian law is to punish no one.

Don Luis: Be it so!

Don Philip: Still, this old man raves. The taste for fire is on him to obsession. One might, in his case, make an exception?

Don Luis: Charity sometimes resigns itself to harshnesses.

Don Philip: Is it not so? (Turning round to the other secretary.) Then I will dictate.

Don Luis: O, most just king!

Don Philip (taking the pen, after having dictated very rapidly in a low voice): And sign! (The secretaries deliver to him the parchments and retire. The king delivers one order to *Dom Tomasso*, the other to *Don Luis*. Then, very

softly): Now read aloud. (*Don Luis*, very blithe, starts to read first.) No! (*To Dom Tomasso* exultant.) You!

Dom Tomasso (reading): "I, the king, say: Suspected, as it appears, of many bold opinions, let *Don Luis* de Cyntho be placed in secret confinement on receipt of this order by the discreet vigilance of *Dom Farges*, clerk of the throne for this office. Done at the Escorial."

Don Philip (to *Don Luis*): Your turn!

Don Luis (reading): "I, the king, say: Suspected, as it appears, of cruel zeal, let *Dom Tomasso* Farges, in spite of age and the crozier, be by *Don Luis*, whom we appoint for this office, discreetly placed in secret confinement." (The two priests turn away.)

Don Philip: Well! why do you delay obeying me? You bite each other, eager dogs! Is it less sweet to you for being ordered to? And has your mutual plot failed,—unless, indeed it acts to ruin us all three? O the solitude of omnipotence, alas! Selfishness exhorts and interest flatters me. At this fated or providential moment that saves or ruins Spain, and myself, and heaven, when, uncertain how good or ill we are, to that one who judges men in the name of the king, to this one who judges the king in the name of God—to these two priests, the two halves of my faith, I confess my doubt on the brink of the great work; they, far from tying my courage tighter in a single knot, pluck it in two pieces and by their discords break it, as the water dismembered my body. And it is not love of the celestial crowns that moves you. You care but for your hates. *Ignatius* there, *Dominic* here, only guards the interest of his more triumphant order. The old inquisitor and the young apostle strive, not both for heaven, but each against the other and would not balk at exorbitant spoils, had they to be won on altar-fragments! At least, no longer lie. No more muffled menace. Face each other. I deliver to *Dominic*, *Ignatius*—and the cassock to the frock. Come now, profit by it. Merciless monk and courtier priest, arrest each other! If you need assistance, call my archers. Rush! And what matter if country, church and throne sound, horribly, in agony, their death-rattle as you throttle one another!

Don Luis (almost on his knees): Yes, king! God enlightens you and faith makes you worthy to discern in me what there may have been of hypocrisy. The tares of humanity still dispute the vile field of my soul with the grain of grace. (At this moment, the doors of the gallery having opened, *Teresa* and her train of Carmelite nuns are seen descending the grand staircase amid the salutes and kneelings of the tumultuous crowd of courtiers. *Ximeira* is visible for a moment among the rabble that follows the nuns.) But the maid of heaven whom you sent for comes, like the dawn preceded by the dusk. And, as *Mary* clothed the saint who worshipped her she will clothe you with the gold of salvation!

Don Philip (charmed, dazzled, toward *Teresa* and the nuns descending processionally): If there be cloisters for the celestial phalanxes, oh! they are like these Carmelite nuns. Angels, candor of stars without spot and of lilies without decay, under the blue crosses of their linen wings. (*Teresa* approaches, the nuns remaining

in the gallery. Her arms are filled with flowers. She kneels.)

Teresa: Sire, King of Christians, we gathered these flowers on our way—for you. Here they all are.

Don Philip (enraptured and sad): My old affliction darkens at their young hues.

Teresa: By a vow that I made, they are better than flowers. The hermit of the road, the passers-by, the turning-box attendants, have whispered prayers in these calices, wishing you to be saved. This lily's a *pater*; this jessamine, an *ave*; an *agnus*, this gladiolus; these consecrated garlands of glicine are clusters of litanies (she rises, goes to the holy-water basin, showers the flowers with drops of consecrated water), and it is Paradise we complete for you in sprinkling with holy water a bouquet of prayers.

Don Philip: Alas! the highest kings, with virtues the most renowned, are all black with sins. Their glory has these glooms. In vain do I walk amid the general flutter, splendid and great. My shadow is greater than I. God will not hear the royal prayer.

Teresa: God cannot disobey prayer.

Don Philip (profoundly delighted and moved): Do give me those flowers!

Teresa (familiar, playful, divinely childish): You are in too great a hurry! Our Lord Jesus is deeply concerned. What he, King of Heaven, in his far-off mystery can do, you, King of Spain, can do on earth. Do it. If he saves you, it is right that you now save some one here below. Give and take!

Don Philip: For whom do you wish pardon? Some innocent person whom they want to suffer?

Teresa (still withholding the flowers): Every innocent person has his pardon in himself.

Don Philip (still under the spell): What guilty one shall I forgive?

Teresa (sadly, rather fast): A god among the Hebrews! An Antichrist haunted by shadowy angels; but, of all the sinners whom Lucifer inspires, the most pitiable, since he is the worst.

Don Philip: My sister! You know this anathema?

Teresa: No, I have never seen him. "The Arrived"—that is his name—will be shown me but at the needed time. Only I have been told that, a wretched apostate and pretender, he is on a dangerous road. So, Sire, with a writing signed by your hand, order—God attesting!—that this notorious criminal, when heaven shall give the signal by my humble hand, be, no matter what the place, the day or the moment, free from every bond, safe from every punishment, tho shut up for life—sentenced even. He needs time to repent.

Don Philip: Death is what so ungodly a man has deserved!

Teresa (very grave): No. Remorse. I speak with authority.

(The king, after a moment's resistance, yields to Teresa's will. He sits. He begins to write; stops at times, hesitating. In proportion as he writes Teresa, happy, smiling, celestially infantile, lays one by one the flowers beside the king. It is, as it were, a prayer-flower for each word of pardon. She has given all the flowers when the king has finished writing. The last flower

is the reward for the signature. She takes the parchment. Then, after a slow salutation, Teresa goes back to the Carmelite nuns.)

Don Philip (as if in ecstasies): Holy witchcraft—ravishing purity! Can she wish aught to which everything does not consent? Verily, she would conquer the unchained hell of the storm and of the baleful water! (He goes toward her.) Come back! (She stops. He speaks fervently): O saint! You can make the Armada glide over a subject sea from the Tagus to the Thames. The departure shall thunder at once in the harbor! Board, with your sisters, the ship that sails first and—warriors of the sky, foreigners from above—give my army a vanguard of angels!

Teresa: Alas! the only help to be claimed of us is far-off fervor, and exile on our knees. We have so many cares, from dawn to eve—the orchard to tend, the veils to wash, the spinning, the altar to be dressed with the season's flowers; and the servant should stay at home.

Don Philip: She should accept—and not choose—her task! When the leprosy of schism attacks so many men, God would wash them clean in all their hideous blood!

Teresa: That is not His way of cleansing lepers.

Don Philip: Do you pity the race, then, in which blasphemy abounds?

Teresa: I pity those who do not take pity on everyone.

Don Philip: Moses used to exterminate the hostile nations!

Teresa: Into the Promised Land he was not admitted!

Don Philip: David raised to heaven hands still armed!

Teresa: David was the night, of which Jesus was the dawn!

Don Philip: Jesus said: "I bring" (as Matthew heard it) "a sword, and not peace."

Teresa: He did not say it to me!

Don Philip: He raised up the crusade of the Catholic barons to his Tomb!

Teresa: Alas! blood upon relics!

Don Philip: For the soil and the honor of France he called the maid of Orleans, O maid of Avila! against the infamous Englishman and his devilish ally. Do you envy nothing in her?

Teresa: Yes, her torture! Providence assigns to each his way. The saint of the French was a human archangel. God made her His gesture; He puts in me His dream.

Don Philip: The Emperor Charles V., my father, armed for a truceless crusade, took Tunis from the Turks, Rome from the hangmen, held Flanders!

Teresa: The monk wept the hero. What? Conquer! At the stage we are at in the Divine work, what country is not all men's? When the Lord made man, the Lord God did not take the clay of the earth in a single place, but He took dust from the four quarters of the globe: from the South, where the scorching air dries the plain yellow; from the East, green with bowers; from the North, white with rime; from the West, where that shatter of oaks and of masts, the hurricane, twists the rain and the cloud into the waterspout. That in no country the soil of the grave should say to the drooping and dying man, travel-weary: "Who, then, art

thou? I do not know thee!" But that, in every land, the motherly soil might say to the man happy at last to rest his bowed-down head and bursting heart in it: "Sleep in my bosom, my child!" And, when the mud under our feet speaks thus, you have strifes over your stay of an hour—facing the eternity of the spirit, where nothing counts save the good we have done? Shall you keep (as one takes his luggage along) your differences of city and of tongue, and your plunder, in the Life where pride no longer is? In the full-blown triumph of the Elect, you will blossom but with faded aureoles! And, since there is but one heaven, wherefore so many countries?

Don Philip: Then Spain must defy the Englishman on the hazardous wave without you?

Teresa: I shall pray for both.

Don Philip (wrathfully): Nun! Astounded that he is not helped, the king might refuse you Olmedo, Medina, Alba, and Toledo.

Teresa: In that case, we would go and pick up the stones from the roads with our hands to build convents.

Don Philip (threatening): Know that people hate and suspect you.

Teresa: I have the tranquillity of hating no one.

Don Philip: Am I then no longer *I*, that I am insulted thus? (*Gruffly*) That safeguard, return it to me!

Teresa (offering the parchment): Here it is! Since it pleases the king, charitable for a moment, to descend from the throne in order to take back an alms, here it is. What is it, indeed? Only, before Jesus Christ, a sworn pardon and a written oath. But on the day when, before the Incorruptible Judge, faults shall no longer have splendor for a refuge; when, among the herd at the great human awakening, with the vanity of a scepter in your hand *you* shall appear; while—witnesses of your annals—the Jews, the apostates, and the iconoclasts shall acknowledge their defeat and your pious intentions, an humble voice trembling at the foot of the Holy of Holies (recognized perhaps by Jesus) shall speak: "This is he who, in Spain, held to an oath by the World and to a vow by the Church, was a Christian king and broke his word to his God!" (*Don Philip has bent his head, filled with shame and fear. He does not take back the safeguard.*)

Don Philip: Keep it! (*Turning away his head.*) Keep it! Still, if it be no illusion that the Spirit speaks through you and says what must be believed, what will become of the ships in the dire hazard?

Teresa (turned toward him): The bare feet of Jesus are masters of the sea. (*The Carmelite nuns depart processionally.*)

The action shifts to the crypt of the Carmelite Convent of Olmedo, of which Teresa is now Mother Superior. The witch, Ximeira, who, having formerly been its abbess, knows its secrets, steals into St. Teresa's convent at Olmedo and poisons the host. In a powerful scene she artfully shows Teresa how the latter had mistaken the sight of Ervann for a divine vision. Ximeira, however, does not disclose

Ervann's identity with "The Arrived." Her purpose is to make Teresa think that in fanciedly cherishing a heavenly, she has really been indulging an earthly, love, in order that, after communicating, she may die in despair. Ximeira leaves her in a faint before her nuns. On Teresa's recovery of consciousness and equanimity, Ervann whom his disciples have rescued on the way to the stake (the flames of which are seen through an embrasure on a distant hill), appears and implores her to fly and become his wife, only to meet with a scornful refusal. She recognizes, however, that she had mistaken his face in the past for an apparition of Christ. Meanwhile the forces of the Inquisition press upon them and retake "The Arrived." Ximeira, who is still enamored of the latter, also re-enters, wounded, to prevent Teresa from partaking of the poisoned host, that she may use the king's pardon for him. And now, for the first time, it is revealed to the saint that her suitor—Ervann—and "The Arrived" are one and the same person. Thereupon Teresa burns the pardon. Love for her body is the only sin she cannot forgive, and she yields him up to punishment at the stake.

A quarter of a century elapses and the curtain rises upon the great church of the Carmelites of Alba de Tormes. The nuns lie prone in the nave round a high couch, covered with a bridal veil. This is drawn, and Teresa, worn to a ghost, is seen on a bed of white lilies, her long white hair loose. She is near the goal of a holy life now, but before her spirit goes, her nuns pray to hear from her "the word," the secret of sanctity. All the past assembles at her bridal deathbed. The grand inquisitor, aged before, now centenarian, livid under his cardinal's hat, comes vaunting his vigorous policy. "Teresa is silent with a look of anger," chant the nuns. The dapper Jesuit father comes, now a handsome old man, and asks whether he has done well. "She is silent, with a look of contempt." A trumpet blast and a twisted and hideous creature in black and gold is brought on a litter. It is what remains of Philip II, and he mumbles also the question whether he has done well, having burnt heretics for their salvation during all his reign. "She is silent with a look of pity." Then in staggers an aged beggar-woman, the witch Ximeira, touched by grace at last, and come to die in the same moment as Teresa. Teresa speaks, murmuring that here is one who has found "the word," the sinner that repenteth.

Her last words are: "Jesus—Ervann—Love."

Religion and Ethics

IS THE PULPIT A "COWARD'S CASTLE"?



EARLY last fall, so it is stated, two clergymen sat in New York discussing the future of a young man. One of these is described as "one of the two leading preachers of Greater New York," the other as "the first pulpit orator of Greater Boston." The question discussed was what to do with the eldest son of the former.

"I shall put him into business or into law," said the father. "I shall have no son of mine undergo what I have suffered. I want one member of my family independent and his own master, even if he hasn't a cent in the world."

The younger man needed no explanation. "I have just resigned from my own church," he said, "to starve and be free. There is only one remedy."

This anecdote is told in the *New York Independent* by Herbert D. Ward (son of Dr. William Hayes Ward and husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward). Taken in conjunction with Dr. Crapsey's radical utterances since his exchange of the pulpit for a lecture platform, and with the Rev. Madison C. Peters' abandonment of his church ministry on the ground that "the pulpit in America, with here and there a notable exception, is a 'coward's castle,'" the story may serve as an appropriate point of departure in considering the present status of the minister. Mr. Ward regards the situation as grave—so grave that he discourages young men from entering the ministry at all, unless they have money. He speaks as a graduate of a theological seminary, and as one who has had the confidence of ministers. "Under the present conditions," he says, "a poor man cannot develop his independent manliness and live in the pulpit. If he does live, he borders close to the time-server and the hypocrite." Two instances are cited to reinforce this position. One is that of a minister "happy, alert, cheerful, hopeful, with a devoted congregation behind him, and, more marvelous than that, a cabinet of deacons that are his advisers, *not* his masters." This minister has an income independent of his church salary, and his deacons know it. The other case is that of "a brilliant man in Hartford, who preached a sermon on sane

Socialism." This minister had no independent resources, and, in consequence, "he, his wife and children starved for two years until he captured a small pulpit in Vermont, where he is temporarily respected." All of which simply goes to show, in Mr. Ward's judgment, that money dominates the American pulpit to-day. He continues:

"The madness for money—the ease of speculation—the enormous fungi fortunes—the high wages and higher prices—the worship and fear of wealth—unbounded luxury and unbridled extravagance—all these and many other forms of Mammon hysteria have brought about a revolution in living conditions. Men are no longer measured by spirituality, by intellectual achievements. Many may be respectable, but only the bank account has respect. Nine-tenths of our leading churches are dominated by the insolence of wealth. Nine-tenths of our homes are mentally atrophied by its specter. This is not only the fact in cities, but the miserable conditions have been aped in country towns by the local coterie of the *nouveaux riches*, and are even filtering into the primitive fastnesses of our mountain hamlets.

"It is a miserable fact which we must honestly face that he average man, as well as the average church, is hypnotized out of his independence and manhood by the rich man of his environment. And the poor minister—who entered the clergy with white wings flying, with soul inflated by noble enthusiasms, with heart choked with the beauty of holiness, and with his mind made up to be a modern martyr, if necessary, finds himself, after a few parish changes and with heart choked by the diabolism of ugliness, wondering whether he has any tenets at all he dare call his own, and harassed by cowardly parishioners on the one side and threatened by lordly moneybags on the other."

Mr. Ward's complaint is that the very conditions under which ministers are compelled to live and preach at the present time preclude honesty and liberty. A second critic, himself a minister—the Rev. Dr. Mark Allison Matthews—thinks that clergymen are lacking in courage, and largely to blame for their own situation. Writing in the Chicago Presbyterian paper, *The Interior*, he says:

"As a whole, the ministry is more or less muzzled. There are thousands of ministers who apparently are afraid to speak and act as the authority of the pulpit warrants. They are certainly in need of holy boldness. Were they bold in proportion to their righteousness, and were they to speak as such boldness would demand, the moral conditions of this country would be instantly changed. . . . They seem to dread the hardships and dangers of an aggressive, coura-

geous line of action. They are afraid of wounding feelings, which in itself is an illogical position, because the minister ought to prick the conscience, wound the sinful heart, and bring conviction to every one of his hearers.

"Some are afraid of the things that may be said about them or to them. They dread the attack which the devil and his agents may make upon them. They fear the bucket of filth which corrupt and degenerate men may try to hurl at them.

"Why should they fear the rage, froth or darts of the agents of hell? God is their director and protector. If they are conscious of the righteousness of their cause, they should speak, even though their words emptied all hell of its sleuth-hounds and started them in hot pursuit after the preacher. There are some who are afraid of their positions. Why should they be? If the minister is called of God, his commission is from above, and his position and right to speak are eternal."

A third writer, described by the editor of *The Independent* as "an ordained clergyman" who "has been the pastor of important churches in progressive cities and is still in active service," throws light on the ministerial status from another angle. In an article appearing in *The Independent* under the title, "Confessions of an Undistinguished Heretic," he gives to the public an extraordinarily vivid autobiographical document, setting forth the conflict between his own deepest convictions and his pulpit utterances. He admits that his creed is practically that of Dr. Crapsey, but he adds: "Much as I honor and admire Dr. Crapsey, I am not scurrying to put myself in the pillory beside him." He writes further:

"Some will say that I ought to leave the ministry. It is clear as day to me that I belong in the Church, and right where I am. The children run to me when I walk the streets. The poor and humble swing their doors open wide when I knock, unbosom their sorrows and their secret joys, and grant me their benediction. Boys come to me to counsel them what business or profession they shall adopt, and men talk with me freely of the deepest things of life. I enjoy preaching, and Sunday after Sunday I feel myself a very priest of God, ministering holy faith to needy souls and sending men to their tasks with new strength from the touch of the infinite spirit. This was the work to which I gave my life; why should I leave it? I did not consecrate myself to the chattering of a creed or confession! had I done so, with my change of view I could only withdraw. I gave myself to helping men in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and that I can do and will do until my superiors shall say me nay.

"I have hopes that before many years the heresies, as undoubtedly they are, of the miraculous origin and resurrection of Jesus will become at least tolerated opinions. With patience, tact and perseverance I hope some day to bring out this deliverance of my soul, as I have already waited in patience for a time to declare my opinions of the atonement. To expose it now would endamage my real work, which is not to teach

history, not even true history concerning Jesus and His Apostles and His Church, but to enlarge lives with real religious faith, and induce sound morals and gentle virtues through devotion to duty as God gives me to see it. One shrinks from being called a hypocrite, but it is encouraging to remember that in Jesus's time they were not branded as hypocrites who counted themselves still Jews and went to the feast, while in utter contradiction with the doctors of the law and the prevailing opinion, but they were styled hypocrites whose prayer was not prayer, whose charity was not charity, who were not real in their religious life. Let a man love God with all his heart, live deeply in the spirit of the Prophet of Nazareth, dare to cherish as his creed whatever God teaches him is true, and be wise enough to speak to his fellowmen, not in order to relieve his mind, but to do them good."

The leading organ of the Methodist Episcopal church in this country, *The Christian Advocate* (New York), takes up this anonymous "confession" in a caustic leading article. It brands the writer as "a coward and a deceiver," and goes on to comment:

"Here is a man supported by a church, receiving the honors as well as the emoluments, going in and out among the people, knowing that if he were to tell them his real sentiments their hearts would be broken and in grief indescribable they would send him away, deliberately endeavoring by 'patience, tact and perseverance' to wean them from their faith on what they believe to be vital points, and to do this without their knowing it.

"We maintain that this man is a hypocrite. Dr. Crapsey was not a hypocrite. He fairly and squarely declared his sentiments. The sentiments were contrary to his vows and his ritual; but he persuaded himself that he was within bounds and avowed his views, and when his church declared him to be beyond bounds he left the body.

"This article is not a 'confession'; for the writer takes refuge in hiding his name. It is a cowardly act—and a reckless one; for it throws under suspicion the ministerial profession."

The Independent is much more lenient toward the clergyman involved. In such a situation, it thinks, a man can only follow the dictates of his own conscience. Sometimes he may be right, sometimes wrong. The same paper comments further:

"It may be hard for others to agree that the accepted history of the origin of Christianity and of the life and resurrection of Christ is not essential to Christianity. Those who take this usually accepted view, expressed as it is in ancient and modern creeds, must exclude such a one from their fellowship. That is their right and their personal duty. But such is not his view. He believes that such history is unhistoric, therefore unimportant, and that the vastly superior elements in Christianity are those in which he agrees with the teachings of Christ and the apostles as to the privilege and duty of the sonship of man toward his loving Father in Heaven. With such a conviction he cannot withdraw. He will go peaceably if required, but he will try as long as he can to

teach and preach this love of God and this discipleship of Jesus Christ. But we cannot put blame on those who discover his failure to accept very important articles in the creeds, and who tell him, and with authority, that his place is not with those who believe. They may properly bring and press the charge of heresy, which he will as properly try to avoid."

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) argues that it is unreasonable to expect that a church should come over to the point of view of an individual or of several individuals. "It is not too much," it thinks, "to expect that an individual will either conform his teachings to the accepted tenets and policy of a great communion, or quietly, without a flourish of trumpets, withdraw from its official ranks, serving the Master as a layman as he did before he promised an allegiance which he can no longer in honesty give." Commenting in similar spirit, the Philadelphia *Presbyterian* says:

"It is somewhat curious that so many of our brethren who do abandon the pulpit, or depart from the faith of the universal church, proclaim their belief that everybody who does not think as they do is either dishonest or a coward. We confess that to us it sounds cheap. And we are quite sure that it is not liberal in any true sense. If thought is to be free, why is it cowardly for one to think that God's truth is revealed in his Son

and in his Book, and that a preacher of the truth may deliver the message to the Church, within the Church, and with the Church's sanction? Does genuine liberty require that one shall be free to declare his own views of things, apart from the revealed truth of God, received by the Church? The Lord himself said, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' We believe that the Church and the Church's ministry who have received the truth as God has revealed it are free indeed.

"The pulpit is at the farthest remove from being a 'coward's castle.' It is an excited fancy of our brother that thinks it so. To say so is an unwarranted aspersion upon men of God who have ever proclaimed the truth, without fear or favor, to the leading of men to repentance and new life in Jesus Christ. Those who have paid the salaries have usually been those most desirous to hear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And to talk about the bondage and thralldom of a paid salary is pure nonsense.

"Our brethren who have left their pulpits in order to be free to say what they really think have been honest in so doing, and deserve honor and praise for choosing to be honest rather than to stay in a Church whose faith they have lost, and preach their loss of faith to those who still hold it. But instead of escaping from a coward's castle, they have thrown away a great and divinely appointed ministry. Their misjudgment of their brethren whom they have left in the faithful and fearless discharge of the duties of the pulpit reveals the weakness of their own position. And for them we earnestly wish the courage that may help them to confess their own mistake."

THE FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EASTERN AND WESTERN IDEALS



HERE is probably no other world-problem to-day that has the interest and fascination presented by the gradual awakening of the Asiatic peoples; and among living Americans who have studied this awakening few, if any, have had better opportunities for understanding it than Prof. George William Knox, of Union Theological Seminary, New York. For several years he lived in the East as a professor, first at the Union Seminary, later at the Imperial University, in Tokyo. During his residence in Japan he became conscious as never before of the almost impassable gulf fixed between the Orient and the Occident, and determined to do what one man could to bridge over that gulf. Since his return to America he has done much with pen and voice to increase our knowledge of the Orient, and has recently published a book,* which the New York *Evening Post* characterizes as

"one of the keenest in analysis of any book written on the Far East." In it he differentiates most lucidly and vividly the fundamental ideals that underlie Eastern and Western civilizations.

In the sense that Europe may be said to have a fundamental and unified "spirit"—in its religion, for instance, and its educational traditions—Asia has no unity. There is no common history nor law nor social organization in the Orient, so that no inter-racial consciousness is realized. "To the vast majority of these populations," says Professor Knox, "the thought of oneness has never occurred, for Asia has never been one in war or peace. Only in our day, by the reflex influence of Europe, are Orientals coming to recognize a certain solidarity." The nearest approach to a unifying influence has been Buddhism, and the religious consciousness out of which it grew. It is in a contrast between the religious spirit as manifested in the East and the West that we get the clearest understand-

*THE SPIRIT OF THE ORIENT. By George William Knox. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

ing of the essential difference between the two worlds. Professor Knox writes on this point:

"Europeans think of this universe as created by God out of nothing some six thousand years ago. Man is God's child, made in God's image, with an immortal soul and a destiny of pain or suffering according to his deeds and faith. Thus immense emphasis is put on the personality of God and man, while the world has been of secondary importance. So it has been in the thoughts of Christendom for a thousand years, and other ideas are slowly displacing some of these only now in our own day, and however our thoughts of the world change, our estimate of the supreme value of personality remains. But to the Asiatic all is different. The universe with its fixed laws and its resistless fate is the ultimate fact. It exists from everlasting to everlasting. It goes on and on in ever-repeating cycles. It comes from chaos, assumes definite form, continues for a while, returns to chaos, and repeats the round worlds without end. Man is a part of this process, as are the gods themselves, the whole an organism with men and gods as incidents in its mighty movement."

In a very real sense, then, it may be said that "the organism" is all-important in the East, "the individual" in the West. The one point of view has meant stagnation, the other progress. Professor Knox suggests that the very vastness of Asia is responsible for the static philosophy of the Oriental peoples. Nature is at once too prolific and too terrible; "too prolific, it yields enough for man without calling for strenuous endeavor; too terrible, it teaches him that his utmost labor is impotent before its vast calamities." As a result, the people have become indifferent and lethargic, pursuing the common task without zest or ambition. "While individuals are ambitious of achieving success," asserts Professor Knox, "for the race there is no vision of a better time to come." He continues:

"With such conceptions of nature and man it is not surprising that history in its true sense does not exist. The Hindus are notoriously deficient in historic interest. In China there are records enough, and of two kinds,—mere annals of the past, dry and without human interest; or ethical, the past made to enforce by its events the teachings of the Sages. Real history has to do with progress, with the successive embodiment of high ideals in society. That makes the interest of the European story. In Asia there have been endless wars, but these have been mere struggles of king against king, or of race against race, resulting in no constitutional development and leaving the people unchanged whoever won. Hence it is impossible to get interested in the story, as it is intolerably tedious, without real movement or result.

"The internal story has been like the external. Great empires, like the Mughal, have arisen, magnificent, potent luxurious, sometimes liberal and

intellectual. But the same result has always followed, and soon the splendor of the capital has caused intolerable misery among the people. Or, as in China, conquest has introduced merely a new set of rulers, who in turn have been transformed into the likeness of the people they have conquered."

Professor Knox passes from this rather dispiriting picture of Oriental conditions to emphasize a more lofty characteristic of the Eastern temperament. "In Asia," he says, "the characteristic is retracy from the world, a certain aloofness of soul, an indifference to outward state and fortune, and a conviction that salvation is in the mind only. There is an exaltation above the heat and struggle of the world which charms many Occidentals, all of us, perhaps in certain moods." This attitude is well illustrated in the following instance:

"An Asiatic who had lived in diplomatic circles in Paris declared that the game was not worth the candle,—the endless engagements, the notes which must be answered, the formal parties and dinners and public functions. His own ideal was a garden and a mansion where one could do as he pleased, where one visited his friends at his own desire, and entertained or not as the whim seized him, where there was no mail, and no newspapers, and no need for a calendar or a notebook. Our civilization was so filled with machinery that it destroyed repose and charm and the true taste of life. We hasten and have so much to do; why not enjoy now what we have? Time hastens away: why use it all in preparing to live? Besides, after all, what are these reforms? Taking the world as it comes, you cannot change it."

This is but one of numberless instances in which Asiatics have shown antipathy to Western customs on the ground that our wisdom and our ethics are on a lower plane than their own. Professor Knox cites the opinion of a Japanese scholar and soldier who rejected Western learning because of its materialism, and he says further: "The notion that our superiority is physical and material, while theirs is moral and spiritual, is widespread and deeprooted." An Indian sage quoted by Professor Knox makes these distinctions between Eastern and Western activities:

"In the West you observe, watch and act. In the East we contemplate, commune, and suffer ourselves to be carried away by the spirit of the universe. In the West you wrest from nature her secrets, you conquer her, she makes you wealthy and prosperous, you look upon her as your slave, and sometimes fail to recognize her sacredness. In the East nature is our eternal sanctuary, the soul is our everlasting temple, and the sacredness of God's creation is only next to the sacredness of God himself. In the West you love equality, you respect man, you seek justice.

In the East love is the fulfillment of the law, we have hero worship, we behold God in humanity. In the West you establish the moral law, you insist upon propriety of conduct, you are governed by public opinion. In the East we aspire, perhaps vainly aspire, after absolute self-conquest, and the holiness which makes God its model. In the West you work incessantly, and your work is your worship. In the East we meditate and worship for long hours, and worship is our work. Perhaps one day the Western and Eastern men will combine to support each other's strength and supply each other's deficiencies. And then that blessed synthesis of human nature shall be established which all prophets have foretold, and all the devout souls have sighed for."

"The blessed synthesis" toward which this Indian seer aspires represents an ideal with which Professor Knox is himself largely in sympathy. "We are already debtors of the East," he remarks, "but it has more to give." He adds, in concluding:

"We widen our view of the world as we learn that we are not 'the people,' but that God has an

equal care for the multitudes in Asia, and that they have their rights, their dignity, and their claims upon respect and reverence. But beyond this the East may teach us lessons of which we stand in need. The material and physical elements of our civilization are too prominent beyond all question. Our life is burdensome and complicated. We are intent upon the means of life, and not sufficiently interested in life itself. We are absorbed in the concrete, the external, the particular, and not reverent of reflection, meditation and patience. We are individualistic and personal, too certain of ourselves, too mindful of our position in the organism. The East may correct these errors and teach us that our life is not in the abundance of the things which we possess.

"In the East the organism is supreme; in the West the individual. The Spirit of the East there had finished its course, but coming to us it may lead us away from our absorption in the things of sense and introduce new elements into life and thought; and we shall teach the East the value of personality, and the world shall be the dwelling-place of the children of God. From this union of East and West shall come the higher and better humanity and the new world in which abide peace and truth."

WHY DID JESUS NOT WRITE A GOSPEL?



IN THE discussion of the intricate problems that perplex the New Testament student, the question has been raised: Why did not Jesus Himself write a gospel and in this way authoritatively give a conclusive revelation to the world? The question has scientific and historical, as well as popular, interest, and touches directly on the character of the gospel and the purposes of Jesus. Some of the few critics who have given the subject serious consideration have assumed that Jesus made no record of His teachings, for the reason that He really never thought of inaugurating a permanent religious movement. But a very different attitude is taken by a German Professor, Dr. Haussleiter, of the conservative theological faculty of the University of Greifswald, in a recent work entitled "The Four Evangelists."

It is, first of all, a matter that scarcely admits of doubt or debate, declares Dr. Haussleiter, that Jesus did not want to write a gospel, and that it did not at all belong to the sphere of His self-manifestation to transmit His teachings to posterity in written form. However little we know of the education He received in the house of His foster-father, Joseph, the carpenter, in Nazareth, so much is surely true—He had acquired the art of

reading and writing. This is attested in a practical way by the gospel records.

It is possible to argue, continues the writer, that Christ's neglect to put His doctrines into permanent written form was due to the prevailing expectations of His speedy return from the grave, which were entertained not only by the primitive apostolic Christians, but seem to find a basis in some of His own statements. But this explanation would in the end prove unsatisfactory, for, in the first place, it is a matter beyond dispute that the discourses of the Lord concerning the Return were intended not to settle the time of His coming, but to urge the disciples on to constant watchfulness, in expectation of a sudden advent. So little stress did He lay on the time of the Return that He expressly declared that neither He nor the angels in Heaven knew of the hour determined by the Father (Matt. 24: 36). Secondly, as a matter of fact, the burning anxiety of the early Christian congregations for the speedy return of Christ did not in the least interfere with the production and spread of gospel literature which presupposes a long development for the religious communion which Jesus established.

The real reason why Jesus left behind no written document is explained by Dr. Haussleiter on quite different grounds, and may

best be conveyed, he avers, by comparing Christ with Buddha and Mohammed. Buddhists and Mohammedans regard it as a matter of greatest importance that they should know exactly what was taught by the founders of their religions. They need a record of those teachings in the most authentic form, and if possible in documents written by those founders themselves. In the case of Jesus and Christianity, a different sentiment exists. It was not the doctrine of Jesus, however important, that created the first Christian congregation. This congregation never called itself by the name of Jesus. Its faith was rather based upon what Jesus *is*, upon the mystery of His person, which became manifest not merely in His teachings but more especially in what He did and performed, and most of all in His sufferings and death, and in His

resurrection. The divine revelation that the crucified Jesus was awakened into life by God and was made both "Lord and Christ" (Acts 2:36), and the faith, in harmony with this revelation, that Jesus is the Christ and that the Son of Man is also the Son of God, were what transformed the disciples of Jesus into a congregation of believers. This body of believers and the hosts who have followed in their footsteps, became the *living* letter which Christ had written and still writes. It was in this sense that Paul called the Corinthian congregation "an epistle of Christ, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tables of stone, but on the fleshy tablets of the heart" (II Cor. 3:3). In these words we find the real reason why Jesus never wrote and never intended to write a record of His teachings.

THE RELIGION IN MARKHAM'S POETRY



POETRY and religion, a modern writer has observed, are in essence the same, and differ only in their relation to practical life. "Poetry," he says, "is called religion when it intervenes in life; when it merely supervenes upon life it is seen to be nothing but poetry." The statement may appropriately be recalled in connection with a study of Edwin Markham's verse contained in a new book* on "Modern Poets and Christian Teaching," by David G. Downey. "To Markham," declares Mr. Downey, "poetry is a vocation, a high and heavenly calling, the fit expression of the truth that will not be silent. As Paul cried, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel,' so this man hears the command that pushes him along his appointed way." The same writer continues:

"Poetry to him is not only a high and serious vocation; it takes on somewhat of the nature of revelation. He is not more poet than prophet. Something of the inspiration and authority of the prophets of truth and righteousness he would claim, I fancy, for himself. The life-giving quality of moments of vision, the swift and sure deduction from some inspirational glimpse into the heart of things—all this he realizes and holds. One cannot read 'The Whirlwind Road' without being reminded of Paul's experience in the third heaven, where he hears things that could not be uttered in human speech. So our poet, in moments of inspiration, and on the Mounts of Vision sees and feels truths and ideals that at best can

only be shadowed forth and suggested in human song and speech:

The Muses wrapped in mysteries of light
Came in a rush of music on the night;
And I was lifted wildly on quick wings,
And borne away into the deep of things.
The dead doors of my being broke apart;
A wind of rapture blew across the heart;
The inward song of worlds rang still and clear;
I felt the Mystery the Muses fear;
Yet they went swiftening on the ways untrod,
And hurled me breathless at the feet of God."

The keynote of Markham's gospel is found by Mr. Downey in his *social* muse. "He is the poet of humanity—of man in relations. Always in his thought is the consciousness of the social bond that binds, or ought to bind, men into associations and organizations." A logical outgrowth of this gospel is his emphasis on the dignity and value of the individual. "Man is of value to him," says Mr. Downey, "not because of what he has, nor yet because of the position he occupies, but by virtue of what he really is. What suggestions of dignity, what shadowings forth of infinite privilege and destiny, in this mystical stanza!—

Out of the deep and endless universe
There came a greater Mystery, a shape,
A something sad, inscrutable, august—
One to confront the worlds and question them.

And with this sense of the natural dignity of man goes an attitude of passionate sympathy with all who have been prevented from realizing the sublime potentialities of human-

*MODERN POETS AND CHRISTIAN TEACHING: Richard Watson Gilder, Edwin Markham, Edward Rowland Sill. By David G. Downey. Eaton & Mains.

ity. It is this mood that has found supreme expression in "The Man with the Hoe," and that is voiced in so many of Markham's Socialistic poems. As Mr. Downey puts it:

"One of the characteristic notes of Markham's song is his sympathy for the burden bearers and toilers. The men in the field who do the hard, foundation work that is too often unrecognized and but purely required; the women who stitch and sometimes are stunted and starving in body and soul by pinching poverty and meager opportunity—these are ever in his thought. And co-ordinating with this truth is his vision of selfish greed, the grinding hand of power and place laid upon the poor and the lowly; all the hatred, injustice, and unbrotherliness of men—sometimes purposeful and conscious, and at other times simply the fruitage of an imperfect social and civic state that makes men its unconscious instruments. Visions such as these constantly swim in his ken and move him to champion the cause of the toiler, while at the same time he reveals the gross injustice and the deep injury done to individuals and society by the long tolerance of imperfect and baneful social, civic and industrial ideals. The outworking of sin in its manifold forms of selfish indifference, greed, unbrotherliness and injustice is clearly seen. He knows that behind all the inequities and iniquities of the social and civic state is the dark shadow of sin, individual and social. The joylessness and the hopelessness, the mute despair of the multitudes are all due to the inworking principle of sin, whose fruitage is seen in the varied forms of life and experience. Where there is no sin labor is in itself a source of joy and happiness, instead of being, as so often it is among men, a cause of misery and wretchedness."

In Markham's gospel a true brotherhood is set forth as the alleviation and cure of all social ills and sufferings. Most significantly he writes:

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;

and makes his "Muse of Brotherhood" say:

I am Religion by her deeper name.

To quote our interpreter again:

"His business as a poet—indeed, the business of every poet and prophet worthy the name, and of all earnest and serious thinkers and lovers—is to hasten the era of brotherhood with all its wide implications and bearings as respects society and state. He insists that the practical concern of true religion is to find a material basis for brotherhood. The state now has a working form of selfishness, it must be made to have a working form of love. There is no peace nor rest till this great aim be accomplished:

No peace for thee, no peace,
Till blind oppression cease;
Till the stones cry from the walls,
Till the gray injustice falls—
Till strong men come to build in freedom-fate
The pillars of the new Fraternal State. . . .

"Especially is this message addressed to the new democracy of our time, The Old World and

Old World peoples are too firmly fixed in their old-time ideas and ways, but here in this new world where 'the elements of empire are plastic yet and warm,' here is room for the high and noble ideals of brotherhood to be proclaimed and achieved. This is the note that is heard in 'The Errand Imperious':

But harken, my America, my own,

Great Mother, with the hill-flower in your hair!
Diviner is that light you bear alone,

That dream that keeps your face forever fair.

Imperious is your errand and sublime,

And that which binds you is Orion's band.

For some large purpose, since the youth of Time,
You were kept hidden in the Lord's right hand. . . .

Tis yours to bear the World-State in your dream.

To strike down Mammon, and his brazen breed,
To build the Brother-Future, beam on beam;

Yours, mighty one, to shape the Mighty Deed."

And, finally, Markham's gospel of brotherhood, as Mr. Downey sees it, is rooted in Christianity. He reminds us of the poet's line:

I stand by Him, the Hero of the Cross.

And again:

I wear the flower of Christus for a crown.

To quote once more:

"Well he knows that the true coming of the King and the Kingdom is the incarnation of Christ's spirit and truth in human hearts and organizations. It is nothing magical or miraculous, it is the acceptance of Christ's teachings, and the embodiment of them in personal practice and in the organic Christian state; the application of them to the work of every day by men of goodwill. The Christ-man will one day build the Christ-state, permeated by the Christ-force, and a nation will be born in a day. This, after all, is the secret of his coming. In proportion as these ideals are realized he comes and the kingdom grows. To refuse to recognize this is to bar the way, and to oppose the advance of brotherliness and social peace. When men truly accept Christ they become obedient to the heavenly vision, they see with his eyes, believe with his beliefs, and walk in his ways. Then will be seen 'the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband':

It is a vision waiting and aware;

And you must draw it down, O men of worth—
Draw down the New Republic held in air,

And make for it foundations on the Earth.

Some breathing of the visionary host

Breaks fitfully along the world's advance;

A passing glimmer touched New England's coast,
A whisper of its passion came on France.

Saint John beheld it as a great white throne,

Above the ages wondrous and afar;

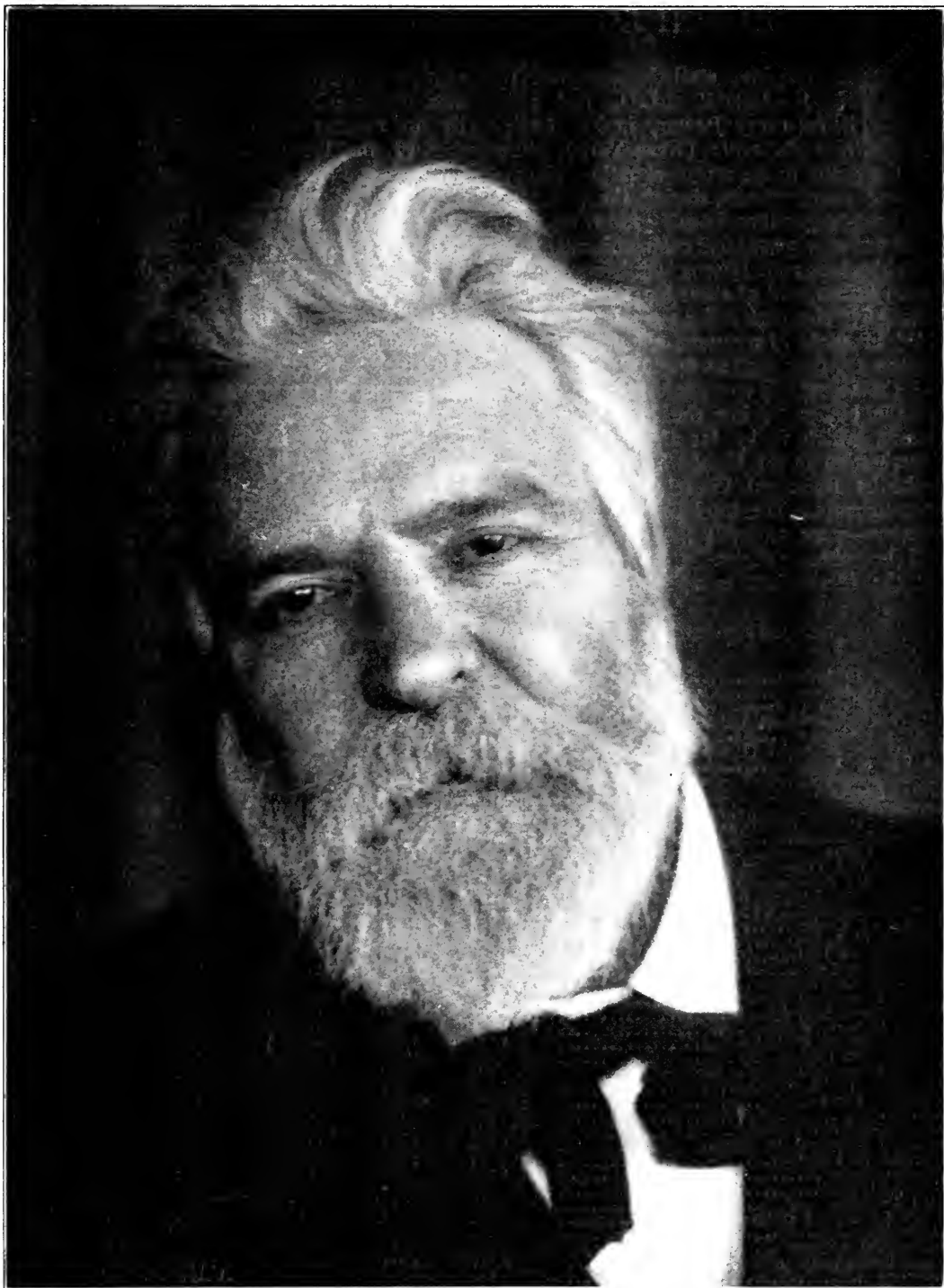
Mazzini heard it as a bugle blown;

And Shelley saw it as a steadfast star.

The Lyric Seer beheld it as a feast,

A great white table for the People spread;

And there was knightly joy, with Christ the Priest
And King of Labor sitting at the head."



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A MODERN PROPHET

"To Edwin Markham," says a new interpreter, "poetry is a vocation, a high and heavenly calling, the fit expression of the truth that will not be silent. As Paul cried, 'Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel,' so this man hears the command that pushes him along his appointed way."

CHURCH LOSSES AND GAINS FOR 1906



HE religious statistics compiled by H. K. Carroll, LL.D., and published every January in *The Christian Advocate* (New York), show that the gains in American churches, clergymen and communicants during the past year have been larger than in any year since 1901. There are now 32,283,658 communicants, 207,707 churches and 159,503 ministers in the United States, and of these 870,389 communicants, 3,635 churches and 4,300 ministers were added in 1906. Protestant communicants in this country now total 21,140,203, as compared with the 11,143,455 communicants of the nine Catholic bodies. After the Roman Catholic Church, which is by far the largest single denomination in the United States, comes the Methodist Episcopal Church, with 2,894,261 communicants. The total Catholic gains—all branches—were 125,778; the total Methodist—all branches—116,475. It is worth noting that the Methodists, in spite of their much

smaller proportions, have 2,600 more clergymen than the Roman Catholics. The disparity in number of churches is even more marked, the Roman Catholic Church having about 12,200 and the Methodist Episcopal 27,600. Methodists of all varieties gained nearly 117,000, while all bodies of Baptists increased by 93,152. The Presbyterians advanced in number of communicants 48,006; the Protestant Episcopal Church, 19,365. The Lutherans added 116,087 to the number reported for 1905; the Disciples of Christ, 29,464. The Christian Scientists have made rapid strides, and report net gains of 9,083 members, 52 churches and 104 ministers. Their total membership, however, is still reported by Dr. Carroll as low as 80,197.

Dr. Carroll's table showing the denominational families of the United States, the present status of their ministers, churches and communicants, and their growth during 1906, is subjoined herewith:

DENOMINATIONS	SUMMARY FOR 1906			NET GAINS FOR 1906		
	Ministers	Churches	Communicants	Ministers	Churches	Communicants
Adventists (6 bodies).....	1,565	2,499	95,437
Baptists (14 bodies).....	38,010	54,566	5,140,770	528	287	93,152
Brethren (River) (3 bodies).....	173	98	4,239	16	13	d100
Brethren (Plymouth) (4 bodies).....	314	6,661
Buddhist (Chinese).....	47
Buddhist and Shintoist (Japanese).....	9	9
Catholics (9 bodies).....	15,269	12,449	11,143,455	677	518	259,548
Catholic Apostolic.....	95	10	1,491
Christadelphians.....	63	1,277
Christian Connection.....	1,348	1,340	101,597
Christian Catholic (Dowie).....	104	110	40,000
Christian Scientists.....	1,326	663	80,197	104	52	9,083
Christian Union.....	201	268	17,500	201	268	17,500
Church of God (Winebrennarian).....	499	590	41,475	24	1,975
Church of the New Jerusalem.....	128	139	8,084	d5	d1	17
Communitic Societies (6 bodies).....	22	3,084
Congregationalists.....	5,959	5,943	694,923	26	12	10,601
Disciples of Christ.....	7,153	11,110	1,264,758	678	77	29,464
Dunkards (4 bodies).....	3,241	1,100	121,194	75	d38	4,883
Evangelical (2 bodies).....	1,508	2,730	179,339	57	82	12,361
Friends (4 bodies).....	1,466	1,075	118,752	54	d1,663
Friends of the Temple.....	4	4	340
German Evangelical Protestant.....	100	155	20,000
German Evangelical Synod.....	964	1,227	228,420	8	6	6,417
Jews (2 bodies).....	301	570	143,000
Latter-Day Saints (2 bodies).....	1,652	1,328	396,354	92	d10	52,107
Lutherans (23 bodies).....	7,872	13,919	1,957,433	287	546	116,087
Swedish Evangelical Mission Covenant.....	345	351	46,000	54	44	12,600
Mennonites (12 bodies).....	1,240	701	61,690	29	d65	642
Methodists (17 bodies).....	41,483	60,352	6,551,891	1,165	1,269	116,475
Moravians.....	130	119	16,923	d2	2	341
Presbyterians (12 bodies).....	12,705	15,922	1,771,877	55	220	48,006
Protestant Episcopal (2 bodies).....	5,258	7,567	846,492	49	343	19,365
Reformed (3 bodies).....	2,044	2,563	422,359	74	27	17,337
Salvation Army.....	3,773	983	28,500
Schwenkfeldians.....	5	8	731	2	1	131
Social Brethren.....	17	20	913
Society for Ethical Culture.....	5	1,700	1	200
Spiritualists.....	748	295,000	8	29,500
Theosophical Society.....	72	2,607	3	d56
United Brethren (2 bodies).....	2,247	4,351	286,238	62	d56	12,226
Unitarians.....	544	464	71,000	d3	5
Universalists.....	720	977	55,831	d7	12	2,190
Independent Congregations.....	54	156	14,126
Grand total in 1906.....	159,503	207,707	32,283,658	4,300	3,635	870,389
Grand total in 1905.....	155,203	204,072	31,413,269	2,628	4,100	783,979
d Decrease.						

The following table shows the order of denominational families now and in 1890:

DENOMINATIONAL FAMILIES	RANK IN 1906	COMMUNI- CANTS	RANK IN 1890	COMMUNI- CANTS
Catholic	1	11,143,455	1	6,257,871
Methodist	2	6,551,891	2	4,589,284
Baptist	3	5,140,770	3	3,717,969
Lutheran	4	1,957,433	5	1,231,072
Presbyterian	5	1,771,877	4	1,278,362
Episcopal	6	846,492	6	540,509
Reformed	7	422,359	7	309,458
Latter-Day Saints ..	8	396,354	9	166,125
United Brethren	9	286,238	8	225,281
Evangelical	10	179,339	10	133,313
Jewish	11	143,000	11	130,406
Dunkards	12	121,194	13	73,795
Friends	13	118,752	12	107,208
Adventists	14	95,437	14	60,491
Mennonites	15	61,690	15	41,541

A large number of the religious papers reprint these figures, and one or two add comment of their own. The *Chicago Interior* (Presbyterian) calls attention to the fact that "the strictly evangelical churches are the only ones making much headway." It goes on to say:


"The Unitarian churches report, as they have for some years, a continued decrease in the number of their ministers. Their communicants are not numbered at all. The Universalists have fewer ministers than a year ago, but an increase

of 3.08 per cent. in membership. The Dowieites are given last year's figures, having been too much occupied this year with holding their fort to have time for calling the muster roll. The Christian Scientists claim a growth of 9,083 members, making a total of 80,187; a great way short of the 'million' credited to them by the fearful. To make up even this figure they seem to count a large proportion of their membership twice, once where resident and again in the 'Mother Church' at Boston. Some of Mrs. Eddy's journals report 40,000 in the Boston organization. This leaves one-half the total to the rest of the country."

The Christian Work and Evangelist (New York) is impressed by "the progress all along the line." It comments:

"While this progress continues it furnishes its own best evidence of the vitality of religion against the cavillings of those who are out of sympathy with the churches and with the world of Spirit also. We add that the statistics show a body of communicants numbering very nearly thirty millions of people out of a total population of 80,000,000. This shows that we are very far from being a 'godless' nation, as some assert, who would like nothing better than to introduce sectarian teaching in our public schools. The record is one of which the religious people of the country have neither cause for fear nor shame: on the contrary, it is cause for gratitude for the past and hope for the future."

ARE WE STANDING AT THE BIRTH OF A GREAT RELIGION?

S IT insanity," asks Mark Twain, in a startling book,* just published, "to believe that Christian Science is destined to make the most formidable show that any new religion has made in the world since the birth and spread of Mohammedanism, and that within a century from now it may stand second to none only in numbers and power in Christendom?"

The question thus formulated by our veteran humorist—who, for once, seems to be in earnest—is occupying many other minds than his own. Christian Science has never been so widely studied and discussed as at the present time. The curiosity aroused throughout the country by the sensational and—as it proved—fictitious stories printed in the *New York World* regarding Mrs. Eddy's physical condition (see *CURRENT LITERATURE*, December) seems to have deepened into a really serious interest in her teaching and her cult. The *Christian Science Publication*

Committee of Boston has issued a bulletin giving over fifty expressions of editorial opinions, from all parts of the United States, on the *World* episode. These editorials are uniformly friendly to Mrs. Eddy and to Christian Science. The *New York Independent* has lately evoked considerable attention and not a little hostile comment by publishing an editorial appreciation of many of the features of Christian Science, in connection with an article from Mrs. Eddy's own pen. The tenor of this editorial may be gathered from the following extract:

"Philosophers are divided between Monists and Dualists, giving us three great schools, one those who recognize both mind and matter as substantial; those who recognize matter only as existent, and are so Materialists; and those who hold that the only real existence is mind, and that all matter with its phenomena are forms of thought, and who are therefore Idealists. The votaries of Christian Science approach this form of thought in their philosophy, and at least are quite as legitimate in their doctrine as the popular Materialism which allows the existence only of

*CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By Mark Twain. Harper & Brothers.



A NOTABLE CONVERT TO CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE

Mr. Charles Klein, the playwright, has lately acknowledged his debt to Christian Science in these words: "When I think of what Christian Science has done for me, and that it is through Mrs. Eddy we have received this truth, I feel that her great work for mankind is underrated, rather than overrated, even by Christian Scientists themselves. I know that I have not yet sufficient understanding either to realize or appreciate its greatness."

matter, and so denies both the immortality and the existence of the soul.

"Holding these views in philosophy and religion, and representing unblemished moral and Christian character, it is to their credit that, during her lifetime, they honor their teacher, Mrs. Eddy. Just as, after their death, other Christian bodies venerate Loyola and Luther, Calvin and Aquinas, Saint Francis and John Wesley, so the person and writings of Mrs. Eddy are almost, but not quite, sacred in the eyes of her disciples. They honor her while she lives; and it pleases them that, under the system she has taught, her life is lengthened out to an extreme old age. Such respect for their great teacher is a beautiful impulse and deserves honor."

Magazines are everywhere taking up phases of the new cult. In *The Cosmopolitan*, the playwright, Charles Klein, tells us how he became a Christian Scientist; in *The World To-day* the novelist, Clara Louise Burnham, defends Mrs. Eddy against the aspersions that have been cast upon her character. Mr. B. O. Flower, the editor of *The Arena*, devotes a long article to the "Reckless and Irresponsible Attacks on Christian Science." And *McClure's* continues to act as the historian of the movement.

Any one can start a new religion in this country, as the *Springfield Republican* points out; but the moment it begins to succeed, it must expect to pass through the blazing fires of our modern publicity. The same paper goes on to say:

"If Mohammedanism had been started in an age and a country which were blessed with hourly street editions, and illustrated magazines by the bushel in every family, there might never have been enough of Mahomet in history to reach ten miles outside of his native city. If Christianity even, and Judaism before it, had at the start been watched over by the vigilant *McClure's*, the modern world would probably have had no controversies over the higher criticism. The facts would have been irrefutably established at the outset. It may be the misfortune of the new religions of our day that they have to undergo the trial, and possibly the torture, of a higher criticism almost as soon as they are born. At any rate, that is what Christian Science is undergoing, and in so far as this scrutiny is fair, even if it be merciless, its believers should be willing to tolerate it and accept whatever contribution it may make to the corpus of truth."

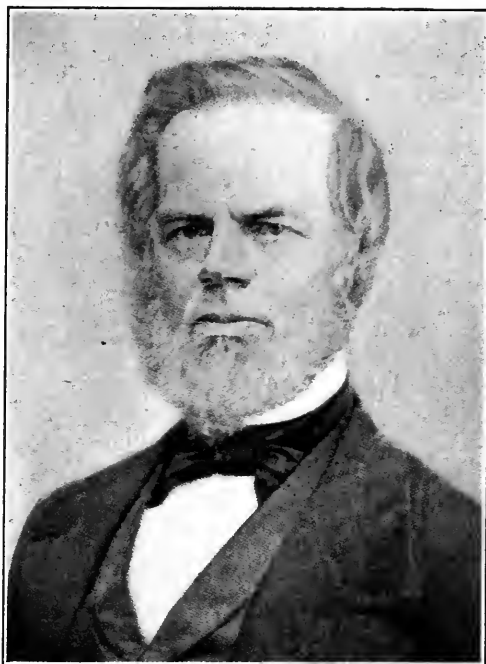
Viewed from this angle, every atom of evidence bearing on the origins of Christian Science is to be welcomed. The article in the February *McClure's*, written by Georgine Milmine, covers the years 1862-64, during



THE REAL MRS. EDDY

A portrait taken in 1887 by H. G. Smith, of Boston, and reproduced for the first time in a recent issue of *The Cosmopolitan*. The full-page portrait published in our December issue, by courtesy of *McClure's Magazine*, is now generally conceded to have been a picture of Mrs. Sarah C. Chevallier, of Texas.

which Mrs. Eddy, at that time Mrs. Daniel Patterson, may be said to have first become conscious of her religious mission. She was forty years old, was a confirmed invalid, and for six or seven years had been practically confined to her bed with spinal complaint. While in this helpless condition news reached her of the wonderful "cures" of one Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, of Portland, Me. She was living in New Hampshire, in straitened circumstances, but determined, at all costs, to reach Quimby. Her husband had been imprisoned during the war, and she was financially dependent on her sister. But at last she was able to save enough money to make the journey to Portland. As a result, she was thrown into intimate contact with a man of extraordinary power and vitality, who succeeded in curing her, temporarily at least, and who influenced profoundly her whole character and intellectual life. P. P. Quimby, so we learn from *McClure's*, was "Doctor" only by courtesy; he had taken no university degree and had studied in no regular school of medicine. By the educated public he was regarded as an amiable humbug or a fanatic, but hundreds of his patients looked upon him as a worker of miracles. He



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PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

The mental healer of Portland, Me., who may be said to have first inspired Mrs. Eddy with a consciousness of her religious mission.

was at first a mesmerist, but later confined himself to mental healing. As Miss Milmine describes him, "his personality inspired love and confidence. He radiated sympathy and earnestness. Patients who saw him for a moment even now affectionately recall his kind-heartedness, his benevolence, his keen perception." His method was simplicity itself:

"The medical profession constantly harped on the idea of sickness; Quimby constantly harped on the idea of health. The doctor told the patient that disease was inevitable, man's natural inheritance; Quimby told him that disease was merely an 'error,' that it was created, 'not by God, but by man,' and that health was the true and scientific state. 'The idea that a beneficent God had anything to do with disease,' said Quimby, 'is superstition.' 'Disease,' reads another of his manuscripts, 'is false reasoning. True scientific wisdom is health and happiness. False reasoning is sickness and death.' Again he says: 'This is my theory: to put man in possession of a science that will destroy the ideas of the sick, and teach man one living profession of his own identity, with life free from error and disease. As man passes through these combinations, they differ one from another. . . . He is dying and living all the time to error, till he dies the death of all his opinions and beliefs. Therefore, to be free from death is to be alive in truth; for sin, or error, is death, and science, or wisdom, is eternal life, and



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MRS. EDDY IN 1864

This portrait shows Mrs. Eddy at the time she was being treated by P. P. Quimby. She was then Mrs. Daniel Patterson.

this is the Christ.' 'My philosophy,' he says at another time, 'will make him free and independent of all creeds and laws of men, and subject him to his own agreement, he being free from the laws of sin, sickness, and death.'"

Quimby talked constantly of his theories to all who would hear him. He found in Mrs. Eddy a most receptive listener. About 1859 he began to put his ideas into written form. Mrs. Eddy had access to all his manuscripts. In 1866 he died. How far he influenced Mrs. Eddy, and how much of his thought is incorporated in "Science and Health," are matters for speculation. It is certain, however, that Mrs. Eddy for a while gave all her time and strength to the study of his esoteric philosophy. "It seemed to satisfy some inherent craving of her nature," says Miss Milmine, and offered "a purpose, perhaps an ambition—the only definite one she had ever known. She was groping for a vocation. She must even then have seen before her new possibilities; an opportunity for personal growth and personal achievement very different from the petty occupations of her old life."

Mark Twain in his new book considers at length the whole question of the authorship of "Science and Health," and asks specifically: Did Mrs. Eddy borrow from Quimby the "Great Idea" which lies at the core of her teaching? We cannot know, he answers, since there is apparently no way to prove that she used or carried away the Quimby manuscripts. The important matter, after all, is the Idea itself—an Idea that has created a religion and that may be briefly expressed as follows: The power to heal diseases with a word, with a touch of the hand, which was given by Christ to the disciples and to *all* the converted, is still operative in the world.

The past teaches us, says Mark Twain, that, in order to succeed, a religion must not claim entire originality; it must content itself with passing for an improvement on an *existing* religion, and show its hand later, when strong and prosperous—like Mohammedanism. In its early stages, Mark Twain reminds us, Mohammedanism had no money; and "it has never had anything to offer its client but heaven—nothing here below that was valuable." But Christian Science offers, in addition to heaven hereafter, present health and a cheerful spirit. "In comparison with this bribe, all other this-world bribes are poor and cheap." Mark Twain continues the argument:

"To whom does Bellamy's 'Nationalism' appeal? Necessarily to the few: people who read and

dream, and are compassionate, and troubled for the poor and hard-driven. To whom does Spiritualism appeal? Necessarily to the few; its 'boom' has lasted for half a century, and I believe it claims short of four millions of adherents in America. Who are attracted by Swedenborgianism and some of the other fine and delicate 'isms'? The few again: educated people, sensitively organized, with superior mental endowments, who seek lofty planes of thought and find their contentment there.

"And who are attracted by Christian Science? There is no limit; its field is horizonless; its appeal is as universal as is the appeal of Christianity itself. It appeals to the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the cultured, the ignorant, the gifted, the stupid, the modest, the vain, the wise, the silly, the soldier, the civilian, the hero, the coward, the idler, the worker, the godly, the godless, the freeman, the slave, the adult, the child; *they who are ailing in body or mind, they who have friends that are ailing in body or mind.* To mass it in a phrase, its clientage is the Human Race. Will it march? I think so.

"Remember its principal great offer: *to rid the race of pain and disease.* Can it do so? In large measure, yes. How much of the pain and disease in the world is created by the imaginations of the sufferers, and then kept alive by those same imaginations? Four-fifths? Not anything short of that, I should think. Can Christian Science banish that four-fifths? I think so. Can any other (organized) force do it? None that I know of. Would this be a new world when that was accomplished? And a pleasanter one—for us well people, as well as for those fussy and fretting sick ones? Would it seem as if there was not as much gloomy weather as there used to be? I think so."

Mark Twain goes on to register his conviction that Mrs. Eddy is "in several ways the most interesting woman that ever lived, and the most extraordinary." He adds:

"She started from nothing. Her enemies charge that she surreptitiously took from Quimby a peculiar system of healing which was mind-cure with a Biblical basis. She and her friends deny that she took anything from him. Whether she took it or invented it, it was—materially—a sawdust mine when she got it, and she has turned it into a Klondike; its spiritual dock had next to no custom, if any at all: from it she has launched a world-religion which has now six hundred and sixty-three churches, and she charters a new one every four days. When we do not know a person—and also when we do—we have to judge his size by the size and nature of his achievements, as compared with the achievements of others in his special line of business—there is no other way. Measured by this standard, it is thirteen hundred years since the world has produced any one who could reach up to Mrs. Eddy's waistbelt.

"Figuratively speaking, Mrs. Eddy is already as tall as the Eiffel tower. She is adding surprisingly to her stature every day. It is quite within the probabilities that a century hence she will be the most imposing figure that has cast its shadow across the globe since the inauguration of our era."

SUBSTITUTES OFFERED FOR CHRISTIANITY



THE religious unrest of our times finds nowhere more marked expression than in that growing literature which deals with proposed "substitutes" for Christianity. In Germany particularly, the press teems with works which proceed from the viewpoint that Christianity has outlived its usefulness and must give place to something better. The way has been paved for this class of literature by such works as the "Religious-geschichtliche Volksbücher," a series of radical brochures edited by Schiele, of Marburg, which propose to carry into pew and pulpit the advanced views of Bousset, Wrede and other protagonists of the newest school of critical theology.

One of the most notable arguments in behalf of a substitute for Christianity has been made by an ex-Roman Catholic chaplain and professor of religious instruction in an Austrian Catholic gymnasium, Dr. Fr. Mach, whose book, "The Crisis in Christianity and the Religion of the Future" takes the ground that the confessional churches of the day are ulcerous sores upon modern society, and that the teachings of all the great churches, Roman Catholic and Protestant, must be discarded because they are in fatal conflict with the results of the scientific research of the day. The religion of the future he conceives as "pure Christianity with the spirit of Jesus and of the gospel," but as entirely "undogmatic," consisting chiefly of the recognized moral teachings of all the leading religions.

Even more radical in tone is a work by O. Michel, a former military officer, entitled "Forward to Christ—Away with Paul—German Religion!" He declares Paul to have been the "antichrist," in the sense that Paul perverted the original Christianity of the Founder of the Church. What is needed now, he says, is the restoration of this original Christianity, but in a manner adapted to German ideals and tastes. He also proposes a religion committed to no creed and consisting only of moral teachings of a general, not of a New Testament, nature.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on this whole subject by an investigation recently undertaken by a Bremen teacher, Fritz Ganz, who has published the results of his inquiry in a book entitled "Religious Instruction." He addressed a circular letter to scores of leading representatives of advanced thought through-

out Germany and beyond its borders, and asked: What religion should be taught to the children in place of the traditional catechism and Bible history? He received more than eighty replies. One correspondent declares that "patriotism is the highest religion;" another specifies "the love for the beautiful and the human;" a third, "the systematic conception of what is taught by good common sense;" a fifth, a "Christian preacher," states that religion consists in the ability to "keep holy" (feiern), to "have premonitions" (ahnen); a sixth, that it is "reverence for mother nature;" a seventh asserts that "religion begins where revelation ends;" an eighth that "all true thought and action are religion"; a ninth, that "religion ends where confessional differences begin." Several men of recognized standing in the learned world contribute to the discussion. Dahlke recommends that Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" be studied instead of the Bible; Haeckel, the head of the "Monistenbund," the organization of the ultra radicals in Germany, proposes Wilhelm Bölsche's writings, and those of Carus, Sterne and others; H. Litz suggests fables and folklore of all kinds; the litterateur Lindenthal favors Rosegger's works and Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans"; the great Jewish writer, Max Nordau, suggests, among other books, "Don Quixote," and A. Phothow mentions Andersen's fables and Emerson's essays. In addition, A. Dodel speaks of Marcus Aurelius's "Meditations;" Hartwich wants the Eddas to be used; one writer, A. Kerz, even suggests portions of the Koran.

Dr. Dennert, a brilliant defender of Biblical teachings, subjects these replies to a critical analysis, in his new journal *Glauben und Wissen*, and comes to the conclusion that they prove a *testimonium paupertatis*, so far as radical thought is concerned. The radicals, he avers, can only tear down. They build nothing positive in the place of the ruins they cause. In the light of the history of Christian apologetics, he continues, there need be no fear as to the outcome of the whole controversy. The particle of truth which may underlie the whole agitation will doubtless become a permanent possession of religious thought; but the extravagant "substitutes," he says, will only pave the way for a still higher conception and still stronger defense of the fundamental truths of historic Christianity.

Science and Discovery

THE POLTOPHAGIC REVOLT AGAINST THE PSOMOPHAGIC CURSE OF THE AGE



OME years ago Mr. Horace Fletcher, an American gentleman, found himself at that stage of life where, after hard work in all quarters of the globe, he was in a position to retire from active business and devote himself to enjoyment. He had occasion to make an application for life insurance and was refused. His symptoms were obesity, shortness of breath, dyspepsia, loss of elasticity—in short, all those troubles that we are accustomed to associate with the failing health of so-called advancing age, but which would more accurately be referred to as advancing death. He consulted medical men both in Europe and in the United States, but in vain. He then decided to undertake his own regeneration.

He happened at this time to be occupied with some business which necessitated a good deal of tedious waiting in Chicago in mid-summer when most of his acquaintances were absent from the city. To help spin out the day he used to get through his meals as slowly and as deliberately as he could. He noticed a very curious effect from this. Hunger was less frequent. He ate less. His weight decreased. His health decidedly improved. He then and there made up his mind to experiment in this direction, with the result that in course of time he entirely recovered his health. He then tried to get an explanation from experts, but obtained none.

Mr. Fletcher now tried the insurance offices again. Tho he had to contend against the former unfavorable verdict, they said they would gladly take him at ordinary rates.

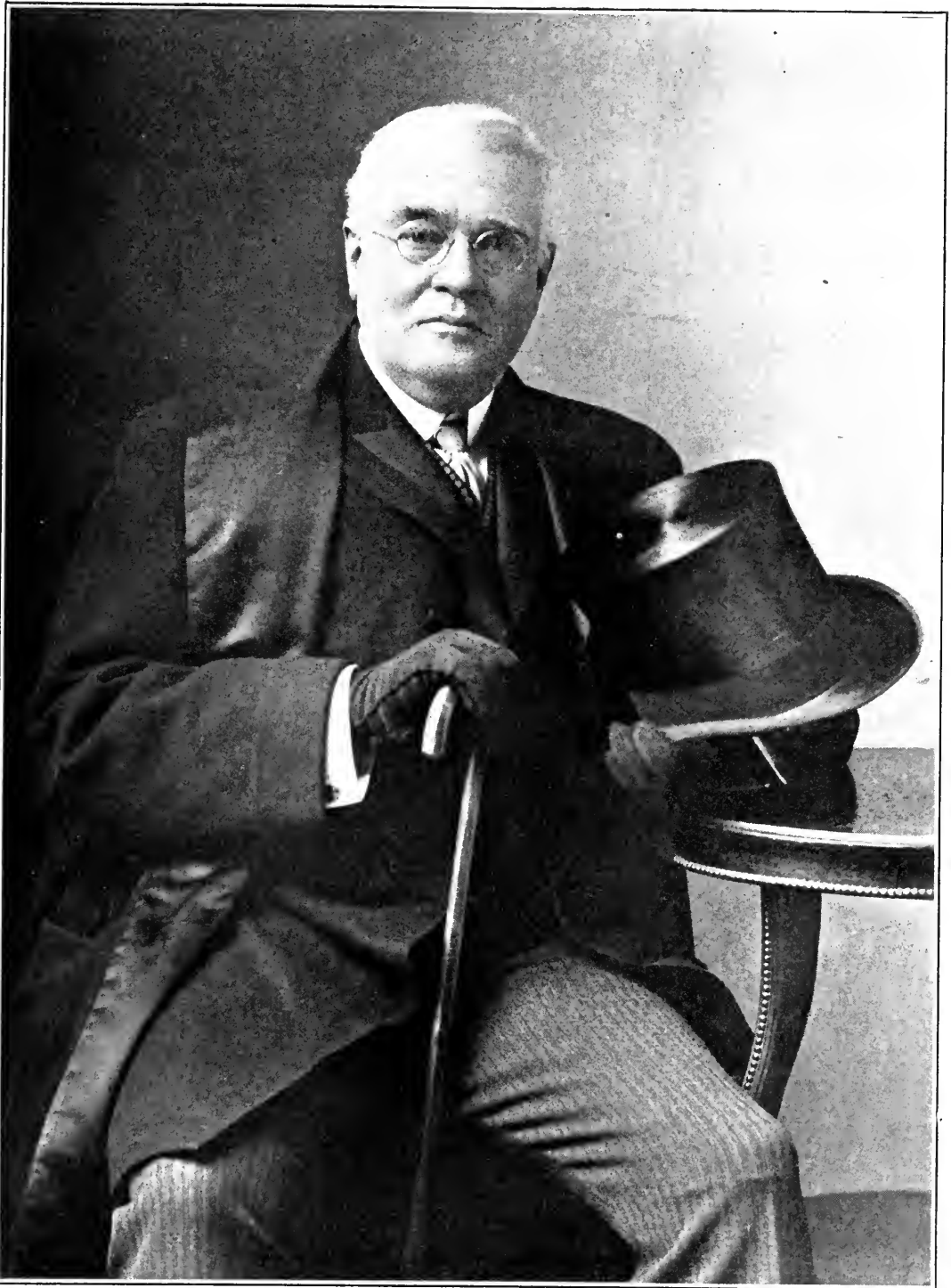
In the attempts that Mr. Fletcher made to obtain a hearing for his discovery he found his greatest difficulty with the skepticism of the medical profession. His first convert was Dr. Van Someren, the eminent Vienna specialist, who not only listened to what Mr. Fletcher had to say, but has continued to give his time and energies to studying and spreading "Fletcherism." Dr. Van Someren read a paper at the meeting of the British Medical Association in 1901. Here he attracted the attention of Professor Sir Michael Foster. The matter was brought forward subsequent-

ly at the International Medical Congress at Turin. Sir Michael Foster next showed his interest by inviting Mr. Fletcher and Dr. Van Someren to Cambridge, so that their claims could receive scientific investigation.

So far we have followed closely an account of Fletcherism given by Dr. Hubert Higgins, demonstrator of anatomy at the University of Cambridge, and an eminent surgeon to boot, in the course of a work on what is styled humaniculture.* The facts set forth, says Dr. Higgins, were destined to be the starting point for a new era. They have effected a revolution so far reaching that we are scarcely likely to exaggerate its importance. To appreciate this, let it be borne in mind that Mr. Fletcher had a considerable boggy to fight in the shape of the Voit standard of nitrogen nutrition. He was told that in order to find acceptance of his ideas it was first of all necessary to prove that his own new standard of economy was more nearly the optimum, and that the famous Voit standard was wrong. It was obviously true that he and his colleague presented curious and unusual phenomena in the small amount they ate. It was suggested that perhaps if they went on long enough there might be one of those lingering but inevitable calls to the beyond in store for them. Mr. Fletcher bravely lived in a laboratory for several months until every vestige of doubt in Fletcherism had vanished from the minds of the skeptical scientists under whose observation he came throughout the whole period.

Mr. Fletcher had the additional good fortune to find another practical sympathizer in Professor Bowditch, of the Harvard University Medical School, who introduced him to Professor Chittenden at Yale, who was not only the director of the Sheffield Scientific School and President of the American Physiological Society, but is one of the most eminent of physiological chemists. Here he was also especially fortunate because he found in Dr. William G. Anderson, director of the Yale University Gymnasium, a man

*HUMANICULTURE. By Hubert Higgins. F. A. Stokes Company.



Courtesy of *The American Magazine*

THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF LIVING POLTOPIAGISTS

Horace Fletcher, founder of the movement known as Fletcherism, has faced every form of discouragement in his crusade for a more thoro mastication of food through slower working of the jaw during the process of eating meals. The task involved an attempt to overthrow the so-called Voit standard of human regimen. Mr. Fletcher set to work and by his persistence in dieting himself in scientific laboratories under expert observation, he vindicated his theory and convinced scientists of the greatest distinction that the dietetic ideas upon which the Voit standard is based will have to be revised.

who was a human physiologist in more than name. Dr. Anderson not only studied undergraduates, but was able to make experiments with them, as he was their trainer in athletic exercises. Dr. Anderson was able to render Mr. Fletcher exceptional service by setting down in black and white that his claims to the possession of far more than average fitness physically were actually and measurably true. It was largely due to this examination of Mr. Fletcher as to his measurable strength and endurance by Dr. Anderson that determined Professor Chittenden to undertake the famous inquiry that resulted in his report, which showed men able to work better, play better and have better health, not on the Voit standard, but on half or one-third of the amount of nitrogen the text-books prescribe as essential. We quote from Dr. Higgins:

"At first sight it may be thought that there is little opportunity for novel views in the knowledge of the process of mastication. It is profitable to recollect, however, as Mr. Fletcher has pointed out, that the three inches of the alimentary region from the lips to the soft palate are the only part of the thirty feet of the intestinal canal where there are discriminating apparatus and functions that are in any way under the control of the will.

"Pavlov has recently shown us that there are a number of nervous impulses that originate in the mouth, when the masticating and insalivating processes are properly carried out, that control the subsequent digestive processes. So that not only the quality but the quantity, as well as the physical condition, of the ingested food depend on the occurrences in the mouth.

"In the writings of the famous German anatomist a statement was made that passed unnoticed by both anatomists and physiologists till Mr. Fletcher stirred up our interest in the subject. In Gegenbaur's anatomy is found the following: 'The bifurcation of the alimentary canal below the soft palate does not depend only on its relation with the epiglottis, but also on the condition of the food. The exclusive use of this means of swallowing is only possible with finely divided food. . . . I have always called this way of taking food poltrophagy (poltos meaning masticated, finely divided) and the other psomophagy (psomos meaning biting, tearing).' This most important observation was one that Gegenbaur recommended should be most carefully investigated."

To appreciate thoroly what follows, it is necessary to realize the significance of the law of atrophy and hypertrophy.

Atrophy of muscle means that, from want of use, the substance wastes and the muscle ultimately becomes useless. This phenomenon is well illustrated in the case of those Indian fakirs who hold their arms above their heads till the joints are fixed and the muscles are permanently wasted.

Hypertrophy means unusual development from unusual work, as, for instance, in the oft-cited case of blacksmiths with their well-developed arms, shoulders and chests. In anatomy it is found that one can look on muscles as a crystallization of function. That is to say, that their presence alone implies that they are used, and as they are used they are wanted by the animal. Another thing that anatomy teaches is that there is nothing superfluous in the body, and so consequently the structures that are functioned in so vitally important a region as the mouth, it is needless to say, merit our most respectful consideration:

"If one examines the soft palate of a dog, it is seen to be thin, even translucent. In its center are found merely three or four muscular fibers instead of a muscle. These fibers are too scanty and scattered to aid, to any but an insignificant extent, the elevation of the soft palate. The epiglottis is a cartilaginous body found over the larynx and attached to the base of the tongue. In the dog the epiglottis is very small and applied closely to the tongue. The food is swallowed over the top of the epiglottis instead of by its sides. The translucent soft palate and the small and insignificant epiglottis are evidence that neither of them serves any very important purpose to the dog.

"When, on the other hand, a horse is examined, one finds an entirely different state of affairs. There is a long, muscular soft palate as long as the hard bony palate. The epiglottis, which is, relatively speaking, enormous, stands up so as to divide the opening into the esophagus into two. Each of these openings in the relatively large horse is no larger than the single opening in a small dog. In the case of the horse, then, one finds that the masticated and insalivated food is divided into two currents passing down either side of the epiglottis. The openings are so small and valve-like that a horse is actually unable to breathe through its mouth.

"The differences between the horse and the dog in this respect then are that the horse is obliged to masticate and is therefore poltrophagic; and the dog swallows his food in large pieces and is therefore psomophagic. In other words, he has not efficient machinery for mastication, but he has good apparatus for tearing.

"When the principles of atrophy and hypertrophy are borne in mind in these instances, it becomes of great interest to observe the state of affairs in man."

In the case of man, Dr. Higgins goes on to repeat, there is a full development of the muscles of the soft palate. They are so fully developed as to explain why one central factor in Fletcherism—the consumption of a small quantity of food very slowly after thoroly mastication—is from its sheer simplicity a revolutionary idea in application. The notion that food should be slowly chewed is old, but Fletcherism makes a very novel thing of it. To follow Dr. Higgins's text again:

"I will describe the ingestion of a piece of currant cake, as it best illustrates the phenomena of mastication. During mastication there is a complex series of co-ordinated, unconscious and automatic contractions of the muscles of the cheeks, the lips the jaws, the tongue and the soft palate, excited by afferent and efferent impulses. As the starch is transformed into dextrose it is dissolved by the saliva. If it was allowed to remain in the anterior buccal cavity [in the cheeks] it would inhibit the further action of the ptyalin [ferment contained in the saliva]. This is prevented by the action of the tongue and soft palate, alternately producing positive and negative pressures in the closed mouth. From time to time samples of the fluid contents of the anterior buccal cavity are withdrawn into the buccal passage (its further progress may possibly be arrested by the pressure of the tongue against the hard palate if it is not acceptable to the end organs in the neighborhoods of the circumvallate papillæ*) where it passes on to the posterior buccal cavity. When sufficient has collected, a swallowing impulse is excited. It is presumed that the tongue is pressed upwards

*Papilla, the Latin word for nipple, is applied to one of those numerous projections which cover the tongue and project from its surface. The circumvallate papillæ are about ten.

against the hard palate so as to form a point of support for the contraction of the soft palate, to close the posterior buccal cavity and to help in the expulsion of its contents. The region at the root of the tongue in contracting makes the laryngeal furrows more vertical. The fluid contents are then forced out into the pharynx [throat], the buccal cavity is reclosed and the material is collected for the next poltrophagic deglutition. When the process of mastication and deglutition is completed there is nothing left but some almost dry currant skins and stones. Even these may possibly be disposed of if the teeth are good enough to divide them finely."

The moral is that man should make himself as poltrophagic as possible. Many men and women are poltrophagists to a varying degree without being aware of it. They may only notice that they eat more slowly than other people. However, an entirely psomophagic man has never been met with. But the curse of our country is the psomophagic tendency of the age. The poltrophagic protest is Fletcherism.

READING THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE



ANY professional and business men, and more especially those who superintend the labors of large numbers of employees, suffer loss

from their inability to judge accurately the capacity and character of those with whom they are brought into contact. It is seldom realized that one of the rarest forms of human ability is what Talleyrand termed "ability to estimate ability in others." In our country the mere money loss entailed by placing incapable men in positions of supreme responsibility is incalculable. An eminent British administrator has said that ninety per cent. of men of a high order of ability, when placed in positions of supreme responsibility, fail utterly. If, then, there be such a thing as a science of character-reading and a science of capacity-reading, it must be still very little understood notwithstanding the various learned works now in print on the subject.

However, a serious attempt to place this branch of knowl-

edge upon a solid basis has been made by James G. Matthews, who has spent nearly a generation in detailed study of the human countenance as an index to ability and character.* "That so useful and simple an accomplishment is untaught and almost unstudied," he says, "is to be regretted." No branch of human knowledge could be more useful in the choice of friends or of a wife. The business and the professional man may pay for a mistake of this sort by the failure of an important enterprise. Instead, however, of studying this branch of science methodically, we all learn it as we can or not at all. Hence we are deceived in some. We fail to impress others as we would.

"Every living face is a bulletin-board of thought, molded first by the inherited character, and thereafter by the thoughts and passions that most often move that face to expression. As a thought of shame enlarges the capillaries in the face, producing the blush; as



DETAILS IN NASAL EXPRESSION

The nose, relatively, should be long rather than short if the character be adequately balanced in point of aggressiveness and reason. The ancient Greeks very scientifically gave long noses to their statues of Minerva.

*A SOUVENIR OF HUMAN NATURE. The Onalochens, Publishers, Dayton, Ohio.

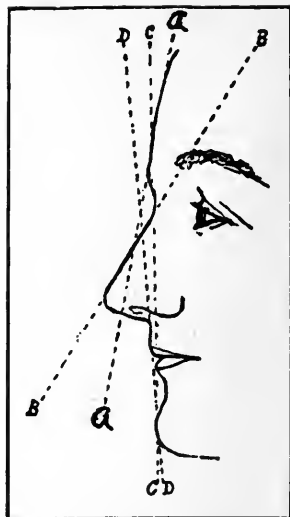
a thought of fear raises the upper lip, or a thought of amatory love puffs up the lower eyelid, so do thoughts of hatred, anger, devotion, destructiveness, courage, wisdom, generosity, and selfishness each develop or contract certain muscles in the face. The muscles thus affected by the most frequently recurring thoughts become shrunk or over-developed as the case may be."

Inexperienced students of the human countenance may, on noting the most striking peculiarity of a face, estimate the entire character in the light of this one characteristic. This should never be done. Over-development of one "trait-sign" will make other signs in the same face seem under-developed or vice versa. Never, therefore, says our authority, compare one sign with others in the same countenance. Estimate each sign at its own value by comparison with the same sign

in a normal countenance. The normal countenance is the thing to keep in mind when reading faces. To quote further:

"Also, since one over-developed trait-sign may be counteracted in its indications of character by other under-developed trait-signs, do not estimate the whole character by one sign alone.

"It is best not to try to learn the location of the trait-signs all at once, — look at



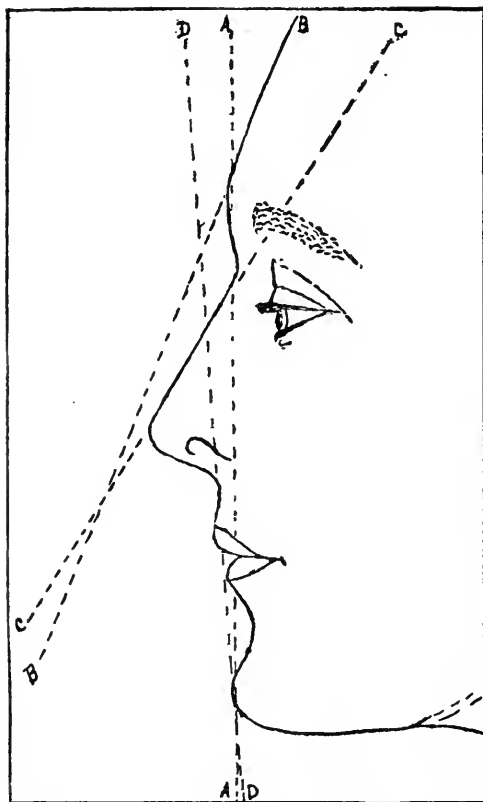
THE NORMAL PROFILE

The lettered lines indicate the details in a human countenance that possess significance, although the precise significance of each is not definitely decided.

facial angles when you wish a moment's diversion, and all unconsciously you will begin observing, with a new interest, the faces seen in passing, and will come to possess an accomplishment that will be an ever-ready avenue to interesting and profitable self-amusement; a constant source of satisfaction; and by enabling you to more favorably impress others by doing and saying the right thing at the right time and in the right place, may help you to a position in the esteem of your friends that comes only to those who can read the motives and desires that actuate others. After a few days' observation of facial angles, lips, and lip positions, you will be interested—even fascinated by the subject in which every young person should receive instruction before mating, and about which any one cannot know too much."

The most telltale indication of character and of aptitude in the whole countenance is the eye and its hue. Heredity, says our observer, is written in the color of the eye. He is confident, after many years of first-hand observation, and after much perusal of the works of those scientists who have attended to this subject, that very dark brown or black eyes denote an impetuous temperament, capable of great extremes of feeling, likes and dislikes, and the most passionate ardor in romantic love. Dark brown eyes denote those traits in a less intense degree, the temperament becoming more placid as the brown grows lighter.

An affectionate disposition, sweet and gentle, accompanies the russet brown eye which is not yellowish. Yellowish brown eyes denote an inconstant, sallow disposition, with little will power and a tendency to las-



WHY NO MAN SHOULD MARRY THE GIBSON GIRL

Here is a physiognomical analysis of one of the types most pictured in illustrative art. The details should be very carefully studied, as they afford a striking specimen of the kind of female no man should pick out for a wife. Note the line C—C, it is tilted too low relatively to indicate generosity, while the line B—B indicates cold calculation in dealings with a man. The line A—A does not intersect the line D—D until the tip of the chin is reached. This is one of the few good features in the analysis, pointing to tactfulness—perhaps too much tactfulness.

civiousness. But the ideal of sublime purity of the affections is found to accompany eyes of violet or darkest blue—"eyes as rare as they are heavenly." Those who have not such eyes may take pleasure in the observation that not much intellectuality accompanies them. Clear eyes of lighter blue, calm and tranquil, bespeak a cheerful, constant nature, with intellectual powers and the passions well balanced. Gray denotes intellectuality always and everywhere. Furthermore:

"Pale blue denotes coldness and selfishness, with more intellectuality.

"Blue eyes with greenish tints accompany a predominance of the intellectual powers over the passions—a nature ruled by wisdom and sustained by great moral courage, which may attain high positions.

"Greenish gray eyes are the most intellectual; and if in them may be seen varying shades of blue and orange, we find that strange mixture of the sour and the sweet, of optimism and pessimism, which produces the impressionable temperament of the genius.

"Eyes with a preponderance of greenish shades

denote coquetry and the most artful deceitfulness.

"Eyes of dead colors, dull and expressionless, bespeak a sluggish temperament, listless disposition, and a cold, selfish nature.

"A calm, steadfast glance from a tranquil blue eye, usually large, denotes a clear conscience, sweet, gentle disposition, and a generous nature. From brown eyes it too often denotes amatory love.

"Rapid and constantly shifting motion of the eyes denote a nervous, careful nature.

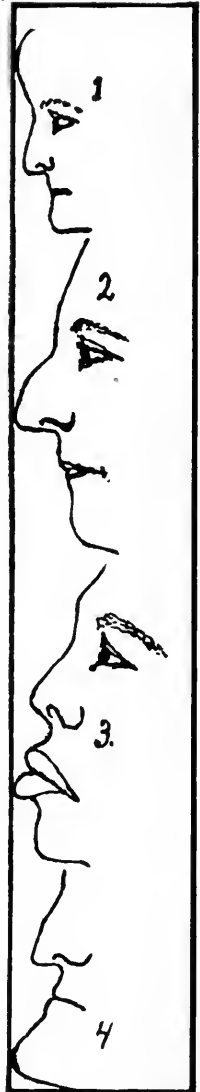
"The greater the width between the eyes, the more susceptible and impressionable the intellect. Eyes set closely together accompany the obtuse, obstinate nature."

The smaller the eyes, we are further told, the greater the extremes of feeling of which the owner is capable. Large eyes denote calmness, constancy and patience. Eyes deeply set indicate a determined, selfish and even harsh temperament. Bulging eyes reveal culture, refinement and gentility. But it is time to refer to characteristics of a general nature:

"Thought does not laugh: laughing is involuntary, hence thoughtfulness and self-control is shown in the manner and frequency of audible laughing,—the frequent giggle denoting shallow thinking, and the quiet nature, seldom, if ever, known to laugh audibly, though it may often smile, denoting depth of character, intensity of feeling, and thoughtfulness.

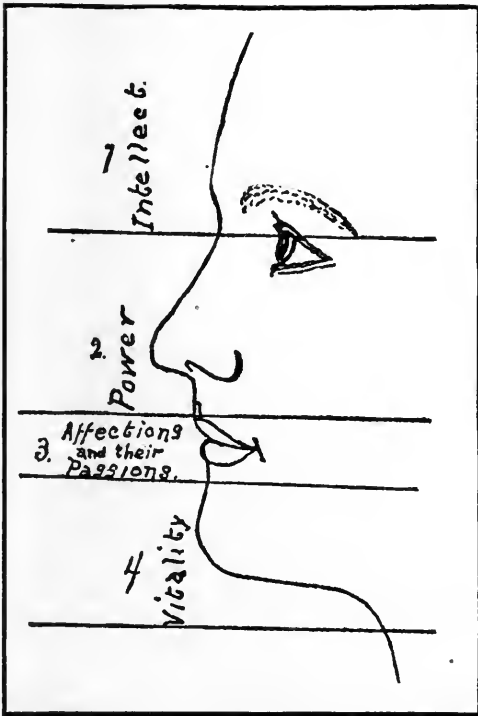
"Curved lines, running from the region of hope to that of integrity, around and back of the corners of the mouth, due to negative destructiveness and positive hope and integrity, are a sure sign of a sweet, gentle, hopeful nature, always patient, generous, and friendly.

"Courage accompanies a broad head."



VARIETIES OF PROFILE

Avoid argument with persons having a profile resembling number one. They are too deep. Avoid business dealings with persons having a profile like number two. They are too shrewd. Avoid fistic encounters with men whose profiles are like number three. Such men are vicious, they never fight fair. Avoid persons with a profile like number four. They are great advocates of mutual love, but they will take every advantage of you, while keeping well within the limits of the law.



THE INDEX OF WOMAN'S NATURE

The feminine countenance, like that of the male, is divisible into four compartments. First is the intellectual domain, which should be ample. Power is the second division and should be a good third of the countenance, for it is the seat of pugnacity, of the quarrelsome traits and of the inspirational forces. If the lips fill a liberal expanse in the third division, affections and passions are strong. Vitality is deficient if space for the chin represents less than one-fifth of the length of the countenance.

METCHNIKOFF ON IMMUNITY IN INFECTIVE DISEASES



WHEN it was recognized that bacteria of disease are everywhere around us, that a perfectly healthy person may carry thousands upon his person, may swallow food in which they abound and yet remain healthy, there first presented itself to science, observes the *Revue Scientifique*, the problem of the microbe. Professor Metchnikoff, whose name will rank in medical annals, says the London *Lancet*, with the names of Harvey, Jenner, Lister and Pasteur, set himself to the solution of the problem of the microbe—what it did to the human body and why it sometimes triumphed and sometimes seemed to be powerless. It was thus that he made his great discovery that the microbes, harmless on the surface of the skin or even when swallowed, become dangerous invaders if admitted to the blood through a wound. There they multiply rapidly, producing poisons or toxins. But the blood has a defensive force of its own. As soon as the invaders are recognized the white corpuscles marshal in force and the blood in its turn—though this last detail is a quite recent discovery—produces other toxins or rather produces anti-toxins. The anti-toxins render the bacteria so powerless that the white corpuscles cluster around them and envelop them until they have perished.

The initial discovery, to quote our authority further, gained a world-wide influence from its application practically throughout the field of scientific research. Investigation showed that the man who recovered from a microbic attack of this sort (that is, from a serious infectious illness) was unlikely to contract it again. His blood had been stimulated to produce so great a number of these anti-toxins that future microbes could be resisted with success. It was comparatively easy, therefore, to make the deduction that as soon as a person was attacked by disease, a rapid cure would probably follow if his blood could be made to produce sufficient anti-toxins to enable the white corpuscles or phagocytes to conquer the bacterial invaders. Therefore all efforts were concentrated on this endeavor and it is now accomplished in two ways. Either small quantities of the actual microbic poison (which can be prepared in laboratories) is injected to evoke all the energy and effort of the defending army (the principle employed in vaccination), or, if the defending army (the

white corpuscles) is in a weak condition, reinforcements are brought in from outside through the injection of the serum or blood from an animal which has been itself injected with continual doses till its forces have been made active and a part of them is drawn off in this serum.

Such is the general principle of the anti-toxin treatment. The exact theory of its action and application is not yet finally understood. But at last we have Metchnikoff's own version of the theories upon which the treatment has been built up. He lays stress upon the word "immunity." It supplies a whole point of view, he contends. The aim of his investigations is not to banish disease—the thing may be impossible. It is not to cause what is termed "cure"—there is always the peril of relapse. Still less would he effect what is popularly termed "prevention"—one cannot outwit nature. The point to bear upon is "immunity." Says Metchnikoff in his treatise recently brought out here:*

"When an animal remains unharmed in spite of the penetration of infective agents, it is said to be immune to the diseases usually set up by these agents. This idea embraces a very great number of phenomena, which can not always be sharply separated from allied phenomena. On the one hand, immunity is closely connected with the process of cure. On the other it is related to the disease. An animal may be regarded as unharmed if the penetration of a very dangerous virus sets up merely an insignificant discomfort. Nevertheless, this discomfort is accompanied by morbid symptoms, though they may be very slight. It is useless and impossible to set up any precise limits between immunity and allied states.

"Immunity presents great variability. Sometimes it is very stable and durable. In other cases, it is very feeble and transient. Immunity may be individual or it may be generic. It may be the privilege of a race, of a species.

"Immunity is often innate, as is the case of the immunity, which is called natural. But it may also be acquired. This last category of immunity may be developed either by natural means, after an attack of an infective disease, or as a result of human intervention. The principal means of obtaining artificially acquired immunity consists in the inoculation of viruses and of vaccines.

"Immunity is a phenomenon which has existed on this globe from time immemorial. Immunity must be of as ancient date as is disease. The most simple and the most primitive organisms have constantly to struggle for their existence. They give chase to living organisms in order to obtain food, and they defend themselves against other organisms in order that they may not become their prey."

*IMMUNITY IN INFECTIVE DISEASES. By Elie Metchnikoff. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LOWER JAW AS AN INDEX OF CHARACTER



IF there be one point upon which all physiognomists seem agreed, observes that noted student of neurosis, Dr. Louis Robinson, it is that firmness of character is expressed in the chin and lower jaw. We all exercise our knowledge of this branch of the science continually when brought face to face with a stranger, and it hardly ever leads us astray. There is something quite unmistakable in the lower half of the face of a man of determined character. It can be read at a glance and from almost any point of view.

Strictly speaking, although we all talk familiarly of a "firm chin," the anatomical chin is not the part which is chiefly concerned in giving that cast of visage which goes with a determined will. It is possible to have a fairly well developed chin and yet to be as unstable as water. The chin proper may be defined as that part of the lower jaw immediately adjacent to the "symphysis" (or line where the two halves of the bone are joined in front). Some curious facts in anthropology have recently been brought to light through a study of this true chin, but it is in the lower jaw rather than in the chin that we find an index of determination or the reverse.

At first sight, the problem as to the nature of the link which we will admit to exist between the will and the jawbone appears insoluble. Why should a man who has certain mental characteristics, the origin of which must without doubt be looked for in the tissues of the brain, show a clear and unmistakable sign of them in his lower jaw more than anywhere else? Although the pronouncements of phrenologists as to the outward and visible signs of various mental qualities have been to a great extent discredited, we all admit the existence of a certain conformity between the shape of the head and the mental character. One must admit also that this correspondence may depend upon the comparative development of certain lobes of the brain which contain the physical mechanism of this or that mental faculty. But in the case before us there can be no question of "organs" or "bumps," such as the phrenologist depends upon in reading character from the shape of the head,—for the lower jaw is anatomically as independent of the brain as is the hand or foot. How, then, are we to account for the invariable correspondence between a certain shape of jaw and certain mental or moral qualities? We

quote from Dr. Robinson's article in *Blackwood's*:

"Sometimes, especially amongst a mixed race like that inhabiting these islands, a problem such as this can be solved by searching into racial history. Every one knows that among our fellow-men red hair carries with it certain peculiarities of temper. Breeders of domestic animals also recognize many kindred links between inward and outward characteristics. Thus a chestnut horse with white legs usually has a fiery temper, a brown roan horse is almost invariably placid, and a rat-tailed horse can almost certainly be depended upon as a strenuous worker. Correspondences of a like kind can be found among dogs and cattle, especially in the case of the more recent breeds. Black retriever dogs are supposed to have derived both their characteristic coats and treacherous tempers from a strain of wolfish blood imported by way of Newfoundland, while among shorthorn cattle the wildness often observed in white animals may perhaps find its explanation in Chillingham Park [where a wild strain of cattle has long been kept for breeding purposes]. In all probability most of such instances of correlation may be explained by the fact that, among the ancestry of modern mixed races, some tribe of men or breed of animals possesses in a marked degree both the inward and outward characteristics which we now find associated, and that wherever the one shows, the other is still linked with it. Most likely some deep-blooded and hot-blooded Celtic tribe of the prehistoric ages is accountable for the people among us whose temper and complexion have been vulgarly summed up in the word 'ginger.' In like manner one may perhaps infer a primeval race of rat-tailed wild horses who lived a strenuous life in some region where flies and provender were not abundant.

"It does not seem possible, however, to interpret the link between the jaw and the character in this way, since it apparently exists in equal degree among every section of the human race. It is, in fact, almost as easy to form an opinion as to the firmness of character of a Negro, a Chinaman, or a Carib, from the shape of his lower jaw, as in the case of a European. I say *almost* as easy, because, in the case of the primitive savage, the shape of the jaw is generally influenced by the extremely hard work which the teeth have to do in the mastication of coarse food. This fact, although apparently a complication of the problem, if looked at in another way gives us a very useful clue. There can be very little doubt that the jawbone is greatly influenced both in size and shape by the vigorous actions of the muscles attached to its surfaces."

It is surprising how rapidly the shape of many of the bones of the human body may be altered, even in adult life, by the use of muscles or by their disuse. Every surgeon who has to examine the part of a limb which remains intact after an amputation has observed

how rapidly the bones which have been rendered useless diminish in size and strength. A remarkable instance of this kind came under the notice of Dr. Robinson himself recently. It is well known that a blacksmith, by a continual and vigorous use of his right arm, obtains not only remarkable muscular development, but also quite as remarkable bony development. This is most easily observed in the collar bone, which, on the side of the working arm, is thick, crooked and rough for the attachment of powerful muscles.

A working engineer, who had been doing a good deal of anvil work, and whose right arm was developed accordingly, was so unfortunate as to lose the limb in a machinery accident. Almost as soon as the poor fellow was out of the hospital he determined to train his left arm and hand for the work and with splendid resolution he succeeded in doing so. Altho he was already a middle-aged man, not only did the muscles of his left arm grow thick and powerful, but the bones, especially the collar-bone, underwent within a few months a corresponding change. On examining him a short time ago, Dr. Robinson found that his right collar bone had become as slender and as smooth as a woman's. The left one had become not only greatly thickened and strengthened, but had acquired that peculiar "S"-like curve usually found upon a blacksmith's right side. This curious crookedness of the collar bone attached to the smith's smiting arm probably saves the body from the jar which would otherwise be conveyed to it from the use of the hammer.

It is easy to see that, supposing certain powerful muscles, such as are attached to the lower jaw, were to become vigorously active, one might in like manner expect a change in the configuration of the bone and in the outline of the face. That such changes do occur can be shown without the introduction of moral or physiological considerations.

Until within the last few months the crews of British fighting ships have had to live mainly upon hard tack. Such food throws heavy work on the muscles of mastication. As a consequence, one never sees a sailor with a weak jaw. Dr. Robinson's attention was first drawn to this fact when some years ago he had to pass a number of boys from a London parish district into the navy. These lads would from time to time reappear in their old haunts when visiting their relatives. The change in them was indeed remarkable, and was made more manifest when they were consorting with their old schoolfellows and com-

panions who had never left the life of the streets:

"Undoubtedly the most noticeable improvement in them, next to their superior stature and healthy appearance, was the total change in the shape and expression of their faces. On analyzing this, one found that it was to be mainly accounted for by the increased growth and improved angle of the lower jaw.

"Recently a remarkable demonstration of the same fact was seen in a crowded London railway station. A train loaded with some hundreds of blue-jackets was standing in the station just at the time when the platform was thronged with citizens on their way to the suburbs. Most of the sailors were looking out of the windows, and the crowd on the platform was looking at the sailors. The contrast between the two sets of jaws thus brought *vis-à-vis* with one another was most striking. Here, on the one side, one had the average civilian, belonging to no one class (many were obviously tradesmen, mechanics, and clerks), but who had been nourished upon the elaborately prepared food common to all tables among highly civilized peoples. On the other were a number of men, not very different in origin, but who had from their youth up been compelled to chew the notoriously hard biscuit and beef with which our seamen have been provided by hide-bound naval tradition for over a century.

"A similar development of the lower jaw appears to result from the habit of chewing 'gum,' which is common in the United States. Certainly among the classes where the habit is prevalent one can detect a wider dental arch than the average, and also an increased prominence of the lower jaw. Tobacco-chewing, a loathsome habit which happily appears to be going out of fashion among civilized people, has been productive of a cast of countenance which will remain historic for all time. 'Uncle Sam' will probably be for ever portrayed as an individual 'lean of flank and lank of jaw,' as Oliver Wendell Holmes verbally depicts him in his humorous apotheosis. Those familiar with the portraits of the great soldiers of the American Civil War can hardly fail to have been struck by the curious family likeness which runs through their dour determined visages. It is scarcely too much to say that this military type is practically extinct in America now. Almost to a man, these long-faced fallow heroes were tobacco-chewers, as were also many of the prominent statesmen of the same period. It was, however, by no means exclusively an American custom. Most people of middle age can remember, among sailors and working men of Great Britain, men with long angular jaws and wrinkled fallow cheeks resembling those of that extinct ruminant, the 'typical Yankee' of caricature."

There is one facial trait that the chewer of tobacco possesses in common with the man-of-war's man and nearly all hard-living savages. His mouth shuts firmly, conveying the impression that he knows his own mind. The same may be said of most of the portraits which have come down to us from ancient and medieval times. Let anyone curious in such

matters compare these portraits with those of modern people, such as may be seen in any photographer's window, and he will find that it is quite exceptional to see among contemporary faces that easy and firm set of the mouth, depending on the shape of the lips and jaws, which is so necessary to the dignity of the human countenance. Three faces out of four which we encounter as we pass along the street lack "character" for the same reason.

When we consider how many otherwise pleasing faces among the young people of modern times are marred by a certain weakness in the outline of the jaw, probably due to the fact that our food is now so elaborately prepared for us as to need but little muscular effort in mastication, one wonders that none of the astute and pushing people now figuring as improvers of human looks have offered their services as professors of jaw gymnastics.

One result of the "soft tack" on which we are all now living is that the lower jaw does not attain growth sufficient to accommodate all the teeth, which, as a consequence, become crowded and defective. Theories have been put forward that the human species is undergoing an evolutionary change, that the number of the teeth is diminishing, because in some cases the wisdom teeth do not appear above the gum or only appear in a very modified form. This is not sound science if the views of the most noted students of evolution be well based. Probably in almost every case this defective development is due to individual jaw-indolence, and not to racial degeneration. Were the next crop of children to be as lightly clothed and as hardly fed as were the brats of the root-eating and acorn-eating ages, the survivors would have a dental equipment as efficient as that of the ancient Britons.

Having now made it sufficiently plain that the shape of the human jaw may be influenced in early life by the action of muscles upon the bone, let us see what bearing this fact has upon the main question with which we set out. If it can be shown that an innate obstinacy of disposition gives rise to habitual activity of the biting muscles, we shall not be far from a solution.

There can be no doubt that the chief ingredients of our moral natures come into the world with us. Without going into metaphysics and discussing the primal causes as to the constitutional differences between soul and soul, we can say with confidence that certain specific arrangements of the nerve cells of the brain which exist in each of us from the beginning, have to do with the outward manifes-

tations of those differences. Not only is the boy father of the man, but the embryo is father of the boy. Very early in life it is possible to observe the differences between those who are naturally timid and those who are naturally courageous, between the placid nature and the querulous. Every man of obstinate will revealed his nature early in life as a wilful youth and a wilful baby:

"Now everyone knows that when we face a sudden crisis of life in a resolute mood we instinctively 'set our teeth.' To get an answer to the question *why* this is the case we must go back very far indeed to a state of development when practically every serious difficulty, whether social or other,—except such as demanded instant flight,—was settled by vigorous biting. I have repeatedly drawn attention to the fact that we have more relics of primordial instincts and habits in our nervous systems than in our physical structure, and this is no exception to the rule. Although ever so many thousand years out of date, the old nervous currents are still set going by the same *stimuli* that first called them forth. Darwin shows, in his book entitled 'The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals,' that a sneer is really the remnant of a very expressive threat, viz., a lifting of the lip to display the formidable canine teeth. In like manner the action of setting the teeth, which consists in bracing the biting muscles (just as a batsman braces the muscles of his arms as the ball approaches), is a relic of the habit of getting ready to tackle a foe, or a difficulty, in the simple prehistoric way: nature for the moment being oblivious of the fact that the old dental tactics have been superseded.

Moreover, careful observation of very young children has shown that, even before there are any teeth to bite with, the infant in a determined mood clenches its gums together by contracting its *temporal* and *masseter* muscles. I am inclined to think that the action of the *temporal* is more responsible for the determined jaw than that of the *masseter*. This may perhaps explain the difference, which is readily discernible, between the square jaw, which indicates determination, and that to which attention has already been drawn, which comes from chewing hard food. In hard-biting animals, such as the bull-dog and the badger, it is the fully developed temporal muscle which gives the characteristic bulging behind the cheeks; and in a man of determined visage not only do we get the effect of a constant pull of the powerful muscle upon the angles of the lower jawbone, but also the equally characteristic fullness of outline of that part of the head between the upper margin of the ear and the brow, where its fleshy body takes origin from the skull. Broadly speaking—although they both act together, the *temporal* appears to be the biting muscle as far as fighting teeth are concerned, while the *masseter* is the biting muscle as far as chewing teeth are concerned.

"Now, given our infant born with a vigorous and dogged will, who habitually braces the above-mentioned muscles whenever that will is brought into conflict with those of other people, we shall have a corresponding growth of the mandible taking place from the very first. As a rule, in young faces, owing to the changes necessary in the grow-

ing jaw for the formation of teeth, and also to the fact that there is a mask of adipose tissue giving a general roundness to the face, the development of the angle of the jaw is not very obvious. Moreover, during the long educational period when submissiveness to authority is an important virtue, and when most of the serious difficulties of life are met by parents and others, a dogged determination of character and its physical manifestations are not much to the fore. Hence it happens that it is when the real battle of life begins we as a

rule first notice that the round-faced boy or girl has, often within a very short time, become a square-jawed and formidable person.

"Whether the squareness of jaw denote a laudable strength and firmness of character, or mere stupid pig-headedness, is not a part of our present problem. This must depend upon the presence or absence of such brain cells as are necessary for the manifestation of other mental and moral faculties, which are quite distinct from the nervous mechanism of the strong will."

BEEES AND BLUE FLOWERS

FLOWERS have become blue because blue is the favorite color of the bee, according to Grant Allen. Be this the case or not, some of the most important generalizations of science have been based upon the idea. "There are few scientific theories which have enjoyed a wider popularity than this which ascribes the origin of flowers to the selective action of insects," says that distinguished evolutionary botanist, Professor G. W. Bulman, in a recent paper in *The Nineteenth Century*. We may safely conclude, says Darwin, that if insects had never existed vegetation would not have been decked with beautiful flowers. The idea thus widely put forth has been taken up and developed in what Professor Bulman deems a remarkable way. The thought that insects, by visiting the flowers for their own ends, have unconsciously played the part of florists and have produced for us the varied blossoms of field and wood, is now denounced by Professor Bulman as error, very misleading error. There is a notion, he points out, that even green flowers have actually "tried to become blue" in response to the solicitation of the bee. What an absurdity, comments the scientist we quote, and how it has misled the ablest scientists! Professor Bulman's argument runs in this way:

"The evolution of the blue flower by the bee became a classic in the fairytales of science. In one of Mr. Grant Allen's fascinating essays he explains the origin of the blue monk's-hood from a plain yellow flower like a buttercup. The story runs as follows: In the far-off past there was a plain buttercup-like flower of a yellow color. Let us call it a buttercup, altho it could not be identified with any living species. To these buttercups the bees resorted for pollen and nectar. Now, amongst them there were some with a tinge of blue. These the bees *selected* for their visits. They were thus cross-fertilized and produced more numerous and vigorous offspring than those *which were not blue and not selected*. And in

succeeding generations bluer and bluer flowers chanced to appear, and were selected by the bees in a similar way. Thus the yellow buttercup grew bluer and bluer. At the same time there were trifling variations in the *shape* of a flower. A petal in some was bent over to form a protection for the nectar. These were selected, and gradually in a similar way the hood of the monk's-hood was evolved. So with the other peculiarities in the shape of the flower. Then it chanced that a plant arose with more numerous flowers on one stem. This was immediately noticed and seized on by the bee. And as flowers appeared more closely grouped on a stem they continued to attract the bee by their greater conspicuousness, and were selected and benefited. At last appeared the tall spiked inflorescence of the monk's-hood with its closely set, blue-hooded flowers. Such is the story of the bee and the blue flower, told in less poetic language, but substantially the same as the more fascinating account of Mr. Grant Allen.

"But there is a white variety of our common blue monk's-hood, and Darwin relates a curious fact about it. 'Dr. W. Ogle [he writes] has communicated to me a curious case. He gathered in Switzerland 100 flower-stems of the common blue variety of the monk's-hood (*Aconitum napellus*), and not a single flower was perforated; he then gathered 100 stems of a white variety growing close by, and every one of the open flowers had been perforated.' This shows, at least, that the *white* monk's-hood had been frequently visited by bees—it suggests that it may have been more visited than the blue.

"And then there is a yellow species of monk's-hood (*Aconitum vulparia*). Now, was this yellow monk's-hood derived from the blue or the blue from the yellow? Or perhaps we should rather say, was their common ancestor yellow or blue? If the former, then where was the bees' taste for blue during the long ages when the yellow monk's-hood was being evolved from the buttercup? And if the bees' taste came later, how has the yellow monk's-hood remained yellow in spite of it? If, on the other hand, the common ancestor was blue, how could a yellow be derived from it by the 'azure-loving bee'?"

What grounds are there, then, asks Professor Bulman, for supposing that blue is the favorite color of the bee? The belief that bees

prefer blue, which forms so essential a portion of the theory, is founded solely on certain experiments carried out by Lord Avebury. These experiments consisted in placing honey on slips of glass over paper of various colors and noting carefully the visits of a particular bee, or several bees, to this honey. Now, the results of these observations showed not that a bee visited the honey over the blue paper only, but that it paid a larger number of visits to this than to that over any one of the other colors. The experiments showed at the most only a somewhat limited and partial preference for blue on the part of the bee.

Lord Avebury says he put some honey on a piece of blue paper, and when a bee had made several journeys, and thus become accustomed to the blue color, Lord Avebury placed some more honey in the same manner on orange paper about a foot away. And again, having accustomed a bee to come to honey on blue paper, Lord Avebury ranged in a row other supplies of honey on glass slips placed over papers of other colors—yellow, orange, red, green, black and white. But Professor Bulman notes that it was only after a bee had become accustomed to take the honey off blue paper that it was put to the test. Surely the fair test would have been to offer the bee honey on the different colors when it first came. But, as a matter of fact, Professor Bulman believes Lord Avebury's experiments show not that bees prefer blue, but that they can distinguish and appreciate color.

But if the bee does prefer blue, and if Lord Avebury's experiments be held to prove it, they could easily be repeated by others. It is a significant fact that they have never been confirmed by any other observer. It may even be doubted whether Lord Avebury himself has repeated them a sufficient number of times to completely eliminate the element of chance. One scientist who tried similar experiments found that the color of the paper beneath the honey made no difference in the frequency of the bees' visits. But then he had not first accustomed the bees to come to the blue.

Suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that Lord Avebury's experiments had been conducted under sufficiently rigid conditions, that they have been repeated often enough and that he is justified in the conclusions he has drawn from them. Even this would not be enough:

"If this *preference* on the part of the bee is to make it efficient as an evolver of blue flowers, it must show it by picking out blue flowers for its visits. And if the action of the bee in nature

seems to contradict Lord Avebury's conclusions, it is surely these latter that will have to be explained away. Let us, then, look at the real bee at work among the flowers. It occurs at once that a decisive experiment would be to present a bee with a number of flowers of a similar shape and scent, but differing in color. And anyone who possesses a garden will find all the details for the experiment arranged for him there. He has only to go out, note-book in hand, and jot down the progress of the experiment. A bed of hyacinths, for example, often presents us with the three colors, red, white, and blue together. Watch the bees on such a bed. As they arrive, one goes first to a white flower, another to a blue, and a third to a red. They pass from white to blue or red, from red to blue or white, and from blue to white or red. They take the different colors, in fact, in every order possible on the mathematical theory of permutations. And let us note that Darwin himself observed and recorded the fact that bees pass indifferently from one color to another in the same species.

"Then, again, what are the colors of the flowers on which we see the bees at work in our gardens and in the fields? Consider the case of *green* flowers, those which, according to the theory, have remained in that state from which the bee has redeemed the more brightly colored. These have presumably remained green because they have not been chosen by the bee. So, then, we should expect to find them neglected by the 'azure-loving' insect. But there are a number of green or greenish flowers much frequented by bees. In April bees innumerable may be seen gathering nectar from the uncompromisingly green flowers of the sycamore."

In other words, we have a sheer delusion, according to Professor Bulman, supported, as the delusion is, by the great name of Darwin and by the weight of names so distinguished as those of Grant Allen and Lord Avebury, used as the basis of generalizations in three important sciences—botany, zoology and biology. Nay, so firmly implanted is the notion of responsibility of the bee for the spread of blue flowers that even to contest the idea is to incur ridicule. Nevertheless, insists Professor Bulman, there is no basis whatever for the belief. It is merely an instance of the readiness of generalizers to accept facts at second hand if only those facts be supported by sufficiently eminent authority. We need not, he adds, pursue the color question through the pinks, reds, purples and other shades to convince ourselves of the grossness of the delusion with which we are now dealing. It would, indeed, be difficult to name any color which bees do not appreciate as much as blue. Not that the bee despises blue flowers. There are blue flowers much visited, but these are neither more numerous in species nor more frequently visited than green, yellow or white. The bee, in fact, is indifferent to the color of the flower it visits

Recent Poetry



WO of the pupils of Professor Woodberry, late of Columbia University, are in evidence just now in the form of recently published volumes of verse. One of them, Louis V. Ledoux, just misses the note of distinction, and his volume ("The Soul's Progress and Other Poems"), while it has poetic merit, savors a little too much of the thesis. We do not light upon the surprises, either of thought or of expression, that instantly make a captive of the reader, and there is no one poem that compels quotation here. The other pupil, John Erskine, in his volume entitled "Actæon and Other Poems" (John Lane Company), takes his place at once as one of the most promising of our minor poets. His themes are often academic, but the treatment is fresh and virile. The title-poem has real poetic nobility, and we regret that its length will not admit of reproduction in our pages. We reprint the following instead:

WINTER SONG TO PAN

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Pan sleeps within the forest! There I heard
Him piping once, there once I heard him shame
The wild bird with his note, but now he sleeps,
Wrapped in the ragged driftings of the snow,
Half-naked to the wind, and by his side
The magic pipes, long fallen from weary hands.

God of the drowsy noon, awake! awake!
Pipe me a summer tone once more, and pipe
Thy godhead back again. Hast thou forgot
The finger-tips a-tingle on the pipes,
The musing tone a-tremble on the lips,
The sweets divinely breathed, the summer sweets?
Hast thou forgot the noonday peace, the touch
Of forest-greenness resting on the world,
The hollow water-tinkle of the brooks,
The startled drone of some low-circling bee?
Once thou didst love the heat, the hushed bird-song,

The rich half-silence, breathing mystery:
It is full-silence now; now bird and bee
Are silent, and the crystal-frozen brooks
That wind mute silver through the land, like veins
In quarried stone; the forest voice is gone;
Hark to the withered crackle of the leaf
Whose sigh of old was beautiful! The pipes
Of Pan are stopped with icicles, where once
Breath of a god made music. Foolish god!
Thy finger-tips must tingle now with cold,
And only frost be trembling on thy lips.
Thou art but half a god, and see, the cold
Hath gnawed away thy half-divinity,
And made thee seem all beast! The mocking
chill

Of winter parodies our human grief
In thee; those bitter ice-drops on thy cheek,
Was ever human tear so hard and cruel?
Age cannot touch the gods, but see, the snow

Hath crowned thee whiter than a thousand years!
All this is for thy sleep! Awake, O Pan!
Breathe on thy pipes again, O bring me back
One summer day, and be the god of old!
Make loud the brook, and rouse the droning bee.
And come thou to thy kingdom back, and pipe.
I wait for thee, for thee my song I raise,
But at thy waking thou shalt answer me,
And bird and leaf and brook and drowsy noon
Shall meet the wild bee's droning in thy song.
O summer-bringing voice, return, O Pan!

PARTING

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Not in thine absence, nor when face
To face, thy love means most to me,
But in the short-lived parting-space,
The cadence of felicity.

So music's meaning first is known,
Not while the bird sings all day long,
But when the last faint-falling tone
Divides the silence from the song.

Mr. William B. Yeats has of late been abandoning lyrical for dramatic expression, and in his volume of collected "Lyrical Poems" (just published by Macmillans), he confesses, in a preface, to "no little discontent" with his earlier work, when he was influenced by the desire "to be as easily understood as the Young Ireland writers,—to write always out of the common thought of the people." He likens himself to a traveler newly arrived in a city, who at first notices nothing but the news of the market-place, the songs of the workmen, the great public buildings; but who, after some months, has come to let his thoughts run upon some little carving in a niche, some Ogham on a stone, or the conversation of a green countryman. Now, in his dramatic work (a collection of which is to appear in the Spring), he is, he admits, half returning to his first ambition. Mr. Yeats must, of course, follow the laws of literary development, but we could almost wish that he would not only half return, but altogether return to his earlier ambition,—at least that he would now and then turn from his dramatic work to give us more of the glamor and mystery of his early lyrics. We reprint one of his earliest and best-known poems and one of his later lyrics:

THE SONG OF THE HAPPY SHEPHERD

BY WILLIAM B. YEATS

The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Gray Truth is now her painted toy;

Yet still she turns her restless head:
 But O, sick children of the world,
 Of all the many changing things
 In dreary dancing past us whirled,
 To the cracked tune that Chronos sings,
 Words alone are certain good.
 Where are now the warring kings,
 Word be-mockers?—By the Rood,
 Where are now the warring kings?
 An idle word is now their glory,
 By the stammering schoolboy said,
 Reading some entangled story:
 The kings of the old time are fled.
 The wandering earth herself may be
 Only a sudden flaming word,
 In clanging space a moment heard,
 Troubling the endless reverie.

Then no wise worship dusty deeds,
 Nor seek; for this is also sooth;
 To hunger fiercely after truth,
 Lest all thy toiling only breeds
 New dreams, new dreams; there is no truth
 Saving in thine own heart. Seek, then,
 No learning from the starry men,
 Who follow with the optic glass
 The whirling ways of stars that pass—
 Seek, then, for this is also sooth,
 No word of theirs—the cold star-bane
 Has cloven and rent their hearts in twain,
 And dead is all their human truth.
 Go gather by the humming sea
 Some twisted, echo-harboring shell,
 And to its lips thy story tell,
 And they thy comforters will be,
 Rewording in melodious guile
 Thy fretful words a little while,
 Till they shall singing fade in ruth,
 And die a pearly brotherhood;
 For words alone are certain good;
 Sing, then, for this is also sooth.
 I must be gone: there is a grave
 Where daffodil and lily wave,
 And I would please the hapless faun,
 Buried under the sleepy ground,
 With mirthful songs before the dawn.
 His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
 And still I dream he treads the lawn,
 Walking ghostly in the dew,
 Pierced by my glad singing through,
 My songs of old earth's dreamy youth:
 But ah! she dreams not now; dream thou!
 For fair are poppies on the brow:
 Dream, dream, for this is also sooth.

NEVER GIVE ALL THE HEART

BY WILLIAM B. YEATS

Never give all the heart, for love
 Will hardly seem worth thinking of
 To passionate women, if it seem
 Certain, and they never dream
 That it fades out from kiss to kiss;
 For everything that's lovely is
 But a brief dreamy kind delight.
 O never give the heart outright
 For they, for all smooth lips can say,
 Have given their hearts up to the play.
 And who could play it well enough
 If deaf and dumb and blind with love?
 He that made this knows all the cost,
 For he gave all his heart and lost.

It is a little late for New Year's poetry, but the poem below is a New Year's poem only in name. Mr. Hardy has given us before his strange conception of God. It is "orthodox" neither from a religious nor a poetical point of view, tho it has some likeness to the strange misshapen monsters to whom Hindu worshippers bow in supplication. We reprint from *The Fortnightly Review*:

NEW YEAR'S EVE

BY THOMAS HARDY

"I have finished another year," said God,
 "In grey, green, white, and brown;
 I have strewn the leaf upon the sod,
 Sealed up the worm within the clod,
 And let the last sun down."

"And what's the good of it?" I said,
 "What reasons made You call
 From formless void this earth I tread,
 When nine-and-ninety can be read
 Why nought should be at all?"

"Yea, Sire; why shaped You us, 'who in
 This tabernacle groan'?—
 If ever a joy be found herein,
 Such joy no man had wished to win
 If he had never known!"

Then He: "My labors logicless
 You may explain; not I:
 Sense-sealed I have wrought, without a guess
 That I evolved a Consciousness
 To ask for reasons why!"

"Strange, that ephemeral creatures who
 By my own ordering are,
 Should see the shortness of my view,
 Use ethic tests I never knew,
 Or made provision for!"

He sank to raptness as of yore,
 And opening New Year's Day
 Wove it by rote as theretofore,
 And went on working evermore
 In His unweeeting way.

There is joy in contrast, and another British novelist who has taken to writing in verse furnishes us about as sharp a contrast to the foregoing as one could conceive of. Marie Corelli has written a hymn for a Sunday-school book. It is very sweet and simple. Five of the stanzas are as follows:

AT EVENTIDE

BY MARIE CORELLI

In our hearts celestial voices
 Softly say:
 "Day is passing, night is coming,
 Kneel and pray!"

Father, we obey the summons;
 Hear our cry.
 Pity us and help our weakness,
 Thou Most High.

For the joys that most we cherish
 Praised be Thou,
 Good and gentle art Thou ever,
 Hear us now.

We are only little children
 Kneeling here—
 And we want our loving father
 Always near.

Take us in Thy arms and keep us
 As Thine own.
 - Gather us like little sunbeams
 'Round Thy throne.

In thirty-nine lines the author of the following poem has contrived to embody a surprising amount of the beauty, the thrill and the inspiration of the supreme hour in the life of the discoverer of America. The poem is printed in *Munsey's* with elaborately colored illustrations:

COLUMBUS

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

The night air brings strange whisperings—vague scents—

Over the unknown ocean, which his dreams
 Had spanned with visions of new continents—
 Fragrance of clove and sandal, and the balms
 With which the heavy tropic forest teems,
 And murmur as of wind among the palms.

They breathe across the high deck, where he
 stands

With far-set eyes, as one who dreams awake,
 Waiting sure dawn of undiscovered lands;
 Till, on the slow lift of the purple swells,

The golden radiance of the morning break,
 Lighting the emblazoned sails of caravels.

Then from the foremost sounds a sudden cry—
 The Old World's startled greeting to the New—
 For, lo! The land, across the western sky!
 The exultant land! Oh, long-starved hopes,
 black fears,

Scoffings of courtiers, mutinies of crew—
 Answered forever, as that shore appears!

Great Master Dreamer! Grandeur than Cathay,
 Richer than India, that new Western World
 Shall flourish when Castile has passed away.
 Not even thy gigantic vision spanned

Its future, as with Cross, and flag unfurled,
 Thy deep Te Deum sounded on the strand!

By this still outpost of the unbounded shore—
 This small, bright island, slumbering in the
 sea,

A long, resistless tide of life shall pour,
 Loosed from its long-worn fetters, joyous, free,
 Leaping to heights none ever touched before
 And hurrying on to greater things to be.

The end is larger than thy largest plan,
 Nobler than golden fleets of argosies
 The land and life new-opening to man.
 Within the womb of this mysterious morn
 Quicken vast cities, mighty destinies,
 Ideals and empires, waiting to be born.

But yet—there are but three small caravels,
 Wrapped in the magic radiance of the seas,
 Slow-moved, and heaving on low-bosomed swells.

Whether the exquisite love-story of Heloise and Abelard needs to be retold in any other form than that which has melted the heart of the world for seven hundred years, is perhaps debatable. No doubt on the subject has deterred Ella Wheeler Wilcox from essaying to put into sonnet form the letters of the lovers, and in doing so she has retained their language, she says, to such an extent that the sonnets are "little more than a rhyming paraphrase of the immortal letters." *The Cosmopolitan* publishes the sonnets in two instalments. We quote several from the February number:

HELOISE TO ABELARD

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

By that vast love and passion which I bore you,
 By these long years of solitude and grief,
 By all my vows, I pray and I implore you,
 Assuage my sorrows with a sweet relief.
 Among these holy women, sin abhorring,
 Whose snow-white thoughts fly ever to the
 Cross,

I am a sinner, with my passions warring,
 All unrepentant, grieving for my loss.
 Oh, not through zeal, religion, or devotion,
 Did I abandon those dear paths we trod;
 I followed only one supreme emotion,
 I took the veil for Abelard—not God!
 O vows, O convent, tho you have estranged
 My lover's heart, behold my own unchanged!

Within the breast these sacred garments cover,
 There is no altar of celestial fire:

I am a woman, weeping for my lover,
 The victim of a hungering heart's desire.
 Veiled as I am, behold in what disorder
 Your will has plunged me; and in vain I try,
 By prayer and rite, to reach some tranquil border,
 Where virtues blossom and where passions die.
 But when I think the conquest gained, some
 tender

And radiant memory rises from the past;
 Again to those sweet transports I surrender;
 Remembered kisses feed me while I fast.
 Tho lost my lover, still my love endures;
 Tho sworn to God, my life is wholly yours.

Before the altar, even, unrepenting,
 I carry that lost dream with all its charms;
 Again to love's dear overtures consenting,
 I hear your voice, I seek your sheltering arms.
 Again I know the rapture and the languor,
 By fate forbidden and by vows debarr'd;
 Nor can the thought of God in all His anger
 Drive from my heart the thought of Abelard.
 My widowed nights, my days of rigorous duty,
 My resignation of the world I knew,
 My buried youth, my sacrifice of beauty,
 Were all oblations offered up to you.
 O Master, husband, father, let me move
 With those fond names your heart to pitying love.

* * * * *

By all my chains, my burdens, and my fetters,
 I plead with you to ease their galling weight,
 And with the soothing solace of your letters,
 To teach me resignation to my fate.
 Since you no more may breathe love's fervent
 story,

I would be bride of heaven. Oh, tell me how!
 Awake in me an ardor for that glory,

The love divine, so lacking in me now!
 As once your songs related all love's pleasures,
 Relate to me the rapture of your faith.

Unlock the storehouse of your new-found treasures,
 And lend a radiance to my living death.

Oh, think of me, and help me through the years!
 Adieu!—I blot this message with my tears.

ABELARD TO HELOISE

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Knowing the years of our delight were past,
 And those seductive days no more could lure,
 I sought religion's fetters to make fast
 The sinful heart, that purposed to be pure.

In this seclusion, to conceal my shame:
 In this asylum, to forget. Alas!
 The very silence shouts aloud your name:
 Through every sunbeam does your radiance
 pass.

I fled, to leave your image far behind,
 I pictured you the enemy of hope,
 Yet, still I seek you, seek you in my mind,
 And down the aisles of memory I grope.
 I hate, I love, I pray, and I despair,
 I blame myself, and grief is everywhere.

Religion bids me hold my thoughts in check,
 Since love in me can have no further part;
 But as wild billows dash upon a wreck,
 So passions rise and beat upon my heart.
 The habit of the penitent I wear,
 The altars where I grovel bring no peace;
 God gives not heed nor answer to my prayer,
 Because the flames within me do not cease:
 They are but hid with ashes, and I lack
 The strength to flood them with a grace di-
 vine,

For memory forever drags me back
 And bids me worship at the olden shrine.
 Your image rises, shrouded in its veil,
 And all my resolutions droop and fail.

* * * * *

This mortal love, when dwelt upon with joy,
 The love of God may not annihilate.
 Oh, would you with old memories destroy
 My piety, in its incipient state?
 My vows to God grow feeble, in the war
 With thoughts of you, and Duty's voices die,
 Unanswered, down my soul's dark corridor,
 While through my heart sweeps passion's des-
 perate cry.

And can you hear confessions such as these,
 And thrust your love between my God and me?
 Withdraw yourself, unhappy Heloise,
 Be heaven's alone, and let my life go free.
 Drain sorrow's chalice, bravely take your cross;
 To win back God, lies through the creature's loss.

One of the youngest of our new poets is
 George Sylvester Viereck, who is scarcely out
 from under the academic shades of his alma

mater, yet who has done work in poetry and
 prose that has attracted marked attention both
 in Germany and America. A volume of his
 poems written in German has been published
 and well noticed in Berlin, Brentano has pub-
 lished a volume of his plays, and Moffat & Yard
 are about to publish a volume of his poems in
 English. One of them appears in *The Smart
 Set*:

THE EMPIRE CITY

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Huge steel-ribbed monsters rise into the air,
 Her Babylonian towers, while on high
 Like gilt-scaled serpents glide the swift trains
 by,

Or underfoot creep to their secret lair.
 A thousand lights are jewels in her hair,
 The sea her girdle and her crown the sky;
 Her veins abound, the fevered pulses fly;
 Immense, defiant, breathless, she stands there

And ever listens in the ceaseless din
 Waiting for him, her lover who shall come,
 Whose singing lips shall boldly claim their
 own
 And render sonant what in her was dumb,
 The splendor and the madness and the sin,
 Her dreams in iron and her thoughts of
 stone.

From California comes this tribute to the
 pioneer. We find it in *The Independent*:

A PIONEER

By MARY AUSTIN

Goodhope came out of Warwick Mead,
 Hating the law of the elder son,
 And the Old-World rule by which they breed
 Each to the guerdon his father won;
 Never a chance for God to make
 A good true man for his manhood's sake.

Goodhope came to a big new land,
 Noblest ever a free man trod,
 Hollow and hill-slope fitly planned
 Fresh from the glacier mills of God,
 Rain-wet steepes where the redwoods grew,
 Rivers roaring the valleys through.

That was a land for a man to love;
 Rosy the snow the spent cloud spills
 Over the dark-spiked pines above,
 Rosy with blossom the round-browed hills;
 Wind-sown lichens of russet and red,
 Never a rock uncomfited.

Goodhope gave of his best to the land—
 For a new land takes of a man his best,
 Blood and body and brain and hand—
 Goodhope trusted the land for the rest,
 And the land repaid him the deep-drawn breath,
 And the high red pulse that laughs at death.

Paid him the increase of barn and byre,
 Drudged for him deep in her secret ways,
 Wrought him a balm for his heart's desire,

Rendered him coin of her noble days,
Mothered him, moulded him till he grew
Fittest for working her purpose through.

Goodhope wrestled with flood and wood;
And this is the law of the Pioneer—
Where one true man makes foothold good
Ten true fellows may stand next year.
Into the wilderness drove the wedge;
Men like these were its cutting edge.

Goodhope walked in a fair, large town,
Mill-smoke wreathing the thin white spires—
Whispers of empire ran up and down,
Pulsing over the world-strung wires,
Heard men say with a laugh and a sneer
"There is old Goodhope, the Pioneer."

Goodhope died at the end of days.
Men with their feet in the ruts of trade
Dealt him a tardy dole of praise
For the good they won from the chance he
made,
Said, "It is well that our schemes have room,"
Elbowed and jostled above his tomb.

Raised to him never a monument,
Leaving him prone in his well-loved sod.
Back to its blossoms his ashes went,
But somewhere far in the halls of God,
Farther than prophet or sage can peer,
The spirit of Goodhope is Pioneer.

Here is another poem (in *Scribner's*) that gets
its inspiration from the backward glance:

THE FALL OF THE OAK

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

With front majestic o'er his fellows lifted,
Three hundred years he watched the dawn
come in,
Turn its long lances on the night-mists drifted,
And slope by slope the world to daylight win.

The gaunt, gray figure at his vitals striking
Seems but an infant to the ancient tree
Whose youth looked down on grandsons of the
Viking
And rough newcomers from an unknown sea.

He saw Winonah's wigwams careless cluster
Where now the corn-shocks camp in ordered
files,
And heard low thunders of the bison's muster
Where clouds of sheep now flock the fertile
miles.

Much, much has passed him down the ages rang-
ing,
Old names of men, old towns and states and
wars—
The fields, the ways, the very earth went chang-
ing—
He only stood—he and the steadfast stars.

And now, alas! low, low behind him wheeling
Sinks the red sun he shall not see go down,
And his own crest, in strangest ruin reeling,
Droops not the slower for its long renown.
The woods look on in silent grief attending,

The winds no mourning make around his
stem—
Too weak their wailing for a giant's ending—
The oak's own downfall is his requiem,

And now begins; his great heart-strings are
breaking;
His branches tremble; now his mighty head
He stoops, and then, the hillside round him shak-
ing,
With whirlwind roar falls crashing prone and
dead.

And watched afar by many a frowning column
The woodman homeward moves while shadows
run,
And leaves behind him in the twilight solemn
Three hundred years of life and work undone.

Very vivid and true to life is the picture in
the following poem (from *Everybody's*) that
describes an experience familiar to New Yorkers:

CROSSING BY FERRY AT NIGHT

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Softly, with scarce a tremor to betray,
She slips her noisy moorings for the dark,
Clears the chafed waters where her comrades
sway,
Swings into shadow like a phantom bark,
And we are under way.

The sudden wind comes hushing back our breath,
The darkness takes our sight. This side, that
side,
The nameless river-reaches open wide,
The distance sucks us in; and underneath
We cleave the thwarting tide.

Black air, black water, blackness like a pall,
No moon, and not a star in heaven's height.
Look—like a strange handwriting on the wall—
A beauteous chain unwound along the night,
Each link a light—

The City! . . . Yonder fades the Jersey flare,
As dim as yesterday. The way before
Is like a path of glory, now. We wear
The dark for wings, and set our hearts to dare
That wondrous waiting shore.

A new poem by Julia Ward Howe is an inter-
esting event. The subject in this case makes it
doubly interesting. We quote from *Collier's*:

ROBERT E. LEE

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

A gallant foeman in the fight,
A brother when the fight was o'er,
The hand that led the host with might
The blessed torch of learning bore.

No shriek of shells nor roll of drums,
No challenge fierce, resounding far,
When reconciling Wisdom comes
To heal the cruel wounds of war.

Thought may the minds of men divide,
Love makes the heart of nations one,
And so, thy soldier grave beside,
We honor thee, Virginia's son.

Recent Fiction and the Critics



LUCAS MALET (Mrs. Mary St. Legar Harrison), daughter of Charles Kingsley, stands among the foremost English novelists. "Like her handful of peers," remarks the New York *Herald*, "she has too great a respect for her art to scamp performance by overhaste." She has

THE FAR
HORIZON in fact been even less productive than George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, or the chiefest of

her sisters, Mrs. Humphry Ward. Between "Sir Richard Calmody," the last preceding work from her pen, and the publication of her present book,* six years of uninterrupted silence have elapsed. In her new book this gifted writer "experiences" religion. It is a curious fact that the daughter of Charles Kingsley, whose attack on the Roman Catholic faith drew from Cardinal Newman his famous "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," has followed in the footsteps of her father's antagonist. Several years ago, we read, Mrs. Harrison became a convert to the Church of Rome. In the present book she depicts the story of a similar conversion. A significant quotation from Jeremiah faces the title-page: "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest." The *Literary World* (London) remarks that an observation made by one of the characters in the book, "There's nothing for making unpleasantness like religion and marriages," would have been an apter text than the quotation given above. "We cannot," says the reviewer, "help deploping certain references to Protestantism that might well have been omitted." The *Times Saturday Review*, in a special editorial, hails the novel as "the book of the year." It adds that the author "is not abroad on the sorry work of proselyting, which is clearly not in her line at all." The London *Daily Mail*, on the other hand, asserts with no less conviction: "There is an impression of proselytism left on the mind of the reader which immensely detracts from the power of her story." The *Times* editorial especially praises the style of the book. "It is readable in no ordinary way. One does not hurry through its pages intent only on the story, but it both invites and repays leisurely attention. One reads, also, with no very distinct sense of the author's style, which is unobtrusive and free from vagar-

ies." But here again a host of reviewers differ. The *Daily Mail* reviewer, whom we have already quoted, while hesitating to apply the epithet "amateurish" to the novel, deplores the loss of the "masterly grip" that distinguished the author's previous efforts. The New York *Evening Post* avers:

"The style of Lucas Malet does not improve. It is diffuse, artificial, often pretentious: a style which would be considered distinctively literary by unliterary persons. It borders, at its worst, upon that of Miss Corelli. Nor can Lucas Malet's style in the larger sense be commended; her novels are flimsy of structure, and cumbered with superfluities."

"The Far Horizon," it goes on to say, "is not that 'book of the year' toward which, it is understood, the whole creation moves. It does not strike one as a book which had to be written, or will have to be read. But it possesses the treasure of a really original and affecting central motive."

Mrs. Harrison's novel contains no plot to speak of. It is chiefly a study of four characters. Each of these is considered by at least one reviewer to be drawn in most craftsman-like style. Most critics, however, agree on two of the characters, Dominic Iglesias, a superannuated pensioned London bank-clerk, son of a Spanish father and an Irish mother, and Poppy St. John, a delightful young comedienne with a doubtful past but indubitable kindness of heart. "She is," says the London *Times*, "a chattering actress with innocent eyes to whom Mrs. Harrison contrives to lend a kind of charm. As a matter of fact," it goes on to say, "Poppy is no more and no less than the good-hearted courtesan—the one, that is, who is (and always has been) rescued from her lower nature by the chivalrous hero. She has not yet appeared in real life, but she has had life enough in fiction and on the stage to make up for that with most people by this time."

The two are used as foils. Poppy gives color to the book, Dominic soul. They learn to love each other, but their affection, in the phrase of one reviewer, is "one of the most platonic recorded in fiction." While "Sir Richard Calmody," centered around a crippled dwarf of unprepossessing exterior and brilliant intellectual qualities, the story in "The Far Horizon" is woven about the pensioned bank clerk. There are in the present book none of the objectionable elements of the former.

*THE FAR HORIZON. By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Company.

It is its theme,—the growth of Dominic Iglesias toward the intellectual and even physical repose of the Catholic Church that he had renounced in boyhood, and to which he returns at the age of fifty as a child to its loving mother—that, in the opinion of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, gives Mrs. Harrison's story its power over the reader and its most potent literary significance. Here the author brings into play her keenest intellectual and stylistic gifts. Marvelous is the description of Dominic's redemption:

"Quietly yet fearlessly, as one who comes by long-established right, Dominic walked the length of the nave"—[the scene was Brompton Oratory, and Dominic was then entering a church for the first time in many years]—"knelt devoutly on both knees, prostrating himself as, long ago, in the days of early childhood his mother taught him to do at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Now, after all these years—and a sob rose in his throat—he seemed to feel her hand upon his shoulder, the gentle pressure of which enjoined reverence. Then rising, he took his place in the second row of seats on the gospel side, and remained there, through the concluding acts of the ceremonial, until the silent congregation suddenly finds voice—penetrated by austere emotion—in recitation of the Divine Praises. Some minutes later he knelt in the confessional, laying bare the secrets of his heart. Thus did Dominic Iglesias cast off the bondage of that monstrous mother, London town, cast off the terror of those unbidden companions, Loneliness and Old Age, using freedom—as the world counts such action—to abjure freedom; and taking the risks, humbly reconcile himself to Holy Church."

"The Far Horizon" is easily the most widely discussed book of the year. It is possible that the author's religious point of view may have cost her the sympathy of many reviewers. It should be remembered that, as Mary K. Ford points out in *The Bookman* (New York), while the zeal of the convert is manifest in many pages of the book, there is nothing dogmatic in the central idea of the story, which tells of "godly endeavor faithfully to travel the road which leads to the far horizon touched by the illimitable glory of the Uncreated Light."

"It is almost as if a new Dickens had swum into our ken, but a Dickens who knows how to curb the tendency to indulge in caricature and humorous exaggeration, a

JOSEPH VANCE Dickens whose sentiment escapes the touch of artificiality and mawkish-

ness." With such strong words of praise an austere reviewer salutes the approach of William De Morgan, whose "ill-written autobiography,"* as he himself calls it, is pronounced by *The*

Dial the "fictional surprise of the season." Mr. De Morgan comes as a stranger to the literary chronicler. *The Dial* reviewer welcomes for that reason all the more cheerfully "this singularly rich, mellow, and human narrative, which is garrulous in the genial sense, and as effective as it is unpretending. Possibly," he adds, "the author's frequently reiterated disclaimer of literary intent may be thought to savor of affectation, but we cannot find it in our heart to say anything that has even the suggestion of harshness about a book that has given us so much pleasure."

The Chicago *Evening Post* resents even the comparison with Dickens. It admits that De Morgan writes of the middle class and of the mid-century as Dickens liked to write, but it insists that the latter, great as he was, had no monopoly of either humor or originality. The reviewer goes on to say:

"De Morgan's touch is very delicate. He is not sensational and not sentimental, although 'Joseph Vance' is primarily a story of strong attachments. He thinks from the point of view of the cosmopolitan Englishman, and like him remains English to the end. His Joseph Vance has all the attributes that unite to make an English gentleman a satisfactory product of civilization."

The same reviewer sheds light on the personality of the author, which in the case of a work full of intimate personal touches, cannot but add to the interest. He says:

"In the year 1863 Lady Burne-Jones writes: 'Our friendship with William De Morgan, son of Professor Augustus De Morgan, began in Great Russell street, when his rare wit attracted us before we knew his other lovable qualities.' This is an epitome of the impression made after many days by William Frend De Morgan in his book 'Joseph Vance.' We knew of him as the son of the great mathematician and logician and as an intimate of some artists of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood. And at least one house in Chicago possesses fine examples of the famous luster tiles of his designing and manufacturing. Yet an examination of the English 'Who's Who' of 1905 does not discover his name. In truth the achievement that was to bring him before a larger public was still to come. Occasionally there is slight clew to the author's tastes and predilections, as when Joseph Vance gets on because he has a genius for mathematics, or when, later, Joseph Vance and his friend Macallister join in the business of inventing and manufacturing. For engines one might read glazes and tiles. Otherwise William De Morgan makes way for his hero."

Of the hero of the book *The Outlook* (New York) remarks:

"Here, in 'Joseph Vance,' is a sweet-spirited old man who has loved much, known many friends worth knowing, suffered in silence for love's sake, and at last has had his reward. He has a kindly perception of the foibles and weak-

*JOSEPH VANCE. An Ill-written Autobiography. By William De Morgan. Henry Holt & Company.

nesses of some odd characters with which his story is involved and of the good qualities of others, and soon one feels that he knows these people as intimately as did the narrator. From childhood to old age we accompany Joseph with growing pleasure in his joy and sorrow, in his griefs and troubles. Two characters stand out with singular distinctness—Joseph's father, who, despite his weakness for the bottle and his perversity in distorting names, has rough strength and startling originality; the other, Lottie, Joseph's early and late love, is a charmingly simple and true woman, a character one instinctively classes with Thackeray's Laura. In short, 'Joseph Vance' amuses by its willful divagations from the straight path of narrative, quietly pleases by its wholesome sentiment, and leaves one with an impression of thorough enjoyment such as one had from the 'old-fashioned' novel that preceded the quick-seller and the instantaneous-effect fiction of the day."

Olivia Howard Dunbar, in *The North American Review*, expresses her surprise that a contemporary of James and Meredith should have been so far able to resist the influences of his time as to produce a novel that is mid-Victorian to the least syllable. She offers, however, the ingenious explanation that possibly "the elaborate simplicity of 'Joseph Vance' is the disguise of a shrewd artfulness, and that it was Mr. De Morgan's sophisticated intention to imply a comment on literary fashions with which he may not happen to be in sympathy." However, it is also possible that "the novel's period of incubation may have been unnaturally prolonged, and it may literally be a lonely survival of the age of Dickens and Thackeray, discipleship to both of which masters it frankly displays. In any case," she remarks, "one finds oneself comparing this 'ill-written autobiography,' as the title-page proclaims it, with novels of recognized importance, rather than with the ill-considered companions of its hour of publication. 'Joseph Vance,'" she concludes, "is probably the only book of its kind that the present generation will offer; therefore the most may as well be made of the temperate, mellow, elderly enjoyment it affords."

Mr. E. F. Benson takes a strange delight in morbid psychology. "Paul," his latest effort in this direction, is an exceedingly unpleasant but interesting study of a man who finds a special joy in wanton and malicious cruelty. There is an abundance of melodramatic action; nevertheless, the book,* in the opinion of some of the critics, fails to grip. The result, remarks *The Bookman* (London), must be pronounced subtle rather than passionate. *The Evening Post* seeks to explain the author's failure to convince by his

"curiously feminine talent." "By this," it adds, "we do not mean precisely effeminate":

"He does not mince in his gait or speak in falsetto; but his progress is attended by a kind of emotional *frou-frou*. His characters are always in a flutter of spirits, whether high or low; it is hard to take such volatile persons with becoming seriousness, however grave the predicament into which the author may for the moment immerse them."

The Athenaeum is disposed to rank this novel as the best work accomplished by Mr. Benson since the public ear was captured first by the specious cleverness of "Dodo." The chief character of the novel is a puny man with a nature so crippled as to render him almost inhuman. No devil, says a reviewer, could have been more fiendish than Theodore Beckwith, who throws Norah, his wife, and his secretary, Paul, the man she loves, together of set purpose, who delights to torture and to see his victims writhe in anguish, and whose diabolic cruelty extends beyond the grave. But, remarks Frederick Taber Cooper in *The Bookman* (New York), unpleasant as he is, Beckwith has the merit of being original, and when, half way through the story, the author strikes off his head with a sweep of the pen, the interest of the book dies with him. To quote further:

"A husband who is not only devoid of jealousy, but actually foresees that his wife is likely to fall in love with another man, and makes that man his secretary so as to secure his constant presence in the house, and amuse himself by watching the struggles of the luckless couple against their growing infatuation, is at least a novelty in fiction, although a rather morbid one. But after Paul has simplified the situation by running an automobile over Theodore, there follows a wearisome delay while Paul is mentally outgrowing his boyhood and becoming enough of a man to decide whether he really meant at the last moment to run over Theodore, and if he did mean to do so, whether it is his duty to confess to Norah that he is the murderer of her husband. And when he finally does muster up the courage to tell her, she just looks at him and intimates that she has known it all the time and loves him all the better for it. This ought to satisfy Paul, but it doesn't. He continues to feel that he ought to make some sort of atonement for his sin. The idea stays by him, even after he and Norah are married. But the dead Theodore has left behind him a constant reminder in the shape of an infant son; and after the manner of infants, it learns in time to use its feet, and one day manages to toddle away from its mother across the railway tracks, directly in the course of an oncoming express train. Paul knows at once that the hour for his atonement has come. He flings himself before the train, fishes Theodore's child from under the engine's wheels and tumbles headlong beyond the tracks. Then the train is gone, and Norah is saying to him, 'You gave your life for the child. You gave it to Theodore!' And Paul answers in all seriousness, 'Yes, at least I meant to.'"

*PAUL. By E. F. Benson. J. B. Lippincott.

Robin Redbreast—By Selma Lagerlof

This little tale by Sweden's noted writer of mystical stories has in it the simplicity of a nursery rhyme and the beauty of perfect art. The translation from the Swedish is made by Volma Swanston Howard for *The Bookman*, with whose permission we reproduce it.



It happened at that time when our Lord created the world, when He not only made heaven and earth, but all the animals and the vegetable growths as well, at the same time giving them their names.

There have been many histories concerning that time, and if we knew them all, we would then have light upon everything in this world which we cannot now comprehend.

At that time it happened, one day, when our Lord sat in His Paradise and painted the little birds, that the colors in our Lord's paint pot gave out, and the goldfinch would have been without color if our Lord had not wiped all His paint brushes on its feathers.

It was then that the donkey got his long ears, because he could not remember the name that had been given him. No sooner had he taken a few steps along the meadows of Paradise than he forgot, and three times he came back to ask his name. At last our Lord grew somewhat impatient, took him by his two ears and said: "Thy name is ass, ass, ass!" And while He thus spake our Lord pulled both of his ears that the ass might hear better, and remember what was said to him.

It was on the same day, also, that the bee was punished.

Now, when the bee was created, it began immediately to gather honey, and the animals and human beings who caught the delicious odor of the honey came and wanted to taste of it. But the bee wanted to keep it all for himself, and with his poisonous sting pursued every living creature that approached his hive. Our Lord saw this and at once called the bee and punished it.

"I gave thee the gift of gathering honey, which is the sweetest thing in all creation," said our Lord, "but I did not give thee the right to be cruel to thy neighbor. Remember well that every time thou stingest any creature who desires to taste of thy honey thou shalt surely die!"

Ah, yes! it was at that time that the cricket became blind and the ant missed her wings.

So many strange things happened on that day!

Our Lord sat there, big and gentle, and planned and created all day long, and towards evening He conceived the idea of making a little grey bird. "Remember your name is robin redbreast," said our Lord to the bird, as soon as it was

finished. Then He held it in the palm of His open hand and let it fly.

After the bird had been testing his wings a bit, and had seen something of the beautiful world in which he was destined to live, he became curious to see what he himself was like. He noticed that he was entirely grey, and that the breast was just as grey as all the rest of him. Robin redbreast twisted and turned in every direction as he viewed himself in the mirror of a clear lake, but he couldn't find a single red feather. Then he flew back to our Lord.

Our Lord sat there on His throne, big and gentle. Out of His hands came butterflies that fluttered about His head, doves cooed on His shoulders, and out of the earth about Him grew the rose, the lily and the daisy.

The little bird's heart beat heavily with fright, but with easy curves he flew nearer and nearer our Lord till at last he rested on our Lord's hand. Then our Lord asked what the little bird wanted.

"I only want to ask you about one thing," said the little bird.

"What is it that you wish to know?" said our Lord.

"Why should I be called redbreast, when I am all grey, from the bill to the very end of my tail? Why am I called redbreast when I do not possess one single red feather?"

The bird looked beseechingly on our Lord with its tiny black eyes—then turned its head. About him he saw pheasants all red under a sprinkle of gold dust, cocks with red combs, parrots with marvelous red-neck bands, to say nothing about the butterflies, the goldfinches and the roses! And naturally he thought how little he needed—just one tiny drop of color on his breast—and he, too, would be a beautiful bird, and not a misnomer. "Why should I be called redbreast when I am so entirely grey?" asked the bird once again, and waited for our Lord to say—Ah! my friend, I see that I have forgotten to paint your breast feathers red, but wait a moment and all shall be done.

But our Lord only smiled a little and said: "I have called you robin redbreast, and robin redbreast shall your name be, but you must look to it that you yourself earn your red breast feathers." Then our Lord lifted His hand and let the bird fly once more—out into the world.

The bird flew down into Paradise, meditating deeply. What could a little bird like him do to earn for himself red feathers? The only thing he could think of was to make his nest in a brier bush. He built it in among the thorns in the close thicket. It looked as if he waited for a roseleaf to cling to his throat and give him color.

Countless years had come and gone since that day, which was the happiest in all the world! Human beings had already advanced so far that they had learned to cultivate the earth and sail the seas. They had procured clothes and ornaments for themselves, and had long since learned to build big temples and great cities—such as Thebes, Rome and Jerusalem.

Then there dawned a new day, one that will long be remembered in the world's history. On the morning of this day robin redbreast sat upon a little naked hillock outside of Jerusalem's walls and sang to his young ones, who rested in a tiny nest in a brier bush.

Robin redbreast told the little ones all about that wonderful day of creation, and how the Lord had given names to everything, just as each redbreast had told it, ever since the first redbreast had heard God's word and gone out of God's hand. "And mark you," he ended sorrowfully, "so many years have gone, so many roses have bloomed, so many little birds have come out of their eggs since Creation day, but robin redbreast is still a little grey bird. He has not yet succeeded in gaining his red feathers."

The young ones opened wide their tiny bills, and asked if their forbears had never tried to do any great thing to earn the priceless red color.

"We have all done what we could," said the little bird, "but we have all gone amiss. Even the first robin redbreast met one day another bird exactly like himself, and he began immediately to love it with such a mighty love that he could feel his breast glow. Ah! he thought then, now I understand! It was our Lord's meaning that I should love with so much ardor that my breast should grow red in color from the very warmth of the love that lives in my heart. But he missed it, as all those who came after him had missed it, and as even you shall miss it."

The little ones twittered, utterly bewildered, and began to mourn because the red color would not come to beautify their little downy grey breasts.

"We had also hoped that song would help us," said the grown-up bird, speaking in long drawn-out tones. "The first robin redbreast sang until

his breast swelled within him, he was so carried away—and he dared to hope anew. Ah! he thought, it is the glow of the song which lives in my soul that will color my breast feathers red. But he missed it, as all the others have missed it, and as even you shall miss it." Again was heard a sad "peep" from the young ones' half-naked throats.

"We had also counted on our courage and our valor," said the bird. "The first robin redbreast fought bravely with other birds until his breast flamed with the pride of conquest. Ah! he thought, my breast feathers shall become red from the love of battle which burns in my heart. He too missed it, as all those who came after him had missed it, and, as even you shall miss it." The young ones peeped courageously that they still wished to try and win the much-sought-after prize, but the bird answered them sorrowfully that it would be impossible. What could they do when so many splendid ancestors had missed the mark? What could they do more than love, sing and fight? What could—

The little bird stopped short in the middle of the sentence, for out of one of Jerusalem's gates came a crowd of people marching, and the whole procession rushed up towards the hillock where the bird had its nest. There were riders on proud horses, soldiers with long spears, executioners with nails and hammers. There were judges and priests in the procession, weeping women, and above all a mob of mad, loose people running about—a filthy, howling mob of loiterers.

The little grey bird sat trembling on the edge of his nest. He feared each instant that the little brier bush would be trampled down and his young ones killed!

"Be careful!" he cried to the little defenceless young ones, "creep together and remain quiet. Here comes a horse that will ride right over us! Here comes a warrior with iron-shod sandals! Here comes the whole wild, storming mob!" Immediately the bird ceased his cry of warning and grew calm and quiet. He almost forgot the danger hovering over him. Finally he hopped down into his nest and spread his wings over the young ones.

"Oh! this is too terrible," said he; "I don't want you to witness this awful sight! There are three miscreants who are going to be crucified!" And he spread his wings so the little ones could see nothing.

They caught only the sound of hammers, the cries of anguish and the wild shrieks of the mob.

Robin redbreast followed the whole spectacle with his eyes, which grew big with terror. He could not take his glance from the three unfortunates.

"How terrible human beings are!" said the bird after a little. "It isn't enough that they should nail these poor creatures to a cross, but they must needs place a crown of piercing thorns on the head of one of them. I see that the thorns have wounded his brow so that the blood flows," he continued. "And this man is so beautiful—and he looks about him with such mild glances that every one ought to love him. I feel as if an arrow were shooting through my heart when I see him suffer!"

The little bird began to feel a stronger and stronger pity for the thorn-crowned sufferer. Oh! if I were only my brother the eagle, thought he, I would draw the nails from his hands, and with my strong claws I would drive away all those who torture him. He saw how the blood trickled down, from the brow of the crucified one, and he could no longer remain quiet in his nest. Even if I am little and weak, I can still do something for this poor tortured one—thought the bird. Then he left his nest and flew out into the air, striking wide circles around the crucified one. He flew about him several times without daring to approach, for he was a

shy little bird who had never dared to go near a human being. But little by little he gained courage, flew close to him and drew with his little bill a thorn that had become imbedded in the brow of the crucified one. And as he did this there fell on his breast a drop of blood from the face of the crucified one. It spread quickly and colored all the little thin breast feathers.

Then the crucified one opened his lips and whispered to the bird: "Because of thy compassion, thou hast won all that thy kind have been striving after ever since the world was created."

As soon as the bird had returned to his nest his young ones cried to him: "Thy breast is red, thy breast feathers are redder than the roses!"

"It is only a drop of blood from the poor man's forehead," said the bird. "It will vanish as soon as I bathe in a pool or a clear well."

But no matter how much the little bird bathed, the red color did not vanish. And when his little ones grew up, the blood-red color shone also on their breast feathers, just as it shines on every robin redbreast's throat and breast until this very day.

Don Cæsar's Adventure—By Victor Hugo

This humorous skit has never before, so far as we know, been published in English. It is taken from one of the author's note-books as published in the complete edition of his works in France. It is not, of course, a finished product, but a mere sketch or memorandum designed for future use.

[*Madrid. A street in the suburbs.*]

DON CÆSAR—The son of a beggar woman and a captain, draped for twenty years in a fustian clout, the color of which was never known even to himself; academician, spy and thief, an ornament of Helicon.

DON CÆSAR: In what was once my pocket and is now a hole, not the meanest farthing jingles with a sou! Your music, O sequins, is better than that of the zither or the lute! A most sinister situation—that of the mortal who has no sequins in his rags! Nothing else resembles their gay music.

(*Don Cæsar pauses in his tatters. Then appears a passer-by magnificently clad, who has a hurried and restless air. Don Cæsar in his rags confronts him and admires his splendor, indulging in a curious monolog. The passer-by returns his greeting, then addresses him.*)

Passer-by: Let us change clothes.

DON CÆSAR (*with amazement*): What!

Passer-by: How much will you sell me your costume for?

DON CÆSAR (*looking at his rags*): A costume, this!

Passer-by: Name your price.

DON CÆSAR (*showing his vest*): This is a posthumous doublet. Yesterday it existed; to-day it is dead. The hideous blasts bite me through this cloak, and I can see the stars through mine ancient hat.

Passer-by: Come, how many crowns do you want? Speak!

DON CÆSAR: What! crowns into the bargain! (*He consents in joyous amazement. The passer-by begins to strip Don Cæsar in feverish haste.*)

DON CÆSAR: Take care! You are unveiling my nudity to the startled people, and in despite of my weeping modesty.

(*They change clothes. Cæsar becomes a lord and the passer-by a beggar.*)

DON CÆSAR (*gazing upon the passer-by in rags*): How frightful I looked!

(*The passer-by disappears. Don Cæsar takes a few steps, strutting about in his fine clothes. Enter a force of soldiery who surround him.*)

SOLDIERS: Ah! here he is! 'Tis he! Assassin! Follow us, dog!

DON CÆSAR: Sirs, this is a mistake. But what of it? It is an adventure, and I accept it.

(*The gentleman with whom Don Cæsar had exchanged clothes was a man who had been condemned to death and had escaped from prison on the eve of the day set for his execution. Don Cæsar's denial was in vain, and he was imprisoned. A beautiful, rich and noble woman offers him her hand. Astonishment of Don Cæsar. All is explained. The beautiful woman wishes a husband as a step towards being a widow, a charming state. A gentleman about to be hanged will suit her perfectly.*)

Hamlet and Don Quixote

(Continued from page 293)

Dulcinea.") He loves purely, ideally; so ideally that he does not even suspect that the object of his passion does not exist at all; so purely that, when Dulcinea appears before him in the guise of a rough and dirty peasant-woman, he trusts not the testimony of his eyes, and regards her as transformed by some evil wizard.

I myself have seen in my life, on my wanderings, people who laid down their lives for equally non-existent Dulcineas or for a vulgar and oftentimes filthy something or other, in which they saw the realization of their ideal, and whose transformation they likewise attributed to evil—I almost said bewitching—events and persons. I have seen them, and when their like shall cease to exist, then let the book of history be closed forever: there will be nothing in it to read about. Of sensuality there is not even a trace in Don Quixote. All his thoughts are chaste and innocent, and in the secret depths of his heart he hardly hopes for an ultimate union with Dulcinea,—indeed, he almost dreads such a union.

And does Hamlet really love? Has his ironic creator, a most profound judge of the human heart, really determined to give this egotist, this skeptic, saturated with every decomposing poison of self-analysis, a loving and devout heart? Shakespeare did not fall into this contradiction; and it does not cost the attentive reader much pains to convince himself that Hamlet is a sensual man, and even secretly voluptuous. (It is not for nothing that the courtier Rosencrantz smiles slyly when Hamlet says in his hearing that he is tired of women.) Hamlet does not love, I say, but only pretends—and mawkishly—that he loves. On this we have the testimony of Shakespeare himself. In the first scene of the third act Hamlet says to Ophelia: "I did love you once." Then ensues the colloquy:

Ophelia: Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet: You should not have believed me . . . I loved you not.

And having uttered this last word, Hamlet is much nearer the truth than he supposed. His feelings for Ophelia—an innocent creature, pure as a saintess—are either cynical (recollect his words, his equivocal allusions, when, in the scene representing the theater, he asks her permission to lie . . . in her lap), or else hollow (direct your attention to the scene between him and Laertes, when Hamlet jumps into Ophelia's grave and says, in language worthy of Bramarbas or of Captain Pistol: "Forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make

up my sum. . . . Let them throw millions of acres on us," etc.).

All his relations with Ophelia are for Hamlet only the occasions for preoccupation with his own self, and in his exclamation, "O, Nymph! in thy orisons be all my sins remembered!" we see but the deep consciousness of his own sickly inanition, a lack of strength to love, on the part of the almost superstitious worshiper before "the Saintess of Chastity."

But enough has been said of the dark sides of the Hamlet type, of those phases which irritate us most because they are nearer and more familiar to us. I will endeavor to appreciate whatever may be legitimate in him, and therefore enduring. Hamlet embodies the doctrine of negation, that same doctrine which another great poet has divested of everything human and presented in the form of Mephistopheles. Hamlet is the self-same Mephistopheles, but a Mephistopheles embraced by the living circle of human nature: hence his negation is not an evil, but is itself directed against evil. Hamlet casts doubt upon goodness, but does not question the existence of evil; in fact, he wages relentless war upon it. He entertains suspicions concerning the genuineness and sincerity of good; yet his attacks are made not upon goodness, but upon a counterfeit goodness, beneath whose mask are secreted evil and falsehood, its immemorial enemies. He does not laugh the diabolic, impersonal laughter of Mephistopheles; in his bitterest smile there is pathos, which tells of his sufferings and therefore reconciles us to him. Hamlet's skepticism, moreover, is not indifferentism, and in this consists his significance and merit. In his makeup good and evil, truth and falsehood, beauty and ugliness, are not blurred into an accidental, dumb and vague something or other. The skepticism of Hamlet, which leads him to distrust things contemporaneous,—the realization of truth, so to speak,—is irreconcilably at war with falsehood, and through this very quality he becomes one of the foremost champions of a truth in which he himself cannot fully believe. But in negation, as in fire, there is a destructive force, and how can we keep it within bounds or show exactly where it is to stop, when that which it must destroy and that which it should spare are frequently blended and bound up together inseparably? This is where the oft-observed tragedy of human life comes into evidence: doing presupposes thinking, but thought and the will have separated, and are separating daily more and more. "And thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," Shakespeare tells us in the words of Hamlet.

And so, on the one side stand the Hamlets—reflective, conscientious, often all-comprehensive, but as often also useless and doomed to immobility; and on the other the half-crazy Don Quixotes, who help and influence mankind only to the extent that they see but a single point—often non-existent in the form they see it. Unwillingly the questions arise: Must one really be a lunatic to believe in the truth? And, must the mind that has obtained control of itself lose, therefore, all its power?

We should be led very far indeed even by a superficial consideration of these questions.

I shall confine myself to the remark that in this separation, in this dualism which I have mentioned, we should recognize a fundamental law of all human life. This life is nothing else than an eternal struggle and everlasting reconciliation of two ceaselessly diverging and continually uniting elements. If I did not fear startling your ears with philosophical terms, I would venture to say that the Hamlets are an expression of the fundamental centripetal force of nature, in accordance with which every living thing considers itself the center of creation and looks down upon everything else as existing for its sake. Thus the mosquito that settled on the forehead of Alexander the Great, in calm confidence of its right, fed on his blood as food which belonged to it; just so Hamlet, though he scorns himself—a thing the mosquito does not do, not having risen to this level,—always takes everything on his own account. Without this centripetal force—the force of egotism—nature could no more exist than without the other, the centrifugal force, according to whose law everything exists only for something else. This force, the principle of devotion and self-sacrifice, illuminated, as I have already stated, by a comic light, is represented by the Don Quixotes. These two forces of inertia and motion, of conservatism and progress, are the fundamental forces of all existing things. They explain to us the growth of a little flower; they give us a key to the understanding of the development of the most powerful peoples.

I hasten to pass from these perhaps irrelevant speculations to other considerations more familiar to us.

I know that, of all Shakespeare's works, "Hamlet" is perhaps the most popular. This tragedy belongs to the list of plays that never fail to crowd the theater. In view of the modern attitude of our public and its aspiration toward self-consciousness and reflection, its scruples about itself and its buoyancy of spirit, this phenomenon is clear. But, to say nothing of the beauties in which this most excellent expression

of the modern spirit abounds, one cannot help marveling at the master-genius who, tho himself in many respects akin to his Hamlet, cleft him from himself by a free sweep of creative force, and set up his model for the lasting study of posterity. The spirit which created this model is that of a northern man, a spirit of meditation and analysis, a spirit heavy and gloomy, devoid of harmony and bright color, not rounded into exquisite, oftentimes shallow, forms; but deep, strong, varied, independent, and guiding. Out of his very bosom he has plucked the type of Hamlet; and in so doing has shown that, in the realm of poetry, as in other spheres of human life, he stands above his child, because he fully understands it.

The spirit of a southerner went into the creation of Don Quixote, a spirit light and merry, naïve and impressionable,—one that does not enter into the mysteries of life, that reflects phenomena rather than comprehends them.

At this point I cannot resist the desire, not to draw a parallel between Shakespeare and Cervantes, but simply to indicate a few points of likeness and of difference. Shakespeare and Cervantes—how can there be any comparison? some will ask. Shakespeare, that giant, that demigod! . . . Yes, but Cervantes is not a pigmy beside the giant who created "King Lear." He is a man—a man to the full; and a man has the right to stand on his feet even before a demigod. Undoubtedly Shakespeare presses hard upon Cervantes—and not him alone—by the wealth and power of his imagination, by the brilliancy of his greatest poetry, by the depth and breadth of a colossal mind. But then you will not find in Cervantes' romance any strained witticisms or unnatural comparisons or feigned concepts; nor will you meet in his pages with decapitations, picked eyes, and those streams of blood, that dull and iron cruelty, which are the terrible heirloom of the Middle Ages, and are disappearing less rapidly in obstinate northern natures. And yet Cervantes, like Shakespeare, lived in the epoch that witnessed St. Bartholomew's night; and long after that time heretics were burned and blood continued to flow—shall it ever cease to flow? "Don Quixote" reflects the Middle Ages, if only in the provincial poetry and narrative grace of those romances which Cervantes so good-humoredly derided, and to which he himself paid the last tribute in "Pericles and Sigismunda." Shakespeare takes his models from everywhere—from heaven and earth,—he knows no limitations; nothing can escape his all-pervading glance. He seizes his subjects with irresistible power, like an eagle pouncing upon its prey. Cervantes presents his

not over-numerous characters to his readers gently, as a father his children. He takes only what is close to him, but with that how familiar he is! Everything human seems subservient to the mighty English poet; Cervantes draws his wealth from his own heart only—a heart sunny, kind, and rich in life's experience, but not hardened by it. It was not in vain that during seven years of hard bondage* Cervantes was learning, as he himself said, the science of patience. The circle of his experience is narrower than Shakespeare's, but in that, as in every separate living person, is reflected all that is human. Cervantes does not dazzle you with thundering words; he does not shock you with the titanic force of triumphant inspiration; his poetry—sometimes turbid, and by no means Shakespearean—is like a deep river, rolling calmly between variegated banks; and the reader, gradually allured, then hemmed in on every side by its transparent waves, cheerfully resigns himself to the truly epic calm and fluidity of its course.

The imagination gladly evokes the figures of these two contemporary poets, who died on the very same day, the 26th of April, 1616.* Cervantes probably knew nothing of Shakespeare, but the great tragedian in the quietude of his Stratford home, whither he had retired for the three years preceding his death, could have read through the famous novel, which had already been translated into English. A picture worthy of the brush of a contemplative artist—Shakespeare reading "Don Quixote!" Fortunate are the countries where such men arise, teachers of their generation and of posterity. The unfading wreath with which a great man is crowned rests also upon the brow of his people.

A certain English Lord—a good judge in the matter—once spoke in my hearing of Don Quixote as a model of a real gentleman. Surely, if simplicity and a quiet demeanor are the distinguishing marks of what we call a thorough gentleman, Don Quixote has a good claim to his title. He is a veritable *hidalgo*,—a *hidalgo* even when the jeering servants of the prince are lathering his whole face. The simplicity of his manners proceeds from the absence of what I would venture to call his self-love, and not his *self-conceit*. Don Quixote is not busied with himself, and, respecting himself and others, does not think of showing off. But Hamlet, with all his exquisite setting, is, it seems to me,—excuse the French expression—*ayant des airs de parvenu*; he is troublesome—at times even rude,—and he poses and scoffs. To make up for this,

he was given the power of original and apt expression, a power inherent in every being in whom is implanted the habit of reflection and self-development—and therefore utterly unattainable so far as Don Quixote is concerned. The depth and keenness of analysis in Hamlet, his many-sided education (we must not forget that he studied at the Wittenberg University), have developed in him a taste almost unerring. He is an excellent critic; his advice to the actors is strikingly true and judicious. The sense of the beautiful is as strong in him as the sense of duty in Don Quixote.

Don Quixote deeply respects all existing orders—religions, monarchs, and dukes—and is at the same time free himself and recognizes the freedom of others. Hamlet rebukes kings and courtiers, but is in reality oppressive and intolerant.

Don Quixote is hardly literate; Hamlet probably kept a diary. Don Quixote, with all his ignorance, has a definite way of thinking about matters of government and administration; Hamlet has neither time nor need to think of such matters.

Many have objected to the endless blows with which Cervantes burdens Don Quixote. I have already remarked that in the second part of the romance the poor knight is almost unmolested. But I will add that, without these beatings, he would be less pleasing to children, who read his adventures with such avidity; and to us grown-ups he would not appear in his true light, but rather in a cold and haughty aspect, which would be incompatible with his character. Another interesting point is involved here. At the very end of the romance, after Don Quixote's complete discomfiture by the Knight of the White Moon, the disguised college bachelor, and following his renunciation of knight-errantry, shortly before his death, a herd of swine trample him under foot. I once happened to hear Cervantes criticized for writing this, on the ground that he was repeating the old tricks already abandoned; but herein Cervantes was guided by the instinct of genius, and this very ugly incident has a deep meaning. The trampling under pigs' feet is always encountered in the lives of Don Quixotes, and just before their close. This is the last tribute they must pay to rough chance, to indifference and cruel misunderstanding; it is the slap in the face from the Pharisees. Then they can die. They have passed through all the fire of the furnace, have won immortality for themselves, and it opens before them.

Hamlet is occasionally double-faced and heartless. Think of how he planned the deaths of the two courtiers sent to England by the king. Recall his speech on Polonius, whom he murdered.

*Recent biographies of Cervantes give the period of his captivity as five years, and the date of his death April 23rd.—Translator.

In this, however, we see, as already observed, a reflection of the medieval spirit recently outgrown. On the other hand, we must note in the honest, veracious Don Quixote the disposition to a half-conscious, half-innocent deception, to self-delusion—a disposition almost always present in the fancy of an enthusiast. His account of what he saw in the cave of Montesinos was obviously invented by him, and did not deceive the smart commoner, Sancho Panza.

Hamlet, on the slightest ill-success, loses heart and complains; but Don Quixote, pummelled senseless by galley slaves, has not the least doubt as to the success of his undertaking. In the same spirit Fourier is said to have gone to his office every day, for many years, to meet an Englishman he had invited, through the newspapers, to furnish him with a million francs to carry out his plans; but, of course, the benefactor of his dreams never appeared. This was certainly a very ridiculous proceeding, and it calls to mind this thought: The ancients considered their gods jealous, and, in case of need, deemed it useful to appease them by voluntary offerings (recollect the ring cast into the sea by Polycrates); why, then, should we not believe that some share of the ludicrous must inevitably be mingled with the acts, with the very character, of people moved unto great and novel deeds,—as a bribe, as a soothing offering, to the jealous gods? Without these comical crank-pioneers, mankind could not progress, and there would not be anything for the Hamlets to reflect upon.

The Don Quixotes discover; the Hamlets develop. But how, I shall be asked, can the Hamlets evolve anything when they doubt all things and believe in nothing? My rejoinder is that, by a wise dispensation of Nature, there are neither thoro Hamlets nor complete Don Quixotes; these are but extreme manifestations of two tendencies—guide-posts set up by the poets on two different roads. Life tends toward them, but never reaches the goal. We must not forget that, just as the principle of analysis is carried in Hamlet to tragedy, so the element of enthusiasm runs in Don Quixote to comedy; but in life, the purely comic and the purely tragic are seldom encountered.

Hamlet gains much in our estimation from Horatio's attachment for him. This character is excellent, and is frequently met with in our day, to the credit of the times. In Horatio I recognize the type of the disciple, the pupil, in the best sense of the word. With a stoical and direct nature, a warm heart, and a somewhat limited understanding, he is aware of his shortcomings, and is modest—something rare in people of limited intellect. He thirsts for learning,

for instruction, and therefore venerates the wise Hamlet, and is devoted to him with all the might of his honest heart, not demanding even reciprocation. He defers to Hamlet, not as to a prince but as to a chief. One of the most important services of the Hamlets consists in forming and developing persons like Horatio; persons who, having received from them the seeds of thought, fertilize them in their hearts, and then scatter them broadcast through the world. The words in which Hamlet acknowledges Horatio's worth, honor himself. In them is expressed his own conception of the great worth of Man, his noble aspirations, which no skepticism is strong enough to weaken.

"Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee."

The honest skeptic always respects a stoic. When the ancient world had crumbled away—and in every epoch like unto that—the best people took refuge in stoicism as the only creed in which it was still possible to preserve man's dignity. The skeptics, if they lacked the strength to die—to betake themselves to the "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns,"—turned epicureans; a plain, sad phenomenon, with which we are but too familiar.

Both Hamlet and Don Quixote die a touching death; and yet how different are their ends! Hamlet's last words are sublime. He resigns himself, grows calm, bids Horatio live, and raises his dying voice in behalf of young Fortinbras, the unstained representative of the right of succession. Hamlet's eyes are not turned forward. "The rest is silence," says the dying skeptic, as he actually becomes silent forever. The death of Don Quixote sends an inexpressible emotion through one's heart. In that instant the full significance of this personality is accessible to all. When his former page, trying to comfort Don Quixote, tells him that they shall soon again start out on an expedition of knight-errantry, the expiring knight replies: "No, all is now over forever, and I ask everyone's forgiveness; I am no longer Don Quixote, I am again Alonso the good, as I was once called—Alonso el Bueno."

This word is remarkable. The mention of this nickname for the first and last time makes the reader tremble. Yes, only this single word still has a meaning, in the face of death. All things shall pass away, everything shall vanish—the highest station, power, the all-inclusive genius,—all to dust shall crumble. "All earthly greatness vanishes like smoke." But noble deeds are more enduring than resplendent beauty. "Everything shall pass," the apostle said, "love alone shall endure."





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A REASONABLE OPTIMIST

"Life in Washington," says William H. Taft, Secretary of War, in his recent Yale lectures, "leads most men who are impartial and who take broad views of affairs to a condition of reasonable optimism as to the progress toward better things. . . . It is not unfair to say that there is a high standard of morality and public conduct throughout all the departments and the legislative and executive branches of the Government."

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

VOL. XLII, No. 4 Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey
George S. Viereck

APRIL, 1907

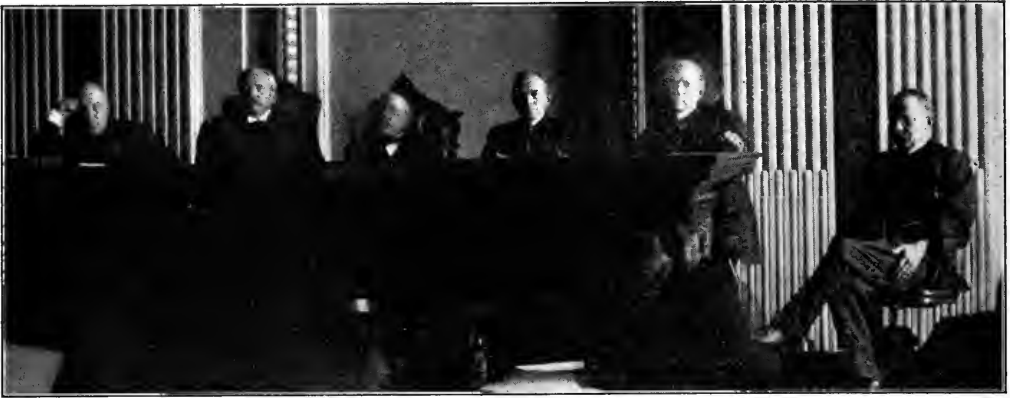
A Review of the World



DRAMATIC encounter took place several weeks ago in the city of Washington. The persons of the drama were President Roosevelt, J. Pierpont Morgan, Henry H. Rogers and Senator Foraker. The scene of the encounter was the Gridiron Club, and no complete report has been published of the affair; but it is known that the President, in the course of a speech, addressed himself directly to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rogers, and in passionate tones warned them that if the efforts of the federal government to enforce the rights of the public against the railroads are blocked the railroad officials will find themselves face to face with an angry people, and may be forced to reckon with the mob instead of with the government. It was a case of "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," and it was as effective as ever a case of such diplomacy has been. A few days later, in the city of New York, at the Metropolitan Club, another earnest meeting was held behind closed doors, attended, according to the *New York American*, by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Schiff, Mr. George Gould, Mr. Vanderlip, Mr. Kahn and others, and the alarming situation of the railroads was talked over. Paul Morton, ex-secretary of the treasury and now president of the Equitable Life, was induced, as the result of the conference, to make arrangements with President Roosevelt for an interview with Mr. Morgan. The latter, in turn, suggested that the President receive four of the principal railroad presidents of the country,—McCrea of the Pennsylvania, Newman of the New York Central, Mellen of the New York & New Haven, and Hughitt of the Northwestern. For some time prior to this, railway financiers had been trooping to the White House with unsatisfactory results. Among them had been, in addition to Mr. Morgan,

Mr. Rogers, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Archbold and others. Where the financiers had failed it was hoped that the executive heads of the roads might succeed. But the executive heads have developed a marked reluctance about making their visit.

ALREADY a taste of what the President had been predicting was being experienced by the railway officials. There were no mobs running around with halters and rope, but, what was almost as bad, there was a score of state legislatures in which two-cent-fare bills were waving ominously in the air. The visit of the four railway presidents to the White House was desired not to threaten the President, but to plead for his protection. At least such is the interpretation that finds general favor in the press. In the legislature of New York State, according to the *New York Herald*, there are 110 bills pending on the subject of railroads, and the most popular of them all seem to be bills compelling a two-cent fare. In the Texas legislature there are pending eighty-three anti-railroad bills. Five other states have already enacted two-cent-fare laws, and three others have enacted laws for two-and-a-half cent fare. In many other legislatures such laws were well on the way to enactment. In nearly every state of the Union, in fact, laws restrictive of railroads and other corporations, but especially railroads, have been introduced in the legislatures. There was evidently an epidemic raging. Wall Street became aware of it, and the sound of dull heavy thuds has been heard in the Stock Exchange as prices came crashing down. Great Northern, which sold last December as high as 320, sold a few days ago as low as 132; Northern Pacific tumbled in the same time from 225 to 115; Union Pacific, from 188 to 120; Chicago & Northwestern from 211 to



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

MR. HARRIMAN IN THE OPEN

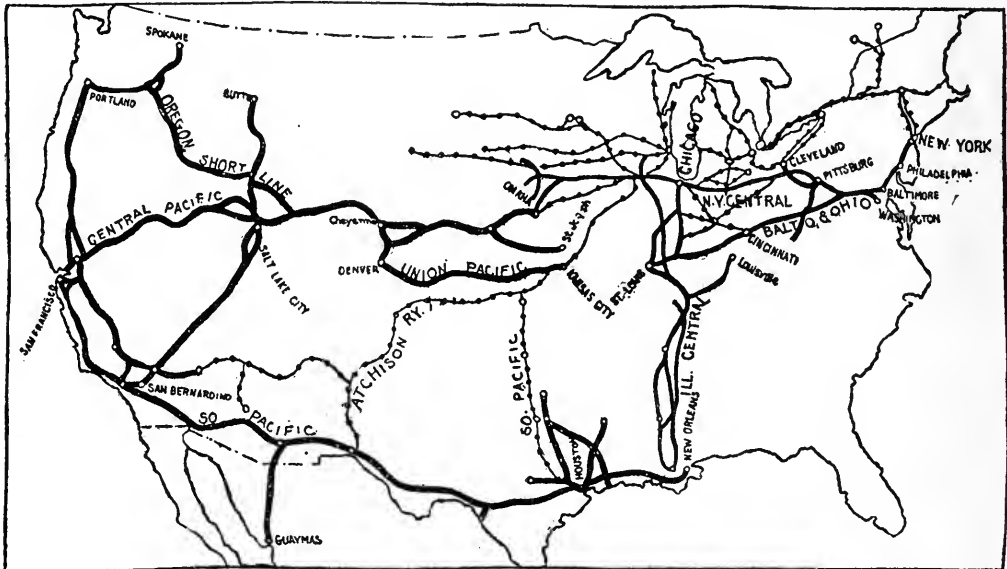
The testimony of Edward H. Harriman before the Interstate Commerce Commission last month in New York City was of sensational interest, and will, it is thought, have an important effect upon state and federal legislation. Mr. Harriman is on the extreme right of the picture. The members of the Commission are (from left to right): Messrs. Lane, Clements, Knapp, Prouty and Harlan.

148. A "rich man's panic" was clearly in sight, and then the words of Theodore the prophet came to mind. Says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*:

"Washington realizes now that Mr. Harriman was the bearer of the first flag of truce from the railroads to the President, seeking to arrange terms of honorable capitulation. Mr. Morgan came last night with unconditional surrender. He had been preceded a few minutes by B. F. Yoakum, of the Rock Island, who had an argument to make for Federal legislation beyond the widest reach of anything that had ever been proposed by the President, a proposition that Con-

gress, in controlling interstate commerce, can also regulate every railroad in the country. . . .

"It took the flood of restrictive bills in the legislatures of fifteen or twenty states to open the eyes of the railroad men to the real state of public opinion. Then for the first time they realized, and suddenly, that Mr. Roosevelt's schemes for Federal legislation were very far from being the worst thing they had to face. They began to see that, after all, there might be something in what he has been saying for several years, that Federal regulation of railroads was the only means of staying such a storm of restrictive measures by the states as would make the work of Congress nothing but a summer breeze beside it."

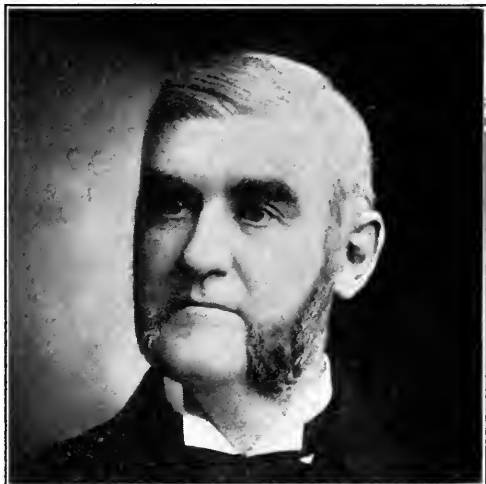


PRESENT EXTENT OF HARRIMAN'S RAILROAD DOMAIN

Over the roads indicated by the heaviest lines he is in supreme control; over those indicated by medium heavy lines he has the dominant influence; over the dotted lines he has a very considerable influence, but not (yet) a dominant influence.



James McCrea succeeded Mr. Cassatt a few months ago as president of the Pennsylvania.



Marvin Hughitt has been for twenty years the president of the Chicago & Northwestern.

TWO RELUCTANT RAILROAD PRESIDENTS WHO DON'T CARE TO GO TO THE WHITE HOUSE

And all this change of heart has taken place within the last two months!

THAT the railway men are thoroly alarmed over the situation is indicated by a hundred signs. The warnings which one after another of them has uttered in the last few weeks have the unmistakable note of anxiety, if not of repentance. George I. Gould states that the Missouri Pacific has had to suspend many large operations in the way of improvements because of the difficulty in raising money in the present market. He says:

"If this sort of thing is continued, a great business depression will result all over the country. . . . The policy of the administration in Washington and that of many states is effectually destroying the credit of the big transportation companies. The sale of bonds has already become almost impossible. Note issues are as difficult. In fact, the roads do not know where to turn to get money for necessary extensions and improvements, and unless some change is effected all development will be arrested."

Practically the same cry comes from president after president. Mr. Garrett of the Sea-



Charles S. Mellen, formerly president of the Northern Pacific, now of the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

ONE RAILROAD PRESIDENT WHO DID

strong for a tremendous panic." He adds:

"I am in favor of all that President Roosevelt, by his public acts, stands for up to this time in respect to the regulation of railroads and their rates, but the legislatures of the different states have taken the matter up where the President left off, and seem to be vying with each other to reduce rates and make other regulations in regard to the methods of conducting railroad business which are entirely inconsistent with each other and the regulation of the federal government. This has brought about a condition of affairs which threatens disaster in the immediate future. The railways already are finding the greatest difficulty in obtaining sufficient capital to complete

board Air Line says: "It may mean that many of the railroads will pass into the hands of receivers unless these penalties are modified. For the seven months of the present fiscal year the Seaboard Air Line has not been able to make expenses and meet interest on its bonds." And President Stickney, of the Chicago Great Western, who has been all along a defender of President Roosevelt's program, says of the course being pursued by state legislatures: "The people are now laying the foundation firm and

the improvements now under way and to pay for additional rolling stock which has already been contracted for."

Substantially the same view of the situation is advanced by Messrs. Harriman, Hill, Baer, Truesdale, Laree and others.

WHO is to blame for this serious situation? The railway men have been pretty nearly unanimous, until very recently, in laying the whole blame upon the President, the "muckrakers" and the state legislatures. The press is pretty nearly unanimous in laying the blame upon the railways themselves, and especially upon the railway financiers. Since the delivery of Mr. Harriman's testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission last month, in New York City, this view has been reiterated with new bitterness, and Mr. Harriman himself, as well as other railway officials, has been forced to admit that the railways are at least partly to blame for the popular hostility now being shown in all the states. The *New York Evening Post* quotes the president of a large Western system, whose name is not given, as saying that Mr. Harriman's testimony "has done more harm in the West than anything that has happened in many years," three-fourths of the hostile legislation being due to that cause. Congressman Hepburn, chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, is quoted as saying:

"I believe that Mr. Harriman is the living justification of all the railroad legislation that we have enacted, and all that we have attempted to enact, and that, by his own admissions, we should have passed laws much more drastic than we did pass. If I understand the testimony of Mr. Harriman and his associates, it is possible, under our present financial system, for one man to increase the indebtedness of a railroad corporation by \$92,000,000 without adding to it one cent's worth of visible property. If it is not high time that such a condition of affairs should be ended, it seems to me that no evil under the sun should be corrected."

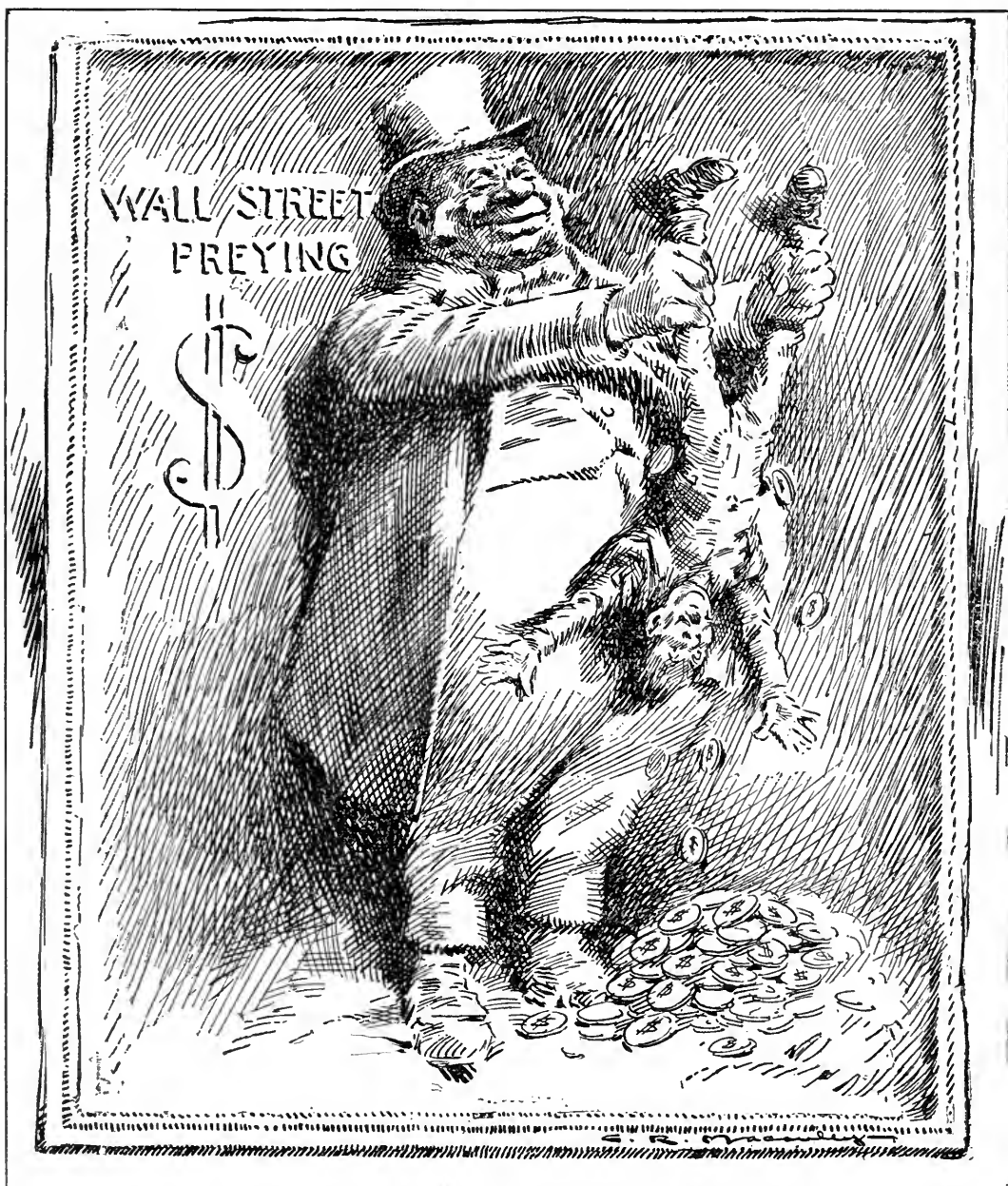
AT A meeting of stockholders of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, some months ago, Mr. Cromwell, one of Mr. Harriman's lawyers, impressively stated that Mr. Harriman, in his large financial schemes, moves "in a higher sphere, where we cannot follow him." Some of his movements in that "higher sphere" can now be followed, owing to his testimony, and perhaps the most interesting of them all was the manipulation of the Chicago & Alton by him and three associates, namely George Gould, Mortimer Schiff and James Stillman. In 1899 the Chicago &

Alton had a good reputation for conservative management, low capitalization and the payment of good dividends. In that year these four gentlemen secured 97 per cent. of the stock of the road by purchase, and proceeded to do things. They first placed a mortgage on the road for \$40,000,000, altho the entire capitalization of the road had been but \$22,000,000. This mortgage was to secure three per cent. bonds which they issued, selling \$32,000,000 of them to themselves at 65. Then they began to unload these bonds on the public. About \$10,000,000 of them were sold to the New York Life at 96. About \$1,000,000 went to the Equitable Life at 92, Mr. Harriman being at that time a director of the Equitable. Many more were sold in the open market at from 88 to 96. Then the quartet proceeded to declare a 30 per cent. dividend on the stock, taking the money for it out of the proceeds of the bonds which they had sold to themselves. Then by various devices they increased the capital stock, so that at the end of six years the liabilities of the company had been increased by about \$90,000,000, at least two-thirds of this being nothing but water. One of the minor transactions was the purchase by them, as individuals, of a small road for \$1,000,000, and the sale of the same road to themselves as a holding company for \$3,000,000. The profits of the four men on these manipulations amounted to \$24,000,000, in addition to the salary of \$100,000 a year paid to Mr. Harriman as chief manipulator. Of course the whole success of the transactions depended upon inducing the public to purchase the stocks and bonds thus manufactured, and in that they were successful, partly because of the high credit the road had had and partly because of their own personal reputation.

THIS Chicago & Alton story is the part of Mr. Harriman's testimony that has had the most sensational effect upon the country at large. Says the *Springfield Republican*:

"Here we have 'high finance' with a vengeance. Here we have a pretty fair example of that 'constructive genius' in industry whose value to the country is so highly rated by tainted money educators and those generally who are proud of the privilege of being allowed to roll around under the tables of the swollen fortunes, that millions of dollars per individual are considered not too high a price to pay for it. To the common eye it would appear that this series of transactions had been conceived in iniquity and carried out in fraud all along the line."

The *New York Sun* speaks of the story as one "which has not only astounded this com-



SUGGESTED AS A COMPANION TO THE "WASHINGTON PRAYING" TABLET PUT IN PLACE ON THE SUB-TREASURY BUILDING FEB. 22.

—Macauley in N. Y. World.

munity, but which must, in its extraordinary revelations, cause grave alarm and even consternation throughout the civilized world." And yet Mr. Harriman, in a notable interview given to the *New York Times*, a few days later, complains because this inquiry of the Interstate Commerce Commission had checked the flow of foreign capital into our railway

securities! Evidently if Mr. Harriman could capitalize his nerve he would not need to do anything more to reach the highest goal of his financial hopes!

YET there are not lacking voices in the way of apology for Mr. Harriman. The *Chicago Post* stands alone, however, so far



ALL TAKING A SHOT
—Williams in Phila. Ledger.

as we have noted, in making what seems to be a general defense of his career. It says:

"It should be remembered that the inquiry in progress is an ex-parte one. No opportunity is given the witnesses to state the why and the wherefore of their doings, or of bringing out in striking contrast the results that have followed the execution of the plans adopted for the carrying out of their purposes.

"In all other lines of business but that of railroad operation pre-eminent success is regarded as worthy of the highest praise and emulation, but let a man distinguish himself by his marked success in the railroad field, and public opinion is so aroused that he is forthwith set down as a highwayman or a bandit. While it is true that Mr. Harriman and the other members of the syndicates that have been working with him in his several railroad deals may have made millions out of their deals in railroad securities, it is equally true that every interest in the territory tributary to the roads in question has profited directly to a still greater extent by the development of the roads, the affairs of which are now undergoing investigation. As a matter of fact it has not yet been shown that a single individual or a single interest has suffered to the extent of a penny out of anything that has been done in connection with the manipulation of the affairs

of the roads in question, and it is incontrovertibly true that all those roads in every respect are many times more prosperous than when Mr. Harriman took hold of them."

EVEN among the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission Mr. Harriman is not regarded, according to the *New York Times*, as a wrecker of railroads. His proceedings in the case of the Chicago & Alton did not wreck the road or impair its earning power. Whatever injury was done was not to the road itself, but to the public that purchased the cheapened securities. The *New York Commercial* has no doubt as to the moral obliquity of the proceedings, and it points out that Mr. Harriman was a member of the Frick committee appointed some time ago by the Equitable Life to investigate its affairs, and especially to probe into just such transactions as the purchase of \$1,000,000 of Chicago & Alton stock. That committee, while censuring severely the "moral obliqueness" of the society's management for many other similar transactions, entirely overlooked this sale by Mr. Harriman of stock

which he had sold to himself at 65, and then to the society of which he was a director at 92. A view of the case that finds wide utterance is thus expressed in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*: "The Harriman school of finance is breeding Socialists to an extent appreciated by nearly all Americans except its own heads. Their indifference to inevitable consequences can hardly be explained



ON HIS KNEES
—Rogers in N. Y. Herald.



HARRIMAN: "Hold on there, Theodore, let's talk this thing over!"—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

unless on the theory of 'after us the deluge.'" Of a similar tenor is the comment of the *Boston Herald*: "In the mind of every honest man and woman the conduct of these 'magnates' is no different morally from that of a crook who robs a house. And they are the men who cry out against government supervision of railroads, and accuse the President of 'corporation baiting.'" And *The Evening Post* (New York) remarks:

"One does well to be angry with such men as Harriman. They are the ones who are breaking down our system of individual initiative and free competition. By their greed, their cunning, their lawlessness, they are putting weapons into the hands, not merely of Socialists, not alone of advocates of government ownership, but actually of political firebrands. This is the most grievous aspect of the whole matter. These men in charge of great public corporations display a reckless disregard of consequences. They act like a captain of a ship who should think first, not of the safety of the passengers, but of the chances for picking and stealing which his official position gave him, and who should say that it did not matter what happened to either vessel or crew if only he got safely ashore with his plunder. Of course, railroad looters call it retiring at sixty with a fortune of \$200,000,000."

JUST what the railroad men wish the President to do for them is not entirely clear. He can not change the laws and he can not refuse to enforce them. He has no power to check legislation in the states except that arising from his personal influence. From the utterances of the railway men it now appears that so far from desiring to protest further against federal regulation they are rather disposed to rely upon it as a safeguard for the future. One of them, B. F. Yoakum, of the Rock Island, is urging not only federal regulation for all interstate roads, but for intrastate roads as well. He says:

"There is no doubt that the state can, under the police power, regulate the tariffs of railroads and other like corporations which are exclusively intrastate institutions. For instance, a railroad from Chicago to East St. Louis, having no connection with any other road, is subject to the control of Illinois alone. But when, by permission of the state, it connects with another road extending out of the state, it thereby becomes an interstate line, and its situation is entirely changed. It then has become subject to the federal law and removed itself from all state laws on the same subject. Thereafter the state may not reduce its interstate rates, for such power lies in the federal government alone."

Mr. Harriman is rather volubly pleading for closer "co-operation" between the government and the roads, and his notion of co-operation seems to be, first, that hostile legis-

lation by the states should cease and, second, that traffic agreements should be allowed between the railroads. Senator Newlands, of Nevada, has a more explicit form of co-operation in mind. In an article published in *The Independent* he advocates a national law for the federal incorporation of all interstate railroads, "subjecting their capitalization, their stock and bond issues, and their relations with their employees and the public to the approval and control of the Interstate Commerce Commission." Whatever comes out of this agitation, it appears more evident every day that the conditions that have admitted of the exploitation of the Chicago & Alton and many other similar deals can not be allowed to continue, and that some means of regulating stock and bond issues, as well as rates, will be forced upon the government in the near future.

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STANDING erect on the Speaker's desk, with eyes glowing and throat swelling, the little daughter of Champ Clark led the members of the "Roosevelt Congress" in singing the Star-Spangled Banner. A few minutes later the Congress had taken its place in the cemetery of history, and a thousand scribes were busy writing inscriptions for its tombstone. The one epitaph that seems likely to be accepted is embodied in the phrase "Roosevelt Congress." And the subject of most engrossing interest connected with the now deceased body is whether the work it did and the turn it has given to political development are likely to extend on broadening lines far into the future or to create a reaction that will swing us back into more conservative paths. That it was a Roosevelt Congress is generally conceded. It did not do all that he asked it to do in the thirty-seven messages which he addressed to it; but it did practically nothing against his known wishes, and all its more important legislation was enacted in response to his requests. The list of bills that became laws reads like a series of subheads of a Roosevelt message: railroad rate regulation, the pure food law, meat inspection law, the law making the Panama Canal a lock canal, the ratification of the (amended) Santo Domingo treaty, the law forbidding corporations to contribute to campaign funds, the denatured alcohol law, the federal appeals law, the law providing for two new states, regulation of the hours of railway employees, the provisions for an agricultural bank in the



HARD

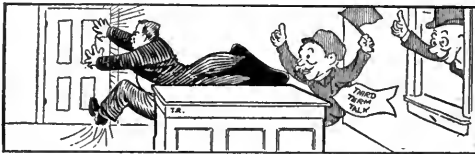
Philippines. Every one of these measures had the Roosevelt tag on it. The one bill of note that was enacted without that tag was the Aldrich currency bill, which, as currency bills



TO

go, was a mild and comparatively unimportant measure. It is to be assumed that the President did not oppose it or it would not have been passed.

THE late Congress was Rooseveltian also in its breaking of many records. It began with the largest Republican majority seen in the capital since the days of reconstruction. It appropriated more money than was ever appropriated by any preceding Congress. And the number of



KEEP

quarto pages in the *Congressional Record* (17,000) filled by its discussions is said to be unparalleled. There was but one heroic moment when Congress dared to stand up and shout defiance to the President. That was when it resolved to be through with thru and the other forms of simplified spelling. When next the solons of the nation assemble, the



DOWN

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*.

Republican majority in the lower house will be but about one-half what it was in the late Congress, but in the upper house it will be increased. The Democrats had in the recent session 33 Senators; in the next session they will have but 29, while the Republicans will number 61. The New York *World* felicitates itself upon the fact that the Senate loses six millionaires—Wetmore, Dryden, Clarke, Alger, Patterson and Millard, and gains but two—Guggenheim and Richardson. Other senators who pass out are Blackburn, Berry, Carmack, Dubois and Allee. The most interesting accessions will be, probably, Jefferson Davis of Nebraska, Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, Charles Curtis of Kansas, William Alden Smith of Michigan, and Simon Guggenheim of Colorado. The new men are all comparatively young, and will reduce the age average considerably. During the recent session three of the senators were over eighty, ten more were over seventy, and one-third were over sixty years of age. The greatest intellectual loss the senate sustains is in the resignation of Senator Spooner.

WITH the passing of the "Roosevelt Congress," the great aggregations of capital seem to be asking themselves whether they can now sit down and breathe easily or whether there will be more of the same sort of thing in the Congress that is to come; whether the President is at last satisfied or whether they are to look for more brain-storms in the White House in the immediate future. If the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* is not in error, the work of the late Congress is only a beginning, provided the President has his way:

"The amazed and discomfited corporation men have never got the clue to Roosevelt. They have never considered his acts as the product of a definite and consistent line of policy, aimed at the accomplishment of a particular result, but have regarded each attack on them as a separate and detached event, having no relation to the others and merely indicating a vagary of the moment. To oppose an adversary successfully it is well to understand him, and therefore the financial people should get a correct line on Roosevelt.

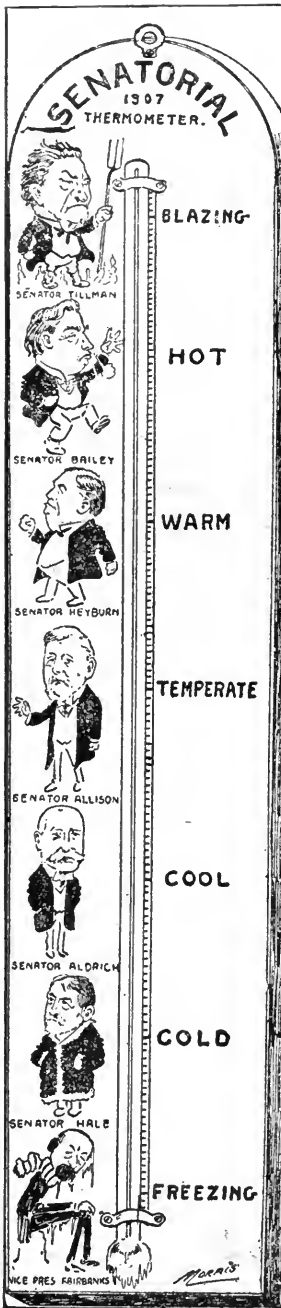
"His policy is that of one step at a time, but beginning the next step as soon as the first is taken. The men who opposed his Railroad Rate bill imagined that this was a mere whim of his, and that when he got it he would be satisfied. The fact was that all the time he was battling for the Hepburn bill he regarded it only as a preliminary step. The next thing he wins from Congress will be to him merely another step, and before he has won it he will be planning the step after that.



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"THE ROBIN GOODFELLOW OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE"

After sixteen years' service in the Senate, John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, resigns to practice law. By general consent, he is the ablest constitutional lawyer in Congress; but when the subject before the Senate is not too serious he has found relaxation for himself and delight for the galleries in stirring up Tillman and other irascible members, with whom, however, he has managed to preserve the best of personal terms.



—Morris in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

"His fundamental idea is that the problems of the twentieth century are to be economic; that there are inequalities in the laws which have given rise to discontent, and that it is the duty of a patriotic statesman to find a remedy for these defects and to grapple with these problems. And he holds that it is not wise to sit on the safety valve, lest there should be an explosion, not of reforms like this, but of anarchic and violent radicalism."

In other words, the great corporations may look for a period of easy breathing about the time the twentieth century draws to a close! Either that or a reaction will have to be created and the Roosevelt policy thus checked. The hope of accomplishing this does not seem, from the point of view of an impartial reader of the organs of public sentiment, a very roseate one.

IN ADDITION to other signs of the continued support of the President's policy, there is at

publican legislators develop surprising results. In Iowa the number voting for the renomination of Roosevelt was 75, while for Cummins, the next highest on the list, but seven votes were cast. Similar polls taken in the legislatures of Nebraska and South Dakota show a practically unanimous preference for the renomination of Roosevelt. In each of the legislatures a second poll taken, with Roosevelt's name eliminated, showed in each case that Secretary Taft is well in the lead as second choice. In South Dakota and Nebraska the vote for Taft, on the second poll, was larger than for all other candidates combined. Iowa has two "favorite sons," Shaw and Cummins; but neither received in the Iowa legislature as many votes for second choice as Taft received.

OF COURSE this indicates Western sentiment, and President Roosevelt's strength in the West has been for some time almost as obvious as the law of gravitation. But the series of interviews which the *New York Herald* recently published indicates an unexpectedly prevalent view among men of prominence in all sections that the renomination and re-election of the President should be effected regardless of his positive statements that he would not consider another term. Thirty-one interviews are published in *The Herald* with men of various callings. The result is thus summarized:

"That the results of this inquiry were astonishing can easily be understood by a perusal of the opinions herewith presented. The politicians took their party lines, many Democrats, however, praising Mr. Roosevelt while they declared against another term. Men involved in gigantic industrial and commercial enterprises were unanimous in favor of another term for Mr. Roosevelt, with the exception of John Wanamaker,



—Dwig in *Success Magazine*.

last a real movement of apparent importance in the direction of another term for Roosevelt. The signs seem to be unmistakable that even the President himself cannot head the movement off at the present time. The polls made in several states lately of the preferences of Re-

who says: 'I agree with his good sense on the question.' Publicists and others who are in the front of public life for various reasons were disposed to have views along similar lines."

In a tabulation of the answers received, there appear thirteen positive noes in answer to the question whether Roosevelt should be given another term, sixteen answer yes, and two are in doubt; but of the thirteen noes, eight are from Democratic politicians, and the other five are from men of no national influence in politics, with the single exception of Mr. Wanamaker. Those replying yes include Senators Cullom and Elkins, Governor Hoch, ex-Governors Pardee and John S. Wise, Representatives Hull, Grosvenor, Keifer, President David Starr Jordan, D. N. Parry, the manufacturer, A. K. McClure, the editor, and Richard Mansfield and David Warfield, actors.

Another effort to ascertain sentiment on this question is made by the *New York Mail*, which finds that 75 per cent. of the enrolled Republicans in New York City are in favor of four years more for Roosevelt.

THE most significant thing about this third-term movement and the headway it has gathered, despite Mr. Roosevelt's own positive declarations that he will refuse to accept a renomination under any circumstances, is not so much the indication it gives of the attitude of individuals toward Roosevelt as the indication it gives of public sentiment in regard to his policies. Senators Cullom and Elkins, for instance, speak not of their personal preferences, but of public sentiment in



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"LIKE A MAN WITH THE NAME OF JOE"

The speaker of the "Roosevelt Congress," Mr. Cannon, the day after his task as presiding officer ended."



CAN HE RUN IN 1908?

"No; he ain't never got over that run of Theodoritis he had in 1904."

—Brinkerhoff in *Toledo Blade*.

their states. Says Senator Cullom: "Illinois has her heart set on Roosevelt, and I have no idea but that he will be compelled to play the part of the wise statesman and bend to his country's wishes." Senator Elkins says: "Political affiliations do not seem to enter into the minds of the people of West Virginia on the matter of the candidacy of President Roosevelt for another term. They are determined he shall be the candidate." A similar utterance has come still more recently from Senator Depew, who says:

"Only twice in my memory have I seen cases where the people's mind seemed to be made up a year in advance of the convention. The first case was that of Grant, the second that of McKinley. In both instances the country knew a year ahead who was to be nominated. Now, a year in advance of the campaign year, the country seems to have made up its mind that Roosevelt is the

man. I know he has said that he would not take it, and I believe him to be sincere in saying so. But I have also known instances where a man has had to take the nomination against his will. One such instance occurred at Philadelphia, when Mr. Roosevelt was forced to take the Vice-Presidential nomination."

IF THE views of the people are rightly interpreted by these men, it means, not that Mr. Roosevelt will be forced to accept another term (a popular uprising on a far greater scale than is yet apparent would be necessary to effect such a result), but that the corporations might as well make up their minds to accept four years more of Rooseveltism. Against the accomplishment of the first result still stands the formidable barrier of Mr. Roosevelt's own "unalterable" will. Against the accomplishment of the second result stands nothing that seems at the present time to be very formidable. Alfred Henry Lewis even declares that if the Republicans refrain from nominating Mr. Roosevelt the Democrats will make him their candidate. A paper in Charlottesville, Virginia, suggests the same course, and the suggestion is treated by the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Richmond Times* and other prominent Democratic papers as dangerous enough to be seriously combatted in long and earnest editorials. There was a grim and ironic editorial in the *New York World* not long ago

on the real "peerless leader" of the Democracy. It said:

"Whatever factional discord may exist in the Republican party, the Democratic members of the United States Senate have a great leader whom they can trust and follow. We refer, of course, to Theodore Roosevelt.

"There has been only one Democratic President since the Civil War, but when did Mr. Cleveland command that enthusiastic and ungrudging support from Democratic Senators which seems always at the disposal of Mr. Roosevelt whenever there is a crisis in his relations with the Senators of his own party? . . .

"What Democratic Senator ever thinks of consulting Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Bryan or Judge Parker on questions before Congress? What one of them to-day would go to Princeton or Esopus or Lincoln for advice when the hospitable doors of the White House swing open at the other end of Pennsylvania avenue?

"Perhaps the discordant factions of the Democratic party can learn a lesson from the Democratic Senators. Have they not erred greatly in seeking a leader within their own ranks? It was the Corsican who could rule France, and in Theodore Roosevelt Democrats at last seem to have a leader that can lead."

* *

FIFTEEN little almond-eyed Japanese children in San Francisco wended their way the other day to the public school from which they were summarily ejected a few months ago. They were received with a welcome, and, after an examination to determine whether their knowledge of English was sufficient, were assigned seats and classes. They were the first of the children to take advantage of the action of the school board in rescinding the rule that closed all but one of the school doors to Japanese children, and that opened an international controversy in which many persons discerned the possibility of a war. Thus happily terminates, in all probability, an incident that aroused the attention even of the chancelleries of Europe and Asia. The agreement reached in the conferences between President Roosevelt and Mayor Schmitz and the members of the San Francisco school board has been carried out. The Japanese children are readmitted to the schools; the test suit that was instituted by the government has been withdrawn; the President has issued his order forbidding Japanese immigrants with passports to Hawaii, Central and South America or Canada to enter our ports, and all that now remains to be done is the adoption of a treaty between the two countries that will effect in an amicable way the restriction of Japanese emigration to this country, for which the Japanese government is said to be keen as ours is. The legislature of California seemed



JOYS OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE

—Williams in Phila. Ledger.

a few days ago to be in a fair way to queer the effort of the President to secure such a treaty. It had up for action several anti-Japanese bills well calculated to arouse the wrath of the Flowery Kingdom. But a sensible Governor wrote to the President asking him what effect these bills would have, and the telegraphic reply he got was forwarded to the assembly. Promptly, by a heavy *viva voce* vote, the three bills were killed. "The Big Stick," said a newspaper correspondent, "has broken its record for swift and determined action."

HERBERT SPENCER has contributed greatly to smooth President Roosevelt's way to the adoption of a satisfactory treaty with Japan. The letter which he wrote in 1892 to Baron Kaneko Kentaro, which was not published until after Mr. Spencer's death, has done much to convince the Japanese leaders of thought that there is more in race hostility than mere prejudice and individual selfishness. The Baron had written, it will be remembered, asking Mr. Spencer concerning the advisability of intermarriage between the Japanese and other peoples. Mr. Spencer's reply was: "It should be positively forbidden." The question, he declared, is a biological one. When there is interbreeding, either among animals or among human beings, of varieties that diverge beyond a certain slight degree, the result is "an incalculable mixture of traits," especially in the second generation, and "a chaotic constitution." The reason seems to be that each variety of creature, in the course of many generations acquires a con-

stitutional adaptation to its peculiar mode of life, and the mixture of too widely divergent varieties results in a constitution adapted to the mode of life of neither. Spencer went on to say:

"I have for the reasons indicated entirely approved of the regulations which have been established in America for restraining the Chinese immigration, and had I the power I would restrict them to the smallest possible amount; my reasons for this decision being that one of two things must happen. If the Chinese are allowed to settle extensively in America, they must either, if they remain unmixed, form a subject race standing in the position, if not of slaves, yet of a class approaching to slaves; or if they mix they must form a bad hybrid. In either case, supposing the immigration to be large, immense social mischief must arise, and eventually social disorganization."

"The same thing will happen if there should be any considerable mixture of European or American races with the Japanese."

Needless to say, Mr. Spencer's letter has had wide publicity in Japan as well as in California and has done much to reconcile the Mikado's subjects to such a treaty as will now be negotiated.

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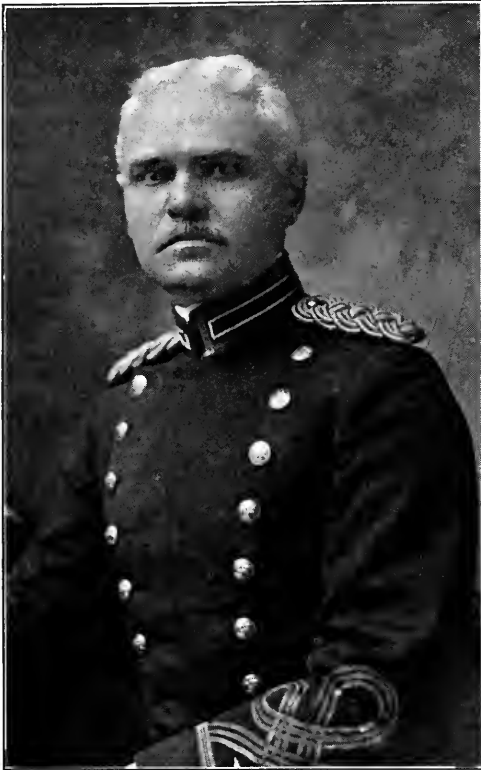


FLANKED by forty Congressmen more or less, Lieutenant Colonel George W. Goethals, U. S. A., set sail March 6 for Panama to dig the canal. In accordance with a time-honored custom established by his numerous predecessors, he made a public statement before sailing; but his statement beats the record for brevity and good sense. He said: "I will know more about it when I get back." That was all. The departure of Colonel Goethals marks a new stage in the history of the canal,



THE MILITARY WAY

—Mayer in N. Y. Times.



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IT IS HIS TURN NOW TO DIG

Lieutenant Colonel George W. Goethals takes charge now of operations on the Panama Canal, succeeding John F. Stevens, who has unexpectedly resigned. Mr. Goethals is of the engineer corps of the U. S. Army. Joining the two seas is a job turned over to that corps.

and one which it is fondly hoped may be the last before that which shall be inaugurated when the first steamship goes plowing her way from ocean to ocean. Colonel Goethals is an army officer who goes where he is ordered and stays until relieved. The Panama Canal is in need of nothing so much as a man who has staying qualities. When John F. Stevens was appointed chief engineer of the canal less than two years ago he also made a public statement. He said: "Whatever human beings can do for the building of the canal shall be done. To the best of my lights I shall attack the task and stick to it. For the rest, God knows. When I leave the United States I expect to be away a long, long time." But on February 8, in a talk with Lindsay Denison, of *Collier's*, he admitted that the canal had lost interest for him. It had all become "an enormous, weary, tiresome job of brute labor, day in and day out, and with nothing but a hole in the ground to show

when it was all done." He remarked further: "You have too much imagination for me. I haven't got as far ahead as imagining ships passing from ocean to ocean. I am afraid that sometimes I wonder if there will be any traffic at all, if there is any good in digging a canal anyway, if it isn't all just a great big waste of health and money and energy. I guess I'm tired of it." That night he wrote his resignation.

THE strange part of Stevens's funk was that he had succeeded in organizing the work in splendid shape, and the dirt was flying as no one had ever seen it fly before. Twenty-five thousand men were at work and a thousand more Spaniards and Italians were arriving each month. In the Culebra Cut alone, 566,570 cubic yards of excavation had been accomplished in the preceding month. The average amount being excavated when he took charge was but 70,000 yards a month. Everything was going on beautifully. Denison had just been over the line of work and found "a wonderful display of flying dirt and whirring machinery" that swept him off his feet with enthusiasm. The black pall of smoke from the engines and shovels and locomotives in Culebra Cut made the place look like Pittsburgh. But his enthusiasm did not seem to infect Stevens. He had "gone stale." For the resignation which he wrote that night Denison furnishes the only plausible explanation that has appeared. He writes:

"To any one who knows John F. Stevens well, the imputation that he could be a quitter is laughable. He seemed rather, on the night of February 8th, to be a man who was going through the reaction which follows a great achievement—a reaction which ought not to have come until after the Canal was finished, but which had come prematurely because of the tremendous physical strain of the last three years with all its fantastic complications of climate, politics, and diplomacy. In other words, he seemed like an overtrained football player who has broken down into nervousness and despondency after the first big game of the season. We all know the type: a great big bunch of nerves and muscle goes sulking off to his room after having brought about a tremendous victory; he sits there until midnight, with his head in his hands, worrying, and at last he writes a letter to the head coach, a half-petulant, half-angry letter in which he announces his intention to retire from the team and from the whole game of football."

NOW that the engineer corps of the army takes hold of the canal job, the press of the country is disposed to view the situation with more satisfaction than at any time heretofore. The *Boston Daily Advertiser* admits

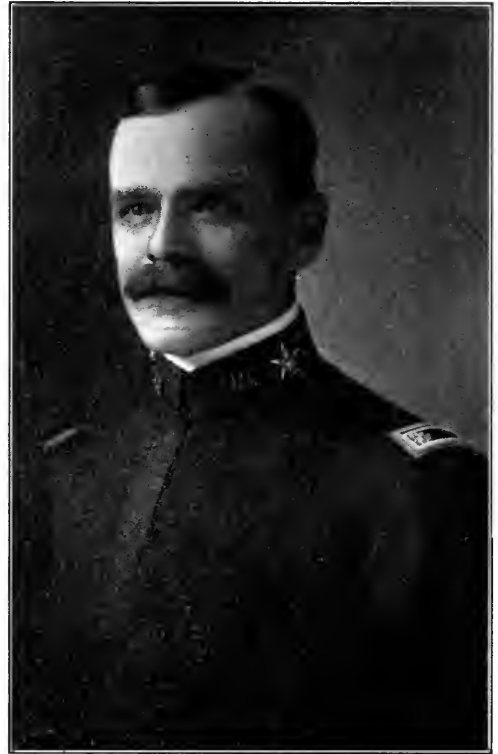
that government construction work is not apt to be swift, but it is safe and honest. The Baltimore *American* thinks that the new way is the surest way to eliminate graft. The New York *Tribune* thinks the situation is reassuring, for the nation has well-founded confidence in the competence and integrity as well as in the perseverance of its army engineers. The Boston *Herald* thinks, however, that we have now adopted "the harder as well as the more expensive and more dangerous way" to dig the canal. Numerous comparisons are drawn between army engineers and civilian engineers, and usually in favor of the former. The *Scientific American* says on this subject:

"In professional ability, theoretical and executive, there is no finer body of engineers in the world than those of the army. Through all the many decades in which they have been planning and superintending the construction of great national works, there is scarcely an instance to be found of collusion between the engineer and the contractors, and these few cases have been visited with speedy and condign punishment. Under the army engineers the work will be executed with the highest professional intelligence, with the thoroughness which characterizes all the army engineer's work, and with the most scrupulous fidelity in the handling of the national finances.

"That it may take somewhat longer than if it were executed under contract and civilian professional oversight is probable; but the nation may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it has seen the last of these all too frequent resignations and the frequent and demoralizing changes of base and policy which have so delayed the progress of the canal."

APPROPRIATIONS for the canal have now reached the total of about \$128,000,000; but of this amount nearly \$25,000,000 has just been appropriated, \$40,000,000 was paid to the French for their work and \$10,000,000 to Panama. That leaves a sum of but \$53,000,000, and of this amount, according to Mr. Shonts' statement last January, about \$32,000,000 has been expended on what he calls "preliminary work," such as sanitation and government, which has required \$4,500,000; construction of quarters, docks, wharves, waterworks, sewers and railroad enlargement, \$7,000,000; for permanent plant, \$12,000,000; and for sewers, waterworks, streets and other improvements in Colon and Panama, \$4,500,000, which is to be repaid to this government ultimately. This leaves as the amount expended on actual construction of the canal about \$20,000,000. As a result of what has been done Mr. Shonts says:

"The Isthmus is to-day as safe a place to visit as most other parts of the world, and much safer than many parts of the United States, so far as danger from disease is concerned. Observance of



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NOW ON THE WAY TO PANAMA

Colonel David Du B. Gaillard, of the engineer corps of the U. S. A., is detailed to act as Colonel Goethals' first assistant and understudy. He is a South Carolinian, and entered the army twenty-seven years ago.

sanitary laws and regulations is compulsory and is rigidly enforced. We have a hospital system which is surpassed by none in the world, and the privileges of it are not only, like the blessings of salvation, free to all, but they are compulsory. Wherever an employee is discovered with too high temperature he is compelled to go to a hospital whether he wishes to or not."

That President Roosevelt is satisfied with the progress made is evident from his remark regarding the resignation of Mr. Stevens: "Wallace," he said, "left chaos on the isthmus; Stevens leaves it with a magnificent organization in fine running order." In view of the increased supply of labor now available, the decision has been reached not to take advantage of the offers made by contractors to furnish Chinese coolies. The amount of excavation in the Culebra Cut for the last three months runs as follows: January, 566,670 cubic yards; February, 650,000 cubic yards; March (estimated) 800,000 cubic yards. The total amount to be excavated at the cut is a little less than 40,000,000 cubic yards. Stevens says the present organization, working one



MRS. EDDY'S CHIEF PUBLICITY AGENT

Alfred Farlow is one of the defendants against whom the suit brought by Mrs. Eddy's son and nephew for an accounting of her financial affairs is directed. He was formerly president of the Mother Church corporation in Boston.

shift, can in the near future excavate one million cubic yards a month.



ANOTHER DEFENDANT IN THE MRS. EDDY SUIT

Rev. Irving G. Tomlinson, former First Reader of the Mother Church, is now a trustee of the Christian Science Church, and one of those charged with having undue control over Mrs. Eddy.



THE year 1907 seems destined to be a fateful one in the annals of Christian Science. It has never had what most religious systems require for their full development—persecution. Opposition and ridicule it has had in plenty, but for the first time it is beginning to experience a degree of interference from outside that probably seems to those in charge to savor of downright persecution. Yet, on the other hand, nothing has taken place that is not attributable to the simple demand of the public for all the facts in regard to Mrs. Eddy and her system. Those facts have never been supplied in any adequate degree by Mrs. Eddy or her followers. We have called attention before to the meager and unsatisfactory accounts of her life as set forth in her own reminiscences and in the biographical sketches by Mr. McCracken and others. The mantle of mystery in these days simply stimulates curiosity, and when it is thrown around a living person for whom such extraordinary claims are made as those advanced for Mrs. Eddy, it is inevitable that efforts would be taken to tear it aside even at the risk of discourtesy to a lady of venerable age ordinarily entitled to such privacy as she may wish.

IN THE suit instituted last month by her son and nephew, technically in Mrs. Eddy's behalf and against the Christian Science trustees, the claim is made that Mrs. Eddy is incapable of managing her own affairs, and that those who surround her shall be required to give an accounting of her estate. If Mrs. Eddy were a wholly unimportant personage, such a proceeding would excite no particular interest nor be regarded as an especially cruel proceeding. The suit may originate, as the Christian Science leaders charge, in the malignity of enemies or it may originate in the genuine suspicion of her son and nephew that she is being subjected to unfair treatment; but however it may originate, the suit can certainly not be at all serious if nothing is being concealed by those surrounding her. The supposition that the suit will have any important effect upon Mrs. Eddy's religious system does not receive much support from the press. The New York *Evening Post* thinks that "we may confidently look forward to a vast outpouring of sympathy for the persecuted Mother of Christian Science," and the New York *Times* expresses a hope that the suit may result in declarations of independence on the part of leaders who are now, as it thinks,

forced to pay unwilling homage to the founder. It says:

"Among the various 'First Readers,' of course, the progress of the Glover suit will be eagerly followed. Many of them are restive under the tyrannous rule exercised by Mrs. Eddy on her favored satellites, and they are waiting with impatience for a hopeful opportunity to declare their independence. Most of the bitter and savage wars that have been waged within this strange organization have been so quietly conducted that they escaped public notice, just as most of the scandals characteristic of 'perfectionism' in all its forms have been concealed, but if the reality—or the shadow—of Mrs. Eddy is deposed from the throne there may soon be a resounding explosion, and that will be the end of 'Christian Science,' the beginning of half a dozen successors of it."

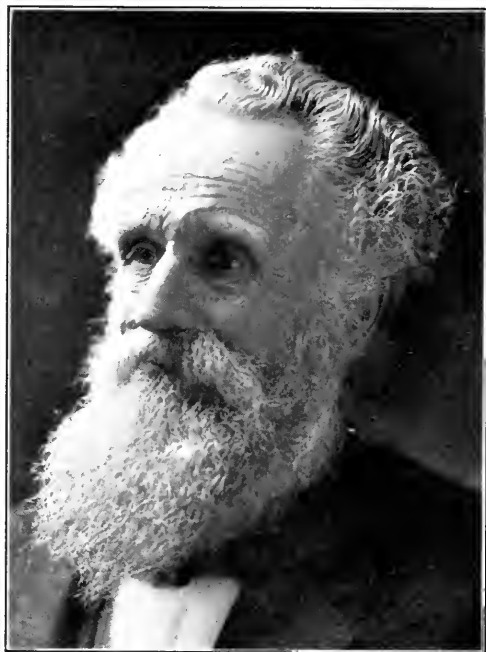
As for the Christian Scientists themselves, they profess to see nothing whatever in the suit that can seriously affect their religion. "In my eyes," said the treasurer of the Mother Church, Stephen A. Chase, "it is nothing more than a personal matter between our beloved leader and her son."

IF THE full-page interview with George W. Glover, Mrs. Eddy's son, published in *The World* (New York) March 3, is not another *World* "fake," Mr. Glover has had experiences that may well lead an unsophisticated mind into labyrinths of doubt and suspicion. For Mr. Glover has run up against "black magic" and he predicts that as soon as legal proceedings are really started "every evil known to the black arts will be let loose upon us." He is represented as telling of his first meeting with his mother after his days of childhood, in the year 1879, thirty years after their separation. His mother was then having a desperate struggle against insurgents among her followers, and summoned her son to her aid. To quote from his alleged account:

"Within a week of my arrival in Boston I learned many strange things. The strangest of these was that the rebellious students were employing black arts to harass and destroy my mother.

"The longer I remained with mother, the clearer this became. Pursued by the evil influence of the students, we moved from house to house, never at rest and always apprehensive. It was a maddening puzzle to me. We would move to a new house and our fellow lodgers would be all smiles and friendliness. Then, in an hour, the inevitable change would come; all friendliness would vanish under the spell of black magic, and we would be ordered to go. But mother made it all clear to me."

Finally matters came to such a pass that he slipped a revolver in his pocket and sought the office of Richard Kennedy, the leader in



THE ANXIOUS SON OF MRS. EDDY

George W. Glover thinks his mother is unduly restrained by those surrounding her, and he is a plaintiff in the suit to secure a court investigation into the handling of her estate. He is a miner and prospector in the West.

the opposition, and, placing the revolver against his head, threatened to blow his brains out if the persecution of his mother was con-



MRS. EDDY'S GRANDDAUGHTER

Mary Glover has joined her father as plaintiff in the suit brought against Mrs. Eddy's advisers.

tinued. And it ceased at once. "We were not ordered out of another boarding-house that winter." Mr. Glover goes on to tell of a series of persecutions years later of himself by Calvin A. Frye, Mrs. Eddy's present secretary, in the course of which it became clear to him that his mother was entirely under Frye's control when in the latter's presence, and afraid to do or say anything in opposition to his wishes. The interview has the earmarks of a journalistic fraud. It is too finished a piece of melodrama to be credible.

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IF ONLY it were always possible to make a subject as interesting as it is important, then child-labor and many other sociological questions might receive the popular attention they deserve. Anyone with half an eye can see at half a glance the intrinsic importance of the subject of child-labor. But the effort to arouse popular interest in it has not been markedly successful in the past. The literature of the question has a somber and forbidding aspect, and it is only within the last few weeks, when proposed legislation on the subject bade fair to produce another battle royal over the rights of the states and the powers of Congress, that a lively interest began to pervade the columns of magazines and dailies. Five bills on child-labor were introduced into Congress in the recent session, the purpose of all being to impose some sort of federal regulation. Senator Beveridge made a rather notable speech in the Senate on the subject, President Roosevelt wrote a letter expressing his sympathy with the efforts being made to secure reform legislation, a mass-meeting was held in New York under the auspices of a dozen sociological and charitable organizations, and the talented writers of several of our magazines of large circulation have expended their skill in illuminating the statistics of the question with forcible rhetoric and somber warnings and moving appeals. Whether or not the recourse to Washington for remedial legislation shall be justified in the future by any addition to the federal statutes, it is already justified by the excitement aroused. Dr. Felix Adler professes to be "one of those who by temperament, by prejudice and by predilection cling to local self-government and dread the expansion of the federal power." After several years' effort, however, to make satisfactory progress in regulating child-labor by appeals to state legislatures, he joined with others in turn-

ing to Washington for aid. And straightway the cry went up that the Constitution is again in peril and the indestructible union of indestructible states is about to receive a mortal thrust. Then and not until then the country began to sit up and take notice.

CONGRESS adjourned without enacting any legislation on child-labor; but a bill was passed providing for an investigation of the whole subject by the department of commerce and labor, and many bills are pending in state legislatures. The bill introduced in the Senate by Senator Beveridge is the one that has called forth most of the comment pro and con. It provides, briefly, that no carrier of interstate commerce shall transport the products of any factory or mine in which children under fourteen years of age are employed or permitted to work, when the products are offered to said carrier by those owning and operating the factory or mine or by any agent of theirs. This bill will not affect products that come from jobbers, it will not reach local sweatshops and a large amount of the evil that exists in other forms. But the Senator is confident that it will "take the heart out of the evil" in the five states where it is most prevalent—namely, Pennsylvania, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Maine.

THE most damaging blow that has been given to the Beveridge bill and to all other projects for federal regulation came from the committee on judiciary of the House of Representatives. By a unanimous vote that committee, supposed to contain the best legal talent in the House, adopted a statement containing the following deliverance:

"Congress cannot exercise any jurisdiction or authority over women and children employed in the manufacture of products for interstate commerce shipment, and certainly it will not be claimed by the foremost advocates of a centralized government that Congress can exercise jurisdiction or authority over women and children engaged in the manufacture of products for intrastate shipment.

"The fact is, when the product is manufactured it is uncertain whether the same will be interstate commerce or intrastate commerce. It is not extreme or ridiculous to say that it would be just as logical and correct to argue that Congress can regulate the age, color, sex, manner of dress, height and size of employees, and fix their hours, as to contend that Congress can exercise jurisdiction over the subject of woman and child labor.

"The jurisdiction and authority over the subject of woman and child labor certainly falls under the police power of the states, and not under the commercial power of Congress. . . .

The assertion of such power by Congress would destroy every vestige of state authority, obliterate state lines, nullify the great work of the framers of the Constitution and leave the state governments mere matter of form, devoid of power, and ought to more than satisfy the fondest dreams of those favoring centralization of power."

The argument made by Senator Beveridge on this phase of the question runs as follows: Congress has prohibited the importation of convict-made goods; its power over interstate commerce is the same as over foreign commerce; it can accordingly prohibit transportation from state to state of convict-made goods; and if it can prohibit the transportation of convict-made goods it can prohibit that of child-made goods. Mr. William J. Bryan accepts this line of reasoning and goes one step further. If Congress can prohibit the transportation of convict-made goods and child-made goods, it can and should prohibit that of trust-made goods.

WRITING two months ago, Senator Beveridge stated that the great volume of editorial comment has been decidedly in favor of the proposed measure. That may have been so two months ago, but, so far as our observation goes, it certainly has not been so since. Hardly any of the most influential dailies have come out unreservedly in favor of the bill. The *New York American* (Hearst's paper) has, also the *Chicago Evening Post*, the *Georgian*, of Atlanta, and the *Buffalo Times*. The *Boston Transcript* has taken a sympathetic attitude, but has suspended judgment. The *Springfield Republican*, always quick to champion measures for social reform, speaks very indecisively. It says that "it is quite possible" that the bill would be sustained by the courts, tho "it draws larger inferences from the congressional right to regulate interstate commerce than have heretofore been acted upon." The *New York Evening Post* also seems to suspend judgment, but it evidently looks askance upon the measure, and has lately been publishing an important series of articles against it written by Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama. There is, on the other hand, a strong and emphatic chorus of disapproval from many leading journals North and South. The *New York Tribune* professes the "utmost sympathy" with those pushing the measure, but considers it their clear duty to "make the negligent states protect the children," for "if the powers of congress over interstate commerce were extended to cover articles made by child-labor that clause could gradually be stretched so as to take the vitality out of state government."

THE *New York Times* and the *New York Sun* more than intimate that the real influence behind the bill comes from New England cotton factories which find themselves restricted by state laws in the matter of child-labor, and are now seeking to have their competitors in Southern states similarly restricted by federal law. The *Times* argues the constitutional point as follows:

"The Supreme Court has held that lottery tickets may be excluded from the mails and from interstate commerce. That is a proper exercise of police power, because lottery tickets have no innocent use. Diseased meat and falsified canned products have so little innocent use, and are so manifestly harmful, that their exclusion from interstate commerce is proper. But when the federal government once begins to exclude staple manufactured goods, of which it may be said that they have no guilty use, from transportation across state lines, a step will have been taken so far in advance of any other threatened extension of power of federal control that the functions of state legislatures and state governments will, in a very large measure indeed, be abrogated."

The *New York World* makes the point that the meat-inspection and pure-food laws were enacted "for the protection of the consumer outside the state of production and not of the producer within the state," and the Beveridge bill stands on a very different basis.

NO PARTISAN lines are discernible in the opposition to the bill. The *Philadelphia Press*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Detroit News*, all Republican in politics, make the same point, namely, that federal legislation on the subject will render adequate state legislation more difficult to obtain, and, as *The Tribune* remarks, "the local sentiment upon which every child-labor law must depend for its enforcement would not be stimulated by federal legislation." From leading Southern and Democratic journals the same general attitude of jealousy for the powers of the states is strongly expressed. "This bill," says the *Memphis Appeal*, "is dangerous to the liberties of the people." The *Richmond Times* thinks the bill "is aimed at the South." The *Baltimore Sun* thinks that "if Senator Beveridge's plan is legal and constitutional, then no state can retain any single function of government of which members of Congress from other states cannot deprive them." Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama, "the ablest and hardest worker in the South" in the interest of child-labor, according to the *New York Evening Post*, withdrew recently from the National Child-Labor Association because of its endorsement of the Beveridge bill.



ISCLOSURES of strained personal relations between President Roosevelt and his inveterate eulogist, William II, came from Paris last month with a fulness of detail almost shocking to those English students of world politics who complain that the White House has too long echoed Potsdam and the Wilhelmstrasse. Not five months have passed since London organs were pleading for the appointment as British Ambassador in Washington of a diplomatist who could neutralize the effect of the sympathy between the ruler of the great republic and the ruler of the German Empire. The late Lord Pauncefoot was wont to attribute his success with our Department of State to the favorable impression made by Mr. Arthur Spring Rice upon the mind of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Spring Rice is a young British diplomatist who has profoundly studied the United States Senate on its personal side. But he is not less the friend of the President than he is the friend of Senators Aldrich and Allison, Senators Lodge and Cullom. He would build a bridge between the Capitol and the White House, connect both with the British Foreign Office and sever all intimacies with Potsdam. Thus the champions of Mr. Spring Rice, who were aghast at the selection for the Washington mission of James Bryce, a statesman accused of belonging to the so-called "Potsdam party" in the British ministry. Mr. Bryce, according to the London *National Review*, would not even attempt to break the spell cast by William II upon Rooseveltian diplomacy. The new British Ambassador in Washington, we are assured by the same authority, is always the slave of the irresistible attraction which any enemy of his own country exercises over a certain type of English politician. He would, more probably, strengthen the hold of Potsdam upon the White House.

A DIPLOMATIC sensation, therefore, has resulted from the revelation in the current *Revue des Deux Mondes* that President Roosevelt was restrained only by his regard for the Monroe Doctrine from openly taking the field against the application of William II's peculiar theory of world politics during the international discord over Morocco. It is no secret in Washington that President Roosevelt has long resented imputations which attribute to his personal regard for the German Ambassador in Washington an alleged loss of English diplomatic prestige in our Department of State. He only awaits, it is

said, a suitable opportunity to express publicly his regret for such persistent misrepresentation. The great Paris review would now seem to have undertaken for the President a task which he could find no occasion to achieve for himself. The drama opens at that tense moment of the Algeciras conference when Count Witte, instigated by France, appealed to Emperor William to display a spirit of conciliation. His Majesty flatly refused to meet the republic's wishes. He elaborated grievance after grievance against France. He conceded the possibility of a rupture that might bring Europe within measurable distance of war, but counsels of moderation should be directed towards Paris. William would not be swayed by Witte. The conference at Algeciras stood impotently on the brink of disruption.

INTO the clouds of this diplomatic storm President Roosevelt now discharged the lightnings of his own displeasure. Emperor William had promised to accept any solution regarded by the United States Government as equitable. The President refreshed the imperial memory by cable on this point. He added a scheme for the policing of Morocco. Not only did the Emperor reject the Roosevelt proposal point blank, but he made alternative proposals in no way resembling those he had communicated to Count Witte. The President rejected every one. The climax came with three categorical refusals by Mr. Roosevelt to accept three categorical suggestions that the United States exert pressure upon France. The disputants are lost to view in confused impressions of an incensed Roosevelt admonishing an obstinate Emperor that France had made every possible concession, that it behooved his Majesty to abandon an untenable and even inequitable attitude, and that if the Monroe Doctrine did not prescribe limitations upon American interference in Europe Algeciras would be made the central point of a severe disturbance. William II would seem to have been disconcerted by the activity of one whom he is so fond of styling the greatest American President that ever lived. His Majesty felt that France had no intention of becoming involved in a quarrel over Morocco with any of the great powers, least of all with Germany. France would be risking far more than her position at Fez, and in such a conflict Great Britain could afford her no substantial help. The French and British navies could no doubt have blockaded the German coasts, and for the time sup-

pressed Germany's seaborne trade; but the British army could have done little to assist France in the defense of her own frontier, while, in the half paralyzed condition of her Russian ally, France would have found it exceedingly difficult to guard that frontier effectually. It was upon the incapacity of Great Britain to take part in a European war as the ally of France, in view of the present balance of military power in Europe, that William II based his attitude at Algeiras until he began to receive cablegrams from the greatest American President that ever lived. His Majesty's policy in Morocco was revised.

THUS is made known from a point so remote as Paris one of the well-kept secrets of Washington diplomacy. The revelation is characteristic, opines the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, of those local conditions which render the capitals of Europe better informed regarding the diplomacy of Washington than the American people are often permitted to become. The ambassadors in the capital of the United States, owing to the intimacy of their association with the highest officials there, gain a knowledge of events and tendencies to which a mere member of the House of Representatives can never attain. The ambassadors transmit to their governments, in the form of dispatches, particulars which, if published in an American newspaper, would make a sensation. If, as happens to be the case in Paris, the Foreign Office has a newspaper organ of its own—the *Temps*—there occur from time to time revelations more or less unpalatable to our Department of State. The revelation that President Roosevelt has been quarreling with Emperor William purports to come to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from the foreign editor of the *Temps*. The authenticity of the narrative would seem, therefore, indisputable, altho it does not necessarily follow that the French Foreign Office was the source of the indiscretion. Neither, necessarily, was Count Witte. President Roosevelt is conjectured to have definite ideas on the subject, however, and to have expressed them unconventionally.

IT IS not at all surprising to such profound students of Emperor William's character as the London *Spectator* and the London *Outlook* that his Majesty, in dealing with the President, proved so like the nettle in the fable that had borrowed the perfume of the rose. Mr. Roosevelt was merely the latest to feel the sting. King Edward is represented

to have been the victim of the same peculiarities of procedure when, two or three years ago, he offered to visit his imperial nephew in Berlin. It was at the latter's suggestion and for his convenience that the British sovereign went to Kiel instead. But the German official press was permitted to affirm without contradiction that King Edward had been guilty of the "discourtesy" of refusing to travel to Berlin to honor the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty. "For two years," affirms the London *National Review*, "the German government has been exploiting this lie in the interests of its naval propaganda." It is common knowledge, according to the same authority, that the influence of the King of England in world politics is not on the side of the German Emperor. But all these innuendoes are disingenuous readjustments of recent diplomatic history, affirms the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, the foreign editor of which is known to advise William II on the subject of world politics. The German daily notes that the London *Outlook* and the London *National Review* are the organs of that clique of statesmen in England who regard the growth of the German navy as a menace to the mistress of the seas. The facts set forth in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* belong, we are further assured, to the class of perversions which make it appear that William II was on the side of Spain when Dewey won his renown at Manila.

IN ALL that has occurred between President Roosevelt and William II during the past few years, if we are to credit the London *Spectator*, there is evident, on the imperial side, what it styles a policy of bluff alternating with a system of "pin pricks." The interference of the German naval forces in the disturbances at Hayti, the attempt to precipitate an international complication over Venezuela, the menacing attitude of the Wilhelmstrasse in Santo Domingo, and the recurrence of what the late Secretary Hay termed "efforts to sneak into the Caribbean" by acquiring a coal-ing station for his Majesty's squadron there comprise the policy of "pin pricks." "It is always easy," comments the London *Spectator*, "to tell when William II wants something." He is far too astute to "make up to the power" from which he means to wring concessions. Veiled menaces and ingeniously contrived annoyances belong to the effective stage of the Bismarckian diplomacy in which William II has such faith. Then matters are carried forward a step. The pestered gov-

ernment is invited to arrive at an understanding or alliance with the government of the Hohenzollern. Overtures of this kind (after innumerable "pin pricks") have been made on behalf of William II to the government of this country, or so the London *Spectator* definitely affirms. But the Bismarckian diplomacy was not at all effective when applied to President Roosevelt. It collapsed altogether in its final stage—that of what the London *Spectator* terms "the diplomatic bogie." It was pointed out by means of obscure hints that the United States has "a terrible enemy"—we follow the account of our British authority—in a third power (unspecified), and that, if no agreement were duly reached, William II's government must make the best terms it could with this terrible enemy. This, we are told, is an accurate summary of the diplomatic history of the present administration so far as William II figures in it.

WERE it not for the Machiavellian subtlety of Emperor William's Ambassador in Washington, President Roosevelt, as the several British organs already quoted all agree, would long ere this have been as wise as they are in London. Baron von Sternberg succeeded to his post when the state of American feeling towards William II, in consequence of his attitude to Venezuela, was critical. The Ambassador's predecessor in office, Dr. von Holleben, recalled by his imperial master, had quitted Washington without taking leave of the President, a diplomatic incivility which William II is not supposed to have suggested. The alleged quarrel between Dr. von Holleben and Baron Speck von Sternberg; Dr. von Holleben's successful efforts to oust the Baron from the embassy in Washington, whence he was transferred to Calcutta as German consul-general; the efforts of Baron Speck von Sternberg's friends in Berlin against Dr. von Hollenben, ending in the latter's recall; and Baron Speck von Sternberg's appointment as Ambassador instead, inaugurated what may be deemed the personal era in the relations between the President of the United States and the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty. Of von Hollenben it was said that he excelled in doing the gracious thing ungraciously. Magnetic his personality never was. He kept himself remarkably well informed regarding American public opinion, and he never hesitated to put unpalatable facts into his dispatches home. That he tried to influence the German vote in Bryan's favor during the presidential campaign of 1900 in the hope that

Bryan, if elected, would give William II a coaling station in the Caribbean is among the fantastic legends of the period. Baron Speck von Sternberg knew his Washington too well to risk involving himself in such figments of the diplomatic fancy.

THE Baron belongs to the spacious days made memorable by European press references to the competition between President Roosevelt and William II for first place in the respect and admiration of mankind. When the Emperor's cruiser blew up a Haytian gunboat, to the annoyance of the Department of State at Washington, the German Ambassador repudiated all designs on Brazil. While Castro complained that Venezuelan revolutions were financed from Berlin, Baron Speck von Sternberg made graceful allusions to the Germanic museum at Harvard, enriched by another contribution from his imperial Majesty. Watching these developments from afar, the London *Spectator* wonders what may happen should William II venture to treat the United States as he dealt with France in regard to Morocco. What if the Emperor protests "with a threat" that the Monroe Doctrine ought to be modified, "limited, say, to America north of the Panama Canal." This, says the British weekly, is at least possible. "If we understand American feeling at all, there would be war in a week and a war which, if Germany proved victorious at first, might last for years till the republic could bring her awful reserves of strength fully to bear upon the contest." Here, retorts the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, we have a display of that serpentine craft with which organs of opinion in London seek to familiarize the American mind with the idea of war upon the Teuton. Every coincidence is distorted out of all connection with reality. If imperial interests are asserted anywhere, we hear of "pin pricks." An exchange of international courtesies becomes a display of subtle and profound policy. The traditional principle of British diplomacy is to keep the nations of continental Europe at swords' points. The United States is now drawn within the radius of the same deadly aim. From a literary standpoint the great American republic has long been a province of England. It is next to be made a British province from the point of view of world politics. The truth to be kept in mind, as French newspapers sum up the rivalry between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Foreign Office for the favor of Washington, is that President Roosevelt has been



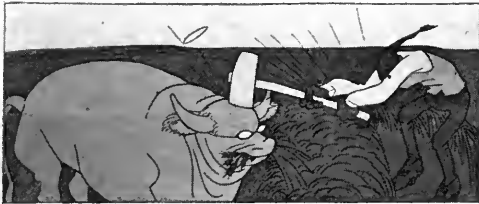
"The clerical bull," says the German Michael, "must be got rid of—"

deemed hitherto a partner of William II in the business of world politics. That delusion had its origin in London. Paris has now exploded it. No more, concludes the *Gaulois*, does William II confide to itinerant American journalists a desire to advertise the United States by paying it a visit.

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IN VIEW of recent rumors of a reactionary revision of the German constitution and the explicit demands of newspapers like *The Hamburger Nachrichten* that the franchise be



"—and now we have dealt it a blow—"

restricted without delay, Emperor William's declaration to the new President of the Reichstag last month that universal suffrage had proved itself "thoroly trustworthy" delights the radical element. The impression was heightened by the assurance in the speech from the throne that his Majesty means to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the term. The Emperor took great pleasure, too, in assuring the newly elected officials of the Reichstag that "the battle shock" of Socialism had been "dashed to pieces." It has



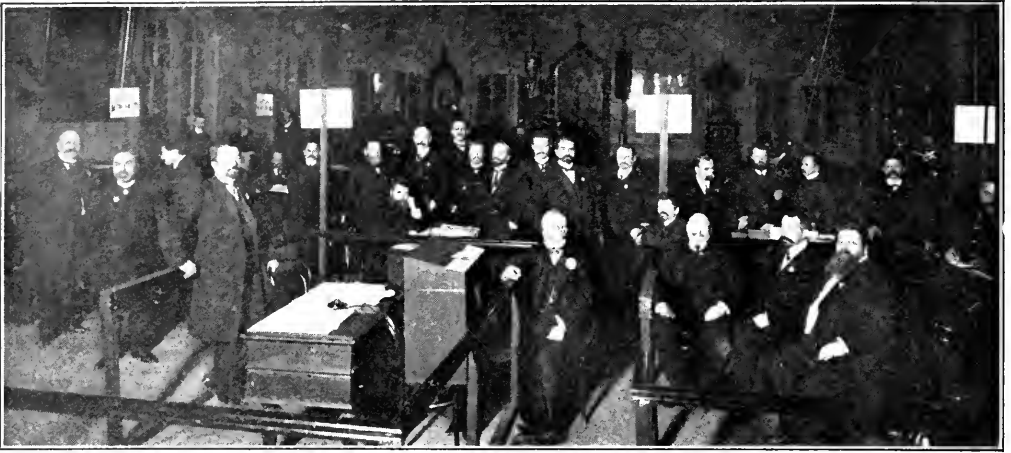
"—but it seems to be in as fine fettle as ever."
—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

developed to the full extent of which it is capable in Germany, so his Majesty argues, basing this notion upon the decline in the rate of increase of the Socialist vote. Thus, while the increase in the national liberal vote was eleven per cent. above the average, the clerical increase fell two per cent. below its average increase, and the Socialist increase fell nearly nine per cent. below what it should have been. By way of contrast with the radiant William II, Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, pausing to arrange his papers as he stood up in the orator's tribune of the Reichstag, seemed almost a pathetic figure. There was some disposition to receive him with titters. It begins to look, however, as if the imperial chancellor will ultimately be obliged to conciliate the Roman Catholic Center, with which he quarreled before the recent election, or dissolve the Reichstag. Altho, as the radical Berlin *Tageblatt* points out, Prince von Bülow can get some kind of a majority in three different ways out of the Reichstag as it stands, the combinations are embarrassing. Meanwhile that internecine strife which the result of the elections rendered inevitable within the ranks of Bebel's followers has been intensified by the *Sozialistische Monatsheften*, which affirms that German Socialism has lost its "nimbus" and its intellectual prestige.

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IN THE warmth of his congratulations to Feodor Golovin, whom the new Russian Duma selected last month to preside over its turbulent deliberations, Czar Nicholas II evinced, in the opinion of well informed European dailies, his own consciousness of having achieved a personal triumph. His Majesty is understood to have declared, as long ago as last January, that he would instantly dissolve a Duma so contumacious as to elect Maxime Kovalevsky for its president. Professor Kovalevsky would seem to have affronted his sovereign by defining the Czar's idea of a constitutional system as a parliament which confined itself to the discussion of measures selected by the autocrat himself. It was impossible, added Kovalevsky, to suffer any such infringement of the right to initiate legislation. He further predicted that one of the first acts of this new Duma would be the impeachment of Prime Minister Stolypin for illegally dissolving Russia's first national legislature. Kovalevsky could not, it is affirmed, have displayed greater ingenuity had it been his deliberate aim to render himself obnoxious to the Czar of all

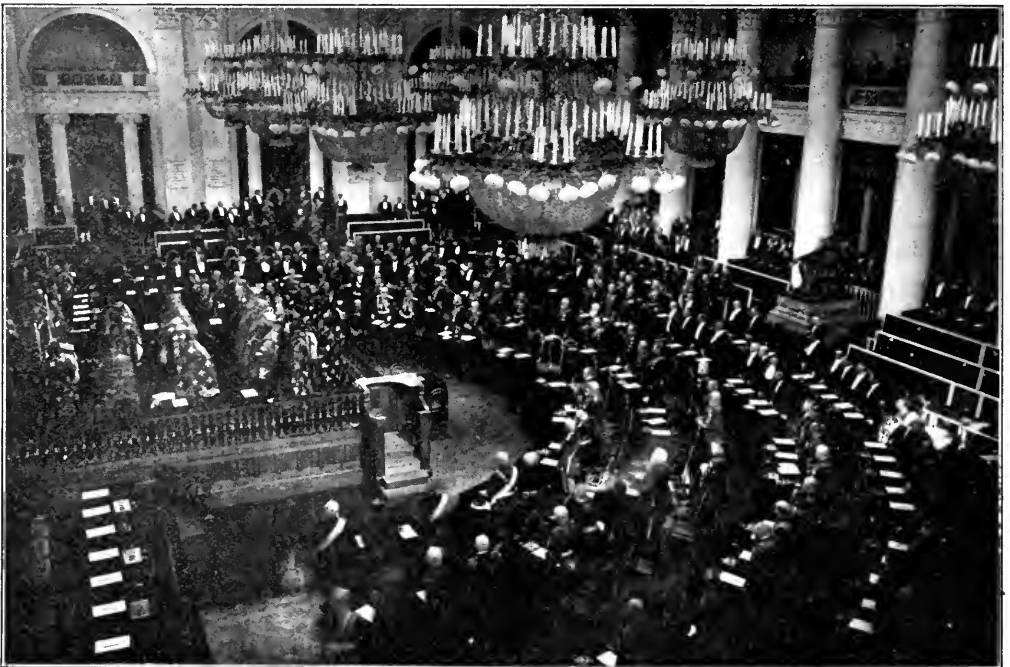


THE COUNT OF VOTES IN ST. PETERSBURG

Here, in the office of the mayor of the city, are the officials of the election bureau affixing the seals to the urns in which are contained the ballots for the local members of the Duma. Charges of gross fraud in the count have not been made, but it is alleged that the intimidation of electors was carried to an extreme by the Prime Minister.

the Russias. Every mention of the professor as a probable president of the new Duma became an aggravation to Nicholas II and to Prime Minister Stolypin alike. But Koval-evsky's propaganda in his organ, *The Strana*, the brilliance of his record as a speaker in the

last Duma and the influence he gained over the peasant mind, made him the most conspicuous of all the candidates for the presidency of the parliament expelled from the Tauride Palace by the collapse of a ceiling. He was finally disqualified for election as one of



THE CZAR'S HOUSE OF LORDS

This assemblage is officially designated as the Council of the Empire. Theoretically, it revises the legislation sent up to it by the Duma. Some of the most distinguished men in the empire, including Goremykin, Kuropatkin and Witte, have been appointed to membership. Its latest acquisition is the popular tribune of the people, Maxim Kovalevsky, whom the Prime Minister excluded from the lower house on a technical point.



THE LAST PONIES UNEATEN IN THE VILLAGE

The famine has so desolated European Russia that in many villages all the huts have been burned for fuel, the cattle have been devoured and the inhabitants driven to subsist upon the carcasses of quadrupeds that have died of disease.

its members on a point so technical that no one is able to understand it.

BY THE time the deputies had fought their way through the mobs that surged about the palace they found themselves not only short of their full complement of 524 members, but so decimated by the form of exclusion practiced in the case of Kovalevsky that, were it not for the presence of Rodicheff, the Duma would be without one orator of demonstrated

brilliance. The group of toil and the proletarian element generally had suffered the severe loss of Aladin, whose name had been stricken from the list of voters in his Simbirsk constituency and who was at that moment interpreting the crisis to audiences of New Yorkers. So watchfully had the Duma been shepherded at all stages of its slow evolution that no difficulty was experienced in effecting the election as its president of the satisfactory Feodor Golovin. Mr. Golovin is a Russian



CAPITULATING TO STARVATION

As the want of food and of warmth drives the inhabitants of Russian villages to the last expedients for the maintenance of existence, the roof is chopped from the home, the home itself is fed to the fire, and the family shelters itself with a neighbor. The process has gone on indefinitely in some cases, until of a whole village there will be left but one hut into which all the survivors of the calamity are packed like sardines.



THE URBANE COURTIER WHO PRESIDES
OVER THE DUMA

Feodor Golovin, an eminent citizen of Moscow, was chosen last month to preside over the sittings of the deputies in the Tauride Palace. He is both a courtier and an agitator, a friend of the Czar and a champion of popular rights. Within a fortnight of his election, the ceiling above his official seat in the Duma collapsed, but as he was absent he escaped injury.

liberal of a slightly antiquated Russian school. He has for years been prominent in the municipal affairs of Moscow. As a member of the zemstvo of that city he stoutly resisted the reactionary Plehve when that Minister of the Interior was bent upon reducing to impotence the only popularly representative institutions in the Russian empire. Plehve sent his spies to Moscow for the express purpose of intimidating Golovin, then president of the local zemstvo. Golovin appealed to Nicholas II over Plehve's head and won his point. When the late Grand Duke Sergius, who defined Russia as the holy and autocratic land of God, expelled all Jews from the ancient capital of the empire, Golovin alone had the courage to make anything in the nature of open protest. There were days in Moscow when, for a Jewess to remain there, she had to enter her name in a book of infamy kept by the police. If she did not prove the truth of the official description by her mode of life the military had power to enforce her. Golovin championed the cause of the unfortunate

women so openly that, had the Grand Duke not been assassinated in time, the earthly career of the present presiding officer of the Duma must have terminated prematurely.

GOLOVIN, who helped to organize the zemstvo congress of some two years ago, is described as a man of indefatigable industry and most zealous in the promotion of the theory of representative government throughout Russia. He is a great admirer of Buckle, whose history of civilization he is said to have studied with enthusiasm and whose principles he applies in an almost pedantic spirit. It is objected against Mr. Golovin that his nervous excitability is too great to permit him to keep in order so heterogeneous and turbulent a body as the Duma. However, he had the merit—rare among the deputies—of being acceptable to the Czar personally and satisfactory to the democratic element. Mr. Golovin has never committed himself to the radicalism professed by so many members of that constitutional democratic party to which he rather loosely adheres. The votes that elected him are said to have been won by the general dread of an early dissolution in the event of a choice unpalatable at court. There has never been a suspicion of Mr. Golovin's good faith in any well-informed mind, notwithstanding the numerous friends he possesses in the imperial palace itself.

THAT loveliest of sovereign ladies, the Czarina Alexandra Feodorovna, is said to have asked President Golovin, when he paid his first official visit to the autocrat, what the Duma will do for the innumerable Russian peasants whom the famine has driven to sell their clothes, their utensils, their last cattle, sometimes their cottages, and, too often, their future crops and their future labor. Her Majesty is represented as shocked by stories of soup kitchens set up in the biggest cottage of a village that the weaker members of the community—usually children, women and cripples—may get a plate of gruel or cabbage soup once a day. The most destitute can not come because they dare not face the frost without either clothes or shoes. In many cases a peasant carries one of his children, wrapped in the remnants of a cloak, to the soup kitchen, puts the child down naked on a bench and takes away the rag of a garment to bring his other child in. These are the details which, if her Majesty be correctly reported, should concern the Duma more than the freedom of the press and the reform of

administrative procedure. The deputies, on the other hand, gave preliminary consideration to the sufferings of Russians committed to prison or deported to Siberia for political offenses without any form of trial. That slightly sensational journalist, Professor Berezin, of Saratoff, who may yet attain Aladin's prominence as leader of the group of toil, excited the more radical elements by his accounts of conditions in the overflowing prisons. Allegations that in many places men and women are herded together like cattle in a shed, and that every crack of the benches they sleep upon teems with vermin imparted an excited tone to the discussions of amnesty. By refusing to rise at the mention of the Czar's name at the opening ceremonies, the radical deputies, it is explained, signified their protest against conditions of existence in cells which transform prisoners, after a few months, from stalwart men into confirmed invalids. Notwithstanding the stories told to the deputies of boys, girls and women now deliberately starving themselves to the point of death in preference to further endurance of their prison lot, the social revolutionists, the group of toil and the constitutional democrats united to shelve the amnesty resolution for the time being.

AS THE booted peasants and bespectacled professors of this Duma strove to follow Vladimir Nicolaievitch Kokovtsoff, when that most bewildering of finance ministers appeared to expound the budget, the parallel between the St. Petersburg of last month and the Paris of 1789 was, to the way of thinking of the *London Post*, perfect. "What to do with the finances?" says Carlyle in his immortal history. "This indeed is the great question; a small but most black weather symptom which no radiance of universal hope can cover." Mr. Kokovtsoff revealed the radiance of universal hope to the Duma and revealed nothing else. He is an urbane bureaucrat of a somewhat unusual type, for he belongs to what in Russia is called the old nobility. He is now sixty. All he knows about money he learned from Witte, whose subordinate he was for many years. The affability for which he is somewhat noted enabled Mr. Kokovtsoff to meet the interruptions of the deputies with serenity, even as, years ago, it kept him on good terms with both Witte and Plehve when that pair were in hot dispute for control of the vacillating mind of their master, the Czar. Mr. Kokovtsoff is like every well educated Russian in his remarkable mastery of French,



EXCLUDED FROM THE RUSSIAN DUMA

At the left of the spectator is seated Professor Mil-youkoff, an eminent Russian thinker, who was not permitted to take his seat in the last Duma, altho he had been duly elected. At the right of the spectator is seated Mr. Aladin, of Simbirsk, one of the leaders of the workingmen and peasants in the last Duma. He is now in this country, having been refused permission to live and agitate in his constituency.

but he is an anomaly for a bureaucrat, inasmuch as his education has been of the western European sort. There is a sense in which he may be deemed the greatest dealer in alcoholic drinks this world has ever seen, for he was long at the head of his country's national monopoly of the traffic in intoxicants. Witte, in the plenitude of his power, was wont to say that the problem of the finances could be solved only if the Russian peasant would use more iron. Mr. Kokovtsoff acted upon the theory that the peasant should drink more vodka. In his eagerness to swell the revenue he has made his country the most drunken nation in the world.

FIGURES would seem to have been invented for the concealment of Russia's insolvency, if the European press inference from what Mr. Kokovtsoff told the Duma be worth anything. Mr. Kokovtsoff is said to

possess great influence with the financiers and newspapers of Paris, and they certainly agree that the constructiveness of his imagination, so far as his budget reveals it, is overpowering. Dozens of the deputies, observes the *Temps*, have never owned a gold coin in the whole course of their lives. Yet the entire Duma must have listened to him with a lively recollection that Mr. Kokovtsoff has lately affirmed his country to be on the verge of bankruptcy. That statement was set forth in a secret report to Prime Minister Stolypin which found its way into the *Temps* and caused a fall in Russian securities which no quantity of official denials could neutralize. When in the spring of the year before last that high authority, Mr. Lucien Wolf, asked in the London *Times* "Is Russia solvent?" he was met with a storm of indignant protests from Mr. Kokovtsoff and his friends. After two years' experience of the anarchical system which prevails in the Russian ministry of finance, Mr. Kokovtsoff had been brought to make Mr. Wolf's question secretly his own. Yet he challenged the London *Times* to come to St. Petersburg, or, rather, to send its representative there, to count the gold piled high in the vaults of the ministry. The London daily refused the invitation as being beyond the scope of a newspaper's functions. Thereupon Mr. Kokovtsoff took a member of the House of Commons through his vaults heaped to the ceiling with white bags. They were filled, said Mr. Kokovtsoff, with gold coin. That is possible, commented the London daily; but it conjectured that they might have been filled with sawdust. Mr. Kokovtsoff's optimism as he faced the Duma last month would indicate that they were filled with diamonds. Having demonstrated to bedazzled deputies that Russia's riches far outshine the wealth of Ormus, the Minister of Finance urged the negotiation of loans on an appropriately vast scale.

○ BEYING that tendency to an almost monastic seclusion of life which has grown upon him in recent years, Nicholas II did not face his new Duma in person. He is said to feel just such a dread of crowds as made James I of England fly with fear from gatherings of his subjects. The Czar differentiates himself markedly from living rulers by spending his time within a very circumscribed area. He sees only members of the diplomatic corps, the exalted bureaucrats and the personages of his court. It would be comparatively easy to conceal his death from the world, notes the Paris *Aurore*, until such time as the palace

clique had made its arrangements for the succession. Authentic news of his views concerning the newly assembled Duma are, therefore, unobtainable from any source. For the present, moreover, it is impossible to affirm or to deny that there is any basis for rumors that the sovereign's confidence in Prime Minister Stolypin is impaired. Reactionary influences have been exerted against him. The Duma is certainly eager to be rid of the present instrument of the Czar's policy. The correspondents of western European dailies foretell all sorts of ministerial combinations in which the names of Count Witte and Mr. Kokovtsoff, among others, are conspicuous. "The good God," ejaculates the Paris *Débats*, "he knows everything!" Witte is reported pessimistic. He fears the worst is yet to come.

* * *



INGENIOUS as were those parliamentary provocations wherewith Mr. Arthur Balfour, in the House of Commons last month, incited Mr. Augustine Birrell to disclose some outlines of the Home Rule bill to which the British are looking forward so eagerly, the only result was to whet a universal curiosity by refusing to satisfy it. "Nothing," retorted the new chief secretary for Ireland, as he bowed to the former Prime Minister, "adds so much to the charm of a landscape as a cloudy haze on the horizon." But the Prime Minister himself, Mr. Birrell did venture to say, is perfectly satisfied that ultimately the only measure that can give satisfaction to the great majority of the people of Ireland will be what is generally called a Home Rule parliament. "I," cried Mr. Birrell, amid the cheers of the Irish members, "am a Home Ruler." So, too, he confessed, is the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Both are sitting up evening after evening over the details of the scheme from which is to emerge that parliament in Dublin of which Parnell dreamed and which, it seems, Redmond is to realize. But Mr. Birrell begged Mr. Balfour not to feel too eager. The bill will be introduced and that speedily. In the meantime the right honorable gentleman will have a little time to go about the country "raising this Home Rule bogie." For the next few weeks, accordingly, England will perforce know only that the new Irish bill is to provide a definite form of self-government in the sister island, and that the supremacy of the imperial parliament at London is to be maintained. All this, retorts Mr. Balfour, is not only a contradiction in

terms, but a revelation of the downright dishonesty of Mr. Birrell, to say nothing of Sir Henry.

THIS man Birrell, as Mr. Balfour begged the Commons to believe, climbed into power by telling the English at the last election that Home Rule is a bogie. "I, like others," went on the sometime Prime Minister, with a lively recollection of the vegetables with which he was pelted at the time, "endeavored to unmask this imposture. Like others, I was unsuccessful." But time, added Mr. Balfour, is doing what he failed to do. "The whole fraud is now apparent." There is yet to be in Dublin a legislature to all intents and purposes independent of the imperial parliament unless the eyes of the English be opened in time to the true character of Augustine Birrell. "It is perfectly vain for this House," Mr. Balfour likewise said, "to try to find something which is both Home Rule and not Home Rule." Yet Mr. James Bryce—at that moment, by the way, presenting himself in the capacity of his Majesty's ambassador before Theodore Roosevelt in Washington—was involved, like Birrell and the rest, in the Liberal plot to call Home Rule by some other name. But on the eve of the crisis Mr. Bryce handed the Irish government over to his fellow-conspirator, Birrell, and ran away to Washington. "He retires to other duties from the fighting line," said Mr. Balfour of Mr. Bryce. "He shouts 'No surrender!' at the top of his voice, and he nails his flag to somebody else's mast—a most felicitous picture of courage and discretion." This, by the way, is out of harmony with the *London Outlook's* idea that Mr. Bryce had given offense to a certain section of Irish opinion, and was therefore exiled to America. But the *London Standard's* information is that Mr. Bryce is not sufficiently brisk in retort, not genial enough in debate, to be intrusted with so momentous a labor as the conduct of an Irish bill through the Commons. Mr. Birrell, with his capacity to raise a laugh at a moment's notice, was "indicated," as the physicians say.

IRELAND, as Mr. Birrell sympathetically interpreted her to the House, is "in a state of comparative peace, comparative crimelessness," but in a state of expectancy. But Mr. Long, who so recently gave up to Mr. Bryce the post that Mr. Bryce has now handed over to Mr. Birrell, told the House of Commons that "a cruel and tyrannical form of boycott-

ting" now rages all over Ireland. Mr. Birrell denied it. There is only unrest or disturbance in a few local areas. It is due to the presence, "in the midst of a sympathetic and perhaps inflammatory population," of numbers of evicted tenants whose grievances are perpetually before the eyes of their neighbors. Mr. Birrell subsequently admitted that when he thus spoke he had in mind that venerable miser and surviving specimen of the rackrenting Irish landlord, the Marquis of Clanricarde. Lord Clanricarde, as he is called in the vicinity of Portumna Castle, Galway, owns some 60,000 acres of Irish soil, but he never visits his vast estate. His lordship, who is kin to the famous Canning, is now aged and feeble, yet so fond of his money that, if we may credit all the gossip of the month in regard to him, he patches his own trousers to save the tailor's bill. His last purchase of clothes is averred to have been made in 1881. These are, however, but local traditions rescued from oblivion by witty Irish dailies in regions rendered turbulent through hundreds of evictions ordered by his Lordship. More than a hundred families, averred Mr. Dillon in the Commons a few weeks ago, are living on the open road bordering the Clanricarde estates. *The Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) complains that his Lordship spends in Ireland an infinitesimal fraction of the rents he derives from Galway. He does not, according to the *London News*, spend much more in England. He is the bearer of no less than four ancient patents of nobility, being a baron, an earl and a viscount as well as a marquis. His personal appearance is described as that of a superannuated clergyman run to seed from inadequacy of stipend.

SO GREAT is the discredit into which this "curse to the whole west of Ireland," as Lord Clanricarde was called in the great debate on what Mr. Redmond termed his "criminal and insane evictions," that Mr. Birrell himself promised to deprive the great landlord of the estates from which he is now drawing \$80,000 a year. The purpose will be effected by special legislation. Lord Clanricarde had the ill luck to evict by wholesale on the eve of a Home Rule crisis. That is the explanation of his dilemma offered by the Irish correspondent of the *London Telegraph*. His Lordship is admitted to have vast estates, but the land is for the most part poor. His rents are exceptionally low. He is no miser. Irish impressions of the man are caricatures. So run the accounts given by friends of the noble

lord. Mr. Birrell, at any rate, described the case of Lord Clanricarde to the Commons as "shocking." He is the type and may become the classical instance of the absentee landlord. His estate is said to have been the scene of more murders than all the rest of Ireland taken together. Boycotting in its active form does not seem to have been directed against Lord Clanricarde's bailiffs of late. Mr. Birrell and Mr. Long, as we have seen, can not agree as to whether there is or is not in Ireland at this time any such thing as boycotting.

IS THERE boycotting in your diocese?" One Roman Catholic prelate was asked on the witness stand. "What do you mean by boycotting?" asked the cleric. "I mean," said the cross-examiner, "the practice that goes by that name in Ireland now." "A great many practices," was the reply, "go by that name in Ireland now." The *London Times* gives instances. The method is passive. It consists in not speaking to or buying from or having anything whatever to do with the victim or with anybody who deals with him. Open insult or taunt is never resorted to. One hears no drumming or blowing of horns. If the victim enters a shop he is allowed to buy. But if he wishes to sell land or crops or to dispose of cattle at a fair no one goes near him. His servants give him legal notice of their intention to go. They can not be replaced. He can get no ordinary service from his fellow creatures. The blacksmith, the carpenter and the grocer have no time to fill his orders. They take his instructions civilly, but put him off indefinitely. The word "boycott" is never pronounced. The legal penalties attached to the practice are evaded. Such are the results in the south of Ireland of the judicial decision in what is known as the Tallow conspiracy case, in which a boycotted plaintiff recovered \$25,000 damages against some nine defendants. In the north of Ireland, where the boycott is more flagrant, the victim, affirms the *London Times*, has to walk twenty-seven miles to get bread, tea and sugar. Mr. Birrell says such cases are exceptional. Mr. Long calls them typical. In all that concerns the crisis in Ireland the opposed parties have each a set of facts about which the other knows nothing. Mr. Balfour flatly contradicts Mr. Bryce, and both gentlemen claim to have firsthand information. For the moment, however, Ireland, to employ the *London Post's* word, is "quiet." She is waiting for Mr. Birrell. If Mr. Birrell should offer Ireland a substitute for the Home Rule she seeks, times may change.

TO a Prime Minister who, like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is recovering from an illness, Ireland alone should seem crisis enough. The statesman's physicians have warned him away from all-night sessions of the House of Commons. Yet one of them stretched over nineteen hours with Sir Henry in the fiercest heat of debate. Such ordeals will be child's play, predicts the *London Standard*, when Home Rule comes up. But Home Rule plays second fiddle, in the opinion of the *London Telegraph*, to that war of extermination upon the House of Lords which Sir Henry means to make final. "At this present moment," to sum it all up in the words of the *London Times*, "the constitutional position of the House of Lords is rapidly becoming the one vital question under which all others are being gathered." The question is so vital to the Prime Minister, at any rate, that notwithstanding the violence of a cold, he arose from his bed of suffering to denounce the Lords to the Commons. Only recently, he explained, two great measures demanded by the country and elaborated with pains in the lower house had been destroyed by the peers. One of these bills had been so mutilated by their lordships as to fail altogether to accomplish a purpose of which the voters of the land approved. "The other was destroyed by the most summary process of contemptuous rejection." Having amplified these phrases by a comparison of the House of Lords to a watch dog rousing itself from somnolence "by a sudden access of bitter ferocity," Sir Henry retired to the private sitting-room of his official residence in Downing street and summoned the doctors. Opposition speakers complain that the Prime Minister absents himself too much from debate. Rarely does he accomplish any such quantity of talking as was extracted from him by last month's bill to bestow the parliamentary suffrage upon women. Sir Henry supported that measure in a personal and unofficial capacity, and it was voted down by the Commons, or rather it was talked out of the House amid general protestations of admiration for the female sex.

EYEBALLS never flashed with fire more lurid than that that kindled in the countenance of the President of the Board of Trade when he held up the House of Lords last month to the execration of Britons. Mr. Asquith charged the peers in the House of Commons only. Mr. Lloyd-George did the fighting on the platform to vast audiences of those

Nonconformists by whom he is beloved. "What I want to know," shouted he quite recently to his assembled constituents, with great energy of gesture, "is what good comes of Liberal victories if the work of the party is to be frustrated by a house chosen by nobody, representative of nobody and accountable to nobody?" He described the peers "as high born gentlemen whose interest in life has been and remains chiefly the pursuit of game." Must the destinies of Britain be forever in the hands of six hundred gamekeepers? Not a twentieth of them have ever earned the cost of their board and lodging. Thus the President of the Board of Trade. "Legalized greed and social selfishness," the great Welsh Nonconformist went on, "have their bulwark in the peers." He warned them all to study the history of the French Revolution. Mr. Balfour asked if the guillotine is to be set up in Parliament Square.

* * *



WITH General Botha as its first Prime Minister, the entry of the late South African Republic into the rank of the self-governing communities which compose the British Empire occurred last month. Thus, within less than five years of the surrender at Vereeniging, Louis Botha, commander-in-chief of the forces opposed to the British in the field, as is pointed out by the *London Times*, "the victor of Colenso, of Spion Kop and of Bakenlaagte," takes the oath as Edward VII's first minister in what has been made a British colony. The Botha ministry is made up for the most part of members of the race which England reduced to defeat. "It relies," admits the *London Times* somewhat dolefully, "on the votes of a solid phalanx of Boer members" for its lease of power in the freshly chosen legislature. It has been affirmed by the more discontented commentators upon this situation that the complexion of the new South African government is quite too much like the looks of the Boer staff in the late South African war. General Botha is now forty-four. He speaks English and Dutch with equal fluency—"or rather," says the *London Post*, "equally sparingly, for he is, as a rule, sententious." The general is a man of considerable wealth. He lives in a beautiful home near Pretoria, where he has been leading the existence of a country gentleman for some years. He is an inveterate reader. One may usually find upon his library table the latest success from London. The *London dailies express* a hope that as Prime

Minister of the Transvaal the general will be loyal to Britain, but there are doubting Thomases. There can be no doubt that General Botha will be the most conspicuous personality at the approaching colonial conference in London. He has been invited to a seat with the Prime Ministers of Australia, Canada and New Zealand in the council that is to unify the British Empire.

* * *



PIUS X assured a French cardinal last month that he hopes for no concessions of any kind from the ministry in Paris headed by Premier Clémenceau. His Holiness has decided to refuse henceforth all contributions to Peter's pence from the faithful in France, owing to the urgent local necessities of the Church there. The papal secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val, has let it become known that the situation at the Vatican, in regard to all that concerns the war between Church and State in France, is "almost ludicrously misrepresented" by Paris journals. They speak of Cardinal Rampolla, supported by one group in the sacred college, gaining the ear of the sovereign pontiff one day, while the irreconcilables, headed by Cardinal Vives y Tuto, are in the ascendant the next. These alternations of factional supremacy are declared to result from the inability of the princes of the Church to agree upon a decisive attitude to the eldest daughter of the Church. "As a matter of fact," runs the authorized announcement, "there has seldom, if ever, existed in Vatican circles a greater unanimity of opinion than that which surrounds and now supports the Pope in maintaining a policy with regard to the French Church." From that policy the sovereign pontiff has never wavered. It is his own. Cardinal Merry del Val, the papal secretary of state, never inspired it. Stories that Spanish and Austrian influences or German prelates instigated the Pope to disregard the material interests of the Roman Catholic religion in France are pronounced calumnies. Nor is papal policy swayed by the religious orders in anything pertaining to Church and State throughout the third republic. The Pope insists that he is waiting only to discuss all differences with France on their own merits, and to arrive at an open settlement. The Clémenceau ministry persists in its refusal to negotiate with an alien authority interfering, as it charges, with French domestic politics. Somebody, predicts the clerical *Gaulois*, must go to Canossa.

Persons in the Foreground

THE SEVEN RAILWAY KINGS OF AMERICA



OF RAILWAY presidents in the United States there are hundreds. Of railway kings there are but seven. The president is the executive chief of a single line. The king is the financial ruler of a system of affiliated lines. He may not be even an officer of any one line and yet be the king of the system. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, does not hold any important railroad office, yet he is the monarch over one-fifth of the mileage of the United States. Ex-Judge William H. Moore, the king of the Rock Island system, is only a director of the road. Ability to run a railroad is one thing. Ability to finance a railroad or a system of railroads is another thing.

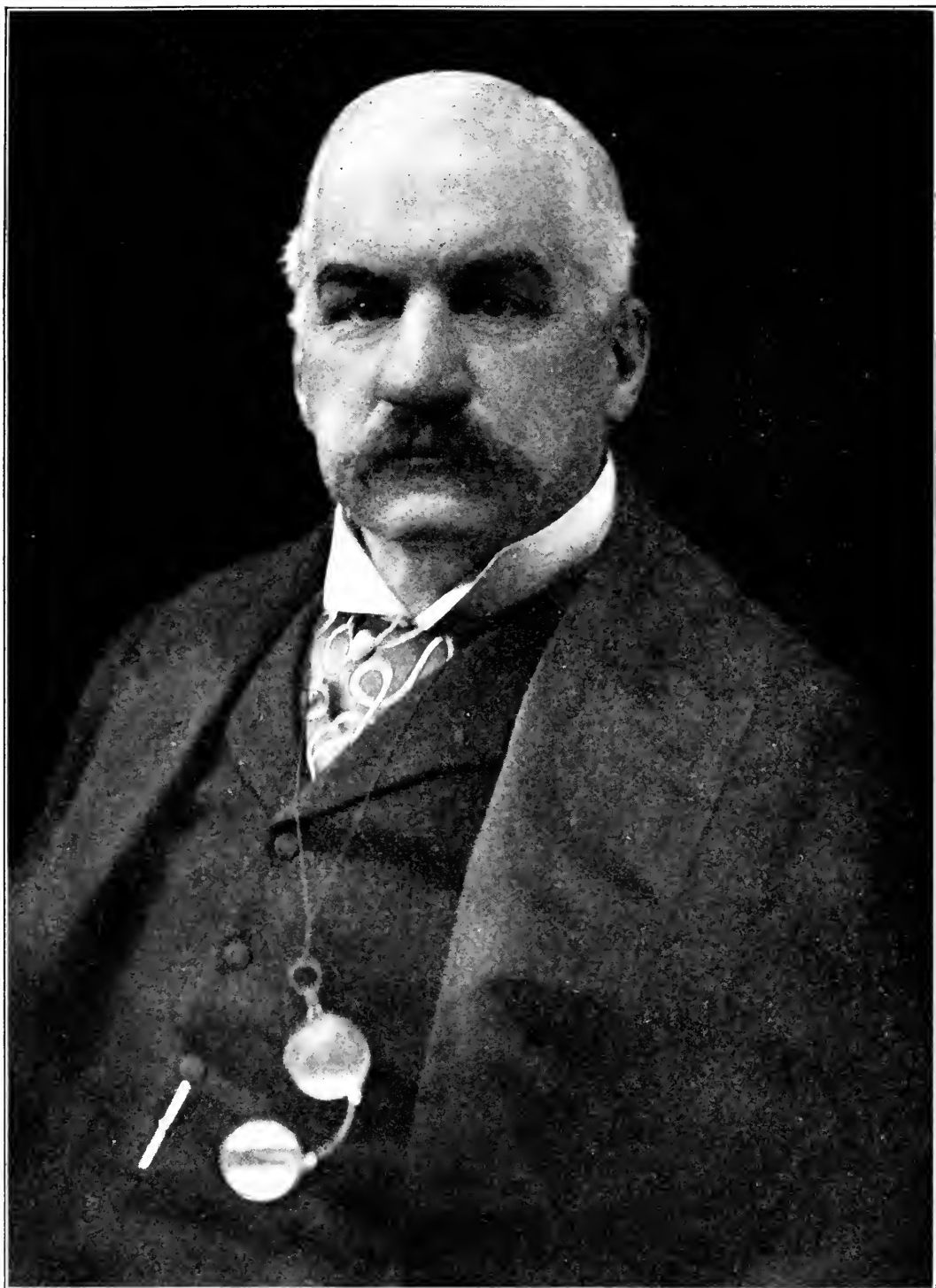
The seven kings in the order of their importance are: J. Pierpont Morgan, Edward H. Harriman, William K. Vanderbilt, Henry C. Frick, James J. Hill, George J. Gould and William H. Moore. Their domain comprises more than 161,000 miles of railroad track with earnings of \$1,776,000,000 a year. Outside of their seven dominions are to be found but 25 per cent. of the total mileage of the country, and but 15 per cent. of the railroad earnings. This nation of forty-five sovereign states seems to be entering into a struggle with these seven kings and their army of officers and employees. The contest is attracting the attention of all Europe and of the Orient as well, and the personal characters of the seven men become a subject of general interest.

Mr. Morgan has reached the age of three score years and ten, "the scarred victor of a hundred battles." He was born to the career he has pursued. His father was a prominent banker. On both sides Mr. Morgan inherits famous New England blood. John Pierpont the poet and James Pierpont the clergyman were his maternal ancestors. He was born in Hartford and schooled in Boston and Göttingen, Germany. He began his training as a banker before he was twenty-one. A few years ago it was estimated that his bank represented 1,100,000,000 dollars. No other man or number of men, according to Judge Gary, could have accomplished what Morgan did when he organized the United States Steel

Corporation. But he has been more than a financial magnate. His interest in art and his active work in connection with the Metropolitan Museum of New York City are widely known, and more than once his art purchases in Europe have disturbed governmental circles and excited parliamentary discussions. His interest in religious affairs has been equally constant, if not equally potent. He has participated in the national councils of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and one of the sights worth seeing in New York of a Sunday is Pierpont Morgan passing around the plate at Dr. Rainsford's church, or what was Dr. Rainsford's church up to a year ago. There is no doubt that this requires some self-denial on his part, for this great man has a peculiarity of personal appearance in regard to which he is excusably sensitive. None of his photographs is as veracious as that portrait that Cromwell sat for when he insisted on being painted just as he was, warts and all. Mr. Morgan's nasal organ is not only large enough to cast Cyrano de Bergerac's into the shade, but it is red and bulbous. Aside from it the whole appearance of the man speaks of power. Of impressive physical bulk, he has a firm tread, a splendid brain-box, large features, and his every gesture is masterful. His words are few and weighty. Writing of Morgan as he appeared in 1901, when he took up the task of organizing the steel "trust," Herbert N. Casson, in *Munsey's*, says:

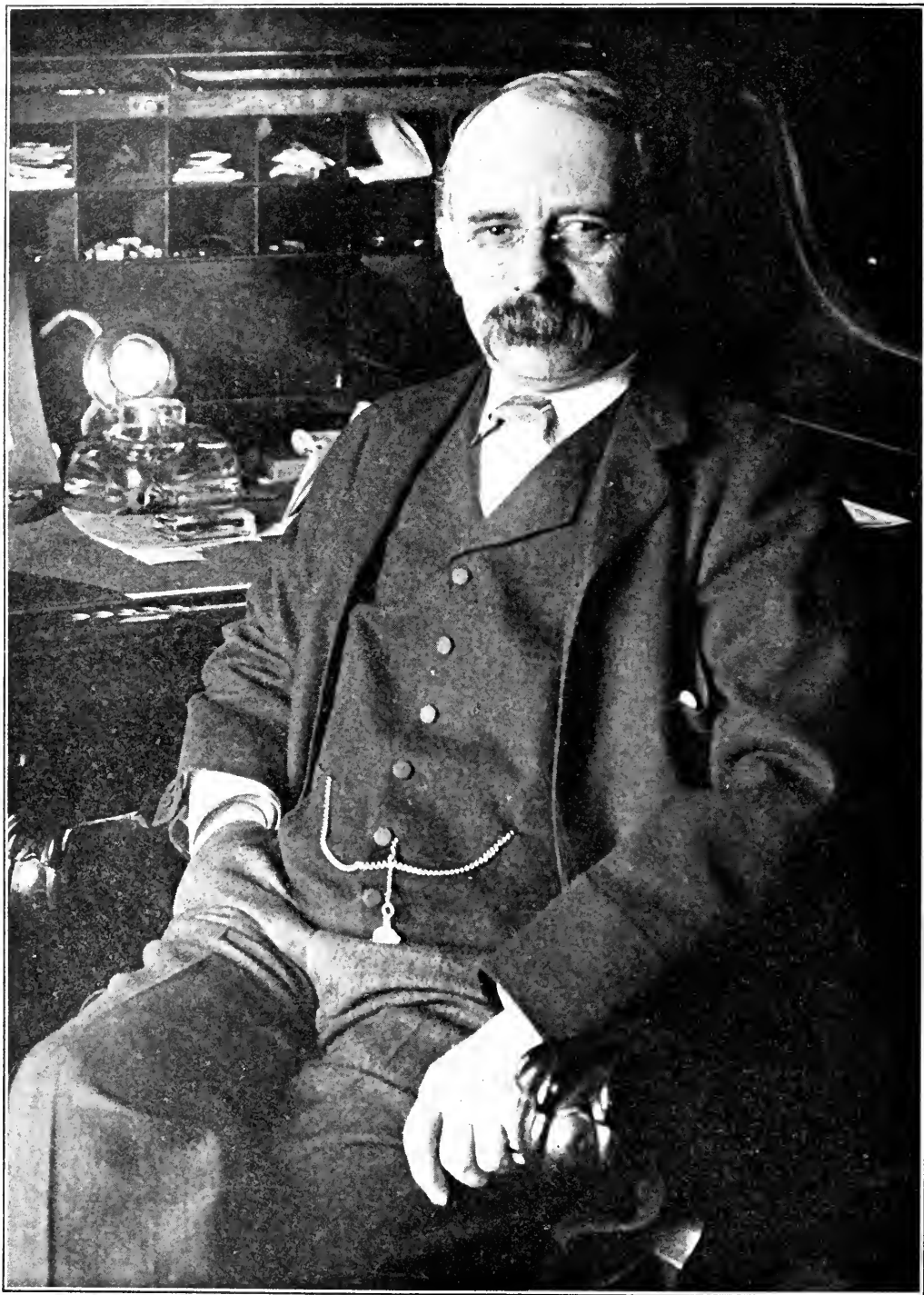
"No man aroused more fear or higher respect in Wall Street. No one was so terribly masterful as he. Like Luther, when he spoke his words were half battles." To anger him was to brave the rage of an incarnate Bessemer converter. In whatever group he sat, he dominated those around him as if he were the ruler of a constellation of worlds instead of a mere inhabitant of a single planet."

Next in importance to Morgan comes Mr. E. H. Harriman, now rapidly becoming one of the best-known of all the great financiers in his personal qualities, but up to a few weeks ago, before he came out of his shell, one of the least known. His career has been too recently sketched in these pages to do anything now but add a few touches from later sources. Frederick Palmer has a graphic



"ALMOST MORE THAN A MAN—A BRITISH-AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

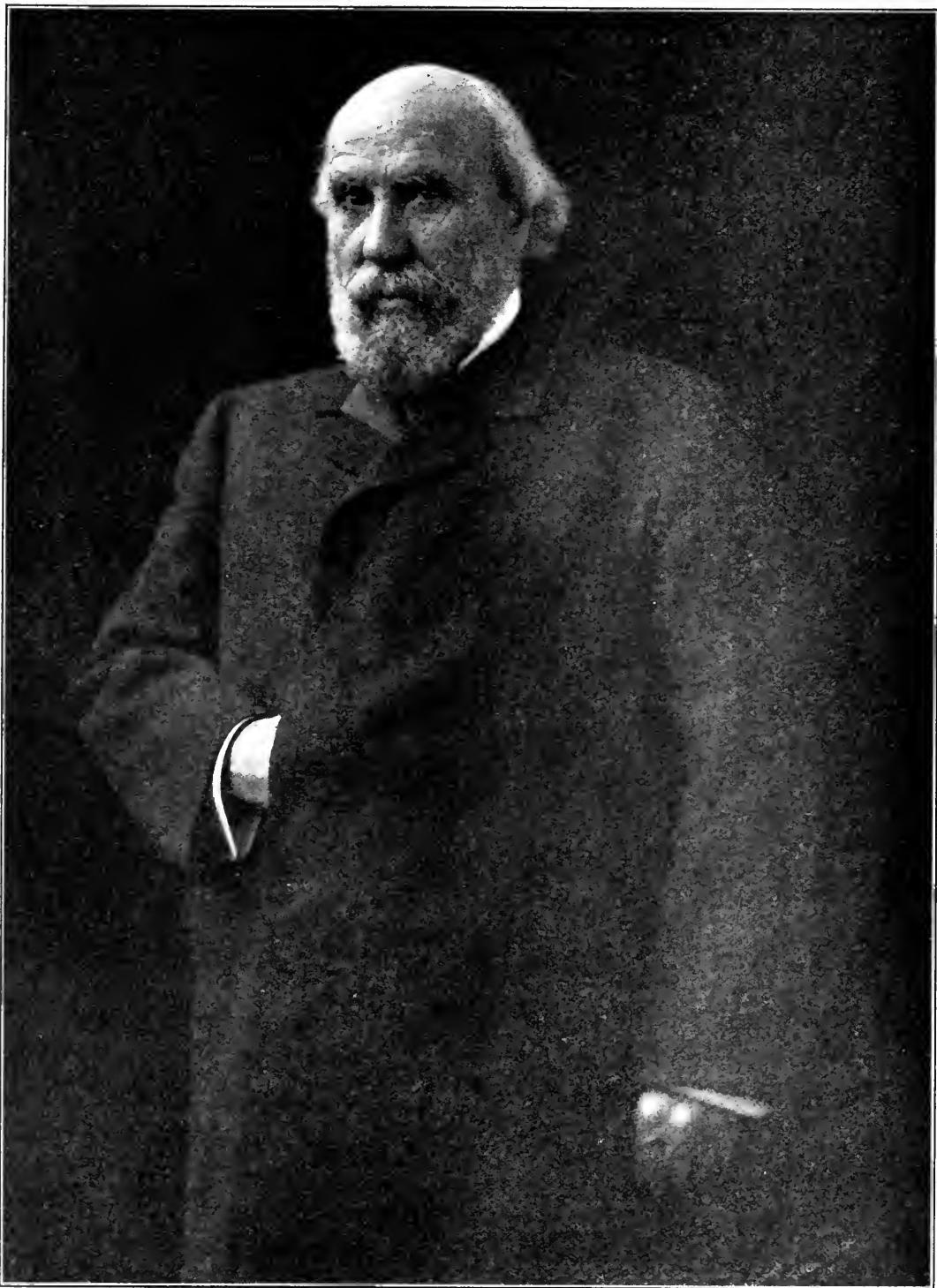
That is the phrase with which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is described by an enthusiastic magazine writer. No other man in the realm of high finance has elicited such superlative praise from his associates. "Mr. Morgan," says one, "is the biggest man this age has seen, and will continue the biggest until he leaves the world of activity of his own accord." Another zealous financier declares that within twenty years a statue of Morgan will be placed in some public square to commemorate his wonderful organizing ability.



From stereograph, copyright 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

"I HAVE BEEN A PACK-HORSE ALL MY LIFE"

Mr. Edward H. Harriman is described by Frederick Palmer as "the least obtrusive of any great millionaire with whom I have ever come in contact." The same writer gives this pen-sketch: "His slight figure is wiry, enduring, sufficient to carry the great mentality, and his eyes are young, very young, for his years—eyes which can twinkle with a subtle humor and a kindly humor, but oftener on duty snap or say: 'You do that!' in a way that saves words. His big forehead and his eyes belong to a giant about twelve feet in height, and you soon cease to see anything else."



THE DREAMER WHO DOES THINGS

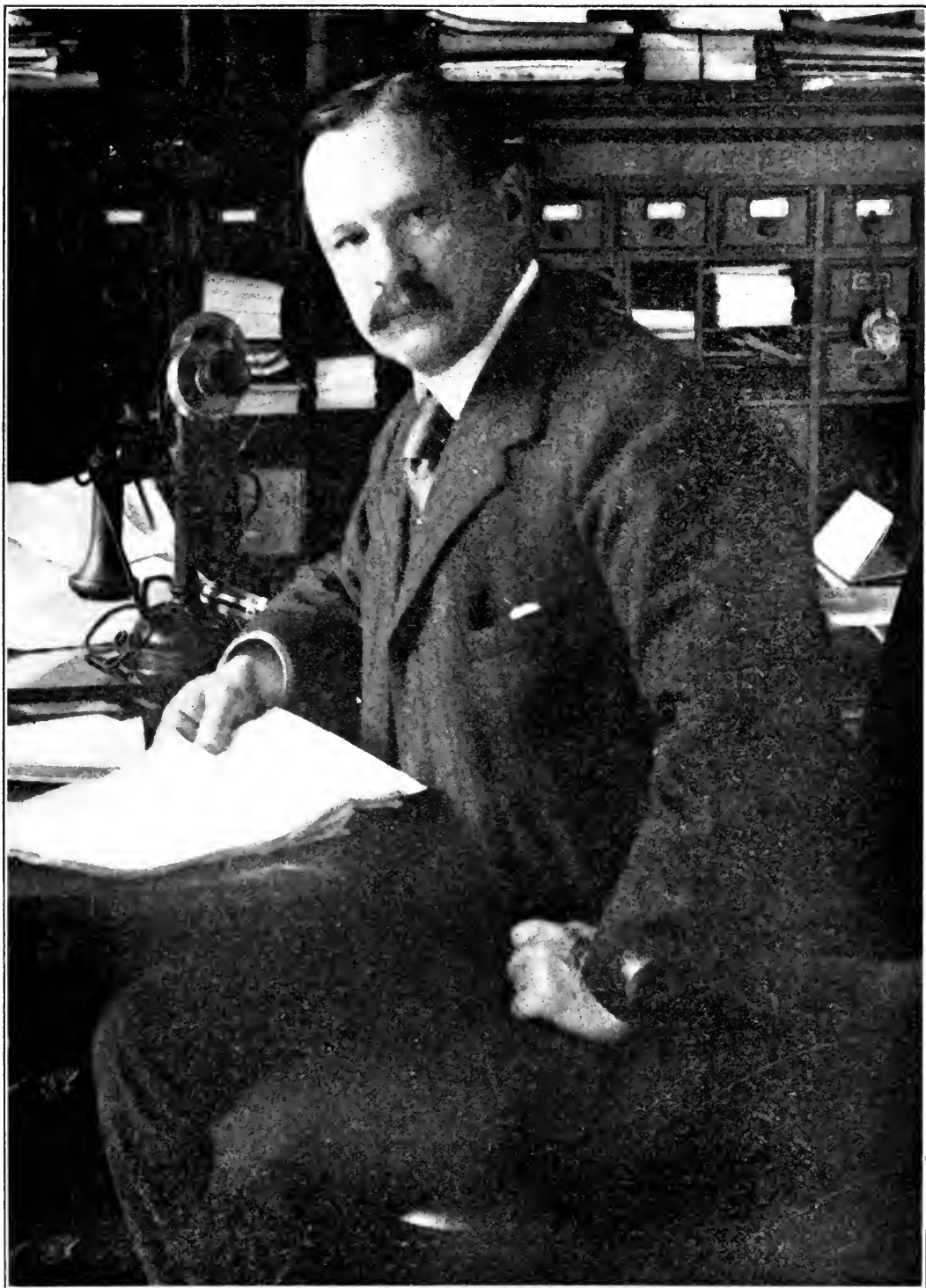
James J. Hill's first name should be Joseph, for, like the lad who was sold by his brothers into slavery, Hill has always been seeing visions, and then with great practical ability proceeding to realize them. Wall Street is said to have no charms for him. He would rather drink a bowl of buttermilk with one of the farmers along the line of his railroads and talk over the best way to improve the breed of hogs than to take luncheon with J. Pierpont Morgan and exchange views on what Harriman is going to do next. Hill and Harriman are at sword's point; but "anyhow," says Harriman proudly, "he calls me Ed."



Photograph by Atman & Co., N. Y.

"THE RAILROAD ARISTOCRAT"

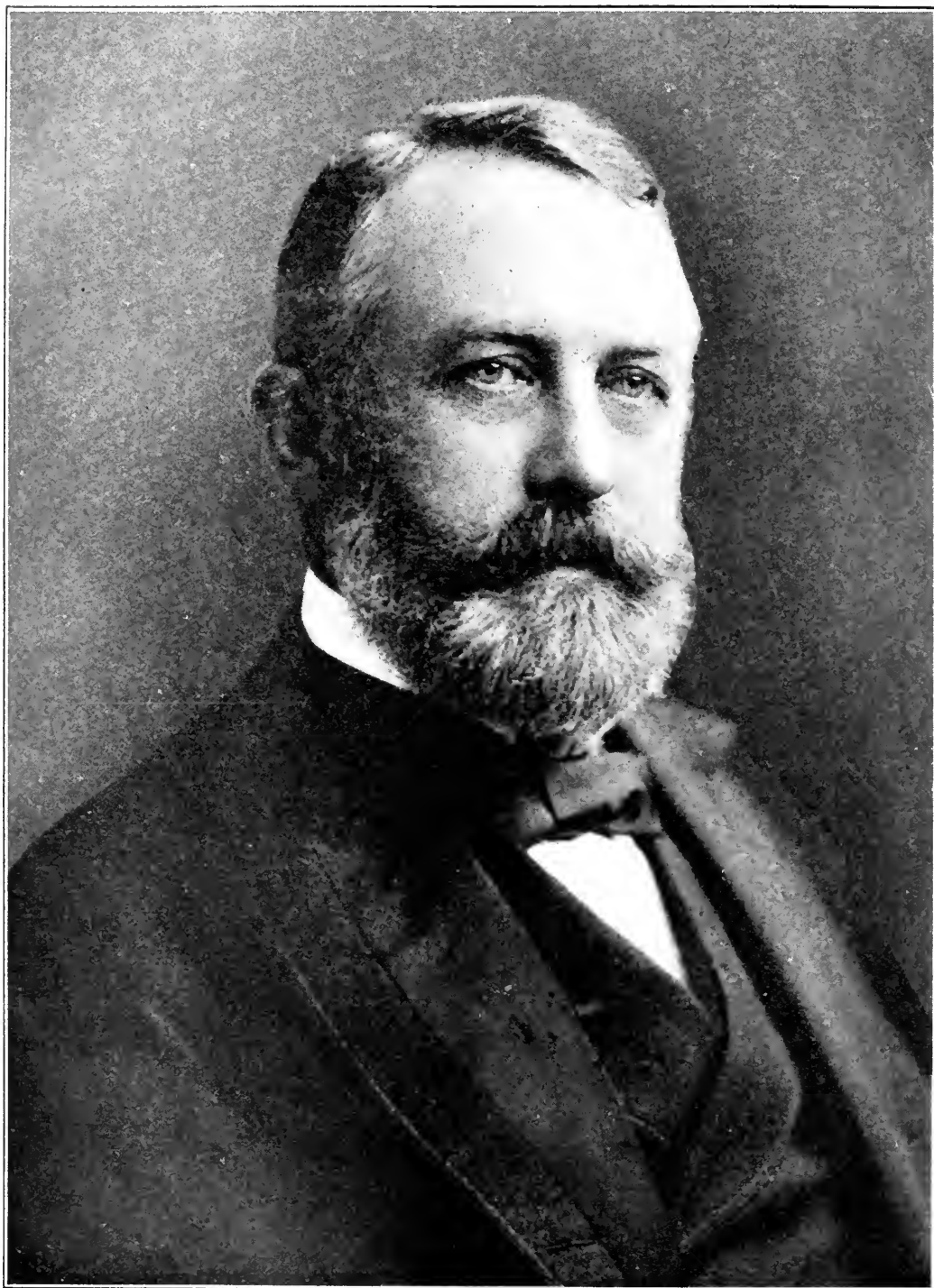
Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, instead of achieving financial greatness as most of the present kings of finance have had to do, was born financially great, and it is only within the last few years that he has awakened from a lethargy that placed his roads at a great disadvantage in competition with other systems. Half his time has been of late years spent in France. His friendship with Harriman has been one of the latter's strongest assets in reaching his present position.



From stereograph, copyright 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A RAILROAD KING BY RIGHT OF INHERITANCE

George J. Gould is described as "the sick man of the railroad powers." He has ambition and energy and courage, but not as much of either as is required in coping with the masters of men who have fought their way to the head of other railway systems. He is, however, the youngest man of the group by fourteen years.



ONCE A BOOKKEEPER IN A DISTILLERY, NOW A RAILROAD KING OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

Mr. Henry C. Frick has had a powerful hand in many big transactions, but he is described as being as unostentatious in his personal affairs as in his business dealings. "For him no hobnobbing with prince and potentates, no dazzling trail along the Great White Way, no architectural monstrosities, no amatory entanglements or quick-lunch divorces. Wealth has not turned his head nor altered the even tenor of his way."



Photograph by Mishkin, N. Y.

"THE SPHINX OF THE ROCK ISLAND"

Ex-Judge William H. Moore is perhaps the foremost representative in America of what has developed into a new profession—that of "promoter." Originally a corporation lawyer, he has played a leading part in organizing great industrial concerns loosely called trusts, and is now numbered among the biggest of the railroad financiers. He is regarded as Harriman's pet foe.

portrayal of Harriman at close range in a recent number of *Collier's*. He writes:

"My first glimpse of the real man was on a voyage. When the ocean is the Pacific, and there are few people aboard, you learn your fellow passengers pretty well; so you did on this occasion, including two United States Senators. Harriman spent more time with the engineer than with them.

"On the whole, he was the least obtrusive of any great millionaire with whom I have ever come in contact. Whether he is doing a kindness or doing business, he never uses words where thought or action will take their place. I noticed that when he told a steward to move a lady's chair to a better position it was in an undertone of brevity. The lady did not know of his thoughtfulness. She would if James J. Hill had been in Harriman's place. Pierpont Morgan's politeness would have had the aplomb of a Jove.

"We started from Yokohama with the idea of beating the record to San Francisco. A smooth sea all the way meant an even chance of success. This disappeared for everybody except Harriman when the first three days were entirely unpropitious. I think that he thought we must succeed because he himself was aboard. When some one offered him a bet of \$2,000 to \$1,000 that he would fail he took it. Then he started out to win the bet with all the zest that he has shown in obtaining control over a new railroad. Fair weather broke the next day and continued. We began to feel that the quiet little man was putting demoniacal energy into the stokers and into the very engines. By the dramatic space of a few minutes he won. Harriman never advertised the fact that he gave the \$2,000 to the engine-room crew. Winning was the point in mind."

Mr. Harriman is in the habit, according to Mr. Palmer, of working with characteristic intensity for but four days of the week, and of playing the other three. "When he plays, he is a boy, and the younger the people he plays with the better he likes it. People who know him at play wonder how he can ever hold his own in Wall Street." Even his Wall Street enemies, Mr. Palmer adds, would have to like Mr. Harriman a little if they saw how he likes children. Next to the President, however, the Street dislikes him more than any other living man, because he keeps his particular game dark. To quote again:

"It is characteristic of him to decide one minute about a matter of millions and the next to show a clerk how to perform his task more simply and definitely. If the Government owned the railroads, probably Harriman would be the best man to manage them. Love of power plays a greater part in his character than love of money. If he had commanded an army against the country's enemies as efficiently as he has commanded a railroad system, his laconic remarks would be historic and he would be a hero and poor instead of rich. When in nine years he has made such a powerful system, what may he not do in the next nine if unimpeded? He may satisfy his ambition to run a through sleeper from New York to San Fran-

cisco. Or, hard times and Government action may cut in two the mileage he now controls. He marks an epoch. The epoch is on trial and not his personality. The jury is the people of the communities not always on 'the main line of results' throughout the country, whose relations with the railroads are as intimate as that of a fishing village to the sea. And the discussion has only begun."

Among the seven kings of the railroads Harriman has but two allies—Frick and Vanderbilt. Morgan, Hill, Gould and Moore are all his financial enemies.

Mr. Henry C. Frick, who is on friendly relations with Harriman and the Standard Oil group, is also adroit enough to maintain close relations with Mr. Morgan and at the same time to maintain his independence. He is credited with being to-day, at the age of 57, the dominant man in the Pennsylvania system, the ruler in the political affairs of the Keystone state, and one of the organizers and prominent manipulators of the big steel corporation. He is said to be "probably the most unpopular man in Pittsburg among his fellow financiers," but his power is not denied. He more than any other one man was responsible for the Homestead riots years ago, being at that time the manager of the Carnegie mills; yet in spite of the bitter hatred aroused on the part of workmen—culminating in an anarchistic attack upon his life—he has, since the death of Quay, stepped into the position of political dictator of the state. He is adroit, unostentatious and a tireless worker. According to general belief, it was he who selected Knox for United States Senator and who selected McCrea for the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad when Cassatt died. Says a recent newspaper writer: "Frick, more than any of his compeers, is goaded by the Alexandrian thirst for conquest, and conquest alone, not simply the spoils of victory except as they may be useful in helping to other conquests."

As to his private life, a *World* writer has this to say:

"There is nothing Pecksniffian about Mr. Frick's rectitude. He preaches no homilies, conducts no Sunday-schools, endows no libraries, has never fathered any set of maxims on how to win success and is absolutely callous to the fear of dying disgraced through riches. . . . Neither has Mr. Frick advertised the folly of Pittsburg's sudden wealth. He is as unostentatious in his personal affairs as in his business dealings. For him no hobnobbing with prince and potentates, no dazzling trail along the Great White Way, no architectural monstrosities, no amatory entanglements or quick lunch divorces. Wealth has not turned his head nor altered the even tenor of his life. His one fad is wholly admirable—flowers,

and he shares it with the people of Pittsburg, who are welcomed annually to the great chrysanthemum display in the Frick conservatories. His new summer residence at Pride's Crossing is probably the most ambitious display of wealth he has ever permitted himself, and that is merely in keeping with the solid fortunes of neighboring estates."

One thing to their credit may be said of the railway kings of to-day: they are not railroad wreckers. Harriman has come dangerously near to being a wrecker at times in his stock manipulations, but he has, on the whole, been a builder, and when he has destroyed it was seen later than he was sacrificing lesser projects for something greater. But only one of the seven men has obtained his supremacy because of his practical knowledge of the railroad business as distinct from railroad financing. That one man is James J. Hill, now in his sixty-ninth year. The other men have taken roads already developed and by combinations and organization schemes increased their power and efficiency. Hill was a railroad pioneer before he became a railroad king. He has dreamed and dared and done things. He is more of an empire-builder than any other man in the business, and his real development work has been done in the northwest, instead of in Wall Street.

William K. Vanderbilt and George J. Gould are men of character and ability; but they have not had to fight their way up as the other railway kings have done, and they lack, in consequence, the masterfulness that comes of such conquest. They are railroad kings not because their personal qualities marked them out for such a career, but because it was forced upon them, so to speak, by inheritance. Gauged by any ordinary standards they have acquitted themselves very creditably; but they

have wholly failed to keep up the pace that has been set for them by their rivals, and railroad men are disposed to speak slightly of them these days. The truth probably is that neither man felt that the running of his father's or grandfather's railroads was the only thing the Creator had placed him here for, and each has been attracted by other joys than those in the arena of conflict. Mr. Vanderbilt especially has been an absentee king for a large part of the time, while big men were breaking their backs and reputations trying to run his roads. Gould has been more attentive to his kingdom and his industry is considerable. What he lacks is that supreme development of nerve that comes only as the result of long fighting and hard-won victories. He is in the prime of life, being but 43 years of age, and he may yet develop qualities that will place him among the real masters of men. He is the youngest of all the railway kings. Mr. Frick, the next youngest, is fourteen years his elder, being 57. Mr. Vanderbilt is 58, Mr. Harriman and Judge Moore are each 59, Mr. Hill is 69 and Mr. Morgan 70. George Gould has many years in which to "make good."

Ex-Judge Moore, "the sphinx of the Rock Island," as he is called, has kept himself out of the limelight successfully, so far as his personality is concerned. He is an Amherst man, but not an Amherst graduate, ill health cutting short his collegiate career. He went to Wisconsin to study law and to Chicago to practice it, making a specialty of corporation law. He and his younger brother, James H., developed a genius for promotion of corporate enterprises, including the Carnegie Steel Co., the Diamond Match Co., the National Biscuit Co., the American Tin Plate Co. and the American Steel Plate Co.

THE MOST CONSPICUOUS FIGURE IN ENGLISH POLITICS TO-DAY



FIFTY-SEVEN, short of stature, bespectacled, gray-haired, married, of melancholy mien, the father of five daughters, a lover of long walks, fond of fishing and given to the smoking of long clay pipes, Augustine Birrell, having got the education bill through the House of Commons, now faces a labor to which Gladstone was unequal—the establishment by law of a legislative body to sit in Dublin and deal with Irish as distinguished from British affairs. The most conspicuous figure in Eng-

lish politics to-day, therefore, is the thin-lipped, stockily built lover of books and children who has so recently succeeded James Bryce in the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. For months past, in fact, all England has rung with the name of Augustine Birrell. Yet he was not a member of the last parliament, and he is still in a way a newcomer in his country's politics. It is quite true that previously to 1900 he spent eleven years "very happily," to quote his own words, in the House of Commons. He did so, however, in its

"corners and purlieus" as remote as possible from the benches upon which sit members of the ministry, those high and mighty ones at whom he was wont to gaze, he has said, "with feelings of amazement, amusement and admiration alternately striving for mastery" within his soul. He is now on those benches himself.

Augustine Birrell began life badly by being the wag and bright fellow at school, and he had the additional misfortune later to write a volume of "*Obiter Dicta*" in what he has described as a "misguided moment" and one which he is now anxious to forget. But he has still to live down his past, still to convince his country that he is no mere man of letters turned politician, but a hard-working barrister and professor of law who has done much to build up the Liberal party as England knows it now, and who incidentally wrote some essays upon his favorite authors—Doctor Johnson, Hazlitt, Lamb and so forth. Mr. Birrell was never even inside the reading room of the British Museum until years after the publication of his "*Obiter Dicta*," and he is one of the highest living authorities on the legal liabilities of trustees. The accusation that he is nothing but a man of letters was hurting him at North Bristol a year or more ago, when he stood for Parliament there. But Mr. Birrell satisfied his constituents that literature, like pedestrianism and golf, is simply one of his recreations. It was a time when any Tom, Dick and Harry could be elected on the Liberal ticket, and the author of "*Obiter Dicta*" returned to the House of Commons after a long exile from its benches.

Augustine Birrell has described himself as a Nonconformist born and bred, a man nurtured in Nonconformist history and Nonconformist traditions, one who might almost be described as having been born in a Nonconformist library. He was born, at any rate, in the home of that sometime prominent Nonconformist clergyman, Rev. Charles Birrell, who disliked the Church of England so much that he forbade his youngest son, our Augustine, to study the church catechism. Augustine, however, was attending the Church of England school in Liverpool, the foundation stone of which was laid by Mr. Gladstone. "I need scarcely say," he told a crowded House of Commons years later, "it was a thoroly sound Church of England establishment from top to bottom." When Augustine, barely in his teens, was asked to claim from his master exemption from the Church catechism he flatly refused to do anything of the kind. In consequence

he can, Nonconformist tho he be, repeat it to-day. He knew what it was in those days to be what was called "a minority child." Englishmen belonging always to a dominant sect never realize what it is to be a minority child. "If they had had that experience which has always been mine," says Augustine Birrell, "they would have known that uniformity is the very creed of childhood, and that any reasonable child would far sooner be wicked than singular." This bit of autobiography was imparted to a packed House in the loud roar, like a bassoon, for which the voice of Augustine Birrell is famous, and the right honorable gentleman was interrupted by the wildest laughter. His mother, herself the daughter of a Nonconformist clergyman, had, it seems, some notion of rearing Augustine in the traditional profession of the family. One of his earliest recollections is of walking down the main street of Wavertree—the village just outside Liverpool in which he was born—and seeing a "noisy crowd" parading to "a hideous blare on musical instruments." Augustine's nurse told him the mob was celebrating the battle of the Boyne. From that moment he dates a hatred of "the tradition of bigotry" which kept him out of the clerical profession. So he passed from Liverpool College—still studying the Church catechism—to Cambridge, became a barrister at twenty-five and found himself, after a year of married life, a widower at twenty-nine. Not until he was thirty-four did his first published book, "*Obiter Dicta*," see the light. He had entered his fortieth year before he got into parliament, where for nearly a dozen years he remained in obscurity, only to go out in defeat at last. It looked as if Augustine Birrell must be content with lecturing on the duties and liabilities of trustees—he did it learnedly—or with editing Boswell's Johnson, publishing collected essays and that sort of thing. He had, to be sure, married the widow of Lionel Tennyson and was bringing up an interesting family of children partly on the Church catechism and partly in the traditions of Nonconformity. He had likewise manifested adroitness of a rare kind in the compilation and circulation of political campaign literature for the Liberal organization in England. But nobody dreamed that as he approached sixty Augustine Birrell would become the most conspicuous figure in the public life of his country.

It is to the fact that he is of all humorists the most persuasive that the new chief secretary for Ireland owes his compelling position in the House of Commons. That most meta-

physical of humorists, Arthur Balfour, is scornfully facetious. Should a private member entreat Mr. Balfour to explain himself, the Conservative leader will ironically apologize for his own lack of perspicacity, the deficiency of his own intelligence which neutralizes all further effort to be lucid. The private member collapses amidst the general hilarity. The Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is savagely facetious, never hesitating to compare some honorable friend to a gas meter or to a ferocious animal. It is only Augustine Birrell who can be lovably facetious. The point of his finest shaft, while always of burnished quality, is without the elongated barb that makes the thrust of Joseph Chamberlain so stabbing. Mr. Birrell always turns the laugh against himself. "I lay no flattering unction to my soul," he said in his great speech on the education bill when he apologized for being an absurd person. "I know full well what you have all come here expecting for to see—a reed shaken by the wind, quivering and trembling in these icy blasts of sectarian differences which more than anything else nip the buds of piety and reference." And a little later: "But I must not to be too gloomy too soon." Mr. Birrell's appearance is conceded to be gloomy, altho never too gloomy, in its delightful antithesis to his language. Grave in all his exterior, in look, gesture, tone and walk, he has a drollery of language that springs from the workings of his mind upon the circumstances in which he finds himself politically. He was characteristically lugubrious, for instance, when comparing the House of Commons during one of its great debates to a week's wash fluttering in the wind:

"On such occasions the House of Commons has reminded me of a great drying ground where all the clothes of a neighborhood may be seen fluttering in a gale of wind. There are nightgowns and shirts and petticoats so distended and distorted by the breeze as to seem the garments of a race of giants rather than of poor mortal men. Even the stockings of some slim maiden, when puffed out by the lawless wind, assume dropsical proportions. But the wind sinks, having done its task, and then the matter-of-fact washerwoman unpicks the garments, sprinkles them with water and ruthlessly passes over them her flat irons—when lo and behold! these giants' robes are reduced to their familiar, domestic and insignificant proportions."

To this ought to be added Mr. Birrell's public acknowledgment that "there was a time when I really desired to be witty." That aspiration long since died within him.

It has been hinted that such Birrellism, as they call it in England, derives an adventitious



THE HUMORIST WHO IS WRESTLING WITH
THE PROBLEM OF IRISH HOME RULE

Augustine Birrell, the persuasive orator and wit of the English ministry, has been entrusted with a labor to which Gladstone proved unequal, the establishment by law of a system of self-government in Ireland.

luster from the sepulchral melancholy of the man, the grim compression of the wide, thin lips, the stern glare of eyes undimmed after lifelong study of all great books, the uncompromising squareness of the jaw. All these taken together are indescribably less mournful than Mr. Birrell's tone of voice when he is on his legs in the House of Commons or when, at the Johnson Club, taking a pipe from his mouth, he begins: "Brother dunces, lend me your ears—not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths." His perfect good faith on such occasions is substantiated in the opinion of his friends by his well-known dislike of actors and of actresses. Yet he is fond of the theater, or at any rate goes often to the play. It is recorded that he sits through a comedy with great solemnity, not that he appreciates no wit, but because he can never divest his countenance of that forlorn expression which makes him look like a murderer. A big, strong woman slapped him in the face in North Bristol and cried, "The murderer of Gordon!" when he came to the house to solicit

her husband's vote. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, who was only president of the Board of Education then, took to his heels, while the woman called "Death!" after him. Mr. Birrell has never canvassed his constituents since. "The slap," he explains, "was very effective."

Mr. Birrell rises early, eats a light breakfast, and goes for a stroll through one of the London parks. It is while in the open air that he puts together the fragments of those speeches in the Commons which the parliamentary reporter punctuates so frequently with "laughter," "loud laughter" or "loud and prolonged laughter." Mr. Birrell has complained that while pondering some oratorical effect in Battersea Park he is likely to be surrounded by a swarm of children all actuated by one longing—namely, to ascertain the time from him. Now that he is the pillar of a ministry, Mr. Birrell can give less personal attention than of yore to his practice as a barrister. But he retains his chambers in Lincoln's Inn as a member of one of the four societies of great antiquity which, like so many medieval gilds, prescribe conditions of fitness for barristers. Mr. Birrell has attained the exalted dignity of a bencher of the Inner Temple. His airy, cheerful chambers lure him daily as of yore. He still dons silk and a wig for his frequent hour or two in court. He possesses one of the best private law libraries in England. He is certainly the most learned jurist who ever held the Quain professorship of law. At the big writing-table near the window of his chambers Mr. Birrell spends many a morning, but the picture of Doctor Johnson over the mantelpiece is the only evident concession he makes to literature here. His professional income from a most successful practice at the bar is said to be expressible in nothing less than five figures.

Augustine Birrell, however, is not in that class of distinguished statesmen of whom it is complained that the personal element merges itself in the official. His character is not technical, but human. There is not the least suggestion in his deportment of debates, of measures of state, of crushing responsibilities. He sits unpretentiously on the corner of a table, swinging one leg back and forth, as he listens stolidly to some grievance of a deputation. One never sees him, or very rarely, in the long frock coat and black high hat to which the conventional type of English political leader is so wedded. His every-day attire is a plain black suit, lacking any crease in the trousers, the coat being of the kind we call sack, and the general effect suggesting that Mr. Birrell sel-

dom has his clothes pressed. He affects, too, that glaring anomaly in a London barrister—a colored shirt. With his billycock hat stuck far back upon his head and with his pipe in his mouth, he permits the natural man to predominate over the artificial character of office by running nimbly for a 'bus. His recreations are not of that expensive kind which make his right honorable friend, Arthur Balfour, one of the most enthusiastic motorists in England. But he shares with that gentleman a keen delight in golf. There is a first-class links near Mr. Birrell's country home at Sheringham, and there he will practice his shots time after time like a billiard player. Mr. Balfour keeps a separate golfing wardrobe, but Mr. Birrell is content to wear out his old clothes on the links. He has had the misfortune to have temporarily, at least, lost his "form" owing to the heavy parliamentary duty imposed upon him by the luckless education bill. His friends look forward to some more of his beautiful tee shots this summer.

For a man whose reputation is so literary he professes much disdain for great accumulations of books and remarkable contempt for Browning societies and Dante clubs. Any writer one likes to read, he insists, is more profitable than the choicest classic. "Far better really to admire Miss Gabblegoose's novels than to pretend to admire Jane Austen's." His most intimate friends are not literary. He boasts that he has no favorite author. Yet he does love book-collecting, and is something of an authority on the "finds" that sometimes reward a careful search in the humbler shops, notwithstanding the ubiquity of the expert dealer in London. It would be wrong, however, to deem Mr. Birrell a bibliophile in the conventional sense. He reads for the pleasure of it and writes only about those authors who interest him. "It is the first business of an author," says Mr. Birrell, "to arrest and then retain the attention of the reader. To do this requires great artifice." Mr. Birrell, pen in hand, has great artifice. Mr. Birrell on the platform or in the House has none. An incomparably vivid personality makes artifice superfluous unless it be artifice to pound a desk or table energetically and bellow one's convictions genially. Mr. Birrell has a voice to rattle windows with. But he is not always loud. He has no platform manner. He drops in on his audience for a chatty visit, tells a little of the story of his life and fills all listeners with wonder that so delightfully free and facetious a person can be a great minister of state.

Literature and Art

DOES PRESENT-DAY FICTION MAKE FOR IMMORALITY?



THE modern novel, according to a writer in the *London Bystander*, is directed mainly toward the abuse of the institution of matrimony. "Whereas the old-fashioned novelist," he remarks, "invariably rang down the curtain on a happy marriage, the writer of the day rings it up on an unhappy one, and the reader enters a world of incompatibility, infidelity, envy, hatred and malice. Love is only sweet when it is illicit; solemnized, it is sour."

This sensational charge reflects a sentiment that seems to be spreading nowadays, and the alleged "immorality" of contemporary fiction is being discussed both in England and this country. The problems involved in the discussion can hardly be discussed lightly. They may be said, without exaggeration, to touch the life of the whole English-speaking race. For no other form of literature is read so widely as the novel; no influence in modern life is more pervasive than that which comes from the printed page.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of *The British Weekly* (London), has lately devoted a leading article to "The Morality of Present-Day Fiction." He takes the position that "it was never more necessary than it is now to scrutinize the novels that are allowed to enter families," and he illustrates the "unhealthy" tendencies of latter-day fiction by citing four of the newest novels. The first, which he does not wish to advertise and therefore does not name, is described as "an argument against marriage, and in favor of free love." In this book one couple is portrayed living happily in a "free union," another couple is shown married, but "miserably unhappy, filled with disgust and loathing for each other." The second illustration is furnished by a novel, also unnamed, in which "the whole interest is that of sex, and the story is concerned with a country girl ruined by one man, marrying another, and forsaking her husband when her betrayer returned and claimed her." Here, too, "all is debased. The atmosphere is that of fatalism. Sin is inevitable and therefore excusable." The third novel cited is "The Whirlwind," by Eden Philpotts, a tale of primitive sex-passions and fierce jealousies. In this case, while the moral law is respected,

the total effect, says Dr. Nicoll, is "not uplifting or purifying." He turns, finally, to an American novel, Mary Wilkins Freeman's latest, "By the Light of the Soul," finding in it a lamentable evidence of warped literary powers. The Miss Wilkins of "A Humble Romance" and "A Far-Away Melody" has become the Mrs. Freeman of pessimistic novels, of "sickly and unwholesome" sentiment. In a paragraph summing up his conclusions Dr. Nicoll says:

"There has been during the last few years a steadily growing favor for the novel of passion. It was checked severely by the Vizetelly prosecution, but publishers and authors have apparently lost their timidity. . . . I do not wish to take up any impossible attitude on the subject, but I do think that it is the duty of those responsible to protect the young so far as it is possible from the evils not only of corrupting literature, but of books the tendency of which is at best dubious."

Dr. Nicoll would doubtless regard the tone of an article on "Insular Fiction" in the current *Edinburgh Review* as a vindication of his alarmist attitude. The *Review* writer expresses himself indirectly, rather than directly, but makes it clear that, in his opinion, the fiction of the day is suffering from the domination of conventional ideas, that is, of "sentimentality, domesticity and propriety." He instances such novels as "The Guarded Flame," "Prisoners" and "The Call of the Blood" as examples of the work of authors who have handled the sex question too gingerly, who have failed because they were afraid to "let themselves go." He concludes:

"The convention prevails; prevails, be it understood, not over the men whose work will endure, who are indifferent to all national impulsion and restriction, but over those who occupy the more important place, in popular esteem, in the appreciation of the omnivorous consumers of fiction whose conclusions are qualified rather by appetite than by taste. The risk art runs from the second-rate arises not from the public fondness for it, but from a misapprehension of its importance; and the mischief wrought by the British convention, both to readers and writers, is assisted in this country by the paucity of a disinterested and determinate assessment of literary values."

In this country discussion of the supposed immoralities of the novel has run along somewhat different lines. One writer, a New York journalist, finds Dr. Nicoll's arguments

superficial and misleading. It is absurd, he thinks, to regard a novel as immoral simply because immorality is depicted in it; for the novelist necessarily employs "the help of the knowledge of evil, as well as the help of the knowledge of good." Moral standards are changing in our day. Our attitude toward morality in general, toward marriage in particular, has undergone a vast transformation. The novel has naturally mirrored these changed standards. But no novels could be more sternly ethical than some of the latest and most widely read, such as Margaret Deland's "Awakening of Helena Richie" and Lucas Malet's "Far Horizon."

The fact is, says Prof. Albert Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, two main tendencies are clearly discernible in current novels. There is, first of all, the tendency to portray life strictly within the bounds of the moral code as at present defined. There is, secondly, the tendency to write irrespective of the present moral code; and this kind of fiction may be either non-ethical, in the sense that it aims at an artistic impression rather than an ethical truth, or it may be intensely moral in the sense that, under the guise of an apparent immorality, it seeks to inculcate higher ethical ideals. Under this latter head Professor


Schinz classifies such novels and plays as those of Bernard Shaw. He goes on to say (in *The International Journal of Ethics*):

"The question cannot be settled once for all from a merely theoretical point of view and *sub specie aeternitatis*; the truth is that a work of art—novel, drama, painting, etc.—may be considered excellent in one country and bad in another, and may be judged in like manner with reference to two different publics in the same country. The famous words of Pascal: 'Vérité en deça des Pyrénées, erreur au delà' (What is truth on this side of the Pyrenees may be falsehood on the other) cannot yet be used in a purely ironical sense; they express actual condition.

"We are not then surprised at the attitude taken in regard to French literature or to the writings of Bernard Shaw by the majority of moralists in America; they read French authors and judge them bad because their books are not suited for the general American public, especially for the masses. But in France the educated portion of society form a separate circle which allows not only the treatment of topics that would be objectionable for the masses, but a treatment of them from another than the conventional point of view.

"When one remembers that nearly all the orthodox views of today were once heterodox, it may easily follow that the moral standards held at present will in time give place to others. New conceptions work slowly; but ideas advanced by the educated strata of society gradually filter down to the uneducated. Therefore, in the writer's opinion, an 'aristocratic intellectuelle' is necessary, and in the long run will contribute to the general welfare."

GEORGE MOORE'S ONSLAUGHT ON PURITANISM IN LITERATURE AND LIFE

HE pagans are all dead with the exception of George Moore and d'Annunzio." Such is the dictum of *The Evening Post*. The paganism of George Moore, it goes on to say, lifts its head and roars aloud in his latest book, the "Memoirs of My Dead Life,"* and in the preface, which assumes the form of an Apologia, Mr. George Moore, according to the same authority, "destroys Christianity and the family, and substitutes for the Bible Gautier's 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.'" Undoubtedly Mr. Moore, whose "Confessions of a Young Man" and later novels, "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes" and "The Lake," have made him one of the most potent forces in contemporary English letters, regards his literary message as "messianic," and reverts in Gautier's erotic production "the golden book of spirit and sense."

The provocation for Mr. Moore's preface

was the refusal of his American publishers to be, in Schopenhauer's immortal phrase, "flattened against the sublime wisdom of the East, like bullets fired against a cliff." They proposed to "simply take out parts" of the author's accounts of his amatory experience, or, as he expresses it, to make of his book "a sort of unfortunate animal whose destiny it was to be thrown on the American vivisection table and pieces taken out of it." He consoles himself with the knowledge that only the best is deemed dangerous, and that no one ever took liberties with Miss Braddon's texts. "The day of the Bowdlerizer is a brief one," he says; "sooner or later the original text is published." Meanwhile Mr. Moore prefixes to his book a vigorous onslaught on Puritanism, and by his stylistic qualities upholds the publisher's contention that "the ermine of English literature" has fallen on his shoulders. He restates, for the benefit of the American public, and with diverting vagaries of his own, the tenets laid down in Gautier's romantic

*MEMOIRS OF MY DEAD LIFE. By George Moore. D. Appleton & Company.

novel,—that gospel of the sensualist and the esthete.

The text of Mr. Moore's erotic sermon is found in a letter from the secretary of a charitable institution whose mind had been disturbed by a reading of the unexpurgated edition of the "Memoirs." The secretary assumes in his communication the existence of an "immutable standard of conduct for all men and women." It is here that, in Mr. Moore's opinion, the fallacy of the young man's argument lies. He thereupon proceeds to interpret in his paradoxical manner the chapter in Genesis where God is angry with our parents because they had eaten of the fruit of good and of evil. He asks:

"Why was God angry? For no other reason except that they had set up a moral standard and could be happy no longer, even in Paradise. According to this chapter the moral standard is the cause of all our woe. God himself summoned our first parents before him, and in what plight did they appear? We know how ridiculous the diminutive fig leaf makes a statue seem in our museums; think of the poor man and woman attired in fig leaves just plucked from the trees. I experienced a thrill of satisfaction that I should have been the first to understand a text that men have been studying for thousands of years, turning each word over and over, worrying over it, all in vain, yet through no fault of the scribe who certainly underlined his intention. Could he have done it better than by exhibiting our first parents covering themselves with fig leaves, and telling how, after getting a severe talking to from the Almighty, they escaped from Paradise pursued by an angel? The story can have no other meaning, and that I am the first to expound it is due to no superiority of intelligence, but because my mind is free."

The moral world, in Moore's opinion, will only become beautiful when we relinquish our ridiculous standards of what is right and wrong, just as the firmament became a thousand times more wonderful and beautiful when Galileo discovered that the earth moved. Kant said: "Two things fill the soul with undying and ever-increasing admiration, the night with its heaven of stars above us and in our hearts the moral law." Mr. Moore for "law" substitutes the word "idea." For the word law seems to imply a standard, and Kant, he says, knew there is none.

What we now call vice, we are told, was once respected and honored; and in many ways the world was more moral before Christian ideas began to prevail. Mr. Moore thereupon recounts an imaginary discussion with an average Christian:

"I am filled with pride when I think of the noble and exalted world that must have existed before Christian doctrine caused men to look upon women with suspicion and bade them

to think of angels instead. Pointing to some poor drab lurking in a shadowy corner, he asks, 'See! is she not a vile thing?' On this we must part; he is too old to change, and his mind has withered in prejudice and conventions; 'a meager mind,' I mutter to myself, 'one incapable of the effort necessary to understand me if I were to tell him, for instance, that the desire is in itself a morality.' It was, perhaps, the only morality the Greeks knew, and upon the memory of Greece we have been living ever since. In becoming *het-airae*, Aspasia, Lais, Phryne, and Sappho have become the distributors of that desire of beauty necessary in a state which had already begun to dream of the temples of Minerva and Zeus."

Many books which the majority of the world regard as licentious possess an almost religious significance for the author of "The Lake." Upon "Mademoiselle de Maupin" he has looked as upon a "sacred book" from the very beginning of his life. It cleared him of the "belief that man has a lower nature," and he learned from it that "the spirit and the flesh are equal, that earth is as beautiful as heaven, and that the perfection of form is virtue." "Mademoiselle de Maupin," he says, "was a great purifying influence, a lustral water dashed by a sacred hand, and the words are forever ringing in my ear, 'by the exaltation of the spirit and the flesh thou shalt live.'" The book, it may be added, is interdicted in England. Mr. Moore ascribes this to the fact that it seems to be the aim of practical morality to render illicit love as unattractive as possible. "The Christian moralist," he says, "would regard Gautier as the most pernicious of writers, for his theme is always the praise of the visible world, of all that we can touch and see; and in this book art and sex are not estranged." He goes on to say:

"I have often wondered if the estrangement of the twain so noticeable in English literature is not the origin of this strange belief that bodily love is a part of our lower nature. . . . The poet and the lover are creators, they participate and carry on the great work begun billions of years ago when the great Breath breathing out of chaos summoned the stars into being. But why do I address myself like this to the average moralist? How little will he understand me!"

All men, Mr. Moore insists, are not the same. "There are men who would die if forced to live chaste lives, and there are men who would choose death rather than live unchaste, and many a woman if she were forced to live with one husband would make him very unhappy, whereas if she lived with two men she would make them both supremely happy." The two great enemies of the clerics and the standard of morality upheld by them are, we are told, the desire to know and the desire to live. The latter is infinitely more potent, and

therefore the popes were "infallible fools" to have persecuted men like Bruno and Galileo. "Boccaccio and the Troubadours should have been burned instead," for they too have taught us that "the world is not all sackcloth and ashes." Gautier's glorification of the beauty of earth and the perfection of form is to Mr. Moore and kindred spirits "a complete and perfect expression of doctrine." "To some," he exclaims, "it will always seem absurd to look to Gautier rather than to a Bedouin for light. Nature produces certain attitudes of mind, and among these is an attitude which regards archbishops as more serious than pretty women. These will never be among my disciples. So leaving them in full possession of the sacraments, I pass on."

Having thus rejected the moral standards of Christianity, Mr. Moore turns with a twinkle in his eye to those who would suppress the erotic element in art:

"What concerns us now to understand is how the strange idea could have come into men's minds that literature is a more potent influence than life itself. The solving of this problem has beguiled many an hour, but the solution seems as far away from solution as ever, and I have never got nearer than the supposition that perhaps this fear of literature is a survival of the very legitimate fear that prevailed in the Middle Ages against writing. In my childhood, I remember hearing an old woman say that writing was an invention of the devil, and what an old woman believed forty years ago in outlying districts was almost the universal opinion of the Middle Ages. Denunciations and burnings of books were frequent, and ideas die slowly, finding a slow extinction many generations after the reason for their existence has ceased. In the famous trial of Gille de Rais we have it on record that the Breton baron was asked by his ecclesiastical judges if pagan literature had inspired the strange crimes of which he was accused, if he had read of them in—I have forgotten the names of the Latin authors mentioned—but I remember Gille de Rais' quite simple answer that his own heart had inspired the crimes. Whereupon the judges not unnaturally were shocked, for the conclusion was forced upon them that if Gille's confession were true they were not trying a man who had been perverted by outward influence, but one who had been born perverted."

The Vigilance Association, a British equivalent for the society presided over by Anthony Comstock, attacked and harried even unto death Mr. Vizetelly, the venerable translator of Emile Zola. Their secretary, Mr. Coote, was thereupon asked if Shakespeare had not written many reprehensible passages. Mr. Coote was obliged to admit that he had, and when asked why the association he represented did not proceed against Shakespeare, he answered, "Because Shakespeare

wrote beautifully"—"a strangely immoral doctrine," exclaims Mr. Moore. For if license of expression is in itself harmful, Shakespeare should be prosecuted; that he wrote beautifully is no defense whatever. Life comes before literature, and the Vigilance Society lays itself open to a charge of neglect of duty by not proceeding at once against all those who have indulged in the same license of expression. Mr. Moore next maps out the course which the society should consistently follow.

"The members and their secretary have indeed set themselves a stiff job, but they must not shrink from it if they would avoid shocking other people's moral sense by exhibiting themselves in the light of mere busybodies with a taste for what boys and old men speak of as 'spicy bits.' Proceedings will have to be taken against all the literature that Mr. Coote believes to be harmful (I accept him as the representative of the ideas of his Association), and the plea must not be raised again because a reprehensible passage is well written it should be acquitted. We must consider the question impartially. It is true that a magistrate may be found presiding at Bow street who will refuse to issue a warrant against the publishers, let us say of Byron, Sterne, the Restoration, and the Elizabethan dramatist. The Association will have to risk refusal, but I would not discourage the Association from the adventure.

"Of one thing only would I warn the society which I seem to be taking under my wing, and that is, even if it should succeed in interdicting two-thirds of English literature, its task will still be only half accomplished. The newspaper question will still have to be faced. Books are relatively expensive, but the newspaper can be bought for a halfpenny, and it will be admitted that no author is as indecent as the common reporter."

But let us suppose the association had succeeded in reforming not only literature, but society as well. What would it have profited thereby? Here is Mr. Moore's description of what would happen in such a case:

"The months go by, October, November, December, January, February, March . . . but one night the wind changes, and coming out of our houses in the morning we are taken with a sense of delight, a soft south wind is blowing and the lilacs are coming into bloom. My correspondent says that my book rouses sensuality. Perhaps it does, but not nearly so much as a spring day, and no one has yet thought of suppressing or curtailing spring days. Yet how infinitely more pernicious is their influence than any book! What thoughts they put into the hearts of lads and lasses! and perforce even the moralist has to accept the irrepressible feeling of union and growth, and the loosening of the earth about the hyacinth shoots and the birds going about their amorous business, and the white clouds floating up gladly through the blue air. Why, then, should he look askance at my book, which is no more than memories of spring days? If the thing itself cannot be suppressed, why is it worth while to interfere with the recollection? What strange twist in his mind leads him to decry in art what he accepts in nature?"

MAURICE BARRÈS: THE NEW FRENCH IMMORTAL



AURICE BARRÈS and Anatole France, it has been said, are "the first two men of letters in France with no second approaching them."

The characterization is arresting, and suggests the advantage, on the part of our American public, of a fuller acquaintance with the literary achievement of Barrès. For while the work of Anatole France has found a number of American interpreters, that of Barrès is almost unknown among us.

The significance of Maurice Barrès lies in the representative character of his work. He has become the most eminent exponent of the so-called regionalist movement in Lorraine, as Anatole Le Braz (who has been lecturing in America during the past winter) is in Brittany, René Bazin in the Vendée, and Frédéric Mistral in Provence. Barrès believes that the unrest of the France of the period is due to ill-advised efforts to transform the French temperament and discredit French traditions. He deprecates everything that savors of foreign influence in French politics, music, art, literature, philosophy or life. His dominant desires are to arouse his country to a complete self-consciousness, and to confer on patriotism, which has a tendency to become artificial and verbose, reality and beauty; and he holds that to leave each city, each region, mistress of its political, economic and intellectual organization is the surest way of bringing these things about—a point of view which should possess a timely interest for Americans in view of the centralization movement in this country.

It is a far call from Barrès, apostle of the cult of the *ego*, the "sentimental Anarchist with a rebel's brain and a voluptuary's nerves," who proclaimed himself in the eighties "an enemy of the laws," to Barrès, prophet and high-priest of ancestor-worship—the cult of "the soil and the dead" (*la terre et les morts*), who was received into the French Academy a few weeks ago. There is a world of difference between the spirit of his iconoclastic romance, "Les Deracinés" (The Uprooted Ones), and that of his patriotic "Amitiés Françaises" (French Friendships). Needless to say, it was the later and constructive note that found expression in his eulogy of his predecessor, the Cuban poet Heredia, on the day of his reception into the Academy. It was "to be the brother after their death of

those who have gone before—*le confrère après leur mort*—of the poets, savants, philosophers, statesmen, prelates and nobles who have wrought the community of France," that he aspired. And M. Melchior de Vogüé, in welcoming Barrès into the august company of the "Immortals," chose to emphasize the same note. He said:

"You do not come to us (like Heredia) from the Indies of the Occident; you are of the soil, obstinately of the soil. Your paternal stock was long rooted in the mountains of Auvergne, rugged conservator and sure rampart of the force of Gaul. It is not, however, by your paternal ancestry that you set the most store; of the two sources of your life, you have preferred the exquisite and sorrowful Lorraine. You trace the development of your personality to this maternal soil. You were still a little child when you heard in the fields the beat of horses' hoofs trampling the glebe and human hearts. Around you dismay, the tears of women, the wrath of men: the tragic stupor of a catastrophe, of which the child sees the shadow on the brows of his parents, without comprehending. Later in life he will realize the meaning of it all; the mature man will see again in his sleepless hours the confused apparitions of his first nightmare; they will shroud for him, at times, the most beautiful spectacles in the world; while listening to the music of the Venetian lagoons and of Sevillian dances, he will hear, ringing in his ears, the odious sound of the beat of horses' hoofs which caused his mother tears."

After a slighting reference to Barrès' earlier works as "a savory mixture of ingredients *à la mode* (Stendhalism, Renanism, symbolism, a touch of mystification and especially a great deal of talent, the prodigality of an original mind trying to find its route)," M. de Vogüé continued:

"Gradually, you attained a form of which the favor accorded to it by the public would seem to counsel a general employ: the novel of ideas and of social research. Insensibly, you passed from the analysis of your *ego* to an analysis of your neighbor, from the curiosity which has no other object than its own pleasure to that which seeks knowledge for the sake of serving the general welfare. You unearthed a phrase of Louis Veuillot, and this phrase, thanks to your pen, has had a brilliant career. 'City of the uprooted multitudes' (*Ville des multitudes déracinées*), said the masterful author of 'Les Odeurs de Paris,' in an apostrophe to the 'mobile mass of human dust' which is crowded into this great encampment of nomads. You delved deeper into the problem, you considered it under its diverse aspects. Your *déracinés* make us see to what anarchy a society which breaks all the natural and traditional attachments of its sons is exposed and to what a dissipation of force it is condemned. You think



A GREAT FRENCH NATIONALIST

Maurice Barrès, the passionate defender and artistic exponent of the traditions of Lorraine, has become a leader in the movement which aims at preserving the native French spirit against foreign influences.

that the best rooted—individuals or peoples—are also the strongest. Beautiful and profound truth!

"Your pastimes led you into suggestive landscapes where it is a pleasure to follow you. Venice has always attracted you; Spain called to you and, finally, Greece. . . . Athens only half pleases you; you miss there the Tower of the Franks. The shadow of a dear absent one is always thrown upon the celebrated or charming spots you visit and alienates your soul from them. You seem to be at Daphne, at Mycaene; you tell us of them; and suddenly you see them no more, you have nothing more to say about them. An association of ideas has carried you away into your Lorraine. Nothing stirs you deeply which is not related to her. It would seem as if the scruple of a faithful lover restrains you from admiring this exotic beauty which you feel so well: beauty of cities and of horizons, beauty of the works of the mind. In your books, in your opening words to-day, appears the constant apprehension of a peril, of the peril of too intimate relations with the hostile sirens; *hostis*, foreigner! . . .

"I have reserved for the end a prayer. I address it to all my auditors. I implore them to read and reread 'Les Amitiés Françaises.' You have written more vaunted books: permit me to call this the masterpiece—in my judgment. You bend over your child; more obsessing than ever, the sound which dismayed you at his age, the sound of the beat of horses' hoofs, resounds in your ears and in your heart. You accustom this child to learn the lessons of the dead who rule as sovereigns all our deeds. 'The dead! They poison us!' you cried as a young man 'enemy of the laws.' . . . But now you make amends nobly in a magnificent phrase: *Nos Seigneurs les Morts* (Our Lords and Masters the Dead)!"

THE MOST POTENT FORCE IN THE NEW INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF ITALY

IN THE death of Giosuè Carducci Italy loses not only a great poet, but also a great prose-writer and critic, a great educator and orator. Long before he passed away, the Italian people had come to feel that his modest dwelling in the ancient city of Bologna sheltered their most eminent man, and when Swedish envoys arrived at his house last year to bestow upon him the Nobel prize for literature, they found him surrounded by the notables of his town, a prophet not without honor in his own country.

By common consensus of critical opinion Carducci is one of the great poets of modern times, and if the majority of his poems have not penetrated far beyond the Italian borders it is because of their intense nationalism and the practical impossibility of conveying their peculiar metaphors in a foreign tongue. The Chicago *Dial*, a literary journal whose characterizations always carry weight, goes so far as to say that, with the single exception of

Swinburne, Carducci was "the greatest poet living in the world when the nineteenth century gave place to its successor." As in Swinburne's case, his poetry was bound up with his humanitarian ideals. The English and the Italian poet alike found their inspiration in the Italian struggle for liberty—that "last great struggle," as Frederic Myers has said, "where all chivalrous sympathies could range themselves undoubtingly on one side."

In his early youth Carducci became a leader in the republican movement which, under Mazzini and Garibaldi, was destined to shape the whole future of Italy. It was while under the spell of this youthful enthusiasm that he wrote the famous—or, as some would say, infamous—"Hymn to Satan," a poem that carried his name around the world. The daring title scandalized many people, who found in the Satan of Carducci's "Hymn" a leader of atheism and immorality, instead of the Prometheus, the victorious God of Light, the re-

bellious vindicator of Reason, that he obliquely intended.

The "Hymn to Satan," published in 1863, was but the first lyric outburst of a creative activity that has been incessant. It was followed by the "Levia Gravia" of 1867, the "Decennalia," "Nuove Poesie" and "Giambi ed Epodi" of the next decade, and the three volumes of "Odi Barbare," published from 1877 to 1889. Upon his "Barbaric Odes," if upon any single series of poems, Carducci's fame is likely to rest. At the time of their publication they elicited a storm of protests from the conservative classicists of Italy, horrified at his substitution of grammatical accent in blank-verse for that according to quantity. In the beautiful "Prelude" to these singing strophes we find the key to Carducci's gospel: his scorn of modern mawkish sentimentality and "morbid Byronism," his delight in palpitating nature and the clash of intellectual combat. To these belligerent qualities the poet adds an unrivaled gift of expression. He is an impressionist first of all, and with a line of delicious cantilene can evoke at will a broad landscape or a bosky nook. It is his sensuous style that makes his works the despair of translators, as even Paul Heyse, his most successful interpreter, confesses.

Carducci's prose works are, in some respects, as remarkable as his poetry. "Since Dante, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Cellini and Leopardi," says a correspondent of the *London Times*, "Italian literature has never possessed more luminous pages with phrases at once so sonorous, nervous and various." The same writer says further:

"His style is sometimes magniloquent, but is adaptable to all the exigencies of thought with a new and unexpected plasticity. His discourses on Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Muratori are pages full of eloquence, unsurpassed in historical criticism. I know of no pages, save perhaps those of Carlyle, which can worthily equal his discourse on Dante. From his school at Bologna in the last twenty years have issued critics and poets now famous. The best-known poets of modern Italy have grown up under his influence, from Gabriele d'Annunzio and Giovanni Pascoli to the *minores* of yesterday and the *maiores* of to-morrow. Also Italian oratory has in him its ablest exponent. The oration spoken by him on the death of Giuseppe Garibaldi is a page so full of repressed emotion, of musical phrases, and of vast human sympathy as to obscure, in comparison, the most brilliant pages of modern as well as ancient oratory."

But it is as an intellectual force—the most potent in the life of his people—rather than as a poet or prose-writer only, that Carducci, in the last resort, must be judged. He was re-



GIOSUE CARDUCCI

Whose recent funeral in Bologna was attended by forty thousand people. "With the single exception of Swinburne," says the *Chicago Dial*, "Carducci was the greatest poet living in the world when the nineteenth century gave place to its successor."

sponsive to every changing phase of Italian development and aspiration. He began his career as an agitator, and he ended it as a senator under a constitutional monarchy. His eulogists will not concede that he abandoned his youthful ideals. They say that he rather grew into fuller ideals, and that the spirit which inspired his ringing battle-cry, "To Giuseppe Garibaldi!" animates its companion-piece, that thrilling call to rally around "The Cross of Savoy." Carducci's conversion from republicanism to monarchy is said to have been due to a romantic and Platonic love for Queen Marguerite, to whom he has dedicated one of his finest odes. The story runs that when the royal couple visited Bologna in 1878 the Queen, who was full of enthusiasm for Carducci's work, expressed a desire to meet him. He was ushered into the royal presence, and the meeting, we are told, was not that of Queen and subject, but of poet and woman of letters. From that time on Carducci maintained a chivalrous attitude of devotion to her family. On her side, Queen Marguerite showed an intelligent sympathy rivaling that of Vittoria Colonna for Michael Angelo. In the hour of the poet's need she

bought his library on the sole condition that he should use it until the end of his life. With a similar proviso she purchased his house in Bologna. She now proposes to present it to the city as a Carducci museum.

Carducci always had a horror of being lionized. His temper was irascible. He was silent, blunt, rough, at times almost repellent in his harshness. When at the Garibaldi memorial ceremonies his entrance was made the signal for a burst of applause, he savagely bade the audience be still. "Your cheers," he exclaimed, "so shock me that I regret my promise to speak from this stage. Only this morning I received a third telegram begging me to compose some verses in commemoration of Garibaldi's death. I do not believe I have ever given evidence of possessing so contemptible and hard a heart as to warrant anyone in deeming me capable of stringing together rimes while so great a sorrow is overwhelming my country and myself, while evermore I behold here, with the fleshly as well as the spiritual eye, the body of that man whom of all living beings I have honored most." In the same spirit this gruff old Coriolanus of our times refused the orders, decorations, jubilee celebrations and the like proffered him by his devoted admirers. The highest honor any one could show him, he always said, was in living out whatsoever was immortal in the principles he had taught, not in exalting what was personal and ephemeral in their teacher

Something of the fierce idealism of Swinburne, something of the lyric beauty of Shelley, were in this poet. But perhaps, as an Italian writer, Prof. Ernesto Caffi, suggests, a comparison with Friedrich Nietzsche, rather than with Swinburne or Shelley, brings out the truest nature of the man. As Professor Caffi sums up the case (in the *Revista d'Italia*):

"Carducci, tho not exactly a eulogist of the Overman, may still be said to stand with one foot over the Nietzschean frontier. Do not misunderstand me! Carducci is no disciple of Nietzsche, nor is the latter one of his. But the two men are not far apart, and their common ground is neopaganism. In Nietzsche, of course, this implies negation, the destruction of existing things; in Carducci, on the other hand, we have a rebel, it is true, but a warm-hearted and constructive rebel; there is nothing negative or skeptical about him; bitterly strong as he is in his reproaches, he is never bitten with the mania of denial. Accordingly, while Nietzsche chants the praises of his Superman, Carducci sings of the essence of all things, the Idea, which conquers savage realms, which shall emerge alone above the flood-tide of time, a beacon light to the incoming fleets of the ages; and while Zarathustra's gaze is riveted upon the face of his ideal, far up on high, Carducci likewise worships his fetish, which envelops the cloud-hung peaks of being—

"e sotto il candido raggio devolvere
mira il fuime dell' anima."

[and beneath the white ray turns to contemplate the flowing current of the soul.]

"Two poets, two visionaries, superhumanistic dreamers, whose dwelling is on the snowcapped heights of life!"

THE "FROZEN STRIDE" AS A SYMBOL OF BOSTON'S CULTURE



GEORGE GISSING, out of a dismal experience, once said that to be born in Boston was to be born in exile, and Oliver Herford has dared to speak of its sacred soil as "an abandoned literary farm;" but of all the hard sayings flung at our "modern Athens" by writers and artists, Mr. H. G. Wells, with his smiling symbol of the "Nike of Samothrace," has alone seemed able to ruffle the placidity of the intellectually elect. It was not, of course, until *The Evening Transcript* reprinted from *Harper's Weekly* a certain chapter on "The Boston Enchantment" that your true Bostonian became aware of the disturbing fact that Mr. Wells was talking about him—and incidentally about "The Future in America;" and now it is quite generally known that this

very questionable chapter forms a part of his new book.*

Mr. Wells was in Boston last spring for a few days only, yet he bore away with him a remarkably distinct impression of her art, literature and music, and of that peculiar culture which he chooses to call "the Boston enchantment." "I mean," he explains, "not only Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, but that Boston of the mind and heart that pervades American refinement and goes about the world. In Boston one finds the human mind not base, nor brutal, nor stupid, nor ignorant, but mysteriously enchanting and ineffectual, so that having eyes it yet does not see, having powers it achieves nothing."

*THE FUTURE IN AMERICA: A SEARCH AFTER REALITIES.
By H. G. Wells. Harper & Brothers.

And once back at his desk in Spade House on the Kentish coast, our English visitor cruelly wrote:

"At the mention of Boston I think of autotypes, and then of plaster casts. I do not think I shall ever see an autotype again without thinking of Boston. I think of autotypes of the supreme masterpieces of sculpture and painting, and particularly of the fluttering garments of the Nike of Samothrace. That also I saw in little casts and big, and photographed from every conceivable point of view. It is incredible how many people in Boston have selected her for their esthetic symbol and expression. Always that lady was in evidence about me, unobtrusively persistent, until at last her frozen stride pursued me into my dreams. That frozen stride became the visible spirit of Boston in my imagination, a sort of blind, headless and unprogressive fine resolution that took no heed of any contemporary thing."

Next to the autotypes and plaster casts, Mr. Wells recalls "as inseparably Bostonian the dreaming grace of Botticelli's *Primavera*;" and he concludes that all Bostonians admire the tubercular art of Botticelli, and "have a feeling for the roof of the Sistine Chapel." "To so casual and adventurous a person as myself," he continues, "Boston presents a terrible, a terrifying unanimity of esthetic discriminations. I was nearly brought back to my childhood's persuasion that, after all, there is a right and wrong in these things." And now, whenever Mr. Wells grinds out Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on the pianola beside his desk ("Boston clearly thought the less of Mr. Bernard Shaw when I told her he had induced me to buy a pianola. Not that Boston ever did set much store by so contemporary a person as Mr. Bernard Shaw"), he will hear its "magnificent aggressive thumpings" transfigured into the perfect music of the Symphony Orchestra, and he will "sit again among that audience of pleased and pleasant ladies in chaste, high-necked, expensive dresses, and refined, attentive, appreciative, bald or iron-gray men." Irreverently, Mr. Wells proceeds:

"If there is one note of incongruity in Boston, it is in the gilt dome of the Massachusetts Statehouse at night. They illuminate it with electric light. That shocked me as an anachronism. It shocked me—much as it would have shocked me to see one of the colonial portraits or even one of the endless autotypes of the Belvedere Apollo replaced, let us say, by one of Mr. Alvin Coburn's wonderfully beautiful photographs of modern New York. That electric glitter breaks the spell; it is the admission of the present, of the twentieth century. . . . Save for that one discord there broods over the real Boston an immense effect of finality. One feels in Boston, as one feels in no other part of the States, that the intellectual movement has ceased. Boston is now producing no literature except a little criticism. The publishers

have long since left her, save for one firm (which busies itself chiefly with beautiful reprints of the minor classics). Contemporary Boston art is imitative art, its writers are correct and imitative writers, the central figure of its literary world is that charming old lady of eighty-seven, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. One meets her and Colonel Higginson in the midst of an author's society that is not so much composed of minor stars as a chorus of indistinguishable culture."

"It is as if the capacity of Boston," continues Mr. Wells, "was just sufficient, but no more than sufficient, to comprehend the whole achievement of the human intellect up, let us say, to the year 1875 A. D. Then an equilibrium was established. At or about that year Boston filled up." And she cannot unload again. Longfellow, for instance! She treasures him "in quantity." "She treasures his work, she treasures associations, she treasures his Cambridge home. Now, really, to be perfectly frank about him, Longfellow is not good enough for that amount of intellectual houseroom. He cumburs Boston." . . .

Not for long did the wings of Mr. Wells's airy criticism hover over Boston in his hasty "search after realities," but long enough to stir the chilly atmosphere and provoke considerable journalistic comment.

Mr. E. H. Clement, literary editor of the venerable *Transcript*, is quite indignant. "What troubled Mr. Wells in Boston undoubtedly was that he found little or no comfort for his Fabianistic Socialism," he retorts; and "it was only ignorance," he continues, "that made him class Longfellow even in his mind among the reactionaries or stationaries."

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, in a Boston letter to the New York *Evening Post*, crushingly reminds Mr. Wells that there is a contemporary Boston writer whose single book has probably exceeded by ten times the sale of all his books put together. It is "The Song of Our Syrian Guest"—a slim, pretty little booklet containing an interpretation of the twenty-third psalm by Mr. William Allen Knight, and very popular with the people who frequent the theological bookshops on Beacon Hill.

Only Mr. Philip Hale, of the Boston *Herald*, is critically delighted. "What especially struck me under the fifth rib," he confides to his readers, "was his remark that all really truly Bostonians had, hanging in their front parlor, a fine autotype of the Winged Victory of Samothrace. If Mr. Wells had never written one of his brilliant books, that single sentence would have stamped him as a genius, a monster of acute observation, of malicious insight. He has summed up in that one

phrase everything that is timid, futile and slow—conservative, safe and sane in our good old Boston." And furthermore he reflects:

"When one comes to think of it, it is not so difficult to see where this worship of victory began. Imagine a lot of wholly worthy men and women who wish to achieve culture. They have good watertight houses, good cooks, good wine-cellars. Shall they not also achieve the minor graces of literature, music, art? They shall, they do—after a fashion. . . . Shall they not also 'listen to lectures on art?' They shall, they do, and more, and most of all, they read books about it. And there they learn about the Winged Victory. She is the Image of Perfection. Like Pater's Lady Liza, she has dived in strange seas. Twenty years ago she used to be the Sistine Madonna, later the Venus de Milo, and then, no wonder after so much adulation, she lost her head and became flighty. But you may be sure Boston quieted her down."

Mr. Hale is willing to admit that in literature Boston is producing nothing save a little criticism, but he speaks up sympathetically for that group of artists which is really doing vital work "without the slightest encouragement from the worshipers of success and of the Winged Victory." Then, too, he cites the excellent music of two resident composers—Loeffler and Converse. And after all he adds, "no doubt, somewhere, someone is writing some good literature which doesn't appear."

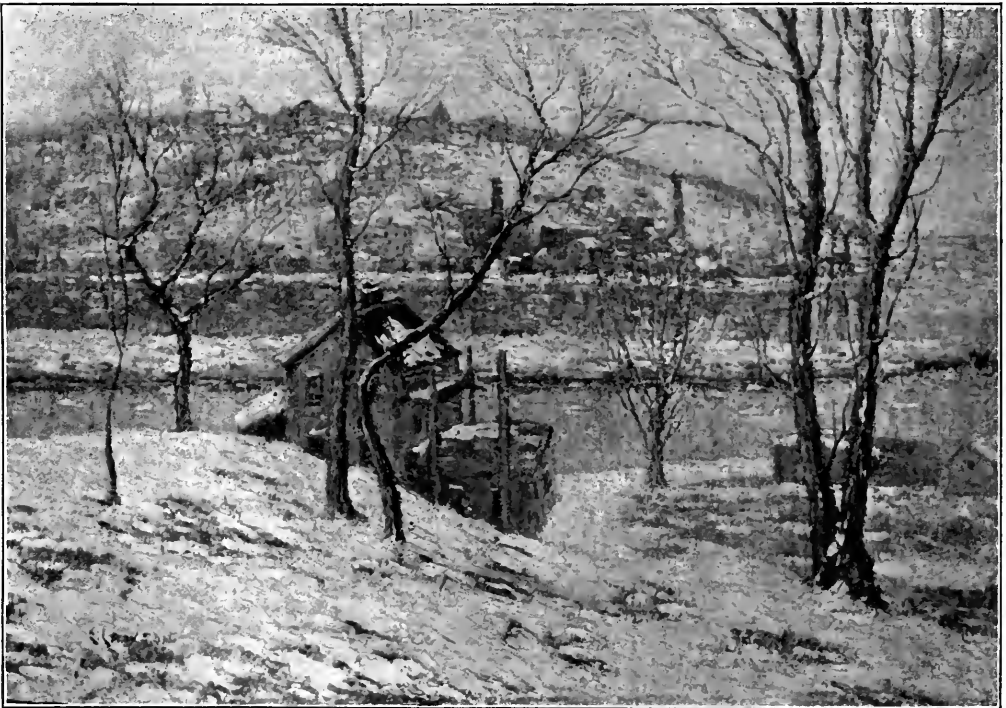
The "frozen stride" is not peculiar to Boston alone, Mr. Wells is careful to reiterate. "Frankly," he says, "I grieve over Boston—Boston throughout the world—as a great waste of leisure and energy, as a frittering away of moral and intellectual possibilities."

A NEW POET-PAINTER OF THE COMMONPLACE



O transfigure the ordinary, to reveal the beauty that lies hidden beneath our very eyes, if we will but see it—such is the avowed ambition of Ernest Lawson, the New York artist who has won the "Sesnon" medal for

the best landscape at the Pennsylvania Academy this year. That he has already in large measure fulfilled this ambition is conceded by men whose words carry weight in the artistic world. After looking over a recent exhibition of his work, the painter, Robert Henri, ex-



ERNEST LAWSON'S PRIZE PAINTING—"THE RIVER IN WINTER"

The picture that was awarded the medal for the best landscape at the Pennsylvania Academy.

claimed: "This man is the biggest we have had since Winslow Homer." William M. Chase is another of Lawson's admirers. Among the critics who have blazed the way for a recognition of his peculiar talents have been James Huneker, of the *New York Sun*, J. N. Laurvik, of the *New York Evening Post*, and Sadakichi Hartman, of *The International Studio*.

The story of Ernest Lawson's climb to fame is not materially different from that of scores of other artists who have been at first neglected and humiliated, but have finally come into their own. His art is that of the "impressionist," and he has been handicapped, perhaps, by his affiliation with the school of Monet, Manet and Twachtman. A dozen years ago "impressionism" was a word to conjure with; but lately it has fallen into disrepute. At the present time its star seems to be rising again. As Mr. Laurvik, of *The Post*, observes:

"Impressionism, that poor, despised term of reproach, reviled and misunderstood, bandied about by the purblindly ignorant as an awful indictment of some unpardonable offense, employed as a convenient cloak by masquerading incompetents, foisting their smudgy daubs on a bewildered public, this much-abused word seems at last in a fair way to assume its proper significance—to become synonymous with light, air, and atmosphere, with the transmutation of the dead paint on one's palette into vital, vibrant matter that gives the illusion of living form, enveloped in ether and made visible by the glory of real, shimmering sunlight. And poor fellows who have borne in silence the scornful indifference of the public are now having their innings.

"Of them all, none is more deserving of appreciation than Ernest Lawson, who has dwelt in obscurity too long. 'Tis a pity that a man so gifted, so imbued with poetry, and exhibiting such a mastery of his medium, should have to wait so many weary years—he is past forty—for the recognition that is truly his. What timorous souls dwell in the mortal frame called Man, that youth must need spend its best years acquiring the gray hairs of authority before its handiwork is accepted! So Truth plays juggler in the tanbark ring and fools are the only wise men, as many a vexed soul in this town to-day will attest if perchance one mentions Mr. Moore of a certain café. He bought Lawson's canvases when they would not bring the price of a meal, hung them conspicuously on his walls, talked about them, and bided his time. He must already have reaped a rich harvest of satisfaction out of his venture, to say nothing of financial returns."

For some years Mr. Lawson's pictures have been appreciated by a small circle of connoisseurs, but as often refused as accepted by the official art bodies. He lives and works in the upper part of New York City, around Highbridge and Spuyten Duyvil, and contends that no artist could ask for better "material"

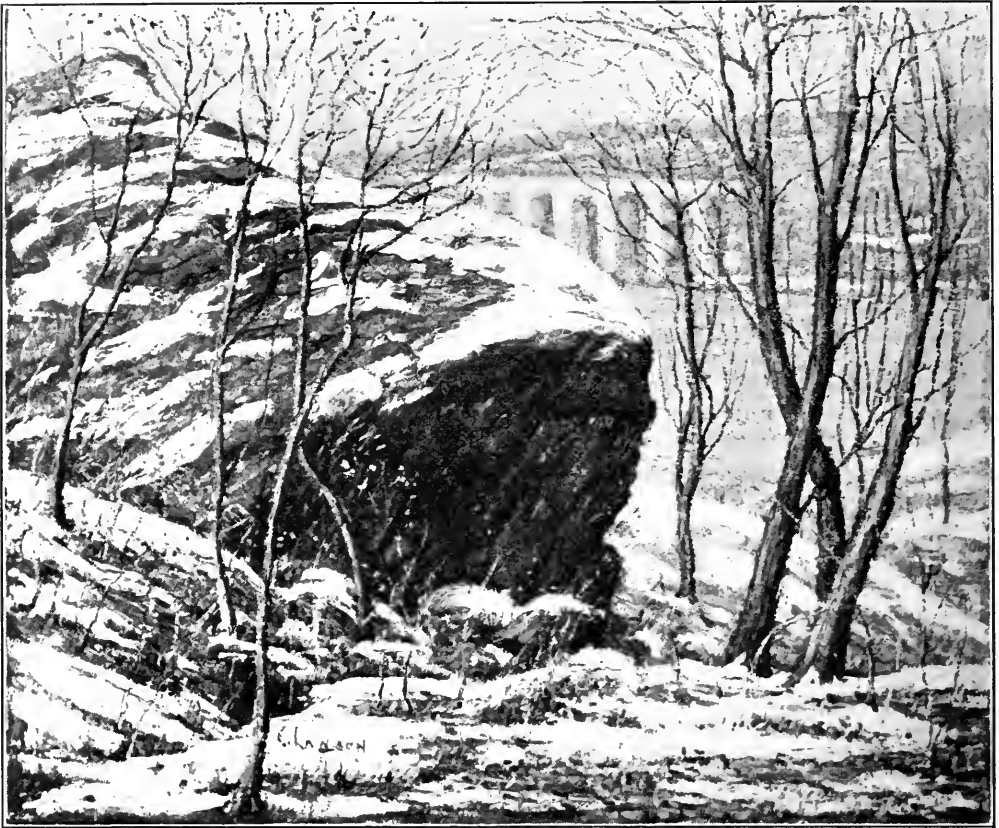


"THE BIGGEST MAN WE HAVE HAD SINCE WINSLOW HOMER"

Such is Robert Henri's characterization of Ernest Lawson, the New York artist who has won the "Session" medal at the Pennsylvania Academy this year.

than that afforded by this region. He is essentially a painter of the moods of nature, and has succeeded, to a marked degree, in combining elements of poetry and strength. One of Mr. Lawson's theories is that an artist may find beauty anywhere if his instinct is true. This idea is strikingly exemplified in his own work, for he will take the most unpromising subjects—excavations, for instance, or the Pennsylvania Tunnel—and invest them with romance. As the art critic of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* puts it:

"Ernest Lawson finds delight in expressing the stern beauty of rigorous winter, and his sturdy art aims at the poetic expression of the picturesqueness inherent in our ragged American landscape. He has learned, like St. Peter, to call nothing common or unclean; the unutterable hideousness of the American factory, or the gaunt unloveliness of men excavating in a stone quarry find in him an interpreter who, by the magic of his own keener mental vision, casts an aspect of poetic semblance upon them. Realism in art is here shown with two-fold mission. On one hand the artist is found expressing stern facts in the loveliness which these may on occasion assume, as in his painting of a spring freshet, curving, at its own wild will, through a meadow and leaving broken fences in its way, as well as his painting



"NEAR HIGH BRIDGE"

(By Ernest Lawson)

An example of the way in which Lawson can transfigure a comparatively commonplace subject. His pictures "bid one stop and take note of the gleam of sunlight in one's backyard."

of the early summer time, a delicious landscape, a dreamy river and two boys stripping off their clothes that they may plunge into the water. Here the flesh tones are a bit thin in shadow and pale in the high lights. The atmospheric values are more convincing. But both are admirable expositions of that innate beauty which underlies experiences that may be verified by any who will trouble to look around them. Again Mr. Lawson presents scenes whose value is an uncompromising loyalty to features of American countrysides less amenable to artistic treatment."

Lawson "saturates his work," says Mr. Huneker, "with a kind of pantheistic magic. Wherever he plants his easel there is a picture before him. By preference he haunts the Harlem River. . . . His work is at times a happy improvization, without the shallowness and evasions often characteristic of the impressionist school." Mr. Huneker writes further (in the *New York Sun*):

"Lawson's paint is now his own. He has felt the impact of the impressionists; he can handle all the tricks of that method with ease. But he sticks to no formula. If he sees a tree as black as charcoal it comes out black; if he sees men

as red tufts of color in an excavation he notes the fact. He believes in the Harlem River; Italy and soft skies do not interest him. His canvases are tonic; cold breezes sweep across them; the snow is prismatic; tree trunks gleam in the setting sunshine; across the hill is a patch of blue sky; the river is greenish—the whole effect is magical. Direct, virile vision—Lawson, like Dougherty, has the 'innocence' of the eyes. He loves ice-bound rivers, chunks of ice float down stream. You hear them crackle. It is on the stringpiece of the pier at Twenty-eighth street and the North River. Or across marvelously toned green ice cakes the gulls fly. A ball of marked red is a dying sun. The scene is poetic, yet without one false note, without the 'slow music' of so many sentimental brush dabsters. His Harlem Flats shock you by their ugliness; very well, don't look at them; nor at the Pennsylvania Tunnel. These pictures are for people with nerves and strong stomachs who can see real, not fictitious, life."

Sadakichi Hartman describes Mr. Lawson as "an impressionist who can give Twachtman and Childe Hassam points and a beating at their own game." He continues the characterization:

"Ernest Lawson is what I would call, if I were a French critic, *un homme de facture*, i.e., the man with the hand of the painter, with the motion of swing and swish and thrust, the man with the color instinct, the man who can invent bravura passages as easily as other painters clean their brushes.

"He is a singularly strong and attractive personality. He has a fresh and personal sense of nature. The trees are his boon companions, and the secrets of winter snows and young floods his knowledge. He knows the poetry of lonesome highways and sleeping suburbs, and is intimate with winds and vagrom clouds."

In Mr. Laurvik's opinion, the canvases of Ernest Lawson "open one's eyes to the beauty of everyday scenes and the innate charm of familiar places as the work of few American painters has ever done." He adds:

"How well he has expressed 'the virgin rapture that is June' in his 'Early Summer,' which is filled with the all-pervasive exuberance of this fairy-haunted season of the year! The naked boys pause a moment with shirt overhead, as what boy has not, to listen, entranced by the alluring voices of whispering leaves and the soft gurgle of the placid brook, before breaking its surface

into jewels of refracted light. The whole scene is suffused with a golden aureole of light that gives a note of lyrical joyousness to an almost literal rendering of nature. This canvas may well stand beside the best done by the now-famous pioneers of Impressionism.

"Here are several views of the Harlem River, which he has discovered to the heedless; of the North River, ice bound, with seagulls circling over the murky, snow-laden ice floes. Here, too, are many places, familiar to New Yorkers and suburbanites, passed by in the day's journey; in short, quite ordinary places seen through extraordinary eyes that bid one stop and take note of the gleam of sunlight in one's back yard."

In brief, says Mr. Laurvik, we feel that "another name has been added to that precious, short roster of men who look out upon the world with open eyes, and a mind open to its beauties, joys, and sorrows, noting all with the utmost frankness and sincerity, and making no compromise with their conscience. Such a man is Lawson; supremely gifted with the rare power of investing the commonplace actualities of life with a hitherto unsuspected glamor, a poetry and a charm quite personal."



"A BREEZY DAY"

(By Ernest Lawson)

Lawson "saturates his work," says James Huneker, "with a kind of pantheistic magic. His work is at times a happy improvisation, without the shallowness and evasions often characteristic of the impressionist school."

LOWELL'S GREAT DEFICIENCY



EARS ago Mr. Henry James took occasion to register his conviction that James Russell Lowell "had no speculative side." In a brilliant and closely reasoned essay on Lowell, appearing in *Scribner's*, from the pen of the eminent critic, William Crary Brownell, this phrase acquires new significance. Mr. Brownell intimates that it was the lack of the large philosophic note in Lowell's temperament that hampered him most in his literary work. More specifically he says:

"For the great movements, migrations, vicissitudes of the march of mankind—its transformations, enterprises, and achievements—the grandiose drama of war and peace, the rise and fall of tyranny and freedom, faith, and philosophy, the birth, development, and decay of institutions—social, political, and religious—the spectacle foreshortened in time, in a word, of general human activity caught and fixed in the multifariously embroidered web of history, he cared less, to judge from its reflection and echo in his works, than any other writer of his indisputably high rank that one could readily name."

It was Lowell's deficiency as a philosopher that, in Mr. Brownell's opinion, kept him from becoming an essayist of the first rank. "His criticism," we are reminded, "clearly grew out of his reading habit, not out of his reflective tendencies." The result was that his essays are full of brilliant writing, but lack organic composition. "One receives impressions from them, but not central or complete impressions." Now, the very breath of life in an essay, according to Mr. Brownell's view, is a central idea. "If it is an essay," he says, "on Rousseau or Keats or Dante—a full-length portrait, a half-length or a head—any feature or phase of his productions, his place in literature, his influence on mankind, or whatever, or all these together—a necessary preliminary will be the establishment of some general idea of the subject. The essay will be the expression in detail of this conception—in proportion to its complexity the elaborate unfolding of it." Mr. Brownell continues:

"To say that Lowell's criticism lacks this initial central conception would be to say that it is written at random. But, indeed, it often has precisely the appearance of being written at random, and precisely because his central conception is vague. Erasmus's witty and apt complaint that 'every definition is a misfortune' related to the abstractions of doctrine and dogma. In art the concrete reigns supreme and nothing can be too definite—even if, or perhaps especially if, it is to express the abstract. The essay on Dante, Lowell says, is the result of twenty years of study. One

may easily believe it—taking the statement somewhat loosely, as of course he intended it. It is packed with interesting and illuminating detail, and has been called his ablest performance in criticism. In Dante's case, more than in most others, to admire is to comprehend. Lowell's admiration is limitless, and one feels that he understood his subject. But his expression of it is only less inartistic than it is uncritical. His twenty years of study have resulted in his comprehension of his theme, but not in reducing it to any definite proportions or giving it any sharpness of outline. There is nothing about it he does not know, and perhaps one may say nothing in it that he does not appreciate. But he does not communicate because he does not express his general conception of Dante, and he does not because he has not himself, one feels sure, thought it out into definition."

Lowell's style is open to much the same criticism as his essays. It "lacks continuity," says Mr. Brownell, "which is to say that it lacks style. . . . One feels the lack of continuity of presentation consequent upon the lack of sustained thought." To quote further:

"His good things are curiously *sui generis*. They are not rarely the good things of the poet, who is touched as well as enlightened by the truths he discovers or rather feels with personal stress and states, accordingly, in figurative fashion; for example, 'Style, the handmaid of talent, the helpmeet of genius.' They are curiously devoid of epigrammatic quality, as that quality is displayed in the most eminent examples of epigram; a fact which proceeds, I suppose, from his constitutional neglect of the field of 'general ideas.' Often extremely witty, their wit is not pure wit, any more than it is pure humor, but a kind of combination of the two—wit, let us say, with the inspiration of humor. It is, like his mind, sensible and sound and unspeculative. It neither flashes nor glows, but sparkles. It does not illumine a subject with a chance light, a sudden turn, a wilful refraction, a half truth, but plays about it sportively—leaving it, besides, pretty much as it found it."

The very qualities that weakened Lowell's prose writings, says Mr. Brownell, in concluding, were the qualities that gave him his greatest power as a poet. For poetry needs emotion, rather than imagination; felicitous phrasing, rather than design; a representative, rather than an original, inspiration. When it comes to nature poetry, Lowell's position is unique. "Lowell's constitutes, on the whole, the most admirable contribution to the nature poetry of English literature," in Mr. Brownell's judgment, "far beyond that of Bryant, Whittier and Longfellow, and only occasionally excelled here and there by the magic touch of Emerson, who had a 'speculative side.'"

Religion and Ethics

A THEOLOGICAL THUNDERSTORM IN ENGLAND



WHEN one man's utterance sets a thousand ministers to preaching sermons and as many editors and journalists to discussing what he has said, it behooves us all to learn the nature of this utterance. When the man in question happens to be the Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the most influential Congregationalist church in England, and the questions he is discussing affect the fundamental verities of religion, we are bound to recognize that the issues involved in this utterance and controversy are of a quite extraordinary character. And, indeed, almost all the features connected with what has aptly been termed the "theological thunderstorm" provoked by Mr. Campbell's remarks have been extraordinary. The very intensity of interest shown by the public is unusual—for England; and this interest has expressed itself, in several instances, in applause and hand-clapping in the churches. Mr. W. T. Stead, of *The Review of Reviews*, compares the present theological ardor in London to that which marked the Alexandria of Athanasius, "when fishmongers at their stalls discussed the doctrine of the Trinity;" and a clergyman who stands close to Mr. Campbell has exclaimed: "The times are ripe for a new Reformation!" The strife of tongues has reached even to Germany, where Professor Harnack, the eminent theologian, interprets it as a proof that "the formal theology of the creeds is being gradually displaced by the vital theology of experience." In this country, where Mr. Campbell, by reason of his recent visit, is well known, the controversy has evoked widespread comment.

Mr. Campbell's views, which are substantially those of the so-called "New Theology," are stated with the utmost frankness in an article contributed by him to the *London Daily Mail*. They go to the very root of Christianity, and they express, he says, "an attitude and a spirit, rather than a creed." To quote:

"The starting-point of the new theology is belief in the immanence of God and the essential oneness of God and man. This is where it differs from Unitarianism. Unitarianism made a great gulf and put man on one side and God on the other. We believe man to be a revelation of God and the universe one means to the self-manifes-

tation of God. The word 'god' stands for the infinite reality whence all things proceed. Every one, even the most uncompromising materialist, believes in this reality. The new theology, in common with the whole scientific world, believes that the finite universe is one aspect or expression of that reality, but it thinks of it or him as consciousness rather than a blind force, thereby differing from some scientists. Believing this, we believe that there is thus no real distinction between humanity and the Deity. Our being is the same as God's, although our consciousness of it is limited. We see the revelation of God in everything around us."

The next position laid down is this: "The new theology holds that human nature should be interpreted in terms of its own highest; therefore it reverences Jesus Christ." Jesus Christ was divine, "but so are we." "Every man is a potential Christ, or rather a manifestation of the eternal Christ."

The third paragraph of Mr. Campbell's statement deals with the problem of evil:

"The new theology looks upon evil as a negative rather than as a positive term. It is the shadow where light ought to be; it is the perceived privation of good; it belongs only to finiteness. Pain is the effort of the spirit to break through the limitations which it feels to be evil. The new theology believes that the only way in which the true nature of good can be manifested either by God or by man is by a struggle against the limitation; and therefore it is not appalled by the long story of cosmic suffering. Everybody knows this after a fashion. The things we most admire and reverence in one another are things involving struggle and self-sacrifice."

Then follows a declaration that the new theology is in sympathy with the scientific methods of the day, and with the higher criticism of the Bible. "While recognizing the value of the Bible as a unique record of religious experience, it handles it as freely and as critically as it would any other book." Moreover, "it believes that the seat of religious authority is within (not without) the human soul." We are bound to believe in the immortality of the soul, "but only on the ground that every individual consciousness is a ray of the universal consciousness and cannot be destroyed." "We make our destiny in the next world by our behavior in this, and ultimately every soul will be perfected." To quote again:

"From all this it will surely be clear that the new theology brushes aside many of the most familiar dogmas still taught from the pulpit. We

believe that the story of the fall in the literal sense is untrue. It is literature, not dogma, the romance of an early age used for the ethical instruction of man. We believe that the very imperfection of the world to-day is due to God's will and is a working out of Himself with its purpose, a purpose not wholly hidden from us.

"The doctrine of sin which holds us to be blameworthy for deeds that we cannot help we believe to be a false view. Sin is simply selfishness. It is an offense against the God within, a violation of the law of love. We reject wholly the common interpretation of atonement, that another is beaten for our fault. We believe not in a final judgment, but in a judgment that is ever proceeding. Every sin involves suffering, suffering which cannot be remitted by any work of another. When a deed is done its consequences are eternal."

In view of the fact that a man is often most clearly revealed in his most extreme utterances, it may be appropriate to quote at this point two of Mr. Campbell's expressions of opinion bearing on the moral problem, and on Socialism. The first, taken from a City Temple sermon, preached last year and printed in several of the religious papers, is startling indeed:

"Sin itself is a quest for God—a blundering quest, but a quest for all that. The man who got dead drunk last night did so because of the impulse within him to break through the barriers of his limitations, to express himself, and to realize the more abundant life. His self-indulgence just came to that; he wanted, if only for a brief hour, to live the larger life, to expand the soul, to enter untrodden regions, and gather to himself new experiences. That drunken debauch was a quest for life, a quest for God. Men in their sinful follies to-day, and their blank atheism, and their foul blasphemies, their trampling upon things that are beautiful and good, are engaged in this dim, blundering quest for God, whom to know is life eternal. The *roué* you saw in Piccadilly last night, who went out to corrupt innocence and to wallow in filthiness of the flesh, was engaged in his blundering quest for God."

The second extreme expression of opinion appears in a recent article in *The Labour Leader*, the London Socialist paper of which Keir Hardie was for many years the editor. Mr. Campbell here makes it clear that Socialism is the "practical expression" of his ideal. He says further:

"Religion is nothing else than man's response to the call of the universe. It does not need dogmas; it does not even need churches, except in the sense that it needs organized expression. In the primitive sense of the word the Labor Party is itself a Church, because it is bent upon the realization of a moral ideal, and has become the instrument of the cosmic purpose towards that end."

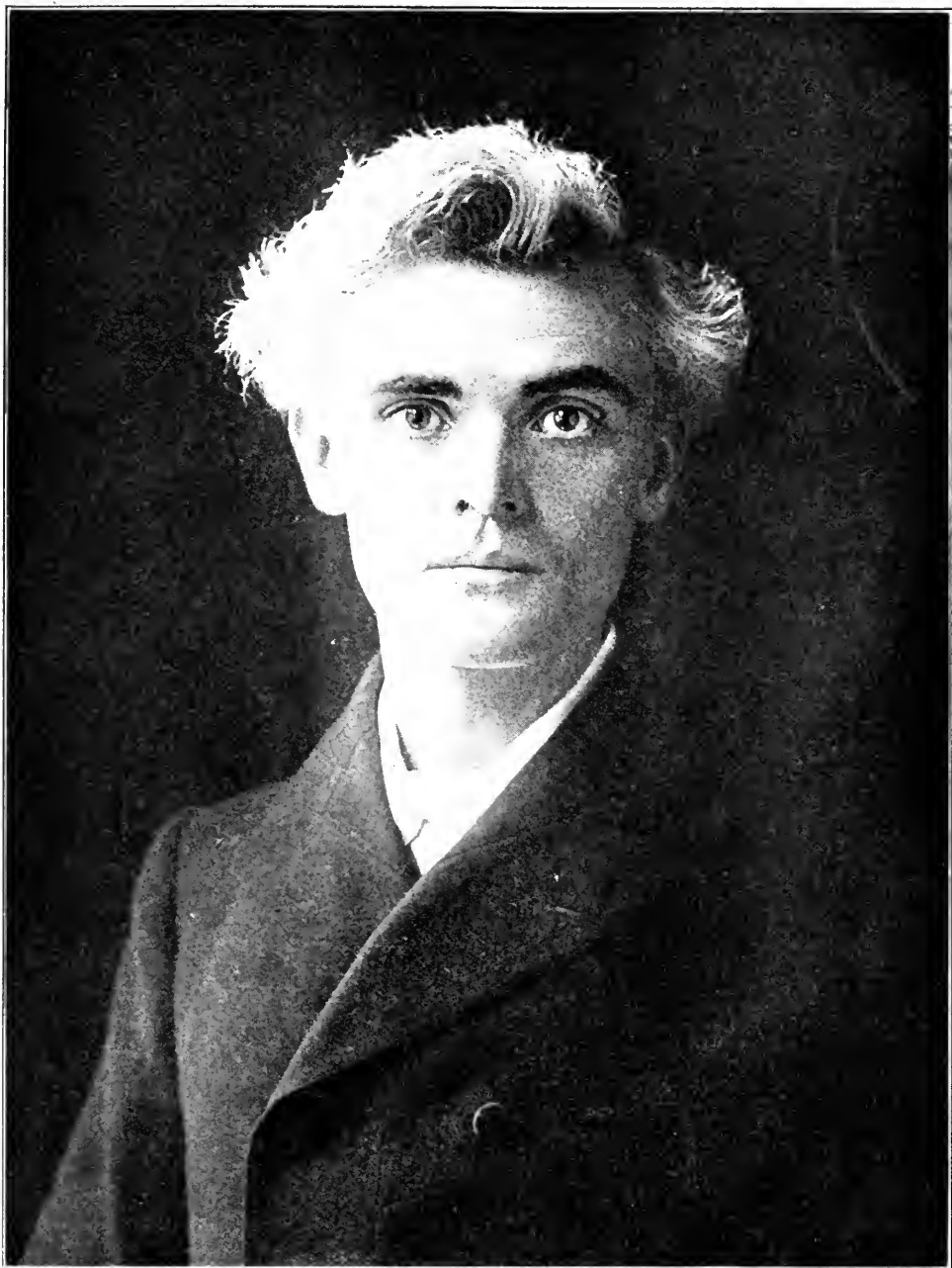
"The New Theology, as the newspapers call it, is simply Mr. Hardie's social gospel articulated from a definitely religious standpoint. It is the oldest of all. It is the gospel of the humanity of God and the divinity of man."

Such is the set of beliefs that has cleft the London theological world in twain. In giving it utterance Mr. Campbell has rallied to his side passionate defenders. Many of the clergy, especially the younger clergy, are with him; his congregation, to which alone he is officially answerable for his views, is said to be practically a unit in supporting him; the influential *Christian Commonwealth* of London has thrown itself wholeheartedly into his cause; and a "Society for the Encouragement of Progressive Religious Thought" has been organized to champion his creed. On the other hand, his arguments have aroused among conservative religious people a degree of bitterness and hostility that is rare even in theological controversy, and that led him recently to say from his pulpit that he had become "the most unpopular man in England."

In the present instance even the traditional reserve of the Anglican Church has been broken down. At least three bishops have publicly rebuked Mr. Campbell, and *The Church Times* dismisses his views as "Pinchbeck Pantheism." In his own denomination he has found little comfort. The Secretary of the London Congregational Union calls him "superficial." Dr. Guinness Rogers asks whether he has forgotten the purpose for which the City Temple was built. Principal Forsyth, of Hackney College, refuses to regard Mr. Campbell as in any real sense a representative of Congregationalism. Dr. Campbell Morgan cannot see how those who hold Mr. Campbell's views can remain in the Congregational ministry. "If the Congregational Union should ever approximate its declaration to the opinions of the New Theology," he says, "I should leave it."

By far the most scathing criticism has come from W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of *The British Weekly*, who devotes three lengthy articles to "City Temple Theology." Dr. Nicoll lays stress on the fact that Mr. Campbell took his position in the ministry without passing through a theological seminary. "There is no substitute," says Dr. Nicoll, "for the thoro practical teaching which ought to be imparted in youth." He continues:

"Mr. Campbell constantly attempts to grapple with problems for the solution of which the utmost precision of expression is absolutely necessary. Not knowing well the language of these problems, and having no time to choose it, he sinks as it seems to us, and especially of late, into complete intellectual chaos. The preacher is at sea on all points. He can spin his fabric by the square mile of whatever texture it may be. That power is a very striking one, but many of us may think that the texture is gossamer twaddle



PROPHET OR HERETIC?

The recent utterances of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London, have set a thousand ministers to preaching sermons, and as many journalists to discussing what he has said. He has rallied to his side passionate defenders who hail him as the leader of a new Reformation. He has aroused a bitterness of theological animosity that led him recently to say from his pulpit that he had become the "most unpopular man in England."

and no more. There is nothing to be surprised at in the fact that Mr. Campbell's printed sermons have made no impression on the public. Deprived of the preacher's winsomeness of address they are nothing. They are improvisations on themes which require prolonged and patient study. We have read several of his recent sermons, and have been amazed and disconcerted by paragraph after paragraph of ignorant dogmatism, inconsequent thinking, and misty generalization."

"Infinitely the gravest and most dangerous of Mr. Campbell's leanings," Dr. Nicoll goes on to say, "is his obvious inclination to Pantheism . . . his minimizing of sin." As Dr. Nicoll sees the issue:

"The Scripture teaches us that God cared so much that He sent His only begotten Son to die for us, and redeem us from our iniquity. So much did God care for our sin that the Heart of hearts was broken for us on Calvary. The divine suffering met the human suffering in the struggle to recover a humanity purified of sin and triumphing over sorrow. Mr. Campbell sweeps away the doctrine of divine love. His apparently is the Pantheism which finds in God nothing more or less than the sum total of cosmical circumstances, including human life, and of which man would form an insignificant fragment. Thus the shadow of death in its most fearful form overwhelms every glimpse of hope."

Among Mr. Campbell's champions and allies, the two most powerful thus far have been Dr. John Clifford, the leading figure in the English Baptist Church, and Dr. R. F. Horton, chairman of the London Congregational Union. Dr. Clifford, who filled the City Temple pulpit during the most intense period of the present controversy, has stated on several occasions that while he does not agree with some of Mr. Campbell's philosophical and theological statements, he loves him for his sincerity and purity, his high and holy aims, and for the consecration of his great gifts and wide learning to the service of Jesus Christ. Dr. Horton expresses himself as follows, in a letter to the *London Daily News*:

"One thing is clear to me: Mr. Campbell gets the ear of that large class of thoughtful and educated English people who do not go to church or hear preaching. These unsatisfied souls recognize in him an original teacher, who is making the Christian gospel credible to this age. If I were able to help these men and women—if I could honestly say that I meet their needs and draw them to my church—I should feel justified in criticizing my friend. But when I see that he is doing what I cannot do, reaching those whom I cannot reach, and bringing to Christ hundreds who will not listen to me, I can only pray God to bless him, and suspend my judgment in all humility upon the novel statement of the old truths until I have had time to examine and test it."

The editor of *The Christian Commonwealth*, who has been devoting columns of his paper

every week to the discussion of the "New Theology," sums up the controversy in these words:

"What we are now experiencing is of course merely one of numerous similar episodes in the history of the Christian Church and indeed in that of the quest of truth the world over since the dawn of independent thought. What the official guardians of accepted religious doctrines never seem to realize is that theology is a progressive science or revelation, that thought-forms and modes of expression necessarily change from age to age, that the heterodoxy of to-day is the orthodoxy of to-morrow."

"Where, I venture to think, open-minded, studious preachers with few exceptions, have erred is in not attempting to prepare their congregations for inevitable changes. Many of them have gone on developing their own thought, studying the Higher Criticism, even reading German theology, noting the discoveries of natural science, and talking frankly to one another in the seclusion of their own studies. But on these matters they have for the most part maintained discreet silence in the pulpit. Hence the present upheaval is distressing to the older folks who have been in blissful ignorance of the inroads that have been made upon the traditional view of Christianity."

In the United States religious sympathy seems to be about equally divided between Mr. Campbell and his critics. Conservative journals, such as the *New York Examiner* (Baptist) and the *Philadelphia Presbyterian*, condemn Mr. Campbell's views as dangerous and misleading. *The Christian Register* (Unitarian) thinks that "he has not yet reached clarity of thought;" and *The Universalist Leader* (Boston) says: "It must be conceded that Mr. Campbell glides over the greatest and gravest problems with an airy ease which does not so much suggest mastery of them as unconsciousness of their gravity." On the other hand, the *New York Independent* and *Outlook* welcome his frank expressions of views; and *The Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York) frankly regrets "the acrimony, the savagery, in which the distinguished editor of *The British Weekly* visits his wrath upon one of the most popular preachers of the day."

The primal and most beneficial function of a thunderstorm is to clear the air, and this, it is generally conceded, the present "theological thunderstorm" in England has done most effectually. As the *New York Outlook* puts it:

"Whether Mr. Campbell is an assailant or a defender of faith, he has done good. For the world should gladly welcome anything, whatever it may be, that turns laymen aside from a discussion of state politics, commercial speculations, and social fashions, to a discussion of the spiritual problems of sin, forgiveness, and practical righteousness."

THE ALLEGED "PIOUS FRAUDS" OF THE BIBLE



IN THE interest of that "scrupulous conscientiousness" which ought to prevail in the field of religion, if anywhere, the Rev. A. Kampmeier, a writer in *The Open Court* (Chicago), pleads for a frank recognition and condemnation of what he terms the "pious frauds" practiced by Biblical writers and commentators. "We must admit," he thinks, "that the ancient Jewish mind, deeply religious, lacked an essential of the true religious spirit. . . . It does not seem to have had the least scruple about manufacturing fictitious prophecies and history. And it was equally so with the early Christian writers. Fiction in the cause of religion, pretending to be true history and fact, seemed to them perfectly justifiable." In illustration of this general tendency, Mr. Kampmeier cites the common rabbinical custom of detaching Old Testament sentences from their context, and giving them prophetic or other values entirely foreign to their original significance. He also finds an exemplification of his theory in each of four well-known Biblical books. Turning, first of all, to the second epistle of Peter, he says:

"The second epistle of Peter in the New Testament pretends not only to have been written by Peter, the intimate disciple of Jesus, but it even says, referring to the story of the transfiguration of Jesus on the mount: 'The voice: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, we ourselves heard come out of heaven, when we were with him in the holy mount.' (Chap. i. 18.)

"It has long been known that this epistle is entirely spurious. Even in the fourth century it was believed by some to be spurious, and these doubts have again and again turned up, till now no unprejudiced Biblical scholar accepts it as authentic.

"The general belief in its authenticity, and for which it was taken up into the canon, was very probably due, besides the mention of the name of Simon Peter in the address to the readers, to the before cited words in that epistle, by which the writer fully asserts himself to have been an eye-witness of that miraculous event of the transfiguration related in the Gospels.

"Sincere believers in Christianity thus argued: 'Would a man have been such a liar as to call himself an eye-witness of that event if he had not been,—a man who wrote an epistle of such religious earnestness and spirituality?' Sincere believers in the truth of Christianity instinctively felt that the writer of the epistle, if he had not been an eye-witness, would have been a liar. Rather than accept such an immoral act on the part of the author of the epistle, the writing was accepted as authentic in spite of its many contradictions.

"It is a well-known fact now that the first centuries were full of such literary productions as-

cribed to immediate disciples of Jesus and others of his contemporaries, which have deceived people even to our own time, and the so-called second epistle of Peter is one of them."

Mr. Kampmeier proceeds to a discussion of the authenticity of the book of Daniel:

"The book of Daniel in the Old Testament expressly claims to have been written by a certain Daniel living in the time of the Babylonian Exile. It is well known now that this book was written almost four hundred years later during the time of the Maccabees. This was even proved to be so by the neo-Platonist Porphyry as early as the third century, for which reason his books were later burned by order of the Emperor Theodosius, in order that his criticism of the book of Daniel should not become generally known. Since the beginning of the last century, however, the authenticity of the book has been given up more and more, and no unprejudiced Bible scholars accept it any longer. And yet that book has misled the most eminent men since it was written, because it exerted such an enormous influence in the formation of Christianity by being the first of the books of the Old Testament to give prominence to the idea of a kingdom coming from heaven through the appearance of the 'Son of Man' in the clouds."

Next, the origins of the book of Deuteronomy are subjected to relentless analysis. Says Mr. Kampmeier:

"We all know that Deuteronomy came out about 650 B. C. in the reign of the Jewish king Josiah (that is, the essential part of it), in order to influence King Josiah to begin that radical reform which made the temple in Jerusalem the only place of worship and abolished all other places of worship throughout the limits of the kingdom of Judah and those of the former kingdom of Israel. That book was given to King Josiah as a writing which had come down from Moses himself, who had forbidden any other place of worship but the one which Jehovah had chosen, and declared that all the evils had come upon the Hebrews because they had transgressed that command—Deuteronomy being filled with curses predicting in detail what ills would come as a consequence of disobeying this command of Jehovah through his servant Moses.

"Until the time of the appearance of Deuteronomy even the most pious Hebrews and prophets had worshiped Jehovah without any scruples in other places outside Jerusalem. They never knew of any such command given by Moses, as to worship only in one place and no other. Now with one stroke a matter was introduced which had never been known before. A book purporting to have been written by Moses was suddenly discovered and brought to light. If this wasn't pious fraud, what was it?"

Even the Gospel of John is charged with harboring a certain measure of "pious fraud." Of this book Mr. Kampmeier writes:

"The Fourth Gospel of the New Testament purports to be a writing of John, a disciple of

Jesus, and his most intimate one. Altho it does not say this expressly, it is written in such an ingenious way that any reader receives the impression that that Gospel has come from the most intimate personal connections with Jesus. This book, on account of its seemingly greater spirituality than the other Gospels and on account of the very mysterious and mystical air surrounding it, has played its part so well that it has charmed all but the most cool and impartial critics. Only these have seen through its unhistorical garb, and the so-called Gospel of John is more and more accepted as a most ingenious fiction on the person of Jesus, with perhaps very little historical fact underlying it."

In the light of modern knowledge and standards, what are we to think of all this? Can we say that the pretensions of Deuteronomy and the Book of Daniel, of the Gospel of John and the Second Epistle of Peter, were only innocent devices—that unknown writers had to use some external machinery or frame by means of which to set forth their ideas? Are we to believe that the authors of these writings thought that the garb of their books was of no importance, but only the religious and moral ideas expressed in them? "Surely not," answers Mr. Kampmeier. He adds:

"It is not for this reason alone, *i. e.*, to have a suitable frame in which to set their ideas as poets and novelists do, that they chose their special garb, but they knew very well that just the pretense of being genuine prophecies relating events from eye-witnesses would have a most convincing influence upon the reader; that in fact this seeming genuineness, so ingeniously worked out, would be the most important thing to the reader.

"And if this is so, what else can we call this proceeding but pious fraud? I at least do not know of any other term which would describe it more correctly and strikingly.

"To the times of Jesus and the first Christian centuries such things seemed perfectly natural and right. The modern mind has evolved to the point of a greater scrupulousness in regard to straightforward methods of teaching religious truth, and this without doubt is due to the influence of science upon religion, for science seeks nothing but pure and naked truth and permits not the least prevarication."

Mr. Kampmeier's article has provoked two rejoinders, which appear in the March issue of *The Open Court*. The first, by C. B. Wilmer, takes the form of a "protest against the dogmatism of this way of dismissing the whole subject of the fulfilment of prophecy." Mr. Wilmer's point of view is summed up in the following paragraph:

"There is a way of regarding this subject which may or may not be the true one, but which at least ought not to be left out of consideration entirely. As I read the New Testament, the idea of fulfilment may be illustrated by the bud's becoming the full-blown rose. Certain ideas and principles are imbedded in the religion and his-

tory of Israel as the bud is inclosed in the green leaves of the calyx. These principles, expanded and given their fullest, deepest spiritual application, make the Kingdom of God *par excellence*, otherwise known as Christianity. Take the one idea of redemption. As deliverance from trouble, it manifestly admits of degrees of meaning, according to the trouble from which there is deliverance. It means one thing when the children of Israel are brought out of Egypt; it means a wider and greater thing when they are brought back from exile; it means still another when Jesus Himself is delivered from sin and death, and when mankind, through Him, are set free to live the sinless and eternal life."

The second rejoinder is from Joseph C. Allen, a clergyman who feels that Mr. Kampmeier has "overstated the case." He says:

"The practice of one man's writing a book in another's name was quite common in Israel, and probably rose in part from the fact that authorship was not so distinct and definable usually as it generally is with us. A writer would borrow very freely and extensively from previous writers, without giving them credit, or making any distinction between their words and his own. Sometimes he would add something of his own to what some one else had written previously, and incorporate this new portion in his own copy of the work. The followers of a sage or prophet would write down his words—sometimes after his death, and put forth the book in the name of him whose sayings it records. Sometimes such a work would contain some passages that were really original with the man that wrote the book, but which he deemed true to the thought of the sage or prophet with whose sayings they were incorporated.

"It was in these circumstances natural that men should be careless in the matter of ascribing a book to an author. And as a disciple often incorporated his own words with those of his teacher, so he might at times write in the name of his teacher, without intending to deceive. This was no more dishonest than it is for a factory to run on and turn out goods in its founder's name after he passed away."

Mr. Allen admits that there were elements of "pious fraud" in the books of Deuteronomy and Daniel. But he says of the Second Epistle of Peter: "The writer felt that he was writing Peter's thoughts and repeating Peter's testimony; and so he believed he had a right to use Peter's name." And of the Fourth Gospel he writes: "Before we denounce the author of this Gospel as a trickster, let us observe how honest he is in admitting facts that presented difficulties against the faith of the early Christians, or handles for the attacks of their foes." Mr. Allen concludes:

"On the whole, I believe that the Hebrew writers were truthful men. But we should not judge them by modern standards, when literary authorship is a more definite fact, when literary criticism demands greater care to interpret a writer in his own exact sense, and when science has caused us to be more precise in our statements than was considered necessary in the past."

HOW TO SUPPLANT THE MILITARY IDEAL



ONE of the great problems of our time, as Prof. William James has said, is to discover a "moral equivalent for war—something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war has done, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual natures as war has proved itself to be incompatible." In her latest book* Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, applies herself to the solution of this problem. The "older dovelike ideal of peace," she observes, has been superseded. What we need now are "newer ideals, active and dynamic," affecting the whole realm of social life. She continues:

"The older ideals have required fostering and recruiting, and have been held and promulgated on the basis of a creed. Their propaganda has been carried forward during the last century in nearly all civilized countries by a small body of men who have never ceased to cry out against war and its iniquities, and who have preached the doctrines of peace along two great lines. The first has been the appeal to the higher imaginative pity, as it is found in the modern, moralized man. This line has been most effectively followed by two Russians, Count Tolstoy in his earlier writings and Verestchagin in his paintings.

"With his relentless power of reducing all life to personal experience, Count Tolstoy drags us through the campaign of the common soldier in its sordidness and meanness and constant sense of perplexity. We see nothing of the glories we have associated with warfare, but learn of it as it appears to the untutored peasant who goes forth at the mandate of his superior to suffer hunger, cold, and death for issues which he does not understand, which, indeed, can have no moral significance to him. Verestchagin covers his canvas with thousands of wretched wounded and neglected dead, with the waste, cruelty, and squalor of war, until he forces us to question whether a moral issue can ever be subverted by such brutal methods.

"The second line followed by the advocates of peace in all countries has been the appeal to the sense of prudence, and this again has found its ablest exponent in a Russian subject, the economist and banker, Jean de Bloch. He sets forth the cost of warfare with pitiless accuracy, and demonstrates that even the present armed peace is so costly that the burdens of it threaten social revolution in almost every country in Europe."

Thus far the appeals for the abolition of war, whether made in the name of humanity or of prudence, have failed. But Miss Addams aims to make them effective by setting behind them "forces so dynamic and vigorous that the impulses to war seem by com-

parison cumbersome and mechanical." To follow her argument:

"It is not merely the desire for a conscience at rest, for a sense of justice no longer outraged, that would pull us into new paths where there would be no more war nor preparations for war. There are still more strenuous forces at work reaching down to impulses and experiences as primitive and profound as are those of struggle itself.

"Moralists agree that it is not so much by the teaching of moral theorems that virtue is to be promoted as by the direct expression of social sentiments and by the cultivation of practical habits; that in the progress of society sentiments and opinions have come first, then habits of action and lastly moral codes and institutions. Little is gained by creating the latter prematurely, but much may be accomplished to the utilization of human interests and affections. The Advocates of Peace would find the appeal both to Pity and Prudence totally unnecessary could they utilize the cosmopolitan interest in human affairs with the resultant social sympathy that at the present moment is developing among all the nations of the earth."

Miss Addams goes on to suggest that we are even now discovering moral substitutes for the war virtues in our struggle toward a higher social order. "The newer heroism," she says, "manifests itself at the present moment in a universal determination to abolish poverty and disease, a manifestation so widespread that it may justly be called international." She adds:

"In illustration of this new determination one immediately thinks of the international effort to rid the face of the earth of tuberculosis, in which Germany, Italy, France, England and America are engaged with such enthusiasm. This movement has its international congresses, its discoverers and veterans, also its decorations and rewards for bravery. Its discipline is severe; it requires self-control, endurance, self-sacrifice and constant watchfulness. Its leaders devote hours to careful teaching and demonstration, they reclaim acres of bad houses, and make over the food supply of huge cities. One could instance the determination to do away with neglected old age, which finds expression in the Old Age Pension Acts of Germany and Australia, in the State Savings Banks of Belgium and France, in the enormous number of Mutual Benefit Societies in England and America. In such undertakings as these, with their spontaneous and universal manifestations, are we beginning to see the first timid forward reach of one of those instinctive movements which carry onward the progressive goodness of the race."

It will be seen that the newer humanitarianism offers emotional stimuli, as well as moral codes; and Miss Addams thinks the time is coming when each nation, "quite as a natural process," will substitute virile goodwill for the spirit of warfare. She concludes:

*NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE. By Jane Addams. The Macmillan Company.

"We are much too timid and apologetic in regard to this newer humanitarianism, and do not yet realize what it may do for us in the way of courage and endurance. We continue to defend war on the ground that it stirs the noble blood and the higher imagination of the nation, and thus frees it from moral stagnation and the bonds of commercialism. We do not see that this is to borrow our virtues from a former age and to fail to utilize our own. We find ourselves in this plight because our modern moral-

ity has lacked fiber, because our humanitarianism has been much too soft and literary and has given itself over to unreal and high-sounding phrases. It appears that our only hope for a genuine adjustment of our morality and courage to our present social and industrial developments, lies in a patient effort to work it out by daily experience. We must be willing to surrender ourselves to those ideals of the humble, which all religious teachers unite in declaring to be the foundations of a sincere moral life."

THE ONLY SURE BASIS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF



WE HEAR so much, in these latter days about the growth of skepticism and unbelief that it cannot but be well, once in a while, to consider the obverse side of the religious problem, and to ask: Why are there so many believers? For, after all, when we look about the world to-day, we find the great majority of men and women in an attitude of religious faith, supporting the churches and defending the creeds. It is likely that most of us have been confronted, at one time or another, with the questions: Why does the average mind, in spite of its doubts and questionings, cling to a belief in the divine? and: What are the causes, the true bases, on which the general belief rests? In all the domain of religious psychology no questions are more fundamental than these, and none have more immediate bearing on the theoretical and practical problems of religious life.

Prof. James Bissett Pratt, of Williams College, whose new and valuable work* on religious psychology has suggested this train of thought, divides the religious development of mankind into three main periods. There is first of all a stage of "primitive credulity," such as that which characterizes children and child-races. A set of beliefs is handed down from father to son and accepted without question. There is secondly a stage of intellectual belief resulting from growing mentality. This stage represents the conscious effort of man to formulate his beliefs in terms of reason, and to defend religion from its enemies. And last of all comes the emotional belief in religion, which rests neither upon child-like faith nor upon reason, but upon intuition and upon matured feeling. It is this intuition that, in Professor Pratt's opinion, affords the real basis for religion to-day; and upon it, he predicts, will rest the religion of the future.

That religious authority no longer commands the allegiance of man in the degree that it once did is fairly obvious. That the growth of scientific knowledge and the turning of the white light of reason on religious dogma has undermined much of what used to be regarded as fundamental doctrine will also be admitted. But the human craving for the divine which prompted St. Augustine's exclamation, "Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee!" is as urgent to-day as it ever was.

With a view to ascertaining the exact state of religious feeling in a typical Eastern community, Professor Pratt recently prepared a circular of printed questions bearing on the psychology of belief, to which he requested written answers. Of eighty-three persons who complied with his request only three confessed themselves unbelievers. The great majority made it clear that their religion is based upon *need*, or upon more or less vague and intuitive experiences. One man, for instance, wrote that he believed, not because he had experienced God's presence, "but rather because I need it, so that it *must* be true." Another believed "chiefly because God is the only hope of the universe. Take away this belief and our existence is hopeless." A third said: "I believe in God especially for moral reasons. Things seem to me senseless and dead if He does not exist, and if I cannot believe He helps me on the way." A fourth made the explicit statement: "Because I want to believe in Him. . . . I pray because I like to. . . . I believe in immortality because I like to." On this type of mind Professor Pratt comments:

"Doubtless a great many people belong to this class without knowing it. They think it is the authority of the Bible or some argument on which their faith is based, whereas it really is the picture of the fear and despair that would follow the loss of faith that makes them cling to it. An analysis of the arguments used in many sermons whose aim is to defend orthodox doctrines would point to the same conclusion;

*THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Williams College. The Macmillan Company.

the question discussed seems often to be, not What is true? but What is pleasant to believe? The pragmatic appeal is constantly made; the old doctrine brings happiness, therefore let us cling to it. One respondent writes that, after several years of skepticism and argument, and of keeping his nerves 'on a constant and useless strain,' he had to come back 'to the plain, solid ideas which were drilled into us in childhood. Then comes a peace of mind regarding our religious status. We have seen the practical application. We have seen men die as Christians and others as infidels. We are awakened from our dreams of youth.'

Fifty-six of the respondents believed that they had been in direct communion with God. One felt the presence of the Divine in "the deeps of nature and of human nature, . . . on the sea, on the seashore, or out at night, under the stars." A second wrote: "On certain rare days, and under circumstances that I cannot analyze, but of which essentials are to be at peace with others and with myself, and being in the presence of some aspect of nature, there falls upon me all of a sudden an extraordinary feeling of sympathy with nature. I have felt it by looking out of the window in the evening, by hearing the wind in the trees, when lying on the grass, by admiring a sunset, contemplating mountain scenery." A third spoke of experiencing physical well-being as the direct result of the inpouring of the Divine spirit. "When I experience the presence of God," he said, "I feel, physically, aggressive but self-poised, exhilarated but not impulsive, my chest swells, my breathing is deep and satisfying, and I seem to see the way to action opened up and the strength to do it." A fourth said: "God is as real to me as the sense of happiness or the sense of love. As I sit by my friend, even abstracting the expression of his face, I often, by the communion of his soul and mine, know that he is my friend. So is God real to me. I feel that I have experienced His presence just as in church you sometimes feel the benediction." A woman made the statement: "God as my Father is *very real*. Have I experienced His presence? Yes, and more than once. The most vivid and never-to-be-forgotten was the strength, peace and quietness that came as we watched the out-going of our first little boy."

Of this kind of testimony Professor Pratt says:

"It puts one's faith upon a plane superior to all argument. He who has once known it can never altogether forget it; he feels that he has had at least one glimpse into a new dimension of being. It is not to be described, but only to be experienced; a language which all the initiate—and only they—may speak or understand. This, at least, is the almost universal assertion

of those who claim to have known this thing. With Browning's Abt Vogler they say:

God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

One of my respondents writes: 'I find others have experience which makes them understand mine without explanation. A certain instinctive comprehension exists, tho in matters of taste, education and temperament we may be quite far apart. There seems to be a common language of the soul learned through a life not possible to utter in words.'

All of which leads to the conclusion that belief in our day must stand or fall with "the Religion of Feeling." "Personal inner experience, the unreasoned (tho by no means unreasonable) religious attitude toward the universe," observes Professor Pratt, "is the only source from which religion in these days of naturalism and agnosticism, of indifference and hostility, can draw its life. Here alone is something independent of literary criticism, of scientific discovery, of philosophic thought." He adds:

"The time is coming and is, I believe, not far distant, when this inner experience, this spiritual insight, will be recognized as the only sure basis of religious belief.

"What will be the content of such a religion? Its beliefs, as pointed out above, must be formulated and made articulate by thought. It must forever express itself in forms and symbols. These forms and symbols will always vary with different peoples and different times, and they will arise and succeed one another and pass away in the future as they have in the past. The concept of God will continue to vary with the individual. But beneath all these changing and contradictory manifestations will flow the one life of the inner religious experience. This inner experience, I say, is really one; all the mystics speak one language and profess one faith. For while some commune with Brahman, some with their own larger and purer selves, some with the 'Tao,' some with Jesus or with Mary, some with the *stille Wüste* or the *ungeschaffener Abgrund* or the Oversoul, all testify to the conviction—or, as they phrase it, to the immediate experience—that their little lives lead out into a larger Life not altogether identical with theirs but essentially of the same nature. Beyond this in their descriptions of it they vary, many of them insisting that it is for us unknowable. But they all agree with Plotinus that, tho 'God escapes our knowledge, He does not escape us.' This evidence which all the mystics bear to a vast reservoir of life beyond us, which is like ours and with which our life may make connections, is the one dogma of the Religion of Feeling. And as the many dogmas of the Religion of Thought follow the many dogmas of the Religion of Primitive Credulity into the museums and the history books—the ghost world of departed faiths—this one dogma, if religion is really to last, will be seen in its true light as the one doctrine of the real Religion of Humanity, because it is founded on the very life of the race."

ARE WE THREATENED BY A FEMININE CHRISTIANITY?



NOT long ago President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, attributed a certain decline in religion in our day to "the fact that the church has been for ages cultivating the female side of religion." With much the same thought in mind Captain Mahan recently said to the members of a graduating class at West Point: "The masculine, military side of religion, as portrayed in the Bible, is too often overlooked, because women are more religious than men." That the danger-signal raised by these two eminent publicists can be ignored by church leaders only at their peril is the deepest conviction of Dr. Carl Delos Case, a Brooklyn clergyman. In a new work, entitled "The Masculine in Religion,"* Dr. Case urges the view that modern Christianity is seriously menaced by feminine influences, and that the great need of our times is a counter-balancing masculine note in religious life and thought.

In marshaling the evidences that go to show the growing power of "a feminine Christianity," Dr. Case speaks, first of all, of the absence of men from the churches. He writes on this point:

"There are about 20,000,000 Protestant church-members to-day in the United States. About 13,000,000 of these are women. Seventy-five per cent. of the boys leave Sunday-school during the adolescent age. Mr. C. C. Michener, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, reports that, in the country, one in two young men go to church regularly, one in three occasionally, and one in fourteen not at all; in the city, one in four regularly, one in two occasionally, and one in seven not at all. This is one of the most encouraging reports given to the public. In a recent year the minutes of a prominent denomination in Massachusetts gave the totals of male membership in 198 churches. These churches had 33,885 members, or an average of 170 to each church. The total male membership was 10,543, or an average of a little over fifty-three to each church. This makes it plain that of these churches only about one-third were men. These figures were gathered largely from the rural districts, where there are generally more male members in proportion to the entire membership. In regard to the Catholics, the reports are much the same. *The Catholic Telegraph* once said that at the same communion rail there are everywhere ten young women for one young man."

The ruling traits of woman, according to

Dr. Case's analysis, are emotion, suggestibility, altruism, self-sacrifice, and love of the beautiful, and these traits, he argues, good as they may be in their proper place, have impressed themselves upon modern Christianity to an extent that is nothing less than disastrous. In regard to the place of emotion in woman's religion, he says:

"That woman is more emotional is manifest in the importance attached to emotional elements in religion. The investigations of writers like Starbuck have repeatedly shown that men become Christians oftener for rational, women for emotional, reasons; and it is on the emotional element that the strongest emphasis has been placed in the popular religious appeals. Examine a modern prayer-meeting, and it will be seen that the test of the value of the meeting is in the extent and quality of the feeling produced. The joy, peace, and happiness are a proof that God is present, as he is not supposed to be with the cold, hard-headed business man who is computing his accounts. Not in the action of the will or the intellect is God primarily manifest, but in the emotions. Revivals have been most successful when most feeling has been manifest. There is danger of repudiating emotion in religion; it has its place. But it must not usurp the place of the will and intellect; and that it has is an example of the over-feminization of the religious life."

Then, again, woman is more suggestible than man, and this characteristic, says Dr. Case, has become a standard of religious experience generally. "Woman is more affected by external influences than man, gives way to example and precept, and is more subject to hallucination and striking experiences. Women are converted oftener in the revival meeting; men oftener alone." It has been charged that worldliness is responsible for the decay of the old-time revival, but Dr. Case thinks "it is rather true that man has asserted his nature, has become less suggestible, and where his conversion was awaited on the revival type, he has remained outside of the fold of the church."

Taking up, next, the question of woman's altruism and self-sacrifice, Dr. Case writes:

"The altruistic sentiment of woman is the ideal of society, though not always the practice. But altruism may be too sentimental. The curse of all charity is indiscriminate giving. It may be love, but it is not wisdom for the mother to yield her better judgment to the whims of a son. There is too much of the sentimental altruism in religious teaching to-day, and the ruggedness of the law has been smoothed away to the freedom of license. There is altruism that is allied to chivalry, and this is masculine. The word 'chivalry' is ety-

*THE MASCU LINE IN RELIGION. By Carl Delos Case, Ph.D., Pastor of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

mologically the same as the word cavalry, and in the Italian and Spanish the same word does service for both ideas. Chivalry is martial, and is the display of soldierly aggressiveness in behalf of the weak. 'The only chivalry worth having,' sweetly writes Louisa M. Alcott, 'is the readiness to pay deference to the old, protect the feeble, and serve womankind, regardless of age, rank, or color;' but that altruism which discards punishment, banishes hell, winks at lax habits of morality, makes church discipline a farce, public justice a fiasco, and social purity an abnormality, may not be woman's desire, but it is the result of a feminine altruism.

"Woman is dependent, and the modern religious life is far too much a self-abnegation that makes the Christian lose his independence, cultivate only meekness, and subdue his natural assertiveness. Self-sacrifice carried to an extreme has begotten a race of would-be martyrs, and obedience to Christ is made synonymous with the loss of manhood. The passive virtues are exalted beyond proportion. Woman's natural religiousness is so far conceded that the religious life is made to include just those characteristics which she possesses, and man is so much by nature farther away that the path back to God is a longer one, and is only to be traversed by denying what God has made him. It is of the same piece of argument that the intellect is made the instrument of confusion and doubt, and the 'heart' (i. e., not the whole of man's self, but his emotions) the sole faculty of knowing God. The more intellect, therefore, the farther a man is from God, and the greater obstacles in the way of his return. It would be a pity, indeed, for us to say that since woman has the gift of trusting and loving and the sense of dependence, she is more easily guided into the true path, for thereby it would be necessary to say that God created man naturally incapable of exercising the religious faculty, if indeed he has one. The Bible does say, 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God,' but it does not say 'Except ye become as women, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.'"

Finally, Dr. Case charges women with over-estheticizing the church. Sermons must be "rhetorical and oratorical" to please them. They desire not so much logical thought as "beautiful description especially adapted to produce emotions."

"Women are more attracted by appearances, more fastidious, more subservient to social rules, which rules aim to cultivate good form. The other parts of the church service, especially the music, must be in strict accordance with the artistic sense. Ruggedness, masculinity, is not desirable. No wonder Professor Starbuck found that girls express a pleasure in religious observances more frequently than the boys by a ratio of seventeen to seven, while, on the contrary, boys express a distinct dislike for them more often than the girls by a ratio of twenty-one to nine. Men like a feminine woman as the counterpart of themselves; but they do not like a feminine service which is supposed to be an expression of their own masculine nature. They are not women, and cannot act like women."

After formulating his indictment, Dr Case

strikes a positive and constructive note. What we need, he avers, is a revival of "muscular Christianity," and a new realization of the truth that it is just as important and natural for a man to be religious as for a woman. The demand to-day is for "a masculine religion and a masculine church service." Further:

"The church is or should be the home of love; but it is something more. It is a factory to turn out products for a modern civilization; it is a laboratory in which an expert examination is made of soul life; it is an arsenal where are found all sorts of armor for warfare; it is a foundry where is forged the armor for defense, it is a fort from which the soldiers sally forth to victory. Why should the church life be known only by its moments of rest? Why should the soft playing of 'Home, Sweet Home' be thought more appropriate for the Christian soldier than 'Rally Round the Flag'? Let some rugged thought be presented, some military discipline be used, some martial music be played. The good lover is the good hater, and hate means opposition. There are needed in the church both a Christian thought and a Christian activity expressive of its virility."

Above all, says Dr. Case, in concluding, we need a new emphasis on the masculinity of Christ. Too often He has been represented as a feminine, spiritual, patient personality; too seldom as virile, commanding and strong. To quote again:

"Christ has splendid self-control. See him as he conquered out there in the wilderness physical demands for the sake of the interests of the Kingdom; as he restrained his eagerness and worked on in obscurity for thirty years; as he refused kingship, when he was *de jure* king; as he never spoke unadvisedly, although the human tongue is a most unruly member; as he spoke his convictions even when threatened by death.

"He had moral courage. He would not compromise with Nicodemus, or whitewash the lives of the Pharisees, or be fearful in driving out the money-changers by the threat of the lash. He was unmindful of his reputation, and never accommodated his teaching to suit the times or the audience. He was as ready to set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem as if he were going to an enthronement of earthly glory. He was a patriot; but a patriot who loved his country better than his own life, and was willing to die for his country even when he himself could not live in his earthly life to share in the final victory.

"This fine category of manly qualities does not signify that Christ lacked the gentler graces. Robert E. Speer quotes from Miss Mulock in 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' who speaks of tenderness as 'that rare thing—a quality different from kindness, affectionateness, or benevolence; a quality which can only exist in its perfection in strong, deep, undemonstrative natures, and therefore in its perfection seldom found in women than in men.' Speer goes on to show that Jesus revealed that tenderness in his quick thought for others, in his love for little children, in his kindly attitude toward the Samaritans, in

his sympathy with widows, in his sympathy with the lonely, in his care for the poor, in his passion for healing the sick and the wretched, in his remembrance of his mother in his last agony.

"If, therefore, Jesus had the feminine graces, as he certainly did have, they were united with the strong, deep qualities of a manly nature. If he was the 'apotheosis of the feminine ideal,' he was also the apotheosis of the masculine ideal. He was a hero, and men admire the hero. No wonder

that Wendell Phillips made this reply to a group of men in Boston who told him that Jesus was amiable, but not strong: 'Not strong! Test the strength of Jesus by the strength of the men whom he has mastered; titans like Cromwell, for example, or Augustine, or Martin Luther!' Test Jesus Christ by the best standards of manhood practised by the noblest men, and taught by the wisest leaders of thought, and Jesus will be found the supremely manly man."

THE BIBLE'S FASCINATION AS LITERATURE



HUMAN interest, as every journalist knows, is the first requisite for a good story or article; and human interest, according to Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, is the distinguishing quality of the Bible above all other books. Mr. Beveridge came to this conclusion some years ago while out with a camping party in the woods. The company was in a reading mood, but no reading matter was to be had for love or money. Finally one of the party bethought himself of his Bible, and suggested a reading from *that*. The proposal was not enthusiastically received, but the man with the Bible had his way. After the reading was over, one of the listeners exclaimed: "I never knew the Bible was so interesting. Let's have some more of that to-morrow." And to-morrow they did have some more. By chance an Indian guide belonging to the party was near, and he sat sat down and listened. The next day all the guides were there. At this point we quote directly from Senator Beveridge's narrative (*Saturday Evening Post*):

"The comments of the guides were curious, keen, full of human interest. It was no trouble for them to understand Isaiah. They had the same spirit that inspired David when he went up against Goliath. They knew, with their deep, elemental natures, the kind of woman Ruth was and Rebekah was. Moses slaying the Egyptian and leading the children of Israel out of Egypt, laying down the law in good, strict, man-fashion, was entirely intelligible to them. One wonders what the 'higher critics' and 'scholarly interpreters' of the Holy Scriptures would have thought had they seen these plain men, learned in the wisdom of the woods, understanding quite clearly the twelfth chapter of Romans, or the voluptuous Song of Solomon, or the war song of Moses, or, most of all, the Sermon on the Mount.

"Why, I never knew those things were in the Bible. How did you ever get on to them?" said He one day, when a perfectly charming story had been read.

"Why, this way," said the Other One. "Many years ago in a logging camp there happened to

be nothing to read, and I just *had* to read. I had read everything—that is to say, I had read everything but the Bible. And I did not want to read that. I had heard it read over and over again in the church and in my own home, and always with that monotonous non-intelligence, that utter lack of human understanding that makes all of the men and women of the Bible, as ordinarily interpreted to us, putty-like characters without any human attributes.

"But there was nothing else to read. So I was *forced* to read the Bible, and I instantly became fascinated with it. I discovered what every year since then has confirmed—that there is more 'good reading' in the Bible than in all the volumes of fiction, poetry and philosophy put together. So when I get tired of everything else and want something really 'good to read,' something that is charged full of energy and human emotion, of cunning thought and everything that arrests the attention and thrills or soothes or uplifts you, according to your mood, I find it in the Bible."

This story serves as the point of departure for a remarkable tribute to the Bible. "Surely," says Senator Beveridge, "this book has not held its sway over the human mind for two thousand years without having engaging qualities—something that appeals to our human interest. Surely the Old Testament, which is the story of the most masterful and persistent people who ever lived, cannot help being charged with thought, and emotion, and love, and hate, and plot and plan, with frailty and ideals, with cowardice and courage, with anarchy and law, with waywardness and obedience. . . . And surely, too, the New Testament, which is the account of the *Man* who dominates all Christendom to-day, the *Man* who is the most powerful influence in civilization two thousand years after He has passed from earth; surely such an account could not be without a fascination, compared with which our most thrilling novels and most passionate poems are vapid and tame." To quote further:

"And, when you add to these merely human elements of the Old and New Testaments the divine quality glorifying it all, you have by far

the best literature in the world; and not the best literature only, but by far the most interesting literature. You have not only the development of the only divine religion known to man, but you have easily the best reading to be found in all the libraries. It is of the Bible from this last point of view to which this paper is addressed. I am talking now to those who are asking each night about their firesides for 'something good to read;' and I am telling them to read the standard novels and more than the standard novels—the standard histories and biographies; and more than the standard histories and biographies—the standard poets; and more than both of these the *current magazines and all of them, for they are the living expression of the world's thought to-day*; but I am telling them that, more than all of these put together, they will find 'good reading,' considered from the viewpoint of 'good reading' and nothing else, between the covers of that volume which every home would be ashamed to be without, but which, curiously enough, is the last thing to be read."

Senator Beveridge goes on to register his conviction that "the Bible is by far the most admirable compendium of the best short stories to be found in the literature of the world." By common consensus of critical opinion the French are the best modern short-story tellers; "and yet," says Senator Beveridge, "the French short stories—perfect as they are when compared with other fiction—are crude and prolix compared with the short stories of the Bible." He cites the story of David and Goliath. "The world has not yet forgotten this immortal combat," he remarks; "and for 'good reading' in the realm of adventure nothing has been produced that comes anywhere near it." To quote again:

"A good way to test the tremendous pith and point of the Bible narrative is to read over a portion of it, get it thoroly in mind; then close the Bible and try to write out the very things you have read yourself. You will find that you will use two or three times as many words, do the best you can.

"Of course, these stories of adventure are very numerous in the Bible—the volume is packed full of them.

"But suppose you want some other kind of story—intrigue, let us say, or diplomacy. You will find it in this same history of this same David. His craft in statesmanship equaled his courage in war. It is fascinating to see how he laid the foundation of that dynasty from which sprang our Savior. Of course, I am not going to attempt to repeat it here—that would be merely to repeat what you will find in infinitely more fascinating form in the Bible itself. All that I am doing is to tell you that if you want 'human interest' stories that yet involve statesmanship, diplomacy and war you will find them all crowded into the life of David. And through them all you will find fundamental, almost primal, human passions running at high tide.

"For example, David loved women—man-fashion and violently he loved them—and that

led him, man of God tho he was, into wrongdoing. And the hatred of the people of that time was equal to their love, and their grief was something terrible. When the men of that time and race hated, that meant a killing. We see it in the same race as late as the time of the play of 'The Merchant of Venice,' where that wonderful old character, Shylock, exclaims, Who hates the man he would not kill!

"While David is the master character throughout all this period, and, indeed, one of the master characters of all time and of all peoples, that period was full of characters. The fact is that the Bible is made up of big characters, men and women and children loving, plotting, warring, hating, intriguing, philosophizing, praying, forgiving, doing justice and working righteousness, yet falling to the lowest depths. But always there is 'something doing.'"

The Senator from Indiana sometimes wishes that he had been born a painter, instead of a statesman, and he says that if he had he would have painted at least two pictures if he had never painted any others. The first would have been a picture of Isaac, "the first gentleman in literature," as he took his bride, Rebekah, by the hand, and "brought her to his mother's, Sarah's, tent." The other would have been a picture of Joseph, "the dreamer," as he drew near to his brethren at Dothan, "lithe and strong and fine, wandering slowly, his great dark eyes filled with visions of another time and of another land, of great enterprises and splendid duties and mighty deeds—dreaming, always dreaming, and with the dreamer's halo about him." To quote, in conclusion:

"These tales are, of course, familiar to everyone. The pastels of The Dreamer and The First Gentleman in Literature are as well known as they are unappreciated. But their perfection as works of art and their absorbing quality as narratives have been forgotten just because they are old.

"I think that we Americans are falling into the same trouble that the men of Athens had fallen into at the time of Paul's immortal oration on Mars Hill. The men of Athens were continually looking for 'something new'—as we are told, 'the Athenians and the strangers there spent their time in nothing but telling or hearing some new thing.' . . .

"But the Bible is full of the most extraordinary experiences that few people know anything about. They are tucked away here and there throughout this astonishing volume. As I have said before, they are of every kind, too. Incidents of love of the most passionate and yet the tenderest and the most self-sacrificing kind; incidents of anger that set our blood on fire even in the reading of them; incidents of the blacker passions rioting unrestrained, wanton and desperate; incidents of craft and cunning more subtle than those told by Conan Doyle in his Sherlock Holmes, or by that master of all modern writers of plot and intrigue, Edgar Allan Poe."

NEW LITERARY PORTRAYALS OF JESUS



AMERICA has recently witnessed an unusual number of Biblical plays. None, however, has actually presented the figure of Jesus. In Germany there have been published within recent months a remarkable series of imaginative works, poetic, dramatic and fictional, dealing with Jesus as the central figure. The *Christliche Welt*, of Marburg, gives a survey of this literature, from the pen of Fritz Philippi.

Nobody, he says, believes that the ideal drama of the life of Jesus has yet been written, and it would require a prophet or a prophet's son to predict the hour when a master's hand will accomplish this great task. The large number of efforts that are being made in this direction only emphasizes the fascination which the subject possesses for literary men. It is remarkable, moreover, what phenomenal differences appear in the conception of the subject as treated by the writers who have ventured upon this dangerous ground.

Of new German portrayals of Christ the most noteworthy is probably that of a Roman Catholic writer, Arno von Walden, whose "Christus" has created a sensation in religious circles. Von Walden gives an independent Catholic picture of Jesus, not a mere subordinate to the Virgin Mary. In beautiful verse and with a mystical spirit he glorifies Jesus as the King of Heaven, and this glorification of Jesus' royalty is carried so far that His redemptive work is almost obscured. One of the most striking parts of the work is entitled "Christus am Lethe." Here Jesus is depicted, in His disappointment, as wanting to turn His back on mankind and to return to the region of the dead, but as being recalled to His work of mercy for the welfare of sinners by the piteous appeals of the shadows of the dead.

An altogether different conception underlies the poetic drama of Hermann Baars, entitled "Jesus." If it be the aim of drama to depict the development of a personality under the influence of a struggle, then this "Jesus" is scarcely a drama. The central thought is rather the gradual development in Jesus' mind of the Messianic idea, to which He clings even in the face of the strongest temptation. This temptation is personified in Judas, who tries to hold Jesus to an ambition of merely earthly rule. The play is largely the story of the struggle between the antagonistic principles repre-

sented by these two, and might be called "Jesus and Judas." Indeed, Judas rather gains, and Jesus loses, in the development of the plot, and as the acme of the drama, Jesus is persuaded by Judas publicly to declare Himself the Chosen One, and thus excites the rage of the mob that ends His life. Baars' Jesus could hardly be described as the Jesus of the gospels, nor is his drama the realization of Christian ideals.

Entirely different again is the "Jesus" of Feddersen, which presents the Savior in an entirely modern way, acting and speaking for Himself. He is even pictured as joking with children, and in Gethsemane He begins with the words, "Now I will experience the higher meaning of the Lord's Supper." To the rich young man He says: "God or Mammon! Away with Mammon! Give me your soul!"

A fourth conception of Jesus is embodied in Max Semper's play entitled "Der Ewige" (The Eternal). It is an attempted solution of the problem from the standpoint of the philosophy of religion. All the actors who appear are representatives and types of different schools of religious thought, and in solemn dignity they advocate the teachings of these schools—the priest, the savant, the ascetic, and the Master Himself. The underlying purpose is to determine which is the best religion, and the success of each school is measured by the power of its representative to sway and control the people. The priest advocates his cultus, the learned Pharisee comes with the law, the Greek savant with his Platonic philosophy. The discussion is brought to an issue in a dialectic form, and a common conclusion is attained by Jesus in offering to redeem the people by a "sacrifice."

A fifth work by Hermann Kroepelin is called "Jesus: An Epos." The title claims too much, as it is not an "epic," but rather a dramatic poem. The interesting point in Kroepelin's book is its distinct and characteristic individualization of Jesus, who is represented as being first inspired to His mission by John the Baptist, and then as being overwhelmed by the dire distress of the people and outraged by the wickedness of the rulers. Disappointed in His expectations of a Messiah as helper, He finally concludes to undertake the work of deliverance Himself, and thus brings about His own death. In spirit and in tone this is one of the best in this group of works.

Finally, the "Christus" of Paul Friederich is an attempt at an epic description of Jesus. We have here real poetic thought, clad not in heavy theological armor, but in beautiful language, and carried through five cantos. It is a visionary elaboration of the story of the

Temptation. Satan tries to make Jesus disgusted with His mission, by telling Him what the Messiah must suffer at the hands of mankind. The whole work is distinguished by strong imaginative power and vivid portraiture.

A PROPOSED UNION OF CHRISTENDOM UNDER PAPAL AUSPICES



HE Rev. Dr. Charles Augustus Briggs, whose withdrawal from the Presbyterian Church attracted so much attention ten years ago, has shown an increasing sympathy with Roman Catholicism. During the summer of 1905 he visited the Vatican and had an extended conference with the Pope. About the same time he published a friendly article on "Reforms in the Roman Catholic Church." And now he writes, in *The North American Review*, proposing nothing less than a reunion of all the Christian churches under a reformed Papal administration.

Present tendencies in the religious world, he argues, point toward the realization of this ideal. "Catholics and Protestants all over the world," he says, "are looking with hope and eagerness for great and widespread reforms, such as may remove the evils that brought about the division of the Church and destroy the barriers which perpetuate the separation; and, in a spirit of love and concord rally the entire Christian world about Christ our Lord and a successor of St. Peter, who will be as near to Christ as St. Peter was, and as truly a representative of the Lord and Master as Shepherd of the flock of Christ, the executive head of a reunited Christianity."

The Papacy, he says further, "is one of the greatest institutions that has every existed in the world; it is much the greatest now existing, and it looks forward with calm assurance to a still greater future." Moreover:

"Its dominion extends throughout the world over the only ecumenical church. All other churches are national or provincial in their organization. It reaches back in unbroken succession through more than eighteen centuries to St. Peter, appointed by the Saviour of the world to be the Primate of the Apostles. It commands the great central body of Christianity, which has ever remained the same organism since Apostolic times. All other Christian organizations, however separate they may be from the parent

stock, have their share in the Papacy as a part of the Christian heritage and are regarded by the Papacy as subject to its jurisdiction. The authority of the Papacy is recognized as supreme in all ecclesiastical affairs, by the most compact and best-organized body of mankind, and as infallible in determination of doctrines of faith and morals when it speaks *ex cathedra*."

The historical development of the Papacy, we are reminded, constitutes "one of the most stupendous series of events in history." Until the time of the Reformation it may be said to have represented the cause of the Christian people against emperors, kings and princelets. Toward the close of the Middle Ages it allowed itself to be entangled in civil affairs, and so stretched its prerogatives as to become a peril to the states of Europe. Then came Protestantism. "The Protestant Reformation," says Dr. Briggs, "was essentially a protest, and so it might always have remained, a protest against Papal usurpations, with a willingness to recognize all valid, historical and Biblical rights of the Pope." But the logic of events compelled the Protestants to go further and organize national churches. "So far as there was a historical necessity for this course," comments Dr. Briggs, "it was valid. But when, later, Protestants went so far as to deny all the historic rights of the Papacy, Protestantism put itself into a false position which must ultimately be abandoned." In the meantime the Papacy was obliged to reform itself, and "there has been a slow, cautious, but steady advance in reform ever since." How far these reforms have made Christian reunion possible, Dr. Briggs goes on to discuss:

"The unity of the Church is in Christ, the head of the entire body of Christians. Such a Christianity embraces the world of the living and the dead, those in various stages of preparation, as well as those already Christian. Christianity in the world is organized in one Church, under the Apostolic ministry, culminating in the Universal Bishop, the successor of St. Peter. The three constituents necessary to complete

unity are the Pope, the ministry and the people, a threefold cord which should not be broken. The unity of the Church is not in the person of the Pope, but in his office, as the Universal Bishop, and as such the head of all the bishops, as these are of the ministers and people. In Christian history, the unity of the ministry has been expressed in Ecumenical Councils, that of the people in their lawful civil governments. Any failure to recognize and give due weight to each and all of these constituents of unity impairs the unity of the Church, but does not destroy it, so long as even one of the lines remains unbroken."

Dr. Briggs proceeds to specify the reforms which he thinks are needed in Papal administration. He proposes that "the jurisdiction of the Pope should be defined and limited by a constitution as the executive office has been in all governments." The Pope, as he points out, is at present more absolute in his government than the Czar of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey. Constitutional definitions and restriction are needed not only to "restrain the Popes and their councilors, the Cardinals, within their legitimate limits of jurisdiction," but also to "defend the rights of the Papacy from the intrusion of civil governments." The exact nature of these constitutional provisions is made clear in a concluding paragraph:

"There are no serious barriers in the way of such a transformation of the Papacy as may remove the chief objections of those Churches which do not at present recognize its supreme jurisdiction. The great principle of unity of Greek and Oriental Churches may become operative in Ecumenical Councils truly representing the entire Christian world. Such Councils may by their decisions so supplement, enlarge and improve the past decisions of the Roman Catholic Church and Popes that the objections to them may be removed and the entire world may accept the results. The infallible and irreformable determinations of Councils and Popes are few, and these may be so explained, limited or enlarged, and the essential so discriminated from the unessential, that even these discriminations may no longer be stumbling-blocks to the world. The great principle of Protestant Christianity, the consent of the Christian people, may become operative in the introduction of representatives of the people into the presbyterial and synodical system of the Church. The bureaucracy of the Cardinalate and the Congregations at Rome may be reduced to the efficient system in use in all modern representative governments. The absolutism of the Pope may be destroyed by a constitution defining carefully the limitation and extent of his powers. The government of the Pope may be fortified and at the same time limited by a Council meeting every three or five years, representing the entire Christian world. The legislative function of the Papacy may be eliminated from the executive, as in the best modern states. The judicial function of the Papacy may be separated by the organism of a

supreme court of Christendom. There is nothing in any infallible decision of Councils and Popes that in any way prevents some such transformation of the Papacy as is here conceived of. This ideal may be in its detail an illusion—doubtless most will think it such—but whether the outlines of this ideal and its details be mistaken in whole or in part, it is certain, as Jesus Christ our Savior reigns over His Church and the world, that some day, in some way, the Papacy will be reformed so as to correspond with His ideal, and will be so transformed as to make it the executive head of a universal Church."

Dr. Briggs's article has aroused considerable interest in the religious world, and has led to some discussion. "Coming as it does," says the *New York Freeman's Journal* (Rom. Cath.), "from a Protestant minister conspicuous for his scholarship and ability, it is extraordinary." The same paper says further:

"His admission of the divine authority of the Papacy must be only speculative or academic, for if he really admitted the authority of the Pope to be divine, all discussion, so far as he is personally concerned, is at an end. Obedience to that authority becomes an imperative obligation that cannot be shirked, or left, as an ideal in the air, or as the duty of some one else."

The Freeman's Journal takes issue with a statement by Dr. Briggs that the Papacy is endangered when it concerns itself with questions of politics, sociology and philosophy. In concrete society, we are reminded, "politics and morals are inextricably associated, and neither can be dealt with without reference to the other." *The Freeman's Journal* concludes:

"There are many other points of great interest in this remarkable essay of Dr. Briggs that deserve profound reflection. Though we cannot agree with him in much that he says, we cannot but admire him for the noble objective he has in view, namely, Christian unity."

Several of the newspapers offer suggestive comment on Dr. Briggs's article. The *New York Evening Post* finds it "characteristic of the hour and the man that theological differences of opinion are practically ignored as a barrier to the coming together of Protestant, Roman and Greek Christians;" and the *New York Times* says:

"To the lay mind it may indeed seem that, while there may be nothing in any of the acknowledged infallible decisions to prevent this transformation, there is in the human nature of Cardinals and of Popes a sort of obstacle which it will take nothing less than a miracle to overcome. For it is to be remarked that the transformation outlined by Dr. Briggs hardly leaves much to the Papacy of the substance of power that has been attractive in the past. But it is upon what the lay mind would regard as a miracle that Dr. Briggs necessarily relies."

Music and the Drama

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.—BY CHARLES KLEIN



CHARLES KLEIN'S play, "The Lion and the Mouse," from which, by special arrangement with H. B. Harris, we reprint three crucial scenes, is said to have achieved so far the most successful record ever made by a play written in America. Its two years' run in New York City stands unparalleled in the history of the American theater, and four companies have at the same time this season been presenting the play to the country at large. It has been ably novelized by Arthur Hornblow, and in book form, too, sells by the tens of thousands. This phenomenal success is due in part, at least, to the fact that in the character of John Burkett Ryder Mr. Klein has daringly and brilliantly dramatized, in thinly veiled form, the person of John D. Rockefeller. Our Old World dramatists have put kings and emperors upon the stage. Mr. Klein substitutes for these a monarch of finance.

The first act introduces us to Judge Rossmore and his family in dire straits. The worthy Judge had crossed the path of the "system" and more than once, by his impeccable integrity, thwarted the plans of John Burkett Ryder and his associates. At last, however, the revenge of the moneyed powers has overtaken him. With devilish ingenuity they have inveigled him into financial transactions of which he understood little, and, without his knowledge, have made over to him more stock than he was entitled to, so as to expose him to the suspicion of having accepted a bribe. Then, in the critical moment, certain letters, especially one which he had written to Ryder and from which his innocence would have been clearly established, are withheld from his friend and legal adviser, ex-Judge Stott. His fortune is shattered, he faces impeachment, and, the Senate committee being but a tool in Ryder's hands, almost certain conviction. When his daughter Shirley returns from a pleasure trip to Europe, in the course of which she had accidentally met and learned to love Ryder's son, Jefferson, she finds her family's social status totally changed and disgrace hanging like a sword over her father's head. Shirley is not only a brave but a clever woman. She had, under the name of Sarah Green, pub-

lished a book of stories, and but recently completed a novel, "The Octopus," for which the fascinating if unsympathetic figure of Ryder had been the model. Jefferson, the son, has not read the novel and knows nothing of Shirley's literary work. When he hears that her father is in difficulties he at once asks her for her hand. She had given him some encouragement, but rejects his offer under the circumstances. The announcement of Jefferson's engagement to Kate Roberts, daughter of Senator Roberts, which had been published simultaneously with young Ryder's return—without his knowledge and against his will, but in accordance with his father's commands,—and the unenviable part which the older Ryder had borne in bringing about Judge Rossmore's downfall, supply her with a plausible excuse. She will have justice for her father, and before that end has been attained she will hear nothing of love. Throughout this act as well as throughout the play Shirley reveals a strong, self-reliant soul.

The second act takes us to Ryder's private office. It appears that Kate Roberts, Jefferson's prospective fiancée, has been carrying on an intrigue with the Honorable Fitzroy Bagley, a penniless but blue-blooded Englishman, formerly third chamberlain to the Queen of England's second son, now in Ryder's service. In fact she cares no more for Jefferson than the latter cares for her. The scene that follows reveals Ryder's calm mastery over both his household and the United States Senate. In the latter Senator Roberts is his chief tool. Generals, governors, politicians, plead vainly for a word with the great potentate of finance. Mrs. Ryder is absolutely dominated by him. Jefferson, however, in a spirited scene, forces an interview, in the course of which he annuls the marital arrangement made by Ryder and declares his love for Judge Rossmore's daughter. Vainly old Ryder jeers and rages. Jefferson avows that he will leave the house and build a life for himself far from his father's millions. He goes out, and Miss Sarah Green is announced. Her book, "The Octopus," had meanwhile appeared, and by some intimate touches had roused the interest of John Ryder,

who could not but see his own image mirrored in its pages. Of course he never dreams of the author's identity with Shirley, the daughter of Judge Rossmore. He had sought an interview with the author, and she had refused to see him in his house except upon an invitation from Mrs. Ryder. When Shirley is ushered in as Sarah Green she naturally remarks that she had expected to see Mrs. Ryder. A dramatic interview follows:

SHIRLEY: I rather expected to see Mrs. Ryder.

RYDER: Yes, she wrote, but I—I—wanted to see you—(*picks up a book*) about this—

SHIRLEY: Oh, have you read it?

RYDER: I have—I am sure your time is valuable, so I'll come straight to the point. I want to ask you where you got the character of the central figure, the Octopus, as you call him, John Broderick?

SHIRLEY: From imagination, of course.

RYDER: You've sketched a pretty big man here. (*Opens book at marked places.*)

SHIRLEY: He has big possibilities, but I think he makes very small use of them.

RYDER: On page 22 you call him the greatest exemplar of individual human will in existence to-day. And you mark indomitable will and energy as the keystone of his marvelous success.

SHIRLEY: Yes.

RYDER: On page 26 you say that "The machinery of his money-making mind typifies the laws of perpetual unrest. It must go on—go on—relentlessly, resistlessly, making money, making money and continuing to make money. It cannot stop until the machinery crumbles." Do you mean to say I couldn't stop to-morrow, if I wanted to?

SHIRLEY: You?

RYDER: Well, it's a natural question. Every man sees himself in the hero of a novel, as every woman does in the heroine. We're all heroes and heroines in our own eyes, I'm afraid. (*He shuts the book.*) But what's your private opinion of this man from whom you drew the character? What do you think of him as a type? How would you classify him?

SHIRLEY: As the greatest criminal the world has ever produced.

RYDER: Criminal? (*Astonished.*)

SHIRLEY: He is avarice, egotism and ambition incarnate; he loves money because he loves power, and he loves power more than mankind or womankind.

RYDER: Um—rather strong.

SHIRLEY: Of course, no such man ever really existed?

RYDER: Of course not. (*He is thoughtful.*)

SHIRLEY: But you didn't ask me to call merely to find out what I thought of my work. That sounds like an interview in a Sunday paper.

RYDER (*laughs*): No, I want you to undertake a little work for me. (*Opens box.*) I want you to put my autobiography together from this material. (*He takes out several voluminous foolscap documents, letters, etc., which he places on the table.*) I want to know where you got the details of this man's life? (*He sits down and takes up the book.*)

SHIRLEY: For the most part from imagination

—newspapers—magazines. You know the American millionaire is a very overworked topic, and naturally I've read—

RYDER: Well, I refer to what you haven't read, what you couldn't have read. This is what I mean: "As evidence of his petty vanity, when a youth, he had a beautiful Indian girl tattooed just above his forearm." Now who told you that I had my arm tattooed when I was a boy?

SHIRLEY: Have you? Why, what a coincidence—

RYDER (*with sarcasm*): Yes? Well let me read you another coincidence. (*Reads from book*): "The same eternal long black cigar always between his lips."

SHIRLEY: General Grant smoked. All men who think deeply along material lines seem to smoke.

RYDER: Well, we'll let that go. How about this: "John Broderick loved, when a young man, a girl who I've in Vermont; but circumstances separated them." I loved a girl when I was a lad and she lived in Vermont, and circumstances separated us; that isn't coincidence, for presently you make John Broderick marry a young woman who had money. I married a girl with money and—

SHIRLEY: Lots of men marry for money—

RYDER (*sharply*): I said with money, not for money. But this, this is what I can't understand, for no one could have told you this but myself. (*Reads*): "With all his physical bravery, and his personal courage, John Broderick was intensely afraid of death. It was in his mind constantly." Who told you that I—I've never mentioned it to a living soul.

SHIRLEY: Most men who amass money are afraid of death, because death is about the only thing that can separate them from their money.

RYDER (*Laughs*): Why, you're a real character.

SHIRLEY (*laughs with him*): It's logical.

RYDER: You're a curious girl. Upon my word, you interest me. I want you to make as good a book of this chaos as you did out of your own imagination. (*Takes more manuscripts out of box.*)

SHIRLEY: So you think your life is a good example to follow? (*Looking carelessly over papers.*)

RYDER: Isn't it?

SHIRLEY: Suppose we all wanted to follow it, suppose we all wanted to be the richest, the most powerful personage in the world.

RYDER: Well?

SHIRLEY: I think it would postpone the era of the Brotherhood of man indefinitely. Don't you?

RYDER: I never looked at it from that point of view. You're a strange girl. You can't be more than twenty or so—

SHIRLEY: I'm twenty-four or so.

RYDER: Where did you get these details? Come, take me into your confidence?

SHIRLEY (*pointing to book*): I have taken you into my confidence, and it cost you \$1.50. (*Then pointing to papers.*) I'm not so sure about this.

RYDER: You don't think my life would make good reading?

SHIRLEY: It might. (*Looking over papers.*) But I don't consider that mere genius in money-making is sufficient provocation for rushing into print. You see unless you came to a bad end, it would have no moral.

RYDER: Upon my word, I don't know why I'm

so anxious to have you do this work. I suppose it's because you don't want to. You remind me of my son. Ah, he's a problem.

SHIRLEY: Wild?

RYDER: No, I wish he were.

SHIRLEY: Fallen in love with the wrong woman, I suppose.

RYDER: Something of the sort. How did you guess?

SHIRLEY: Oh, I don't know. So many boys do that. Besides I can hardly imagine that any woman would be the right woman unless you selected her yourself.

RYDER: Do you know that you say the strangest things?

SHIRLEY: Truth is strange, isn't it? I don't suppose you hear it very often.

RYDER: Not in that form.

SHIRLEY (*glancing over the letters*): All these from Washington consulting you on politics, and finance; they won't interest the world.

RYDER: Your artistic sense will tell you what to use.

SHIRLEY: Does your son still love this girl?

RYDER: No.

SHIRLEY: Yes, he does.

RYDER: How do you know?

SHIRLEY: From the way you say he doesn't.

RYDER (*admiringly*): You're right again, the idiot does love her.

SHIRLEY (*aside*): Bless his heart. (*Aloud.*) Well, I hope they'll both outwit you.

RYDER: (*Laughs more interested in her than ever.*) Do you know I don't think I ever met anyone in my life quite like you?

SHIRLEY: What's your objection to the girl?

RYDER: Every objection. I don't want her in my family. And I object to her father.

SHIRLEY: Anything against her character? (*Busies herself with papers to hide her interest.*)

RYDER: Yes—no—not that I know of. But because a woman has a good character that doesn't necessarily mean that she should make a desirable match, does it?

SHIRLEY: It's a point in her favor, isn't it?

RYDER: Yes—but—

SHIRLEY: You are a great student of men, aren't you, Mr. Ryder?

RYDER: Yes—I—

SHIRLEY: Why don't you study women? That would enable you to understand a great many things that I don't think are quite clear to you now.

RYDER: I will. I'm studying you. But I don't seem to be making much headway. A woman like you, whose mind isn't eaten up with the amusement habit, has great possibilities, great possibilities. Do you know you're the first woman I ever took into my confidence? I mean at sight. I'm acting on sentiment, something I rarely do. I don't know why. I like you, upon my soul I do, and I'm going to introduce you to my wife—my son—(*takes telephone receiver from hook*) and you're going to be a great friend of theirs. You are going to like them. You—

SHIRLEY: What a commander-in-chief you would have made! How natural it is for you to command. I suppose you always tell people what they are to do and how they are to do it. You are a natural-born general. You know, I've often thought that a Napoleon and Caesar and Alexander must have been domestic leaders as well as imperial rulers. I am sure of it now.

RYDER: (*Nonplussed.*) Well—of—all— (*Gets up one step from chair and bows.*) Will you please do me the honor to meet my family?

SHIRLEY (*smiling sweetly*): Thank you, Mr. Ryder, I will. (*Looks at papers to control her delight.*)

RYDER (*at telephone*): Hello, hello, is that you Bagley? (*A pause.*) Get rid of General Dodge. I can't see him to-day. I'll see him to-morrow at the same time. Eh? (*SHIRLEY, who has been poring over the papers, starts, nearly drops and utters a slight cry.*) What's the matter?

SHIRLEY: Nothing—nothing. (*Glances aside at Ryder and tries to abstract a letter from papers. He casually catches her eye and she pretends to be indifferent.*)

RYDER (*to SHIRLEY*): Well, well, consider the matter settled. When will you come?

SHIRLEY (*in a peculiar hoarse voice, showing she is under a strain*): You want me to come here? (*Is frightened; looks at letter, then at RYDER. He catches her eye, leans on desk, then looks toward letter she is reading.*)

RYDER: Yes, I don't want those papers to get out of the house. Hello, what's that? Excuse me. (*Sees what she is reading and realizes that it is an important paper; takes it away from her.*) How on earth did they get there? Curious, they're from the very man we were speaking of. (*Takes keys out of pocket and opens drawer.*)

SHIRLEY: You mean Judge Rossmore?

RYDER (*suspiciously*): How did you know it was Judge Rossmore? I didn't know his name had been mentioned.

SHIRLEY: I saw his signature.

RYDER: (*Locks letters in drawer.*)

SHIRLEY: He's the father of the girl you dislike, isn't he?

RYDER: Yes—he's the—the— (*Ends sentence with a gesture of impatient anger.*)

SHIRLEY: How you hate him!

RYDER: Not at all. I disagree with his politics and his methods. And I know very little about him except that he is about to be removed from office.

SHIRLEY: Oh, about to be! (*Rises and drops paper.*) Then it is decided even before he is tried? (*Starts to pick up paper.*)

RYDER: No, no, allow me. (*Picks up paper and goes back to box for papers.*)

SHIRLEY: If I remember correctly, one of the newspapers seems to think he is innocent of the charge of which he is accused.

RYDER (*thoughtfully*): Perhaps.

SHIRLEY: In fact, most of them are on his side.

RYDER: Yes.

SHIRLEY: Whose side are you on? Really and truly.

RYDER: Whose side am I on? I—Oh, I don't know that I am on any side. I don't know that I give it much thought. I—

SHIRLEY: Do you think this man deserves to be punished?

RYDER: Why do you ask? (*He rises.*)

SHIRLEY: I don't know, it interests me. (*Trying to be calm.*) That's all. It's a romance. Your son loves the daughter of this man. He's in disgrace; many seem to think unjustly— (*With some emotion.*) And I have heard from some source or other—you know I know a great many newspaper men; in fact I have done newspaper work myself—I have heard that life has no

longer any interest for him, that he is not only disgraced but beggared; that he is pining away, slowly dying of a broken heart. (*Sits. All through this scene she tries to be light and non-chalant.*) Ah, why not come to his rescue—you who are so rich and powerful?

RYDER: My dear girl, you don't understand. His removal is a necessity.

SHIRLEY: You think this man is innocent?

RYDER: Even if I knew it, I couldn't move—

SHIRLEY: Not if you knew? Do you mean to say if you had the absolute proof you couldn't help him?

RYDER: I could not betray the men who have been my friends. It's *noblesse oblige* in politics as well as society.

SHIRLEY: Oh, it is politics! That's what the paper said, and you believe him innocent—(*Laughs.*) Oh I think you're having a little joke at my expense, just to see how far you can lead me. I dare say Judge Rossmore deserves all he gets. Oh yes, he deserves it—(*RYDER watches her curiously.*)

SHIRLEY: Please forgive me—I—(*Laughing to conceal her emotion.*) It's the artistic imaginative temperament in full working order: A story of hopeless love between two people with the father of the girl hounded by politicians and financiers. It was too much for me! ha! ha! I forgot where I was. (*She watches him furtively; she is intensely nervous, wiping perspiration from her face. At this moment SENATOR ROBERTS followed by KATE ROBERTS enters the room.*)

ROBERTS: I assumed the privilege of an old friend and passed by the guard. Kate gave Bagley a countersign and got through with me.

RYDER (*rising*): Glad to see you, Senator. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Miss Green, allow me to introduce Senator Roberts and Miss Roberts. Senator, this is the young woman who—(*Points to the book.*) She is the one who did it—

KATE (*interested*): Oh, really! (*Crosses to table.*)

ROBERTS: God bless my soul, you don't say so? So young and yet so—so—indeed this is an unexpected pleasure. Did you know that your book has been quoted in our Senate chamber by one of the Populist members, as the mirror in which the commercial octopus could gaze upon himself?

SHIRLEY: Really, I—

RYDER: (*Bell.*) I'll order some tea. You'd like a cup of tea, wouldn't you Miss Green, and so would you, Kate?

KATE: Tea, in the sanctum sanctorum? What will Mr. Bagley think? Father, do you hear?

ROBERTS: Yes, but I prefer soda and whiskey.

KATE: Miss Green, if you only knew what exceptional honors are being heaped upon us. (*Enter JORKINS, a man servant.*)

RYDER: Tea, Jorkins, here. (*JEFFERSON appears at the door.*)

JORKINS: Here, sir?

RYDER: Yes, here. (*Exit JORKINS.*)

JEFFERSON: Excuse my interrupting you, father, but I leave early to-morrow, and before I go—

RYDER: We'll talk about that to-night. I want you to meet Miss Green. Miss Green, this is my son Jefferson. (*Looks at paper on desk.*)

JEFFERSON (*starts*): Miss Green—

RYDER: Yes, Miss Sarah Green, the writer.

SHIRLEY: I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Ryder. (*Holds out her hand; he is dumb-founded; stares at her face and does not see her outstretched hand.*)

RYDER (*rather amazed*): Why don't you shake hands with her? She won't bite you. (*SHIRLEY and JEFFERSON shake hands.*)

RYDER: Kate—Miss Green, I want you to know this little girl very well; she's going to be my son Jefferson's wife. (*The girls smile at each other.*) And I want you to look after Jefferson. (*Enter BAGLEY, followed by servant with tea tray.*)

RYDER (*to SHIRLEY*): I want you to talk to him the same as you did to me.

JEFFERSON: Shirley—

SHIRLEY: Miss Green!

JEFFERSON: Miss Green, may I get you some tea?

SHIRLEY: Thank you, yes.

RYDER: Senator, the young man has a will of his own, but he will come to our way of thinking. He'll come around.

JEFFERSON: Sugar?

SHIRLEY: One lump, please. (*JEFFERSON brings down tea.*) And later on I want you to get the key of that left-hand-corner drawer—

JEFFERSON: Father's private desk?

SHIRLEY: Hush!

JEFFERSON (*to RYDER*): Father, I've changed my mind. I'm not going away.

CURTAIN.

The third act brings Senator Roberts again from Washington. He has received notice from his wife that his daughter Kate is planning to elope with Bagley the next morning. Ryder takes the situation at once in hand and dismisses his blue-blooded secretary Bagley like a schoolboy. From this conversation with Roberts it is evident that Judge Rossmore's fate is sealed. Sentiment is for him, but the decision will be given on party lines, and Roberts returns to Washington only to make victory doubly sure. After he is gone, Jefferson beards the financial lion in his den and reproaches him for having repeated the announcement of his marriage to Kate Roberts, and even set a date for the occasion. He insists that his love belongs to Shirley. Ryder threatens that, in such emergency, after being through with her father in Washington, he would send his sleuths upon the heels of the girl, and within a short time make her a notorious woman. Here Jefferson goes out, and Shirley, who has heard nothing of the conversation, enters, still as Sarah Green. She is greatly wrought up over the news from Washington. Ryder asks her for advice in regard to his son, for, in the short time she has been in Ryder's house the plucky girl had won the hearts of every member of the Ryder family. "I am against a blind wall," he says, "I can't see my way. I'm ashamed of myself, ashamed. Did you ever

hear the fable of the Lion and the Mouse? Well, I want you to gnaw with your sharp woman's teeth at the cord which binds my son to this Rossmore woman. I want you to be the mouse. Set me free from this disgraceful entanglement." He finally proposes to her in his son's name. Kate, he says, is not in love with Jefferson, nor he with her. But a brilliant woman like Sarah Green would surely be able to make him forget Judge Rossmore's daughter. At this juncture ex-Judge Stott, Judge Rossmore's attorney, is announced. Shirley earnestly pleads with Ryder to receive him. She knows her father's life—and more—is at stake. She adds that it would be diplomatic, as the refusal of such a request could only harden Jefferson's heart toward his father. Ryder finally accedes, but turns a deaf ear to the Judge's appeal. The latter thereupon confronts him with the letter which Shirley had purloined from the desk and threatens to publish it. Ryder is unmoved by the threat. He is sure of the Senate and knows that it is too late for the letter to be offered as evidence, and he is used to being reviled in newspapers. After he has sent the Judge away, pale with anger, he calls for Jefferson.

JEFFERSON: You sent for me, father?

RYDER: What of the letters in this drawer?

JEFFERSON: What letters?

RYDER: The letters that were in the left-hand-corner drawer.

JEFFERSON: Why—I—I—

RYDER: You took them?

JEFFERSON: Yes.

RYDER: And sent them to Judge Stott.

JEFFERSON: Yes. (SHIRLEY starts.)

RYDER: As I thought. You deliberately sacrificed my interests to save this woman's father. You hear him Miss Green. Jefferson, I think it's time you and I had a final accounting. (SHIRLEY starts up.) Please don't go, Miss Green. As the writer of my autobiography you are sufficiently well acquainted with my family affairs to warrant your being present at the epilog. Besides, I want an excuse for keeping my temper. For your mother's sake, boy, I have overlooked your little eccentricities of character. We have arrived at the parting of the ways. You have gone too far. The one aspect of this business I cannot overlook is your willingness to sell your father for the sake of a woman.

JEFFERSON: My father wouldn't hesitate to sell me if his business and political interests warranted the sacrifice.

SHIRLEY: Ah, please don't say these things, Mr. Jefferson. I don't think he quite understands you, Mr. Ryder, and, if you will pardon me, I don't think you quite understand him. Do you realize that there is a man's life at stake—that Judge Rossmore is almost at the point of death and that favorable news from the Senate Chamber to-morrow is perhaps the only thing that can save him?

RYDER: Judge Stott's story has quite aroused your sympathy.

SHIRLEY: Yes, I—I confess my sympathy is aroused. I do feel for this father whose life is slowly ebbing away, whose strength is being sapped daily, hourly, by the thought of his disgrace, the injustice that is being done him. I do feel for the wife of this suffering man.

RYDER: Now we have a complete picture; the dying father, the sorrowing wife, and the daughter. What is she supposed to be doing?

SHIRLEY (with meaning): She is fighting for her father's life, and you—(to JEFFERSON)—should have pleaded—pleaded—not demanded. It's no use trying to combat your father's will.

JEFFERSON: She is quite right, father. I should have implored you. I do so now. I ask you, for God's sake, to help us.

RYDER (sees his son's attitude and changes for a moment. After a pause): His removal is a political necessity. If this man goes back on the bench, every paltry justice of the peace, every petty official, will think he has a special mission to tear down the structure that hard work and capital has erected. No, this man has been especially conspicuous in his efforts to block the progress of amalgamated interests.

SHIRLEY: And so he must die!

RYDER: He is an old man; he is one, we are many.

JEFFERSON: He is innocent of the charges brought against him.

SHIRLEY: Mr. Ryder is not considering that point. All he can see is that it is necessary to put this poor man in the public pillory, to set him up as a warning to others of his class, not to act in accordance with the principles of truth and justice, not to dare obstruct the car of Juggernaut set in motion by the money-gods of this world.

RYDER: Survival of the fittest, my dear.

SHIRLEY: Oh, use your great influence with this governing body for good!

RYDER: By George, Jefferson, I give you credit for having secured an excellent advocate.

SHIRLEY: Suppose—suppose this daughter promises that she will never never see your son again; that she will go away to some foreign country?

JEFFERSON: No, why should she? If my father isn't man enough to do a simple act of justice without bartering a woman's happiness, his son's happiness, let him rot in his own self-justification.

RYDER (crosses to JEFFERSON): Jefferson, my boy, you see how this girl pleads your case for you. She loves you. Believe me, she does. She's worth a thousand of the other women. Make her your wife and I will do anything you ask.

JEFFERSON: Make her my wife? (Trying to control himself. He cannot believe his ears.) Make—her—my—wife!

RYDER: Come, what do you say?

JEFFERSON: Yes—yes—(Unable to speak for fear that he will betray himself.) I can't ask her now, father—some time later.

RYDER: No, to-night. At once. Miss Green, my son is much affected by your disinterested appeal in his behalf. He—he—you can save him from himself. My son wishes you—he—asks you to become his wife. Is it not so, Jefferson?

JEFFERSON: Yes—yes—my wife. (Laughs hysterically.)

SHIRLEY: Oh, no—no—Mr. Ryder, I cannot. I—I can't.

RYDER (*appealingly*): Why not? Ah, don't decide hastily.

SHIRLEY: I cannot marry your son with these lies on my lips. I cannot go on with this deception. I told you you did not know who I am, who my people are. My story about them, my name, everything about me, is false. Every word I have uttered is a lie, a fraud, a deception. I wouldn't tell you now, but you trusted me and are willing to entrust your son's future in my keeping, and I can't keep back the truth from you. Mr. Ryder, I am the daughter of the man you hate. I am the woman your son loves. 'Twas I who took those letters and sent them to Judge Stott. I am Shirley Rossmore.

RYDER: You?

SHIRLEY: Yes, yes, I am. Now listen to me, Mr. Ryder. Don't turn away from me. Go to Washington on behalf of my father and I promise you I will never see your son again, never, never.

JEFFERSON: Shirley!

SHIRLEY: Jeff, forgive me,—my father's life!

JEFFERSON: You are sacrificing our happiness.

SHIRLEY: No happiness can be built on lies. We have deceived your father, but he will forgive that, won't you, and you will go to Washington? You will save my father's honor, his life? You will—you will—

RYDER: No—no—I will not. You have wormed yourself into my confidence by means of lies and deceit. You have tricked me, fooled me, to the very limit. Oh, it's easy to see how you have beguiled my son into the folly of loving you. And you have the brazen effrontery to come here and ask me to plead for your father. No, no, let the law take its course. And now, Miss Rossmore, you will please leave my house to-morrow morning.

SHIRLEY: I will leave your house to-night. Do you think I would remain another hour beneath the roof of a man who is as blind to justice, as deaf to mercy, as incapable of human sympathy as you are!

RYDER: Leave the room!

JEFFERSON: Father!

RYDER: You have tricked him, as you have tricked me.

SHIRLEY: It is your own vanity that has tricked you. You lay traps for yourself and walk into them; you compel everyone around you to lie to you, to cajole, to praise, to deceive you. At least you cannot accuse me of flattering you. I have never fawned upon you as you compel your family, your friends, your dependents to do. I have always appealed to your better nature by telling you the truth, and in your heart you know that I am speaking the truth now.

RYDER (*controls himself with difficulty*): Please go!

JEFFERSON: Yes, let us go, Shirley. (*Goes toward SHIRLEY.*)

SHIRLEY: No, Jeff, I came here alone, and I'm going alone.

JEFFERSON: No, you are not. I intend to make you my wife.

SHIRLEY: Do you think I could marry a man whose father is as deep a discredit to the human race as your father is? No, I couldn't, Jeff. I couldn't marry the son of such a merciless tyrant. He refuses to lift his voice to save my father. I refuse to marry his son. You think if you lived in the older days—(*RYDER is dumbfounded*)—you'd be a Cæsar or an Alexander, but you

wouldn't. You'd be a Nero, a Nero! Sink my self-respect to the extent of marrying into your family? Never! I am going to Washington without your aid. I am going to save my father if I have to go on my knees to every United States Senator at the Capitol. I'll go to the White House! I'll tell the President what you are! Marry your son, indeed! Marry your son! No, thank you, Mr. Ryder!

CURTAIN.

That night no one in the Ryder family had much sleep. Shirley is forced to stay under Ryder's roof owing to the inclemency of the weather. The next morning Jefferson vainly lays his heart once more at her feet. He even offers to go with her to Washington and openly oppose his father. She refuses. Old Ryder meanwhile calls Roberts back from Washington and makes a new deal with him by which the scales of Judge Rossmore's fate are turned. Roberts and his fellows will have to eat their words, but the compensation will be Ryder's support in a scheme relating to the Erie Canal. He then asks to see Miss Rossmore. The latter refuses to see him, but he attempts to force upon her a check for her services, which she had scornfully returned to him. He will not be balked a second time. He holds out the check to her:

RYDER: It is yours; please take it.

SHIRLEY: No. I can't tell you how low I should fall in my own estimation if I took your money. (*Contemptuously.*) Your money! Why it's all there is to you—it's your God. Shall I make your God my God? No,—Mr. Ryder.

RYDER: And so I contaminate even good money?

SHIRLEY: Money itself is neither good nor bad. It's the spirit that gives it—the spirit that receives it. Money creates happiness, but it also creates misery. It destroys individuals as it does nations. It has destroyed you, for it has warped your very soul.

RYDER: No—I—

SHIRLEY: I repeat it—money, the power it has given you, has dried up the wellsprings of your heart.

MAID SERVANT (*entering*): Cab's at the door, Miss. (*Maid goes out.*)

RYDER: You won't need it. I—I came here to tell you that I— (*As if ashamed of himself*)—Ah, you've made it very hard for me to speak. (*Slowly.*) I've seen Senator Roberts and I'm going to Washington.

SHIRLEY: My father—

RYDER: It's all right about your father. He'll not be impeached. The matter will be adjusted. You've beaten me. I acknowledge it. But you're the first living soul who has beaten John Ryder.

SHIRLEY: You mean that you are going to help my father?

RYDER: Not for his sake, not for his sake.

SHIRLEY: Ah, the principle of the thing.

RYDER: Never mind the principle—it's for you.

SHIRLEY (*shakes her head*): And I had no faith—no faith.

RYDER (*pauses, as if, ashamed*): I'm going to Washington on behalf of your father because—I want you to marry my son. Yes, I want you in my family—close to me; I want your respect, my girl. I want your love. I want to earn it. I know I can't buy it. There's a weak link in every man's chain, and that's mine—I always want what I can't get. I can't get your love unless I earn it. Oh don't tell me I can, because I know I can't. (*Sees that she is pensive and does not speak.*) Why, you look almost disappointed: you've gained your point. You've beaten me. Your father is going to be restored to you. You're going to marry the man you love. Is that the right time? (*Looks at watch.*) I leave in fifteen minutes for Washington. Will you trust me to go alone, or will you go with me?

SHIRLEY: I trust you, but I'll go with you. It's

very good of you to allow me to win you over.

RYDER: You won me over last night when you put up that fight for your father. We're not going alone. (*Goes to door.*) Jeff—Jeff—

SHIRLEY: He'll be the happiest man in the world. Father—father—I want to laugh and I feel like crying. (*JEFFERSON enters.*)

JEFFERSON: He has told you?

SHIRLEY: Yes. (*ROBERTS enters.*)

ROBERTS: Bad news, Ryder. (*Everybody turns and looks at him.*) Kate has gone off with Bagley. (*Ominously.*) Jeff, my boy—

RYDER: Oh, he'll get over it, won't you? (*Roberts goes out.*) Mind, we leave for Washington in ten minutes.

SHIRLEY: We'll be there.

JEFFERSON: Together?

SHIRLEY: Together.

CURTAIN.

THE MOST VERSATILE ACTOR IN THE WORLD



THE great Italian actor, Ermete Novelli, who is now for the first time visiting the United States, is said to be the most versatile actor in the world. His répertoire ranges from the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles and "Hamlet" to the modern French farce, and embraces, all in all, no less than one hundred rôles. He is equally famous for his tragic denunciations and his vivacious humorous monologues.

Novelli, like so many great actors, was "born on the road." As did Ellen Terry, he made his first appearance at the age of eight. When he had reached his twenty-third year his name began to be familiar in the larger cities, mainly owing to his abnormally long olfactory organ. At thirty-four, in 1886, he had begun to rank among the prominent actors of his native land, and his tours extended from South America to Egypt and from Russia to Spain. In 1898 he finally achieved the height of his ambition and took Paris by storm.

The New York Times, from which these data are chiefly taken, gives an interesting account of the hard struggle Novelli had in order to win serious recognition. For he was not satisfied with amusing the public, but wanted the higher and more classic standing of a tragedian. The first time he appeared in a tragic rôle the audience hissed, not because he played badly, but because they were used to see him in comic guise. Novelli retired in tears to his dressing-room. A weaker man would have yielded; theatrical history is full of similar records. Not so Novelli. He persisted in his endeavors to enforce his recog-

nition as a tragic actor from a reluctant public. Little by little the battle was won, and Novelli became, in a sense, the Novelli of today, tragedian and comedian in one.

The Theatre Magazine prints a fascinating study by Benjamin de Casseres of Signor Novelli's greatest creations in the field of tragedy—Shylock and King Lear. His conception of Shylock, the writer affirms, is absolutely original. Booth made of Shylock a melancholy wandering Jew. Mansfield makes of him a demon of hatred. "Novelli only among all the actors who have tried this difficult rôle has brought to the surface in stark nakedness the subtlety of the Jew of Venice, subtlety that is more than the subtlety of an individual robbed of his ducats and his daughter, in that it mirrors the cunning, the subterranean hate, the watch-and-ward of a degraded, wronged people." To quote further:

"These studies are atomic; Novelli's gestures are the minutiae of a soul. The face is now a mask for calculated stupidity, now a dumb show of volcanic emotions; the eyes robbed of their lights by a thought that sits heavy upon his inquiet soul, then suddenly transversed by mockery, triumph, unspeakable irony—the great round pupils becoming two grimacing devils from hell; his postures slavish, kingly, obsequious, as flexible as his desires, crooked to the angle of his needs, a gymnast of expectations, an insinuating worm, a twisted, broken father chased by the dirty urchins of Venice—thus has Novelli followed Hamlet's injunction of 'suiting the action to the word,' giving to us, through the wonder of his art, a creature whose veneful wickedness, undeserved sufferings and demoniacal spitefulness leave their tracks in the memory from act to act and long after the final curtain."



By courtesy of *The Theatre Magazine*

THE PADEREWSKI OF THE STAGE

Ermete Novelli, the great Italian actor, who is now playing for the first time in America. The muscles of his face, it is said, are as obedient to his will as is the keyboard of a piano to the touch of a musical virtuoso.

Novelli's King Lear, de Casseres goes on to say, is a fit companion to his Shylock.

"In his very first gestures in the first act he strikes the keynote of the tragedy. In his querulous shake of the head, his munching of a toothless mouth, his gimlet-like glance of suspicion at his courtiers when he mounts the throne, he shows already the beginnings, the foundations, of that malady, which helped along by circumstances was to do its deadly work in that brain. No detail, however minute, has escaped Novelli. From that first entrance he unwinds the inexorable chain of Lear's destiny, depicting with a startling knowledge of the psychopathic, the crumbling of the crapulous, irritable, proud old tyrant."

The two rôles here described represent only a small portion of Novelli's tragic repertoire. His acting in all cases is intensely realistic. He crushes our mind with the intensity of his vivid portrayals and overwhelms us with the sincerity of his art. He carries us at will with him until we, like "marionettes in the hands of a master, are seduced out of our own personalities and act with him in those fictions of passions which his art bodies before our eyes." In moments of intensity Novelli's marvelous facial powers are displayed. His face becomes the mirror of his soul. The muscles covered with skin are as absolutely under his control as are the keys of a piano under the fingers of a great pianist. Novelli, the writer concludes, is a Paderewski of the histrionic art.

HOW BELASCO CREATES DRAMATIC STARS



AN a great actor be made? David Belasco seems to have solved the problem. Again and again he has taken comparatively obscure actors and set them as stars in the theatrical firmament. In the comparatively short time that he has been a producing manager he has developed the genius of Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, David Warfield, and this season has added to his list Miss Frances E. Starr, whose delineation of the title-rôle in "The Rose of the Rancho" has been one of the most notable events of the season. With unerring judgment Belasco developed the talents of Mrs. Leslie Carter, who came to him years ago pleading and unknown. He took Mr. Warfield out of musical comedy and rescued Miss Bates from the artistic desert of the traveling companies. Mr. Warfield has since then played "The Music Master" upward of six hundred times in New York, and recently eclipsed Edwin Booth's record for the largest receipts ever taken in at the Academy of

Music. Miss Bates has appeared over four hundred times in "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Belasco Theater, and thereby recorded the longest engagement ever played by a female star in New York. No less remarkable was the transformation of Miss Starr from an obscure actress into a theatrical luminary of the first magnitude.

In a chat with Harriet Quimby, printed in *Leslie's Weekly*, Miss Starr has explained in a measure the secret of Belasco's magic. "Mr. Belasco," she says, "has a faculty of bringing out all that is good in one. He has patience and understanding to a wonderful degree, but the compelling force which is felt by all who come under his direction is love. He loves his work, he loves the people who work for him, and from the stage hands up his people love and respect him." Sympathy is the sesame that opens the gates of the soul. Mr. Belasco himself once remarked on the subject: "A manager must study the person and must find out just how much to leave to that

person's interpretation. That is the real secret." He went on to say:

"An actor, an actress, may have a certain nature. Something may be dormant in that nature, and necessarily, by reason of that ignorance, he passes over the things that he has not experienced.

"The sentiment and the more violent emotions would appeal to him or to her and could be acted properly; but the subtler emotions, the beautiful, tender thoughts, they may never have had an opportunity to experience, and consequently cannot interpret them as they should be interpreted. It is, then, in these points that they can be assisted and coached.

"We are all like instruments, full of emotions. It only needs some one who knows how to strike the right string, and the melody will be forthcoming."

Mr. Franklin Frederick, writing in *The Bohemian*, observes that tho Belasco achieves great results with actors, as in the case of Warfield, he is still more successful with women. Belasco, he adds, is essentially *feministe* like Sardou, Hervieu, Pinero and Sudermann, who write for women better than for men. He can take an actress whom others have passed over with indifference, and, provided she is plastic and conformable to suggestions, make her show powers that fairly astound one. A writer in *The Theatre Magazine* goes even further. "Mr. Belasco," she says, "has the eyes of a woman of genius."

David Belasco in accordance with his feminine temperament is intensely interested in each detail of his work, first in writing a play and then in most effectively staging it. "Few playwrights," remarks Marie B. Schrader, "have the gift of revision to the same degree. He re-wrote the third act of 'The Girl of the Golden West' thirteen times, and one day he showed the writer a large leather dress-suit case full of loose manuscript which was only a fraction of the paper wasted in writing that particular act before it had reached a satisfactory stage to meet the approval of his own critical judgment."

Belasco has probably given the American stage more notable plays written by himself or in collaboration, than have been given by any other American dramatist, with the single exception of Clyde Fitch. Some of them are: "La Belle Russe," "May Blossom," "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," "Lord Chumley," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Heart of Maryland," "Zaza," "Du Barry," "The Darling of the Gods," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "Adrea," "The Rose of the Rancho," and "The Girl of the Golden West."

Even more important than the mere writing is the staging of one of Belasco's dramas.



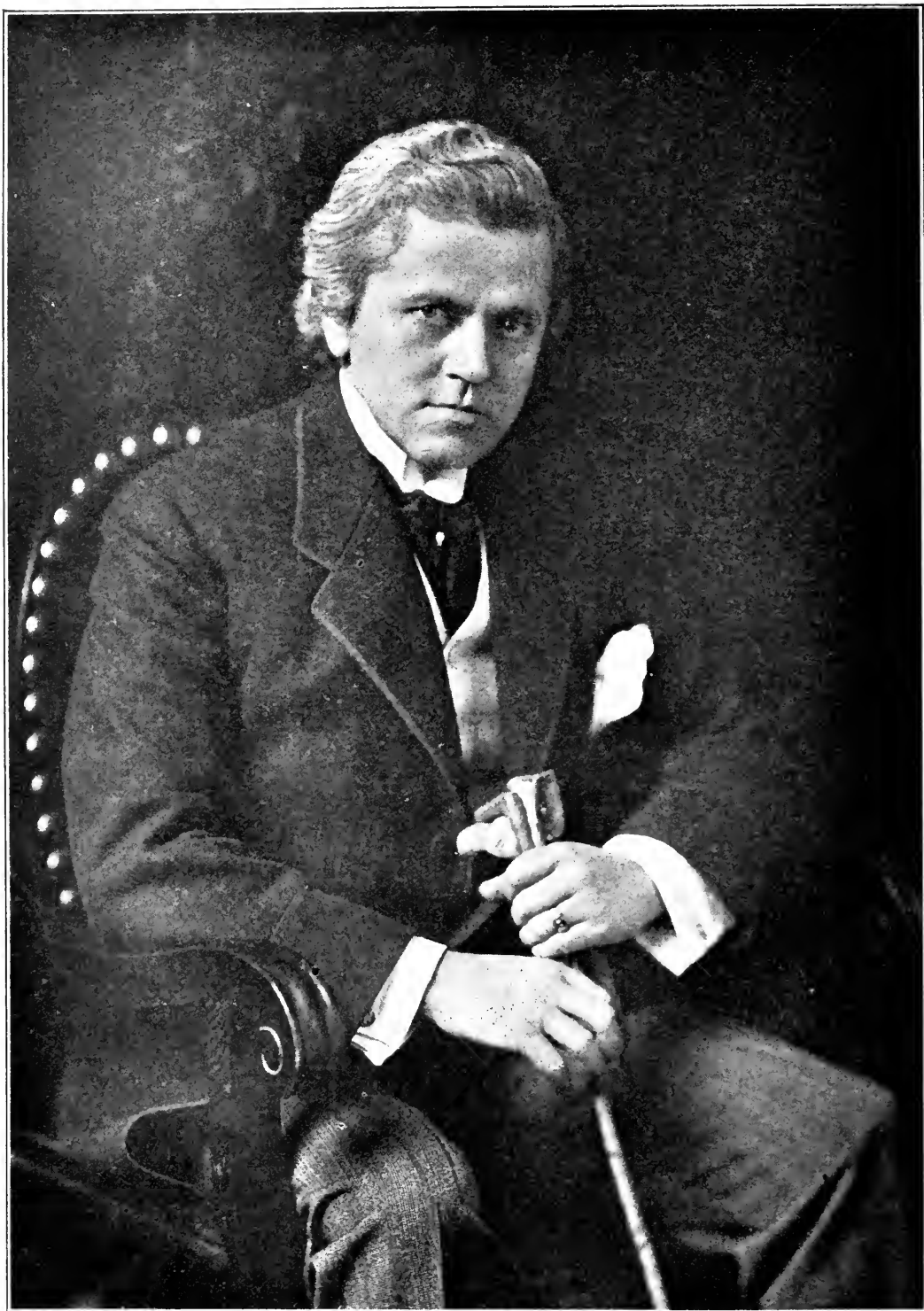
"HIS COMPELLING FORCE IS SYMPATHY"

This, says Frances E. Starr, is the secret of David Belasco's magic as a maker of reputations.

Here he brings all his resources and those of his actors into play. Boucicault once said that a play is not written but constructed. "Belasco," affirms Mr. Frederick in the article quoted above, "literally builds a play during rehearsal, and his method of rehearsing a new production is a school of instruction to veteran actors, while it is worth more to the ambitious novice than a whole course at an academy of dramatic art."

A great deal of "business"—to use the jargon of the stage—is developed at rehearsal. Mr. Frederick says:

"The dialog is cut, whole pages being ruthlessly blue-penciled, because so much talk at this point impedes the action and spoils the intended effect. Or, possibly, the words so carefully set down in the repose and solitude of the study have a new sense to the ear in actual use. Or, again, this particular actor may not be able to bring out the value of the lines, and new expressions must be substituted which are better suited to his personality. Scenes are rehearsed this way and that, experimentally, to determine which is the better. You see a scene carefully gone over and over again one day, and the next you might not be able to identify it, though the words perhaps are



HE ASPIRES TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE

David Warfield, one of Belasco's brightest stars, is on the way to realize his ambition. He has recently eclipsed Edwin Booth's record for the largest receipts ever taken in at the Academy of Music, New York.



THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO

Frances E. Starr, the newest luminary in Belasco's theatrical firmament. From an obscure actress she became, almost in a night, a metropolitan star.

the same you heard spoken yesterday. By a few bold changes the little scene has been transmuted into an incident fairly thrilling with spirit and animation.

"It is only a reading rehearsal, and the actors are not confused by cuts and changes so long as they have not 'committed' their lines, that is, memorized them. And a fortunate thing it is, for even to his own literary handiwork Belasco remorselessly applies the maxim that plays are not written but constructed. He has no scruples to destroy what he has most carefully prepared if he believes it necessary.

"As the rehearsals progress, one piece of scenery after another is brought upon the stage and set up, and particular scenes are played again and again. By constant repetition of the telling incidents certain moments of dramatic tension are developed and emphasized, or made to stand out with the strongest possible distinction."

Mr. Belasco, it seems, may in truth be described as the sun from which the dramatic stars in his system borrow their light. He started in life as a call-boy in a theater and stands to-day in the very front rank of ar-

tistic Americans. But in his youth he had a vision, a dream that has been the lodestar of his destiny. He is a dreamer whose dream has come true. "The boy dreams and dreams," he once remarked. "Sometimes the dream comes true." He wistfully added:

"I used to help other boys out West with foolish little plays in barns, and we took in bottles or pieces of iron or nails for entrance fees, and then we sold them and took the money and went and sat in the top gallery and witnessed real plays.

"But always was the dream of some day really acting myself, and then when I really did act in those strolling companies in the West where we took our wardrobes in champagne baskets, and played in barns or lofts and traveled about from place to place in wagons, there was another dream that some time I might own my own theater.

"One cannot begin to dream too soon if one expects to transform the dream into reality, and I believe that most men who have accomplished anything have had the dream in their early boyhood."

THE WANING GLORY OF GERHART HAUPTMANN



HAUPTMANN is a fallen idol. The star of his genius is on the decline. Modern Germany repudiates him.

The same men who have hailed him as the Goethe of his day are now directing the shafts of their sarcasm not only against his later productions, but even against those earlier plays which have earned for him the title of Germany's greatest living dramatic poet. He has produced a play each year since the success of the "Sunken Bell," and each year the reception of his work has diminished in fervor. The latest, "The Four Maids of Bischofsberg," from all accounts a delightfully innocuous comedy, has caused a regular *scandal de théâtre*.

Germany was wont to receive with delight Hauptmann the realist and, later, Hauptmann the mystic. It will not, however, tolerate the Hauptmann of comedy—Hauptmann, the merely human. One disillusioned critic remarks that the dialog of the poet's latest play is flat and insignificant. "Yet," he adds, "Hauptmann's dialogs have always been insignificant." His characters, we are told, are neither brilliant nor profound. But the Silesian dialect conceals the nudity of their thought in some instances, while in others the obscurity of the language seems to indicate hidden depths. Even in last year's play, "Pippa Dances," reproduced in part in CURRENT LITERATURE,

critics have sought to discover meanings of which the author probably never dreamed. The same would have happened if Gerhart Hauptmann had worked out the theme of "The Maids of Bischofsberg" in an incomprehensible fairy-play. "In the present instance, however," the writer concludes, "he has committed the unpardonable blunder of being intelligible."

Other critics are even severer in their condemnation. In Berlin only one unfortunate dramatic critic had the courage to express his unswerving belief in the genius of Gerhart Hauptmann, and to describe even this latest play in terms of mild approbation. It is from this critic's account in the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* that we shall borrow a description of the plot.

Agatha, one of the "four maids," is engaged to a pedantic pedagogue, Professor Nast. Her love, however, belongs to Dr. Grünwald, who has gone to America to make his fortune. She has had no news from him since then and, more or less coerced by her father, meanwhile receives the attentions of the petty pedagogue. Circumstances are forcing her into his arms, and the day for her marriage is already set, when two events conjoin to restore her freedom. Professor Nast is an eager but not very astute student of antiquity. A young man whom he has wounded by his arrogance

determines to play a humiliating trick on him. He deludes the professor into the belief that certain antiquities are hidden in an old well. Professor Nast at once sets out with great ostentation to excavate the mysterious treasure, and lo! on lifting the moss-covered chest, finds a few cans of preserves, sausages and delicate viands. The blow to his vanity is too great to be borne, and he departs from the town chafing with rage. Simultaneously with his departure Dr. Grünwald reappears, and from afar the chime of wedding bells may be heard.

This plot, it must be confessed, is at once threadbare and uninspiring. "But," remarks the *Lokalanzeiger* critic, "the love-play is merely a skeleton for a fascinating dramatic idyl and a character study at once pleasing and original." The objects of this study are the heroine and her three sisters. They are called popularly "the four maids of B'schofsberg," and are visualized in the play with remarkable skill. While they have certain traits in common, each possesses an unconventional individuality charmingly and distinctively her own "The home and garden of these four lovable maids," exclaims our critic, "are like a promised land of art, and the subtle breath of poetry permeating the whole accords with the poetic finale of the play—the music and the dance."

The audience that had gathered in the Lessing theater, the scene of Hauptmann's greatest triumphs in the past, was less charitably inclined than this critic. After the first act even the Hauptmannites dared not take up the cudgels for their hero, altho, according to one critic, their fraternity would be willing to swallow even the alphabet if Hauptmann should happen to dramatize it. They applauded weakly after the second act. After the third their subdued enthusiasm rose a little, and the author appeared to make his bow. Here the opposition began to set in. Then came an intermission, in the course of which the opposing factions held council. During the fourth act the audience was very restless. After the curtain had fallen a violent "first-night battle" was enacted. It started with shouts of applause from the Hauptmann guard in the galleries. The orchestra jeered and hooted. Soon all artistic Berlin was engaged in the battle. Among those present were the dramatists Max Halbe, Georg Hirschfeld, Oscar Blumenthal, Heyermans, Paul Lindau, the leaders of the "secessionists;" also many men prominent in society and government circles. The excitement rose higher and higher.



THE SADDEST MAN IN GERMANY

The author of "The Sunken Bell," after the crushing fiasco of his latest play, is said to have retreated to his castle in Silesia, where no human soul save one or two chosen intimates may disturb his melancholy reverie.

After the last act the Hauptmannites rallied to a new onslaught by calling for the author. Hisses, the sound of whistles and epithets decidedly unconventional, answered this renewed provocation. Pandemonium ensued. And suddenly amid the turmoil the curtain rose again, and Hauptmann appeared, bowing, self-conscious, pale, calm, ironical. Like Cardinal Wolsey, he may have reflected in that moment on the fickleness of fortune. It was a tragic and memorable occasion. It closed one of the most important chapters in the literary history of modern Germany.

The critics, of course, seek a philosophic explanation for Hauptmann's failure and his waning fame. They say that Hauptmann has exhausted himself by overproduction. His plays, they affirm, especially those of his latter years, bear the traces of hasty workmanship. They are literary abortions, not the results of a slow, inward growth.

Paul Goldmann, in the Vienna *Freie Presse*, takes a stand even more radical. Hauptmann's talent, he says, is only mediocre, or it could not have died without a spark. Even in the failures of great men we find some flashes of genius. Herr Goldmann is unable to discover

such flashes in Hauptmann's later work. He also comments upon the unfinished character of the poet's literary output. The poet, he thinks, labors under the delusion of having completed a drama when he had merely sketched embryonically and imperfectly a dramatic possibility. Nor is his self-deception surprising. His very limitations were interpreted as perfections by the critics. They

agreed that his plays were dramatically ineffective, but then, they said, he was not a craftsman of the drama, but a poet. His morbid conception of life was given out to be a grand and bold expression of eternal verities. Lack of action was labeled skill in character portraiture, boredom atmosphere, and obscurity depth. The reaction has now set in and modern Germany rejects the sad-eyed Silesian.

THE GREATEST ENGLISH-SPEAKING ACTOR OF OUR TIME



SOME time ago Mr. Alan Dale proved to his own satisfaction that Mr. Richard Mansfield is our "worst actor." Mr. Mansfield, he said, has arrived at a stage where people are too lazy to criticize him and accept him at his own valuation. Nevertheless, in Mr. Alan Dale's opinion, he is a bad actor, being a "victim to mannerisms of speech, walk, gesture and intonation." Even at that time a number of critics came to the rescue of Mansfield's genius. Now, in the March number of *Appleton's*, a new champion arises for the brilliant, if erratic, actor in the person of John Corbin, dramatic critic of *The Sun*. Mr. Corbin, speaking with eloquence and authority, places Richard Mansfield at the very head of his profession in the English-speaking world.

At the death of Sir Henry Irving, he recalls, the question was mooted, both here and abroad, upon whom had Irving's mantle fallen—the mantle of the "master magician of the English-speaking stage, who caught the lightning gleams of crime, aspirations or despair, and fixed them in Rembrandtesque pictures never to be forgotten." Mr. Corbin then enumerates those who were most prominently mentioned in this connection, notably Forbes Robertson and Sir Henry's distinguished son, Henry B. Irving. "I do not remember," he observes, "that much was said of a certain actor of our own, a troublesome, volcanic fellow, the fires of whose genius have so often broken loose before the curtain as behind it, and the flame of whose sardonic wit blights and sears while it illumines." To quote further:

"That England should ignore Richard Mansfield was inevitable; it had not seen his maturest and greatest work. The art of the actor, being writ in vanishing light and formless air, is a sealed

record to the outlander. That we should be tardy in his praise is human; even more than the prophet, the volcano is without honor in its own country. We were impressed, moreover—somewhat provincially, perhaps—with the fame of Sir Henry's son whose acquaintance we had yet to make. Forbes Robertson we did know, and recognized in him an actor who had achieved greatness only in a single part, to be sure, but that the most difficult and greatest of all, Hamlet. Since then we have seen and somewhat deprecated Mr. Irving's appearance in the characters limned in the fire of Sir Henry's imagination; and since then Mr. Mansfield has put a crown to his former achievements by lending his versatility and his power to that wonderfully varied and striking character, the Peer Gynt of Ibsen.

"Those who will may aspire to the mantle of Sir Henry. Mr. Mansfield has come into his own as the greatest actor on the English-speaking stage, and it is time to say so."

Mr. Corbin insists that, in making the above statement, he is not unaware of Mansfield's defects—the constant outcroppings of his ego and the traces of German accent in his speech. At the most, Mr. Corbin holds, his mannerisms are no more noxious than Irving's, and in his most recent creations they have been gratefully absent. Mr. Mansfield has triumphed over himself in his sixth decade—the time when most artists are becoming fixed and old. His physical abilities are even to-day little short of superlative. There is real buoyancy in his Karl Heinz of "Alt Heidelberg," his Don Karlos, and his youthful Peer Gynt. He is every inch a man in the truculence of his Richard and even in the recrudescence of the passions of the shattered Ivan. In comparison both Sir Henry Irving and Forbes Robertson seem bloodless and colorless, in Mr. Corbin's opinion.

Even more important technically than agility is the cast of countenance. The gnome-like irregularity of Coquelin's face, and the prominence of the features of Irving and

Forbes Robertson have limited the scope of their histrionic activity. Mansfield's face portrays at will "the fresh charms of youth, the strong passions of maturity, or the seared decrepitude of senility. At will it is radiantly gracious, grotesquely humorous, or scarred by tragical passion and despair."

Mr. Corbin then comes to speak of the supreme gift of the actor—his voice. Mr. Mansfield himself has compared the human voice to a palette, containing all shades of color, from green to violet. Mr. Corbin takes up the color comparison. He says:

"Duse's voice is characteristically silver, with a touch, too, perhaps, of subtle metallic resonance. Bernhardt's voice is always described as gold. Mansfield's voice has also the richer coloring. Even its colloquial shadings have the freshness and authenticity of sunlight. Its anger burns crimson, its rage flares into scarlet; and, when the shadows of defeat, despair, and death pass into it, its clear gold is transmuted as it fades into the purple of sunset."

While Mr. Mansfield has at times marred the artistic unity of plays in which he appeared in order to hold even more prominently the center of the stage, yet the fact remains that he has always been inspired, if not ruled, by solid and noble ambition. He forced the public to accept his Shylock and his Richard, and before the present vogue of Bernard Shaw, appeared in "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple."

The crowning rôle of his career so far has been his impersonation of Ibsen's Faust, that Peter Pan grown-up—Peer Gynt. Bernard Shaw has spoken of this play as the greatest modern comedy and added that the rôle of the hero requires "the *greatest* tragic, comic and character actor of the world." Peer Gynt is presented by Ibsen in four stages of his career. The task of tracing the development of a character from adolescence to the grave which Mr. Mansfield—somewhat relatively, perhaps—has imposed upon Shakespeare's Richard III., is here, we are told, clearly requisite, and it is traced through the most picturesque variety of incident. Mr. Corbin says on this point:

"Peer begins as a peasant lad of the time when peasants wore costume. He mingles riotously in a rustic wedding feast, carries off the bride to the mountains, deserts her to elope with the troll king's daughter, the two riding double across the stage on the pig which is her palfrey. Outlawed for his sins by peasants and trolls alike, he flees to America and becomes a slave-trading merchant, in waistcoat and spats, who cruises in a yacht on the Mediterranean, and serves his guests with champagne and cigars. Stranded in Africa he becomes a prophet of the desert in gown and

turban, and makes love to a dancing girl. Returning home in advanced years, he suffers shipwreck, and in a dingy frock coat of the modern world appears again to die among his own folk, themselves garbed in modernity."

The nature of Peer, remarks Mr. Corbin, is twofold. "He is the incarnation of irresponsible self-will and grotesque, indomitable fantasy. It is, moreover, curiously and intimately in harmony with one of the most salient phases in the actor's own character." Mr. Corbin adds:

"Vain braggart and faithless lover always, Peer is always keenly interesting, irresistibly lovable, and not without pathos. In the boisterous recklessness of youth he is redeemed by the very fervor of his ambition, the daring leaps of his imagination. In maturity his refuge is in philosophy. In age he is face to face with eternity—or the annihilation of the Button Molder. It is the soul history of Dante, as of all who live fully, only it is seen in the prismatic lights of Ibsen's genius for sardonic comedy and philosophic satire."

In Mansfield's rendering, he concludes, the comedy blows through the audience like a breeze. In other words he has proved his histrionic supremacy by his masterful and poignant interpretation of Ibsen's hero. Mr. Mansfield has announced that on reaching "Pier Fifty," in Mark Twain's picturesque phrase, he will retire from the stage. "Perhaps," remarks Mr. Corbin, "he should have said that he is to make his first retirement." It so happens that the year Mr. Mansfield has set himself coincides with the year of the opening of the New Theater in New York, devoted to the drama as high art and independent of mere commercial considerations. Mr. Mansfield is in sympathy with the aims of such a theater, and was among the first to advocate it. Many great parts await him still. There are depths of feeling that his genius has not yet probed. We should like to see his Benedick, his Malvolio, his Petruccio, and the pathos of King Lear offers a most alluring problem "to this actor who has never yet deeply stirred the wells of the tenderest impulse, while for the scenes of imperious madness and tempestuous denunciation he has a physical and vocal equipment unsurpassed in any time." The question is only whether he would consent to subdue himself to the necessary discipline of a great and multifarious institution. Mr. Corbin thinks he would. Those, he says, who have known him best in the decade just past have reason to think he would. "Certainly," he concludes, "such an institution would be as incomplete without him as he would be without it."

Science and Discovery

COMPLEXION AS THE BASIS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY

RECENTLY discovered facts are held by many scientists to prove that light, and especially the short rays of light—radium, X-rays and so forth,—are invariably death-dealing when concentrated with sufficient intensity for a more or less prolonged period. Consequently, man is pigmented in direct proportion to the amount of light that will be normally concentrated upon him throughout the zone in which he dwells. The negro, through the protection afforded by his skin, dwells in the shade notwithstanding the heats of the tropical sun so characteristic of his African environment. The Eskimo has likewise his armor of pigment to protect him from the glare of the snow. In these particulars we get a glimpse into the newly formulated law that the complexions of Europeans, for instance, vary as one goes from northwest to southeast. This variation is in direct proportion to the mean annual sunshine. Moreover, in the light of a complexion theory of human history, it is evident that blond races emigrating to sunny lands undergo some profound modification. As a matter of fact, those races disappear through the death of the blondest. This circumstance is held fully to explain the decline and fall of Greek, Egyptian and other great civilizations of the past. Those intruders into the domain of darker peoples, those Greeks, Egyptians and what not, died out under the influence of light concentrated upon inadequately pigmented human beings. Hence the modern Greeks are not degenerates. They are descended from Pelasgians or from other extraneous stocks. The Greek of the age of Pericles is extinct. He has left no descendants. In this country we Americans are likewise becoming extinct. In the course of a few years, relatively, the last of us will have disappeared by the simple process of leaving no posterity at all to continue the strain. The blondest of us are going most rapidly the way of the ancient Greeks. But the new brunets now pouring into the country are bound to survive because they are properly pigmented.

It is to that able military sanitarian and life-long student of the effects of tropical light on white men, Major Charles E. Wood-

ruff, M.D., of the United States Army, that modern science is indebted for these luminous generalizations from the action of ether waves on protoplasm and from allied phenomena. Dr. Woodruff has contributed much to overthrow the view that the Aryans originated in Asia. A complexion theory of universal history would indicate that they originated in northern Europe. Of such far-reaching effects are the results of a scientific study of pigmentation. It should be noted that the layer of pigment cells just beneath the outer skin is present in all normal men, the differences in color being merely differences in the amount of the pigment. Hence, as Dr. Woodruff points out in his work on this subject,* every race has some protection from the light, varying with the intensity of the pigment. There are no unpigmented races. Lack of all pigment—albinism—is a serious defect of development due to degeneration. In a word, the skin pigmentation of man was evolved, according to Doctor Woodruff, for the purpose of excluding the dangerous actinic or short rays of light which destroy living protoplasm.

It is necessary at the outset to clear up some fundamental but very generally current misconception regarding light. Thus it is popularly believed that living plant cells are dependent upon light. Recent evidence that living plant cells are so injured by light as to be compelled to function in the dark comes as a great shock to contemporary ideas; but the circumstance is in line with the truth that light is fatal to nearly all forms of death-producing and disease-producing organisms—bacteria. Now, every plant possesses some means of escaping or of neutralizing the fatal effect of too much light on the naked protoplasm. The vast majority of land animals, again, live in absolute darkness, in the soil, in cracks of rocks, crevices, trees, caves, burrows and under boulders, some never coming to the surface at all. Some animals spend the days hiding from the light and come out only at night. These are followed by carnivorous enemies, and there is a night carnival of

*THE EFFECTS OF TROPICAL LIGHT ON WHITE MEN. By Major Charles E. Woodruff, U. S. A., A.M., M.D. The Rebman Company.

feasting which ends at dawn. The dread of light by all tropical animals is very remarkable.

If any animal venture abroad in the daytime we find that it is provided with opaque pigment or covering of some sort of which the opacity is directly in proportion to the amount of light to be excluded. Indeed, a day animal exists solely because its opaque armor keeps out the deadly arrows of light and the ultra-violet rays. The negro is in reality a nocturnal animal like the other black animals of the tropics. In other words, the pigmentation of animals is a process of evolution, following the law universal throughout the living world, namely, that environment modifies the organism and that if the newly acquired character—in this case adequate pigmentation—is an advantage the organism crowds out others less fitted to survive.

Man's protoplasm being the same as that of other animals and of plants, it follows that he is under the influence of the same laws as to light that all other living things are subject to; that is, he can do without it in spite of our fanatical faith in its necessity. Dr. Arlidge, an English physician, has shown that miners who spend so much time in the dark, are healthy and live to a good old age generally. We must explain in other ways the anemia and poor condition of prisoners who are confined in dark dungeons. Insufficient food, exercise and oxygen are amply sufficient to account for it. It is one of the curiosities of medicine that the employees engaged in the Paris sewers, in spite of the foul gases they breathe and the germs they encounter, are as healthy as the people who work in the streets. The darkness, in fact, has benefited them. Residence in dark houses is practically harmless. There can scarcely be hardier races than those now living in Scotland. Yet their dwellings have always been small and dark. The early cave-dwellers of Europe carried on the human species for millenniums in perfect health. The Eskimo is practically a cave-dweller now, and so is the Russian peasant, and so are the people of Siberia and millions of city dwellers also. Not only do yellow Chinamen thrive best when huddled together in cellars, but swarthy European races also. In St. Petersburg 250,000 people flourish as parasites in the cellars of the wealthy. The contagious diseases which flourish among these people are mostly due to overcrowding, and are always found where people are crowded to



THE DISCOVERER OF A NEW BASIS FOR
UNIVERSAL HISTORY

Major Charles E. Woodruff, Surgeon U. S. Army, who is a high authority on the effects of tropical light on white men, thinks the brunet type of human being is more fitted to survive than the blond type, so far as this country is concerned. Behind this theory is a series of facts indicating that history has been conditioned by complexion to an astonishing extent.

the same extent into lighted rooms above ground.

At the present time the homes of the poorer Irish peasantry are described as little better than caves in the hillsides, differing in minor degree only from the ancient homes of the cave man. Nevertheless, if he is not starved, the Irish peasant, in spite of his lack of light—the cloudiness of Ireland is very great—is a type of high physical vigor, and is the instrument by which the blonder British rule so many portions of the globe. Our own American progenitors on this continent, from New England to the far West, were practically cave-dwellers in their hardy stage. The people within the Mediterranean zone live in dark, cave-like houses, especially designed to keep out the light. It is in accordance with natural laws that their babies must be carefully hidden away in these dark cells, just like the young grubs of bees and wasps and other living forms. We moderns of the intelligent classes alone violate the mother's sound instinct to hide away in the dark with her baby. We Americans ruthlessly thrust our babies out into the light. Who can esti-

mate the profound physical deterioration consequent upon the parading of generation after generation of American babies into the light of day! We Americans, too, are the only modern people who have gone daft with the delusion that streams of light should be permitted to flood nurseries, schoolrooms and workshops.

Light, in short, is a tonic to be taken in doses. Too much of the stimulant is fatal. Primitive man realized this as do the modern ants. The first men were undoubtedly brunet, tho not as brunet as are the existing anthropoid apes. The brunetness of man is still occasionally retained as a vestigial character even until some months after birth. It is the commonest occurrence to find that babies when born have black hair which subsequently becomes flaxen. We can safely deny that the first men were black, for that would imply a tropical and light climate which, from other reasons, could not have been the place of man's evolution. That process required a cold, severe environment which killed off all except the most intelligent in every generation, as a rule, and thus caused an evolution of the large human brain. Hence the first men inhabited cold, light countries, such as could have existed in central Europe and central Asia. For blondness to develop, in view of what recent scientific discoveries have shown regarding ultra-violet and other rays, a dark country is needed. There is a factor of the environment in mountainous and infertile regions which operates to increase the proportions of blond traits among men. This factor is the lessened light in the cold mountain forests. The blond type further requires for its evolution a dark, cold, severe climate, such as was furnished by the forests which sprang up in the north after the recession of the prehistoric ice. From the original home the blond has spread like waves all over Europe, submerging all brunet types wherever he went. But the blond groups which moved southward became darkened by survival of the fittest as the only means of adjustment of the factor of pigmentation to the factor of increased light. The factor of pigmentation is related to mental aptitude, according to Havelock Ellis. The blond is the aristocrat, the ruler; but he disappears. Ellis, says Major Woodruff, might have gone further by pointing out the fact that the submissiveness to authority of the dark races is one reason for the evolution of that type of Christianity found in the Roman and Greek churches.

These are repugnant to the free and contentious blond Aryan. Consequently the Baltic type of man is a Protestant. It has long been known that the districts of central Europe are Catholic or Protestant, according as they are inhabited by one or the other of the pigmented types. Hence we see why there is now, as there always has been, a great defection from the Catholic Church in the north. Freeman, in speaking of the resistance of Constantinople to the advance of Mohammedanism, and Gibbon, in speaking of the check which Charles Martel gave to the Moors at Poitiers, are both inclined to speculate on the probability that Mohammedanism might have spread all over Europe and the Koran been taught at Oxford. They need not have worried, because these southern brunet religions could never have been adopted by the blond. The upper classes, who are mostly blond, were apparently responsible for the reformation. The brunet medieval peasant probably cared as little about the matter as he does to-day. The rule is not that all blonds are Protestants and all brunets Catholics, but the tendency is that way, or rather the preponderance is in that direction. The climate of the United States, being suitable to the brunet types of Europe, is highly favorable to the growth of Roman Catholicism. In one respect we are reversing the experience of ancient Greece, where the blonds were the invaders. To-day the pigmentation factor is on the side of the brunet, winning the United States to the spiritual supremacy of the Roman pontiffs. Nor are there lacking facts in support of the view that the struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism has always been conditioned by the complexion factor.

The climate of ancient Greece was about seven hundred years in destroying its blonds. The decadence of the Greeks was well advanced, from the point of view of pigmentation, in the golden age of Pericles. It is possible for such blond neurotics to possess great literary, artistic and musical capacity, as at the present day in the United States and England, and the decadence of the Greeks was the cause of their fine art. The masterpieces of Greek sculpture faithfully copy the stigmata of degeneration entailed by inadequate pigmentation. A famous head of Juno shows arrested development of the lower jaw unerringly reproduced. The big, savage blond, again, built up the might of ancient Rome until the light told upon his pigmentation, complexions changed and the mistress of the world was humbled in the dust.

THE REAL NATURE OF WOMAN'S INFERIORITY TO MAN



HAT the intellect of woman is of a low grade and essentially unimprovable is an assertion that has been very generally attributed to Professor W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago. But this eminent American thinker shows in the entire line of reasoning upon which he bases his new work that the failure of modern woman to participate more fully in intellectual and occupational activities is due to artificial social and environmental conditions. These conditions are thought by Professor Thomas to be superficial in their character. He points out that the differences in mental expression between men and women are no greater than should be expected in view of the existing differences in their interests and opportunities. The real nature of woman's inferiority to man is best appreciated from the fact that she is excluded from his world of practical and scientific activity, or, to be more correct, she does not fully participate in it. Perhaps the accident is due to those organic differences in the sexes which render the form of woman rounder and less variable than that of man. It is highly significant that art has been able to produce a more nearly ideal figure of woman than of man.

The bones of woman weigh less with reference to body weight than the bones of man. These two facts indicate less variation and more constitutional passivity in woman. The trunk of woman is slightly longer than that of man. Her abdomen is relatively more prominent and is so represented in art. In these respects woman resembles the child and the lower races—the less developed forms. High authorities state that the typical adult male form is characterized by a relatively shorter trunk, relatively longer arms, legs, hands and feet, and, in comparison with the long upper arms and thighs, by still longer forearms and lower legs, and, in comparison with the whole upper extremity, by a still longer lower extremity. The typical female form approaches the infantile condition in having a relatively longer trunk, shorter arms, legs, hands and feet; relatively to short upper arms still shorter forearms and relatively to short thighs still shorter lower legs, and relatively to the whole short upper extremity a still shorter lower extremity—a very striking evidence, observes Professor Thomas, of the ineptitude of woman for the

expenditure of physiological energy through motor action.*

The strength of woman, on the other hand, her capacity for motion, and her mechanical aptitude are far inferior to that of man. Statistics are overwhelming on this point. But men are more "unstable" than women, this instability expressing itself in the two extremes of genius and idiocy. Genius in general is associated with an excessive development in brain growth, stopping dangerously near the line of over-development and insanity. Little-headedness is a step in the opposite direction, in which idiocy results from arrested development of the brain. Both these variations occur more frequently in men than in women. Statistics of insanity show that in idiots there is almost always a majority of males, in the insane a majority of females. But the majority of male idiots is so much greater than the majority of female insane that when idiots and insane are classed together there remains a majority of males. Insanity is, however, more frequently induced by external conditions and less dependent on imperfect or arrested cerebral development. In insanity the chances of recovery of the female are greater than those of the male, and mortality is higher among insane men than among insane women. The male sex is more liable than is the female to gross lesions of the nervous system—a fact attributed to the greater variability of the male. Celibacy undoubtedly impresses the character of women more deeply than that of man.

A very noticeable expression of the anabolism (assimilative process) of woman is her tendency to put on fat. The distinctive beauty of the female form is due to the storing of adipose tissue, and the form of even very slender women is gracefully rounded in comparison with that of man. The lung capacity of woman is less than that of man. She consumes less oxygen and produces less carbonic acid than a man of equal weight, altho the number of respirations is slightly higher than in man. On this account women suffer deprivation of air more easily than do men. They are not so easily suffocated and are reported to endure charcoal fumes better and live in high altitudes where men can not endure the deprivation of oxygen. The number of deaths from chloroform is reckoned as

*SEX AND SOCIETY. By William I. Thomas. University of Chicago Press.



A DISTINGUISHED GENERALIZER ON THE SUBJECT OF WOMAN

Professor William I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago, after many years' careful study reaches the conclusion that the real nature of woman's inferiority to man can be traced to factors potent in the period when the human female was the only tamer of animals—including man.

from two to four times as great in males as in females. Children also bear chloroform well. Women, like children, require more sleep normally than men, yet it is said by competent physicians that they can better bear the loss of sleep. Loss of sleep is a strain which, almost invariably, women are able to meet because of their anabolic surplus. The fact that women undertake changes more reluctantly than men, but adjust themselves to changed fortunes more readily is due to the same difference. Man has, in fact, become bodily a more specialized animal than woman and feels more keenly any disturbance of normal conditions, while he has not the same physiological surplus as woman with which to meet the disturbance. Woman is more capable of enduring terrible wounds of body than man. She offers in general a greater resistance to disease. She commits suicide much less. In a word, she is physically fitted for endurance. Man is peculiarly adapted to movement. To quote:

"One of the most important facts which stand out in a comparison of the physical traits of men and women is that man is a more specialized instrument for motion, quicker on his feet, with a longer reach and fitted for bursts of energy; while woman has a greater fund of stored energy and is consequently more fitted for endurance. The development of intelligence and motion has gone along side by side in all animal forms. Through motion chances and experiences are multiplied, the whole equilibrium characterizing the stationary form is upset and the organs of sense and the intelligence are developed to take note of and manipulate the outside world. Amid the recurrent dangers incident to a world peopled with moving and predacious forms, two attitudes may be assumed—that of fighting and that of fleeing or hiding. As between the two, concealment and evasion became more characteristic of the female, especially among mammals, where the young are particularly helpless and need protection for a long period. She remained, therefore, more stationary and at the same time acquired more cunning than the male.

"In mankind especially the fact that woman had to rely on cunning and the protection of man rather than on swift motion, while man had a freer range of motion and adopted a fighting technique, was the starting point of a differentiation in the habits and interests which had a profound effect on the consciousness of each. Man's most immediate, most fascinating and most remunerative occupation was the pursuit of animal life. The pursuit of this stimulated him to the invention of devices for killing and capture; and this aptitude for invention was later extended to the invention of tools and of mechanical devices in general and finally developed into a settled habit of scientific interest. The scientific imagination which characterizes man in contrast with woman is not a distinctive male trait, but represents a constructive habit of attention associated with freer movement and the

pursuit of evasive animal forms. The problem of control was more difficult, and the means of securing it became more indirect, mediated, reflective and inventive—that is, more intelligent.

"Woman's activities, on the other hand, were largely limited to plant life, to her children, and to manufacture, and the stimulation to mental life and invention in connection with these was not so powerful as in the case of man. Her inventions were largely processes of manufacture connected with her handling of the by-products of the chase. So simple a matter, therefore, as relatively unrestricted motion on the part of man and relatively restricted motion on the part of woman determined the occupations of each, and these occupations in turn created the characteristic mental life of each. In man this was constructive, answering to his varied experience and the need of controlling a moving environment; and in woman it was conservative, answering to her more stationary condition.

"In early times man's superior physical force, the wider range of his experience, his mechanical inventions in connection with hunting and fighting, and his combination under leadership with his comrades to carry out their common enterprises, resulted in a contempt for the weakness of woman and an almost complete separation in interest between himself and the women of the group. . . .

"Men and women still form two distinct classes and are not in free communication with each other. Not only are women unable and unwilling to be communicated with directly, unconventionally and truly on many subjects, but men are unwilling to talk to them. I do not have in mind situations involving questions of propriety or delicacy alone; but a certain habit of restraint, originating doubtless in matters relating to sex, extends to all intercourse with women, with the result that they are not really admitted to the intellectual world of men; and there is not only a reluctance on the part of men to admit them but a reluctance—or rather a real inability—on their part to enter."

To what extent woman may in time emancipate herself from conditions now responsible for her inferiority to man, Professor Thomas does not say. He deems it quite possible that woman, as our industrial evolution proceeds, may become what she was to prehistoric man, that is, the central point of the social system. It must never be forgotten, according to Professor Thomas, that woman is the biological type intended by nature to be dominant. Nature, having meant woman to be supreme—in comparison with man—changed her mind at the last moment. The real nature of woman's inferiority to man is, in a sense, accidental. There is absolutely nothing in the feminine organism consistent with the theory that woman was intended to be man's inferior intellectually, morally, or indeed physically. The history of prehistoric man indicates that the big, strong woman of to-day corresponds more closely with original woman as Nature planned her. It may be that the big type of womanhood is destined to dominance in the future.

A PHYSIOLOGIST'S PROTEST AGAINST TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ALCOHOL



ALCOHOL, up to a certain point, is an old acquaintance of the bodily cells even of those persons who from their birth have lived an abstinent life. For the living organism to come into contact with alcohol it is not at all necessary that the latter be made artificially and then ingested. The cells of plants, of animals and also of man already know alcohol, since it is formed in almost every organism when it is not artificially furnished to it. Such is the preliminary fact upon which that eminent German physiologist, Dr. J. Starke, bases his vindication of alcoholic drinks as beverages. Dr. Starke is an able German physician who has long specialized in dietetics.

Alcohol nourishes. Dr. Starke is convinced of that after years of patient investigation. The alcohol ingested—which affects digestion favorably, he says, so far as it affects it at all—is easily and rapidly absorbed from the stomach and incorporated with the juices of the body and in the latter, except for a little loss, it serves as nutrient material.

Alcohol exerts likewise a specific action on the nervous system. So Dr. Starke says, at any rate. Up to the time that the ingested alcohol performs its part as nutrient material, there is a period during which it circulates in the blood as yet undecomposed alcohol and may act specifically on the organs. The duration and intensity of this specific action of alcohol depend on the amount ingested and on the needs of the system for nourishment. The smaller the former and the greater the latter—greater with increased muscular activity and with diminished ingestion of other nutriment—the less are the duration and intensity of the specific effects of alcohol. On the whole, these specific effects of alcohol are exerted on the nervous system,

either on the terminal apparatuses of the nerves or on the central nervous system. The nerve trunks are not essentially affected, neither are the blood vessels directly. With the latter, as with the heart, the effect is either on the vasomotor nerves or on those of the heart; or else, in the case of the heart, this muscle, like any other, makes use of the alcohol as a nutrient material in the performance of its work. On the whole, insists Dr. Starke, alcohol is a nutrient and a nervine, exerting at the same time a nutritive and a specific action.

Alcohol stimulates the terminal apparatus of the nerves and of the bodily organs. It is the same with the nerves of sensation—for example, those of taste and smell—and those of the secretory nerves in the glands. Thus it happens that we smell of alcohol and taste it and that it is excreted by glands (in the salivary and gastric secretion, etc.). It stimulates many of the glandular nerves through the medium of the central nervous system, but probably many of them also directly. A further epitome of Dr. Starke's remaining conclusions runs:*

"Alcohol, taken in moderation, does not act as a poison to the central nervous system, for there is lacking every characteristic symptom of such an action.

"The action consists in functional changes, which lie within the range of quite normal play, and not in disturbances.

"This continues to be the case even when alcohol is taken regularly for years in succession.

"No disturbances occur if the use of alcohol is suddenly discontinued after it has been kept up for years.

"The action of the regular moderate use of alcohol upon the central nervous system consists in a certain inner mental stimulation, in stimulation of our peculiar, personal, intimate ego with all its qualities (temperament, feelings, talents

*ALCOHOL: THE SANCTION FOR ITS USE. By Dr. J. Starke. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Courtesy of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

Spruce Beer

Lager Beer

Malt Extracts

Claret

Champagne

"Patent Medicines"

Whisky

THESE OUTLINES REPRESENT AN ORDINARY GOBLET. THE DARK SHADING SHOWS THE AMOUNT OF ALCOHOL CONTAINED IN EACH KIND OF BEVERAGE

and intellectual aptitudes). The result depends solely on the qualities of the ego stimulated.

"This stimulation is necessarily connected with a certain physiological consequence, some reduction of the reflex excitability, and according to the degree of stimulation and the character of the individual there is also a lessening of the susceptibility to external mental impressions or to certain aspects of the external world, therefore only to certain external impressions.

"The reason of the reduction of these impressibilities lies not in any sort of analysis, but in the fact that the central nervous apparatuses are forced to act in a certain direction by the stimulation of the ego, and in the fact that, in consequence thereof, and in consonance with a fundamental physiological law, those organs are no longer susceptible to impressions coming from without.

"With all this the consciousness is quite clear and there is no narcosis. At the same time the respiratory center is stimulated as well as the general vasomotor nerve center, and the latter indeed in the special sense that the cutaneous vessels are dilated and the internal vessels contracted.

"Practically expressed: We feel ourselves internally stimulated; this stimulation holds our nervous irritability—very unpleasant when aroused—within due bounds. It therefore provides for that alternation of perception, feeling, and thought, which is not only agreeable but sometimes directly necessary to the individual concerned. In this condition we breathe freely and deep, the skin is pleasantly warm, our internal organs are grateful for the freedom from too much blood, digestion is unimpeded and the heart beats full and strong."

Alcohol, moreover, is not one of the poisons. It is rather a substance which, taken in moderation, nourishes and exerts special effects on the nervous system, effects that are not even disturbances and therefore not phenomena of poisoning.

All this and all that follows are, of course, the conclusions of Dr. Starke himself. It is quite unnecessary to assure the well informed reader that they are vehemently disputed by all advocates of temperance. Those advocates would be especially amazed by Dr. Starke's assertion that moderate drinking of alcoholic beverages has not the effect of alluring man to ever increasing consumption. Where the latter seems to be the case, he says, there is something pertaining to the man himself, something within him or in his circumstances that rules the unfortunate and leads him to use alcohol as a means to an end. The alcohol of alcoholic drinks does not in itself possess the property of leading a person to drink constantly more and more. Moreover, it is very easy to keep the consumption of alcohol within due bounds. A man learns well enough as a rule the quantity of alcohol that he can take without harm.

The causes of excessive drinking are, first, mental abnormalities, and, second, the association of misfortune with weakness of character in the person affected:

"Both these primary causes lead the person to seek for stupefaction oftener than is good for him, and in direct consequence of the tormenting feelings with which they are accompanied. The yearning for stupefaction is the secondary cause which leads to the use of alcohol as a generally accessible means to the end. He who drinks alcohol for the sake of stupefaction (to be sharply distinguished from him who drinks it for the sake of stimulation) is impelled on physiological grounds to take constantly increasing doses, he is of natural necessity on the road to sottishness, that is, to the continuous immoderate use of alcohol.

"In fairness, then, we must deduct from a given number of drinkers those who were in themselves mentally abnormal before, also those whose character is so weak as to be unable to stand up against the misfortunes and obstacles of their surroundings. There remain those who become topers by the voluntary use of alcoholic drinks. And from this remainder we should except those who use alcoholic drinks containing fusel oil, thus leaving a second residuum of those actually made topers by alcohol.

"It is to assuage the persistent feeling of misery, then, that many a mentally defective or unfortunate person drinks, and for that purpose it is not 'alcohol' that he uses, but 'alcoholic drinks.' As a rule he is not content with drinks of which alcohol is the sole active principle, but after a while he generally craves those that contain fusel oil in addition to alcohol, like many distilled spirits. The distribution of drunkenness in Germany shows that wherever common spirit is the customary drink it plays a greater part than where, for example, beer takes its place. And in foreign countries districts and social strata known for drunkenness are those characterized by the notorious use of spirits containing fusel oil, yea, even in better circles whoever drinks alcohol for the sake of stupefaction takes such spirits in course of time. Naturally he does not own up to it, for he knows the dram drinker's bad name; but he does it. Hence there arises the question of whether drunkenness is not in great measure to be attributed to the fusel oil rather than to the alcohol.

"That is possible, for we now know by scientific investigations (which, unfortunately, are still too seldom resorted to) that in general and in particular the action of fusel oil is quite extraordinarily more intense than that of alcohol. We know that fusel oil acts from ten to a thousand times as intensely, according to the organ examined. I have made my own chemical experiments, and I must say that only he who has not dealt with them can underrate the significance of these constituents. It does not invalidate this position to say that fusel oil is present in only a small amount. In addition to the question of quantity there is that of the degree of activity, and that is very great in some of the fusel constituents."

To summarize briefly what Dr. Starke professes to have found out regarding the taking up of a "medium" amount of alcohol: That

amount of alcohol which, if it influences digestion at all, affects it favorably, is absorbed easily by the body and used as a nutrient with the exception of a small loss. It performs the same function as is accomplished by the carbohydrates. That is, it produces heat, as they do, and is a source of strength for the labor of the muscles. Dr. Starke arrives at his conclusions by following step by step the route taken by alcohol when a human being drinks it. The alcohol is taken into the mouth, it is swallowed and it reaches the stomach, from which it is taken up by the juices, which carry it through the body.

Alcohol therefore passes through the so-called organs of digestion, wherefore the first question is: Does it influence digestion and the digestive organs and in what way? Dr. Starke answers the first part of the question in the affirmative and says that the influence is beneficial if the amount of alcohol be moderate. Alcohol favors the secretion of saliva and the gastric juice. This secretion, larger than usual, consists of a good, normal, well-digested juice.

But alcohol does not influence intestinal digestion or the absorption of food from the intestines by the juices of the body. They act as if no alcohol had been taken. The alcohol swallowed is absorbed by the juices in the stomach (this is not the case with water, which the stomach hardly absorbs). There is therefore hardly any alcohol left in the nutrient material which reaches the intestines. Where there is no alcohol it can have no influence. Therefore alcohol can have no influence on digestion below the stomach. All this is established, says Dr. Starke, by experiment.

Absorbed from the stomach in the juices the substance is carried through the entire body. The largest proportion is turned to account in the organs of the body with the help of oxygen and used as a nutrient, a small part is excreted by other parts of the body, especially by the lungs. This fact is often used against alcohol because many allege that the body endeavors to throw off substances which it recognizes as harmful. Is this such a throwing off by the organism? Dr. Starke replies that it certainly is not:

"In reality there is no such 'effort to throw off' in the body. The body excretes not only poisonous, but also innocent substances which have been introduced and also very often carefully accumulates pronounced poisons. The exclusion of a substance by the body is no proof of the poisonous properties of that substance. Otherwise cane, beet, or milk sugar would seem to be

much stronger poisons than alcohol, as they are excreted by the kidneys when injected hypodermically. The same is to be said of water and common salt. We can now investigate the question of why only a small part of the alcohol is excreted. I think the reasons are very plain.

"Quite a time passes before the alcohol circulating with the blood through the body is taken up by the organs. If, now, this volatile, easily vaporizable substance passes with the blood through organs which are in intimate connection with the external air, such as the surface of the alveoli of the lungs, it is only natural that some of it should be vaporized. In such a manner alcohol escapes with the exhaled air.

"It is further natural that alcohol under certain circumstances should be excreted by the kidneys. Much blood serum and other ingredients of the blood are excreted, and it is not to be wondered at if a part of the alcohol escapes with it. It is not much. The greatest amount is lost by the lungs. It is a small fraction of the alcohol ingested, never so much that it could be discerned by smell in the air exhaled from the lungs. The stuff we sometimes smell consists of other substances taken in with alcohol and deposited in the mouth and fauces (fusel oil in whisky, ether in wine). If pure alcohol is taken, and the mouth and fauces are well cleansed, there will be no so-called alcohol aroma of the breath.

"There is, therefore, absolutely no reason to believe in any defensive action of the body. The process is very simple. On account of the volatility of the alcohol taken and absorbed, carried by the blood to all parts of the body, a small part is lost. The lion's share remains in the body and is used by it as nourishment."

What, now, does the judicious and regular use of alcohol produce? A certain psychic excitation, says Dr. Starke, the excitation of our personal ego. The result depends entirely upon the quality of the excited ego. The strength of the excitation depends partly upon the excitability of the ego in question and partly upon the quantity of alcohol regularly used. The necessary physiological sequence of this excitation is a certain diminution of the reflex excitability and of the psychic excitability for external influences and for certain aspects of the outer world—that is, only for certain external influences depending upon the degree of the excitation and the quality of the ego. The reason for this diminution of the excitability is not to be found in a kind of paralysis, but in the fact that the central nervous apparatuses concerned must work in a certain sense on account of the ego excitation, and are therefore not accessible to other demands. There is an absolutely clear consciousness and no narcosis.

It has been observed for centuries that alcohol augments the self-consciousness, the sense of power and the courage. Nothing can stimulate these fine faculties so well as the excitation of our inner personality, its

becoming active. This must increase the self-consciousness. It is in great part identical with it. We are thus led directly to Dr. Starke's conclusion that abstinence from alcohol as a beverage entails a great loss upon the personality:

"He who leads the life of a shepherd in Arcadia may indeed be satisfied with goats' milk. And still the shepherds drank wine. But what about him who does not live in Arcadia? What about him who has to comply with the daily increasing demands of practical life? What would become of his psychic personality if he did not possess alcohol? What would become of the psychic personality of all the many men who during the daytime cannot act as they would wish, and must according to their ego? They would often pine away without alcohol.

Familiarly one says: "The alcohol stirs me up." The expression describes the effect exactly. Stirred by alcohol, the musician does not wish to practice exercises, but to compose or to interpret; the painter, not to divide his canvas into squares, but to realize his inspiration in form and color; the writer not to listen to essays critically, but to develop his ideas; the scientist not to cut up a piece of liver into a thousand microscopic parts, but to follow up his ideas about an object very interesting to him. In short, when we are in the proper frame of excitation we experience the creative impulse.

Alcohol, affirms Dr. Starke, produces just this frame of excitation:

"It is not that part of our psychic life which is merely imitative, receptive, or passive that will be especially excited, but the part which makes us creative, psychically active beings. Alcohol excites our creative faculty, of which our personal psychic ego really consists. We should emphasize: I am excited by alcohol. Therefore creative men, the discoverer, the artist, do not allow anything to be said against alcohol. We must not imagine that alcohol brings entirely new properties to the brain, to the soul. For example, a man not gifted with the talent for painting will not be able to create a masterpiece by the help of the best brandy. He who has not the natural gift of painting can do nothing. But if one is gifted, wine will not seldom assist the talent to show itself.

"It has been said, for example, that nobody becomes talented by means of alcohol. That is right and it is wrong, according to circumstances. Certainly a man who is not endowed by nature with an ingenious brain, who is not capable of psychic excitation, will not become ingenious through the agency of alcohol. But the man who is ingenious by nature will indeed show his ingenuity best after the use of a glass of wine, and in that way will become ingenious by the instrumentality of alcohol. The faculty of the brain to be ingenious is not identical with actually being ingenious. Neither is a person gifted with the faculty to paint, a painter. There is a great difference! The gift is a valueless asset until, for example, there has been developed from the disposition to be a great painter, the state of actually 'being a great painter.' This development may be repressed, impeded, or accelerated. This last happens in many as the result of alcohol, which produces an exaltation of the endowed soul, the endowed brain. Then will the man paint according to his capability."

THE MYSTERY OF RUST



ITHIN recent weeks there has been something very like a sensation owing to the alleged discovery of the cause of rusting in iron and steel. As one leading English railroad loses eighteen tons of metal daily from its rails alone through rust and as a leading American railroad estimates its daily loss through the rusting of rails at ninety tons the item is costly. The whole of a great metal railroad bridge is painted at great expense at regular intervals in vain efforts to eliminate rust altogether. In painting the great Forth Bridge there is an expenditure of over ten thousand dollars every year. In our own country special care is taken to clean all bridge parts before laying on a coat of paint. The increased use of iron and steel in modern structures, notes *Science Progress* (London), makes it indispensable that an accurate knowledge should be obtained of the conditions under which the

metal is converted into a material which resembles the earthy ores from which it was originally extracted.

The new discovery purports to be that the cause of rusting is the action of water containing traces of acid on iron in presence of atmospheric oxygen. To prevent rusting it is necessary primarily to exclude every trace of acid. This is generally impracticable. The alternative is to prevent contact of the iron with water and the atmosphere by means of some such protective coating as paint. Whether, in the case of steel, the internal structure can be so modified by a suitable and inexpensive treatment that the metal shall be nearly rustless is a problem that still remains open and urgently needs investigation. The problem in the case of steel has been attacked with the aid of certain elements, such as nickel. Certain varieties of steel containing nickel are said to be almost entirely resistant

to atmospheric corrosion. But the point is involved in dispute notwithstanding. Our authority summarizes thus:

"Primarily the rusting of iron is the result of acid attack, and the conditions for rusting to occur must be the same as those known to be determinative of chemical action in general: namely, the possibility of the existence of an electric circuit. The interaction of iron with water and oxygen appears to be impossible in the absence of an electrolyte, just as the union of hydrogen and oxygen has been shown by recent experiments to be also impossible in the absence of impurities. In the case of iron the presence of a trace of acid,

by rendering the water an electrolyte, fulfils the conditions requisite for action to occur. In the case of ordinary atmospheric corrosion the acid is usually carbonic acid.

"The misapprehension or misconception of this position has given rise to some discussion on the subject in the columns of *Nature*. Thus it has been suggested that whilst carbon dioxide, oxygen and water are essential for the rusting of *pure* iron, the last two alone may be sufficient to cause the rusting of impure forms of the metal. But rusting in such cases appears to be due to the production of acids owing to the oxidation of impurities in the iron, these acids playing the same part as carbonic acid in the rusting of pure iron."

BALDNESS TRACED TO THE ABSENCE OF UPPER CHEST BREATHING




ORDINARY baldness is considered the consequence of inadequate chest breathing, in a recent paper by Dr. Delos M. Parker, lecturer at the Detroit College of Medicine. The inadequate chest breathing allows a poisonous substance to develop in the lungs. This poisonous substance circulates in the blood. The roots of the hair are deprived of their due nourishment as an indirect result of their situation over the cranium; but this deprivation is directly entailed by the poison generated in the upper chest, the circulation of the consequent poison through the body and the starvation of the hair roots because the flow of their normally scanty nourishment is thus totally checked. Dr. Parker, whose paper appears in *The Medical Record*, has studied this hypothesis of his for years, treating baldness and experimenting on animals.

Inadequate upper chest breathing leaves residual air undisturbed in the air cavities of a portion of the lungs. The residual air in any portion of the lungs that is not made use of for breathing purposes must necessarily lie undisturbed in the lung cavities. Now it is easy enough for the function of respiration to be carried on with the use of the lower portions only of the lungs, but the function can not be carried on without the use of the lower portion of the lungs. The residual air left in the lungs by inadequate breathing is warm, and it is saturated with moisture. Whenever residual air or, what is the same thing, expired air, is kept chambered in the presence of warmth and moisture it invariably undergoes change and develops a soluble poison that is capable, when present in the normal blood, of exerting a disturbance so far as concerns hair growth.

It might be thought strange that a poisonous substance, circulating in the blood, should limit its destructive action to the hair on the top of the head. This is explained by Dr. Parker's statement that the roots of the hair on top of the head, lying over the hard, glistening and practically bloodless occipito-frontal aponeurosis, are deprived of the nourishment that the roots of the hair of other portions of the head and of the face derive from the soft, blood-saturated muscular tissue with which they are in close relationship. As a result, the hair roots of the top of the head are of comparatively low vitality, and yield readily to the action of the poison.

Observation extending over a period of many years and applied to thousands of persons affected with common baldness developed, in Dr. Parker's experience, not a single exception to the rule that persons affected with common baldness do not employ upper chest breathing, and those not afflicted with common baldness do employ upper chest respiration. Moreover, persons suffering from ordinary baldness find a remedy in the practice of upper chest breathing. After one week dandruff entirely disappears. The hair begins to lose its dryness and harshness. In six weeks new hair begins to make its appearance. It is very fine and first manifests itself at the edges of the bald spot. Craniums that had been bald for twenty years have developed hair after a due amount of upper chest breathing. Of course, the practice must be steady and uninterrupted or there will ensue a relapse. Experiments on dogs, hens and pigeons show that injections of material from expired air under the blood conditions that lead to ordinary baldness in man produce loss of fur or plumage.

Recent Poetry

OTHING in John Davidson's new book of poems ("Holiday and Other Poems") is of more interest or shows more vigor of expression than his prose essay "On Poetry," in which he discusses the relative worth of rhyme and blank verse, and, incidentally, of Great Britain and the United States. Up to one year ago Mr. Davidson expected never again to write in rhyme. The present volume, which is entirely in rhymed verse, is the result of a new exposition on the subject which he came across at that time. He still considers that "the crown of the whole poetical aim of the world" is English blank verse, "the subtlest, most powerful and most various organ of utterance articulate faculty has produced." Rhyme he still considers to be, even at its best, a decadent mode. It is only an ornament; "it is as rouge on the cheek and belladonna on the eye;" and yet it is as necessary to the general verse-reader as brandy to the brandy-drinker. And the law of it is this: "the effect of a rhyme increases geometrically in the ratio of its recurrence." A certain form of re-echoing rhyme, in which he experiments in this volume, comes, he says, from America, being "the exquisite invention of the most original genius in words the world has known—Edgar Allan Poe." This form is that in which the same word is made to rhyme to itself with an entirely new sound by a change in the preceding phraseology. Poe's poems Mr. Davidson calls "the decadence of the literature of Europe, the seed of the literature of America." America itself, by the way, is "the decadence of Europe," in which chivalry reappears in the tyrannies of pretty women and the liberty of divorce, religion becomes a sentimental pietism *a la* Moody and Sankey, and the "splendid robbers," Clive, Hastings and Rhodes, degenerate into "the pickpockets of the trusts."

Mr. Davidson's experiments in rhymed verse are too obviously mere verbal jugglery. We find nothing we care to quote but the title poem, and we are not sure that we understand what that means, or what the significance of its strange title may be:

HOLIDAY

By JOHN DAVIDSON

Lithe and listen, gentlemen:
Other knight of sword or pen
Shall not, while the planets shine,
Spend a holiday like mine:—

Fate and I, we played at dice:

Thrice I won and lost the main;
Thrice I died the death, and thrice
By my will I lived again.

First, a woman broke my heart,
As a careless woman can,
Ere the aureoles depart
From the woman and the man.

Dead of love, I found a tomb
Anywhere: beneath, above,
Worms nor stars transpierced the gloom
Of the sepulcher of love.

Wine-cups were the charnel-lights;
Festal songs, the funeral dole;
Joyful ladies, gallant knights,
Comrades of my buried soul.

Tired to death of lying dead
In a common sepulcher,
On an Easter morn I sped
Upward where the world's astir.

Soon I gathered wealth and friends;
Donned the livery of the hour;
And atoning diverse ends
Bridged the gulf to place and power.

All the brilliances of Hell
Crushed by me, with honeyed breath
Fawned upon me till I fell,
By pretenders done to death.

Buried in an outland tract,
Long I rotted in the mould,
Tho the virgin woodland lacked
Nothing of the age of gold.

Roses spiced the dews and damps
Nightly falling of decay;
Dawn and sunset lit the lamps
Where entombed I deeply lay.

My Companions of the Grave
Were the flowers, the growing grass;
Larks intoned a morning stave;
Nightingales, a midnight mass.

But at me, effete and dead,
Did my spirit gibe and scoff:
Then the gravecloth from my head,
And my shroud—I shook them off!

Drawing strength and subtle craft
Out of ruin's husk and core,
Through the earth I ran a shaft
Upward to the light once more.

Soon I made me wealth and friends;
Donned the livery of the age;
And atoning many ends
Reigned as sovereign, priest, and mage.

But my pomp and towering state,
Puissance and supreme device
Crumbled on the cast of Fate—
Fate that plays with loaded dice.

I whose arms had harried Hell
Naked faced a heavenly host:
Carved with countless wounds I fell,
Sadly yielding up the ghost.

In a burning moun'tain thrown
(Titans such a tomb attain),
Many a grisly age had flown
Ere I rose and lived again.

Parched and charred I lay; my cries
Shook and rent the mountain-side;
Lusters, decades, centuries
Fled while daily there I died.

But my essence and intent
Ripened in the smelting fire:
Flame became my element;
Agony my soul's desire.

Twenty centuries of pain,
Mightier than Love or Art,
Woke the meaning in my brain
And the purpose of my heart.

Straightway then aloft I swam
Through the mountain's sulphurous sty:
Not eternal death could damn
Such a hardy soul as I.

From the mountain's burning crest
Like a god I come again,
And with an immortal zest
Challenge Fate to throw the main.

Notable for its depth of feeling and its eloquence of expression is the following fine poem in the *North American Review*, by Mrs. Sill, one of the editorial staff of *Harper's Magazine*. Mrs. Sill's verse has for the most part dealt with the lighter things of life—moods and nuances and fancies; but every once in a while she sounds a deep full note that has the ring of true greatness in it:

THE HOOF-BEATS OF THE YEARS

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I feel on my bosom
The hoof-beats of the years—
They trample me down.
I raise bruised arms against them,
But in vain. They trample me down.

I hear everywhere the clamor of life,
The groanings of effort rolling the stones up-hill,
The clang of the hammer, the burst
Of steam, the grinding of wheels, the blast
Of truculent whistles, and booming of bells,
And strident chorus of languages everywhere
In the Babel of labor; and under it all
The tiny voices of those, the Giants of toil,
The Achievers, whose sound is so fine,
So ethereal fine, to our ears that we hear not
As they work in a seeming silence profound—
They, the Great Ones, the Kings of all labor,
Beside whose grandeur of work

Our own is as chaff in the wind—
Those artisans of universes, makers of stars and
suns,
The Cell-builders, God's own handmen.
For them is the harmony eternal!
They feel not the griding of years!

But I—I—the human standing at bay,
Who am not told God's secrets, who learn
And unlearn in sweat and in tears,
I it is who feel the hoof-beats of the years
Trampling out of my bosom
Its very heart—down to the dust.

Yet from this dust I arise,
I arise and go to God,
And ask again my eternal questions;
And though He answers me naught,
Though He leaves me to suffer—
Me, a part of Him—
To suffer alone and apart from Him,
He gives me somehow, somewhere, to know
That, tho the hoof-beats of the years
Beat out my heart from my bosom,
Down, down to the dust,
Yet they cannot kill my soul—
The flamelike, exuberant soul that He made
And sowed with the seed of His Soul—
Nor cut it off forever from Him.

The Longfellow centenary has inevitably produced a number of poems in honor of the occasion. Nearly all of them indicate a notion that Longfellow's reputation needs defending and the general effect is almost that of an apology. The stanzas by Mr. Aldrich, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, are entirely free from this note:

LONGFELLOW

1807-1907

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write:
Moonrise and daybreak come and go:
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmed listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Belovéd presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearths of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms—O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

A fine double sonnet on another poet appears in a Southern newspaper—New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. The name of the writer is entirely unknown to us, but there is a finish to her stanzas that indicates a not unpractised hand:

WORDSWORTH

By SARAH D. HOBART

God touched his eyes, and lo, the young child saw
The common earth with spirit interfused.
Along the genial valleys where he mused
He felt life rounded by a higher law.
The winter's rage, the springtime's fret and thaw,
The storm and torrent,—all the agents used
By Nature in her workings, unabused,
Were heavenly symbols, free from taint or flaw.
He knew the angels of the viewless air,
Strong at their toil along the rock-bound height:
Beside the lake and in the forest bare
He felt their presence in the starry night,
And trusted, fearless, to that fostering care
That speeds the hurrying cloud-field on its flight.

God touched his soul; anointed, set apart
From all the mad world's clamor and unrest,
He leaned secure on Mother Nature's breast
And felt the throbbing of her human heart.
With patient skill, with consecrated art,
He told of sins and sorrows unconfessed:
The prophecy of human wrongs redressed
He traced in flame above each soulless mart.
Poet and priest, he stands against the age
Of Mammon's greed and passion's overflow,
A marble god, whose sculptured grace recalls
The music of the groves and waterfalls,
Or like bold Skiddaw's self, that lifts its snow
Undaunted 'mid the tempests' wildest rage.

Something over a year ago an obscure American poet suddenly found himself in the limelight through the warm admiration expressed for his verses by President Roosevelt. It was really the President's son, we understand, who "discovered" Mr. Robinson, and whose declamation of some of his lines first awakened the President's interest. The following poem from *Scribner's* might well please the author of "The Strenuous Life":

MINIVER CHEEVY

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace,
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

The poem that follows seems to us to be phenomenal. It appears in *St. Nicholas* in a prize competition among the readers of that magazine, and was awarded the gold badge. Its author (whether boy or girl, we do not know) is but fourteen years of age:

THE LAND OF ROMANCE

By E. VINCENT MILLAY

"Show me the road to Romance!" I cried, and he raised his head;
"I know not the road to Romance, child. 'T is a warm, bright way," he said,
"And I trod it once with one whom I loved,—with one who is long since dead.
But now—I forget,—Ah! The way would be long without that other one,"
And he lifted a thin and trembling hand, to shield his eyes from the sun.

"Show me the road to Romance!" I cried, but she did not stir,
And I heard no sound in the low-ceiled room save the spinning-wheel's busy whirr.
Then came a voice from the down-bent head, from the lips that I could not see,
"Oh! Why do you seek for Romance? And why do you trouble me?
Little care I for your fancies. They will bring you no good," she said,
"Take the wheel that stands in the corner, and get you to work, instead."

Then came one with steps so light that I had not heard their tread.
"I know where the road to Romance is. I will show it you," she said.
She slipped her tiny hand in mine, and smiled up into my face,
And lo! A ray of the setting sun shone full upon the place,
The little brook danced adown the hill and the grass sprang up anew,
And tiny flowers peeped forth as fresh as if newly washed with dew.

A little breeze came frolicking by, cooling the heated air,
 And the road to Romance stretched on before,
 beckoning, bright and fair.
 And I knew that just beyond it, in the hush of the dying day,
 The mossy walls and ivied towers of the land of Romance lay.
 The breath of dying lilies haunted the twilight air,
 And the sob of a dreaming violin filled the silence everywhere.

Our departed youth will probably be a theme for the poets to the end of time, and one that will always be sung in a minor key. Mrs. Wilcox (in *The Evening Journal*, New York) is the latest to essay it:

THE LOST GARDEN

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

There was a fair, green garden sloping
 From the southeast side of the mountain ledge,
 And the earliest tint of the dawn came groping
 Down through its paths, from the day's dim edge.
 The bluest skies and the reddest roses
 Arched and varied its velvet sod;
 And the glad birds sang as the soul supposes
 The angels sing on the hills of God.

I wandered there when my veins seemed bursting
 With life's rare rapture and keen delight;
 And yet in my heart was a constant thirsting
 For something over the mountain-thirsting.
 I wanted to stand in the blaze of glory
 That turned to crimson the peaks of snow,
 And the winds from the west all breathed a story
 Of realms and regions I longed to know.

I saw on the garden's south side growing
 The brightest blossoms that breathe of June;
 I saw in the East how the sun was glowing,
 And the gold air shook with a wild bird's tune.
 I heard the drip of a silver fountain,
 And the pulse of a young laugh throbbed with glee;
 But still I looked out over the mountain
 Where unnamed wonders awaited me.

I came at last to the western gateway
 That led to the path I longed to climb,
 But a shadow fell on my spirit straightway,
 For close at my side stood graybeard Time.
 I paused, with feet that were fain to linger,
 Hard by that garden's golden gate;
 But Time spoke, pointing with one stern finger:
 "Pass on," he said, "for the day grows late."

And now on the chill, gray cliffs I wander,
 The heights recede which I thought to find;
 And the light seems dim on the mountain yonder
 When I think of the garden I left behind.
 Should I stand at last on its summit's splendor,
 I know full well it would not repay
 For the fair, lost tints of the dawn so tender
 That crept up over the edge o' day.

I would go back, but the ways are winding,
 If ways there are to that land, in sooth;
 For what man succeeds in ever finding
 A path to the garden of his lost youth?

But I think sometimes, when the June stars
 glisten,
 That a rose-scent drifts from far away;
 And I know, when I lean from the cliffs and
 listen,
 That a young laugh breaks on the air like spray.

The word irrigation does not suggest poetic rapture, but when you think of it the thing the word stands for is a noble theme for either the orator or the poet. A writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* has discovered this and made good use of the discovery:

HYMN OF THE DESERT

BY MCCREADY SYKES

Long have I waited their coming, the Men of the
 far-lying Mist-Hills
 Gathered about their fires and under the kindly
 rains.

Not to the blazing sweep of thy Desert, oh Lord,
 have they turned them;
 Evermore back to the Mist-Hills, back to the
 rain-kissed plains.

Long through the ages I waited the children of
 men, but they came not:
 Only God's silent centuries holding their watch
 sublime.

Gaunt and wrinkled and gray was the withering
 face of thy Desert:
 All in thine own good time; O Lord, in thine
 own good time.

Lo! thou hast spoken the word, and thy children
 come bringing the waters
 Loosed from their mountain keep in the thrall
 of each sentinel hill.

Lord, thou hast made me young and fair at thine
 own waters' healing,
 Pleasing and fair to mankind in the flood of
 thy bountiful will.

Wherefore in joy now thy children come, flying
 exultant and eager;

Now is thine ancient Earth remade by thy
 powerful word.
 Lord, unto thee be the glory! Thine is the bloom
 of the Desert.

Hasten, oh Men of the Mist-Hills! Welcome,
 ye Sons of the Lord!

In a little paper issued once in a while on Staten Island as the organ of a local improvement society, and called *The Westerleigh Bulletin*, appears a beautiful and simple little poem by Edwin Markham. Mr. Markham in his nature poems is not as well known as he should be.

JOY OF THE MORNING

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

I hear you, little bird,
 Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.
 Shout louder yet; no song can tell it all.
 Sing to my soul in the deep still wood;
 'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word.
 I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Of when the white still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,
I've felt it like a glory in my heart—
The world's mysterious stir;
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener!

Crowded up into one corner of a page of *The Broadway Magazine* and printed in an almost unreadable type, appeared recently a felicitous little poem accompanied by a full-page illustration of very mediocre quality. To our mind, a pictorial illustration for a poem is, *per se*, in the nature of an insult to the poet or the reader, or both. For a poem is itself a picture by an artist and to call in another kind of artist to reinforce it is to accuse the poet of futility or the reader of incapacity.

THE FACE OF MY FANCY

By WITTER BYNNER

Give her such beauty of body and mind
As the leaves of an aspen tree,
When they vary from silver to green in the wind,
And who shall be lovely as she?—
Then give her the favor of harking to love
As the heart of a wood to the call of a dove!—
And give her the face of my fancy, as free
As a lark in his heaven!—and give her to me!

The Hungarians have had a poet whose name, Petöfi, has traveled around the world; but Americans have had little chance to become familiar with his poetry. In a "History of Hungarian Literature," recently published by Appletons, the author, Frederick Reidl, gives us the following translation of one of Petöfi's winsome songs:

A PEASANT SONG

By SANDOR PETÖFI

The cottage door stood open wide,
To light my pipe I stepped inside,
But, oh! behold, my pipe was lit,
There was indeed a glow in it.

But since my pipe was all aglow,
With other thoughts inside I go—
A gentle winning maiden fair
That I perchance saw sitting there.

Upon her wonted task intent
To stir the fire aflame, she bent;
But oh! dear heart, her eyes so bright
Were radiant with more brilliant light.

She looked at me as in I passed.
Some spell she must have o'er me cast.
My burning pipe went out, but oh!
My sleeping heart was all aglow.

In the population of the United States there are twenty-five million persons who were born aliens or whose parents were alien-born. And still they come from the four quarters of the globe and by way of all the seven seas. A writer in *Scribner's* finds this a sobering sight:

ELLIS ISLAND

By C. A. PRICE

The Shapes press on,—mask after mask they wear,
Agape, we watch the never-ending line;

The crown of thought, the cap and bells are there,
And next the monk's hood see the morion shine.

Age on his staff and infancy's slow foot,
These we discern, if all else be disguise;
They fix on us an alien gaze and mute,
From the mysterious orbit of the eyes.

They come, they come, one treads the other's heel,
And some we laugh and some we weep to see,
And some we fear; but in the throng we feel
The mighty throb of our own destiny.

Outstretched their hands to take whate'er we give,
Honor, dishonor, daily bread or bane;
Not theirs to choose how we may bid them live—
But what we give we shall receive again.

America! charge not thy fate to these;
The power is ours to mold them or to mar,
But Freedom's voice, far down the centuries,
Shall sound our choice from blazing star to star!

A pleasant little spring poem appears in the March number of *The Broadway Magazine*:

MARCH SECRETS

By EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

There's a secret in the thicket, there's a whisper
in the air,
And a stir of sleepy grasses, and, altho the trees
are bare,
There's a light along their branches, and a thick-
ening of twigs,
And the pussy-willows don their dainty little
periwigs.

All the meadow-pools are twinkling with the
breezes and the sun,
While the wrinkles and the crinkles o'er their
laughing faces run.
Hark! a bull-frog singing gaily at the bottom
of his voice
Is inviting all creation to awaken and rejoice!

From the silence of the woodland comes the
tinkle of the brook,
And a rustle, as of waking, in each sunny, shel-
tered nook;
For the west wind has a message, and the gentle
rain a hint
Of earth-odors, and the presage of new melody
and tint.

There's a secret in the thicket, there's a whisper
in the air;
There's a mystery a-brewing, of which Lilac
seems aware,
And a busy little lady-sparrow hither flies and
yon,
While her mate upon the fence observes, "There's
something going on!"

Recent Fiction and the Critics



HE critics do not take George Barr McCutcheon very seriously, perhaps because he does not take himself seriously and his workmanship is often slovenly.

It may, however, be said for him that as a mere story teller he has few equals among contempor-

ary American writers. His plots

JANE CABLE

may be old, but they appear in a new and charming dress; his literary tricks may be likewise

outworn and melodramatic, but they grip the attention and hold it to the end. "This dramatic quality," remarks Paul Wiltach in the *New York Bookman*, "is Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's strongest quality. He seems to repudiate mere virtuosity of style, contenting himself with a vigorous rush of honest colloquialism." His reward is the swift success of the moment, his penalty the fact that the gate that separates journalistic fiction from literature seems to be forever closed in his face. "George Barr McCutcheon's stories," observes *The Milwaukee Sentinel*, "have all of the fragile beauty of the poppy. They are bright, but soulless, and have a freshness that is perishable. They blossom and die and are forgotten; but as the poppy, even with its frail and delicate loveliness, is its own excuse for being, so likewise the novels and stories that come from time to time from the prolific pen of the author of 'Granstark'."

"Jane Cable,"* remarks the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, is unquestionably McCutcheon's best novel. "It is no romance of an impossible kingdom of Europe, there are neither princes nor princesses, armor, nor intrigues for position. It is a tale of the Chicago of to-day which the author knows so well. It is a better story than those which he has heretofore written, because it is tangible, and seems possible, if not actual."

The scene sweeps from Chicago to the Philippines, and from there to New York. The plot is outlined as follows:

"Jane, a sweet and natural girl, was an adopted daughter unknown to herself and to her father. An unscrupulous man discovered the secret, and used it against Mr. Cable for blackmail. The son of this man is the hero of the story. His father was a blackguard and, in the same proportion, he was upright, knowing nothing of the older man's underhand machinations and graft. Graydon was a graduate of an eastern college, and he wanted to do the right for the sake of the right.

"He loved Jane and Jane loved him. They were engaged to be married when one day the

father of the hero, seeking to humiliate Mrs. Cable, told the secret of Jane's heritage. There was no softening of details, and with brutal frankness he blurted out the whole story with a few additions and withdrawals of his own, before a reporter of a Chicago daily. The result was that Jane broke her engagement and left the city. Soon after Graydon left also.

"He enlisted in the army and saw active service in the Philippines. One day he was hurt, and brought into the hospital, where he heard whispers of the beautiful nurse. It was his fate to fall into the gentle ministering hands of Jane Cable, who was a nurse in the American hospital service. For a long time his life was despaired of, and it seemed as if the author intended making an artistic ending of his book by allowing him to die."

The author, however, being more human than artistic, brings his book to a happy conclusion. The young couple are joined in wedlock and live happily ever afterwards.

The *New York Evening Sun* remarks that, save for the romantic preposterousness of the plot, "Jane Cable" comes near being an attempt at a novel, and expresses the hope that now that McCutcheon has shown his ability to outline characters that are something more than romantic puppets, he will try his hand at a real novel. Another writer felicitously expresses the truth and the principles for which McCutcheon and his fiction stand. He says:

"He belongs to the school picturing types of men and women who do things quite differently from the mere normal, every-day human beings who walk this earth in real flesh and blood. Individually, we may differ very widely in our opinions of Mr. McCutcheon's books; but there is, certainly one thing very much to his credit, one thing which goes a long way toward explaining his steady and growing vogue with the public, and that is that he consistently makes his personages play up to their parts. There is never a moment when the Young Person who likes thrills is forced to admit with a sense of disillusion, 'why, these are not real heroes and heroines, but just ordinary, every-day people, after all!' This is really no small thing to do, because while the rewards awaiting those who can do it successfully are large and many have tried for them, Mr. McCutcheon stands upon an enviable height, with few to keep him company."

It is not often that American reviewers find fault with a writer of fiction for driving home a moral truth. Perhaps the moral

in Mr. Graham Phillips' new book* is a little too obvious. Perhaps it fails to impress the critics,

who, being more or less literary men, have

*JANE CABLE. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Company.

*THE SECOND GENERATION. By Graham Phillips. D. Appleton & Company.

in the majority of cases never been weighted down with "the curse of wealth." "Mr. Phillips' story," says the *New York Evening Post*, "is a tract rather than a piece of pure fiction, and the author is at small pains to conceal the machinery of his argument"—the argument being that inherited wealth is an unmitigated curse. To enforce this unhelpful contention the "demonstrator"—to use the terminology of the *Post* reviewer—"introduces us to a prosperous manufacturing city of the Middle West, wherein all who have inherited wealth have gone or are going to the dogs." To quote further:

"All the younger persons involved in the story are directly committed to this dread alternative save two. One of these is shot by an aristocrat, who has become a drunkard because he has *not* inherited money (which would have been a saving fact if he had not been an aristocrat); the other marries a girl of common blood who has grown up in the expectation of a great inheritance. This girl's nature is as pliable as that of Oliver in the forest of Arden. When she is good she is very, very good, and when she is bad she wastes her desires upon pretty gowns and the degrading exercise of social observances. In the end, after much vibration, she becomes for good and all what her inventor desires her to be. Her brother, whose case is rendered particularly desperate by an experience in the best set at Harvard, is similarly amenable to treatment. Harvard turns him out a fop and a cad, but Mr. Phillips, by depriving him of his looked-for inheritance, sets him to work with his hands, and succeeds in making a man of him. He is promptly jilted by a mercenary sweetheart, and after sufficiently insulting his father's memory, and throwing away a paltry legacy of \$5,000 in a vain attempt to break the father's will, he falls in love with a moderately poor and immoderately honest girl, and becomes one of nature's noblemen."

The author goes into details at great length. This, for some, constitutes the chief charm of his style. But reviewers are busy people, and the majority of them agree with the *New York Outlook* in the view that the book is "too long drawn-out and somewhat stolid."

The Book News Monthly commends Phillips for the hopeful view he takes of his theme as pictured forth in the transformation of the young dandy, Arthur, into a man when he finds himself left without the help of his father's fortune. In a way Mr. Phillips has here foreshadowed the views of our distinguished English visitor who advocates the "disinheritance of the unborn."

The *San Francisco Chronicle* remarks of the story that it is stronger than "The Plum Tree," "The Social Secretary" and "The Deluge" by the same author. It goes on to say:

"There are many fine minor characters in this story and much sound comment on American life. The author's pen is frequently dipped in bitterness, but his philosophy is wholesome and he believes in the regeneration that must come from

new ideals of wealth and its uses. He develops a scheme introduced by Arthur Ranger by which workingmen in the flour mills are given many of the privileges of wealth in the way of baths, club-rooms, restaurants, comfortable homes and ample leisure. It is an idyllic picture that reminds one of some of William Morris' romances of the golden future when socialism shall have solved all the world's ugly problems and removed the hard work, the misery and the selfishness that hang like a dead weight around the neck of the poor in this world."

The question has at times been raised whether readers insist on a "happy ending." Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman has evidently

BY THE LIGHT taken the negative side of the **OF THE SOUL** debate. In her latest novel,* she presents a gloomy and depress-

ingly pessimistic picture of a phase of New England life. Not that she has lost her skilful powers of character depiction and her subtle humor. "But," remarks Ella W. Peattis in *The Chicago Tribune*, "her human beings are mere fishes meshed in an entangling skein of fate, and the reader is asked to watch their piteous struggle to be happy." To quote further: "Fatalism is bad enough when it wears the purple garments of tragedy. When it dons the faded calcimine blue of New England degeneracy it ceases to awe and uplift. On the contrary, it seems to weigh down the soul and imagination till the reader feels more like a beached bunch of rotting seaweed than like a human being. There are," she continues, "noble examples and fantastic sacrifices, sacrifices which advance the world and those which frustrate and confuse, and render life chaotic. Maria Edgham, the heroine of Mrs. Freeman's book, chose the latter sort." The other women in the book are designated by the same reviewer as "mosquitoes that kill men by their sting." It is for those that Mary Edgham makes her numerous sacrifices. A more aggravating case of altruism misplaced has never been found in life or literature. Miss Peattis goes on to say:

"Whenever the doors of opportunity opened, she stepped aside to admit some one else, and the doors had a trick of swinging to, automatically, and shutting in her face. To enumerate briefly a few of her troubles, her good, stern, scolding, loving mother died just as Maria was leaving her girlhood behind her. Her father then married one of the human mosquitoes with the fatal sting, and he, too, died. Maria was sentimental and ardent and loved early, and by an extraordinary and hardly credible circumstance, was forced into a marriage with a boy, Wollaston Lee, whom she then fled from, filled with an impulsive detestation for him. For ten years the blight of that incomplete marriage hung over her, and for sheer timidity she would not have it annulled. Mean-

***BY THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL.** By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Brothers.

time she truly and deeply loved a youth of good birth, George Ramsey, but resigned him to another 'mosquito' because of her 'marriage.' Circumstances at length threw her in the way of her 'husband,' and, as they were beginning to discover possibilities of reconciliation, Maria found that her beautiful young half-sister had contracted a violent passion for the man. Consequently, she disappeared, caused herself to be reported as dead, and at the conclusion of the story was the comfort of a rich and intellectual hunchbacked lady in New York."

The reviewers agree almost unanimously in their condemnation of the gloomy aspects of the book. Claudius Clear, in the *British Weekly*, pronounces it "not immoral," but "sickly and unwholesome." "The whole book," he goes on to say, "is a study in sentiment. If we are to believe it, American children are infested with sentimentalism almost from the dawn of their being. At least," he adds, "the heroine of this book and her friends are inflicted in this way."

"When at school the heroine is in love with a schoolmate. If Miss Wilkins' description is true, the results of mixed education in America must be very bad. Love affairs go on continually between the pupils. The girls, in particular, appear to think of nothing else but love. When a handsome young professor appears in the college the young ladies in his class are instantly entranced with him. They make no secret of their affections, but avow them from the very beginning."

The Athenaeum likewise finds that Maria's fate is sadder than it should be and leaves the reader with a feeling of dissatisfaction. *The Independent*, varying one of Heine's witty bon-mots, speaks of Mrs. Freeman as "having a brilliant future behind her." It says:

"Mrs. Freeman is still a young woman. In quite early youth she invented a *genre* of her own and wrote two small volumes of short stories as unexcelled in their own field as are de Maupassant's in his very much larger and more important sphere. Mrs. Freeman seems to be one of those people born with a definite gift, entirely spontaneous and untrained, of telling with combined pathos and humor just what she has seen. Her short stories are a lasting delight and her novels an inevitable disappointment. The opening chapters of 'By the Light of the Soul' are descriptive, full of keen perception and interesting, but the development of the story is unconvincing, the morality twisted, and the Enoch Arden-like ending loses all the note of the inevitable which makes the beauty of the basic poem by the fact that the immoral and quite tragic situation is knowingly wrought by the heroine. Tears and laughter spring from the same wells and the true humorists have always possessed the gift of calling forth either from the hearts of their readers. Yet critics seem to deny Mrs. Freeman the gift of tears."

The only positive touch is added by the New York *Evening Post*, which discerns in the somewhat disappointing material a rich note of promise and an honest attempt to conquer new fields.

Mr. William J. Locke's romantic story* is a delightful feat. It is delightful because it is full of the breath of springtide and Bohemianism—in fact, a modern variation of a Rabelaisian theme, —and it is a feat because, despite the unconventionality of his treatment, the author has succeeded in charming the hearts of the sternest reviewers.

Mr. Locke is not new to letters. In such leisure hours as his duties as Secretary to the Royal Institute of British Architects have left him he has produced no less than ten novels in ten years. The present story crowns the work of his lifetime.

It is so much better than any of the others, that Frederick Taber Cooper (in the *North American Review*) deems it hardly an exaggeration to say that Mr. Locke has just begun to write. In his earlier volumes, he remarks, Mr. Locke carefully held in reserve his most flagrant impossibilities for his dramatic climax. "In his latest story all unlikelihood of plot belongs to the vague, remote past, it is a sort of condition precedent upon which the whole structure of the narrative rests, but which is nowhere deliberately flaunted into your face." He goes on to say:

"The precise details of a ten-year-old estrangement do not greatly matter. All that we really need to know is that somewhere in the background of the life of Mr. Locke's delectable Vagabond there is a Dream Lady, *aux petits pieds si adorés*; that for her sake he cut himself off from fame and fortune and love, and voluntarily became a nameless wanderer, a human derelict. Of the early years of his roving we receive nothing but a vague impression of strange, bizarre shifts of fortune; fugitive, tantalizing glimpses of him, now in Warsaw, leading a trained bear through the streets; now in Prague, comfortably lodged with a professional burglar; and again in Verona, learning the trade of coffin-maker, and briskly driving home the nails, to the inspiring strains of 'Funiculi, Funiculà.' But it is not until much later, not until he adopts a wretched little London waif, whom he christens Asticot, that we begin to have a coherent chronicle of the wanderings of Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot."

Paragot's linen is not above suspicion, his hands and nails are often in need of the simplest ministrations of soap and water, and his craving for the consolation of absinthe has grown upon him until it is a nightly problem whether he will be able to find his way unaided to her. Yet, Mr. Cooper insists, by a sheer *tour de force*, you are made to overlook his lapses. We see him always through the adoring eyes of the two companions of his wanderings, Asticot, who chronicles his wanderings, and Blanquette de Veau, the big,

*THE BELOVED VAGABOND. By William J. Locke. John Lane Company.

ungainly, slow-witted peasant girl who gives him the dumb devotion of a dog. Experimentally Paragot returns to immaculate shirt-fronts and tea only to find himself utterly alienated from his former life. Even the love of his youth is no longer identical with the lady of his dreams. It is much later that we see him, in the words of the London *Saturday Review*, "married, reformed, sober, a prosperous farmer, waving a pipe over his geese and his garden." Like that greater wanderer Faust, he finds salvation in work and the love of a woman. This is his final philosophy:

"I have found it, my son. It is a woman, strong and steadfast, who looks into your eyes, who can help a man to accomplish his destiny. The destiny of man is to work, and to beget strong children. And his reward is to have the light in the wife's eyes and the welcome of a child's voice as he crosses the threshold of his house."

"The Beloved Vagabond" is fresh; it is not absolutely original, because it bears on every page traces of an attentive study of a multitude of famous exemplars. The London *Spectator* says on this point:

"We are constantly reminded, not only by its temper, but by direct reference, of Rabelais and Cervantes; indeed, the main purpose of the story is to show how far the spirit of medieval individualism can be reincarnated in a modern environ-

ment. The lustige Streiche of Till Eulenspiegel, the divagations of the wandering scholars of the Middle Ages, and of Goldsmith with his flute doing the 'grand tour' on foot—all these and other records of vagabondage, legendary and actual, have influenced Mr. Locke in the conception of his hero, and the picaresque recital of his adventures in the cities and country districts of France, Italy and Hungary. We are reminded, agreeably and without any direct imitation, of Cyrano de Bergerac and Tartarin de Tarascon; of the 'New Arabian Nights' and of the romances of the late Mr. Henry Harland."

Yet, take it all in all, says a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*, there can hardly be two opinions concerning the book. "Pleasant," he goes on to say, "pleasant is the word. Fantastic, improbable, impossible! Granted freely, that and more. There never could be such a being as Paragot, there never has been such a small boy as Asticot. But in 'The Beloved Vagabond' there is a delightful modern revival of the picaresque novel, an aimless tale of aimless wanderings, wherein the chance word of wisdom, the meal at a wayside inn, the sun's warmth of a cool day, and the grateful shade in summer weather, make up good and sufficient reasons for being. But if the tale be in a way fantastic, it also contains good measure of truth, the inner truth of life tricked out in the whimsical deeds and utterances of the wandering hero."

The King of Ys and Dahut the Red

This is a posthumous story by "Fiona Macleod," whose identity with the late William Sharp was not established until death revealed the secret a year and a half ago. Mr. Yeats has recently advanced the theory that Mr. Sharp furnished a case of dual personality such as physicians occasionally run across and write interesting books about. Accepting that mystical hint, we might again regard Fiona Macleod as a personality distinct from that of William Sharp, tho sharing with him the same physical tenement. It is an eerie sort of idea, but it harmonizes with the eerie tales and poems with which Fiona Macleod dazzled the world. The story herewith given, taken from the *Pall Mall Magazine*, is an excellent specimen of the wildness and charm and mysticism that are connoted by the word Gaelic.



IN the days when Gradlon was Conan of Arvor, or High-King of the Armorican races who peopled Brittany, there was no name greater than his. From the sand-dunes of the Jutes and Angles to where the dark-skinned Basque fishermen caught fish with nets, the name of Gradlon was a sound for silence. Arvor was become so great a land that Franks were called wolves there, and like wolves were hunted down. The wild cry that survives to this day in the forests of Dualt and Huelgoet, in the granite heart of Cornonailles, *A'hr bleiz! A'hr bleiz!* was heard often then; but no wolf ever so dreaded the cry as the haggard Frankish fugitives.

Gradlon, Conan of Arvor, was in the midway of life when for once he stanchd the thirst of his

sword. This was when he went over into the lands of the Kymry, the elder brothers of his Armorican race, and there fought with them against Saxon hordes, till the red tide ebbed. Thereafter he had gone far northward, till the Oeban Gaels hated the singing of Breton shafts, and till the mountain tribes of the Picts paid tribute.

Thence, at last, he returned. When he came to his own land, he brought with him two treasures which he held chief among all treasures he had won: a black stallion, and a woman white as cream, with eyes like blue lochs, and with long great masses of hair red as the bronze-red berry of the wild ash. The name of the horse was Morvark; the name of the woman, Malgven.

When men spoke of the Tameless One they meant Morvark: and after a time they seldom said Malgven, but "the Queen," because Gradlon made her the Terror of Arvor, or "the White Queen," because of her foam-white beauty, or the "Red Queen," because of her masses of ruddy hair, which, when unfastened, was as a stream of blood falling over a white cliff.

None knew whence Morvark came, nor whence Malgven. What passed from lip to lip was this: that the great black tameless stallion was foaled of no earthly mare, but of some strange and terrible sea-beast. It had come out of the North on a day of tempest. Amid the screaming of the gale in the haven where Gradlon and the men of Arvor were, a more wild, a more savage screaming had been heard. Gradlon went forth alone, and at dawn was seen riding on a huge black charger, which neighed with a cry like the cry of the sea-wind, and whose hoofs trampled the wet sands with a sound like the clashing of waves. The hair of Gradlon was streaming out on the wind like yellow seaweed on a rushing ebb; his laughter was like the hallala leaping of billows; his eyes were wild as falling stars.

It was when far in the Alban northlands that the Breton King and the Malgven were first seen together. She was not a conquest of the sword. The rumor by the fires had it that she was the queen of a great prince among the Gaels; that she was wife to the King of the Picts; that she was of the fair, perilous people of Lochlin, who were even then seizing for their own the Alban isles and western lands. But one saying was common with all: that she was a woman of dark powers. One and all dreaded her sorceries. Gradlon laughed at these when she was not by, but swore that there had never been since the first woman so great a sorceress over the heart of man.

For many months they were together in Alba, nor did once Malgven sigh for the place or the man she had left, nor did ever any herald come to Gradlon calling upon him to give up the woman. When she had learned the Armorican tongue she spoke to some of the Breton chiefs; but she had eyes for one man only. She loved Gradlon as he loved her. When they asked her concerning her people, she looked at them till they were troubled; then she answered, "I was born of the Wind and the Sea": and, troubled more, they asked no further.

It was when they were upon the sea, off the Cymric coasts, that the child of Malgven was born. For three days before that birthing, strange voices were heard rising from the depths. In the hollow of following waves the long-dead were seen. In the moonshine the flying foam was woven into white robes, wherefrom shining eyes,

calm and august, or filled with communicating terror, looked upon the trembling seamen.

On the third day white calms prevailed. At sundown the web of dusk was woven out of the sea, till it rose in purple darkness and hung from the Silver Apples, the Great Galley, the Hounds, the Star of the North, and the Evening Star. At the rising of the moon a sudden froth ran along the black lips of the sea. A Voice moaned beneath the traveling feet of the waves, and trembled against the stars. Men, staring into the moving gulfs beneath them, beheld vast irresolute hands, as of a Swimmer who carried Ocean upon his unfathomable brows, others, staring upward into the dust of the Milky Way, discerned eyebrows terrible as comets, and beneath them pale orbs as of forgotten moons, with long wind-uplifted hair blowing from old worlds idly swinging in the abyss, far back into the starless inlands of the Silent King.

And as that Breath arose, the knees of the seafarers were as reeds in shaken water. An old druid of the Gaels whispered *Mananann! O Mananann!*

Gradlon the king lay upon the fells of she-wolves, and bit his lips, and muttered that if a man spoke he would take his heart from him and throw it to the filmy beasts of the sea.

It was then that Malgven's labor was done; and a woman-child came forth, and at the first cry of the child the Voice that was a Breath ceased. And when there was no more any moaning of the unnumbered, cries and laughers came from the deeps; and like a flash of wings meteors fled by; and beyond the unsteady masts were sudden green and blue flames, plumes worn by demons whose meeting pinions were made of shadow, and beyond these the dancing of the stars.

And by these portents Gradlon was troubled. But Malgven smiled and said: "Let the girl be called Dahut, Wonder, for truly her beauty shall be the wonder of all who come after us. She is but a little foam-white human child: but the sea is in her veins, and her eyes are two fallen stars. Her voice will be the mysterious voice of the sea; her eyes will be the mysterious light within the sea: therefore let her be called Dahut. She shall be the little torch at the end, for me, Malgven: she shall be the Star of Death for the multitude whom she will slay with love: she shall be the doom of thee and thine and thy people and the kingdom that is thine. O Gradlon, Conan of Arvor: therefore let her be called Dahut, Wonder; Dahut, the sweet evil singing of the sea; Dahut, Blind Love; Dahut, the Laughter; Dahut, Death. Yea, let her be called Dahut, O Gradlon, she to whom I have given more than other women give to those whom

they bear: for I am of those children of Danù of whom you have heard strange tales, of those Tuath-De-Danann whose lances made of moon-shine can pierce granite walls, and whose wisdom is more old than the ancient forgotten cromlechs in your land and in mine, and whose pleasure it is to dwell where are the palaces of the Sidhe, that are wherever green hills grow dim and pale and blue as the smoke above woods."

Thus was it that the sea-born child of Gradlon of Arvor and Malgven the Dannite was called Dahut.

When the Armoricans returned to their own land, the brother of Gradlon, whom he had made Tanist or vice-regent, welcomed Gradlon; for their father, the old King of Cornonailles, still lived, though blind from the Gaulish arrow which had crossed his face slantwise in a great battle on the banks of the Loire. It was not till the seventh year thereafter that Gradlon again fared far. For three years he was among the Kymry, the Alban Gaels, the Picts, the Islesmen, the Gaels of Eiré, the Gaels of Enona. Then, when he was in that land which is now called Anglesey, a deep craving and weariness came upon him to see Malgven again, tho less than a year back had she gone from him, to rule in Arvor in his place; for Arz, his brother, had been slain in a Frankish foray.

Her beauty was so great that he wore the days in sorrow because of it. When he arose at dawn it flashed against his eyes out of the rising sun: when he looked at the sea, it moved from wave to wave and beckoned to him: when he stared at the cloud-shadowed hills, he saw it lying there a dream: when he fared forth at the rising of the moon it took him subtly, now with a birch branch that caught his hair as often it had tangled with Malgven's long curling locks, now with the brushing of tall fern that was a sound like the rustling of her white robe, now because of two stars shining low above dewy grass, which were as her shining eyes.

There was no woman in the world so beautiful, he knew: and yet both men and women prophesied that Dahut would be more beautiful still—Dahut the Red, as the girl was already called because of her ruddy bronze-hued hair, wonderful in mass and color as was that of her mother: more wonderful far, said Malgven, smiling proudly, who knew Dahut to be of the Tuath-De-Danaan, even as her mother was, and that she would be a torch to light many flames and maybe fires vast and incalculable.

So one day Gradlon arose and said, "For Dahut," and broke his sword: and said, "For Arvor," and broke his spear: and said, "For Malgven," and bade every prisoner be set free, and the ships be filled with treasure and provision.

When he saw the black rocky coasts of Finis-

tère once more he swore a vow that he would never again leave his land, or Malgven. Everywhere, as he journeyed to Kempêr, he heard the rumor of the Red Queen's greatness, of her terrible beauty, of Dahut the Beautiful, Dahut the Perilous, Dahut the Sorceress. And he laughed to think that the girl of ten summers was already so like the woman who bore her: and his heart yearned for both, as his ears longed to be void of the ceaseless moan of the sea. His first joy was when he rode through the forest of Huelgoet, and heard no sound but the croodling of wild doves and the soft, sleepy purring of the south wind lapping the green leaves.

When he reached the Great Town, as Kempêr was then called, he saw black banners falling from the low walls of the Fort. He rode onward alone, and found Malgven lying on a high couch, with her golden diadem on her head, and her long hair clasped with golden rings, and her snow-white arms alongside her breastplate of curiously carven mail, which she wore above a white robe. Beside her sat the old blind King.

From that day Gradlon never smiled. For five years from that day he strove against the bitter hours, and in all unkingly ways, but without avail. He could not forget the beauty of Malgven. For one year he strove furiously in war. For a second year he hunted wild beasts, from forest to forest, from the domains of the north to the domains of the south and from the domains of the east to the domains of the west. For the third year he loved women by day, and cursed them through sleepless, remembering nights. For the fourth year he drank deep. For the fifth year the evil of his life was so great that men murmured against him, and many muttered: "Better the old blind King, Arz-Dall, or the young sorceress Dahut herself."

During all these years Gradlon had no sight of Dahut. Because that she was her mother's self, and because that her beauty was so like, yet greater than that of Malgven, the King had sent her to Razmôr, his great fort in the north, where are the wildest seas and the wildest shores of America. And in all these years Gradlon had but one joy, and that was when he mounted his great black stallion Morvark, and rode for hours, and for leagues upon leagues, by the falling surf of the seas. For when he rode the great horse, the sea-beast as the Armoricans called it in their dread, he dreamed he heard voices he heard at no other time, and often, often, the long cry of Malgven that he had first listened to with shuddering awe among the Gaelic hills.

It was at the end of the fifth year that he came suddenly upon Dahut, when he was riding on Morvark by the wild coast of Razmôr. When his

gaze drank in her great beauty, he reined in his furious stallion, and his heart beat, for it was surely Malgven come again, in immortal Dannite youth. Then, remembering that Morvark would let no mortal mount him, save only Gradlon and Malgven that was gone, he flung himself to the ground and lay there as tho dead . . . whereat, with a loud neighing, terrible as the storm-blast, Morvark raced with streaming mane towards Dahut. And when he was come to her, the girl laughed and held out her arms, and the black stallion whinnied with red nostrils against her cream-white breasts, and his great eyes were like dark billows that have sunken rocks beneath them, and when he bent low his head and Dahut's ruddy hair streamed over her white shoulders, like blood falling over a white cliff, it was as tho beneath this sunlit white cliff brooded the terror and mystery of nocturnal seas. Then Dahut mounted Morvark, and rode back towards the King, her father. As she rode, the moan of ocean broke across the sands. Waves lifted themselves out of windless calms, and made a hollow noise as of traveling thunders. On the unfurrowed, flowing plains, billows, like vast cattle with shaggy manes, rose and coursed hither and thither, with long, low, deliberate roar upon roar. Among the rocks and caverns a myriad waves relinquished clinging hands, only to spring forward again and seize the dripping rocks and swirl far inland long watery fingers so swift and fluent, yet with salt grip terrible and sure.

Gradlon looked at Dahut, and at the snorting stallion Morvark, and at the suddenly awakened

and uplifted sea. "*Avel, avelon, holl avel!*" he cried: "Wind, wind, all is but wind; vain as the wind, void as the wind!"

For he had seen that the woman, whose beauty was so great that his heart beat for fear of its strangeness, was no other than Dahut his daughter: and by that passing loveliness and that terrible beauty, and by the bending to her of the Tameless Morvark, and by the portents of the Sea which loved her, he knew that this was the daughter of Malgven, who was of the ancient and deathless children of Danu.

When Gradlon rode back to Kempêr with Dahut before him upon Morvark, all who saw them fell on their knees. So great was the beauty of Dahut, and so strange was already the public rumor of the Sorceress, of this Daughter of the Sea. Her skin was white as new milk, as the breasts of doves: her hair was long and thick and wonderful, and of the hue of rowan-berries in sunlight, of bronze in firelight, of newly spilled blood trickling down a white cliff: her eyes were changeful as the sea, and, as the sea, were filled with unfathomable desires, and with shifting light full of terror and beauty.

But because Dahut could not live far from the wild seas she loved, she bade Gradlon make a new great town, and to build it by Razmôr, where the square-walled castle was, on the wave-swept promontory.

And thus was the town of Ys built by Gradlon, Conan of Arvor, for the mystery and the delight and the wonder and the terror that was called Dahut the Red.

A Conversation—By Turgénieff

The author of this prose pastel, Ivan S. Turgénieff, seems to be one of the nineteenth century writers the world will not let die. Three years ago a "complete edition" of his works was brought out in this country by Scribners and now another edition has been launched by Macmillan's. From the latter edition, translated by Constance Garnett, we print the following. It is one of the "Poems in Prose" which were written by the author among the last things he produced.

"Neither the Jungfrau nor the Finsteraarhorn has yet been trodden by the foot of man!"



HE topmost peaks of the Alps. . . . A whole chain of rugged precipices. . . . The very heart of the mountains.

Over the mountain a pale-green, clear, dumb sky. Bitter cruel frost; hard sparkling snow; sticking out of the snow the sullen peaks of the ice-covered, wind-swept mountains.

Two massive forms, two giants on the sides of the horizon, the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn.

And the Jungfrau speaks to its neighbor: "What canst thou tell that is new? Thou canst see more. What is there down below?"

A few thousand years go by: one minute. And the Finsteraarhorn roars back in answer: "Thick clouds veil the earth. . . . Wait a little!"

Thousands more years go by: one minute.

"Well, and now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now I see; down there below, all is the same. There are blue waters, black forests, heaps of grey stones piled up. Among them are still fussing to and fro the insects; thou knowest, the bipeds that have never yet defiled thee or me."

"Men?"

"Yes, men."

Thousands of years go by: one minute.

"Well, and what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"There seem fewer insects to be seen," thunders the Finsteraarhorn. "It is clearer below; the waters have shrunk; the forests are thinner."

Again thousands of years go by: one minute.

"What dost thou see?" says the Jungfrau.

"Close about us it seems purer," answers the Finsteraarhorn; "but there in the distance the valleys are still spots and something is moving."

"And now?" says the Jungfrau, after more thousands of years: one minute.

"Now it is well," answers the Finsteraarhorn; "it is clean everywhere, quite white, wherever you look. . . . Everywhere is our snow, unbroken snow and ice. Everything is frozen. It is well now, it is quiet."

"Good," says the Jungfrau. "But thou and I have chatted enough, old fellow. It is time to slumber."

"It is time indeed!"

The huge mountains sleep; the green, clear sky sleeps over the region of eternal silence.

Humor of Life



MINISTER: "Do you take this man for better or worse, till death parts you?"

BRIDE: "I should prefer an indeterminate sentence, I think."
—*Leslie's Weekly*.

CUSTER'S TRANSLATION.

West Point's aim is to teach men to meet any situation with the best there is in them.

When General Custer was a cadet, he ventured into the French section room without having so much as looked at the day's lesson. The section had been engaged in the translation of *Æsop's* fables from French to English, but on this particular day the task consisted of a page of history written in French. Cadet Custer was given the book, and very bravely dashed into the translation of this sentence: "*Leopold duc d'Autriche, se mettit sur les plaines de Silesie.*" But the Duke of Austria did not seem to appeal to him, for without hesitation he read:

"The leopard, the duck, and the ostrich met upon the plains of Silesia."
—*Lippincott's*.

NO PLEASING HIM

MOTHER: "Tommy, what's your little brother crying about?"

TOMMY: "'Cause I'm eatin' my cake an' won't give him any."

MOTHER: "Is his own cake finished?"

TOMMY: "Yes'm; an' he cried while I was eatin' that, too."

—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

VAIN REGRETS

MRS. CASEY: "Ut was th' jillicant funeral ye gave yer husband."

MRS. O'TOOLE: "True for ye, darlint, an' I'm that sorry th' poor man didn't live to see ut."

—*Smith's Magazine*.

A MAN OF FORESIGHT

In a New Jersey suburb the town officers had just put some fire extinguishers in their big buildings. One day one of the buildings caught fire, and the extinguishers failed to do their work. A few days later at the town meeting some citizens tried to learn the reason. After they had freely discussed the subject one of them said: "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion that the fire extinguishers be examined ten days before every fire."
—*Pacific Monthly*.

SO MUCH CHEAPER

CHOLLY SPEEDWAY: "I cannot live without your daughter, sir!"

OLD RIVERSIDE: "Probably not—in New York! But I think you might in some of the suburbs."

—*Smith's Magazine*.

UNSOPHISTICATED

There is an old story of a simple Highland lass who had walked to Glasgow to join her sister in service. On reaching a toll-bar on the skirt of the city, she began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The toll-keeper came out to see what she wanted.

"Please, sir, is this Glasgow?" she inquired.

"Yes, this is Glasgow."

"Please," said the girl, "is Peggy in?"
—*Pacific Monthly*.

EPITAPH.

Here lies poor Andrew Harvey
Hoyle;

Ne'er shall we see him more.
The stuff he drank for castor oil
Was H_2SO_4 !

—*Lippincott's*.



THE ROOSTER: "I know, my dear, that comparisons are odious, but I simply wanted you to see what other folks are doing."
—*Life*.



THE USEFUL DACHSHUNDS

"Henry, come right in here and stop practisin' croquet mit der dogs; you want to tire 'em all out."

—*Harper's Monthly*.



THE EXTREME PENALTY

SHE: "What do you think of his execution?"

HE: "I'm in favor of it."
—Punch.

GOOD TO THEIR WIVES

Statistics show that 3,000 wives are deserted in Chicago every year. This proves what we have always been led to believe, that the American is the most considerate husband in the world.

—Punch.

STUPID

An Englishman was in New York for the first time. He was at dinner with an American friend, and expressed a desire to see a typical American music-hall performance. The American led him down to a ten-cent theater on the Bowery. The first act on the bill was a Mexican knife-throwing specialty. A beautiful creature stood with her back against a wide board, and a gentleman with a black mustache threw gleaming knives at her clear across the stage. The first knife came within an inch of her ear, and quivered as it stuck in the soft wood. Then he landed one at the other side of her head and one just above her. The Englishman picked up his overcoat and started up the aisle. The American followed him and asked: "What's the matter? Don't you like the show?"

"It's very stupid," replied the Englishman. "He missed her three times."—George Ade, in *Success*.

A LONG ROOT

An Irishman, with one jaw very much swollen from a tooth that he wished to have pulled, entered the office of a Washington dentist.

When the suffering Celt was put into the chair and saw the gleaming forceps approaching his face, he positively refused to open his mouth.

Being a man of resource, the dentist quietly instructed his assistant to push a pin into the patient's leg, so that when the Irishman opened his mouth to yell the dentist could get at the refractory molar.

When all was over, the dentist smilingly asked: "It didn't hurt as much as you expected, did it?"

"Well, no," reluctantly admitted the patient. "But," he added, as he ran his hand over the place into which the assistant had inserted the pin, "little did I think them roots wint that far down!"—*Success Magazine*.

THE COURTEOUS CORPORAL

A native postman on the Gold Coast of West Africa went in bathing, and then wrote the following letter to his postmaster:

DEAR MASTER: I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go bath this morning a billow he remove my trouser. Dear Master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss, where am I? Kind write Accra that they send me one more trouser so I catch him and go duty.

Good-day, Sir, my Lord, how are you?

Your loving corporal,
J. ADDIE.

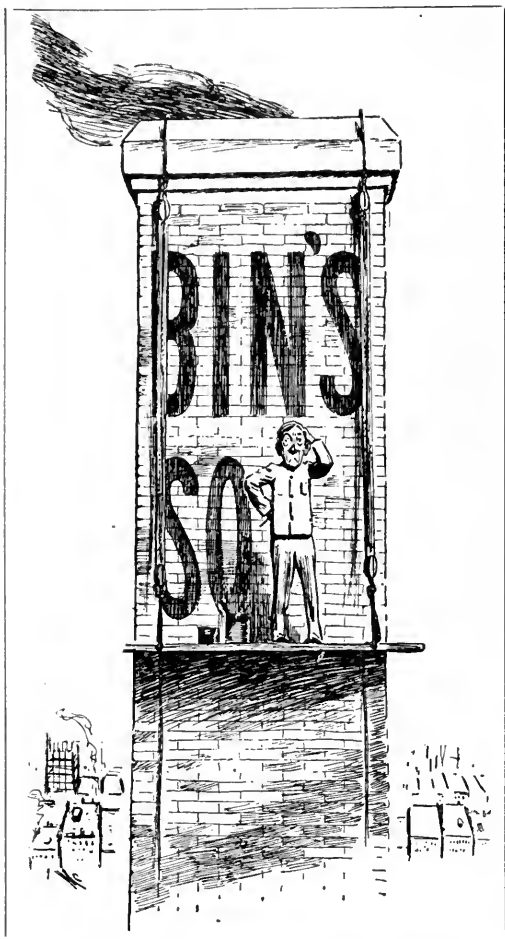
—Country Gentleman.

SUPPOSE SHE HAD BEEN OUT?

"What day was I born on, mother?"

"Thursday, child."

"Wasn't that fortunate! It's your day 'at home.'"—*Harper's Weekly*.



"DARNIT! IS IT S-O-P-E OR S-O-A-P?"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

FAITH IN HIS MOTHER

FATTY: "I'll bet my father can lick your father."

RATTY: "Dat all may be, but I'll bet my mother kin lick yer hull fambly."—*Smith's Magazine.*

HE SHOULD HAVE CUT IT

"That old duffer was unexpectedly asked to speak at our class dinner, and he got up and talked for forty minutes."

"Do you think he had his speech all cut and dried?"

"Well—it may have been dried."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

PROBABLY

TEACHER (to Little Boy): "Freddie Brooks, are you making faces at Nellie Lyon?"

FREDDIE BROOKS: "Please, teacher, no ma'am; I was trying to smile, and my face slipped."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

HE HADN'T CAUGHT UP

Several years ago, when the University of Chicago held its decennial celebration, John D. Rockefeller was its guest for several days. A bewildering succession of functions followed one another in such quick succession that each affair was from one to four hours late.

At the great banquet on the closing day, Mr. Rockefeller in his after-dinner speech told the following story:

"I have felt for the past twenty-four hours like the Boston business man who lived in the suburbs and came in to his office every day. One winter afternoon he took the train for his home, but a terrific snow-storm was raging, and about half way to his suburb the train was snowed in. All night the passengers were imprisoned, but early in the morning they managed to reach a nearby telegraph station, and the Boston man sent the following dispatch to his office:

"Will not be in the office to-day. Have not got home yesterday yet."

IN 2007.

They were seated in front of the open fire. The flickering flames made their faces glow and hid the strands of gray in their hair. She was doing most of the talking, but he proved himself a good listener.

"The man I marry," she was saying, "must have high qualifications. He must be healthy, honest, successful. He must have a good education and a high sense of family duty. He must be modest and gentlemanly. He must be even-tempered and a hater of profanity. He must have a true Christian humility, and must not talk back. He must"—she paused and looked at her companion, who seemed to be much confused and embarrassed. He twisted and wrung his handkerchief and moved uneasily in his chair.

Suddenly he looked shyly up at her, his face suffused with happiness, and said, with a becoming lisp, "Oh, Maud, this is so sudden."—*Pacific Monthly.*

MARK TWAIN OBEYED THE SCRIPTURE

In the Iowa town where Mark Twain used to reside, the following story of him is occasionally handed about:

One morning when he was busily at work an acquaintance dropped in upon him, with the request that he take a walk, the acquaintance having an errand on a pleasant country road.

"How far is it?" temporized Mark Twain.

"Oh, about a mile," replied the friend.

Instantly the humorist gathered his papers together, laid them aside, and prepared to leave his desk.

"Of course I will go," he announced; "the Bible says I must."

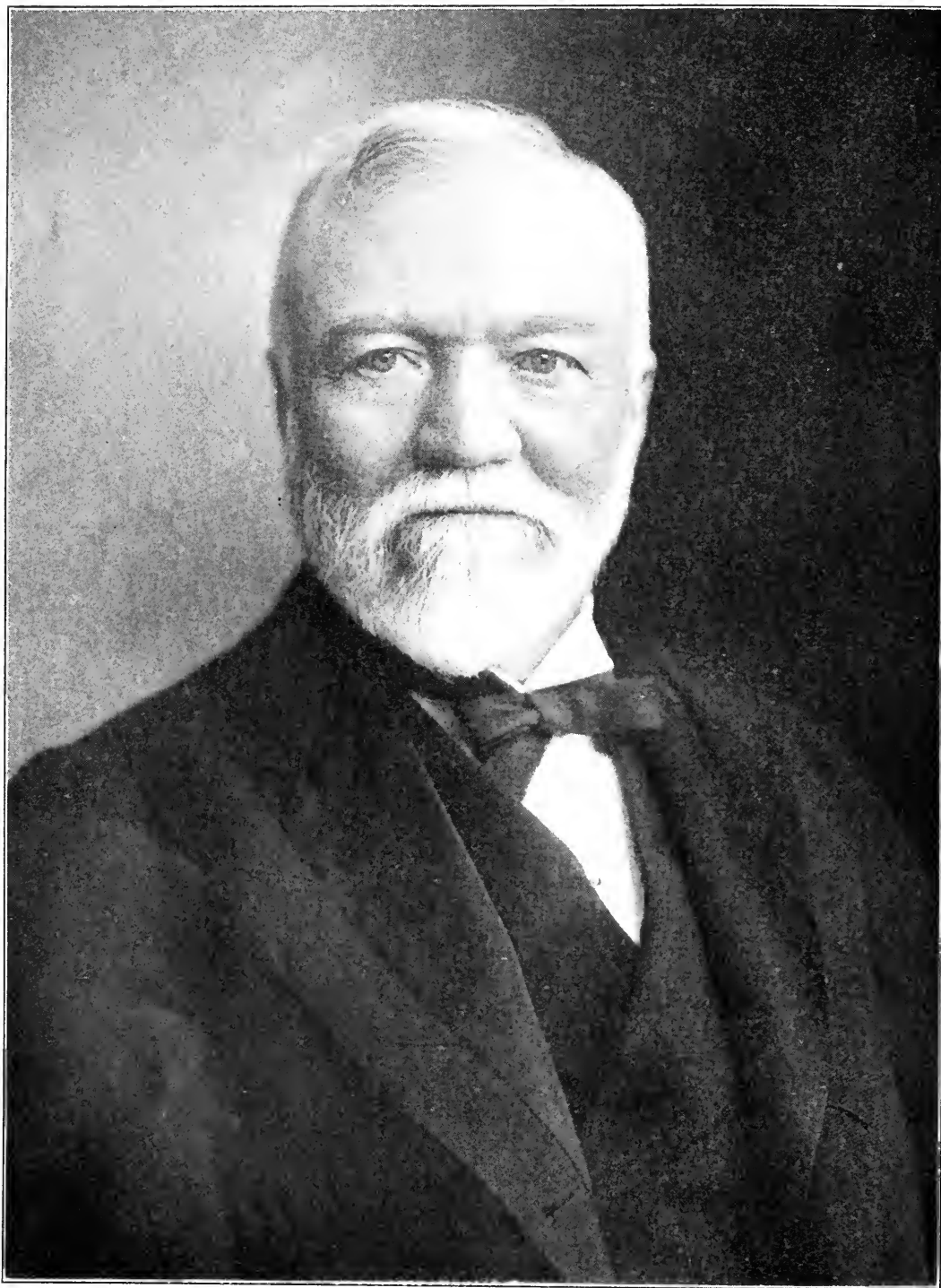
"Why, what in the world has the Bible got to do with it?" asked the puzzled friend.

"It distinctly commands," answered Mr. Clemens, "'if a man ask thee to go wit' him a mile, go with him, Twain!'"—*Lippincott's.*

HIS NEW MEDICINE

"How is your papa, Bessie?" asked a neighbor of a little girl whose father was ill.

"Oh, he's improvin' awfully!" the child answered. "The doctor is givin' him epidemic injections every day!"—*Lippincott's.*



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THE MAN OF THE MONTH

The month of April has been Andrew Carnegie's month. As toastmaster at the simplified spelling banquet, as host at the industrial peace meeting held in his home in New York, as founder of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, the re-dedication of which has brought distinguished visitors to America from all lands at his expense, as donor of the new Engineering Societies Building opened a few days ago in New York, and as president of the first National Peace Conference of America, he has loomed large in the world of events and diffused widely the joy of living that radiates from his canny countenance.

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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George S. Viereck

MAY, 1907

A Review of the World



THE newspaper man, who views the world as a spectacle and for whom the dramatic and picturesque is always apt to be the most important, Senator Foraker comes forward as a positive boon. The Senator is adorably dramatic. He can throw down the gage of conflict almost as magnificently as Blaine or Conkling could, and there are few men of that kind left in politics in these days. His defiance to Secretary Taft and, by implication, President Roosevelt, has been made in a way and at a time to command the nation's attention. For months to come Ohio will apparently be the stage whereon the presidential drama is to be enacted, all the rest of the country being audience-room. And the players on that stage are such as to insure a first-rate performance. The audience will be kept in breathless suspense up to the last moment. Then there will come as a finale a magnificent reconciliation scene, in which all the actors will clasp hands as the curtain drops, and a big bouquet labeled "presidential nomination" will be handed over the footlights to one of the actors and another of lesser size labeled "senatorial re-election" will be handed to another.

IT WAS Foraker who first thrust Taft into public prominence. The latter had been an assistant prosecuting attorney and a collector of internal revenue. Foraker made him a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati. Taft was then but twenty-nine, and he had been engaged in a forensic duel with Foraker, trying, as representative of the bar association, to secure the disbarment of a Cincinnati lawyer of the name of T. C. Campbell. The lawyer's attorney was J. B. Foraker, and he saved his client. Being elected governor not long afterward, Foraker appointed his young opponent to a place on the bench where, twenty-two years before, Taft's father had sat before

he became (as his son has also become) the nation's secretary of war. It was Foraker also who first took up the fight against Hanna and Hanna's machine to give Theodore Roosevelt the presidential nomination after he had filled out President McKinley's unexpired term. The whirligig of politics produces strange results. Against these two men Senator Foraker is now making the fight of his life; for his relations with both of them have disappointed the Senator. He expected, after the election of Roosevelt, to be a court favorite and to supersede Hanna as a dispenser of patronage in Ohio. President Roosevelt did not view things in the same light. And when, two years ago, the secretary of war made a speech in the Ohio campaign that pulled down from his high horse Foraker's first lieutenant in Cincinnati, George B. Cox, the milk of human kindness in the Senator's bosom changed to gall, and it was not long after that he took to the warpath.

IT WAS while Secretary Taft and Congressman Burton, who aspires to Foraker's seat in the Senate, were on their way to Cuba that the Senator issued his recent challenge. It would have been more chivalrous if he had issued it when they were here to answer it. But things had begun to happen that made him afraid to wait. From the White House had come the announcement about a "rich men's conspiracy" to prevent the continuance of Rooseveltism, and naturally Foraker became at once a "suspect." Then from Cincinnati came the news that Secretary Taft's brother, Charles P. Taft (proprietor of the *Times-Star*, and said to be the second wealthiest man in Ohio) had secured an alliance with Insurance Commissioner Arthur I. Vorys, an astute politician and heretofore an important member of the Foraker-Dick machine, and that Vorys was to manage the campaign for the selection of Secretary Taft as the choice of Ohio Repub-



HAS ANOTHER HANNA ARISEN?

Arthur I. Vorys, insurance commissioner of Ohio, is directing the Taft campaign in that state, and those who know him say he bids fair to become another President-maker of the caliber of Hanna. It was his defection from the Foraker-Dick combination that precipitated Senator Foraker's recent challenge for a contest at the primaries.

licans for the presidency. Senator Foraker hesitated no longer. He reached for his fountain pen and wrote as follows:

"In view of the interviews and announcements of one kind and another that are appearing in the newspapers, I feel that I may with propriety say that I do not want any political honors from the Republicans of Ohio without their hearty approval. In order that there may be no doubt as to their preferences I shall at the proper time request the

Republican State Central Committee to issue a call for a Republican State Convention, to be composed of delegates elected by the Republicans of the state at duly authorized primary elections, for the purpose not only of nominating candidates for state offices to be voted for at our next state election, but also to determine the preference of the Republicans of Ohio as to candidates for United States senator and for president."

Back came a prompt acceptance of the challenge from Secretary Taft's brother:

"As the Senator has included the two offices in this primary contest, Secretary Taft's friends accept the proposition and will make it a distinct contest: Taft for the presidency or senatorship, or Foraker for the presidency or senatorship. If the Republicans of Ohio by their votes at the primaries indicate that they prefer Foraker for the presidency or senatorship Secretary Taft is eliminated from the political situation. If the people of Ohio indicate Secretary Taft for the presidency or senatorship Senator Foraker is eliminated from the political situation in Ohio. This is a direct contest between the friends of the administration of President Roosevelt and his opponents. We are willing to submit it to the Republican voters of Ohio and the sooner the better."

THUS began the contest on the results of which the course of our national development for years to come may depend. Foraker's reliance for victory is, first, upon himself and his power on the stump; second, upon "the organization," control of which at the death of Hanna passed to Senator Dick and Senator Foraker; third, upon the open and latent hostility to President Roosevelt among corporation men. But unless the press comment on the fight is so far entirely misleading, the Senator's cause is next to a hopeless one. "In the light of what the people did to the Ohio organization a year ago last fall," remarks the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.), "and their now clearly manifest purpose to finish the work then left incomplete, Senator Foraker is displaying something like the courage of despair." And the *Cleveland Leader* (Rep.) comments in a similar strain: "Unless Senator Foraker surrenders pitifully, there is no doubt as to the outcome of this battle of the giants. The Senator has been led into a mistake which must result in his undoing. There is no manner or shadow of doubt that a popular expression of opinion will favor Secretary Taft so overwhelmingly that political elimination will be the portion of his opponent."



1908 NOMINATION: "THAT THING WILL DRIVE ME AWAY YET."

—Brinkerhoff in *Toledo Blade*.

THE northern end of the state has been anti-Foraker for years; but in the other end the sentiment seems to run almost as strong in Taft's favor. In addition to Charles

P. Taft's paper, which has heretofore been a strong organization paper, four of the largest Republican dailies in southern Ohio are for Secretary Taft. According to correspondents of the *New York Times* in various parts of the state, the four large cities of the state—Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dayton and Columbus—are for Taft, and the rural districts are "almost conceded" to him. "The Taft sentiment," says *The Times's* Columbus correspondent, "is not a zephyr, it is a hurricane." Says the *Toledo Blade*, one of the most prominent Republican papers in the state:

"Wiseacres say that he [Foraker] is burning his bridges behind him, and that if he loses he must retire to private life. But Mr. Foraker realizes that there are no bridges left to burn. He destroyed them when he began his campaign against President Roosevelt, and unless he can build others and convince the citizens of Ohio that he is right and the President is wrong, his retirement is inevitable. In this campaign it is not a question with him of holding what he has, for that is not enough to avail, but of so strengthening himself at the expense of the President that he can more than recover lost ground."

THE antagonism which Senator Foraker has aroused on his own account appears to be surprisingly strong. Various shippers' associations are actively distributing literature against him because of his position on the Hepburn rate regulation bill in the last Congress (he was the only Republican Senator that voted no on the final passage of the bill); and the Ohio Medical Association is doing all it can as a non-political organization to defeat his purposes, because of the favors he has secured for the osteopaths, one of whom, he believes, cured his son. The Cleveland correspondent of the *New York Times* says:

"The bitterness of the feeling against Foraker is one of the most surprising things to a visitor in this state, and it is nowhere more striking than in this city. The Western Reserve fairly hates him. It is not mere political opposition. It partakes rather of the unusual intensity of feeling which was called out on both sides in New York in the Hearst campaign last year. Foraker in the nation is a different man from Foraker in his own state. In the nation he looms large, and here he is whittled down to the size of Dick. The same phenomenon was observed when David B. Hill was in the Senate. To men from other states, who saw Hill in Washington, he was a wise and statesmanlike figure. In New York little was known of his statesmanship and a great deal was known of his machine, and he was looked upon there as a peanut politician.

"It seems to be a good deal that way with Foraker, altho for different reasons. The cordial dislike for him and the outspoken bitterness of the language used concerning him by Republicans is a thing which it would be difficult to make the folk in Washington believe. A good



HE WISHES TO SIT IN FORAKER'S SEAT

Congressman Theodore E. Burton, of Cleveland, is a bachelor, a preacher's son and a lawyer; but not content with all these honors, he aspires to be Senator Foraker's successor, and he has for two years been warning the Ohio voters of Foraker's hostility to Taft and to the Roosevelt administration.

deal of it, evidently, is due to resentment over the feeling that Foraker buncoed the party last year. The party is for Roosevelt. Burton warned the party that Foraker was against the President. Foraker made the party believe that Burton knew not whereof he spoke, and got his



SKI SAILING—THE LATEST THRILLER IN THE POLITICAL CIRCUS

—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle*.

own ticket nominated. Everybody knows now that Foraker is against Roosevelt and was against him then, and that a Roosevelt state was led into the false appearance of being against the President. It rankles."

THE whole result seems to depend upon Senator Foraker's ability to change the sentiment of the state. Unless he can do that in the weeks to come, even the organization, which cares more for victory than it cares for any man, and which has no special fondness for the Senator anyhow, will turn against him. His task is to reverse the sentiment of the state not only concerning Taft, but concerning President Roosevelt, or else to convince the people anew that he is not opposed to the President. In his opening speech, in Canton, he seems bent on the latter course. In it he was on the defensive throughout, declaring that he had differed from the President on but three issues in six years—the joint statehood bill, the rate-regulation bill, and the Brownsville incident. A political leader of Senator Foraker's sort is at his best in attack, not in defense; and the embarrassing feature of his position is that he can not very well make an aggressive fight on Taft without making one upon the Roosevelt administration. "If Foraker can retain his seat in the Senate," says the *Boston Herald*, "he will do well. He is not likely to do more." The *New York Sun*, with a characteristic desire to see something no one else sees and to say something that no one else would ever think of saying, intimates

that the Secretary is being victimized for the purpose of removing him from the presidential situation and forcing the party to fall back upon Roosevelt. It says:

"The Hon. William H. Taft, Secretary of War, has turned his broad and genial back upon the seething squabble. His personality has been injected into the Ohio equation. In his absence the state leaders, enraged by mysterious and unidentified affront, are defying him to mortal combat. They have been made to believe—through what instrumentality does not now appear—that he arraigns the Republican party organization of Ohio, denounces it as corrupt, degraded and ignoble, and calls for its effectual and prompt obliteration. And so he sails away on summer seas to fruitful isles, fanned by soft and healing zephyrs, unconscious of the strife and bitterness that rage at home. Is it wholly inconceivable that Mr. Taft knows nothing of all this turmoil? May not the imaginative mind assemble conditions and considerations under which Mr. Taft will seem the victim of it all and also the appointed sacrifice to an Illustrious Necessity?"

ANOTHER paper that finds something sinister in the situation is Mr. Hearst's *New York Evening Journal*. It says:

"The Noble Mind does not want a third term any more than a cow wants four legs. George Washington's provincial ideas are neither here nor there, and Jefferson never climbed San Juan Hill, anyhow.

"But the Noble Mind does not WANT a third term. (See *Æsop* for particulars.)

"What DOES the Noble Mind want? Why, ONLY this.

"It wants to NAME the next President, and have that dummy obey the Noble Mind's orders.



TEACHER'S PET!

—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"The Noble Mind, realizing that American government is a failure, and the American people utterly incapable of selecting a President for themselves, is going to take the place, modestly, of some fourteen millions of voters.

"It will NAME the President of the United States next time and indefinitely thereafter.

"It will CONTROL that man in office, tell him what to think and what to say.

"The Noble Mind ONLY wants to be a Lord Protector of this country. It ONLY wants to be the nurse and mentor of eighty millions of childish Americans unable and unfit to govern for themselves.

"It wants to imitate Charles the Fifth, who retired to a monastery and governed through his successor.

"It is painful for shivery Fairbanks and the others. But it is all good fun for Americans with a sense of humor. To have in one person a combination of Don Quixote, Dowie, Mme. Blavatsky, Munchausen and Braggo the Monk running eighty millions of semi-intelligent creatures, and bullying most of them, is a rich and unusual treat for any philosopher.

"When Time tears the Roosevelt page out of History's comic section men will wait a long time for another like it."

AN ARTICLE of more than ordinary interest appears in the current number of *Pearson's Magazine*, on "The Mystery of Mr. Taft." The writer, James Creelman, does not find anything mysterious in the "simple and limpid" life of Mr. Taft, but he does find a mystery in the fact that "he wins the hearts of individuals, but he does not fire the heart of the sovereign multitude." Says Mr. Creelman:

"The country respects and trusts his ability and integrity, but its attitude is that of passive recognition and approval, not the headlong affection that brings power to a political leader of the first rank. But, from the standpoint of national consciousness and national ideals, there is a mystery in the fact that the suggestion of Mr. Taft as a candidate for President of the United States—a statesman of stainless name, unshakable independence, and creative and administrative abilities that have compelled admiration throughout the world—should stir so little enthusiasm in the American people. Nor has the well understood and hearty desire of the most popular of American presidents to see this man succeed him in office served to enkindle the political imagination of the great masses toward Mr. Taft."

Mr. Creelman, after paying considerable attention to Mr. Taft's career and personality, finds the solution of the mystery in the fact that he "is not dowered with a political order of mind and is almost wholly devoid of political ambitions." He has "a judicial-administrative order of mind," and his one great ambition is to be a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. Yet when the chance came to fulfil his highest ambition he refused to accept it.

EVERYBODY knows that Mr. Taft refused an appointment to the Supreme Court because he believed that a change of governors of the Philippines at that particular time would result in injury to the islands and in forfeiture of the confidence of the Filipinos, who would not understand the reasons for his recall. But few of us have known how determined he was in putting away the temptation to gratify his life-long wish. Mr. Creelman publishes the correspondence in the case. Taft's first refusal was cabled October 27, 1902. The concluding paragraph was as follows:

"Look forward to time when I can accept such an offer, but, even if it is certain that it can never be repeated, I must now decline. Would not assume to answer in such positive terms in view of words of your dispatch if gravity of situation here was not necessarily known to me better than it can be known in Washington."

Then came a letter from President Roosevelt written a month later (Nov. 26), which ran in part as follows:

"DEAR WILL: I am awfully sorry, old man, but after faithful effort for a month to try to arrange matters on the basis you wanted I find that I shall have to bring you home and put you on the Supreme Court.

"I am very sorry. I have the greatest confidence in your judgment; but, after all, old fellow, if you will permit me to say so, I am President and see the whole field.

"The responsibility for any error must ultimately come upon me, and therefore I cannot shirk this responsibility or in the last resort yield to any one else's decision if my judgment is against it.

"After the most careful thought, after the most earnest effort to do what you desired and thought best, I have come, irrevocably, to the decision that I shall appoint you to the Supreme Court, in the vacancy caused by Judge Shiras' resignation, put Luke Wright in your place as Governor, with Ide as Vice-Governor."

IF EVER a man was given good reason for yielding to a seductive temptation, certainly Taft had it in that letter couched in almost peremptory terms. Still he held out, and this was his cabled reply, dated January 8, 1903: "*President Roosevelt, Washington.*

"I have your letter of November 26th. Recognize soldier's duty to obey orders.

"Before orders irrevocable by action, however, I presume on our personal friendship, even in the face of letter, to make one more appeal, in which I lay aside wholly my strong personal disinclination to leave work of intense interest half done.

"No man is indispensable; my death would little interfere with progress, but my withdrawal more serious.

"Circumstances last three years have convinced these people controlled largely by personal feeling that I am their friend and stand for a policy of confidence in them and belief in their future, and

for extension of self-government as they show themselves worthy.

"Visit to Rome and proposals urged there assure them of my sympathy in regard to friars, in respect of whose far-reaching influence they are morbidly suspicious.

"Announcement of withdrawal pending settlement of church question, economic crises and formative political period when opinions of all parties are being slowly molded for the better, will, I fear, give impression that change of policy is intended, because other reasons for action will not be understood. My successor's task thus made much heavier because any loss of people's confidence distinctly retards our work here. I feel it is my duty to say this.

"If your judgment is unshaken I bow to it and shall earnestly and enthusiastically labor to settle question friars' lands before I leave, and to convince the people that no change of policy is at hand, that Wright is their warm friend, as sincere as they think me, and that we are both but exponents of the sincere good-will toward them of yourself and American people."

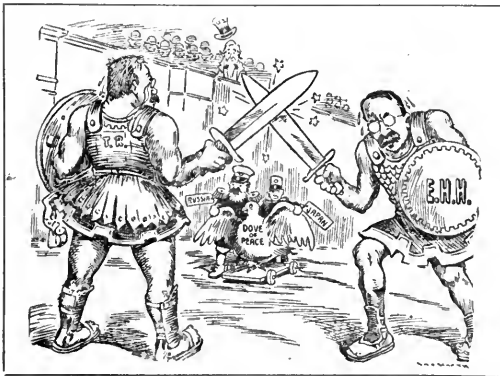
Then the President surrendered. "All right, old fellow, you can stay," was his reply.

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WITH one little phrase of three words—"rich men's conspiracy"—opponents of the Roosevelt administration have been suddenly placed on the defensive all over the country. Legislation after legislature has hastened to pass resolutions expressing confidence in the President and in his plans for the future, senator after senator has rushed to the White House seeking to purge himself of all suspicion, and an outburst of Roosevelt enthusiasm has been seen that has been denominated in most of the journals commenting on it as something absolutely unprecedented in the history of the nation. The strange thing about this potent phrase is that hardly a journal in its editorial columns

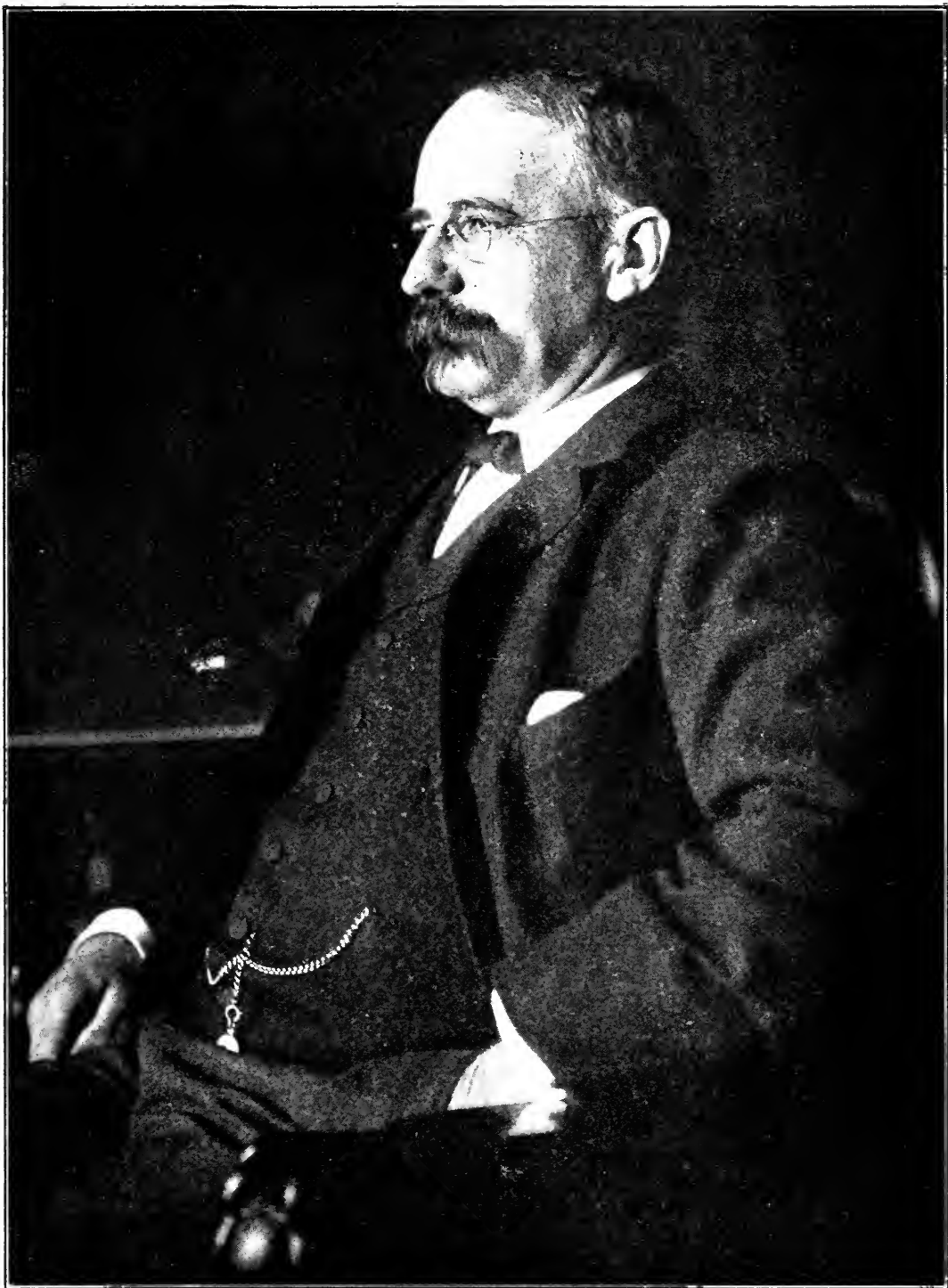
takes it seriously, treating it as a subject for merriment. And to add to the bewilderment of a spectator of events, the authorship of the phrase itself is veiled in considerable mystery. The President is indeed given as the source of the information concerning this "conspiracy," but no verbatim statement has come from him, and the Washington correspondents, if they had a direct interview with him, are unusually lax in the use of quotation marks and obscure in their statements. Such phrases as "the information now disclosed in the White House" and "the charges made by White House authority" and "a roar of defiance came to-day from the White House" abound. When we do come across a direct statement such as "the President himself declared," we look in vain to find the *ipsisissima verba* of the declaration. But perhaps the correspondents, with a fine dramatic instinct, consider that such a dark thing as a conspiracy should be treated with an air of mystery even in its disclosure.

AT ANY rate there is no doubt that this charge of a conspiracy comes from the White House and in a general way has the President himself for its sponsor. Harriman, Rockefeller and Hearst are named as three of the conspirators, and a fund of five million dollars is said to have been made available for their purposes. What they propose to do is so to fix things between now and the date of the next national Republican convention that a reactionary shall be nominated to succeed the President. The method, so far as is disclosed, of the conspirators is to encourage "favorite-son candidates" in states where that can be done successfully, and in other states where the Roosevelt tide runs too strongly to be stemmed in that way to nurse along the "third term" movement, being assured that Mr. Roosevelt will, when the time comes, carry out his oft-repeated pledge not to run again "under any circumstances." By the use of the favorite-son sentiment and the third-term sentiment they will secure the election of conservative delegates to the national convention, who, when Mr. Roosevelt has refused a renomination, can then be used to nominate a reactionary. News of some such conspiracy came to the President, it is alleged, from many different states, impressing but not convincing him. Finally a friend in Washington in whom he has confidence brought him a circumstantial report of a dinner in Washington at which a senator, under the influence of too much wine, boasted



RUSSIA AND JAPAN: "CAN WE BE OF ANY SERVICE?"

—James North in Tacoma News.



Photograph by Brown Brothers

A MASTER OF MEN

This is the first photograph we have seen of Mr. E. H. Harriman that shows in his face the masterful qualities that appear in his life. Edwin Lefevre thus describes him: "An able man, forceful, aggressive, fearless, ambitious, a money-maker, a railroad dynast, a great man, a very rich man—and the most hated man in Wall Street since Jay Gould died. His closest associates have no personal affection for him, even tho he makes them richer. What Harriman has done is remarkable. What he will do is difficult to say. But what could he not do if he worked for, and therefore with, the public?"



PUTTING THE ROOSEVELT BRAND ON HIM
—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*.

of such a conspiracy and of the five-million-dollar fund. The next day the senator sought out one of his auditors of the evening before to find out how much he had told, and, on ascertaining, reaffirmed what he had said in his cups and offered to place at the disposal of the auditor \$25,000 if he would join the "conspiracy." This auditor at once took the story to the President. The name of the senator was not given out at the White House, but the newspaper men, probing further, ascertained to their own satisfaction that it was Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and that the dinner referred to was one given just before Congress adjourned, at the Shoreham, by Senator Bourne. Senator Penrose pleads an alibi. He was not at the dinner. He knows nothing whatever of a conspiracy. He is a Roosevelt man, and has supported every one of the Roosevelt measures.

HARDLY a newspaper of prominence that has come to our attention treats this alleged conspiracy seriously in its editorial columns. One exception is *The North American*, of Philadelphia, which is radical, but not to the same degree as the Hearst papers. It finds the story of a conspiracy probable and tremendously important. It says:

"Was it the act of a too rash and impetuous man that revealed from the White House the ex-

istence of a conspiracy to procure reversal, two years hence, of the President's policies? The friends of Mr. Roosevelt who think so are in need of enlightenment. They will revise their opinion when they have a wider view and larger information. . . . It is by no means improbable that the reactionaries, with vast wealth at their command, will strive to nominate both the Republican and Democratic candidates. They play a great game for a big prize. Let no man underestimate the gravity of the movement. Let no man permit himself to be persuaded that President Roosevelt's recent utterances were impelled by personal vanity or by a hot temper. He has an inside view of the proceedings. Now, as ever, he represents the most sacred interests of the people. . . . The lid is off, by the President's own act, and the people may look into the sweltering mass of intrigue and chicanery and ferocious anger, and form their own judgment of the plot that is exposed. . . . Thus the issue for the campaign of next year is already clearly defined. The tariff, the currency, the colonial question—all the ancient, familiar, shopworn questions will be of minor importance. The one great question will be the supremacy of the people or of their corporate creatures."

ONE other paper that treats the subject seriously is the *Washington Star*. Whether there is much or little in the story, it says, it is certainly a fact that such a conspiracy did exist in the winter of 1903-4, and New York was its headquarters. Hanna was at that time the hope of the conspirators, and he knew of their purposes, tho he may not have encouraged them. The Roosevelt sentiment was too strong then for the success of the conspiracy, and it is too strong now:

"The only difference between that situation and the present one is that Mr. Roosevelt was then an avowed candidate to succeed himself, and now he is not. As far as his open declaration can make it so, the field for next year on the Republican side is open, and as a result the friends of several prominent Republican leaders are active in behalf of their respective favorites. But the policies for which Mr. Roosevelt stands—and particularly his railroad policy—are still before the people, and, so far as may be gathered from public expressions, are still approved by the people. Talk about reaction is nonsense. If the Republican party next year should adopt what might properly be characterized a reactionary platform it would go to certain and overwhelming defeat. The voters will never consent that this country be Chicago-and-Altonized under anybody's leadership."

"By this one stroke," remarks the *Washington* correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, "the President has put all his opponents on the defensive. Already they are explaining, and with the campaign that he will direct this summer he will keep them at it."

TO THE Philadelphia *Ledger*, however, the story "sounds very much like the advance notices from the curdled brain of the circus press agent or the 'write-up' man for the 'female baseball club.'" It assigns the genesis of the story to the President's "fool-friends," for "it is inconceivable that the President personally should be wholly responsible for the various kinds of silliness now emanating from Washington." The New York *Sun's* Washington correspondent asserts that the story was not intended to be given out by the White House officials until they could present it in a more formal way; but it leaked out, and then the details were disclosed "as a result of a sort of symposium at the White House and were sandwiched in between bits of history about the presidential campaign of 1904." The *Sun* editorially attributes the story to the President's desire to divert attention from his controversy with Mr. Harriman. The Columbia *State* takes the same view. The Boston *Herald* calls it "a mare's nest story," and remarks:

"In the first place, no 'captain of industry' with brains enough to have accumulated a million dollars could be so idiotic as to believe that any amount of money could turn back the popular tide that has been running Mr. Roosevelt's way for the last five years. Even a plutocratic paranoiac could have no such delusion as that."

The Atlanta *Constitution* thinks it remarkable that the only place any credence is attached to the story is at the White House, and it suspects that the credence there "is rather of the political than of the genuine sort." The New York Evening *Post* says:

"Where Hearst would have only seen things yellow Roosevelt sees them red. If he is to have his way, we are in for a presidential campaign which will make the apocalyptic visions of the Bloody-Bridles Populist seem like a midsummer night's dream."

The advice of the New York *World* is for the President to "calm down and not bother his head about cock-and-bull stories of Wall Street conspiracies," for "there is not enough money in Wall Street to buy the National Convention away from him or bring about the nomination of a candidate to whom he is opposed."

ALL this agitation over the "rich men's conspiracy" came last month as a sequel to the publication of the stolen letter written by Mr. Harriman to a friend, Mr. Sidney Webster, a little over a year ago. It is a very confidential letter, and explains with much apparent frankness how Mr. Harriman came



CONSPIRATOR? NO! HE PLEADS AN ALIBI

Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, denies that he is the senator who is alleged to have revealed the five-million-dollar "rich men's conspiracy" to end Rooseveltism. He says he is for everything Roosevelt is for and so is Pennsylvania.

to be mixed up in politics and why he had contributed heavily to the Republican campaign fund in 1904. Few letters in the course of American history have received wider publicity or created a more immediate sensation. To all appearances, it was sold to one of the New York newspapers—*The World*—by a former stenographer of Mr. Harriman's, who had retained his shorthand notes. Mr. Harriman made an effort to prevent its publication, and has since instituted legal proceedings against the disloyal stenographer. In the letter he states that his entrance into politics had been "entirely due" to President Roosevelt. About a week before the election of 1904 he had been requested by the President to come to Washington "to confer upon the political conditions in New York State." He complied, and was told that the success of the campaign in that state depended upon the raising of "sufficient funds." His help was asked. Harriman stated that the opposition to the re-election of Senator Depew was the cause of the lack of campaign funds, and that if Depew could be taken care of in some other way the trouble would disappear. "We talked over what could be done for De-



"I DO NOT CARE TO CONTINUE THIS CONTROVERSY."—E. H. HARRIMAN

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*.

pew," says Harriman, "and finally he [Roosevelt] agreed that if found necessary he would appoint him as ambassador to Paris." Harriman went back to New York on the strength of this, telephoned to a friend of Depew's, and raised a sum of \$200,000, of which he contributed \$50,000, the money being paid over to the national Republican treasurer, Cornelius N. Bliss. "This amount," says Harriman, "enabled the New York State Committee to continue its work, with the result that at least 50,000 votes were turned in the city of New York alone." In the following December he called on the President and was told that the latter did not think it necessary to appoint Depew, but favored him for the Senate. Harriman then threw his influence in favor of Depew's re-election. "So you see," he explains, "I was brought forward by Roosevelt in an attempt to help him at his request."

THIS letter of Mr. Harriman's brought down an epistolary avalanche from the President, and created what seemed at first to be a direct issue of veracity. The President's reply is in the form of a long letter

which he wrote October 6, 1906, to James S. Sherman, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. The President's letter to Mr. Sherman was an elaborate explanation of his dealings with Mr. Harriman. After he wrote it he was assured that Mr. Harriman had not made the statements attributed to him. But the stolen letter recently published contains "these same statements in major part," so the President thinks, and therefore he has published his letter to Sherman as his answer to the Harriman letter. The statement that he, the President, had promised to appoint Depew and had requested Harriman to contribute money to the presidential campaign, President Roosevelt designates as "a deliberate and wilful untruth—by rights it should be characterized by an even shorter and more ugly word." This seems like an issue of veracity; but as a matter of fact the President is speaking of a particular statement and that statement Mr. Harriman repudiates. The President goes on to say that he did not ask Mr. Harriman for a dollar for the presidential campaign, but their conversation related entirely to the gubernatorial campaign of Mr. Higgins, in which Mr. Harriman was "immensely interested." Mr. Harriman admits in substance that this was the fact. On the subject of Depew's appointment there is greater discrepancy. The President asserts that he informed Harriman, "not once, but repeatedly," that he did not think he would be able to appoint Depew to the ambassadorship. The Harriman letter asserts that he promised to appoint Depew, "if necessary," but found that it was not "necessary," and so informed Harriman. There is one other discrepancy more apparent than real. Mr. Harriman insists, and produces a letter to show, that his interviews with the President were the result of the latter's request, and intimates that the President is trying to conceal this fact. But it appears clearly in the correspondence the President himself publishes that he had requested Harriman to call, and would do so again later in order to confer with him on his message. As the *Boston Herald* notes, therefore, "there does not appear to be any straight issue between them as to the vital facts of the case."

ASIDE from this question of veracity, the chief interest of the correspondence lies in the fact that Mr. Harriman contributed heavily and induced his friends to contribute heavily to the Republican state campaign in

1904, and did this at President Roosevelt's solicitation. The *Springfield Republican*, which is not hostile to the President, puts the case as follows:

"Even if we accept the President's contention at its full face value, he nevertheless appears as urging a liberal use of money at the very last moment to save the day in New York State and approving measures to raise the money—and whether the money was employed to elect Higgins, regardless of the fortunes of President Roosevelt, or otherwise, cannot of course make any difference in the moral aspects of the affair. That the money was used illegitimately is not asserted or implied. But it may be said that money raised at the very end of a campaign to be spent in large sums on election day may not easily be employed in wholly legitimate ways."

The *New York Times* (Dem.) thinks that the point made by the President, that the money asked for was not for the presidential campaign, but for the state campaign, is "so evasive and trivial a reply that, coming from a less distinguished source, it would be called a quibble." *The Evening Post* (New York) couches its criticism as follows:

"All told, the new revelations confirm what has come out before about President Roosevelt being so anxious in 1904 to save the country that he did not scruple to use abhorrent means, and invite the aid of men whom he now calls 'enemies of the republic' in order to do it."

MANY journals recall the charge that was made in October, 1904, by the Democratic presidential candidate, Judge Parker, to the effect that corporations were being heavily taxed by the Republican campaign managers; and President Roosevelt's vigorous repudiation of the charge at the very time he was asking help from Harriman is taken by a number of papers as a case of glaring inconsistency. But the President did not deny that corporations were solicited to contribute and did contribute. His denial was that Mr. Cortelyou was using knowledge gained as a federal official to *compel* corporations to contribute, and he stated further: "The assertion that there has been made in my behalf by Mr. Cortelyou or anyone else any pledge or promise, or that there has been any understanding as to future immunities or benefits in recognition of any contribution from any source, is a wicked falsehood." In this Harriman case nothing is clearer than that Harriman got nothing that he seems to have wanted in return for his contribution to the Higgins campaign. Says the *New York Times*:

"Mr. Roosevelt got what he wanted, Harriman's money, Harriman's influence, and the elec-



FEATHERING HIS NEST

THE BRYAN BIRD: "I suppose before long he'll yank this feather too."
—E. W. Kemble in *Collier's Weekly*.

tion. The tariff-blessed contributors of 'fat' used to get what they wanted. Mr. Harriman did not get what he wanted. He got instead such blows and mishandling, such menaces of prosecution, and suffered so grievously through the administration's furious assaults upon the railroad corporations that when the innocent Sherman solicited him for a contribution in the Congressional and Hughes-Hearst campaign year 1906 his wrath uncontrollably flamed up. He had had enough of pulling chestnuts out of the fire only to be repaid by black ingratitude."

WHATEVER view is taken of this Roosevelt-Harriman controversy, on one point there seems to be a nearly unanimous agreement, namely, that President Roosevelt's popularity remains undiminished by that or any other recent occurrences. New evidence on this point has been elicited by the *New York Times*, a conservative Democratic paper. It addressed to five hundred Republican papers throughout the country a letter requesting the opinions of the editors as to whether President Roosevelt is as strong generally with the voters as he was at the time

of his election in 1904. It began the publication of the replies April 7. The results have aroused wide comment, but none more interesting than that of *The Times* itself. It says of the results of its inquiry:

"The answer of the Republicans of the country, as it is confidently, eagerly, and enthusiastically expressed by these editors, is one unanimous shout of praise for Roosevelt. . . . From Maine to Minnesota, these men, so close to public opinion, unite in affirming that the President has so grown in the public confidence and admiration since his assumption of the chief magistracy that he is now the absolute idol of his party and of thousands of habitual opponents of his party. He is held to be the incarnation of the popular instinct against corporation privilege, the embodiment of the 'square deal' principle. Where he has made one enemy since the beginning of his term of office he has won two friends, declare with a curious agreement in this form of eulogy several widely separated editors. Some note a tendency to follow Roosevelt implicitly; to believe that whatever Roosevelt believes and does is right because Roosevelt believes and does it. Some perceive that the first impulsive admiration which was given a somewhat spectacular martial hero has deepened into a thoughtful and earnest trust in his conscientiousness, his abiding zeal for righteousness, and on the whole his wisdom. 'Never before so strong,' 'Stronger than when he was overwhelmingly elected,' are phrases which scarcely one of *The Times's* correspondents has succeeded in avoiding.

"In short, there is no escaping from, or evading, the fact that if the Republican editors of the country are judges of the trend of opinion in their party, Mr. Roosevelt is the object of an admiration which it would seem no other American has ever received. So far as they undertake to speak for Democrats, these editors remark a curious turning toward the Republican President of the heart of the Democratic voters, who by the thousand, it is said, would prefer him to any man the Democrats could nominate out of their own ranks."

Similar results have been shown in an inquiry instituted by the New York *Herald* (Ind.) by means of interviews with political leaders in many states.

THE comment upon this showing is almost as interesting as the fact itself. *The Sun* (New York), which is anti-Roosevelt, says of the President: "He is the most consummate practical politician in the country. Perhaps it is not too much to say that he is the ablest and most successful political manager American politics has ever known."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.) says:

"In the light of all this evidence of the President's growing popularity there is clearly taking form a condition which has no counterpart in American politics. Here is a third term movement which owes its inception and growth to no effort on the part of anybody. It is a product of

spontaneous generation. It is becoming an interesting question, not only how long the President will be able to resist such pressure but perhaps how long he ought to resist it."

Still more striking is the following from the Philadelphia *North American*:

"Yet all this amazing popular strength has been won against odds. From the day he took office President Roosevelt has been opposed by the most powerful leaders of his party. With ever-increasing force have the huge resources of the corporations been brought to bear against him. State machines have secretly and openly maneuvered to his hurt. Odell, of New York, and Foraker, of Ohio, are his avowed enemies. Even the Pennsylvania organization, eager to hide under the shadow of Roosevelt in campaign time, killed a legislative resolution approving his policies, and now is blunderingly displaying its animosity. Meanwhile the Roosevelt cult grows. With many persons it has evolved into a sort of religion. To challenge their admiration of him is like assailing an article of sacred faith, rousing not only antagonism but bitterness."

One Atlanta editor, John Temple Graves, perhaps the most rabid anti-negro editor of Georgia, publicly calls upon Mr. Bryan, at the next national Democratic convention, to nominate Theodore Roosevelt for President.

* *



CHICAGO'S recent election was of far more than local interest. The active participation in it of Mr. William R. Hearst, of New York, gave to it a certain national importance, for his efforts were generally construed as an attempt to rehabilitate himself as a candidate for presidential honors. Two years ago, it will be remembered, Judge Edward F. Dunne was elected mayor of Chicago on the issue of immediate municipal ownership and operation of the street car lines. His plurality then was about 25,000. Last month he was defeated for re-election by a plurality of over 13,000, Frederick A. Busse, the Republican candidate, being the victor. Dunne was Hearst's candidate. The latter went to Chicago with Brisbane and other of his lieutenants, and his personality played a very considerable part in the campaign. Every daily paper in the city, with the exception of the two owned by Hearst, promptly lined up in support of Busse. It was charged that Hearst not only dominated in Dunne's campaign, but also in his administration of city affairs and appointments to office. The Hearst papers made their usual style of vivid campaign, and Mr. Busse brought a libel suit against them for \$150,000. Then the Chicago *Tribune* reprinted what had been said about Hearst by Secretary Root in the New York campaign a year ago,



FOUND AT LAST—THE LEADER OF A UNIFIED DEMOCRACY

This is a composite photograph, made from the photographs of Mr. Bryan, Judge Parker and Mr. Hearst, whose followers compose the three wings of the Democratic party and who held three dinners in New York City the other day in honor of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. This picture was made by dividing the time of exposure into three equal parts, one of the parts being given to each of the three pictures, the eyes in each case being centered on the plate and the other features falling as they might. There is an air of uncertainty about the mouth and nose and a surplusage of ears; but the eyes are full of mystery and the dome of thought is impressive.



ELECTED MAYOR OF CHICAGO FOR FOUR YEARS

Frederick A. Busse, the successful Republican candidate, who defeated Dunne, running on a municipal ownership platform and strenuously supported by Hearst, required but 200 words for his inaugural speech. He is described as a blunt business man, and has been postmaster of the city.

and Hearst brought libel suits against it for \$2,500,000. When the polls were closed Dunne had been defeated, and with him all but one of the candidates on the Democratic ticket. At the same time a majority of 33,000 was given in favor of the traction ordinances against which Dunne and Hearst were fighting.

THESE traction ordinances were, in fact, the real battle-ground of the contest. Dunne's attempts to secure immediate municipal ownership have in two years' time resulted in little or no progress, and these traction ordinances were drafted as a compromise between the city and the corporations that would enable the latter to go on at once with improvements and extensions on the basis of a twenty-year franchise, and would also give the city the right to purchase the railroads any time it got ready on terms that were at first approved by Mayor Dunne, until, so it is understood, Mr. Hearst pointed out to him that he was depriving himself of his best political issue. Then he opposed the ordinances, and the board of aldermen passed them

over his veto, and the people have sustained their position. The term of office for which the two mayoralty candidates were battling has been lengthened from two to four years, and Chicago is therefore assured of a Republican mayor for the next four years.

DEMOCRATIC and Republican papers alike hold Mr. Hearst chiefly responsible for the result. Says the *New York World*:

"Last year the Hearst personality alone cost the Democrats the governorship in this state. Every other Democrat on the state ticket was elected. Mr. Hearst ran 60,000 behind his ticket in the Democratic city of New York, enough votes to furnish Gov. Hughes' plurality. In Massachusetts Hearstism fastened Moran on the Democratic party and increased the Republican plurality 50 per cent. In California and Illinois it worked similar disaster. The blight of Hearstism has been fatal to the Democratic party wherever it has taken hold of the organization."

The San Francisco *Bulletin* comments on Hearst in much the same strain:

"Hearst counted on the municipal ownership scheme to make him president of the United States, but up to the present time it has not helped him very far forward on the road to the White House. The Democratic National Convention derisively declined to nominate him. He supported Schmitz in San Francisco on the ground that Schmitz was pledged to public ownership of things in general, and particularly of the Geary street railroad, but Schmitz backed out of the Geary street project and sold himself outright to all the public utility corporations. Then Hearst put himself up as a candidate for mayor in New York City on a municipal ownership issue, and was beaten. Thereupon he tried for the governorship of New York and at the same time endeavored to elect a Hearst man to the governorship in California, and on both sides of the continent he was disastrously defeated on the same day. On top of this dual defeat comes the Chicago affair. Surely, having got so many gentle hints, Hearst must begin to suspect that the people do not hanker for him or for candidates or measures fathered by him."

MR. HEARST'S own comment is in the nature of a renewed repudiation of the Democratic party and an appeal to voters to desert it and join his Independence League. He says:

"The usual thing has happened. An honest Democratic candidate, running on a distinctly Democratic platform, has been defeated by a corrupt Democratic machine. It has been known all along that a great many of the machine Democratic leaders would probably betray Dunne on election day, and the result seems to indicate that they have done so. . . . It is another indication of the fact that the Democratic party in many localities has neither honest principles nor honest leaders, and that the honest citizens who are enrolled in the Democratic ranks in the hope of promoting the principles of Jefferson should

realize that they can best achieve their object by joining the Independence League."

In the Chicago *Tribune* Dunne's defeat is also attributed to the defection of old-time Democrats. It says:

"The particular motive of this campaign was known to be the advancement not of Chicago, but of the presidential boom of the agent of discontent, William Randolph Hearst. Chicago control, in his self-catechism, meant Illinois control, and Illinois control might mean the control of the democratic national convention.

"His first conquest was easy. He bent to his purpose Mayor Dunne, who had favored the traction ordinances until he was told by the Hearst radicals that their adoption would leave him without a sensational campaign issue. The Mayor was led up a high mountain and shown a panorama of disorder, himself at the center and Hearst at his right hand. He created a division in his party and brought about a situation where his victory meant the death of the regular democratic organization as the price of Hearst ascendancy and where his defeat meant the fall of him and of Hearst, but the survival of the regular democratic organization. And this situation beat him—the old line Democrats in self-preservation slaughtered the candidate of their party."

* *



UT of the Thaw murder trial, as out of the carcass of the lion in Samson's riddle, there may come forth honey. The proceedings in this sensational case, prolonged for nearly three months and published at great length in the newspapers on both sides of the sea, and the fatuous result in a disagreement of the jury and the probability of another trial have created a widespread conviction in the American mind of the need of reforms in our legal procedure. But amid all the expressions of disgust and criticism that have been provoked, specific suggestions of reform are deplorably rare. The one that seems most promising is that of a radical change in the securing of "expert testimony." As trials are now conducted experts are hired by the prosecution and the defense, and the side upon which the most experts are retained seems to be determined by the length of the defendant's purse. It is at that point that the chief advantage lies which a wealthy homicide has over a poor one. There are experts and experts, and it is always a difficult feat to show up a sham expert in such a way that a jury of ordinary laymen can discern the true from the false. The result has been to discredit all expert testimony in the eyes of most jurymen. The change which is suggested by the New York *Tribune* and other journals is that all experts in a case of this kind shall be chosen by the court itself, in order that their testimony



CHEER UP!

Mr. Hearst and his corps of missionaries have come from New York to tell us how to run our city.
—McCutcheon in Chicago *Tribune*.

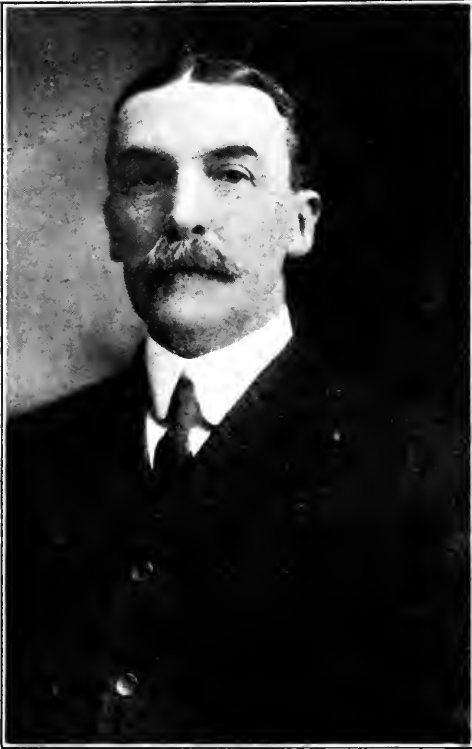
may be free from all possible mercenary taint, and may have the same judicial character that the judge's charge to the jury usually possesses. This reform is one that the interest of the medical profession, even more than of the legal profession, demands, and we note that several doctors of New York City, Edward F. Marsh and Allan McLane Hamilton among them, are urging such a reform. The former writes:

"In my judgment medical experts in at least



"DEMENTIA AMERICANA"

—C. R. Macauley in New York *World*.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE CARNEGIE
INSTITUTE

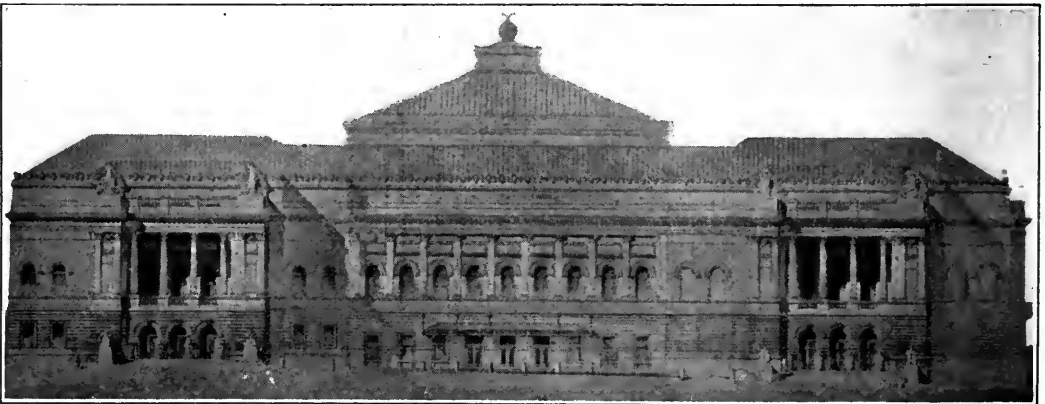
Mr. William Nimick Frew is a Yale graduate, a lawyer, a bank director, president of several clubs, and was for four years a member of the Select Council of Pittsburg, so he is not too "academic" to suit Mr. Carnegie.

all capital cases should be selected not by the prosecution or the defense, but by the court; and they should be men who could neither be purchased by wealthy criminal defendants nor moved

by public clamor, but men who are as judicial as the judge himself. Then the term 'medical expert' will excite neither derision nor invidious comment, punishment or acquittal will be more speedy, taxpayers will feel that economy is the watchword, and justice more promptly administered."

ENGLISH criticism is expected at all times of methods and standards that are not English. It is a trait that the English papers themselves recognize as peculiarly British. In the case of the Thaw trial they find much to censure and little to commend. The London *Express* regards the trial as a "signal proof of the utter inefficiency of American statesmanship to evolve a practical legal system." Law, dignity and common sense, it thinks, have all been wanting. The London *Standard* speaks with hearty contempt (a contempt also expressed by many American papers) for "the trash" in which Mr. Delmas, one of Thaw's counsel, indulged and "the gush of greasy sentiment about Thaw's girl wife." Mr. Delmas made a new contribution to our dictionaries in his summing up. Speaking of Thaw's alleged insanity at the time of the murder he suggested as a proper name for it "dementia Americana," a term that has provoked many satirical remarks.

The disquieting thing about the case, in the judgment of the London *Telegraph*, as also of nearly all the New York papers, is "the mawkish desire to make a virtuous hero out of a degenerate criminal." The London *Times* thinks that such court proceedings as were witnessed in this Thaw case are as mischievous as the crime they are intended to



THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR HOME OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

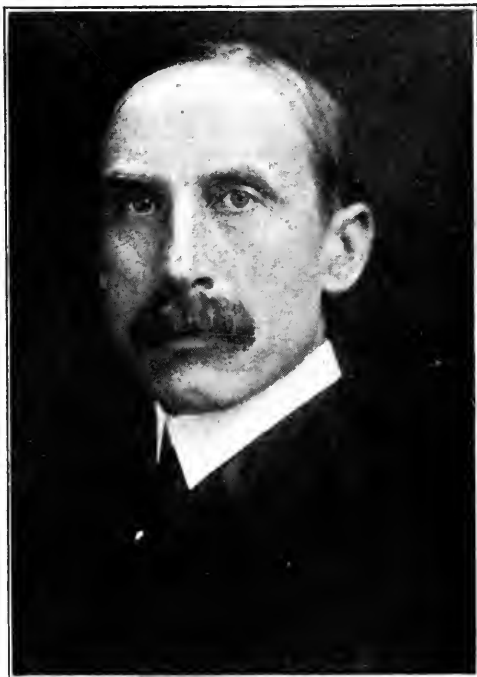
Its rededication last month, was the occasion of the "greatest invasion" ever seen in America of European men of note. The building is made of marble from many lands, and not even a picture of it was seen by its founder prior to his first inspection of it the day before the dedicatory services.

punish, and it moralizes over the revelations as follows:

"If Thaw had been a poor man a verdict would have been given a day or two after the jury was impaneled. The trial brings to light facts which explain in some degree the jealousy of great fortunes newly acquired. One gets a glimpse, and not a pleasant one, of wealth without elegance or refinement; luxury without polish, culture, or attraction; much costly eating and drinking, and fine clothes with coarse manners. The booby millionaire is not unknown. He is generally the successor of the self-made millionaire. He puts with both hands into rapid circulation his inherited fortune. Much more mischievous and probably more responsible for the feeling of animosity and jealousy, unmistakably strong in America, is a class of very rich men, who seem to know nothing of the duties of wealth or of the graces that often come in its train, and seek to escape sheer boredom in unrefined excitements."

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ONE lone woman and 210 of the most eminent men of Europe and America made up the procession which, on April 11, started on its dignified way from the Hotel Schenley to the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg. The one woman was Anna Beckwith Smith, director of a Pittsburg school for women, and of the 210 men about forty were distinguished visitors from Great Britain, Germany, France, Holland and Belgium. One little man with twinkling blue eyes, white hair and beard and a ruddy, joyous countenance received a storm of cheers as he marched along in a scholar's cap and gown given him several years ago by Aberdeen University. "It's Carnegie," was the word passed along the line of spectators, and one unduly familiar member of the crowd voiced the sentiment of about eighty million people when he cried out irreverently, "Bully for you, Andy!" The occasion of all this display of erudition and talent, of scholars' gowns, ecclesiastical robes and diplomatic finery, was



THE SECRETARY OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

Samuel Harden Church is a Litt.D., and has been a prominent railroad official. As colonel on Governor Hoadly's staff he handled the troops that suppressed the riots in Cincinnati in 1884. He has published plays, poems and histories, and he looks a good deal as Mr. Rockefeller did twenty years ago.

the rededication of the Carnegie Institute building, that represents an outlay of six million dollars. The institution of which it forms a part has been endowed by the erstwhile barefooted boy of Slabtown, Allegheny City, to the extent of \$20,000,000. Mr. Carnegie has never been an enthusiast over academic education, and the chief object of this Carnegie Institute is to furnish technical training. It already has 1,590 students, and there



IN THE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

There are 1,590 students already in the schools and thousands more are on the waiting list. The Institute is devoted mainly to technical training, Mr. Carnegie not being an enthusiast on the subject of academic education.



THAT PEACE CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK

PEACE: "Here's where I get a brainstorm! This is the most unpeaceful place in the world to invite me."
—Walker in *International Syndicate Service*.

are thousands more on the waiting list. In addition to the technical department, there are four other departments: the library (with 250,000 volumes and room for seven times that many), the fine arts (which the donor requests shall pay attention, not to the works of "old masters," but to the works of modern artists who may become "old masters"), the museum and the school of music. These four departments are housed in the new building, which is built of marble from many countries—Siena marble from Italy, Pentelicon marble from Greece, Numidian marble from Africa, Tinos marble from the Tinos Islands. Mr. Carnegie had not seen a picture or read a description of the building until, on April 10, he saw the glistening edifice for the first time. It is meant not for a local, but a national, institution, and it is one of the most striking illustrations to be found anywhere of that vast fund of altruism which the world is rapidly accumulating, and to which Benjamin Kid refers in his "Social Evolution" as the most significant development of modern life and the principal factor in the molding of the world's destiny.

* *



INTO the wrinkled front of grim-visaged war a new wrinkle of perplexity must have come in these latter days. For the warriors of peace, financed by the laird of Skibo, cheered on by "the hero of San Juan Hill," fired by

the explosive eloquence of William T. Stead (who, when he grows tired of turning this world around in the hollow of his hand, seeks recreation in communications with the spirit-world), have declared war upon war, and are prosecuting their campaign with energy and resolution. Within the last few years there have been organized and are now actively at work in behalf of universal peace an International Law Association, an Interparliamentary Peace Union, a Universal Alliance of Women for Peace by Education, an International League of Liberty and Peace, and an International Arbitration and Peace Association; and to correlate all these and keep them in close communication there is an International Peace Bureau. The first National Arbitration and Peace Conference of America, held a few days ago in New York City, was a sort of dress parade of an army that has been doing much hard work and very little parading for many years. It was an imposing affair even on paper. Its legislative committee consisted of ten senators, nineteen congressmen and nine governors. Its judiciary committee numbered three members of the United States Supreme Court, seven members of the United States Circuit Court, and the chief justices of twelve states. Its committee on commerce and industry contained twenty-seven business men of note, some of them, like John Wanamaker, George Westinghouse, Jacob H. Schiff, Edward H. Harriman, Melville E. Ingalls, known by name from one end of the country to the other. Lawyers, editors, labor leaders and educators figured in abundance on other committees. These notables are, however, the ornaments of the cause rather than the working force, men like Dr. Trueblood, Richard Bartholdt, Dr. Samuel J. Barrows, Edwin D. Mead and others who might be named forming the real directing force of the movement.

THE purpose of this national conference was, first, to make an exhibition of popular interest in the cause on the eve of the assembling of the second Hague Conference, next to arouse and in some measure crystallize public sentiment and strengthen the efforts of America's delegates to secure certain definite results at The Hague. One of the desired results is the adoption of a model arbitration treaty that will facilitate agreements between states for the arbitration of national disputes. Another result hoped for is the making of The Hague Conference a permanent body, sitting at stated intervals instead of



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE HAND-CLASP OF TWO REPUBLICS IN BEHALF OF THE WORLD'S PEACE

In this picture of the first National Peace Conference of America held recently in New York, Mr. Carnegie, president of the Conference, and Baron Destournelles de Constant, leader of the peace movement in France, are seen on the platform clapping hands. To their immediate right is Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, whose defense of German militarism aroused some dissent, and to their immediate left is Samuel Gompers, head of the Federation of Labor.

waiting for a special call on the part of the nations for its assembling. These are thoroly practical projects, and there are others equally practical, such as the immunity of private property at sea in time of war. The talk of general disarmament and the immediate establishment of an international police force and a peace pilgrimage to The Hague is all a part of the pyrotechnic display that every idealistic movement engenders. The papers of the country, whose reports gave special prominence to the few inevitable disagreements among speakers and to the views of extremists, have treated the final action of the conference and the resolutions adopted with marked respect and evident surprise at their moderate and practical character. "The sentimentalists and the visionaries," says the *New York Times*, "who were expected to control the conference, have not controlled it." It will be strange and regrettable, the *New York Tribune* thinks, if like conventions are not held in many places in coming years. Such conferences, the *Baltimore American* thinks, are even more likely than The Hague Conference is to promote peace. But the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* thinks the outlook would be more reassuring if there were more evidence of popular participation in the peace movement.

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ALL doubt of Emperor William's purpose to rebuke the champions of the cause of disarmament by discrediting, if he can, the coming peace conference at The Hague ended last month when Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, his Majesty's ambassador in Constantinople, was selected as the chief representative of Germany in what Mr. William T. Stead terms the parliament of man. The Baron would seem to have no doubt whatever of President Roosevelt's plan to combine with the British Government for the capture of The Hague conference as a comforting obstacle to Germany's further rise as a world power. This, at any rate, is the theory of those French dailies which take the quarrel between Mr. Roosevelt and William II seriously. Official Berlin, we are told, could not have thrown its diplomatic glove into the face of official Washington with greater defiance than the appointment of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein proclaims. As the most influential ambassador in the entire diplomatic corps at Constantinople, the Baron is accused of having manifested his dislike of all things American by thwarting Mr. Leishman's efforts to get a little satisfaction for our Department of State out

of the Sultan. One word from the Baron would long since have assuaged the rigor of the Grand Vizier's treatment of American educational and philanthropical enterprises within the Ottoman empire. Nor did the Baron merely refrain from utterance of that one word. He is accused of opposing the Sultan's recognition of Mr. Leishman's elevation from the rank of minister to that of ambassador with a vehemence that amazed even the Yildiz Kiosk.

PRACTICAL effect will be given at The Hague next month to that disgust at the presence of delegates from South America which the *Wilhelmstrasse*, according to the *London National Review*, cannot effectively conceal. William II, we are told, wanted The Hague conference to assemble last year at a date sufficiently early to make the representation of South America, then in the throes of the pan-American gathering, a practical impossibility. His Majesty's object was to prevent all discussion of the collection of debts by the kind of suasion which his squadron has exerted more than once in the Caribbean. It is to the workings of Bismarckian diplomacy at Buenos Ayres, as made known by the minister of foreign affairs for the Argentine Republic, the now celebrated Don Luis Fernandez Drago, that the world is indebted, according to the *Paris Temps*, for the present coolness in the relations between President Roosevelt and William II. Washington is even affirmed to have complained that it was placed for a time in a false position before all South America by the Bismarckian indirections of the *Wilhelmstrasse*. For this reason, or because, as the *Paris Figaro* surmises, there is insufficient room in the firmament of The Hague for two such constellations as the Rooseveltian and the Hohenzollern, the conference must prove exciting.

AGGRAVATED by the possibility that the Anglo-Saxon powers may use the conference as a sort of international demonstration against his own militarism, William II, so French dailies hint, will prevent, if possible, the selection of Ambassador Nelidoff to preside over the deliberations. Alexander Ivanovitch Nelidoff, the diplomatist who represents Nicholas II in the capital of the third French republic, has been deemed hitherto the only possible presiding officer for the polyglot assemblage that is to represent all the states of the world with the exception of one central American nation and the uninvited republic of Liberia. Nelidoff is sixty-two, patriarchally

bearded, of Homeric sublimity in aspect, an upholder of the Slav's divine right to rule the world, genial withal and taught by forty years in the diplomatic service to make benevolent allowance for such western European eccentricities as liberty and the rights of man. Nicholas II wanted to send him to Portsmouth when President Roosevelt dashed so angelically between Russia and Japan. Nelidoff was a professional peacemaker long before Mr. Roosevelt won the amateur championship of that Nobel sport. It was Nelidoff who drafted the famous treaty of San Stefano, Nelidoff who acted for Russia at the Berlin conference over which Bismarck towered; Nelidoff who initiated the negotiations that brought about the Dual Alliance. The sole failure of his career is associated with the visit the Czar would not pay to the King of Italy. Victor Immanuel III had dropped in on Nicholas II at St. Petersburg. Nicholas II neglected to look up Victor Immanuel III at the Quirinal. Nelidoff, then ambassador in Rome, could give no satisfactory explanation. The Czar would not come. Nelidoff had to go. He has been Russia's ambassador in Paris throughout the period of severest conflict between the republic and the Vatican. Opposition to Nelidoff, as presiding official at The Hague during the eight or nine weeks of the international peace conference, is based upon Emperor William's dislike of a diplomatist who has promoted the reconciliation of France with England and of England with Russia. But Nelidoff is "slated," as we Americans say. His withdrawal or supersession at the last moment would indicate, as the Vienna *Zeit* thinks, that something sensational had transpired behind the scenes.

THREE great rulers, the President of the United States, the Czar of all the Russias and the German Emperor, are at odds over The Hague conference, if we are to be swayed by the gossip of newspapers in that clearing house for diplomatic scandals, the capital of the Hapsburgs. In inviting the powers to a second peace conference to continue the work of the first at The Hague, President Roosevelt, by an act of self-effacement, which the Paris *Gaulois* pronounces "unexpectedly delicate," left the way clear for the Czar to take the formal initiative in the actual summons to the delegates. Nicholas II, however, if we assume the accuracy of Vienna's information, has not forgiven Mr. Roosevelt. William II's grievance against the President is represented in Vienna as even more substantial than that of offended vanity. His Majesty was given to

understand that the United States would not press the subject of disarmament at The Hague. An unnamed member of the diplomatic corps in Washington talked the subject over with Mr. Roosevelt and received the presidential assurance that disarmament would not be countenanced by Washington even if London insisted upon its discussion. This information, however accurate it may or may not have been, seems to the *Neue Freie Presse* to harmonize with the President's well-known eagerness to add big battleships to the United States Navy, and to what the fighting edge of the land he loves and uplifts.

IT IS to the influence of the new British Ambassador in Washington, James Bryce, that continental Europe attributes a suspected modification of Roosevelt policy at The Hague. Mr. Bryce told the President that while disarmament is a full-blown rose of the dim and distant future, limitation of armaments is the bud of the immediate present. The suggestion might have failed of effect upon Mr. Roosevelt, as his mind is read in Vienna, but for his eagerness to have private property at sea exempted altogether from capture in time of war. This is a point upon which American diplomacy has taken a consistent stand for nearly a hundred years. The United States needs only Great Britain's adhesion at The Hague with regard to this one subject to effect a sweeping revolution in the laws of naval warfare. Washington has persistently, in and out of season, urged that there is no reason why private property (subject to strategical and tactical necessities) be made inviolate on land and continue to be a legitimate prey in purely naval warfare. Great Britain's policy has been less consistent. She agreed half a century ago that an enemy's property should be inviolate when carried in a neutral ship, but she reserved her right to seize it when not covered by a neutral flag. If Mr. Roosevelt has actually revised British ideas to the extent indicated, he has, in the unanimous opinion of well-informed European dailies, induced the mistress of the seas to throw away her most powerful weapon of offense against the commerce of any nation with which she may hereafter be at war.

WHEN the final act of the last peace conference at The Hague was drafted, certain subjects were left over for discussion. These alone, according to a statement supposed to be inspired in the German press by the Berlin Foreign Office for Mr. Roosevelt's benefit, should be dealt with next month. Almost with-

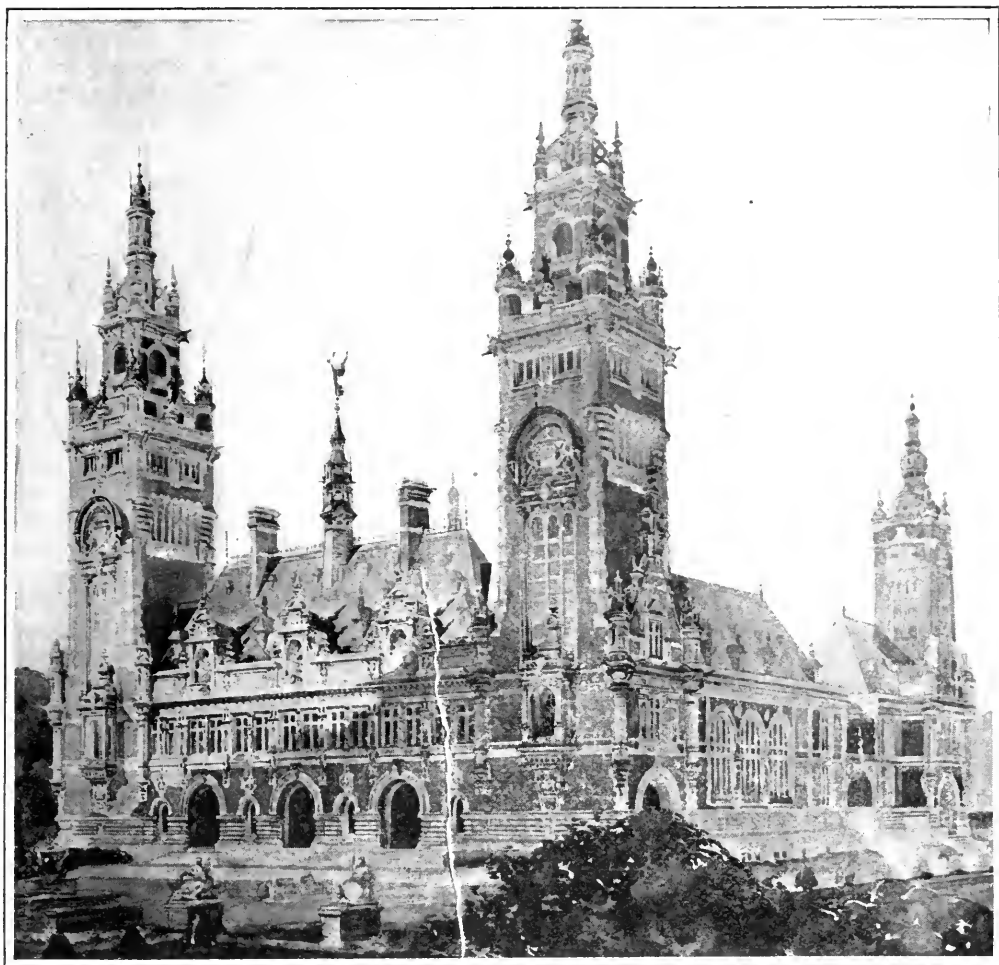
out exception, they are subjects which the war between Russia and Japan forced into prominence. The first and most comprehensive relates to the rights and duties of neutrals. Under this head would come the definition of contraband, the treatment of belligerent ships in neutral ports and the inviolability of the official and private correspondence of neutrals. On each of these three divisions of the main subject there has developed a conflict of views, according to the well-informed correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, among all the naval powers. It has been the practice of our own government, for instance, to waive the right of search in time of war in the case of mail steamers. The conference, if Washington gets its way, will strive to make this a binding rule of international law. But most important of all the "laid over" questions is that of contraband. President Roosevelt is anxious to have made quite clear in law the distinction between "absolute" and "conditional," which is most vital to British interests likewise. Among the broad general questions affecting the right and justice of the relations between sovereign states, which were left over for future consideration in 1899, was the bombardment of ports, towns or villages by a naval force. This, to the South American delegates, is the grand climacteric in the life of the conference.

NOT one among the forty odd powers represented by deputy at The Hague has given its representatives authority to decide finally with respect to any question. Nowadays it is the fashion to speak of ambassadors as men at the end of a wire. The position of every delegate to the peace conference is even less defined. He may find himself summarily recalled by his government, as Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, Emperor William's chief representative, may be, or as M. Leon Bourgeois, the leading delegate from France, was said at one time to have been. Anything in the nature of a cut-and-dried program does not exist. The Russian circular summoning the conference does, to be sure, specify that topics relative to "the limitation of military and naval forces" shall not be discussed. But the British Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is striving, as has been noted, to have President Roosevelt inject the disarmament question in a disguised form. "A very distinct breach of faith," is the comment of the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, inspired at second hand by Emperor William. The British Prime Minister, unmoved by the charge, affirms in the London *Nation*, over his own signature, that

the original conference at The Hague was convened for the purpose of raising this very question of the limitation of armaments and in the hope—not fulfilled—of arriving at an understanding. He submits that "it is the business of those who oppose the renewal of the attempt to show that some special and essential change of circumstances has arisen, such as to render unnecessary, inopportune or positively mischievous a course adopted with general approbation" at the former conference. "Nothing of the kind," continues Sir Henry, "can be attempted with success."

AS A means of manifesting how deeply he resents British agitation of the limitation of armaments in connection with The Hague conference, Emperor William refused to receive Mr. William T. Stead when that unofficial envoy of the Prime Minister of England toured Europe recently. In that international peace orchestra of which Nelidoff is the big bass drum, Stead is allotted by the official German press the function of a tin whistle. The *Kreuz Zeitung* laughs him and his propaganda to scorn. "Germany is not in a position," it says, "to accept foreign advice as to what she shall or shall not do. Let the other nations achieve political happiness after their own fashion. If they suffer from the burden of militarism they are free to shake that burden from themselves. As far as we are concerned, universal liability to military service constitutes a grand national instrument of education." Nothing could be more disconcerting to the same inspired daily than the reason it sees to suspect that England and the United States are preparing to dance arm in arm at The Hague on the back of the Hohenzollern. The selection of Joseph H. Choate to head the American delegation is pronounced unfortunate. All the diplomatic experience of which he can boast was gained in London as American ambassador there. He fell so completely under the spell of Downing street that his country, at The Hague, will weakly echo Britain.

THAT most illustrious of all living antagonists of American diplomacy, Professor de Martens, who is a member of the council of the Russian ministry of foreign affairs, and one of the members of the permanent arbitration court at The Hague, declares that no powers but Germany, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and Turkey would formally object to the discussion of armaments next month. But against Great Britain, on the issue itself,



Courtesy of *The Independent*

THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

This is to be the permanent home of the Peace Conference, the money for its erection having been contributed by Mr. Carnegie. It will not, of course, be ready for the meeting of the Conference next June.

says the London *Outlook*, will be perhaps Russia, Germany, Japan and Austria. "France, from the necessities of her position next to Germany, whose population exceeds hers by twenty millions, will be forced for once to be on the German side." However, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Berlin, Herr von Tschirschsky, "a man whose word, tho difficult to obtain, once given, may be absolutely relied upon," assured Mr. Stead that Germany will support any "practical" measure the British Government may bring forward at The Hague for the maintenance of peace. Two suggestions are urged upon the friends of arbitration by the Anglo-Saxon group—including, it is said, Mr. Andrew Carnegie—whom German dailies accuse of trying to "capture" the conference. One is that the powers make

obligatory that article of The Hague convention advising that before the sword is drawn disputants place their respective cases in the hands of neutral friends, who shall act as peacemakers and who, for a period not exceeding thirty days, shall confer together with the object of averting a war. "If this were made obligatory," insists Mr. Stead, "any power which appealed to arms before invoking the intervention of such peacemakers or consenting to refer the dispute to a commission of inquiry ought to be declared an enemy of the human race and subjected to a financial and commercial boycott by all the other powers." If this principle had been accepted in 1899, he adds, the world might have been spared the war in South Africa and the war between Russia and Japan.

ANOTHER suggestion for which Mr. Stead makes himself responsible—and which, it is inferred as a consequence, is endorsed by the British Prime Minister—is that at The Hague the powers formally undertake the active propaganda of peace, of internationalism and of “the brotherhood of the peoples” instead of leaving this task to be performed by private individuals or societies. “As a corollary to this,” proceeds Mr. Stead, “the conference should recommend to the signatory powers the creation by each of a peace budget for the purpose of carrying on this work, the amount of which should bear a definite fixed proportion to the expenditure on the war budget of, say, decimal one per cent., which would mean five dollars for promoting peace for every five thousand dollars spent in preparing for war.” All this to the *Sddeutsche Reichs-correspondenz*, organ of the imperial German chancellor, is “preposterous.” Mr. Stead, and more particularly the men behind him, are utilizing The Hague conference for “the isolation or moral exposure of a single power—that is to say, Germany—as an obstacle to a general reduction of military burdens.” Even the organ of the Paris Foreign Office, *The Temps*, takes up the cudgels against persons whom it styles “the indiscreet British friends of universal peace,” who are making their cause ridiculous. “Let international law be dealt with at The Hague,” it says. “But let no further promise be made, for it will not be kept.” The *Rome Tribuna*, supposed to speak with official inspiration, says Italy will not support any proposition to discuss a limitation of armaments.

A VERY circumstantial narrative of recent efforts made by the Vatican to seat its representative among the delegates at The Hague, as printed in the Paris *Eclair* and other dailies, would indicate that France has insisted upon the exclusion of the Pope. Pius X keeps in close touch with the subject. The nuncio in Spain reported Alfonso XIII eager for the presence of a papal diplomatist at the peace conference. The Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary, as the leading Roman Catholic sovereign of the world, personally communicated with Emperor William on the subject. The German ruler would seem to have welcomed the suggestion, but refused to interest himself actively because of the possible effect upon the elections then pending throughout the empire. The Queen mother of Italy secured the benevolent neutrality of her son. Matters are said to have gone so far that his

Holiness actually selected the Vatican ecclesiastic to be dispatched to The Hague when the French ambassador in Paris got wind of the proceedings—supposed to be secret—and revealed the plan to his government. “Another instance of the ill luck that has dogged Vatican diplomacy,” says the *Genoa Secolo*, “since Rampolla ceased to be pontifical secretary of state.” The Clemenceau ministry caused the chancelleries of Europe to be informed—at least so the story goes—that the delegates of the French republic would be withdrawn from The Hague the moment a Vatican ecclesiastic became a member of the conference.

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BUT FOR the prominence given to President Roosevelt in the documents seized at the papal nunciature in Paris by order of Premier Clemenceau, Americans might feel but a languid interest in the diary and correspondence of Monsignor Montagnini. This Vatican diplomatist is said to have satisfied himself that Washington could be induced to send a Roman Catholic to Paris in the capacity of American ambassador to the French Republic. The Vatican was to reciprocate by making the Monroe Doctrine more palatable in the capitals of those South American republics at which a nuncio is received. Monsignor Montagnini was greatly disconcerted when President Roosevelt sent Mr. Henry White to Paris as the diplomatic representative of this country. Mr. White, during his period of service as ambassador in Rome, was too satisfactory to the Quirinal to please the Vatican. Received in audience by President Fallières a few weeks since, Mr. White was sufficiently tactless, from a clerical point of view, to use words implying that America is on the side of France in the war with the Pope. “France and the United States,” observed Mr. White in the course of his reception, with military honors, at the Elysée, “which represent, one in the Old, the other in the New World, the noblest aspirations of mankind, and which are endeavoring, each by its own methods, to realize those ideals, would be unworthy of their high mission and would be false to the duties incumbent upon them if they were not always united in the same efforts to preserve the peace of the world, ameliorate the lot of the great majority and elevate the ideal of justice which every man ought to carry within himself.” This, according to the Paris *Action*, implies too much sympathy between the government of the great re-

public and the government of the "atheistic" republic to be wholly palatable to the Vatican. No wonder, adds our French contemporary, papal diplomacy exerted itself to prevent the appointment of Mr. White to Paris.

YET all these insinuations with reference to Monsignor Montagnini, the Monroe Doctrine, Ambassador White and President Roosevelt, asserts the clerical *Gaulois*, are false. "The contents of the Montagnini papers, in the bulk, have not been and are not likely to be made public. This opens the door for a number of enterprising and not over-scrupulous newspapers to publish unauthorized versions of what the papal representative's archives did (or more probably did not) contain." Nevertheless, anticlerical dailies like the one inspired by Premier Clemenceau himself, to say nothing of the paper edited by the Socialist leader Jaurès, say Monsignor Montagnini was planning with some American Roman Catholics for the reception in the immediate future of a papal nuncio at Washington. President Roosevelt, according to still other versions of what is contained in the Montagnini papers, is uneasy at the "moral influence" of Spain in South America. The enthusiasm in Bogota, in Valparaiso, in Rio Janeiro and in Buenos Ayres for an Iberian confederation under the tutelage of Madrid has disposed Mr. Roosevelt to imitate Emperor William by securing the aid of the Vatican in the southern portion of our hemisphere. The Pope and the President corresponded directly when the United States intervened in Panama. The result was that clerical influence was on the side of the United States when the Colombian Government protested against American activities on the isthmus. It is significant, points out a writer in the *Action*, that anticlerical opinion in South America, when it sways the government of any republic in that continent, is hostile to Washington. Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of the friars in the Philippines is held responsible for this fact. In all the Spanish republics there are struggles of which the land question in the Philippines was typical. The Washington Government, we are assured by French anticlerical organs, affronted the liberal element in South America by paying for the friars' lands. Venezuelan, Bolivian and Peruvian presidents never negotiate for real estate with ecclesiastics on a cash basis. The Pope's appreciations of Mr. Roosevelt's magnanimity in the Philippines must be taken, we are informed, as gentle hints to South America.

IN THE course of his negotiations with the Vatican, President Roosevelt would seem to have inflicted one gross affront upon it. So much is clear in such extracts from the Montagnini papers as were given in anticlerical sources of information a fortnight ago. They take us back to the time when papal diplomatists hoped that the question of the friars in the Philippines might be prolonged for years so as to occasion the establishment of something like permanent ambassadorial relations between this country and the Vatican. William H. Taft, then civil governor of the islands, had received a series of written instructions from Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, in which occurred these words: "One of the controlling principles of our government is the complete separation of church and state, with the entire freedom of each from any control or interference by the other. This principle is imperative wherever American jurisdiction extends, and no modification or shading thereof can be a subject of discussion." Such language is now affirmed to have been highly unpalatable to Cardinal Rampolla, at that time dictator of Vatican policy. But no offense would have been taken if the Washington Government had not authorized the publication of these instructions. The struggle between church and state in France had recently entered its acute phase. The anticlerical press in Paris did not lose the opportunity afforded by the publication of the instructions to Mr. Taft to point out that Washington had openly flouted the famous syllabus of Pius IX. So the Paris *Action* expounds the situation. The Vatican felt that President Roosevelt's delegate had put a weapon into the arsenal of anticlericalism throughout France, Spain and Italy.

EVEN the cardinal's hat that Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, might be wearing today if the late Pope had lived a year longer figures in the gossip inspired by the innumerable versions of the Montagnini papers appearing in the Paris press. The late Pope, it seems, had been led to believe that President McKinley would send Archbishop Ireland to The Hague to represent the United States at the first peace conference. This turned out to be a misapprehension on somebody's part. The Vatican had likewise been led to hope, if not to expect, that Archbishop Ireland had sufficient influence with President McKinley to persuade him to invite the Pope's mediation on the eve of our war with Spain. This, too, turned out to have been a misapprehension on

somebody's part. The Archbishop's prestige has never wholly recovered from these blows. The idea that he may be made a cardinal during the present pontificate is pronounced preposterous. The effort of Archbishop Ireland's friends to take advantage of the audience granted by the Pope to a sister of President Roosevelt last month did not promote the entry of that prelate into the sacred college. The story is that Bishop O'Gorman, of Sioux Falls, in presenting Mrs. Douglas Robinson to his Holiness, said something about the pleasure with which the American people would witness the elevation of his Grace to the rank of his Eminence. The President's sister interrupted. "No politics!" she is represented as exclaiming in the French language, "no politics!" The Pope does not understand French, or, rather, he does not speak that language; but his Italian intuition enabled him, no doubt, to understand what Mrs. Robinson meant him to understand. The Montagnini papers are alleged to make it clear that Archbishop Ireland will never enter the college of cardinals unless the Washington Government officially asks the Vatican to seat him there.

MOST convincing of all the revelations in the Montagnini papers is the evidence they afford that the French bishops were in favor of conciliating the Clemenceau ministry on the subject of separation of church and state, but were urged to resist the law by the Vatican. London *Truth* claims to know this much on the highest authority. "The papers," it affirms, "are really most compromising to the papal secretary of state and to the papal court." "So compromising are they," adds this British weekly, "and so clear do they make it that the French ecclesiastical hierarchy were acting under orders and in defiance of the advice of several of their own most eminent members that it is probable large concessions will be accepted on condition that they are not published." Among them are said to be documents relating to Monsignor Montagnini's efforts to prevent the King of Spain from visiting Paris. Nevertheless, the official organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, says it is authorized to declare "in the most formal and explicit manner," that the particulars given in the *Petite Republique* and other Paris dailies of the contents of the Montagnini documents are "absolutely false and calumnious." The Vatican organ likewise gives an official denial to "the pretended revelations" of the *Matin*. "The object of these and similar inventions," we are told, "is plain-

ly to create distrust between Catholic peoples and the Holy See." When Monsignor Montagnini was first expelled from Paris, not long ago, he assured Cardinal Merry del Val, papal secretary of state, that "nothing disagreeable" could result from the publication of his seized papers. Summoned again last month to the Cardinal's presence, says the *Matin*, he was asked once more whether there were other compromising papers among his archives. Monsignor Montagnini persisted in declaring that there were none. Anything that might be published, he said, would be either garbled or false. As evidence of its confidence in Monsignor Montagnini, the Vatican, it is declared, will shortly send him on an important mission to one of the Latin powers.

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FIVE brothers named Fischer so adequately incarnate the economic factor in last month's bloody Rumanian insurrection that a knowledge of who and what they are makes evident why the subjects of King Charles burned landlords in oil, marched by thousands upon Bucharest, plundered the estates of the nobility and spread panic among the Jews. These Fischers, who are of comparatively humble Jewish origin, have made a large fortune by the investment of an originally modest patrimony in the vast estates of thriftless and luxurious Moldavian and Wallachian aristocrats. Rumanian landed proprietors give themselves the title of prince, they are vain of their descent from the royal dynasty of Trebizonde, and they are much given to luxurious rioting at Bucharest and Paris. Their need of ready money was chronic until the five Fischer brothers acquired, by a system of leases, so many thousands of their acres as to become the great territorial despots of the realm. The prince's never took any interest whatever in the betterment of the lot of the peasants upon their immense estates. When the Fischers, knowing nothing of agriculture, but determined to make all they could out of their leases before they ran out, began subletting to the rural population, Moldavia and Wallachia became what France was when so many subjects of Louis XVI took to a grass diet. What the Fischers leased from Prince Brancovan, one of the ornaments of the Court at Bucharest, for five dollars an acre, they sublet to an illiterate peasant for fifteen dollars an acre. Nothing was done to improve the land itself. The cultivators of the soil raised good crops, but nothing was left after the Fischers were paid.

OPERATING sometimes in subordination to the Fischers and sometimes independently of them were cliques of Bulgarian, Greek and other foreign financiers who, under the lease system, control about half the cultivable land of Rumania. Grain was raised for export by an intensive system of agriculture that forced the small holder to work on the big estates or starve. Pellagra, a disease caused by an insufficient diet of unripe maize, raged among the peasants. Altho, for nearly a generation, the native Rumanians of the laboring class have ceased to be serfs in the eyes of the law, they remain illiterate, ignorant of the rudiments of modern scientific farming and hopelessly impoverished. The Fischers and their like, upheld by the Pherekydes, the Stirbeis, the Brancovans and other great families, devoured Wallachia and Moldavia until King Charles, who is an able and in many ways a progressive monarch, was moved to protest. The King, however, was not supported by his premier, who, until the recent outbreak, was Prince Cantacuzene, himself the owner of a vast estate exploited on the Fischer system, altho his conservative followers represent him as the guide, philosopher and friend of hungry Rumanians. King and premier were still in dispute over a measure that would have terminated the worst abuses when word reached the capital that forty thousand peasants in Moldavia were plundering castles, sewing patrician dames in sacks to make their drowning sure and steeping rent collectors in vats of lighted petroleum. Rumania, in another week, had entered the most furious phase of what is known in Europe as a jacquerie, Jacques being the generic French name applied to a peasant in insurrection. The Rumanian rebels plundered the houses of Jews, not because their rising was primarily anti-Semitic, but on account of the religious affiliations of the Fischers and their like.

NO TIME was lost by the king in getting rid of Cantacuzene, who gave way to the statesman by whom President Roosevelt was severely criticized when Washington officially objected to the treatment of Rumanian Jews—Demeter Sturdza. This white-haired, red-faced little man is said to be one of the ablest politicians in Europe. Thanks to his advice and sympathy during many troublous years, King Charles has been enabled to make Rumania the only well-governed state in the Balkans. Sturdza suppressed the heaviest forms of rural taxation, decreed that the large estates

shall be cultivated by the government or leased directly to the peasants, and put the Fischers out of business by limiting the acreage to which their methods may be legally applied. Sturdza was baffled at first by the readiness of the troops to join in lootings and burnings which left the fields of Moldavia so cumbered with the slain that artillery had to be dragged over crackling bones. The rising was now losing its original agrarian character, owing to the energies of anarchist agitators who spread reports that King Charles was dead, and of university students who went about the country on bicycles distributing revolutionary leaflets to the peasants. "Professors, schoolmasters and even priests," says the Bucharest correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, "placed themselves at the head of marauding gangs." But to the Paris *Temps* it is only surprising that the day of retribution for the profligate nobility of Rumania has been so long delayed. "Deplorable and barbarous as the popular excesses have been, it must be borne in mind that the neglected condition of these unhappy people and the oppression to which they have been subjected amply justify their bitterest resentment." Had it not been for the personal popularity of the King with the masses of his subjects, affirms the Rome *Tribuna*, the revolt must have become a revolution.

JUST a year ago, King Charles I, the invalid monarch of Rumania, celebrated with much pomp the fortieth anniversary of his reign. Like King Haakon, of Norway, King Charles was called to his throne by an overwhelming popular vote, subsequently confirmed by the national parliament. He is a Hohenzollern, which means that he looks at governmental problems from the soldier's point of view; but he resembles his kinsman, the German Emperor, in the intellectual hospitality accorded by his medieval mind to modern ideas. He has the Hohenzollern impatience with government by a ministry responsible to the people's deputies. He got on so badly with the succession of cabinets in Rumania during the formative years of his reign that he resolved to abdicate. Then it was that Demeter Sturdza, the illustrious statesman of the Balkans, who became Prime Minister a few weeks ago, won the lasting gratitude of King Charles. Sturdza, the greatest figure in a national assembly distracted by feuds among the territorial magnates, forced a compromise on a sensitive but secondary point of prerogative. The King's gratitude has enabled him to get



"THE HARDEST MAN TO WORK WITH THAT
EVER LIVED"

Lord Cromer, who is retiring from the position of practical ruler of Egypt, after more than twenty years of brilliant achievement, has been thus characterized by a well-known writer in the *Paris Temps*. But there is no doubt whatever of the brilliance of Lord Cromer's administrative genius.

along with Sturdza when very few native Rumanians could accomplish that miracle. The present premier, in fact, altho gifted as an administrator, brilliant as an orator, upright in statesmanship and supremely influential with the liberal element in the land, is as hard to get along with as Lord Cromer, the illustrious proconsul of Britain in Egypt, who resigned last month. On one point regarding Sturdza, however, all European press commentators agree. He is the only man in Rumania who can face the task of pacification now confronting him without the certainty of failure.

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PERSONALITY more disagreeable and an administrative genius more brilliant than are possessed by Lord Cromer, who last month ceased to be the ruler of Egypt, are seldom united in the same mortal. Abrupt in manner, gruff of speech, exclusive from instinct, the big and florid Lord Cromer made himself not only hateful to the Khedive, but detested by the English in Egypt themselves.

Technically, Lord Cromer never was the ruler of Egypt at all. His official title was simply that of "agent and consul-general" in Cairo, privileged, in that capacity, to "advise" Abbas II. The young Khedive was impulsive enough to let Lord Cromer understand that when the advice of the British agent and consul-general was wanted it would be asked for. His Highness was made to grasp the real significance of his Lordship's presence in the land by a process so peremptory that the Khedive is alleged to have shed tears of rage. Egypt is technically a portion of the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, and Abbas is technically a vassal of Abdul Hamid. It was the business of Lord Cromer to transform Egypt into an integral portion of the British Empire in all but name. He found the country lawless, famished, insolvent and disease-ridden. Egypt to-day is enjoying ample revenues, her fellaheen, no longer exploited by ravaging pashas, are putting money in the savings banks, the plague is stamped out, the slave traffic has ceased, the Sudan is pacified, the waters of the Nile are distributed everywhere by the most magnificent system of irrigation the world has ever seen, and the European may wander at will about Cairo as safely as if he were in London. In working these wonders Lord Cromer has made himself one of the most detested men in the British Empire.

LORD CROMER rendered himself hateful to the concession hunters by taxing their franchises, hateful to the pashas by emancipating the fellaheen from their disguised agrarian servitude, hateful to English younger sons eager for careers by putting natives into posts of supreme responsibility, hateful to the cosmopolitan tourist element by closing the worst dens in Cairo, and hateful to the financiers by his summary dealings with rapacious bondholders. Of what is called suavity his Lordship has no conception, while his lack of the sense of humor is affirmed to be positively painful. On the other hand, he never, it is said on good authority, broke a promise in his life, his administration has been incorruptible and he has made the Egyptian masses more prosperous than they have ever been in their history. Lord Cromer had the ill luck, according to one story about him in the London press, to incur the enmity of an exalted royal personage. It is an open secret that King Edward will witness his Lordship's departure from Cairo without regret. Lord Cromer, unlike our own

great proconsul, William H. Taft, has always been a martinet on the subject of regular attendance at church. In high silk hat and long frock coat, Lord Cromer went through the fiercest heats of Cairo every Sunday to attend the Anglican chapel. His subordinates were expected to profit by so lofty an example. Even the great Kitchener—whom Lord Cromer started on his brilliant career—had to go to church while he lived in Cairo. London had long ceased trying to bring Lord Cromer into anything like subjection to itself. The late Lord Salisbury is quoted in the *Figaro* as having said to a member of the ministry who complained that Cromer had told him to go to the devil: "Dear me! He tells me that every time he comes to London." Lord Cromer is succeeded by Sir Eldon Gorst, who, while neither so able nor so disagreeable as Lord Cromer, is very able and very disagreeable, and may grow more so as his Egyptian experience develops.

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EVEN Doctor Jameson, that hero of the famous South African raid who is now Prime Minister of Cape Colony, was welcomed to England with an outburst less enthusiastic than greeted the arrival in London last month of General Botha, once leader of the Boer army, but to-day the first Prime Minister of the Transvaal. The general at once became the great personage of the colonial conference from which, the London *Standard* thinks, may emerge a rudimentary federal constitution for a sort of United States of Great Britain. An effort to give this gathering an anti-American tendency has already been made by Sir Robert Bond, Prime Minister of Newfoundland, who arrived in a spirit of profound hostility to the fishermen of Massachusetts Bay. The Canadian prime minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, reached London barely in time to take part in the opening sessions, at which he made known his view that the ideal of the conference should be free trade between all parts of the British Empire. This, as the London *Tribune* thinks, is a proposition fraught with possibilities of infinite damage to the commercial interests of the United States. However, Sir Wilfrid acknowledged that his ideal of free trade is unattainable. He refused absolutely to bind Canada to contribute anything to the maintenance of the British navy, altho he made no objection to the principle of voluntary contributions from the Dominion treasury for



A SOLDIER KING AND HIS POET QUEEN

Charles I of Rumania is not less remarkable for the ability with which he has made the land he rules the best governed state in the Balkans than is Carmen Sylva, the benevolent consort of this Hohenzollern, for her poetic gifts.

that purpose. "Canada," said he, "would not consent to be drawn within the vortex of European militarism." Mr. Alfred Deakin, prime minister of Australia, expressed his general agreement with these views. All the prime ministers wish the colonial conference to become an "imperial conference"—a step in the direction of a British federal congress like our own.

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TWO weeks had not elapsed from the night of the first dinner given in some years by Nicholas II to the diplomatists at his court when last month's story that the Czar was stricken with paralysis appeared in a few French and English dailies. His Majesty, we are invited to believe, has succumbed to that acute form of melancholia in which the will-power is gone, the mental anguish is insupportable and all control over thought or action is lost. Among the Czar's symptoms is said to be a great disorder of the digestion. It can not be said that these stories are taken very seriously, but they are forwarded by St. Petersburg correspondents who, as the *Indépendance Belge* (Brus-

sels) observes, are in touch with what is going on at Tsarskoe Selo. Nothing could be more unfortunate, says the Paris *Temps*, with reference to this sensational story, than the seclusion in which Nicholas II is forced to live. If the accounts of the Czar's condition be invented, they have at least the merit, says the French daily, of fitting all the definitely ascertained facts of his situation. The diplomatist who accompanied the Czar's mother to London when that august lady visited her sister, the Queen of England, six weeks ago, denies the rumors of acute melancholia. In the face of that denial was printed a rumor that the Empress Dowager had apprised Queen Alexandra that a regency is impending in Russia.

AS THE foreign relations of Russia are believed in Europe to be controlled by the Czar's mother, much importance is attached to her open endeavors to effect an alliance, or, at any rate, an agreement, between London and St. Petersburg. At an audience granted by her to Sir Arthur Nicolson, King Edward's ambassador in St. Petersburg, just before she went to see her sister, it transpired, according to the London *Times*, that the Anglo-Russian pact is to be a most comprehensive one. Mr. Isvolsky, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, who is known to owe his post to the influence of the Czar's mother, was putting the finishing touches to the treaty last month. Count Benckendorf, Russian ambassador in London, and M. Bompard, French ambassador in St. Petersburg, are said to have received the personal assurance of the Czar's mother that the Duma will be dissolved before very long. The court party is said to fear that stories of the Czar's ill health may cause the deputies to interfere in some way or other with the executive administration. Professor Kovalevsky's organ, the *Telegraf*, was suppressed for saying among other things that if Russia is to become a constitutional nation its legislative power should be brought into more intimate relations with the ruler.

THE Duma, forced to find temporary quarters until the collapsed ceiling in the Tauride Palace is repaired, was distracted all last month by a series of disputes between Prime Minister Stolypin and President Golovin. When Stolypin rose to speak on a motion condemning what are styled murders under the form of administrative procedure, Golovin ordered him to sit down. The prime minister

was disposed to protest, but had perforce to submit in preference to being howled down. He is now, according to Mr. Krushevan, the well-known anti-Semite leader in the Duma, so convinced of his inability to control the deputies as to be striving for their dispersal with as little delay as possible. Stolypin is annoyed because the Duma is trying to expel all members whose election was secured by intimidation. He instigated the commandant of the Tauride Palace, a military man who was aide-de-camp to Kuropatkin in Manchuria, to prevent conferences of deputies in the lobbies. These informal gatherings gave rise to discussions among the peasant members in which representatives of the press occasionally participated. The commandant of the Tauride Palace was sternly taken to task by President Golovin. This led to another dispute between the presiding official of the Duma and the prime minister, the relations between the pair being at present, it seems, considerably strained. Golovin himself is satisfied that the early dissolution of the Duma has been decided upon at court. "Nothing short of a miracle," he is quoted as having declared, "can avert the catastrophe." This was within a week after Stolypin had affirmed to the Duma that Russia must be transformed into a constitutional state.

CUNNINGLY devised as were Stolypin's measures for the exclusion from this new Duma of all potential Mirabeaus and Dantons, the prime minister appears, after the past six weeks of legislative activity, surprised and baffled by the parliamentary talent opposed to him. Alexinsky, for instance, the social democrat who is indebted for his seat to the factory hands of St. Petersburg, proved not merely effective as a speaker, but a thoro master of his facts, when he got up to expose the participation of bureaucrats in the efforts of local manufacturers to keep down wages. Alexinsky insisted that the government ought to provide employment for the thousands of men now out of work in the Czar's capital owing to the industrial crisis. The minister of commerce and industry, that Mr. Filosoff who is so often accused of wishing to dissolve the Duma at the point of the bayonet, professed willingness to inquire into the causes of proletarian distress, but he repudiated the theory that it is the business of the government to relieve that distress. In the acrimony of the dispute that ensued was heard for the first time some insinuation regarding money given by courtiers to pliable deputies. This



THE DUMA LISTENING TO PRIME MINISTER STOLYPIN'S DECLARATION THAT RUSSIA IS TO BECOME A CONSTITUTIONAL STATE

The deputies are seated in the hall of the council of state, to which they had to repair when the ceiling of their chamber in the Tauride Palace collapsed recently. The Prime Minister is standing in one of the tribunes. Golovin is seated in the presidential chair, while the radical element or "Left" faces the spectator. The Moderates, including the Constitutional Democrats, occupy the center seats.

subject is involved in much mystery. That hater of all Jews, Deputy Krushevan of Kishineff, may yet be expelled from the Duma in consequence of this scandal. He is a small red-faced man with a short beard and a gigantic mustache and protruding eyes that have humorous gleams when he denounces, in the course of an anti-Jewish harangue, the outrages inflicted upon the Christians in his constituency by those whom he describes as lineal descendants of the impenitent thief on the cross.

APART from Rodicheff, who sat in the old Duma and established his reputation there as perhaps the most eloquent of living Russians, the only parliamentary orator of first-class capacity yet revealed by the debates seems to be Deputy Teslenko of Moscow. He has practised law in that city long enough to become familiar with all the involutions of what is known throughout Russia as "administrative procedure." This is a technical term

for the practice of dragging men from their beds at midnight and sending them to Siberia, there to learn, after the lapse of months, the nature of the charge against them. Teslenko made the finest speech to which the new Duma has yet listened when he dealt with what go by the name of "field courts martial." These institutions embrace various exceptional dispensations which enable local authorities to exercise arbitrary powers very often in defiance of the law and even of the central executive. Teslenko wrung from Stolypin, amid a scene of such violence that Golovin lost all control of the house, a pledge that the system of field courts martial would be allowed to lapse this very month. The government, explained the prime minister, had had to resort to a terrible but indispensable remedy. Were the circumstances calling for these exceptional measures no longer existent? He could not answer in the affirmative, notwithstanding Teslenko's accounts of men stabbed to death while they slept and women made the victims



"THE BEST MATED COUPLE IN EUROPE"

Prime Minister Stolypin, of Russia, and his wife are thus referred to in the *Paris Figaro*. They have six children, two of whom nearly lost their lives in the dynamite bomb tragedy at the Prime Minister's official residence some months ago.

of a judicial white slave traffic. There is to be no abatement of the evil, in spite of Mr. Stolypin's pledge, according to that well-known journalist, Peter Strouve, who sits for a St. Petersburg constituency, and is one of the leaders of the Constitutional Democrats. Strouve is accusing the Prime Minister of complicity in a palace intrigue to get rid of the Duma for at least five years.

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OBITUARY literature more glowing than that to which the dramatic death, a few weeks ago, of the most eminent of modern men of science, Marcelin Berthelot, has given rise, has scarcely appeared in European newspapers since the passing of Victor Hugo. Tho his distinction was won mainly by researches into the abstrusities of organic and thermo-dynamic chemistry, "the compelling blaze of his genius," to quote the *Débats*, was clearly perceived in his own day by all. Long after Theodore Roosevelt has been forgotten, adds the *Vienna Zeit*, and when all memory of William II has faded from the memory of men, the discoveries of Berthelot, not alone as scientist, but as supreme intellect of the age we live in, will

win him a place in the estimation of posterity higher than that accorded to any living figure in religion, politics, science or art. "By means of chemical synthesis," said Minister of Education Briand, at the impressive public funeral of Berthelot, "he reproduced natural substances and created every day a number of compounds which Nature never knew. He went so far as to declare that the hypothesis of a vital force is not necessary to science. He proved that organic and inorganic chemical laws are identical." The facility of his assimilative faculty, says the *London Times*, recalled that of the great thinkers and men of action of the Renaissance, who boxed the compass of the knowledge of their time. "He passed from his laboratory to his seat in the Senate, and from a session of the French Academy or of the Academy of Medicine to his post on the ministerial bench in the Chamber of Deputies, with the same integral mastery of his intelligence, the same philosophically well classified and ready mind." Brilliant as politician, as physician, as chemist, as author and as metaphysician, his taking off, as the *Temps* observes, was "an idyll" in itself. His wife had been an invalid for months. Entering her room, he found her dead. The shock killed him.

Persons in the Foreground

CARNEGIE ON THE VERGE OF SEVENTY

HEN I become an old man, the memory of this evening will be one of the pleasantest of my life." It was Andrew Carnegie who made that remark a few evenings ago to the guests who had assembled at his palatial home to discuss the subject of industrial peace. It was a notable gathering, in which labor leaders in sack coats, not overly clean ones either in some cases, brushed up against wealthy magnates like Belmont and Schiff in spick-and-span dress-suits. There were ex-cabinet members, high ecclesiastical officials (including an archbishop), editors of national reputation, merchants of continental importance; but there was no sight as interesting as that of Mr. Carnegie himself, with his radiant face, his quick interest in everything and his ready sense of humor. "When I become an old man!" He laughed as he said it, and when he laughs everyone else laughs with him. In a few more months he will celebrate his seventieth birthday; but it will take many a birthday yet to make him an old man. We make that sort of remark to some people just to be gracious to them. But one doesn't say it to Carnegie, it seems so utterly needless. His hair and beard are white; but there is nothing else to suggest old age.

It was worth while on that evening to watch the labor leaders when Carnegie made his speech of welcome. They were not looking quite at home. There was a rather set and hard expression on their faces and in their poise, as of men who were not to be caught with fine words and sentiments. But as soon as Carnegie began speaking their features began softening, and he soon had them manifesting every visible appearance of delight and approbation. And when he remarked that his experience with labor troubles had shown him that they very seldom come over a question of wages, but are usually the result of the men's simple desire for recognition of their right to act together as an organization, one of the labor leaders standing near the writer turned around to another with his face wreathed in smiles and remarked: "He made a home-run that time all right." "You bet," was the quick response. Perhaps Mr. Carnegie was thinking of the Homestead strike,

where the whole deplorable row might have been averted but for Frick's decision not to recognize the union and to receive the men as individuals only.

It is hard to tell anything about Mr. Carnegie that is new; but it is also hard to tell anything that is not interesting, even if you have heard it ten times before. His coat-of-arms, for instance, has been often described, but it is well worth another description. He devised it himself, and it tells a great deal about the man. Upon the escutcheon is a weaver's shuttle, because his father was a weaver. "There is fine humor in the thought," remarks one magazine writer, "that steam machinery took away young Andrew Carnegie's livelihood and drove him overseas to Pittsburgh. It is like the man in the Eastern tale, whose enemy sent a jinn to destroy him, but who mastered the jinn instead and made it give him dominion over the whole world." There is also on the escutcheon a shoemaker's knife, because his grandfather made shoes. It was that grandfather who wrote an essay on "Handication versus Headication," the reading of which had considerable influence upon Andy. For a crest, the coat-of-arms has a crown *reversed* and surmounted by a liberty cap! There is "triumphant democracy" for you. The escutcheon is supported by an American flag on one side and a Scotch flag on the other. Underneath is the motto, "Death to Privilege." That is where the tariff reformers begin to get ready to say things!

Mr. Carnegie himself, who is proud of his humble beginning, tells of his first steps upward: of his first earnings of \$1.20 a week as a bobbin-boy in a cotton factory in Allegheny City, at the age of twelve; of his next step to the position of fire-boy for the boiler of a small steam engine in the cellar of a factory; and then of his "transfer from darkness to light, from the desert to paradise," when he became a district telegraph boy in Pittsburgh, entering, as he says, "a new world, amid books, newspapers, pencils, pen and ink, and writing pads, and a clean office, bright windows, and the literary atmosphere." The "literary atmosphere" of a district telegraph office leaves something to be desired, if our observation of the thrillers read by the messenger boys goes

for anything; but the general improvement in his surroundings made Andy "the happiest boy alive." He must have formed the habit of happiness then, and he has certainly never gotten over it. One thing only marred his perfect joy. He was "always a poor climber"—that is to say a poor climber of telegraph poles, and an occasional duty of the boys was to accompany a repairer and "shin up" the pole to help adjust a wire. But he made up for his inability to climb poles by a marvelous skill in climbing up a ladder, videlicet the ladder of success. He learned to read messages and to send them; attracted the attention of a Pennsylvania railroad official—Colonel Scott—and became a train dispatcher, then Scott's private secretary. Opportunity was never bald-headed enough to get past him, and the "skirts of happy Chance" never fluttered by him ungrasped. When Scott became assistant secretary of war at the outbreak of the Civil War he placed young Carnegie in charge of the military railroads and telegraphs, and he was the third man wounded on the Union side, being injured while trying to free the track into Washington from obstructing wires. He went on and up always. When asked by a reporter in Pittsburg what his secret of success had been, Carnegie said that it lay in his ability to get good men around him. The reporter got it wrong in his paper. He said the secret lay in getting around good men! Probably both were right.

Herbert N. Casson, the historian of the Steel Trust, awards to Carnegie the highest eminence ever achieved in four different ways. First, he is eminent "as a business builder." "He was the first steelmaker in any country who flung good machinery on the scrap-heap merely because something better had been invented." He was the first to employ a salaried chemist for manufacturing purposes. It was his faith and foresight and enterprise that gave America supremacy in the iron and steel industry. Second, he was "an executive trainer." He made not only steel but steel-makers. "No other system has ever made so many men wealthy in so short a time." Third, he was eminent "as a wealth-master." He would never become the valet of Fortune. He refused to surrender to the demands of wealth. He mastered it and has not been mastered by it. He lived his life and enjoyed it, whether the market went up or down. Fourth, he is eminent as "a civilization designer." He is not satisfied with civilization as it is and the breed of human beings it is producing. Over in England they say he has a countenance suggestive of "a benevolent steel-hammer." But

of benevolence and philanthropy of the conventional sort he will not hear. He is, says Mr. Casson again, "no Jubilee plunger of beneficence," but "a shaper of world-policies," and "possibly the most original and creative American of the last half century." At the dedicatory exercises of the Carnegie Institute the other day, Mr. Carnegie said:

"I have been in a dream ever since I arrived here, and I am still in a dream. As I look upon this building, I can hardly realize what has been done in my absence by the men who have made it. I have tried to make myself realize that I have anything to do with it, and have failed to do so. I said to Mrs. Carnegie last night, 'It is like the mansion raised in the night by the genii, who obeyed Aladdin.' She replied, 'Yes, and you did not even have to rub the lamp.'"

"It is true that I gave some pieces of paper, but they do not represent anything in my mind, because I did not part with anything that I could understand. It is true that these bits of paper represented bonds, but I had never seen these bonds."

"I cannot feel that I own a mountain. I don't think any man can really feel he owns a stretch of land. Let him walk over mountains or heather and say to himself, 'These mountains are mine,' and he will not be able to make himself understand the meaning of the words. So it is impossible to make one's self understand that he owns a great fortune."

It is this sort of frankness, this disposition to take the world into his personal confidence, that has made him probably the most popular multi-millionaire alive.

Aside from his present multifarious activities as "a civilization designer," three things help to keep Carnegie happy and young. There is golf, of which he is passionately fond. There is music, of which he is still more fond. And there is the domestic joy that comes from his wife and daughter, of which he is most fond. In his elegant New York home he has the organ waken him in the morning and in Skibo Castle he has the bagpipes perform the same service. "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Silent Night" are his favorites on the organ, and "Hey Johnnie Cope" and "Jeannie's Bawbee" are his favorites on the bagpipe.

The romance of Mr. Carnegie's life began when he was thirty-five and Miss Louise Whitfield was eleven. That was when they first became acquainted. He taught her to ride horseback in the park, but even when she became a young lady there was no word of marriage made public. Carnegie had repeatedly declared that he would not marry as long as his mother lived. She died in 1886 and in 1887 he and Miss Whitfield were united. She has always had a fondness for books and music and travel, but society does not interest her.

THE ARCHANGEL OF PEACE AT THE HAGUE



WITHIN eight months of the July morning on which William Thomas Stead was born at Embleton, England, nearly sixty years ago, he was shouting delightedly "I." In a few weeks more he was yelling "Me." Fanciful as may seem this legend of youthful precocity, according to the *London World*, it appeals powerfully to theorists who believe that the boy is father to the man, that Stead, as he informs humanity himself every day, is the father of The Hague conference. "The world is mine!" cried Monte Cristo, but to Stead the world is "I." Who put the notion of universal peace into the head of the Czar? "I." Who is to be the cynosure of all eyes at The Hague next month? "I." Who inspires awe in the soul of the Russian Premier, controls the impetuosity of the new Shah of Persia and keeps the peace between France and Germany? "I." "Strange as it may seem," affirms Mr. Stead in that entertaining diary which he keeps so minutely and issues so regularly under the title of *The Review of Reviews* (London), "the German Emperor is the only man I am anxious to meet who is not anxious to meet me." Not one of the many delightful personal characteristics of Mr. Stead is more manifest than his freedom from affectation. He makes no more pretense of concealing his own vast influence than did Napoleon. His egotism is so natural and spontaneous that it is a positive delight.

Stead received his early education in the common schools. As he entered his teens, he had at his disposal a midshipman's berth in the British navy. But the mother of William T. Stead, like the mother of George Washington, who had a similar chance, could not consent to see her son depart at so tender an age from under her influence into the temptations with which his lot in life would be beset. William, like George, was kept at home, and the destiny of the world changed. George was surveying land at sixteen and William was surveying the goods in his employer's shop at the same age.

William's early impressions are associated with the extensive coal fields amid which nestles Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the manufacturing town to which he is indebted for his familiarity with shipbuilding and the manufacture of locomotives. He worked early and late for a somewhat severe merchant who taught him how to keep books, how to buy in a falling

market and how to sell in a rising one. William had very little leisure, but he spent as much of it as he dared at the local library, picking up all the French he could, and even dipping into German as a means of attaining success in that export trade to which destiny seemed to call him. By the time he was eighteen his genius for journalism had led him into newspaper work and given him a local celebrity that extended as far as Darlington, an important center for the manufacture of woollens and carpets. Nothing could be more delightful even then than his injection of his own personality into all he wrote on the subject of railway accidents and the weather. By the time he was twenty-two he had become editor of the Darlington *Northern Echo*, exploiting, in this petty world, that capacity to assume the burdens of everybody which was later to render him so indispensable, by his own admissions, to Nicholas II, the Emperor Francis Joseph and the successive presidents of the third French republic. He told the local magnates how to word their wills. He insisted on running the factories, regulating the railways and doing the municipal legislation. It was the original application to England of the institution known in our own country as government by newspaper. He succeeded by carefully eschewing abstract principles and fanatically embracing details. General topics he despised. Immediate facts were his hobby. No train of goods should quit the railway station until William had seen the bill of lading. He invited himself to everybody's wedding. He felicitated himself upon whatever happened. Yet when he bade farewell to all this greatness at the age of thirty for a subordinate position on the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, very few people in the world at large had ever heard the name of Stead. In another three years very few people had not. For in that time he had made himself editor of the *Pall Mall*, and been sent to prison for exposing a world-wide traffic in women under the title of "The Maiden Tribute."

William T. Stead does not write about William T. Stead through lack of something to write about. He does it merely because the things that pertain to himself are the best possible illustrations of anything that can concern the human race. Mention the Czar, and Stead produces a letter from that potentate. Speak of the Taj Mahal—Stead is on his way thither. Quote from King Edward's last



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THE WIFE OF WILLIAM T. STEAD

This lady is the companion of her husband in his innumerable tours about the world, and she is his most valued adviser in his public work.

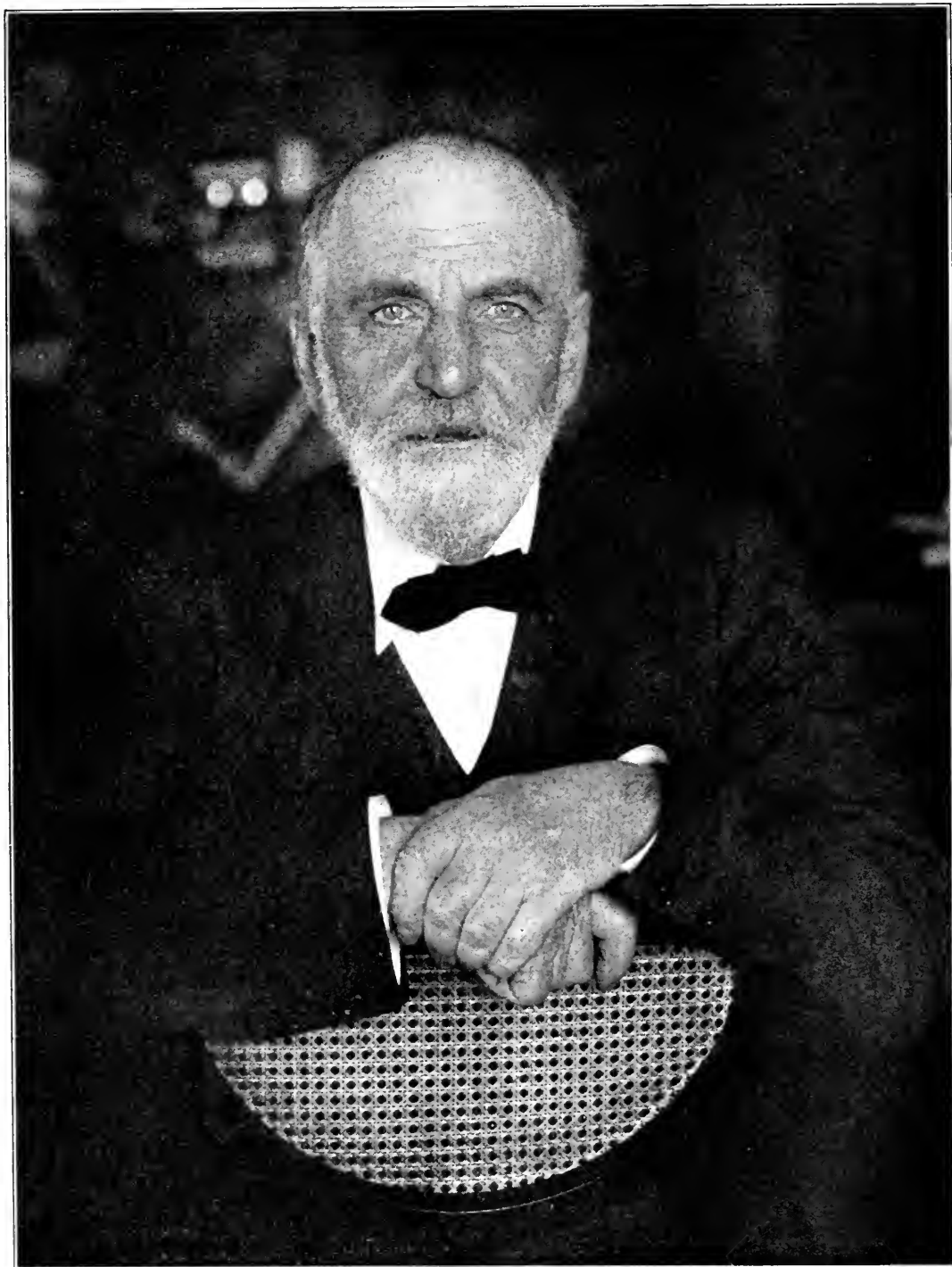
speech from the throne and Stead has anticipated it by five years. As Hazlitt said of Cobbett, he is not the man to shrink from giving the best possible illustration of the subject from a squeamish delicacy, for he likes both himself and his subject too well. "I think," writes Mr. Stead in his *London Review of Reviews*, "I may say without egotism that but for me there would be no Hague conference for the world to talk about. It was I who took up this matter in the teeth of our indifferent public, I who saw the Czar when all the world scoffed, and I who persuaded the statesmen of continental Europe that peace is no idle dream." Nor is he less interesting in his description of the enthusiasm he inspired among the publicists of Germany or of the elaborate preparations now making to welcome him at Calcutta. Stead, in a word, is his own best topic, made additionally interesting from time to time by incidental reference to such minor subjects as The Hague, President Roosevelt and the earthquake at San Francisco. The idea of Mars can be associated in his mind only with the theory that

the inhabitants of that remote planet are striving to communicate with William T. Stead.

Only when he relaxes does he seem ordinary. Not so long ago Mr. Stead was one of the most enthusiastic bicycle riders in England. He still enjoys a spin upon his wheel. Notwithstanding his years, he can maintain the same rate of pedaling over a gradient that he delights in on a level road. He deems this pastime pleasurable, and he recommends it for its health-giving properties. Boating is another of his hobbies. He can discourse learnedly on boats that wobble laterally or bend in the middle when the shock of the oars is imparted to the water. After a 'varsity crew has used a boat for practice on rough water between Putney and Mortlake, Mr. Stead can give an expert opinion on the outcome of the race. On the whole, however, he is not athletic in his recreations, preferring, indeed, to play with children. Children are a sort of fad with Mr. Stead. He will romp the deck all day with any little ones who happen to be aboard an ocean liner when he is crossing the deep. He can play tag or blind man's buff by the hour, while pussy in the corner exhilarates him mightily. He has grown somewhat fond of travel, too, in recent years, thinking nothing of a voyage from London out to India. In his early manhood he held aloof from the theater, having, as the son of a Nonconformist clergyman, imbibed some suspicion of its moral tendency. To-day he is seen occasionally inside a playhouse.

In all the personal relations of life, Mr. Stead is a plain, unaffected English gentleman. Stead the journalist may wrap himself in the folds of a graceful egotism, but Stead the man wears the mantle of humility from choice. He is without that cold consciousness of superior breeding, which makes the manner of so many English university men seem stiff. Mr. Stead is a self-taught man, and he never assumes to be anything else. It would be doing him the grossest injustice to infer that his energies are concentrated upon his career and only incidentally directed to his ideas. He combines, in the opinion of writers who have studied him in *M. A. P.* and other London periodicals, the esurience of the self-seeking and predatory adventurer with the disinterested patriotism of an Abraham Lincoln. He is continually seeking the welfare of humanity while promoting that of William T. Stead.

Those who know him intimately predict that he will concentrate in himself every element of purely personal interest at The Hague next month. The international peace conference is



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AMERICAN IN SYMPATHIES, RUSSIAN BY NATURAL ASSIMILATION, ENGLISH BY BIRTH

Thus does William T. Stead, whose very latest photograph is reproduced above, describe his own personality. Mr. Stead is on his way to The Hague, where he will be the most conspicuous unofficial figure at the international peace conference of next month.

to him the greatest earthly triumph yet achieved by journalism. He means to issue a daily paper at the Dutch capital during the progress of the negotiations. As those deliberations are to be secret, Mr. Stead, it is confidently predicted, will reveal, in his best manner, the compliments paid him by the King of Norway, by the King of Italy, by the French President, by the King of Denmark and by the Prince Regent of Sweden, with all of whom he has lately talked. Mr. Stead is the only journalist in the world whose morning mail is as likely as not to contain a personal

missive from these potentates and from even greater ones. "In every capital," says Mr. Stead, in one of the innumerable reports of his own doings with which he can keep three stenographers busy simultaneously, "I saw my three ambassadors. I am English by birth, American in sympathy, and Russian by process of natural selection." The conclusion of the whole matter, as all regular readers of the *London Review of Reviews* are perfectly well aware, is that The Hague has been put in readiness for an international Stead conference.

"THE GREATEST BULLDOG IN AMERICAN POLITICS"

I WELL remember you as you rode into my quarters when Joe Johnston struck my left in North Carolina. You burst upon us in a grove of pines with a message from Slocum saying he needed to be reinforced. I recall your figure, sir, splashed with mud, your spurs that were red, your splendid horse, hard ridden and panting, and how you sat erect; and I shall not forget the soldier you looked and were. I marked you well then, and thought of the honors that were your due. You have gloriously attained them, and I believe and approve that higher, the highest, honors await you."

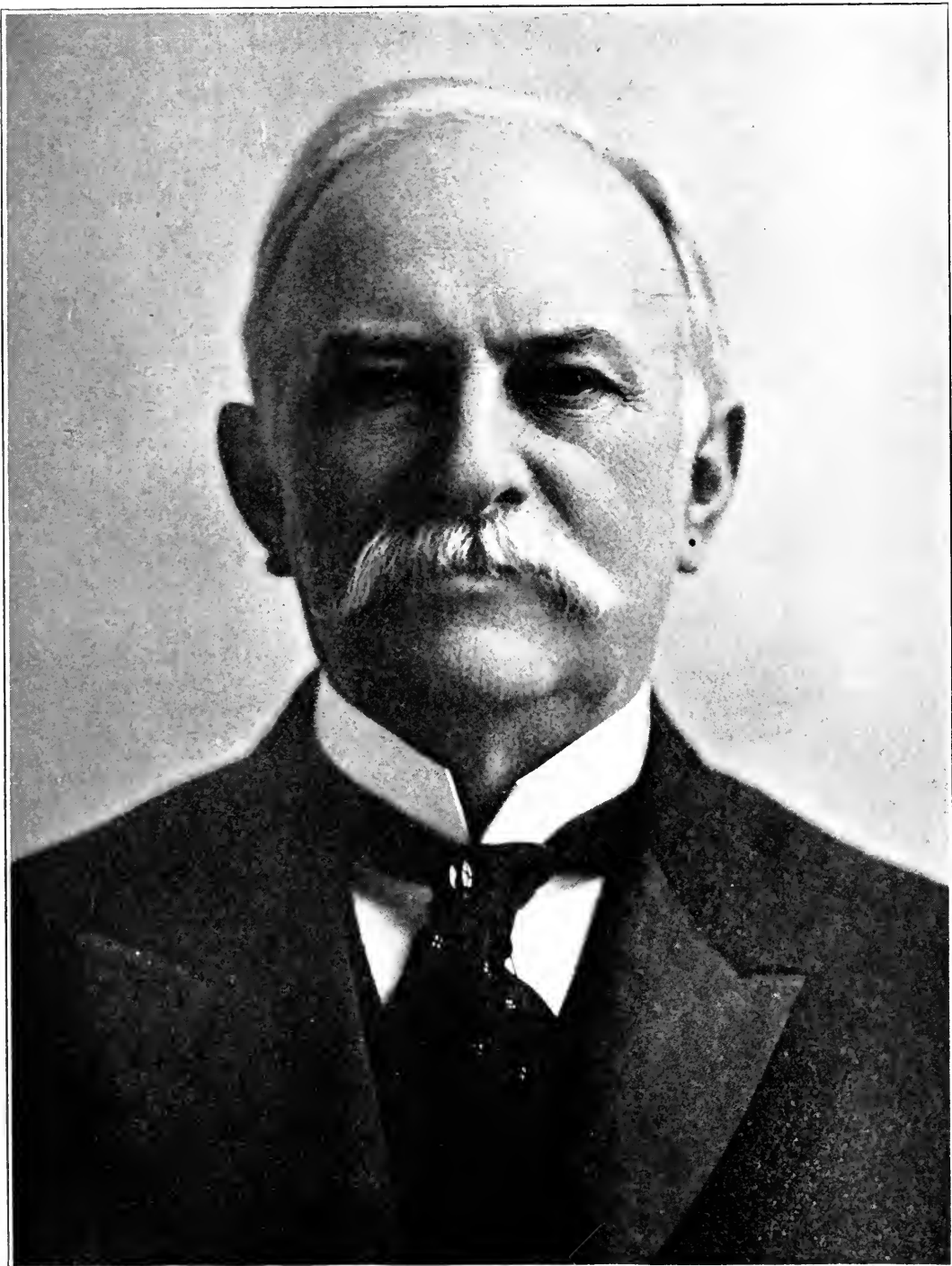
These words were uttered by General Sherman in a speech in Cincinnati many years ago, before a magnificent audience. The man thus addressed in such flattering terms was Joseph Benson Foraker, who is to-day, as he has been so often in his career, the storm-center of politics in that state of political storm-centers, Ohio. The picture of Foraker, as drawn by General Sherman, is a fairly good one of him at almost any stage of his career. He has always been "the man on horseback," always militant, always with red spurs, always erect and martial and splashed with mud.

He was born on an Ohio farm. In a history of Ohio, found in a certain library, is a picture of a log-cabin in a clearing, and underneath it are printed the words: "Cabin in which J. B. Foraker was born." Underneath that has been written, apparently in Mr. Foraker's handwriting, the terse remark: "This is a fake!" But if he was not actually born in a log cabin, he was born in humble circumstances and had to learn in early life what hard work was like. Young Foraker was known as Ben, and the first important exploit

of which he was the hero was his running away from home to join the army when the Civil War began. He was but sixteen then, and he was sent ingloriously back home; but his parents concluded that it was of no use to oppose his wishes further, and in 1862 he went to the front as second lieutenant of the 89th Ohio. He served through the war, but he admits that there is a flaw in his official record that might interfere with his drawing a pension. He was two years under the regulation age when he enlisted, and to gain his point and yet save his conscience he marked the figures 18 on the soles of his shoes and then boldly declared that he was "over 18." When Sherman's march to the sea had been completed and Savannah had surrendered, it was young Foraker who was chosen to row down the river, dodging as best he could the infernal machines sown broadcast, to communicate with the Union fleet and thus with the world.

After the war he started in to finish his schooling. Two years at the Ohio Wesleyan University and two more at Cornell were followed by the hanging out of his "shingle" as a lawyer in Cincinnati. The "shingle" has never come down. His firm still enjoys a large practice in southern Ohio, and Foraker himself ranks in the United States Senate among the half-dozen ablest lawyers of that body.

When one comes to the personal characteristics of the man, there is seemingly but one that has impressed itself strongly upon the scribes of the press. He is a fighter from way back, say they one and all, and that is about as far as they ever get in the description of the man's personality. Sometimes they go a little further and tell us that he never tells a lie to the newspaper men, and that they all



Photograph by Harris-Ewing, Washington

THE POLITICAL STORM CENTER

When Senator Joseph Benson Foraker was but sixteen he ran away from home to fight—in the Civil War. He has been ever since one of the most beautiful fighters American politics has produced. On the stump he is described as "a wizard and a hypnotist who can make men forsake their families and their homes and their political principles and their bank accounts." He will need all his wizardry in his present contest to prevent the endorsement of Taft for President by Ohio Republicans.

like him for his geniality to them. But it is his courage as an open fighter that has given him his tag. He will probably never outlive the nickname he early achieved of "Fire Alarm" Foraker. One of the bright men on *The Saturday Evening Post*, who gives us personal sketches of great men, in which an item or two of information swims around in a sea of racy rhetoric, has this to say:

"They used to call Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio, 'Fire-Alarm Joe,' as he fitted the part. There was never an occasion when he did not ring in three sixes. Everything was a conflagration to him. It made no difference whether there was a slight blaze in some rubbish heap of legislation or whether somebody had poured oil on and touched a match to the Constitution, he came galloping to the front, with whistle-blowing and bell-ringing and three hundred pounds of steam showing on the gage.

"Those were in his younger days, when that bristly moustache was still black and those hairs at his temples had not been frosted. Now that time has tempered him a bit he does not ring in so many general alarms. Sometimes he sends in a still alarm and sometimes he says, 'Pshaw! Let Engine Six and Truck Four 'tend to that. I'm too tired.' Sometimes, but not always. When a real fire comes along he cannot withstand the impulse. He jumps into his clothes, slides down the pole, grabs a helmet and a coat and is the first man on the scene, and when he gets there he takes command and needs no trumpet to make his orders heard and understood.

"It takes a lot of courage to be a good fireman and it takes a lot of lungs to put in the right kind of a fire alarm. Let it be set down right here that Foraker has the courage and Foraker has the lungs. There are a good many times when there may be questions about the motive, but never a time when there can be a question about the fight."

Foraker's career in public life has not been that of a tactician, a wire-puller, an organizer. He is built on the magnetic plan. When he wants to do something he makes a speech and stampedes a convention. He is a leader of the type of Blaine and Conkling rather than of the Tilden type. "Addition, division and silence" was never made his political motto. "His notion of sweeping a convention," says one of the Washington correspondents, "was to burn red fire, start out the brass bands, and make some speeches of the sort that set the audience to jumping on their chairs and losing their minds." He has always until recently been in a struggle with the party machine in Ohio and fighting to hold his place in politics, and his consummate ability as a stump-speaker and his solid legal attainments have given him a remarkably long series of successes. He was a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati for three years, resigning on account of ill health. Then he was four times a candidate for governor, being twice successful. "Dur-

ing his two terms," we are told, "there was something doing every minute. He was a sort of Theodore Roosevelt in those days, and under him Ohio led the strenuous life." When he left the gubernatorial mansion in Columbus he started in to replenish his exchequer, and this is the way he did it, according to the Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*:

"He organized a merger of the Cincinnati street railways and when he had done the job he sold the finished product to the Elkins-Widener syndicate. The legislature was Foraker's at that time. He went to Columbus and induced it to pass a bill permitting city councils to make fifty-year franchises, so that he could complete his deal with the syndicate. A less courageous man would have done a thing like this behind the bush. Foraker did it openly. It raised a wild storm of protest, and the men who put through this Rogers bill were ruined politically."

When Foraker was made Senator, March 4, 1897, one of the first things that brought him into national prominence was his vigorous ringing of the fire-bell when President Cleveland undertook to send back to the Confederate States the battle flags captured from their armies in the Civil War and held in the federal archives. Foraker used the whole zenith as a sounding-board at that time and made a large section of the Northern population turn pale over the imminent return of slavery and the prospective loss of all that the North had fought for. He won his point, but the amount of sectional ill-will that he stirred up was a rather appalling exhibition. Later on, after the Spanish-American War had been fought, the return of the Confederate battle flags was again brought up and accomplished with hardly a ripple of excitement from Senator Foraker or anyone else.

To-day, at the age of 61, Senator Foraker is in another and perhaps the most desperate battle of his life,—the attempt to defeat the Roosevelt administration in its purpose of securing the nomination of Secretary Taft for the presidency in 1908. Says *The Times* Washington correspondent again:

"The anti-Roosevelt leader in the nation [Foraker] is the ideal fighter. Roosevelt himself is regarded as the typical warrior, but Foraker is a better type, for Roosevelt has been known to yield and Foraker never has. In a minority, even a minority of one, he fights as well as when he is a captain of ten thousand. He is the greatest bulldog in American politics. This is the man who lines himself up against the most dominating President since Jackson for a fight to a finish. For more than five years the President has either gone his way unchallenged or has brushed his adversaries out of his way without effort. Is it any wonder that the spectacle of Foraker in the arena makes Washington look for interesting days?"

THE CEREMONIAL SPLENDOR OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

POSITIVELY rich, comparatively beautiful, and superlatively married is that heroine of the American divorce courts to whom English society is indebted for the most recent of Queen Alexandra's vindications of the sanctity of wedlock. The Lord Chamberlain had been unfortunate enough to assume, by permitting the name of a sometime conspicuous resident of Sioux Falls to be inscribed upon the list of presentations at court, that the ratio of husbands to wife, when the female is a native of the United States, is a matter of plurality rather than of propriety. Ladies summoned to court are presumed to have sent in the names of their husbands beforehand. But the names submitted by the belle from Sioux Falls were not only numerous, even from the point of view of South Dakota, but so complicated by the circumstance that the lady's lawful husband in New York is not identical with her lawful husband elsewhere that the Lord Chamberlain submitted the perplexity to the Queen's Majesty. The American woman's name was stricken from the eligible list. Such is the episode which, we are asked to believe by certain organs of fashionable society in London, inspired the latest manifestation of her Majesty's well-known opposition to the institution of divorce. That opposition is understood, too, to have kept one American duchess out of the courts quite lately. All the state legislatures in the Union combined, avers the *London World*, could not restrain the society women of America, so far as divorce is concerned, half so effectively as the Queen's decisive attitude.

This decisiveness of attitude is deemed most characteristic of her Majesty's nature. When she set her face against "picture hats"—forbidding all her maids of honor to wear such things—their vogue was extinguished. The Queen's likes, again, are as pronounced as her dislikes. To her Majesty, according to *London Truth*, must be attributed the prevalence of shades of purple—lavender, mauve, heliotrope—in the dresses of women of fashion in English society. The Queen, indeed, has been in full mourning for her father until very lately. A gown of black lace, embroidered with sequins with corsage and train to correspond, proclaimed the fact at last year's "court" in Buckingham Palace. Of late, however, the

Queen has gone back to her loved lavender and mauve. She has introduced a long fawn coat with a sable boa around the collar. The toque—the little hat with no brim to speak of—is heliotrope when the dress is heliotrope, mauve when the dress is mauve. It permits the fullest display of her Majesty's plentiful hair, still beautifully brown altho the Queen is past sixty. It is the practice of her Majesty to cause a public display, in certain shop windows, of the dresses, the hats and the underwear of the ladies of the royal family, thus giving timely warning to all concerned of the season's coming fashions. The wedding of a princess in England is invariably preceded by an adequate manifestation of her lingerie along the London thoroughfares. There is, in short, no detail of woman's wear to which her Majesty does not stand in the relation of final arbitress. Her favorite gems, diamonds, rubies and pearls, have been made to supersede the emerald, the turquoise and the opal. The waistbands of all bodices must be quite deep to please the Queen, a predilection which has had a profound effect upon evening toilets in this country, as the *Paris Figaro* reports. Ever since she came to the throne, the Queen has insisted upon long trains, preferably of blue satin or pink Lyons velvet. A gown of black satin, of course, would imply a train of rich black brocade. Jet in long tapering sprays is then mandatory. The growing length of trains is admittedly a source of much fatigue at Buckingham Palace. The Duchess of Buccleugh, weighted with plumes, tiara, necklaces, and compassed round about with yard after yard of black brocade, had to be lifted bodily out of her coach and transported into the presence like a bale of goods this year because of a train so interminable that it remained streaming out of sight long after her Grace had kissed hands. Gentlemen in attendance upon their Majesties have been known to compromise their deportment through ineffectual endeavors to get out of the way of trains. Yet her Majesty now lets it be known, by sanctioning the toilets of the peeress in attendance as Mistress of the Robes, that trains are henceforth to be even longer than before.

Thus, to English society, is attested that passion for pageantry and for ceremonial and for processional pomp which is no less characteristic of the Queen's taste than is her well-

known fondness for going to musical concerts or her interest in photography or her liking for the hymn, "Oh, come all ye faithful." The stateliness of her Majesty's mien and her poetic grace in movement are very winning as she paces dreamily in long purple train, brodered with gold and supported at each side by pages in scarlet with knots of white silk tied upon the right arm. The crown upon her head, when the Queen is visible on such state occasions, is composed entirely of diamonds, mounted in silver settings, to her own design, because silver is the only metal fully revealing the brilliance of fine stones. The circlet, unsurpassed in effect by that of any existing crown, is some inch and a half in width and encrusted in brilliants of the finest water. The head of her Majesty becomes one blaze of light with such a setting since the diamonds in her crown are placed as closely together as possible and are of exquisite cut. In the center of four large cross-patés, as they are technically called, is the Koh-i-noor, the grand feature in the crown of the Queen of England. The total number of precious stones is 3,688. Notwithstanding that, by her Majesty's special command, the crown has been constructed as lightly as possible—it weighs only twenty-two ounces—its weight upon the royal head is said to render her uneasy. The discomfort is enhanced by the necessity of hanging the immense ruby-purple velvet train of her Majesty from her rather slender pair of shoulders. The Queen in her official capacity wears the longest train in the world—over eighteen feet. It is divided into three parts to facilitate transportation by the pages during what is known as "the Queen's procession"—one of the most solemn of royal splendors, connected usually with Westminster Abbey. Having knelt in silent devotion for a moment at a faldstool before her throne, her Majesty seats herself, with attendant prelates on either hand, while her ladies in waiting take their places in front of lines of assembled peeresses robed in red velvet. The pages who have borne the train now distribute its folds of gold beads, ermine and embroidery in such fashion as to reveal the thick bullion and cloth of gold woven on a ruby purple ground and retire to the steps of the dais beneath lights that shine upon their scarlet and gold coats and ribbons. Every detail, down to the yard and a half of embroidery at the end of the train, and every movement from the rising of the spectators when the heralds trumpet the Queen's approach to the acclamation "Vivat Regina Alexandra!" from the choir, is rehearsed in advance under the supervision of her Majesty. Such a genius

for ceremonial as she evinces on any and every occasion has not disclosed itself to the eyes of the English people since the last years of the reign of Elizabeth. At the height of the official season last January, according to information obtained by one of the best informed society chroniclers in London, the Mistress of the Robes changed her attire eight times and each maid of honor changed five times in one day.

The Queen is strict, too, on such points of etiquette as make it a breach of decorum, for instance, to hand anything but new and unused coin, fresh from the mint, to the consort of the British sovereign. It is likewise intolerably bad form to put a question to the Queen directly. Only the King may do that with propriety. To make love to her Majesty is punishable, by the law of Britain, with death, unless, of course, one happens to be the King. Her Majesty is so great a stickler for formal observances of every description that no girl can become her maid of honor who is not either the daughter, granddaughter or niece of a peer. Her Majesty, as we learn from the London *Evening Standard*, has declined to make maids of honor of the daughters of dukes, marquesses and earls on the ground that they are of too high rank for the position. The appointment of maid of honor carries with it the courtesy title of "Honorable," which the lady retains for life, whether she marry or not. A miniature of her Majesty, set in diamonds and surmounted by a flat bow of red and white ribbon, is worn on the left side of the bodice of a maid of honor, who must, too, be young and lovely. Her Majesty has made the English court so brilliant socially that a maid of honor is supposed to have exceptional opportunities of marrying well. But no man may court a maid of honor without the Queen's permission.

Her Majesty's keen interest in racing and her refusal to tolerate a lady in her suite who plays cards for money are deemed somewhat incompatible. So, again, are the regular visits of the Queen to church and her patronage of ballet dancers. When her Majesty visited Chatsworth, the stateliest home in England perhaps, the private chapel there was set apart for her exclusive use and a danseuse was imported from Paris to pirouet in tights for the amusement of the royal leisure. The incongruity is attributed to the Queen's Danish training. Denmark and her Danish relatives absorb her still. The Queen's most intimate friend is her sister, the Dowager Czarina, with whom she spends at least two months of every year. It is during these Danish vacations that the Queen of England indulges her



THE QUEEN WHOSE GENIUS FOR POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE BEDAZZLES THE WORLD

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, consort of Edward VII, is considered the most magnificent personage now living in manner, in dress and in her personal taste. In her official capacity she wears the longest train in the world, her crown contains over three thousand diamonds, and the money she spends is brought to her brand new from the mint.

passion for amateur photography, one of her principal forms of recreation. Unlike her daughters, she does little golfing, altho she will spend a whole morning on the links watching the play. Prime Minister Balfour, according to the Queen, is the best golfer in England. She had just seen him finish a very

interesting game. Her Majesty personally congratulated the right honorable gentleman and called him then and there the most graceful man in England. To this incident the *London World* is inclined to attribute the present craze for golf wherever the language of Shakespeare and Milton is spoken.

"A MODERN TORQUEMADA"



HAT the death of Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostzeff, incarnation of all that is most absolute in the Muscovite autocracy, should occur when "Stolypin seems likely to lead the country peacefully into constitutional paths," seems a striking coincidence to the *London Times*. The late chief procurator of the Holy Synod once referred to Abraham Lincoln's idea of "government of the people, for the people, by the people," as "the most terrible heresy since Servetus denied the Trinity." Our Civil War was to him direct evidence of the divine wrath at that provision of the constitution of the United States forbidding the imposition of religious qualifications for office under the government. One of Pobiedonostzeff's characteristic predictions was that America will be captured by the Jews. He had an extravagant admiration for Emerson's writings, having translated many of them into Russian. Whittier was one of his favorite poets. Thomas Jefferson, he said, was "mentally unbalanced." But the "monumental misfortune" of this country, according to Pobiedonostzeff, was the establishment of the American system of public schools. As is well known, the Loris Melikoff constitution for Russia, approved by the Czar Alexander II and countersigned by his successor, was never promulgated because Pobiedonostzeff used his influence with Alexander III after the father's assassination to have the document suppressed.

Democratic institutions were to Pobiedonostzeff "the grand falsehood of our age." They are based, he said, "on the totally false theory of the sovereignty of the people" like that "twin abomination, freedom of conscience." "The faith of individuals," to quote him again, "can in no way be distinguished from the faith of the church, for its essential need-is community. It follows logically that individuals can not be permitted to separate themselves from the church." They never did so in Russia during Pobiedonostzeff's long

tenure of office without unpleasant consequences to themselves. "It is impossible to give anything like an idea of the agonies he made all heretics endure," writes Dr. E. J. Dillon, who knew Pobiedonostzeff well, "of the legal and illegal outrages to which they were subjected during his twenty-five years' direction of the Holy Synod." Jewish maidens refusing baptism were flogged on the bare back in public places, by Cossacks. Stundists who declined to observe holy days in the orthodox manner had their feet squeezed in hot iron boots. The children of heretic parents were taken by force from their mothers' arms to be reared in the true faith.

In the absolute purity of his private life, the incorruptibility of his official administration and the loveliness of his unassuming personality, Pobiedonostzeff was a great contrast to the exalted Russian bureaucrat of the ordinary type. The fascination of his manner, the fervency of a faith received from pious parents, the humble mode of life to which his honorable poverty condemned him, the smiling paternalism with which he fumbled in his coat-tail pockets for toys and sweetmeats to lavish on the children he encountered in his walks abroad, and, above all, a humility of disposition which no loftiness of official dignity ever impaired made Pobiedonostzeff as persuasive as he was irresistible. "One had only to be brought into personal contact with the man," says "one who knew him" in the *Paris Figaro*, "to understand his unprecedented influence over the minds of three Czars in succession." Bespectacled, frock-coated, thin, soft-voiced, deferential, accessible to high and low in spite of more than one attempt to assassinate him, Pobiedonostzeff was compared by one of his American visitors to a Harvard professor of some twenty-five years ago. He read English and American literature widely, knew several languages well, and at the age of seventy-six began the study of Chinese.

Literature and Art

AN ATTEMPT TO "PLACE" JACK LONDON



WITH the publication of "Before Adam," that "prodigious youngster," Jack London, becomes the author of just fifteen volumes of stories and essays. He is one of the most widely read and widely discussed writers in America, and easily the foremost in importance among the writers of the West. Yet no attempt has been heretofore made to estimate the sum total of his achievement. At the present juncture it cannot but be interesting to ask: What is his relation to literary art, and what place will the future give him in the literature of our day?

Mr. Porter Garnett, a writer in *The Pacific Monthly* who has set himself to answer these questions, declares that in any attempt to estimate Jack London's achievement he finds it wellnigh impossible to separate London's manner from his matter, or his style from his philosophy, and this because "it is in his character as a philosopher, or rather as an interpreter of the philosophy of others, rather than in his character as an artist, that London compels attention." Moreover:

"With the exception of a few of his stories, and these chiefly among his earliest work, his chosen line of endeavor lies along a well-defined groove. He may be said to have specialized in the interpretation of life from evolutionary doctrine and in the exposition of socialistic philosophy, to which he is unalterably committed and which he ever urges with the indomitability (a favorite word of his, by the way) which is as characteristic of his personality as it is of his literary manner. It is this indomitability of temper that has won him his success, and it is destined inevitably to carry him on to still greater achievement."

There can be no doubt, says Mr. Garnett, that Jack London knows how to write; and the dominant characteristic of his writing is *force*. "He is a worshiper at the shrine of Action, and Action he interprets through the medium of Force." To continue the argument:

"According to the rhetorics, Force is one of the three elements of style; the other two are Elegance and Simplicity. But, in spite of the rhetorics, Simplicity, Force and Elegance do *not* constitute style. What these factors do constitute is simply good rhetorical prose, and good rhetorical prose, notwithstanding the banalities of our novelists, is by no means uncommon. Books on scientific subjects are full of it. But style is an illusive quality which can be analyzed but not synthesized. It is a leaven that is made up in

varying proportions of beauty, nobility, dignity, delicacy, reserve, rhythm and, above all, and through all, taste. The refinement of force is nobility, of elegance beauty; the expression of these produces charm and it is by charm that we measure art. Now charm, which I have said is the measure of art, is diffused through London's writing in widely separated particles. It gleams here and there from the seething flux of his literary manner; and when his work is complete and the future analyst shall make the final assay, he will no doubt find traces of it in the bottom of the crucible.

"London sometimes plays the 'cello of passion and even the viola of sentiment, but never the violin of the supernal sense. His temper is best expressed by

Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds.

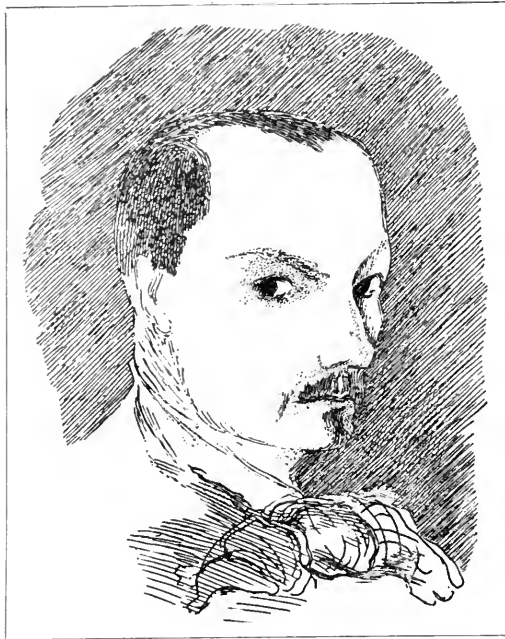
He has more of the brass band in his idiom than of the string quartet."

Mr. Garnett proceeds to illustrate his point by quoting the following vivid passage from London's forthcoming Socialistic novel, "The Iron Heel":

"It was not a column, but a mob, an awful river that filled the street, the people of the abyss, mad with drink and wrong, up at last and roaring for the blood of their masters. . . . It surged past my vision in concrete waves of wrath, snarling and growling, carnivorous, drunk with whisky from pillaged warehouses, drunk with hatred, drunk with lust for blood—men, women and children in rags and tatters, dim ferocious intelligences with all the god-like blotted from their features and all the fiend-like stamped in, apes and tigers, anemic consumptives and great hairy beasts of burden, wan faces from which vampire society had sucked the juice of life, bloated forms swollen with physical grossness and corruption, withered hags and death's heads bearded like patriarchs, festering youth and festering age, faces of fiends, crooked, twisted, misshapen monsters blasted with the ravages of disease and all the horrors of chronic innutrition—the refuse and the scum of life, a raging, screaming, screeching demoniacal horde."

Here is unquestioned power; but "such writing," says Mr. Garnett, "bears the same relation to literature as a shriek does to singing." He adds:

"Compare this passage, or those portions of 'The Sea Wolf' or 'Love of Life' and a number of the Klondike tales in which London has sought to depict the horrible, with the starving of the Barbarians in 'Salammbô,' for example, or with the description of the shipwreck in that neglected masterpiece of adventure, 'The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym.' The method of London is a sort of deliberate hysteria; the methods of Flaubert and Poe are the methods of the artist."



THE MASTER-DECADENT

Charles Baudelaire's influence on Swinburne and other kindred minds has made him one of the greatest literary forces of the nineteenth century.

When it comes to the architecture of fiction, Mr. Garnett thinks that we will all have to admit that, as a general rule, London's stories are well contrived. "If he does not attain the effect of charm, he almost invariably holds the reader's interest." To quote further:

"This chaining of the interest is an important part of the writer's art; it alone will carry him far along the road toward popular success, and in this phase of the craft London has been highly successful. He is at his best in the arrangement of his story in 'The Call of the Wild.' In 'White Fang,' however, which is a thematic inversion of 'The Call of the Wild,' one finds toward the end a dwindling away of interest and art. This is also true of 'The Sea Wolf' and 'Before Adam,' which sag decidedly toward the close. London always succeeds, however, in bringing his stories well together at the end and clinches them with skill and force. It would seem that his diagram of interest for a long story is well devised, except that in his resolutions he allows himself to sink a bit too low after the highest point in the scale is reached. One of the most remarkable things about 'The Iron Heel' is that therein he has apparently thrown to the winds all preconceived notions of story-writing and challenges the interest of his readers by indulging for the first hundred pages (the manuscript is about two hundred pages in length) in philosophical exposition, and yet, in spite of this doubtful and treacherous method, he succeeds in holding the interest of the reader. The latter half of the book is a whirl of action, which culminates in wave upon wave of turmoil and horror. At the very end, after a chapter not inappropriately entitled 'Nightmare,'

one is just given time to catch one's breath before the story comes to an abrupt close. The inherent interest of the story and London's large audience of fiction readers—an advantage that he has over other champions of Socialism—will undoubtedly give greater currency to this preaching of the doctrine than to any other book of the kind excepting, perhaps, the novels of H. G. Wells and Upton Sinclair's much-exploited 'The Jungle.'

Mr. Garnett finds London's delineation of character imperfect and unsatisfactory. His deficiency here, we are told, lies in his lack of the esthetic consciousness. "His mind reacts to Beauty, but his cosmos does not include the *desire* of Beauty." More specifically:

"Nowhere in his works does he show that he understands the artist mind. He has drawn characters such as Humphrey Van Weyden and Maud Brewster in 'The Sea Wolf' who have artistic sensibilities; but these sensibilities are interpreted only as they appear when brought into violent contact with the brute force of humanity as expressed in the character of Wolf Larsen. The characters of Humphrey Van Weyden and Maud Brewster are objectively conceived, that of Wolf Larsen subjectively. London does not comprehend the artist subjectively any more than he comprehends the sybarite subjectively.

"Curiously enough, London has brought the dog-wolf and the wolf-dog of 'The Call of the Wild' and 'White Fang,' those bestialities of the North, much closer to us than he has brought the creatures of our own flesh and blood in his prehistoric fantasy; closer than human characters of our own epoch that he has drawn."

The conclusion to which these considerations bring Mr. Garnett is that "London's stylistic deficiencies are due not to a deficiency of perception, but to an arrested development in the idealistic side of his nature." He is "limited in expression to the prosaic," and the poetic flashes in his work are "invariably overwhelmed and smothered by the onrush of vigorous prose." He is "too much of the veritist, too much the analyst, and too little the poet." In consequence:

"He will take his place in the encyclopedias as a philosopher and a propagandist rather than as a literary artist. He has applied his energy to the enunciation of his doctrines of civilization and life through the medium best suited to his subject, and the result of this application is a style which has force, directness, clarity and contour. Viewed in its extent, his writing exhibits only the profile of language; it lacks modeling and perspective, but it is touched not infrequently with a sort of rude grace and in a few rare instances gives us a fleeting and tantalizing glimpse of the exquisite and the beautiful. The display of originality in many of his stories is more than sufficient to offset whatever lack of this quality may appear now and then in his work. His sincerity, his keen perception, his skill as a weaver of tales, and his mastery of a vigorous idiom have given him a high place among writers of his time, and America as well as the West may well be proud of him."

THE MAD, BAD GENIUS OF BAUDELAIRE

IN EVERY quarter of the globe there seems to be at present a revival of interest in the mad, bad genius of Charles Baudelaire. Poe, it has been said, is the father of decadence, Baudelaire its most self-conscious exponent. Certainly all our modern devil-worshippers have stolen their firebrands from his hell, and the greatest poet now living in the world, Swinburne, openly acclaimed him master and friend. Nevertheless, it is customary in Anglo-Saxon countries to mention the author of "Les Fleurs du Mal" only with a shudder. Nor is this inappropriate. For Baudelaire, in the language of Victor Hugo, has invented a "new thrill." Or, to quote a recent French critic, M. Scherer, while possessing neither heart, nor wit, ideas, words, reason, imagination, warmth, nor even feeling, Baudelaire has established "the esthetics of debauch." Baudelaire, in other words, was a diabolist, in that he worshiped evil. His poems, as one writer phrases it, are rank night-shade flowers. They are carefully polished and elaborated moral paradoxes, in which a shuddering at the vileness of life alternates with futile aspirations toward an emancipation from it. For, we are told, while Baudelaire worshiped Satan, he clung to the Cross. "His ethics," the writer concludes, with a touch of facetiousness, "are pessimism reduced to the absurd, his esthetics are a reduction to the absurd of art; yet his poetry, in spite of all its artistic theory and ethical teaching, has a perverse poisonous originality that, like arsenic, keeps his memory green." Swinburne, in his melodious tribute, written on the occasion of Baudelaire's sorrowful death, in 1867, has caught his master's spirit and luxurious imagery in verses of dazzling splendor:

For always thee the fervid languid glories
 Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies,
 Thine ears knew all the wandering watery sighs
 Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promontories.

In order to understand the strange genius of Baudelaire, it is essential to realize the nature of "decadence." Arthur Holitscher, in a brilliant monograph,¹ from which are taken the pictures accompanying this article, offers an ingenious and at the same time convincing interpretation of the school. He explains that a generation of poets descended from the romanticists has been designated as "decadent."

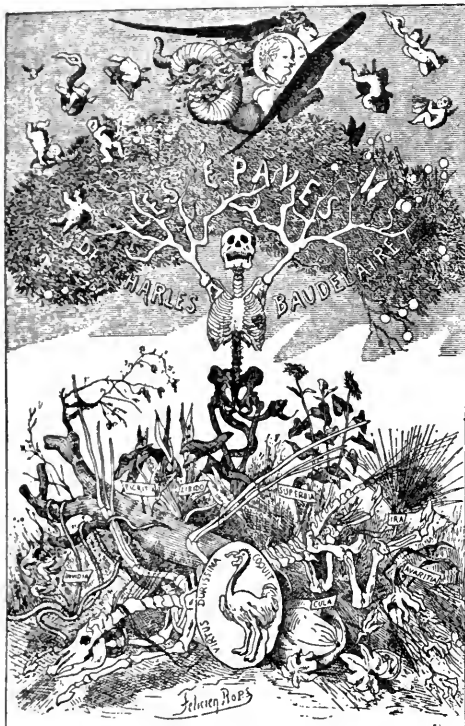
They were given that name not because of their resemblance to certain writers of antiquity to whom the same term had been applied and whose works mirrored the ancient civilization in its bloom, but because their deeply rooted individual culture, expressed in their works, has placed them in strong opposition to the civilization of their own time. Their peculiarity may be partially accounted for, not only by temperamental differentiation, but by the exaggeration of this differentiation, owing to the necessity of self-defense which forced them to overemphasize their isolation from the remainder of mankind. Viewed in this light, their worship of sin, their frank avowal of the "roses and raptures of vice," their surrender to impulses removed from nature, their rejection of the compromises of hypocritical morality, assume the aspect of a revolt of lonesome souls animated only by satiety and disgust, who disdainfully lay down their weapons in the unequal combat with life. Hugo, Balzac, Flaubert, the writer tells us, are the sovereigns under whom Baudelaire



A HASHISH DREAM

Baudelaire's portrait of himself under the influence of his favorite drug.

¹CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. By Arthur Holitscher. Bard, Marquardt & Company, Berlin.



"FLOWERS OF EVIL"

The cover-design by Felicien Rops for the Brussels edition of Baudelaire's suppressed poems.

lived. We mark Hugo's prophetic dream of far-off heavens, Balzac's grim analysis probing the vitals of life and passion, and Flaubert's vision cruelly disentangling the most secret reflexes of emotion. "Among them, Baudelaire seems like the figure of Rodin's thinker, torn from rough-hewn rock, yet more human; naked, and in convulsions that still palpitate, his whole body twisted in painful rebellion against an incomprehensible damnation."

The principal work of Charles Baudelaire, "The Flowers of Evil," dates from 1859. It is small in bulk, faultless in execution. A number of translations have been attempted, of which F. P. Sturm's² is the most recent.

Baudelaire's kinship with Poe is at all times evident. It was he who introduced the American poet to Europe, and made him almost a classic. Baudelaire's acumen as a critic was phenomenal. He discovered not only Poe, but also Wagner and Monet. His mind was essentially analytic, and perhaps greatest in self-analysis. In a series of strange, fantastic sketches, entitled "Artificial Paradises," he en-

deavored to communicate his emotions under the influence of the subtle poisons of the East—opium and hashish. Baudelaire's self-portrait, illustrating the effects of hashish upon himself, is reproduced herewith.

Baudelaire loved to surround himself with an atmosphere of mysticism and wickedness. He pretended to have vast hidden sources of income. In reality he lived on a few sous a day. One of the rumors started by himself was that he had killed his father in Brussels and eaten him up! Yet his letters,³ also recently published, reveal him as one of the most conscientious and devoted of sons. From his travels in the tropics he brought with him a negress whom he loved with a curious passion. It is said that in her later years she took to drinking and beat him, but he remained true to her even unto the end.

Even subtler than his poems in verse are his poems in prose. Of these a masterly translation⁴ by Arthur Symons exists. "These prose poems," says *The Academy*, "are the works of a man who is in prison, whose intellect is dying of horror, whose soul is trembling with disgust." To quote further:

"He is like a priest who celebrates an endless Mass before a Deity in whom he does not believe; and for him honey is a poison that has lost its savor and the salt of our tears is too sweet. For him the visible world has never existed: It is only in his own soul that he finds any reality. Thus, when asked what he loves best, it is only after many repudiations that he decides it is the clouds that delight him:

'The clouds which pass—over there—the marvelous clouds.'

And he insists upon nothing but the mood, and thus as an artist he is always true to himself; he will never excuse himself from perfection, and, small tho his work is in quantity, it is a monument. We see him at last robbed of everything, the tortured nerves that have driven him mad still impotently twitching, a dead man, tho his eyes are still alive, long before he really died. And it is this man, a decadent, an esthete, who, atheist though he be, in some not inconsiderable way is the founder of the modern symbolist school, which has already learned to look beyond him to those mystics who fled from the tyranny of the appearance into the profound reality which is God. All his life Baudelaire may be said to have sought in the dust and dirt for the lilies of the love of God, lilies that in his writings festered and smelt far worse than weeds that in our spring shall tower again spotless into the infinite pure sky. For, as we have been reminded: "We also are ancestors and stand in the sunshine of to-morrow."

¹THE POEMS OF BAUDELAIRE. Selected and Translated from the French, with an Introduction by F. P. Sturm. Walter Scott, London.

²CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, LETTRES. 1841-1866. Mercure de France, Paris.

³POEMS IN PROSE BY BAUDELAIRE. Translated by Arthur Symons. Elkin Mathews, London.

THE "UNKNOWN QUANTITY" IN HAWTHORNE'S PERSONALITY



IN a review of Hawthorne's first successful book—"Twice Told Tales"—Longfellow, who was one of his old college friends, wrote this significant description of his enigmatic personal quality: "A calm, thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page; with now a pleasant smile, and now a shade of sadness stealing over its features. Sometimes, tho not often, it glares wildly at you, with a strange and painful expression, as, in the German romance, the bronze knocker of the Archivarius Lindhorst makes up faces at the Student Anselmus." Here in a few words Longfellow has given us a fine portrait of Hawthorne and the distinguishing characteristic of his work,—that "mysterious unknown quantity" which, according to Mr. Frank Preston Stearns, his latest biographer,* was probably "the nucleus or tap-root of his genius." Without it, Hawthorne might have added only one more to the long list of elegant and rather imitative New England writers.

But Hawthorne never imitated anyone. His was a singular and solitary genius. "This cursed habit of solitude," he once wrote to a friend, deprecating in himself that very condition of mind and body which made him so supremely what he was, almost against his will; for it is evident that Hawthorne would have gladly led a more social life. The Brook Farm experiment, his native democracy, which made him "quite as likely to take an interest in a store clerk as in a famous writer," the atmosphere of his stories and romances, all show a certain sense of human solidarity quite different from the intense individualism or philosophic humanitarianism of his day. We even find him regretting somewhat that his leisure time in the Salem Custom House had not been spent in jotting down the yarns of old shipmasters and every-day observations for literary use, rather than brooding remotely over "The Scarlet Letter." Yet our literature contains many fine sea-yarns and contemporary documents, but only one "Scarlet Letter."

In college, Longfellow was an associate of his teachers,—a studious, ambitious, rather priggish young gentleman. Hawthorne had his cronies in the village inn, graduated number eighteen in a class of thirty-eight, and in spite

of his gravity and reserve was known amongst his fellow-students as "Hath." Imagine them addressing Longfellow as anything but Henry! Withal there was a certain common-sense, a kind of Yankee shrewdness about the dreamy, unaccountable Hawthorne; and as for his Puritanism (or rather lack of it) Mr. Stearns makes the following subtle distinction:

"Hawthorne's superiority to Longfellow as an artist consisted essentially in this, that he was never an optimist. Puritanism looked upon human nature with a hostile eye, and was inclined to see evil in it where none existed; and Doctor Channing, who inaugurated the great moral movement which swept Puritanism away in this country, tended, as all reformers do, to the opposite extreme—to that skepticism of evil which, as George Brandes says, is greatly to the advantage of hypocrites and sharpers. This was justifiable in Doctor Channing, but among his followers it has often degenerated into an inverted or homeopathic kind of Puritanism—a habit of excusing the faults of others, or of themselves, on the score of good intentions—a habit of self-justification, and even to the perverse belief that, as everything is for the best, whatever we do in this world must be for good. To this class of sentimentalists the most serious evil is truth-seeing and truth-speaking."

"Hawthorne, with his eye ever on the mark, pursued a middle course. He separated himself from the Puritans without joining their opponents, and thus obtained the most independent standpoint of any American writer of his time; and if this alienated him from the various humanitarian movements that were going forward, it was nevertheless a decided advantage for the work he was intended to do. In this respect he resembled Scott, Thackeray and George Eliot."

Of the problem of evil, and of Hawthorne's intense preoccupation with it, Mr. Stearns writes further:

"What we call evil or sin is merely the negative of civilization—a tendency to return to the original savage condition. In the light of history, there is always progress or improvement, but in individual cases there is often the reverse, and so far as the individual is concerned evil is no imaginary metaphor, but as real and absolute as what we call good."

"In many families there are evil tendencies which, if they are permitted to increase, will take permanent hold, like a bad demon, of some weak individual, and make of him a terror and a torment to his relatives—fortunate if he is not in a position of authority. . . . When a crime is committed within the precincts of good society, we are greatly shocked; but we do not often notice the debasement of character which leads down to it, and still more rarely notice the instances in which fear or some other motive arrests demoralization before the final step, and leaves the delinquent as it were in a condition of

*THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Frank Preston Stearns. J. B. Lippincott Company.

moral suspense. It was in such tragic situations that Hawthorne found the material which was best suited to the bent of his genius. . . . His eyes penetrate the masks and wrappings which cover human nature, as the Röntgen rays penetrate the human body."

Hawthorne held himself gently aloof from the Transcendentalists and the Emersonian circle. It does not appear that he ever even studied "The Critique of Pure Reason." He found Margaret Fuller seated on a Concord hillside, one day, reading the book which he "did not understand, and could not afterward recollect,"—perhaps because of his aversion for the reader. Writes Mr. Stearns:

"His mind was wholly of the artistic order—the most perfect type of an artist, one might say, living at that time,—and a scientific analysis of the mental faculties could have been as distasteful to him as the dissection of a human body. History, biography, fiction, did not appear to him as a logical chain of cause and effect, but as a succession of pictures illustrating an ideal determination of the human race. He could not even look at a group of turkeys without seeing a dramatic situation in them. In addition to this, as a true artist, he was possessed of a strong dislike for everything eccentric and abnormal; he wished for symmetry in all things, and above all in human actions; and those restless, unbalanced spirits who attached themselves to the transcendental movement and the anti-slavery cause, were particularly objectionable to him."

In "The Old Manse," Hawthorne himself says of Concord, "Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of a very intense water." Nevertheless, it was inevitable, as Mr. Stearns points out, that Hawthorne should be influenced, even if unconsciously, by the great wave of transcendental thought. No writer of the nineteenth century, he maintains, affirms more persistently the indestructibility of spirit, which is the very essence of Transcendentalism.

With Emerson, as with everyone else in the world, excepting perhaps his wife and children, the "unknown quantity" in Hawthorne proved a barrier to any great intimacy. "It would seem to be part of the irony of Fate," writes Mr. Stearns, "that they should have lived on the same street, and have been obliged to meet and speak with each other." For he adds:

"One was like sunshine, the other shadow. Emerson was transparent, and wished to be so; he had nothing to conceal from friend or enemy. Hawthorne was simply impenetrable. Emerson was cordial and moderately sympathetic. Haw-

thorne was reserved, but his sympathies were as profound as the human soul itself. To study human nature as Hawthorne and Shakespeare did, and to make models of their acquaintances for works of fiction, Emerson would have considered a sin; while the evolution of sin and its effect on character was the principal study of Hawthorne's life. One was an optimist, and the other what is sometimes unjustly called a pessimist; that is, one who looks facts in the face and sees people as they are. . . .

"The world will never know what these two great men thought of one another. Hawthorne has left some fragmentary sentences concerning Emerson, such as 'that everlasting rejecter of all that is, and seeker for he knows not what,' and 'Emerson the mystic, stretching his hand out of cloud-land in vain search for something real,' but he likes Emerson's ingenuous way of interrogating people, 'as if every man had something to give him.' However, he makes no attempt at a general estimate; although this expression should also be remembered: 'Clergymen, whose creed had become like an iron band about their brows, came to Emerson to obtain relief,'—a sincere recognition of his spiritual influence."

Emerson, it seems, was not quite so kindly disposed toward his difficult and sensitive neighbor. In "Society and Solitude" he remarks of him: "Whilst he suffered at being seen where he was, he consoled himself with the delicious thought of the inconceivable number of places where he was not"; and adds: "He had a remorse running to despair; of his social *gaucheries*, and walked miles and miles to get the twitching out of his face, the starts and shrugs out of his shoulders." Moreover, he had no very high opinion of Hawthorne's writings, preferring Charles Reade's "Christie Johnstone" to "The Scarlet Letter," and scoffing at "The Marble Faun." The "unknown quantity" had for him no charm,—only his disapproval.

Hawthorne's well-known aversion for Margaret Fuller was probably no more than a curious matter of temperament; and his meeting with that other great woman, Fanny Kemble, in the Berkshires, was, we are told, "like a collision of the centrifugal and centripetal forces." "For once," says Mr. Stearns, "Hawthorne may be said to have met his antipodes." And they admired one another.

The genius of Hawthorne, which Mr. Stearns places amongst the very greatest in the literature of the world, up to a certain point is clear,—a simple absorption in dreams, fanciful or reminiscent; then, slowly, if we have really given ourselves up to these dreams—the clairvoyant vision—there comes an ominous darkening, the "mysterious unknown quantity" takes possession of us, we are fascinated by that strange and painful glare,—but not if we are Emersonian philosophers.

THE RADIANT PERSONALITY OF FREDERIC LEIGHTON



WHEN George Eliot put into the mouth of one of her characters the exclamation, "Va! your human talk and doings are a tame jest; the only passionate life is in form and color!" she all unconsciously formulated the philosophy of every true artist. And Mrs. Russell Barrington, who quotes the words in her new biography* of Lord Leighton, feels that they may be applied with peculiar felicity to the personality of this splendid and highly gifted Englishman. If ever a life was utterly dedicated to the expression of radiant form and glowing color it was his. "It was as if," says Mrs. Barrington, "amid the sober brown and gray plumage of our quiet-colored English birds, through the mists and fogs of our northern clime, there had sped across the page of our nineteenth-century history the flight of some brilliant-hued flamingo, emitting flashes of light and color in his way." She adds: "No one, I believe, has ever painted the luminous quality of white, as it is seen under heated

sunlight in the South, with the same charm as Leighton. . . . He seemed always happiest when the key of his pictures and sketches was light and sunlit."

It was the eager craving for light and color that drove Frederic Leighton as a boy to Italy, and that kept him there for many years, during the formative period of his artistic career. It was this same passion for radiant forms that carried him to Greece, to Africa, to France. From Florence he drew the inspiration for his first great picture; from Greek mythology the ideas that lent themselves most readily to his creative purpose.

The story is told of how the youthful Frederic's father, while living in Florence, showed Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, some of his son's drawings, and asked: "Shall I make him a painter?" The sculptor replied: "Sir, you cannot help yourself; nature has made him one already." Yet it was not without misgivings that the elder Leighton established his boy in a studio in Rome. His own bent was philosophical and scholarly, rather than artistic. The mother, too, looked with grave suspicion on the artistic life,

*THE LIFE, LETTERS AND WORKS OF FREDERIC LEIGHTON. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company.



"GREEK GIRLS PICKING UP SHELLS BY THE SEASHORE"

One of Leighton's many enchanting studies in form and light. "He seemed always happiest," says Mrs. Russell Barrington, "when the key of his pictures was light and sunlit; in such pictures as 'Greek Girls' and 'The Bath of Psyche,' and others remarkable for their fairness and their light, pure tone." This painting is owned by Joseph Chamberlain.



From a Painting by Watts

A NINETEENTH CENTURY GREEK

"Probably no Englishman ever approached the Greek of the Periclean period so nearly as did Leighton," says Mrs. Russell Barrington.

and wrote Frederic long letters warning him against the temptations that beset Bohemian circles. Frederic himself, who was as handsome and magnetic as he was accomplished, was too unmistakably the artist in his every

fiber to allow himself to be deflected from the path he had chosen. In his frequent letters home he signed himself "dutifully and affectionately;" but he insisted on living his own life in his own way, as strong natures have a habit of doing.

During the early part of his career, the two dominant influences in his life were a man and a woman—the man, Prof. Eduard von Steinle, of Frankfort-on-the-Main; the woman, Mrs. Adelaide Sartoris, a daughter of Charles Kemble and sister of Fanny Kemble, the actress and Shakespearian reader. Leighton first met Steinle in 1845. From then until the end of his life he called him "master," submitted his work to his criticism, and loved him devotedly. Steinle was a Pre-Raphaelite, of the school of Cornelius and Overbeck. He was a strong Catholic; his art was austere; and at first thought it is difficult to understand why he cast such a glamor over the imagination of the young Englishman. But Leighton himself has given us the reasons for his adoration. He found in Steinle not merely great talent but genuine "sincerity of emotion." The German painter revered his vocation as one which should be sanctified by the purest aims and the highest aspirations. And since every master's nature is reflected, to a greater or less extent, in that of his pupil, it cannot but be illuminating to read what Mrs. Barrington says of Steinle and his relation to Leighton:

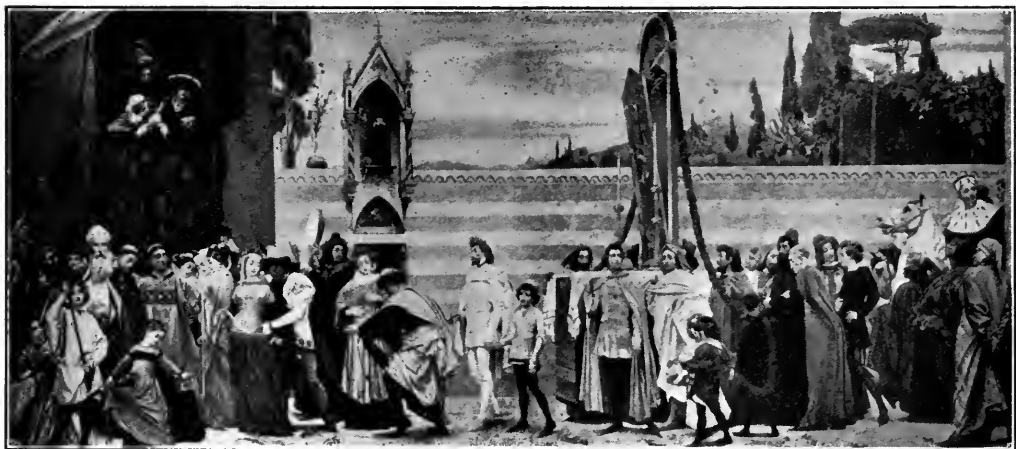
"Steinle's nature explains that of his pupil; for Leighton was, in an intimate sense, introduced to a full knowledge of his own self by Steinle. This



"THE CAPTIVE ANDROMACHE"

(By Frederic Leighton)

A contrast of light and shadow, in which the loneliness of the captive widow is thrown into bold relief by the rich coloring of her environment, and the carressing parents and child in the foreground.



THE PICTURE THAT MADE LEIGHTON FAMOUS

"Cimabue's Madonna" was painted in Rome in 1855 during the youthful and happiest period of Leighton's life. When first exhibited at the Royal Academy in London it created a sensation. Ruskin and Rossetti praised it. The Queen bought it. Like Byron, the young painter awakened one morning to find himself famous.

influence, to use his own words, written more than thirty years later, was the 'indelible seal,' because it made Leighton one with himself. The impress was given which steadied the whole nature. There was no vagueness of aim, no swaying to and fro, after he had once made Steinle his master. The religious nature of the German artist had thrown a certain spell over him. Leighton possessed ever the most beautiful of all qualities—the power of feeling enthusiasm, of loving unselfishly, and generously *adoring* what he admired most. Fortunate it may possibly have been that his father's strict training developed his splendid intellectual powers at an early age; fortunate it certainly was that, when emancipated from other trammels, he entered the service of art under an influence so pure, so vital in spiritual passion, as was that of Steinle."

Leighton's friendship with Adelaide Sartoris began during the first year of his residence in Rome, in 1853, and lasted until her death in 1879. It seems to have been his one ardent friendship with a woman, and undoubtedly constitutes the most romantic episode in his career. Mrs. Sartoris was a married woman with children, and her husband had some reputation as an art critic. She herself was an artistic enthusiast. It was said of her that tho she did not paint she was a true painter in her sense of beauty of composition, in her great feeling for art. She had been on the stage for awhile. She was a great singer. In a burst of enthusiasm, Leighton once called her "the greatest living cantatrice." But then he always spoke of her in superlatives! She had "the most beautiful mouth in the world" and "the finest head and shoulders, artistically speaking," he had ever seen, "with the exception only of Dante's." He recommended her

to Steinle as "my dearest friend, and the noblest and cleverest woman I have ever met"; and he wrote to his sister: "How I wish you could hear her sing! It would enlarge your ideas and open up your heart."

The Sartorises were well-to-do people, and entertained a brilliant circle of friends. "Mrs. Sartoris," Leighton wrote home, "has the judgment and courage to ask to her house nobody but those she *likes* for some reason or other, for which reason her house is the most sociable in the world; her 'intimes' are a complete medley, from the Duke of Wellington and Robert Browning down to a poor artist with one change of boots." Sometimes the whole company would adjourn to the Campagna, outside of Rome. According to Leighton's account:

"I have given myself rest and recreation in the way of several picnics in the Campagna under the auspices of Mesdames Sartoris and Fanny Kemble. We are a most jovial crew. The following are the dramatis personae: First the two above-mentioned ladies; then Mr. Lyons, the English diplomatist here; he is not ambassador, nor is he in any way supposed to represent the English people here; he is only a sort of negotiator; however, a most charming man he assuredly is, funny, dry, jolly, imperturbably good tempered; then Mr. Ampère, a French savant, as genial, witty, amusing old gentleman as ever was; then Browning the poet, a never-failing fountain of quaint stories and funny sayings; next Harriet Hosmer, a little American sculptress of great talent, the queerest, best-natured little chap possible; another girl, nothing particular, and your humble servant, who, except when art is touched, plays the part of humble listener, in which capacity he makes amends for the vehemence with



"THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE"
(By Frederic Leighton)

A haunting representation of Persephone's emergence from the nether world and joyful restoration to her mother's arms.

which he starts up when certain subjects are touched which relate to his own trade; in other things silence, alas! becomes him, ignorant as he is, and having clean forgotten all he ever knew!"

Leighton never married. He could not marry Mrs. Sartoris, and he said specifically that he had not "the slightest wish" to marry anyone else. He seemed content if only this lady would remain the guiding star of his life. Just how far she influenced his art we cannot know; but it is safe to say that she influenced it profoundly. He painted her portrait, and made the illustrations for a book that she wrote; and we know that one of his greatest pictures, "Heracles Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis," was simply the symbolic representation of his grief when she was stricken, and for a time lay sick unto death.

The days that Leighton spent in Rome, before he had made either name or fame, he

always regarded as the happiest of his life. It was during this period that he painted his first serious subject, "Cimabue's Madonna," and the picture marks an epoch in his career. "The happiness Leighton enjoyed during the two years when this subject occupied his thoughts," remarks Mrs. Barrington, "seems to have been reflected in the actual vigor of the painting. It was evidently finally executed with an exuberant feeling of satisfaction." She goes on to say:

"The subject which inspired his first great effort appealed especially to Leighton from more than one point of view. In the historical incident which he chose was evinced the great reverence and appreciation with which the early Florentines regarded art, even when expressed in the archaic form of Cimabue's painting. The fact of his picture of the Madonna causing so much public enthusiasm was in itself a glorification of art; a witness that in the integral feelings of these Italians such enthusiasm for art could be excited in all classes of the people. One of the doctrines Leighton most firmly believed, and most often expressed, was that of the necessity of a desire for beauty among the various classes of a nation, poor and rich alike, before art of the best could become current coin. In painting the scene of Cimabue's Madonna being carried in triumph through the streets to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Leighton felt 'he

could record not only his own reverence for his vocation, but the fact that all who follow art with love and sincerity find a common ground, whatever the class may be to which they belong. To Steindle art and religion were as one, and his pupil had so far been inoculated with his master's feeling that, as his friend and brother artist, Briton Rivière, writes: 'Art was to Leighton almost a religion, and his own particular belief almost a creed.'"

The picture was sent to London, where it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. It created a sensation. Ruskin and Rossetti praised it. The Queen bought it. Like Byron, the young painter in Rome awakened one morning to find himself famous. His friends and brother artists celebrated his honors by giving him a festal dinner. And Leighton showed the essential generosity of his nature by immediately visiting three less successful artists than himself and buying pictures from each of them.

In 1855 Leighton established himself in London, and came into contact with such influential artistic personalities as Ruskin, Holman Hunt and Millais. With Watts, whom he met at this time, he entered into a friendship that lasted for forty years. He also visited Paris, and was greeted warmly by Ary Scheffer, Robert Fleury and Troyon. But just at this juncture, when everything seemed to be in his favor, he experienced a humiliating rebuff. Whether from carelessness or over-confidence, he painted a picture, "The Triumph of Music," which fell far below the standard of his first work. It was as universally condemned as the "Cimabue" had been praised. Leighton finally came to feel the justice of the verdict. He redeemed himself, in part, with his "Romeo and Juliet," a spirited and beautiful creation. "The Triumph of Music" was his first and last failure, and it taught him a lesson that he never forgot.

According to Mrs. Barrington's view, the bases on which the superstructure of his after career rested are to be found "in unflagging industry, in ever striving to make his life worthy of the beauty and dignity of his vocation as an artist, and in ever endeavoring to make his work an adequate exponent of 'the mysterious treasure that was laid up in his heart': his passion for beauty." She adds:

"I remember once casually remarking to Leighton how much easier writing was than painting. He answered quickly but seriously—quite impressively: 'Believe me nothing is easy if it is done as well as you can possibly do it.' This was Leighton's creed of creeds."

Out of his creed, and out of his passion for beauty, Leighton created hundreds of paintings. In all the history of art one hardly knows where to look for an artist so prolific, or an artist who felt so intensely, and can make the spectator feel so vividly, the enchanting grace of beautiful forms. If we desire panoramic splendor we shall find it in "The Daphnephoria" and "The Captive Andromache." For one who admires intoxicating beauty of color, it is in "Summer Moon" and "Flaming June." The seeker for dramatic intensity will discover its authentic image before "Clytemnestra" and "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon." There is a sense, remarks Mrs. Barrington, in which it may be said that Leighton created out of sheer vitality. He was in love with the world, and "was possessed of a magnificent facility—a facility which left the strength of his emotions fresh and free to enjoy the ecstasies of admiration and delight which nature had given him." Not



"CLYTEMNESTRA"

Pronounced by G. F. Watts an example of Leighton "at his happiest." The picture shows Clytemnestra watching from the battlements of Argos for the beacon fires which are to announce the return of Agamemnon. It has all the grandeur of Greek tragedy.

the least of Leighton's qualities was his marvelous versatility. "In his art," says Mrs. Barrington, "we find no monopoly of any one passion either recorded or suggested."

"He painted the passion of lovers in 'Paolo and Francesca,' but with no more sincere interest than he did other feelings; than, for instance, his fervent and reverent worship of art in 'Cimabue's Madonna,' or in the ecstasy of joy in the child flying into the embrace of her mother in 'The Return of Persephone,' or in the exquisite tender feeling of Elisha breathing renewed life into the Shunamite's son, or in that sense of rest and peace after struggle in the lovely figure of 'Ariadne' when Death releases her from her pain; or in the yearning for that peace in the 'King David.' 'Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest.'"

"As the climax of nature's loveliest creations, Leighton treated the human form with courageous purity. In his undraped figures there is the same total absence of the mark of the degenerate as there is in everything he did and was; no remote hint at any *double-entendre* veiled by esthetic refinement, any more than there is in

the Bible, the Iliad, or in the sculpture of Pheidias."

Toward the end of his life honors crowded thick upon Leighton. In 1878, a year before the death of Mrs. Sartoris, he was elected President of the Royal Academy. Steinle was still alive, to send him sincere congratulations. In 1885 Leighton became a baronet; in 1895 a Lord. He passed through life like the prince in a fairy-tale. He always had "a princely way" about him, says his fellow-artist, Walter Crane; and he held his court in the wondrously decorated Arab Hall of his home in Holland Park Road. Since his death the house has been acquired by the nation and is being preserved as a memorial. Mrs. Barrington recalls, with emotion, one of the last occasions on which its hospitable doors were thrown open to his friends. A musicale was being held that day. Leighton's pictures, "Lachrymae" and "Flaming June," stood on the easels, and Joachim, the great Joachim, played. But some who were present were

haunted by a presentiment of coming sorrow, and one of the singers of the occasion seemed to voice their emotion in Charles Kingsley's ballad:

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maim'd among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

Leighton played his part as host manfully, but he was already sick, and after he had dismissed his guests turned back lonely, ashen pale and haggard, into the House Beautiful. A few months later the end came.

"Instead of strains of perfect song and music hailing their completion, the six pictures of the next year looked down on the coffin, and over a rich carpeting of flowers. In the center, above the head, the sun-loving 'Clytie' stretched out her arms, bidding a passionate farewell to her god."

OUR MOST EXQUISITE LITERARY CRAFTSMAN

The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought

Adds yet a richness to the richest gold;
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,

Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.
The statue's slumber were unbroken still
In the dull marble, had the hand no skill.
Disparage not the magic touch that gives
The formless thought the grace whereby it lives.



THE above-quoted lines are taken from a poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and may appropriately be regarded as a confession of his poetic faith. From the beginning of his literary career until its end, so recently mourned, he was dominantly the fastidious craftsman, cultivating "the magic touch" and "the art to shape his thought." His style is likened by the *New York Evening Post* to a combination of Lowell and Lafcadio Hearn. "To the wit of Lowell," it says, "he added the exacting literary conscience of Hearn." And the *New York Outlook* finds his poetic workmanship "like the tracery on a Damascus blade, which embellishes the surface without weakening the fiber."

The fastidiousness of Aldrich was undoubtedly rooted in his passion for perfection. He could not bear to let a verse or a phrase go from under his hand unless it had achieved what he regarded as finality of expression.

"Perhaps no other American poet has been so truly the lapidary as he," remarks the *Springfield Republican*, "making his fancies or feelings into verse so perfect that it was almost a pain to read it and feel that all this must end when Aldrich let fall his pen." In similar spirit, the *Chicago Dial* comments:

"Delicate artistry was, indeed, the most characteristic mark of his work. One of his earlier poems recounts the things he would do if the soul of Herrick dwelt within him. They were the very things that he afterwards did, and not merely the exquisite art of his exemplar, but also with an instinct for purity that puts to shame the amatory parson of Devonshire. Even more than of Herrick, however, does his work remind us of Landor, whose trick of epigram, burdened with a wistful pathos, he caught with extraordinary facility.

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one linger:
Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

What could be more Landorian than that? Only the image of the maple leaf marks it as a distinctive product of the New England soil from which the poet sprang. Yet this 'enamored architect of airy rhyme,' so delicate of fancy so graceful of utterance, had also weighty matters to disclose, and a weighty manner for their expression. He

found, as so many other poets have done, in the sonnet the form most fit for his serious mood. Such sonnets as 'Unguarded Gates,' 'Fredericksburg,' and 'By the Potomac' are the work of no lyrical trifler; they are examples of the deepest thought and the noblest deliverance that our poetical literature can offer."

Aldrich was far, however, from being a poet only. It is safe to say that he is more widely known by his prose writings than by his verse. The *Dial* recalls with peculiar pleasure the sense of "delightful surprise" and "piquant charm" with which such stories as "Marjorie Daw" and "Prudence Palfrey" and "The Queen of Sheba" burst upon the reading world. It continues:

"And where is the American boy, young or old, who ever read 'The Story of a Bad Boy,' and failed straightway to give it an abiding-place in his affections? It is a juvenile classic, if there ever was such a thing, having its place beside 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' 'Treasure Island,' and perhaps two or three others. And there are yet other volumes of choicely-fashioned prose, taking now the form of fiction, now the form of *impressions de voyage*. Nor must we forget the miniature prose tragedy of 'Mercedes,' effective both to read and to witness in performance. That work and the blank verse 'Judith of Bethulia,' represent the author's contributions to the practicable drama, and gives evidence that he was both a playwright and a poet."

"The Story of a Bad Boy," as all the world knows, is autobiographical. Aldrich was himself the "bad boy" of the narrative, and his account of the school days at Rivermouth, the burning of the old stage coach, and the fight with "Red Conway" had a basis in fact. "Rivermouth" was Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the town in which he was born and educated. He belonged to the decade that gave birth to Edwin Booth and Bret Harte, Mr. Howells, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Clemens, and was on terms of personal intimacy with them all. He seems to have had something of a genius for friendship, and the romantic attachment of Henry L. Pierce, who died in 1896, leaving him a fortune, has often been commented upon. Mark Twain has credited Aldrich with more wit than he himself possesses, and he writes in his autobiography:

"Aldrich has never had his peer for prompt and pithy and witty and humorous sayings. None has equaled him, certainly none has surpassed him, in the felicity of phrasing with which he clothed these children of his fancy. Aldrich was always brilliant, he couldn't help it; he is a fire-opal set round with rose diamonds; when he is not speaking, you know that his dainty fancies are twinkling and glimmering around him; when he speaks, the diamonds flash."

Mr. Howells, whom Aldrich succeeded as editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, at a time when

that magazine enjoyed the reputation of being "the best edited magazine in the English language," pays him the following tribute in "Literary Friends and Acquaintances":

"I should be false to my own grateful sense of beauty in the work of this poet if I did not at all times recognize his constancy to an ideal which his name stands for. He is known in several kinds, but to my thinking he is best in a certain nobler kind of poetry; a serious sort in which the thought holds him above the scrupulosities of the art he loves and honors so much. Sometimes the file slips in the hold, as the file must and will; it is but an instrument at the best; but there is no mistouch in the hand that lays itself upon the reader's heart with the pulse of the poet's heart quick and true in it. There are sonnets of his, grave, and simple, and lofty, which I think of with the glow and thrill possible only from very beautiful poetry, and which impart such an emotion as we can feel only

When a great thought strikes along the brain
And flushes all the cheek."

It is to Aldrich as a poet that the critical judgment, after all, reverts. And Henry M. Alden, the veteran editor of *Harper's Magazine*, protests, with Mr. Howells, against the idea that Aldrich was artificer and craftsman only. "If he had the deftness of Horace," says Mr. Alden, "he had also the grace of Virgil. And, while his verse borrowed no fire from that fane in which Whittier was a worshiper, while it was Parnassian in its reserve rather than Delphic in prophetic ecstasy, it never lacked sane and natural feeling." To this high appreciation should be added that of Ferris Greenslet in *The Evening Post*:

"The perfect finish of his work, its delicacy, which, as Hawthorne wrote, one hardly dared to breathe upon, have, perhaps, been too much emphasized in defining his poetic achievement. One has only to take up the volume of 'Songs and Sonnets,' which represents his own last selection and arrangement of his work, to find qualities of romance, of imaginative strength, of wistful humanity that blend in an impression of uncommon range and vitality. Take such pieces as 'On an Intaglio Head of Minerva,' 'The Rose,' 'Palabras Carinosas,' with their exquisite half-playful sentiment, their last felicity of expression; take the noble elegiac strain of 'Sargent's Portrait of Edwin Booth at the Players,' and 'Tennyson;' take such haunting and poignant bits of *frisson* as 'Identity' and 'The One White Rose'; take the perfect sonnet 'Sleep,' and 'Fredericksburg,' with its quiet beautiful beginning, its tragic and tremendous climax, and you have a group of poems, representative rather than exceptional, that is as likely to last as anything that American literature has to show. Turn from them to anything save the very best of Longfellow's, or Lowell's, to Whitman's Titanic mouthings, to the average characteristic piece of Emerson or Poe: you find, perhaps, an ampler air, a deeper note, but you find also passages of surplusage and moments of languor. None of our poets has his precious

cargo so neatly stowed for the voyage down the years as Aldrich. And despite the polish which so often makes for impersonality, none is more likely to create an abiding impression of individuality. Abstractions and other men's ideas had little interest for him. He never expressed anything but himself, and he knew well when to

have a bit of the rough block on the polished surface, when to break the smooth lapse of his verse with the frank and unpremeditated line. It is hard to think of any name in our annals that at once suggests a quality of poetic pleasure so fine, so constant, and so individual as the name of 'Aldrich.'

MISTRAL: "THE HOMER OF PROvence"

"**M**Y sole ambition," wrote Frédéric Mistral recently, "has been to preserve the Provençal language and to do honor to my race, and this by means of poetry." The words have the ring of sincerity, and may be said to sum up Mistral's life-work in a sentence. He began composing in the Provençal tongue because he resented the slurs cast on the rustics of Provence and their language; and his writings and his acts have been instinct from first to last with love of his people, whom he has never forsaken for the fleshpots of the great world.

He devoted twenty years to compiling a dictionary of their language—a task in which he nearly sacrificed his eyesight—because he believed it a duty he owed them. He agitated the reopening to great popular spectacles of the amphitheaters of Arles, Orange and Nîmes because he considered that these superb historic monuments rightfully belonged to them by reason of their racial passion for the beautiful. He organized all sorts of brilliant and picturesque anniversary fêtes in order to help them to perpetuate their charming, ancestral traditions. Finally, he founded the Museum of Provençal antiquities at Arles as the most practical means of conserving for them their artistic heirlooms, which were rapidly being carried away by collectors to the four corners of the earth.

Mistral's "Memoirs,"* which have recently been published in Paris, are instinct from cover to cover with his passionate love for the people of Provence. In their pages his parents and relatives live again, and the scenery, the local fêtes, the patriarchal usages, of his native village of Maillane stand out with unforgettable vividness. Mistral, it seems, was educated at Avignon, took his bachelor's degree at Nîmes, and was admitted to the bar at Aix. The story of how he was first inspired to his literary mission is best told in his own words:

"My law studies over (and, as you have seen, I did not hurt myself by overwork), proud as a young cock who has found an earth-worm, I arrived at the Mas [the ancestral Provençal farm-

house] just as the family were sitting down to supper at the stone table, in the open air, under the arbor which was illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun.

"Good evening everybody!"

"God give you the same, Frédéric!"

"Father, mother, everything went off well; and this is really the end of it!"

"And a good riddance!" commented Madeline, the young Piedmontese who served us at the Mas.

"And when, still standing, before all the farm-laborers, I had given an account of my last ordeal, my venerable father said to me simply this: 'Now, my fine fellow, I have done my duty. You know a great deal more than was ever taught me. It is for you to choose your path: I leave you free.'

"Thank you from my heart!" I answered. And right there—I was twenty-one at the time—on the threshold of the paternal Mas, with my eyes resting on the foothills of the Alps, within myself and of myself, I resolved: first, to revive, to exalt in Provence the race sentiment which I saw being annihilated under the false and anti-natural education of all the schools; secondly, to provoke this resurrection by the rejuvenation of the natural and historic language of the region against which the schools wage a war to the death; thirdly, to restore to Provençal its vogue by infusing it with the flame of divine poesy.

"All this murmured in my soul—vaguely; but I felt it just as I relate it to you. And, moved by this inner tumult, this swelling of Provençal sap within my heart, free of any desire for literary influence or mastery, strong in my independence, which gave me wings, assured that nothing more was coming to hinder and distract me; one evening, during the sowing, at sight of the laborers who were following the plow in the furrow singing, I began—God be praised!—the first canto of 'Mireille.'"

"Mireille" was the poem by which Mistral was destined to become famous, and it is a poem unique in literary annals. "I had no plan," he says, "except a vague, general idea which I had not committed to paper. I proposed simply to cause a passion to spring up between two beautiful children of nature in Provence, of different stations, and then to leave the action at the mercy of the winds, so to speak, as it is in real life." Mireille, a word whose very sound has magic, was inevitably the name of Mistral's heroine. From early childhood it had been familiar to him. When his grandmother wished to wheedle one of her daughters she would say: "That's a Mireille, that's a pretty Mireille, that's

*MES ORIGINES: Mémoires et Recits de Frédéric Mistral. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

Mireille, *mes amours!*" And his mother would often say jestingly of this or that young girl who passed, 'Look, there goes Mireille, *mes amours!*' But when he inquired about Mireille nobody could tell him anything more. He felt that there must have been a lost legend of which only the name of the heroine and a ray of beauty in a mist of love survived. It was enough to bring luck to a poem which, perhaps—who knows?—was, by one of those intuitions which poets sometimes have, the reconstitution of a genuine romance. To continue the narrative:

"The Mas of my father was, at this epoch, a veritable *foyer* of poetry, limpid, Biblical and idyllic. Was not this poem of Provence, with its depths of azure and its frame of Alps, living, singing itself about me? I had only to step out into the open air to be fairly dazzled by it. Did I not see Mireille pass, not only in my youthful dreams, but in person; now, in these dainty maids of Maillane who came to gather mulberry leaves for the silk-worms, and now in the blithesomeness of these weeders, these hay-makers, these vintagers, these olive-pickers, who went in and out of the grain-fields, the hay-fields, the olive-orchards and the vineyards with their white-bowed coiffes and their bosoms bared to the breeze?"

"Did not the actors of my drama—my plowmen, my harvesters my ox-herds, and my shepherds—move about from break of dawn to twilight, before my young enthusiasm? Could you ask for a finer old man, more patriarchal, more worthy to be the prototype of my 'Master Raymon,' than the aged François Mistral, whom everybody, my mother included, called 'The Master' and only 'The Master'? Poor father! Sometimes, when the work was pressing, and he needed more help, either to get in the hay, or to draw water from the well, he would shout, 'Where is Frédéric?'"

"Although at that moment I might be stretched under a willow lazily groping after some elusive rime, my poor mother would reply: 'He is writing. Don't disturb him!'"

"For to him, who had read only the Holy Scriptures and 'Don Quixote' in his youth, writing was truly a religious office."

Other personages who had, without knowing it, the gift of interesting Mistral's epic muse were "Cousin Tourette," of the village of Mouriès, a sort of colossus, large-limbed but lame, who always wore big leather gaiters; and the wood chopper Siboul, a worthy man of Montfrin, dressed in corduroy, who came every autumn, with his big bill-hook, to trim the willow thickets of the Mas.

Then there was a neighbor, Xavier, a peasant herborist, who told Mistral the Provençal names and the virtues of the simples. It was from him that the poet obtained his equipment of literary botany. "Luckily," he observes, "for it is my opinion—saving their reverences—that our school professors, high as well as low, would surely have been em-



THE LEADER OF THE PROVENÇAL REVIVAL

Frédéric Mistral's lately published "Memoirs" reveal a singularly pure and gifted nature. His life and writings have been instinct from first to last with love of his people, whom he has never forsaken for the flesh-pots of the great world.


barrassed to show me the difference between a fuller's thistle and a sow-thistle!"

With the assistance of such collaborators, Mistral after many years of patient and purposeful, if somewhat intermittent, labor, finished his poem. A chance visit to Maillane of the Parisian poet and critic, Adolphe Dumas, resulted in Mistral making his first trip to Paris, where he came into contact with Lamartine, the poetical pontiff of the period. Lamartine, after reading his poem, saluted him publicly as "The Homer of Provence," and his poetical reputation was made.

Mistral has written several volumes of poems since, among them "Calendal," "Nerve," "Le Poème du Rhone," "Les Isles d'Or" and "La Reine Jeanne." "Le Poème du Rhone" is preferred by some of his fellow-Provençaux and by certain critics to "Mireille." But it was through "Mireille" that his fresh and original poetic attitude was first revealed; it was "Mireille," more than any other one thing, which made possible the subsequent success of the Provençal renaissance; and to "Mireille," more than to any other one thing he owed his receipt of a Nobel prize and the commendation of President Roosevelt. And it is by "Mireille," probably, that he will always be best known to the world at large.

Religion and Ethics

WHAT ARE THE REAL SOURCES OF HAPPINESS?

 I AM made with an infinite capacity for joy! I could be happy enough to dance sometimes just because the sky is blue. I could be happy enough to cry tear pearls just because the grass is softly green. And when birds sing or lovers smile at each other, or I see a baby reach up little hands to stroke a happy mother's face—O, do you know what it is to feel your heart throb and pulsate because the earth is so beautiful and human relations so tender sweet? If you do, then you know the joy I hunger for—the joy my whole self craves and reaches out for—infinity, never-ending, day and night. I must have it. All that is I demands it."

This cry from a woman's heart is taken from the current issue of *The Conservator* (Philadelphia), and may be accepted as a vivid expression of a mood that probably every human being has experienced at one time or another. Our craving for happiness is as old as life itself, and down through the centuries humanity has ever striven to discover and to cherish all that makes for heightened joy. But happiness, like every other ideal, perpetually eludes us; we think we have it—and it is gone! The man of to-day may have a larger capacity for joy than the man of any preceding generation; but he also has a larger capacity for suffering. It is the modern, complex mind that swiftly turns to suicide as an escape from earthly ills; it is the modern, complex mind that has given us our Schopenhauers and Hartmanns.

Every thinker or teacher who claims to have any message for humanity is compelled to meet the demand for happiness; and at the present time an unusual number of articles and books are being devoted to the discussion of this topic.

The veteran editor of *The Outlook*, Dr. Lyman Abbott, has written a brochure¹ in which he endeavors to define "Christ's secret of happiness." The well-known Unitarian minister, Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, would show us, if it be possible, "the way to happiness."² Ralph Waldo Trine, in his latest work,³ offers the larger vision of human wellbeing that has

come to him since he wrote "In Tune with the Infinite." And a new writer, James Mackaye, indicates what he deems the true "economy of happiness" in a lengthy and closely reasoned exposition of Socialistic doctrine.⁴ None of these books, it must be conceded, covers the subject of human happiness in a thoro or comprehensive fashion; but each embodies a segment of the great Truth.

Lyman Abbott agrees with Carlyle in thinking that *blessedness* is more important than happiness; and blessedness, he says, depends on the possession of character attuned to "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." In this sense, "Christ's secret of happiness is character," and "each quality or attribute of character has its own peculiar blessedness." Dr. Abbott writes further:

"The pessimistic philosophy may be epitomized thus: Life consists in the pursuit of desire. If one does not attain it, he is disappointed. If he does attain it, he is disgusted. Either way lies unhappiness. The only escape is Nirvana, existence without desire. The answer of Christ to this philosophy is, Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be satisfied. But their satisfaction will never become satiety. The ideal will grow faster than the realization. The desire will be an eternal desire, the satisfaction an eternal satisfaction. The prize of such a life is in the pursuit. The joy of such a one is the joy of perpetual attaining: 'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus.' The prize in every attainment is a call to an attainment still higher. He who is mastered by a passion for righteousness has in himself the spring of perpetual youth."

Dr. Slicer approaches the subject from a somewhat different angle. He thinks that happiness, which we so often treat as an accident of circumstance, or an element of temperament, is, in fact, a *duty*. He heartily commends the saying of Robert Louis Stevenson:

"Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality! They are the perfect duties. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say 'give them up,' for they may be all you have; but conceal them, like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better men."

The business of religion, in Dr. Slicer's opinion, is "to add to the zest of life," and,

¹CHRIST'S SECRET OF HAPPINESS. By Lyman Abbott. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

²THE WAY TO HAPPINESS. By Thomas R. Slicer. The Macmillan Company.

³IN THE FIRE OF THE HEART. By Ralph Waldo Trine. McClure, Phillips & Company.

⁴THE ECONOMY OF HAPPINESS. By James Mackaye. Little, Brown & Company.

tested by this standard, he thinks that all the ancient philosophies were deficient. The method of the Cynic was to exclude the joys of life in the interest of the integrity of life, "as tho a fragment of life would satisfy the whole man." Stoicism failed because it "had no gradations of worth or unworth," and was incapable of artistic abandon. The ideal of the ancient Epicurean was imperturbability; but imperturbability, says Dr. Slicer, is "the condition of a bear that is hibernating in winter." The ideal of the modern Epicurean is pleasure; it ignores the fact that "no pleasure, no instinct, no intention, *followed for its own sake*, can last." He concludes:

"How shall we be happy? *Most of all in that generous attitude toward others that leaves us no arrears of regard.* Our happiness is drawn out of the mind within. Nobody can make you happy. Anybody may make you glad; but gladness is like daylight, it is gone when the night falls. The real secret of happiness that culminates in blessedness is like a great quiet that rests between two friends who do not have to speak because they understand one another. . . . The Master whom we so often call the 'Man of Sorrows and Acquainted with Grief' was the happiest man that ever came to make a day of light in the world,—the 'Sun of Righteousness.' His history was summed up in the fine phrase: 'he went about doing good, for God was with him.' Our happiness depends largely upon such an interpretation of life."

Mr. Trine's emphasis, in his new book, is all on the *social* side of life. He feels that the joyous activity of genuinely religious natures is being poured to-day into movements toward social amelioration, and that such men as Whitman, Lincoln and George, Altgeld, Mayor Jones and Ernest Crosby, are the prophets of the new dispensation. He writes:

"What we term the Golden Rule is an absolute law of life, and it will have obedience through the joy, and therefore the gain, it brings into our lives if we observe it, or it will have obedience by the pain and the blankness it drives into our lives if we violate it. As we give to the world, so the world gives back to us. Thoughts are forces; like inspires like and like creates like. If I give love I inspire and receive love in return. If I give hatred I inspire and I receive hatred. The wise man loves; only the ignorant, the selfish, the fool, hates."

"It is the man who loves and serves who has solved the riddle of life, for into his life comes the fulness, the satisfaction, the peace and the joy that the Law decrees."

Mr. Mackaye's book is conceived in much the same spirit as Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and "Equality," and offers "Pantocracy"—a kind of modified Socialism—as the true gospel of human happiness. He writes:

"What good does it do to tell men to be good and they will be happy? Does any one seriously

believe that propounding this platitude will make men good? No, the proper way is to make them happy, and then they will be good. Altho to abolish self-interest is impossible, to change its mode of application to the social mechanism is not. Should we attach a dozen horses to a mired vehicle, and then let each pull in the direction in which he felt inclined, we should not accomplish much; but with precisely the same power we could pull the load out of the mire by making the horses all pull in one direction. In such a situation co-operation will accomplish what competition will not, and in hauling society out of the slough in which it is gradually sinking the same methods must be employed. To produce happiness co-operation is required—not the mere co-operation of good-will, but organized co-operation, amounting to a change in the social system."

This article opened with the utterance of one woman, and may appropriately be closed with that of another. Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, makes an interesting contribution to the discussion of the problem of happiness, in the *New York Times Saturday Review*. She says that she regrets the grounds on which so many ministers appeal to humanity. We are told to be noble because that is the way to secure happiness for ourselves, or because we will be burned in hell-fire if we are not noble. "There is a third reason," says Miss Hawthorne, "—to be noble because it is possible that the work God is doing in the world can be better performed by Him if He has instruments of fine temper and perfect trustworthiness to work with." She says further:

"It is a question whether happiness *per se* is not somewhat overrated. The development of character, the discovery of what we are and what we are capable of, is our essential work. Like the little Japanese water toys, we are thrown into our environment in order that we may expand to the limit of our design. Sorrow and suffering, sin itself, are our great masters along with happiness. The greatest works of the world are not apt to be born of happiness, altho they may have about them a divine breath from the radiant goddess. 'The hand that rounded Peter's dome and groined the aisles of Christian Rome wrought in a sad sincerity.'"

"'Tristan und Isolde' is not the creation of a happy man, nor do Shakespeare's sonnets speak the joy of the heart. Sorrow, loss, and failure tutored these mighty men, and the works they left behind them show perhaps more than did their faces that happiness was not the constant, not the reigning, goddess of their hearts. But something fine, noble, pure, and shining did dwell with them, glowing in all they wrought and drawing our hearts to the heights along with theirs. Out of the bitter elements of life they have forged something noble, more exquisite than they could have fashioned out of the beautiful constituents of happiness alone; even as the somber magnificence of mountains or the wild glory of the sea touches a note of deeper beauty than does the smiling verdure of a valley."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S DEFENSE OF THE PAPACY

NO MORE striking article on a religious topic has appeared for some time than that by the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, of New York, proposing a reunion of all the Christian churches under a reformed Papal administration. The article was noticed in these pages last month, and has aroused widespread comment among Roman Catholics, as well as among Protestants. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, found Dr. Briggs' article so interesting that he was impelled to write a lengthy rejoinder. It appears in *The North American Review*, and has special significance at this time, both by reason of its intrinsic value and of the newspaper gossip which tells of persistent efforts now being made in Rome to elevate the venerable prelate to a Cardinalate.

Dr. Briggs' position may be summed up very briefly as follows: The Papacy is the oldest and greatest of all our religious institutions. It is the fountain-head of organized Christianity, instituted by Christ Himself. During the course of the centuries it has allowed itself to be deflected from its original purposes. If it could divest itself of developments and accretions, making itself the Papacy "as near to Christ as St. Peter was, and as truly representative of the Lord and Master," it would again become the inevitable rallying point of Christendom.

To this Archbishop Ireland makes reply:

"The charge is grave, that the Papacy, through its own fault, through ambition and lust of domination, compels believers of the Gospel to hold themselves aloof from it, thus making necessary, for the time being at least, the divisions of Christendom, and voluntarily setting at naught the prayer of its Founder. Christ, undoubtedly, willed unity among His disciples. To disrupt Christian unity, to build up obstacles to the healing of the breach, when, from one cause or another, unity has been disrupted, is the crime of crimes against Christ and His Church. But is the guilt upon the Papacy? Is the charge proven by facts in its history, or by its present attitude towards the interests of religion and of humanity?"

The Archbishop answers both of these questions with an emphatic negative. After paying tribute to Dr. Briggs' argument in support of the divine institution of the Papacy, than which, he says, "no truer and more convincing presentation, from Scripture and early Christian history, could be wished for," he goes on to affirm: "Supremacy was vested in the original Papacy; consequently there is no excuse for those who remain aloof from the Papacy,

under the plea that supremacy, as is now claimed, is a late development, void of validity." To quote further:

"Separation is the original sin of Greeks and of Protestants, the guilt of which nothing can cancel, save complete return to unity. In withdrawing from the Papacy, the center of unity in Christendom, under whatever provocation, real or fictitious, and forming churches of their own, apart from communion with the Bishop of Rome, Orientals and Protestants were, decidedly, in the wrong. Neither is the wrong made right by lapse of time. The wrong lasts as long as separation lasts. The duty is paramount to undo the wrong and bring separation to an end."

Archbishop Ireland feels that it would be no difficult task to show that in the Orient, as in the Occident, the real grounds upon which separation was based "lay well outside the bulwarks of the Papacy," that "complaints against the Papacy, set forth as justifications, were to a large degree excuses, rather than reasons, for schisms which had elsewhere their inciting causes." To follow the argument:

"In the Orient, the cause was pride and ambition in Photius, first, and, later, in Michael Cærularius, together with an unconquerable jealousy of 'Old Rome' in emperors and courtiers of the 'New Rome' on the shores of the Bosphorus; the people, as was usually the case in those ages, merely followed the leaders, whithersoever they were going. In Germany, the preaching of Tetzels and the *Gravamina* counted far less, as causes, than the personal waywardness and recklessness of character of Martin Luther, and the political ambitions and the inordinate greed of princes and barons. In England, who will say that Henry, obeyed by a servile and self-seeking Parliament, would ever have separated from Rome if Catherine of Aragon had discreetly gone to her grave? Whether in Constantinople or in Wirttemberg, the Papacy showed itself patient and long-suffering; excommunication was pronounced only when its authority had met with stern defiance, and its representatives had been refused a hearing, or had suffered open contumely."

Separations took place and went their course, says Archbishop Ireland, but "the Papacy remained. With it were bishops, priests and people who clung to the 'rock'; and these, with the Papacy, constituted the Church." He adds: "Once in open schism, Christians of all degrees, priests or bishops, are outside the Church, take no part in its corporate life, retain no right to invalidate its normal action. . . . Professor Briggs, by virtue of his appeal to Scripture and early tradition, is bound to accept all councils, however many they may be, that the Papacy accepts. With best will on its part, the Papacy cannot exempt him

from this obligation without annihilation of its own life."

When it comes to a question of the reforms in Papal administration proposed by Dr. Briggs, the Archbishop assumes an attitude of sympathy rather than of hostility. In the matter, for instance, of "the claims of the Papacy to jurisdiction in civil affairs and to dominion over civic governments," to which Professor Briggs objects, Archbishop Ireland says: "To such claims, fortunately, he is not asked to listen. No claims of the kind are made; the Papacy has no right to make such claims, and does not dream of making them." More specifically he declares:

"If purely civil matters are in issue, the Pope has no right whatsoever to give directions to Catholics. Catholics would resent directions of this kind. I think, however, that the Professor will admit that the question changes when issues under consideration are such as to appeal to the religious conscience and to demand solution in the light of religious principles. The issue then would appertain to the spiritual order. Who should refuse to the Chieftain of the Church the right to define what such principles mean, and how they are to be applied? The question under discussion in the great battle-days of the 'Centrum' in Germany was the inherent right of the Church to the appointment, according to its own rules and requirements, of its bishops and priests: was not this strictly a matter of religion? In France, the controversy turns on the question whether Church property shall be held under control of the hierarchy or under that of bodies independent of that control. Is not this, again, a religious question?"

Other points raised by the Professor are disposed of in the same friendly spirit:

"That Ecumenical Councils should be more frequent—it is possible. Good comes from such gatherings, where bishops from every clime under the sun raise their voice to offer suggestion and counsel. However, in practise, it is not so easy a task as Professor Briggs may imagine to bring from their homes, 'every three or five years,' a thousand bishops, so many of them removed from Rome by wide expanse of continent and of ocean, and hold them together in one place, be it the largest of cities, during the weeks and months for mutual deliberation.

"That the Cardinalate should be more widespread over the world; that among cardinals resident in Rome and forming the Pope's immediate cabinet there might be, with advantage to the general Church, fewer Italians and more foreigners; that, conditions changing with the modern world, the Catholicity of the Church might be more emphasized than it is at present in its central seat of government—on this score the Professor is most free to think as he likes, to urge, as he chooses, his views upon the Papacy. However, he must agree with me that time is needed before changes from existing policies can be prudently made, all the more so that those policies are of ancient date, and had in the past, as they may have in the present, good reasons in their favor.

"That the Pope need not, always and ever, be an Italian—of course not; many popes in the past were not Italians. One who is not an Italian may in the not distant future be enthroned in the Vatican. For my part, however, I do not easily see that, in these days of international jealousies and fears, such a happening would be an omen of greater international peace than the Church now enjoys. It is wisdom, perhaps, to leave things as they are. Nor does the Pope, ever and always, need to reside in Rome. The popes, for a long time, resided in Avignon. Yet who does not see that Rome, the Capital of Christendom from earliest ages, the city of the martyrdom of Peter and Paul, the central seat of Papal memories and glories for nineteen centuries, is the native home of the Papacy through the will of Providence, no less than through the will of the Church?"

"Is the Papacy an obstacle to the reunion of Christendom?" asks Archbishop Ireland, in concluding. "Is there sufficient justification for Professor Briggs, holding, as he does, as he must, in loyalty to Scripture and tradition, to an 'ideal Papacy,' to remain aloof from the 'real Papacy'?" He replies: "There is none."

"The 'real Papacy,' in all its principles, is the Papacy of Scripture and tradition, the 'ideal Papacy,' and seen in action, yesterday and to-day, stripped of clouds gathered over its brow by prejudice and misconception, it looms up in Christendom still the 'ideal Papacy,' so far as the ideal can be realized through human elements.

"Whatever can be done to bring about reunion, the Papacy is most willing to do. It will not change the vital principles of its being. The Professor will not, on second thought, ask it to do this. For then it were not the Papacy, as instituted by Christ; and the Professor, assuredly, covets none other. The Papacy must maintain that primacy means supremacy, since supremacy was the Lord's appointment; it must maintain that the Pope cannot reduce himself to be merely the Executive Head of the Church, since he is from Christ the Supreme Ruler; it cannot in its councils put on the same level priests and bishops, however validly ordained, who persist in schism, though it may invite them to argument and explanation, as Leo invited the Orientals to the Vatican Council, as Clement VII and Paul III invited the Lutherans of Germany to the Tridentine; it cannot repudiate as non-economical those councils which were held since the Greek Schism, of the Protestant 'Reformation'—these councils were valid councils of the Church; the Church, after the separation as before, lived with fulness of power and authority, with rights unimpaired. Nor is the dream, apparently the most dear to the Professor, to be realized—that a constitution be framed defining and limiting the authority of the Papacy, adjoining to it with independent powers a representative Council of Bishops to whom should belong all legislative functions, and another body, equally independent, that should take to itself judicial functions. Christ, once for all, gave a constitution to the Papacy—that it be supreme; the constitution given by Christ no Pope, no body of Bishops can alter. Counselors the Pope will gather around him; vicars and delegates he will have, to divide with him the labor of his office; but the Supreme Master, in last resort, he will ever remain."

PITFALLS LAID FOR MINISTERS BY WOMEN



THE young New York clergyman who has recently been deposed from the ministry as a result of his arrest in a Seventh avenue disorderly house while engaged in what he described as "a slumming expedition," might have been saved from the disgrace that has overwhelmed him if he had taken to heart an injunction which appears in a late issue of *The Homiletic Review*:

"Don't go slumming alone. There are a good many kinds of wickedness which even a minister does not need to know very intimately; but if you ever have occasion to go to a bad house, go with your wife, or with one of your deacons, and for some other reason than curiosity."

This injunction appears as part of an article on "The Minister and Women," in which another metropolitan clergyman (a well-known preacher who conceals his identity under a pseudonym) puts his fellow-clergymen on their guard against certain dangers in connection with the religious life which have come within his own experience, and against which, as he now regrets, his seminary professors failed to give him warning.

He begins the article with a story about "a woman of perhaps thirty-five, dressed in black, and with a genteel and thoroughly respectable appearance," who approached his assistant minister at the close of an evening service. Her credentials were apparently faultless, and she wormed herself into his confidence by telling an affecting story of an unhappy marriage, and of her determination to devote her life and money to the church. She turned out to be a forger and blackmailer, and was arrested by the police.

The writer goes on to speak of other experiences of a similar character:

"I learned how one city minister received a note from a woman professing to be in trouble, and asking for an appointment with him alone; how he wrote her making such an appointment, and the next day, leaving his study, met a man who thrust the letter in his face, saying: 'Here is your letter addressed to a woman whose name is known to every one in this city as the worst character on the street; how much will you give for it?' I learned of a minister who admitted to his study a woman with a sad story, who drew nearer and nearer to him in her appeal for sympathy, till at length she flung herself in his lap, with her arms about his neck, and at that moment the door opened, and two men asked how much he would give to keep this little matter quiet. I learned of another who had repeatedly admitted a woman who came with a tale of trouble, and whose demeanor throughout was above reproach; but how

in time the minister was offered a photograph of himself sitting in his own study chair with this woman in his lap. He was cool enough to examine it carefully, and found it a clever bit of photographic patchwork, but access had been obtained to his study in his absence, a photograph had been made, and his own head, from another photograph, had been pasted on, and a new photograph made of the combination. It was cleverly done, and there was ample proof of the frequent visits of the woman to his study."

Clergymen themselves, the writer confesses, are sometimes guilty of acts of the gravest folly. In such cases the uniform defense is "indiscretion." "He did not mean to do anything wrong," people say "he was merely indiscreet." Of cases of this kind the writer says:

"I have gradually come to the conclusion that in most of these cases guilt would have been better than the indiscretion. The indiscretion was so flagrant that there must have been some moral taint, and whether it stopped a little short of the legal limit which might define guilt or went a trifle beyond it is a small matter, and for the rest of us it was much worse that we had to deem him innocent. We wasted energy in his defense, which might have been better spent; the world refused to believe that he was 'merely' indiscreet, and the church had to bear the double burden of his putative guilt and of his continued presence in the church. It would have been better, all in all, had he been unmistakably guilty. Then we could have let him go to his own place, and fumigated the place and let another take his bishopric. As it was, we sometimes had to apologize for him afterward for more indiscretions. So I am growing to believe that if a man is so indiscreet as to give the general appearance of guilt, the difference is hardly worth the labor of saving it. If there is one thing worse than proven guilt, it is barely defensible appearance of guilt. Wherefore, avoid the appearance of evil."

The clergyman offers this counsel in concluding:

"It is not necessary to be a prude. It is better to live a free life, one that has nothing to conceal. It is not well for a man to hedge and trim and choose every word, and act as if in mortal terror of being misunderstood. Better is it that he live so pure in heart, so clean of speech, so manly, so obviously faithful to his own home, that no one should ever think of assailing his good name, and if any one should slander him, good men and women will believe his simple word and clean life against half the harlots in Christendom. It is this we must trust. Never fear blackmail and never pay it. Never stop to debate if you find you are in the presence of evil,—flee as Lot fled from Sodom, but flee without fear of anything save dallying with sin. Long before the popularity of Jiu-jitsu I learned, what every minister ought to know, how to put a disorderly man out of the room. But a better thing to know is how to put an evil thought out of the heart."

A CHURCHMAN'S PLEA FOR FREE THOUGHT



T BEGINS to look as if a great problem was raised, rather than settled, by the ecclesiastical court which deposed the Rev. Dr. Crapsey, of Rochester, from his place in the Protestant Episcopal ministry last December, on the ground that his theological views were heretical. A considerable number of his fellow-clergymen are known to share his opinions. Some of them have openly affirmed their substantial agreement with him. One minister, already quoted in these pages and described as a "pastor of important churches still in active service," has declared, under the veil of anonymity, that he honors and admires Dr. Crapsey, but is not scurrying to put himself "in the pillory beside him." And now an accredited teacher and scholar in the Protestant Episcopal Church, a professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Dr. Alexander V. G. Allen, has written a book* which pleads for "freedom in the church," and is felt to give the fullest moral support to clergymen who, like Dr. Crapsey, claim the right to interpret the creeds in their own way. The book has influential backers, and has been put in the hands of thousands of Protestant Episcopal ministers by means of a fund evidently contributed for this special purpose.

The situation in the American Episcopal Church, says Dr. Allen, is one that calls for serious consideration in the interest of theology and of true religion. Of the "many issues" at stake, he writes:

"Honesty in the recitation of the Creed is by no means the only question. Deeper motives lie beneath the present disturbance than can be measured by the uncritical observer. No amount of practise in ethical theorizing qualifies for judgment on the complicated issues of religion. For religion constitutes a department of life by itself, independent of science, or ethics, or philosophy. There is danger that the cause of religious freedom and of freedom of inquiry in theology may be retarded indefinitely unless the emphasis be again placed upon freedom, the one predominant motive of the Reformation in the sixteenth century which gave us the Book of Common Prayer. The desire for freedom, the determination to guard the liberty of both clergy and laity then manifested was only another form of the demand of Magna Charta, 'Libera sit ecclesia Anglicana.' [Let the English church be free]. Other words which expressed the purpose of the Reformers and were often quoted were those of St. Paul,

'Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free;' and the words which follow, 'And be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage.' Other kindred words come from our Lord Himself, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free, and if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' This freedom is called in question when an interpretation is placed upon the vows of the Ordinal, foreign to their original intent, as if they were a business contract with a corporation in accordance with whose terms the clergy resign their freedom in Christ for certain material considerations, instead of a guarantee of Christian freedom, as in the intention of the Reformers they were meant to be."

Dr. Allen confines his argument, in the main, to two points. He tries to show, first, that at the time of the Reformation the Anglican Church deliberately set aside the authority of tradition, and established as the sole rule of faith the Holy Scriptures and the doctrine of the Trinity. In the second place, he endeavors to prove that a very misleading conception of the virgin birth of Christ has grown up within the Church, and that the phrase, "born of the Virgin Mary," had reference, in its inception, to the *humanity* of Jesus rather than to the *virginity* of Mary. In the elaboration of these two arguments Dr. Allen has lain the whole field of ecclesiastical history under contribution. His attitude is that of a special pleader, and his skill in the marshaling of facts is conceded even by those who are out of sympathy with his conclusions.

The deepest significance of the Reformation, as Dr. Allen sees it, is that it represented a definite break with Catholic dogma, and a return to "the ancient Catholic charter of freedom—the doctrine of the Trinity." This doctrine, we are told, "brings freedom by the proclamation of the co-equality of the Son with the Father, since Christ therefore is placed above kings; and thrones must thenceforth retain their power by obedience to the will of Christ, as the Lord Christ hath commanded." Its restoration, at the time of the Reformation, meant liberation from outgrown superstitions. It meant the overthrow of Virgin worship and a new and saner emphasis on the person of Christ. Co-equal in importance with this return to the doctrine of the Trinity was the tendency to revert to the Bible, rather than to tradition or creed, as the real arbiter of religious faith. And "it must be remembered," says Dr. Allen, "that in the age of the Reformation, while the Bible was held in love and reverence, yet there was also greater

*FREEDOM IN THE CHURCH. By Alexander V. G. Allen, Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. The Macmillan Company.

freedom in its interpretation than in the age which followed. Luther's Biblical criticism to a later age would appear like the destructive attack of modern rationalism." In brief, the ruling principle of the Reformation was *freedom*. Its tendency was to compel men to think for themselves, to lead them "away from dogmatic subtleties and refinements to the intellectual freedom and the larger life of the modern world."

When it comes to the question of the Incarnation, Dr. Allen specifically declares: "There is no denial in this treatise of the Virgin-birth." Yet the whole weight of his argument and intellectual influence is thrown on the side of what is regarded as the radical and subversive view of this doctrine. He bends all his energies to sustain the thesis that the creedal statement, "born of the Virgin Mary," was coined to meet the contention of Docetism that the human body of Christ was only an illusion; so that all references to the birth of Christ in primitive Christian documents must be interpreted as if the word "birth" stood alone. He also emphasizes "the argument from silence," and shows what a comparatively slight place the Virgin-birth occupied in early Church doctrine. He says, in concluding:

"It is to have been devoutly wished that the present controversy about the Virgin-birth had not arisen to disturb the peace of the Church. . .

"The relief from the evils of the situation may be sought in two ways. (1) We may return to the original interpretation of the clause, 'born of the Virgin Mary,' impressing upon our minds, as we recite it, how it means that the Son of God was actually born into this world of a human mother. St. Paul has given the equivalent expression 'Born of a woman, born under the law.'

"And (2) there is a provision made in the rubric of the English book before all the creeds,—Apostles', Nicene, or Athanasian,—that they be 'sung or said.' In the American book the word 'sung' has been omitted, but we may think no special significance attaches to the omission. It was the opinion of Dr. Arnold of Rugby that the creeds should always be sung. There has never been any authoritative decision as to the significance of their liturgical use, nor is there to-day any common understanding. If they are sung they pass into the rank of the great hymns, the *Te Deum* and the *Gloria in Excelsis*, where misunderstandings disappear. Recited in their original sense, in every clause, they can no longer be. They have been put to the test of Scripture, as Article VIII requires, and the clauses, 'He descended into hell' and the 'resurrection of the flesh,' have not stood the test. But as hymns expressing the faith of the Church of the early centuries, they will retain their dignity and importance,—a revelation of the human soul responding to the Divine call; which if they become the subject of controversy and business contract they must lose. So long as we

have the Word of God containing all things necessary to salvation, the creeds are not indispensable. They might be omitted from the offices of the Church and the Christian faith not be impaired. But as summaries of the convictions of the Christian heart in past ages, as ties binding us to the one common Christian life and experience in every age, they are invaluable, the most precious heritage of our historical faith, altho not its complete expression."

Dr. Allen's book has elicited keen interest and controversy in the theological world. In the organs of the Protestant Episcopal Church it is the subject of lengthy editorial discussion and of copious correspondence from the laity, as well as the clergy. The verdict passed upon the volume is, in the main, unfavorable. In a few instances it is bitterly hostile. *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia) says bluntly: "The freedom which Dr. Allen would establish is the freedom of a minister to hold official station and emolument in the Episcopal Church while denying her doctrine and violating his ordination oath." The *New York Churchman* refuses to regard the book as a genuine Anglican interpretation of either the present or the past position of the Church of England. It says further:

"While Professor Allen desires to defend the right of freedom in the Church, he would establish freedom on principles inconsistent with organic Christianity. There would be no Church left (in the historic sense) in which to be free, but only a society in which the members would be free to interpret the Scriptures. In fighting against an authority that would destroy freedom, he seems to be seeking a freedom that would destroy authority. Liberty and authority are alike conditions of life. Both are necessary. Without authority there can be no real freedom, and there can be no effective authority without freedom. Dr. Allen's exclusive appeal to the letter of the Scriptures has not in the past produced the freedom for which he contends. The argument of Professor Allen's book tends in one direction alone. It uses an interpretation of Church history that is not unfamiliar, but in Dr. Allen's hands it does not seem to have gained either in strength or in effectiveness."

The Living Church (Milwaukee) comments in the same spirit. "The book," it says, "is a brilliant advocate's plea, and that is all. It happens that the advocate is very learned, but he is still an advocate. His presuppositions, we might almost say his prejudices, have been too strong for him." The same paper adds:

"The assumption which underlies so many books like Dr. Allen's, that scholarship and a faith in traditional Christianity are incompatible, is one that appears to be growing, especially among people who cannot read for themselves. But the existence of such men as Zahn in Germany and

Sanday in England with others, is sufficient disproof of such assumptions. We cannot but think that the science of theology can never be advanced by casting overboard what the past has learned, or by every man starting a new system for himself *ab initio*, however attractive this may be to the modern craze for originality in thought. It appears to us that the science of theology must proceed on the same lines as every other science.

"And remembering always that the burden of proof is upon people with original discoveries in theology, there is and there should be 'freedom in

the Church' for legitimate speculation where the Church has not spoken. But there is also a 'continuity of Christian thought' which has to be reckoned with. And it is not only this continuity of Christian thought, but it is the legitimate freedom in the Church which must ultimately be destroyed if this spirit of restless individualism is to dominate theologians. The creeds of the Church are not fetters riveted upon scholarship; they are rather, as Mr. Chesterton wittily remarks, 'The protection of the laity against the wicked, restless theologians.'

MAX STIRNER'S ANARCHIST GOSPEL



SIXTY years ago, a book entitled "Der Einzige und sein Eigentum" (generally translated "The Individual and his Property") was published in Berlin. It has been described as "the most revolutionary book ever written," and its author, Max Stirner, was perhaps the leading intellectual precursor of modern philosophical anarchism. When he died, in 1856, in comparative poverty and obscurity, his theories had made but little headway; but during the years that have passed since then both book and author have commanded increasing study and respect. It begins to look as if Max Stirner might yet take rank with the great philosophic thinkers of the nineteenth century. He exerted profound influence over Nietzsche, and, in the opinion of no less an authority than Eduard von Hartmann, his work surpasses that of Nietzsche "by a thousand cubits." "Der Einzige" has been translated into French, Spanish, Russian and Italian; and critical studies popularizing its arguments have appeared in almost all the European countries. George Brandes, a critic of rare discernment, is one of Stirner's interpreters, and John Henry Mackay, the German poet, has written his biography. On Mackay's initiative a suitable stone has been placed above Stirner's grave in Berlin, and a memorial tablet upon the house in which he died; and this spring another tablet is to be set upon the house in Bayreuth where he was born in 1806.

An English translation* of "Der Einzige," which has just appeared in New York under the title, "The Ego and His Own," makes Stirner's gospel accessible for the first time to American and English-speaking readers. He is difficult to read, and his oddities of composition and terminology often tend to ob-

scure his meaning. "There is nothing more disconcerting," one of his French commentators has confessed, "than the first approach to this strange work. Stirner does not condescend to inform us as to the architecture of his edifice, or furnish us the slightest guiding thread. . . . The apparent divisions of the book are few and misleading. The repetitions are innumerable. At first one seems to be confronted with a collection of essays strung together, with a throng of aphorisms. . . . But, if you read this book several times; if, after having penetrated the intimacy of each of its parts, you then traverse it as a whole—gradually the fragments weld themselves together, and Stirner's thought is revealed in all its unity, force, and depth."

There are many points of similarity between the philosophies of Stirner and of Nietzsche. Both might take as their creed the ringing lines of Swinburne:

Honor to man in the highest!
For man is the master of things.

But while Nietzsche speaks with the inspired accents of a poet, Stirner writes as a philosophical partizan. The former fires the imagination with an essentially aristocratic vision of the "Superman"; the latter proclaims that each individual man is supreme and perfect in himself. Against the opening words of his first chapter, Stirner sets two mottoes, one from Feuerbach, that "man is to man the supreme being"; the other from Bruno Bauer, that "man has just been discovered." He adds the comment: "Then let us take a more careful look at this supreme being and this new discovery."

With a confidence worthy of Carlyle, who once declared that there were twenty-seven million people in England, "mostly fools," Stirner says that when he looks out on the modern world he can only regard the majority of men as "veritable fools, fools in a mad-

*THE EGO AND HIS OWN. By Max Stirner. Translated from the German by Steven T. Byington, with an Introduction by J. L. Walker. Benj. R. Tucker, New York.

house." He means that we do not know how to think, how to *be ourselves*. We take our lives and opinions as they are handed to us; we believe in "spooks" of all kinds; we have "wheels in our heads;" we are all slaves of *fixed ideas*. It is "fixed ideas" that especially excite Stirner's wrath, and by this term he means ideas of God, marriage, the state, of law, duty, morality. Humanity will only begin to *live*, he avers, when it gets rid of all fixed ideas.

The trouble with all of us to-day, he asserts, is that we think in crowds, and that our knowledge is alien to us. To follow his argument:

"God, immortality, freedom, humanity, etc., are drilled into us from childhood, as thoughts and feelings which move our inner being more or less strongly, either ruling us without our knowing it, or sometimes in richer natures manifesting themselves in systems and works of art; but are always not aroused but imparted feelings, because we must believe in them and cling to them. . . . Who is there that has never, more or less consciously, noticed that our whole education is calculated to produce *feelings* in us, i.e., impart them to us instead of leaving their production to ourselves however they may turn out? If we hear the name of God, we are to feel veneration; if we hear that of the prince's majesty, it is to be received with reverence, deference, submission; if we hear that of morality, we are to think that we hear something inviolable; if we hear of the Evil One or evil ones, we are to shudder, etc. The intention is directed to these *feelings*, and he who, e.g., should hear with pleasure the deeds of the 'bad' would have to be 'taught what's what' with the rod of discipline. Thus stuffed with *imparted feelings*, we appear before the bar of majority and are 'pronounced of age.' Our equipment consists of 'elevating feelings, lofty thoughts, inspiring maxims, eternal principles,' etc. The young are of age when they twitter like the old; they are driven through school to learn the old song, and, when they have this by heart, they are declared of age.

"We *must not* feel at every thing and every name that comes before us what we could and would like to feel thereat; e.g., at the name of God we must think of nothing laughable, feel nothing disrespectful, it being prescribed and imparted to us what and how we are to feel and think at mention of that name.

"That is the meaning of the *care of souls*,—that my soul or my mind be tuned as others think right, not as I myself would like it. How much trouble does it not cost one finally to secure to one's self a feeling of one's *own* at the mention of at least this or that name, and to laugh in the face of many who expect from us a holy face and a composed expression at their speeches. What is imparted is *alien* to us, is not our own, and therefore is 'sacred,' and it is hard work to lay aside the 'sacred dread of it.'"

In the terminology of Stirner's subversive gospel, "everything sacred is a tie, a fetter." According to his view of life, all progress

consists in the breaking of previously accepted laws. "The history of the world," he says, "shows that no tie has yet remained unrent, that man tirelessly defends himself against ties of every sort." And so he adjures the youth of his age, and of every age, to become rebels, to "practise refractoriness, yes, complete disobedience." Such adjuration, he is aware, is likely to fall, for the most part, on deaf ears.

"One needs only admonish you of yourselves to bring you to despair at once. 'What am I?' each of you asks himself. An abyss of lawless and unregulated impulses, desires, wishes, passions, a chaos without light or guiding star! How am I to obtain a correct answer if, without regard to God's commandments or to the duties which morality prescribes, without regard to the voice of reason, which in the course of history, after bitter experiences, has exalted the best and most reasonable thing into law, I simply appeal to myself? My passion would advise me to do the most senseless thing possible. Thus each deems himself the—*devil*: for if, so far as he is unconcerned about religion, etc., he only deemed himself a beast, he would easily find that the beast, which does follow only *its* impulse (as it were, its advice), does not advise and impel itself to do the 'most senseless' things, but takes very correct steps. But the habit of the religious way of thinking has biased our mind so grievously that we are—terrified at *ourselves* in our nakedness and naturalness; it has degraded us so that we deem ourselves depraved by nature, born devils. Of course, it comes into your head at once that your calling requires you to do the 'good,' the moral, the right. Now, if you ask *yourselves* what is to be done, how can the right voice sound forth from you, the voice which points the way of the good, the right, the true, etc.? What concord have God and Belial?

"But what would you think if one answered you by saying: 'That one is to listen to God, conscience, duties, laws, etc., is flim-flam with which people have stuffed your head and heart and made you crazy'? And if he asked you how it is that you know so surely that the voice of nature is a seducer? And if he even demanded of you to turn the thing about and actually to deem the voice of God and conscience to be the devil's work? There are such graceless men; how will you settle them? You cannot appeal to your parsons, parents, and good men, for precisely these are designated by them as your *seducers*, as the true seducers and corrupters of youth, who busily sow broadcast the tares of self-contempt and reverence to God, who fill young hearts with mud and young heads with stupidity."

The real gist of Stirner's argument is already apparent. His logic can have but one eventuation. He challenges men everywhere simply—to *be themselves*. "I recognize no other source of right," he says, "than *me*." He continues: "If religion has set up the proposition that we are sinners altogether, I set over against it the other: we are perfect alto-

gether! For we are every moment all that we can be; and we never need be more."

From this it follows that there is no absolute standard of right or wrong. What is right for one man may be wrong for another, and *vice versa*. Moreover:

"A man is 'called' to nothing, and has no 'calling,' no 'destiny,' as little as a plant or a beast has a 'calling.' The flower does not follow the calling to complete itself, but it spends all its forces to enjoy and consume the world as well as it can,—i.e., it sucks in as much of the juices of the earth, as much air of the ether, as much light of the sun, as it can get and lodge. The bird lives up to no calling, but it uses its forces as much as is practicable; it catches beetles and sings to its heart's delight. But the forces of the flower and the bird are slight in comparison to those of a man, and a man who applies his forces will affect the world much more powerfully than flower and beast. A calling he has not, but he has forces that manifest themselves where they are because their being consists solely in their manifestation, and are as little able to abide inactive as life, which, if it 'stood still' only a second, would no longer be life. Now, one might call out to the man, 'use your force.' Yet to this imperative would be given the meaning that it was man's task to use his force. It is not so. Rather, each one really uses his force without first looking upon this as his calling: at all times every one uses as much force as he possesses. One does say of a beaten man that he ought to have exerted his force more; but one forgets that, if in the moment of succumbing he had had the force to exert his forces (e.g., bodily forces), he would not have failed to do it: even if it was only the discouragement of a minute, this was yet a destitution of force, a minute long. Forces may assuredly be sharpened and redoubled, especially by hostile resistance or friendly assistance; but where one misses their application one may be sure of their absence, too. One can strike fire out of a stone, but without the blow none comes out; in like manner a man, too, needs 'impact.'

"Now, for this reason that forces always of themselves show themselves operative, the command to use them would be superfluous and senseless. To use his forces is not man's *calling* and task, but is his *act*, real and extant at all times."

The argument that the world will "go to the dogs" in the moment that each man does as seems best in his own eyes, is met, in part, in Stirner's apostrophe to youth, already quoted. He returns to the point again and again. To those who exclaim, "Society will fall to pieces!" he replies: Men will seek one another as long as they *need* one another. "But surely one cannot put a rascal and an honest man on the same level!" To this Stirner makes answer:

"No human being does that oftener than you judges of morals; yes, still more than that, you imprison as a criminal an honest man who speaks openly against the existing constitution, against the hallowed institutions, etc., and you entrust portfolios and still more important things to a

crafty rascal. So *in praxi* you have nothing to reproach me with. 'But in theory!' Now there I do put both on the same level, as two opposite poles,—to wit, both on the level of the moral law. Both have meaning only in the 'moral' world, just as in the pre-Christian time a Jew who kept the law and one who broke it had meaning and significance only in respect to the Jewish law; before Jesus Christ, on the contrary, the Pharisee was no more than the 'sinner and publican.' So before self-ownership the moral Pharisee amounts to as much as the immoral sinner."

Carrying this startling argument still further, Stirner brands the philanthropists of today as "the real tormentors of humanity." He cries:

"Get away from me with your 'philanthropy'! Creep in, you philanthropist, into the 'dens of vice,' linger awhile in the throng of the great city: will you not everywhere find sin, and sin, and again sin? Will you not wail over corrupt humanity, not lament at the monstrous egoism? Will you see a rich man without finding him pitiless and 'egoistic'? Perhaps you already call yourself an atheist, but you remain true to the Christian feeling that a camel will sooner go through a needle's eye than a rich man not be an 'un-man.' How many do you see anyhow that you would not throw into the 'egoistic mass'? What, therefore, has your philanthropy [love of man] found? Nothing but unlovable men! And where do they all come from? From you, from your philanthropy! You brought the sinner with you in your head, therefore you found him, therefore you inserted him everywhere. Do not call men sinners, and they are not: you alone are the creator of sinners; you, who fancy that you love men, are the very one to throw them into the mire of sin, the very one to divide them into vicious and virtuous, into men and un-men, the very one to befoul them with the slaver of your possessedness; for you love not *men*, but *man*. But I tell you, you have never seen a sinner, you have only—dreamed of him."

"I want to be all and have all that I can be and have." *This*, says Stirner, is the inevitable basis of conduct. To this we must all come sooner or later. He adds:

"Whether others are and have anything *similar*, what do I care? The equal, the same, they can neither be nor have. I cause no *detriment* to them, as I cause no detriment to the rock by being 'ahead of it' in having motion. If they *could* have it, they would have it.

"To cause other men no *detriment* is the point of the demand to possess no prerogative; to renounce all 'being ahead,' the strictest theory of *renunciation*. One is not to count himself as 'anything especial,' such as, e.g., a Jew or a Christian. Well, I do not count myself as anything especial, but as *unique*. Doubtless I have *similarity* with others; yet that holds good only for comparison or reflection; in fact, I am incomparable, unique. My flesh is not their flesh, my mind is not their mind. If you bring them under the generalities 'flesh, mind,' those are your *thoughts*, which have nothing to do with *my* flesh, *my* mind, and can least of all issue a 'call' to mine.

"I do not want to recognize or respect in you

anything, neither the proprietor nor the ragamuffin, nor even the man, but to *use you*. In salt I find that it makes food palatable to me, therefore I dissolve it; in the fish I recognize an aliment, therefore I eat it; in you I discover the gift of making my life agreeable, therefore I choose you as a companion. Or, in salt I study crystallization, in the fish animality, in you men, etc. But to me you are only what you are for me,—to wit, my object; and because *my* object, therefore my property."

The question arises finally: What is truth? With relentless logic, Stirner replies: "As long as you believe in the truth you do not believe in yourself, and are a—*servant*, a—*religious* man (that is, a *bound* man). You alone are the truth, or, rather, you are more than the truth, which is nothing at all before you." He says, in concluding:

"The truth is dead, a letter, a word, a material that I can use up. All truth by itself is dead, a corpse; it is alive only in the same way as my lungs are alive,—to wit, in the measure of my own vitality. Truths are material, like vegetables and weeds; as to whether vegetable or weed, the decision lies in me.


"Objects are to me only material that I use up.

Wherever I put my hand I grasp a truth, which I trim for myself. The truth is certain to me, and I do not need to long after it. To do the truth a service is in no case my intent; it is to me only a nourishment for my thinking head, as potatoes are for my digesting stomach, or as a friend is for my social heart. As long as I have the humor and force for thinking, every truth serves me only for me to work it up according to my powers. As reality or worldliness is 'vain and a thing of naught' for Christians, so is the truth for me. It exists exactly as much as the things of this world go on existing altho the Christian has proved their nothingness; but it is vain, because it has its *value not in itself but in me*. Of itself it is *valueless*. The truth is a—*creature*.

"As you produce innumerable things by your activity, yes, shape the earth's surface anew and set up works of men everywhere, so too you may still ascertain numberless truths by your thinking, and we will gladly take delight in them. Nevertheless, as I do not please to hand myself over to serve your newly discovered machines mechanically, but only help to set them running for my benefit, so, too, I will only use your truths, without letting myself be used for their demands.

"All truths *beneath* me are to my liking; a truth *above* me, a truth that I should have to *direct* myself by, I am not acquainted with. For me there is no truth, for nothing is more than I!"

SOME AIDS TO THE PROPER GRILLING OF SINNERS

HE supreme task of the hour," says Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Nebraska, "is to get together and build a rampart of moral standard, statute, inspection and publicity, to check the onslaught of internal enemies." According to the view of this stimulating ethical teacher, the American people is at present in the position of a man with dulled knife and broken cudgel who finds himself in the midst of an ever-growing circle of wolves. "The old regulative system," we are reminded, "is falling to pieces. Few of the strong and ambitious have any longer the fear of God before their eyes. Hell is looked upon as a bogie for children. The gospel ideals are thought unscientific. Upon the practise of new sins there is no longer a curb, unless it be public censure." So the questions arise: Can there be fashioned out of popular sentiment some sort of buckler for society? Can our loathing of rascals be wrought up into a kind of unembodied government, able to restrain the men that derivatively snap their fingers at the agents of the law? Professor Ross is inclined to answer both of these questions in the affirmative.

That the public scorn really bites into wrongdoers of the modern type, he says, may

be read in the fate of "the insurance thieves." They were "self-made Americans, country-bred, genial, sensitive, uncarapaced by pride of caste," and they cared so much what people thought of them that they fled to exile and the grave from the vitriol spray of censure. "If only we can bring it to bear," comments Professor Ross, "the respect or scorn of the many is still an immense asset of society in its struggle with sinners." He continues (*Atlantic Monthly*, April):

"The community need feel no qualm when lashing the sinner. We are bidden to forgive our enemies, but not the enemies of our society, our posterity. For society to 'resist not evil' would be folly, because for most of us society's attitude fixes the guiding ideas of right and wrong. Any outrage we can practise with impunity comes finally to be looked upon as matter of course. To the aggressor, the non-resisting community practically says, 'Trample me, please. Thanks!' Thus it becomes a partner in his misdeeds. The public that turns the other cheek tempts a man to fresh sinning. It makes itself an accomplice in the undoing of a soul. It is the indulgent parent spoiling the child. It is, therefore, our sacred duty, not lazily to condone, but vigorously to pursue and castigate the sinner. It is sad, but true, that the community is prompter to correct the wife-beater than the rebater or the dummy director. Such indifference to the soul's health of eminent citizens is deplorable."

Carrying the argument one step further,

Professor Ross takes the position that a healthy moral consciousness can be developed in our community-life only by the renunciation of "certain false notions which now hinder the proper grilling of sinners." The first of these notions which he asks us to abandon is "the fallacy that sinners should be chastised only by their betters." He writes:

"What if the critics are no better than they should be? Sinners are scourged, not to proclaim their moral inferiority, but to fortify people against temptation. May not a weak man, untempted, prop a stronger man who is under temptation? Opportunity puts one's baser self in the saddle; whereas the comment of the disinterested spectator utters his better self. If the baser self of the tempted man could not profit by the rebuke of a public made up of men no better than he is, many of us would go blind.

"Slow, indeed, would be moral uplift if the public allowed itself to be silenced by the *tu quoque* of the malefactor. Of course it would be inspiring to be charmed on from height to height by the voices of seers and the example of heroes. But Isaiahs and Savonarolas are rare; and certain practises must be outlawed at once if we are not to rot down together."

The second "error" against which Professor Ross protests is the idea that "society's castigation of the sinner is merely the assertion of the self-interest of the many." Men are sometimes represented as acting only from self-interest. The gas magnate claims the right to defy municipal regulations, on the ground that they express only the self-interest of gas consumers; and the money-maker tries to undermine the inconvenient law which, according to his way of thinking, embodies nothing but the will of the stronger or bigger class bent on oppressing the weaker or fewer. "Now, this," declares Professor Ross, "is moral gangrene, so deadly that no one with the infection ought to have place or influence in society." He goes on to say:

"The truth is, law is shot through and through with conscience. The uprising against rebating, or monopoly, or fiduciary sin, registers, not the self-interest of the many, but the general sense of right. To be sure, an agitation against company stores, or the two-faced practices of directors, may start as the 'We won't stand it' of a victimized class; but when it solicits general support it takes the form 'These things are wrong,' and it can triumph only when it chimes with the common conscience. In the case of child labor, night work for women, crimping and peonage, the opposition springs up among onlookers rather than among victims, and is chivalric from the beginning. The fact is, the driving force of the great sunward movement now on is moral indignation. Not one of the attempts to shackle the newer stripe of depredators lends itself to interpretation in terms of self-interest. In every instance the slogan has been, not 'Protect yourselves,' but 'Put down iniquity!'"

Professor Ross next transfers his attention to what he calls "the delusion that the non-conformist is the real peril to society." The trouble here, he thinks, lies in the fact that we emphasize the wrong values, and let the great sinners escape scot-free, while we castigate the small sinners and the people who are not sinners at all. To illustrate:

"At a moment when the supremacy of law trembles in the balance, when our leading railroad magnate complains that it is not easy to carry on a railroad business, 'if you always have to turn to the legal department and find whether you may or may not,' how bootless seem agitations to put 'God' into the constitution, to enforce strict Sabbath observance, to break up secret societies, or to banish negroes to the Jim Crow car! These fatuous crusades against Gorky and Madame Andrieva, against 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' against 'anarchist' immigrants, against the Mormons, undraped statuary, or the 'un-American' labor union, or the foreigner's Sunday beer, recall to mind the monks of Constantinople wrangling over the nature of the Trinity while the Turks were forcing the gates!"

Finally, Professor Ross attacks "the false doctrine that the repression of the vicious is more important than the repression of sinners," defining *vice* as practises that harm one's self and *sin* as conduct that harms another. He writes on this point:

"The effort we expend on persons who go astray with their eyes open is mostly wasted. Usually they cannot be saved, nor are they worth saving. Certainly let vice be made odious. But when the public exerts itself to stamp out drinking and the social evil, it slackens its war on sin, and, moreover, it simply forestalls natural process. Nature limits at last the spread of vice, and the sooner those of congenitally weak will and base impulses eliminate themselves, the better for the race.

"Sin, on the contrary, is not self-limiting. If a ring is to be put in the snout of the greedy strong, only organized society can do it. In every new helpful relation the germ of sin lurks, and will create there a pus center if social antisepsis be lacking. Then how tragic a figure is a victim of sin! To perish of diseased meat to make a packer's dividend is sadder than to perish through one's own thirst for whisky. The invalid bled by the medical fakirs is more to be pitied than the 'sucker' fleeced in the pool-room. For the man who is the prey of the vile inclinations of others surely has a better claim on us than the man who is the prey of his own evil inclinations."

Let us never forget, says Professor Ross, in concluding, that "*the master-iniquities of our time are connected with money-making*," and that "child-drivers, monopoly-builders and crooked financiers have no fear of men whose thought is run in the molds of their grand-fathers." He adds: "If you want a David-and-Goliath fight you must attack the powers that prey, not on the vices of the lax, but on the necessities of the decent."

PAUL BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CRITICISM

NO BIBLICAL character is at present the object of such derogatory criticism on the part of advanced theologians as is the great apostle of the Gentiles. "Away from Paul and back to Christ!" has become the battle-cry of one section of the "higher critics" of Germany, and finds an echo in many other countries. Dr. Julius Koegel, a German theological writer who defines and analyzes the whole anti-Pauline movement in that vigorous conservative church journal, *Die Reformation*, of Berlin, lays special stress on the efforts made by radical thinkers to show that Paul was a man of diseased mind, suffering from epilepsy. This attitude finds expression even in the German fiction of the day, and is strongly reflected in the famous "Hilligenlie" of Pastor Frenssen. In that novel occurs the passage:

"Paul was a man who was diseased through and through, notwithstanding his great learning and high culture. He himself reveals this fact in many places in his epistles; he was nervous, and tormented by mental anxieties and perplexities which made life for him a constant source of misery and a kind of living death. From time to time his epileptic attacks assumed such proportions that in the unconscious state that resulted he saw wonderful heavenly visions and had ecstatic hallucinations."

By many theologians this is accepted as a true portrayal of the temperament of Paul. We are asked to believe that his abnormal psychology was responsible for his "pessimistic" view of the sins and frailties of mankind. He felt that men must be "saved" by something outside of themselves, and he found what he sought in the death of Jesus, to which he assigned a power which Jesus Himself had never thought of. In describing what Paul as a theologian has added to the original teachings of Christ, Professor Wrede, of Breslau, says:

"The whole matter is summed up in the one statement that Paul made Christianity a religion intended to redeem and save mankind. He found this saving power not within man, but outside of him, in the divine redemption plan, which once for all provided salvation for mankind. In other words: the novelty of Paul's teachings is to be found in the fact that he makes the whole history of the relation of God to man a history of redemption. His great innovation lies in his making the redemptive acts—the incarnation, the death and the resurrection of Jesus—the foundation of the Christian religion."

In the light of such reasoning Paul be-

comes the founder of Christianity in the form in which it has been accepted by the Church ever since the Apostolic era. On account of his subjective mental condition, it is contended, he engrafted upon the primitive gospel a new Christology and an Atonement theory that was not, in the true sense, Christian, but grew out of his exaggerated notion of human depravity. It is not claimed that Paul intentionally perverted the gospel of Jesus. Rather the gospel itself is represented as a development influenced by the personality of the apostle, and to a certain extent the result of the general religious thought of the age. But Paul, according to the "new theology," was mentally unbalanced; he was ecstatic and hysterical, and these characteristics appear in the body of doctrine which he committed to the church. The cry, "Back to Jesus" is interpreted as meaning: Removal from the doctrinal body of the church's belief of all the teachings and dogmas which, according to critical opinion, were not promulgated by the "historical Christ" of the Synoptic gospels.


Dr. Koegel meets this position in a lengthy article in *Die Reformation*. He says in substance:

1. Paul himself is certainly not in the slightest degree conscious of any discrepancy between his teachings and those of the Master. On the contrary, he is most outspoken in declaring that he teaches only that which has been delivered unto him. Neither does he pretend to supplement or complement the original gospel. Rather he pronounces his anathema on any who would change even an iota in the gospel as it has been delivered to us. He constantly appeals to Christ and His teachings, and at most recognizes in his own doctrine a commentary on the gospel which Christ Himself had lived and taught.

2. The only way in which criticism can create an impassable chasm between Jesus and Paul is by an absolutely subjective handling of the gospels. Even tho, for the sake of argument, we put aside the Johannine Christology of the fourth gospel, the fact remains that the Synoptic gospels, if allowed to convey their own clear meaning, make it evident that the purpose of Christ's coming into the world was the redemption of mankind through His death. A fair interpretation of the Synoptic gospels shows that the historical facts therein described constitute the basis of Paul's theology, which is at most only an elaboration of what Christ Himself teaches and says. It is only by arbitrary removal of many of the most important passages from the Synoptic gospels that it is possible to make the original gospel of Christ essentially different in substance from that which Paul taught and which the church has accepted through all the centuries.

Music and the Drama

THE MAN OF THE HOUR—GEORGE BROADHURST'S DRAMATIZATION OF GRAFT

HE Man of the Hour" is a play of the hour. The time is the present, the place any large city in America, and recent political happenings in New York have evidently furnished the plot. Several characters closely resemble men prominent in this city, such as Mayor McClellan and the present leader of Tammany Hall. While these are slightly disguised, Phelan, district leader and former chief of police, avowedly "touches on and appertains to" Devery, that racy Irishman who has become a traditional figure in American politics. It is claimed for "The Man of the Hour," from which, by courtesy of Mr. W. Brady, the following excerpts are taken, that it has not met with a single adverse criticism, but leaped into immediate favor. It undoubtedly possesses elements of strength and sincerity characteristic of good melodrama. The same may be said for Mr. Broadhurst's other play, "The Mills of the Gods," now running in this city.

The first act introduces us to Charles Wainwright, an unscrupulous financier, and Scott G. Gibbs, a prospective betrothed of his niece, Dallas Wainwright. Both men are of the same moral caliber, and hold that a man is entitled to all he can get within the letter of the law. Wainwright is about sixty. He is unmarried, the making of money having completely absorbed his time and attention. Even in his summer home, where the scene is laid, he has a private wire keeping him in touch with the Stock Exchange. He is crafty, cautious, treacherous and merciless, but dislikes to fight in the open. "A lion," he says, "would hunt much more successfully if he did not roar so loudly." Gibbs is a man of thirty or thirty-five, irreproachably attired. He is a shrewd broker and a heavy and desperate speculator. There is also present Thompson, Wainwright's secretary, a man of about twenty-six, ostensibly softspoken, unoffensive, painstaking and deferential. This manner, however, is assumed, and underneath his servile attitude appears an occasional narrowing of the eyes, a dogged setting of the jaw and a quiet watchfulness. Wainwright,

having tried him time and time again, trusts him implicitly. He would be very careful if he knew that Thompson's real name is Garrison, and that he is the son of a man to whom he had wilfully given false financial advice, and who had in consequence been driven to suicide. There also appear on the premises Perry, Wainwright's nephew and the brother of Dallas, Judge Newman, protégé of Wainwright's, and Bennett, the hero of the play, a good-looking, prepossessing man of thirty. He comes of fighting stock, but his father, a former general in the civil war, who afterwards went into business, had left him a fortune, and the thought of work for work's sake has never seemingly entered his head. He idolizes his mother and the memory of his father. The mother is a woman of distinction and refinement. While not old-fashioned or somber-minded, the romance of her life died with her husband and she lives now only for her boy. The latter is in love with Dallas. A false rumor of Gibb's betrothal to the girl secretly given out by the broker determines Bennett to ask for her hand. She tells him that her heart is free, but that so far, he having been satisfied with being only his father's son, cannot command her respect. He promises her to change his ways and to inaugurate a life of action. The chance is offered him only a few minutes later. Wainwright, it appears, has a great plan to apply for a perpetual franchise for the Borough Street Railway. He owns a rival line, and has been secretly at work buying up the stock of the former. To accomplish his aim, he has associated himself with Gibbs, and then proceeds to make a deal with Richard Horigan, city boss. Horigan is a man of thirty-five, possessed of great physical strength and bulldog tenacity. He is essentially a fighting man, giving no quarter and asking none. The only district leader whom he has not been able to whip into line is Bill Devery's counterpart—Phelan. Wainwright has invited both, so as to bring about a reconciliation, and thus to control a two-thirds majority of the aldermen. Phelan enters before the arrival of the boss, of whose coming he has not been

informed, and the following conversation takes place:

Phelan: Howdy!

Wainwright: Alderman (*they shake hands*). Let me introduce Mr. Gibbs. This is Alderman Phelan.

Phelan: Of the Eighth—the only man who ran independent last election and carried his ward.

Gibbs: Glad to meet you, Alderman.

Phelan: Same to you.

Wainwright: Were you on time?

Phelan: About fifteen minutes behind, that's all. (*Wainwright looks at watch.*)

Wainwright: So you were. It's later than I thought.

Phelan (to Wainwright): Say, Horigan thinks he can down me next Fall. Nothin' to it. I'll bury his man so deep, a steam-shovel couldn't dig him out.

Wainwright: Confident, aren't you?

Phelan: Why not? There ain't a voter in the Ward—Dago, Greek, or White—that I can't call by his first name and tell him how many children he has. I've got my people right where I want 'em. Horigan! Wait, that's all!

Wainwright: Why don't you and Horigan bury the hatchet?

Phelan: The only time I ever bury any hatchet with Dick Horigan his head'll go with it.

Gibbs: Is it wise to fight so strong a man?

Phelan: It's all right for me, because he's got to come into my territory to whip me! Besides, I'd be lonesome if I didn't have a fight on hand. I'm the original red rag to the bull of trouble, and I like it.

Wainwright: I want you and Horigan to be friends.

Phelan: Mm! Mm!

Wainwright: Come, now, if I had invited Horigan to meet you here to-day, for instance, wouldn't he be welcome?

Phelan: Sure—he'd be as welcome as the typhoid fever.

Wainwright: Well, you might as well know—I have invited him.

Phelan: Here—to meet me?

Wainwright: Yes. But he doesn't know it any more than you did.

Phelan: If that's what you're plannin', you're wastin' time. Horigan don't like me any more than I do him, and I love him like a Carolina nigger loves plowin' time.

Wainwright: He's liable to be here any minute now.

Phelan: Then there's no use my waitin' any longer.

Wainwright: You're not afraid to meet him, are you?

Phelan (quietly but convincingly): Afraid! There ain't a man livin' I'm afraid to meet. (*Butler enters.*)

Butler: Mr. Horigan, sir.

Wainwright: Show him in.

Horigan: Good morning, Mr. Wainwright, I was—(*Horigan sees Phelan. There is a short pause.*) What's this?

Phelan (indicating Wainwright): Ask him.

Horigan (to Wainwright): Well, what is it?

Wainwright: I disliked to see two such good fellows pulling against each other, and I wanted to bring you together.

Horigan: What did he say?

Phelan: I said there was nothing doing—

Horigan: That goes double with me.

Wainwright: Come now. Isn't there any possible way I—

Horigan: There isn't. (*To Phelan*) I'm after you, Phelan, and this time I'm going to get you.

Phelan: You're as welcome as the flowers in Spring! And don't forget this: I'm after you!

Horigan (scornfully): You!

Phelan: Me! You're standin' pretty solid now, but remember—you ain't no sphinx! You can be pulled down!

Horigan: At least we understand each other—

Phelan: Yes, and always did.

Horigan (to Wainwright): If this was the business you asked me to come here on, I want to say—

Wainwright: It wasn't the business.

Horigan: Then perhaps we can get to it when he's gone.

Phelan: That's the end o' the session for me. (*To Wainwright*) So long.

Wainwright: I'm sorry, Alderman. You'll stay to lunch, I hope. (*Wainwright rings bell.*)

Phelan: No, thanks. I can get a bite in the village. When's the next train? (*Butler appears.*)

Wainwright (to Butler): See that this gentleman gets all the information he desires; place a car at his disposal and do everything else he wishes.

Butler: Yes, sir. (*Butler goes out.*)

Phelan: Much obliged. (*To Gibbs*) So long.

Gibbs: Good-bye, Mr. Phelan.

Phelan (to Horigan): As for you, some day I'll drop something on you, and if it don't knock you flat I'll come back to walk round you and see what's holdin' you up. (*Phelan goes out.*)

Horigan: Damn him!

Wainwright: Let me introduce Mr. Gibbs.

Horigan: How are you?

Gibbs: Mr. Horigan.

Horigan: Did you hear what he said, "He was going after me." Bill Phelan, pull me down!

Gibbs: There's not much chance of that—

Horigan: There's none. But I'll get him. I've got to get him—for the sake of discipline. If he can defy me and win, others might think they can, so I've got to get him. (*To Wainwright*) Why did you bring him here?

Wainwright: For the reason I gave you. I am interested in a matter to which there is sure to be opposition.

Horigan: Well?

Wainwright: And I want to win over any possible ally of the enemy before war is declared.

Horigan: You're a clever man, Mr. Wainwright, but there are some things even you don't understand. I daren't compromise with Phelan, if I wanted. If a man in the organization starts a fight with me there's no turning back. I never compromise with him. I crush him. That has kept me where I am. Everyone of them knows that with me it's obey or fight, and if it's a fight, then it's a fight to a finish.

Here Judge Newman enters and is treated by Horigan as a subordinate. Wainwright puts in a good word for him and, after pledging his word to do "the square thing" by his political friends, the judge is assured of reap-

pointment. When finally, save for the unobserved vicinity of Thompson, Wainwright's secretary, the financier and the boss are alone, they put through a deal to the effect that Wainwright is to contribute \$200,000 to the campaign fund, and that Horigan is to receive twenty-five thousand shares of the Borough Company's stock. The next question is to agree on the proper candidate. He must be a man with a good name, a young man, with money, or, as Horigan phrases it, "a man the public thinks is out to do his duty, but one we know we can handle." They finally agree on young Bennett. The latter first thinks the matter a joke, but accepts when he hears that there is a fighting chance. He states, however, firmly, that if elected he will keep his oath of office. "Sure you will," Horigan remarks ironically, and the curtain drops.

The next act takes place in the office of the Mayor. Bennett has been elected and the infamous Borough Company Bill is now submitted for his final consideration. He has gone carefully over the instrument and discovered a number of "jokers." He is already strongly inclined to veto the bill when Phelan appears and calls his attention to the men behind it and their methods of operation. Gibbs also appears and incidentally hints that by signing or vetoing the bill Bennett can either give him and his friends a fortune or take one from them. Bennett resents the indelicacy of such a suggestion under the circumstances. After both Gibbs and Phelan have made their exit, Horigan enters, in a high state of excitement.

Horigan: I understand Phelan was here this afternoon.

Bennett (quietly): He was.

Horigan: About what?

Bennett: Business.

Horigan: What business?

Bennett: My business.

Horigan: Well, I want you to understand one thing. No man can be friendly with Horigan and Phelan at the same time. It's him or me. Is that plain?

Bennett (still quietly): Perfectly. And now I want you to understand one thing. No man can bully me, either in this room or out of it. Is that plain?

Horigan: Do you mean to say—

Bennett: You will oblige me also in the future by at least knocking on the door before you come in. This is my office and no other man's.

Horigan: Do you mean to say—

Bennett: That's twice you've said that. Is it your hearing or my speech that is defective?

Horigan: Bennett, you and me have got to come to a show down. You're a bright young fellow, you made a great fight and won; the public likes you and the press likes you, and you're the best material the party's got to-day. If you

do what's right, there'll be nothing you can't have. But you've got to do what's right.

Bennett: What do you mean by doing what's right?

Horigan: I mean you've got to do the square thing by them who made you.

Bennett: And who did make me?

Horigan: Dick Horigan! Who were you till I took you up? Nobody! If I didn't make you the mayor of this town, I'd like to know who did.

Bennett: The people did.

Horigan: The hell they did! Who gave you the nomination?

Bennett: You. I admit that. But the people elected me, and I'm going to do exactly as you advise—I'm going to do the square thing by those who made me.

Horigan: You mean to say—

Bennett: There it is again! However, I'll tell you this time. I mean that before I sign that bill I've got to know that it's for the good, not of the party, not of the organization, but of the city. I told you I should keep my oath of office. I intend to do it.

Horigan: You'll sign that bill or—

Bennett: Or what?

Horigan: Or your political career ends right now. You think you're on top, and that you can stay on top without the men who put you there. But you can't. I can pull you down just as easily as I put you up, and I'll do it unless you sign that bill. I pledged my word on it long before the election and you've got to do it.

Bennett: I made no such pledge. Before you did you should have been sure you could deliver the goods.

Horigan: Then—you won't sign it!

Bennett: You said we should have to come to a show down. This is where we do it. You have no collar on my neck, Mr. Horigan. I wear no man's tag. You can't sell me either for present or future delivery. If I sign that bill it will be because I think it an honest one—not because you agreed that I should do it.

Horigan: I don't care why you sign it as long as you do sign it.

Bennett: Do you think it an honest bill?

Horigan: Do I—! What do you take me for? I don't care whether it's honest or not.

Bennett: Well, I do—and I think it's crooked.

Horigan: Oh you do, eh?

Bennett: Yes, I do. It permits them to use any motive power they please, it allows them to charge five-cent fares without transfers; the little joker in paragraph six allows them to build a subway if they desire it; they could also build a conduit and rent it for telegraph or telephone wires; in fact, it gives the streets, not for fifty years, not for a hundred years, but forever. This franchise delivers to the Borough Company, bound hand and foot, not only us but our children and their children's children until the day of Judgment, and I tell you that the time for such things has gone by, never to return.

Horigan: So we've elected a reformer, have we?

Bennett: I was placed in my position to protect and defend the rights and property of my constituents. That bill asks me to give away a franchise for which I am offered two million dollars cash.

Horigan: What?

Bennett: I thought that would surprise you.

In addition to this cash offer, the gentlemen agree to give to the city ten per cent. of the gross receipts, and to turn over the entire plant at a fair valuation at the end of fifty years if the city desires it.

Horigan: Who does that? (*Bennett hands him the letter.*) I guessed it was one of those yellow newspapers. You don't suppose he means it, do you?

Bennett: I am sure he does. He's a business man as well as an editor. His word is good. Besides, he agrees to deposit a check for a million dollars to bind the bargain. And now, why is the Council so eager to give away what this man is willing to pay for so liberally?

Horigan: How should I know?

Bennett: You do know—and yet I'll tell you. The answer is graft, Mr. Horigan, graft!

Horigan: What do you call graft?

Bennett: Graft is money to which a man is not morally entitled.

Horigan: Then every man is a grafter. A lawyer will take a fee for showing his client how he can break the law and evade the punishment—graft! Churches and colleges accept money they know has been obtained by fraud and oppression—graft! Newspapers and magazines publish advertisements they know to be fakes and worse—graft! A congressman will vote for an appropriation with the understanding that other congressmen will vote for his—graft! A railroad president accepts stock in a firm which ships over his line—graft! Senators become millionaires on a salary of five thousand a year—graft! And so it goes high and low, rich and poor, they all graft. In fact, the man who doesn't graft hasn't the chance or else he's a fool.

Bennett: You're wrong. Honesty pays now just as it has always done and always will do. Why did the people of Wisconsin send La Follette to the Senate? Because, whatever his faults, they knew he was an honest man! Why did the people of Missouri make Folk their Governor? Because, whatever his faults, they knew he was an honest man! And why did the people of the United States make Roosevelt President? Because, whatever his faults, they knew he was an honest man! This bill isn't honest, but I am, and I won't sign it.

Horigan: Then veto it. Veto it! And to prove what I think of the newspapers—and the people—and to show you what size you are, and what I think of you, I'll pass it over your veto. You're an accident—just an accident—and you propose to stack up against me.

Bennett: That's exactly what I propose to do. I'll fight your bill in the Council and I'll fight it out of the Council. It takes a two-thirds majority to pass anything over my veto. You'll need fourteen votes. You have only thirteen. I'll see that you don't get the other.

Horigan: And I'll see that I do.

Bennett: Moreover, I know there's bribery here. I'll find who gives it and I'll find who takes it, and then I'll jail them every one. I'll not only jail the aldermen who take the bribes, I'll jail the "gentlemen" who give them.

Horigan: Then let me tell you that the man who's back of this bill, the man you'll have to jail, is Mr. Wainwright, the uncle of the girl you are in love with.

Bennett: That's no great news.

Horigan: Then perhaps this is. Every dollar

of her fortune, every dollar of her brother's fortune, has been invested by Wainwright in Borough Street Railway stock, and if you beat this franchise you'll ruin them both. You hear, you'll ruin them both, the girl and her brother. And now do what you like about it and be damned to you.

Bennett: I'll show you what I'll do.

(*Bennett takes a pen, writes on franchise and shows it to Horigan:*)

There—

Horigan: You've vetoed it!

Bennett: I've vetoed it. And now do as you like about it and be damned to you.

The third act takes place in the parlor of the Charlton Hotel, where the annual administration ball is being held. All the characters from the previous act appear; also Payne, a reporter, and Roberts, one of the aldermen not controlled by the boss. His vote is needed, especially as Ellis, one of the "gang," has taken French leave to escape the necessity of voting for the bill. Horigan promises to take over two of his notes and to put through a park bill heretofore unsuccessfully pushed by the aldermen from his district, provided Roberts will vote for the slightly amended bill. Roberts, who is fundamentally an honest man, finally weakens and yields to the superior sophistry of the boss. Thereupon Judge Newman, who is also present at the ball, which is always an important political happening, is commissioned to mediate between the mayor and the "interests." Bennett had in the previous scene disclosed to his mother that, in order to save Dallas's fortune he had supplied her brother, Perry, with sufficient capital to sell short the stock affected, so that she would not be the loser, whatever the outcome of his struggle with the machine might be. He is prepared to fight tooth and nail, but, nevertheless, he gives courteous hearing to the old judge.

Judge: Take the advice of a man much older than yourself, and who has seen many promising careers blighted by one foolish step. Do not antagonize the interests I have mentioned. The public forgets—money and politics never do.

Bennett: I do not take my position to please them or the public. I do it for my own purpose, and to please myself.

Judge: If you will do as they desire—if you remain neutral—I am authorized to offer you—

Bennett: Yes?

Judge: The nomination for Governor when your term as Mayor has expired.

Bennett: So, that's the bribe, is it, and you are the man selected as the go-between!

Judge (indignantly): Bribe! Go-between! What do you mean, sir?

Bennett: Aren't you trying to bribe me?

Judge: No, sir.

Bennett: Then what are you trying to do?

Judge: I merely came to you with a proposition.

Bennett: Didn't you offer the nomination for Governor in return for the betrayal of a trust! If that isn't bribery, what is it? (*There is a short pause.*) Come, what is it?

Judge: It's—it's—

Bennett: I decline the offer, Mr. Newman. I am not surprised that they should offer it, but I am surprised that you should bring it. You, a judge! A judge!! God help justice while money and politics can control the judges! (*Goes out.*)

Judge (alone): Well! Well!

(*Gibbs and Dallas enter from the ball-room. They see the indignation and perturbation of the judge.*)

Gibbs (coming down): What's the matter, Judge?

Judge: I have just been grossly insulted.

Dallas: Insulted?

Judge: Yes.

Gibbs: By Mr. Bennett?

Judge: Yes. It was outrageous.

Dallas: You must be mistaken, Judge. Mr. Bennett is a gentleman. (*Wainwright enters.*)

Judge: Not, if I know one.

Wainwright: Hello! What's wrong?

Gibbs: Judge Newman says Bennett has insulted him.

Wainwright: Is that surprising?

Dallas: To me, yes!

Wainwright: Naturally! If you can be on friendly terms with Bennett after what he has said about me, you must think he can't insult any man.

Gibbs: What was the trouble?

Judge: I had been sent to him with a message from—from—

Wainwright: I sent to ask him to be friends and let the past be forgotten. I requested the judge to be my spokesman, because I thought his position and his gray hairs would at least command respect. But I was mistaken. Judge, I apologize for the indignity I caused you. I should have known better.

Judge: That's all right, Charles.

Dallas: Mr. Bennett refused the offer?

Judge: Indignantly. He compared Mr. Wainwright to a highwayman—!

Wainwright (to Dallas): A highwayman. Do you hear? (*To judge*) You are sure it was only a highwayman, not a child stealer, or a grave-robbler, or some pleasant little thing like that?

Dallas: Why did Mr. Bennett refuse?

Judge: Because of the Borough Franchise—

Dallas: Then there were conditions to the offer of friendship.

Wainwright: Of course there were.

Dallas (to Wainwright): What conditions?

Wainwright (to Judge): You tell her. She might not believe me.

Dallas: Uncle.

Judge: The only condition was that Mr. Bennett remain neutral in the Borough Franchise matter.

Gibbs: Neutral! That's fair enough.

Wainwright: Certainly, it is.

Judge: Mr. Bennett didn't seem to think so. His refusal was abusive and intemperate. I tried to show where his duty lay, but he simply would not listen.

Wainwright: Did you point out that practically

every concession he demanded had been granted?

Judge: I did, but it made no difference. I simply cannot understand his attitude. It seems to me that he must have some ulterior motive.

Dallas: Impossible.

Judge: And yet he said he took his attitude to please himself and for personal reasons.

Dallas: But what personal reasons?

Judge: That I don't know.

Wainwright: Well—I do.

Dallas: Uncle.

Wainwright: You are the personal reasons.

Judge: Ah!

Dallas: I am?

Wainwright: You. It is no secret that he wishes to marry you. Neither is it a secret that Mr. Gibbs wishes to marry you.

Dallas: Well?

Wainwright: Gibbs is interested with me and interested heavily. If Bennett defeats the bill again it means that practically all Gibbs has will be lost. If that occurs, he must, as an honest man, drop out of the running, leaving the field clear for Bennett. The scheme has been known to us for some time, but at Gibbs's request I kept silent.

Gibbs (to Dallas): I was afraid you might misconstrue—

Dallas: I don't believe it. He would not do such a thing!

Wainwright: That shows how much you understand him.

Dallas: I don't believe it.

Wainwright: To gain his point he has not only planned to ruin Gibbs, but he is willing to beggar Perry and yourself as well.

Dallas: To beggar Perry and me!

Wainwright: Yes. Thinking that Borough Stock was a safe and profitable purchase, I sold out the investments I was holding for you, and put everything in the Borough Company.

Dallas: Then, if Mr. Bennett succeeds, Perry and I will be dependent on you?

Wainwright: You will. Bennett knew this—he knows it now. But does your welfare or Perry's cut any figure with him? Not so long as it interferes with his plans against Gibbs. What does he care about you, so long as he can down him?

Judge: Everything is clear now.

Dallas: It doesn't seem possible; and yet he—(*to Gibbs*) he did know about you, did he?

Gibbs: Please don't question me. I prefer to say nothing.

Wainwright: That's the Quixotic position he has taken, altho he knows he will probably be beggared because of you.

Dallas: If I am the cause, I'm very sorry.

Gibbs: Oh—please—

Dallas: And if Mr. Bennett has—

Gibbs: I don't blame Bennett. If I had it in my power to beat him, I'd do it.

Wainwright: If you could do it fairly, but not if it means what it means to Dallas and Perry.

Dallas: But perhaps he doesn't know about it?

Wainwright: But he does, I tell you! He knew it when he vetoed the bill. He knows it while he's working against this one. But would he let his "love" for you or his "friendship" for Perry, or anything else in the world stand in his way if he once set out to do a thing? He wouldn't, and you know it. Don't you?

Dallas: I—I—

Wainwright: Of course you do.

Gibbs: I can't say how sorry I am that Mr. Wainwright has told you.

(Bennett enters.)

As for my troubles—(Gibbs sees Bennett and stops.)

Bennett (to Dallas): My dance, I think.

Dallas: Just a minute, please! You know, of course, that Mr. Gibbs is interested in the Borough Street Railway Franchise. I heard him tell you so.

Bennett: Please don't talk about such matters now.

Dallas: I must. You know it, don't you?

Bennett: Yes.

Dallas: But do you know that Perry—to say nothing of myself—is heavily involved, too? Do you know that if you succeed all the money that we have will be lost, and that we shall be dependent on Mr. Wainwright?

Bennett: Dallas!

Dallas: Do you know it? (There is a short pause) Answer me.

Bennett: Yes, I know it.

Dallas: And, knowing it means ruin for us, you still intend to oppose the bill?

Bennett: I must.

Dallas: Why?

Bennett: It is my duty to oppose it.

Gibbs: Duty!

Wainwright: That's a fine excuse! Whether you are wrong or right about the bill you did your full "duty" when you vetoed it. That declared your position. It showed everybody exactly where you stood. Why go out of your way to fight it after that?

Bennett: I decline to be drawn into any discussion with you—here—Mr. Wainwright.

Wainwright: You see.

Dallas: Realizing all this means to my uncle, to Perry and me, you still insist on fighting the bill?

Bennett: I can't turn back now.

Wainwright: What did I tell you? What does he care for you or Perry or anyone in this world who happens to stand in his way?

Dallas (to Bennett): There is no reason for waiting to explain. Everything is perfectly clear.

Bennett: But it isn't. You don't understand—

Dallas: That is where you are mistaken. I do understand. (To Gibbs) You have waited for an answer long enough. I am ready to give it now. It is "Yes."

Gibbs: Dear—

Bennett: You mean?

Dallas: I have promised to be the wife of Mr. Gibbs.

Bennett: Dallas!

Dallas (to Gibbs): Your arm, please.

Bennett: Dallas! (Dallas and Gibbs go out together.)

Wainwright: That fixes that little matter all right.

Judge: Several things I didn't understand are clear to me, too.

Wainwright: No matter what happens now, you quit loser. Come, Judge. (Wainwright and judge go out.)

A short pause follows. Then Horigan enters with a report proving conclusively that Bennett's father was in reality a king of graft-

ers. The report will be burned if Bennett "does the right thing." The news is a terrible blow to Bennett and to his mother, before whom he puts the case. Nevertheless, she says: "Do the right thing, my boy. Do the right thing."

The finale of the play is enacted in two rooms in the City Hall—separated only by a partition in which is a door. The room to the right is used by Horigan as his office on important occasions when his presence is necessary; the other, next to it, adjoining the council room, is usually unoccupied. Horigan, Wainwright and Gibbs are consulting in suppressed anxiety. Ellis has not yet been found, Roberts is again wavering, and the galleries are packed with a crowd of citizens inimical to the bill. Among the spectators are Perry and Dallas, who have secured seats near the room to the right. Bennett's firm stand forebodes no facile conquest, and when finally Roberts returns with the notes, taken up by Wainwright, and places them on the table and declares his intention to withdraw from their camp, their misgivings turn to consternation. While the boss is arguing with the recreant alderman, Bennett enters and quickly takes possession of the notes. Horigan dares not prevent him by force from re-entering the council room. Everything, it seems, is lost. Gibbs is panic-stricken. Horigan suggests as a final stroke that, money and ambition having failed, Gibbs should offer Dallas, his fiancée, as a bribe to the mayor. "It could do no harm to try, and if he refused and said anything about it, it would be your word against his." Wainwright has already left the room, Horigan does likewise. Gibbs in his anxiety enters the room to the left and confronts Bennett there.

Dallas happens to be in the adjoining room while he makes his shameful proposal for which Bennett treats him like a cur. Perry tells her that Bennett, far from desiring to ruin her, has indeed saved her fortune. She asks Phelan for an interview with the Mayor. The Irishman promises her one, and asks her to wait in the room to the right. Meanwhile Horigan, Wainwright and Bennett re-enter the stage. They are now willing to come to terms. The Boss opens the conversation.

Horigan: You've got us beat. We admit it, so name your price.

Wainwright: Yes. What do you want?

Bennett: I have no price.

Horigan: You must want something, what is it?

Bennett: I want nothing.

Wainwright: Then why did you send for us?

Bennett: To tell you that tomorrow you'll both

be indicted for bribery, to let you know that every step you take is watched, and that you can't get away.

Wainwright: You can't prove anything against me.

Horgan (to Bennett): You talk like a fool. If you do indict me, what of it? I control the District Attorney and some of the judges! As for this Roberts matter, I'm not worrying about that. A smart lawyer can explain it in a thousand ways.

Wainwright: In any case, you can't connect me with it.

Bennett: I think I can. Still I have this satisfaction—if I fail, I can connect you with half a dozen or so of similar enterprises.

Wainwright: Guess work and generalities are not proof, Mr. Bennett.

Bennett: For instance, what about the two hundred thousand dollars in cash and the twenty-five thousand shares of stock at 63 which you were to give Mr. Horgan for the Borough Franchise? (*Wainwright and Horgan are amazed.*) Pretty good guess work, wasn't it?

Wainwright: That kind of evidence won't go in court. The court will want proof, and you have none.

Bennett: Haven't I? (*Bennett opens door. Thompson enters.*)

Wainwright (astounded): Thompson!

Thompson: No—not Thompson! Garrison!!

Wainwright (incredulous yet fearful): Garrison!

Thompson: Yes. Garrison! The son of the man you betrayed, the son of the woman who died because of it. That's who I am, Henry Garrison!

(*The situation dawns on Wainwright. He is overcome by the meaning and the horror of it. He gasps and seems about to collapse.*)

Bennett (to Wainwright): Now you understand?

Wainwright (to Thompson): You have betrayed me?

Thompson: Betrayed you! What have I been waiting for and watching and working for, but to betray you.

Horgan: I knew it.

Thompson: When they telegraphed me to come home, what did I find? My mother dead—my father disgraced, and with a bullet hole—(*Thompson puts his finger to his temple*) And you did it.

Wainwright: No!

Thompson: You did it. They wouldn't tell me who it was, but I put things together and I soon understood. Then I said, "I'll pay him back—no matter how long it takes, I'll pay him back." I schemed and planned and plotted, and the day I went to work for you I knew my turn was sure to come if I could only wait patiently and work cautiously. So I schooled myself to be deferential, to fetch for you and carry for you, to say "thank you, sir," and "I hope you are pleased, sir," while all the time I was aching to put my fingers to your throat. (*Wainwright instinctively puts his hands to his throat as if to protect himself.*)

Wainwright: Take him away!

Thompson: After a while you began to tempt me and try me, but I understood and refused to be caught. So day by day I worked myself into your confidence until at last you trusted me, you trusted me! The rest was easy!

Horgan: You were listening when I was there.

Thompson: I was always listening. (*To Wainwright*) I made copies of the confidential despatches you sent; I took down your private interviews in shorthand; every day I made a duplicate of the note-book into which I took your letters as you dictated them, and I left you the copy while I kept the original. I kept track of the checks by which you completed your transactions, and when the time came I procured them—I secured the proofs, the absolute proofs, and I've turned them over to him (*indicating Bennett*), and you'll go to jail—you'll go to jail—and when you come out I'll kill you! Do you hear? I'll kill you!

Wainwright: No! No!

Bennett: Steady, boy—

Thompson: I will—I will, I tell you. I'll kill you! If I could wait nine years for this, don't you think I can wait for that? (*Wainwright looks about apprehensively and appealingly.*) Nine years. Nine years of humbling myself—of watching—and waiting—and praying—for the day to come, and it's here—it's here—at last—it's here. (*Thompson sobs hysterically. Bennett pantomimes for Phelan to take him away.*)

Wainwright: I withdraw the bill. (*Williams looks at Horgan.*)

Horgan: Don't you understand? He withdraws the bill. See to it. (*Williams goes out.*)

Phelan (to Horgan): I told you I should drop something on you! I've done it, too.

Horgan: You!

Phelan: Me! I found Thompson. I saw him with Wainwright, knew I'd seen him before, thought it over, remembered, and then went after him.

Horgan (to Bennett): About that report, don't forget that.

Bennett: It will be published in the morning.

Horgan: No! It wouldn't be good politics. I'm going to hold it over.

Bennett: Oh, no, you're not. I have already sent it to the press with the information that I shall return to the city every dollar due under the contracts.

Horgan: Bennett, you're either the biggest fool or the best politician in the country.

Wainwright: There's no use—my asking for mercy?

Bennett: When did you ever have mercy?

Horgan: What's the matter with you, Wainwright? So long as you have money, don't worry! The woods are full of investigators, and subpoenas, and indictments, but I notice there are damn few rich men in jail even today. So brace up and come along. (*Horgan and Wainwright go out.*)

Bennett: He's a rogue, but he has nerve.

Phelan: Yes, he's a game bird, all right, but he flies funny! Don't forget your other engagement.

Bennett: What engagement? (*Phelan opens door. Dallas enters, and goes toward Bennett. Phelan goes out.*)

Dallas: I misunderstood—

Bennett: What?

Dallas: You. Now I come to you freely and fairly—

Bennett: But Gibbs?

Dallas: There's no one but you.

Bennett: Dallas! (*He takes her in his arms.*)

CURTAIN.

GORKY'S NEW DRAMA OF THE REVOLUTION



HAVING in a series of plays portrayed the life of the Russian tramps and vagrants, the brutal middle class, the ineffective and incapable "intellectuals," the superstitious and ignorant peasants, the "barbarians" of the higher classes and the corrupt, indolent, petty bureaucracy of the provinces; having painted a gallery of types which many critics complained of as unduly ugly and deformed, Maxim Gorky has written a new drama which may be considered, according to one appreciative writer, an apotheosis of the new Russia, the revolutionary elements of the country in general and of the emancipated proletariat in particular.

From Gorky's political writings it is known that he has high hopes and great admiration for the "enlightened, independent" social-democratic workmen of Russia. In the new play, called "The Enemies," he depicts some of these workmen and their attitude toward the employers. He tells an episode of the "war of the classes," but he shows that the employer class is being deserted by its best and freshest representatives and raising up enemies within itself,—that the revolution is not entirely the work of the proletariat.

"The Enemies," like Hauptmann's "Weavers," is a play of action and incident in which the background, the atmosphere and the large issues underlying it overshadow the personal affairs of the leading characters. The German reviewers (it has been produced in Berlin, in the "Small Theater," a sort of free or progressive stage, and nowhere else) and a Berlin correspondent of a St. Petersburg newspaper have found it undramatic, episodic, lacking in coherence and crude in construction. There is much excitement and movement, they say, and many persons come, shout, conspire and go, leaving the audience bewildered and giving it no pleasure or emotion that is proper to the true artistic drama.

But in a lengthy article in the Parisian monthly, *La Revue*, a countrywoman of Gorky, Vera Starkoff, claims artistic as well as social significance for "The Enemies," and says that Gorky's plays will be valued by coming generations as splendid, masterly pictures of the revolutionary struggle that is now progressing in Russia toward a climax. They are not theatrical, and they give no pleasure to the Philistines and the empty fashionable or bourgeois audiences, but they are understood by

workmen, and their simplicity, naturalness and realism, their laconic style and sober tone, are the qualities that make them popular with these builders of the new order.

The plot is summarized by Miss Starkoff, and considerable of the dialog is reproduced in her elaborate account of the play. It may be condensed as follows:

"Two men, Michael and Zakhar, are proprietors of a factory. The former is hard, tyrannical and cruel, the latter inclined to be fair and liberal, partly through calculation and partly owing to a better natural disposition. Michael has been away on a long vacation, and the workmen take advantage of his absence to present a demand for the dismissal of a particularly brutal foreman, who strikes workmen on the least provocation. Just then Michael returns, and as he finds that discipline has been relaxed he tries to redouble his severity and strictness.

"Remonstrated with, he laughs at 'justice' in industry. He has no faith in modern 'fads'—schools, lectures, rest-rooms, etc. He thinks that the Russian laborer must be ruled with a rod of iron. He complains that his partner has put absurd notions into the workmen's heads.

"He will not dismiss the brutal foreman. He beats workmen; what of that? Don't they fight one another, get drunk, behave like beasts on holidays? No, he will lock out all his men, shut the doors of the factory, rather than yield. Let starvation teach the agitators and malcontents a lesson. He will not encourage socialism and revolt.

"His partner, Zakhar, weakly surrenders. He says that, anyhow, he cannot manage factory workers. He is out of his element in the city. He knows peasants and can deal with them; they are gentle, patient, tractable. But the workmen are turbulent and exacting, and there are strange figures among them. . . . Zakhar's wife shares his preference for the peasants and calls the workmen 'the enemies.' She cannot understand their animosity, their 'ingratitude' their discontent.

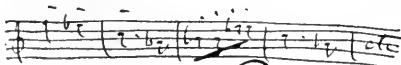
"Michael takes complete charge of the situation. He makes matters worse by threats, violence and repression. He calls on the police and the troops for aid. He announces a lockout and in a demonstration strikes a workman. At that moment a pistol is discharged by some one, and he falls—dead.

"Then Zakhar tries to pacify the men. He will continue the work, and order the troops away. He will discharge the obnoxious foreman, and put an end to brutality. But he will exact one condition—the men must surrender the murderer of his partner, the comrade who discharged the pistol.

"The men hold consultations. Arrests are imminent. The leaders refuse to flee. The guilty man is known to them: It is a young, ardent, intelligent laborer, Iakimoff. He is a valuable man to the 'cause,' and, besides, he has a wife and child. He means to confess and accept punishment in order to save his comrades and pre-



Butterfly.



Giacomo Puccini
London 22 Oct. 1905

vent suffering and starvation. The leaders say that some one else, less valuable, must be substituted for Iakimoff. Several eagerly offer themselves. One very young man is very insistent.

He will go to Siberia, if necessary for life, to hard labor in the mines, in order to save Iakimoff and the interests of the cause of the proletariat.

"A military court meets at Zakhar's residence to make an inquiry. The young workman makes his 'confession,' but it is too flimsy, and the judges can see that he is shielding some one else. But they are callous, indifferent, and only ask a victim of the same class as the real culprit.

The examination proceeds. Some of the men display great courage, dignity and strength. The judges insult them and cause indignation. Social democracy is openly preached by the leaders of the men. Zakhar's niece, Nadia, who is democratic and friendly to labor and to justice, revolts and protests against the unfairness of the judges. Her friend, Tatiana, who has offered to sacrifice her honor in order to save a revolutionary workman from arrest and punishment, is also at the 'trial,' and she consoles Nadia, saying: 'These men will conquer.'

"Confusion ensues, and Iakimoff rises and avows his guilt. Nadia, in an excess of exaltation at this act, cries to the judges and the proprietors, 'You are the real murderers!' An old workman says to her, 'Yes, Miss, the murderers are not those who kill under excitement and a sense of wrong, but those who engender hatred and commit wrong.' Nadia despairs at the idea of her own helplessness and uselessness. She understands that her class is unjust and responsible for the class struggle. 'Liberalism' is not enough. The whole social order must be changed. "The play ends with Iakimoff's confession and Nadia's outburst."

There are many episodes and incidents in "The Enemies" that illustrate the inequality, the caste feeling, the bitterness, the ignorance which characterize the existing social-economic order. But Gorky's aim is to show the progress of the workmen and the march of social-democratic ideas in Russia, as well as the futility of "bourgeois" liberalism and mere philanthropy.

THE MUSICAL MESSAGE OF PUCCINI

NO less than four composers of the first rank—Leoncavallo, Saint-Saëns, Puccini and Elgar—have helped to vitalize our musical season by visiting the United States during the past winter. Of them all, Puccini undoubtedly makes the widest appeal to Americans. He is not only the most gifted of living Italian composers, but operatically "the man of the moment"—at least in point of popularity—both in England and in America. Last summer in London his operas were given as often as Wagner's. In this country "La Bohème," "Tosca" and "Madam Butterfly" have all enjoyed phenomenal success.

"A big, broad man, with a frank, open countenance, dark, kindly eyes of a lazy, lustrous depth, and a shy, retiring manner—such is Puccini," writes Wakeling Dry in a new biographical study.* From the same authority we learn that Puccini is nearing his fiftieth year, and that he was almost forty before he achieved any real reputation either within or beyond his own country. His early life was that of many a struggling artist. His first operatic efforts, "Le Villi" and "Edgar," were comparative failures. At the time "Edgar" was in process of making he shared

*GIACOMO PUCCINI. By Wakeling Dry. John Lane Company.



By Arthur Rackham

IN PETER-PAN-LAND
When the fairies have their tiffs with the birds.

with companions as poor as himself a little attic in Milan. He still keeps the diary and register of expenses which tell of days of hardship and semi-starvation, and, in one place, of a herring which served as "a supper for four." The incident was afterward incorporated in "La Bohème."

It was "Manon Lescaut"—an opera first performed here on the night of the composer's arrival—that brought Puccini into prominence. The libretto is based on the Abbé Prévost's once famous romance, and deals with a theme that had already tempted Auber, Balfe and Massenet. Manon is a kind of French "Becky Sharp," and is portrayed by Puccini in what Mr. Dry describes as "a moving lyric drama, essentially human and common to every place, every race and all time, since it deals with purely elemental passions."

After "Manon" came "La Bohème" and "Tosca," the first a portrayal of the composer's own Bohemian life, the second an operatic version of Sardou's drama. These operas brought Puccini wealth and world-wide fame. "La Bohème" has passion, spon-

taneity, color, and "Tosca" a haunting dramatic intensity. In both operas Puccini may be said to have broken away from the influences of Verdi and Wagner, and to have displayed creative power of the highest order.

Puccini regards "La Bohème" and his latest opera, "Madam Butterfly," as his masterpieces. "These two operas," he says, "best express me and my temperament." It is worth noting that "Madam Butterfly," when first presented in Milan, was unsuccessful, but later, in revised form, was enthusiastically received in London. "Madam Butterfly" now promises to become one of the most popular of modern operas. The opera has been presented in America by three companies.

In Waking Dry's judgment, the reason for Puccini's greatness and popularity lies in his "extremely clever use of the light lyrical style." Mr. Richard Aldrich, musical critic of the *New York Times*, says:

"His style has none of the crudity and garishness of Mascagni as we know it in 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' It is more substantial, more deeply felt than Leoncavallo's brilliant music in 'Pag-

liacci.' That he has a spontaneous gift of melody, alluring, piquant, characteristic, that can upon occasion touch the deeper springs of emotion, passion, foreboding, and tragedy, has been made known in all the four operas that are familiar to this city. His art is a growing one, as is shown in the score of 'Madam Butterfly,' which is, in certain ways, the ripest, as it is the most recent, product of his genius. It is riper in its harmonic sense, reaches greater depths of expressiveness, and betrays a more original and independent inspiration than any of his preceding works. In his command of instrumentation Puccini is also more skilful than any of his fellows."

Mr. Henry T. Finck, of the New York *Evening Post*, takes a less favorable view of Puccini's achievement. He comments:

"Where Puccini fails is in the matter of melodic invention. There is, of course, melody in abundance; melody every moment; melody warm, broad, effective—but it is singularly, astoundingly lacking in individuality; it goes into the ears as

a plate of macaroni goes into the mouth, every stick like every other in shape and flavor. The resulting monotony gradually gets on one's nerves, so that the ennui is almost unbearable. (This must not be construed as a reflection on macaroni.) To be sure, there are thousands of operagoers who do not know the difference between such melody and real melody (the melody of Rossini and Verdi, for example). They are impressed by its steady flow, its eminent singableness, and when they hear it sung by a Caruso, they are inevitably delighted and carried away, as are congregations sometimes by the eloquent inflections and gestures of a preacher who has no striking message to convey. Puccini talks a great deal of melody, but he has very little to say.

As a result of his visit to this country Puccini hopes to write an American opera to be adapted from Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West." He is also planning a new opera based on Pierre Louy's audacious novel, "La Femme et le Pantin."

THE VERITABLE HISTORY OF PETER PAN



WITHIN recent years Peter Pan has become a very important personage. He is really the most celebrated of all the modern fairy-creatures, with the possible exception of Rautendelein. While Mr. Barrie, in the play that has become so famous, has familiarized the public with the present state of that delightful youngster, much of his early history is utterly obscure. There

are two books* on record from which we may catch glimpses of his babyhood; but even the most diligent research in the original authorities has failed to disclose by what marvelous transformation he grew up to his present height and assumed the wistful features of

*THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD, OR ADVENTURES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS. By J. M. Barrie. Scribner's.
PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS. By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Scribner's.



By Arthur Rackham

"AWAY HE FLEW RIGHT OVER THE HOUSES TO THE GARDENS"



By Arthur Rackham

PETER PAN WAS THE FAIRIES' ORCHESTRA

Maude Adams. It becomes the pleasant duty of the present writer to make accessible in scholarly manner to the general public the veritable history of that tragic boy, half human and half bird, compiled without regard to time and labor from authoritative sources. His special thanks are due to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for facilitating his difficult task by permission to reproduce in these pages Mr. Arthur Rackham's verisimilar sketches of Peter Pan, in his baby days, taken from life in Kensington Gardens. He also desires to express his indebtedness for valuable information to Mr. John D. Williams, personal representative of Miss Maude Adams, who is said to be intimately acquainted with Master Peter.

Peter Pan's earliest adventures are indissolubly connected with Kensington Gardens in London. There we find "The Serpentine," a lovely lake where the birds and old Solomon Caw live. It is a beautiful lake, and there is a drowned forest at the bottom of it. If you peer over the edge, Mr. Barrie assures us, you can see the trees all growing upside down, and they say that at night there are also drowned stars in it. The birds, of course, do not live in the water, but on a little island in the Serpentine. That is, they live there for a time; eventually they all become little boys and girls.

Old Solomon Caw is at the head of the delivery department and extremely dislikes people to interfere in his business. He wants you to leave it all to him, and if you mention particularly you hope he will see his way to making it a boy this time, he is almost sure to send another girl. We have this on Mr. Barrie's own authority. He also says that whether you are a lady or only a little boy who wants a baby-sister, always take pains to write your address clearly. You can't think what a lot of babies Solomon sent to the wrong house.

Peter Pan, we hear, is ever so old, but he is really always the same age; so that does not matter in the least. So far, we can follow Mr. Barrie's account. But when he tells us that Peter's age is one week, and that he never had a birthday, nor the slightest chance of having one, we cannot but feel that the author's chronological sense

must have deserted him. For we have *seen* Peter Pan at the Empire Theater, in New York, and later in Chicago, and he was quite grown up. But we shall come to consider that point at leisure later in our narration. All authorities seem to agree that when he was seven days old Peter Pan flew away from home. This may seem very extraordinary, but we must remember that all little boys were little birds before they were born, and that in the first days of their human career the power to fly is still latent within them. In fact, he was not the only baby that ever wanted to escape. In reality, all children could have some such recollection if they would press their hands to their temples. Having been birds before they were human, they are naturally a little wild during the first few weeks, and very itchy at the shoulders, where the wings used to be. Mr. Barrie indites this fact on the indisputable authority of little David, for whom the story of Peter Pan was written.

Peter Pan, we are told, flew out by the window, which had no bars. Standing on a ledge, he could see trees far away, which were doubtless the Kensington Gardens, and the moment he saw them he entirely forgot that he was now a little boy in a nightgown, and away he



By Arthur Rackham

A SERIOUS CONSULTATION
Peter Pan puts his strange case before old Solomon Caw.



By Arthur Rackham

PETER PAN'S BOAT—THE THRUSH'S NEST

flew, right over the houses to the gardens. Thereupon he alighted gaily on the open sward between the Baby's palace and the Serpentine, and the first thing he did was to lie on his back and kick. He had already forgotten that he had ever been human, and thought he was a bird even in appearance. When he tried to catch a fly he did not understand that he missed it because he had attempted to seize it with his hand, which, of course, a bird never does.

Then, being thirsty, he flew over to the Round Pond to have a drink. He stooped and dipped his beak in the pond; he thought it was his beak, but, of course, it was only his nose, and therefore very little water came up, and that not so refreshing as usual; so next he tried a puddle, and he fell flop into it. Now when a real bird falls in flop, he spreads out his feathers and pecks them dry; but Peter could not remember what was the thing to do. We are following the original authority here pretty closely, but the subject is too important to permit the citation of any but reliable witnesses. To his bewilderment, Peter discovered that the fairies he met fled from him. He heard the little people crying everywhere that there was a human in the Gardens after Lockout Time; but he never thought for a moment that he was the human. When finally he despaired of the fairies, he resolved to consult the birds, but now he remembered that all the birds he met

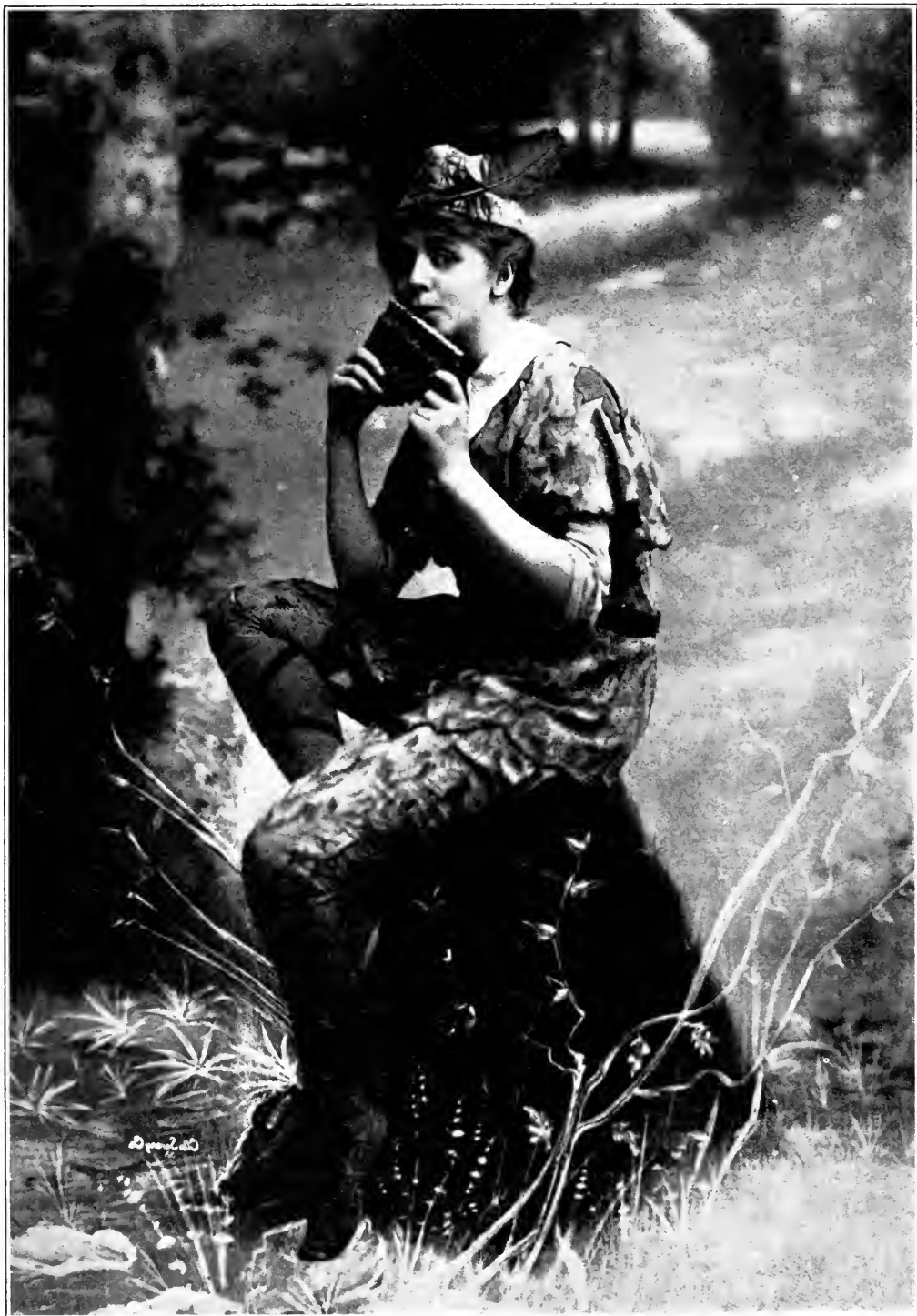
had flown away from him. "Poor little Peter Pan!" exclaims the historian. "Every living thing was shunning him, and even when he sat down and cried he did not know that for a bird he was sitting on his wrong part." "It is a blessing," Mr. Barrie continues, "that he did not know, for otherwise he would have lost faith in his power to fly, and the moment you doubt whether you can fly you cease forever to be able to do it." So in his despair Peter flew to the island and put his strange case before old Solomon Caw. All the birds were asleep excepting Solomon, who was wide awake on one side. He listened quietly to Peter's story and then told him the true meaning. We insert here an authoritative account of that momentous interview:

"Look at your nightgown, if you don't believe me," Solomon said, and with staring eyes Peter looked at his nightgown, and then at the sleeping birds. Not one of them wore anything. "How many of your toes are thumbs?" said Solomon a little cruelly, and Peter saw to his consternation that all his toes were fingers. The shock was so great that it drove away his cold.

"Ruffle your feathers," said that grim old Solomon, and Peter tried most desperately hard to ruffle his feathers, but he had none. Then he rose up, quaking, and for the first time since he stood on the window-ledge he remembered a lady who had been very fond of him.

"I think I shall go back to mother," he said timidly.

"Good by," replied Solomon Caw with a queer look.



Photograph by Otto Sarony Company

PETER PAN GROWN UP

Baby Pan, having emigrated from the Kensington Gardens, has grown up to his present size and, by a marvelous transformation, assumed the wistful features of Maude Adams. We have Mr. Barrie's word for it that he will never grow older.



PETER PAN'S PEAN

"I'm youth, eternal youth, I'm the sun rising, I'm the poet singing, I'm a little bird that has broken out of its egg. I'm joy! joy! joy!"

"But Peter hesitated. 'Why don't you go?' the old one asked politely.

"I suppose," said Peter huskily, "I suppose I can still fly?"

"You see he had lost faith.

"'Poor little half-and-half,' said Solomon, who was not really hard-hearted. 'you will never be able to fly again, not even on windy days. You must live here on the island always.'

"'And never even go to Kensington Gardens?' Peter asked tragically.

"'How could you get across?' said Solomon. He promised very kindly, however, to teach Peter as many of the bird ways as could be learned by one of such an awkward shape.

"'Then I shan't be exactly a human?' Peter asked.

"'No.'

"'Not exactly a bird?'

"'What shall I be?'

"'You will be a Betwixt-and-Between,' Solomon said, and he certainly was a wise old fellow, for that is exactly how it turned out."

All the birds have glad hearts, except when one robs their nests or when they have their tiffs with the fairies, and Peter's heart was so glad he felt he must sing like a bird all day long. Being partly human, he needed an instrument, so he made a pipe of reeds and sat on the shore practising the sigh of the wind and the ripple of the water, and taking handfuls of the shine of the moon. He put them all in his pipe and played them so beautifully that even

the birds were deceived. There was only one drop of bitterness in his cup—his inability to fly. After many difficult exploits, he at last succeeded in making for himself, with the help of the birds, a little boat in which he could paddle across the lake. It was here that he renewed his acquaintance with the fairies, with whom he became a great favorite. Their genesis, as propounded by our learned author, is a decided contribution to demonology. "When," he says, "the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a million pieces and they all went skipping about. That was the beginning of fairies." But, we learn from Peter Pan's own mouth, every time a little child says "I don't believe in fairies," somewhere in the world a little fairy dies. From the fairies he learned a good deal, but there were many things he had to find out for himself. He was very proud of playing like a human little boy. This was very pathetic, for he really did not know how to play. Nevertheless he was very merry, and his musical talent soon earned for him the proud title of the fairies' orchestra. One day it fell out that for playing so beautifully the fairy-queen granted him the wish of his heart. He said he wished to fly back to his mother. When he reached his house, he found the win-

dow wide open. Peter alighted on the wooden rail at the foot of the bed and had a good look at her. She looked sad, and her arms moved as if they wanted to go around something. He patted the little mound that her feet made gently. Certainly, he thought, it would be good to be her boy again; but on the other hand, what times there had been in the Gardens! He had quite decided to be his mother's boy, but hesitated about beginning just then. "It would be splendid to tell the birds of this adventure," he said, and in the end he flew back to the Gardens. He was very slow about going back home a second time, but at last he went in a hurry because he had dreamt that his mother was crying. But when he arrived at the house the window was closed. There were iron bars on it and, peering inside, he saw his mother sleeping peacefully with her arm around another little boy. He called "Mother! Mother!" but she heard him not. In vain he beat his little limbs against the iron bars. He had to fly back sobbing to the Gardens, and never saw his mother's face again.

The date of the occurrence cannot be determined with any degree of exactitude, but it must have been very long ago. After this tragic event Peter made the acquaintance of little Maimie, the predecessor of Wendy. "Do people know that I play games exactly like real boys?" he asked, very proudly. But when he revealed how he played, Maimie replied, big-eyed: "All your ways of playing are quite, quite wrong, and not in the least like real boys play." At this poor Peter uttered a little moan. After awhile he calmed himself and asked her to marry him. "Oh, Maimie," he said with eagerness, "do you know why I love you? It is because you are like a beautiful nest." Somehow, the biographer tells us, this made her feel uneasy. "I think you are speaking more like a bird than a boy now," she said. "After all, you are only a Betwixt-and-Between." This hurt him so much that she at once added, "It must be a delicious thing to be." The match came to naught because Peter told her that, from his own bitter experience, a mother is not always sure to want her child back; but they parted on friendly terms.

And here the written record of Peter Pan's babyhood ends. When we meet him again it is in Never-Never Land under Mr. Frohman's management. He is the captain of a band of Lost Boys, and is really Maude Adams. He has once more acquired the art of flying, and is carrying on an outrageous flirtation with Tinker-Bell, and later with Wendy. He de-

clares that he would rather remain young and live with the fairies in Never-Never Land than be president. "I am youth," he cries, after his victorious conquest of a pirate's ship, "eternal youth. I'm the sun rising; I'm the poets singing; I'm a little bird that has broken out of the egg. I'm joy! joy! joy!" His career after this is too well-known to need comment here. He has outgrown his babyhood, but, like Eros and Antinous, he will never grow up. This is what Mr. Barrie replied to the children's questionings at the farewell performance of "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's Theater, in London.

Critical estimates of the play have varied widely. There was a tendency at first to regard it merely as a children's play. But when it took audiences by storm, the recognition forced itself upon the public that "Peter Pan" was a psychological masterpiece fraught with deep symbolic meaning. Every man, it has been said, is at heart a Peter Pan. And when Maude Adams proclaims the tenets of eternal joy, we feel that the character stands for everything that is beautiful and elusive in human life. Peter Pan is the spirit of immemorial romance unfettered by convention. When little Wendy asks him if he has nothing sweet to ask of her mother, he hesitates awhile whether or not he shall enter the house. There are tears rising to his eyes. Shall he marry Wendy, grow up and wear a derby? But the artistic temperament, the Greek joy of living, restrain his hands. Wistfully he turns back, and begins to blow his pipe. He is Pan, the great god Pan, reincarnated. Or rather he is Pan without the goat-foot.

Neither domesticity nor the love of a woman can bind his indomitable soul. His true mate is Tinker-Bell, the fairy, one of the most striking conceptions ever put on the stage. Mr. Barrie has taken a flash and bell, and out of these ingredients created a character no less alive, no less real, than creatures of flesh and blood. When Tinker-Bell has taken the poisoned draft that was meant for Peter Pan, and her little light is flickering away, her extremity touches the springs of human emotion, and when Peter, addressing the audience, tells them that only faith in fairies can save her little life, a sea of handkerchiefs invariably responds to the appeal. Peter is only half-human and Tinker-Bell less so, but Barrie and Miss Adams have accomplished a unique feat: they have brought fairydom nearer to us. "Peter Pan" is a bold protest against the materialism of the age. In it, Mr. Barrie restores, if only for a night, the kingdom of Queen Mab.

Science and Discovery

THE GREATEST EXPLORER OF THIS AGE



THE past few weeks have been of exceptional interest in the history of exploration, for the Duke of the Abruzzi, one of the few royal visitors to our exposition at Jamestown, has been lecturing before the Royal Geographical Society on the scaling of the highest peaks in Africa. "The exploit of the young Italian nobleman," comments London *Science*, "comes at the end of a long series of efforts to wrest from the Mountains of the Moon those mysteries which, like the clouds about their summits, have so long enveloped the greatest mountain range of the dark continent." The Duke told how his expedition left Naples last year and how he duly reached the mountain mass of Ruwenzori, Africa's highest point. The feat of itself, in the opinion of the Paris *Cosmos*, would render the Duke "the greatest explorer of this age" even if his previous exploits were not "epoch making." He is just thirty-nine, yet it is ten years since he distinguished himself by achieving the first ascent of Mount St. Elias, one of the giant peaks of North America.

His next undertaking was a carefully organized Arctic expedition. Its first objective was the Franz Josef Land archipelago, amidst the islands of which a passage was forced for the ship past Dr. Nansen's winter hut to Teplitz Bay—almost the farthest point attained by the sledge party of the great Austro-Hungarian expedition of 1874. In the high altitude of 81 degrees north winter quarters were established and an observatory erected—"this last piece of work affording," remarks London *Nature*, "proof of the attention bestowed by the Duke of the Abruzzi on the scientific problems awaiting investigation in the regions he has visited. Only Peary has got farther north than the Duke." Few if any explorers, it adds, after achieving distinction in the Polar regions have turned their attention to the heart of equatorial Africa. But three or four years ago he was heard of as engaged in a cruise among the South Sea islands, while towards the end of 1905 it became known in geographical circles that this scion of the Italian royal family contemplated the conquest of the virgin heights of Ruwenzori. To quote *The Geographical Journal*:

"This great mountain, or rather mass of mountains, is situated immediately north of the Equator on the borders of Uganda and the Congo Free State. Although its peaks tower so high that in spite of their situation in the heart of the Tropics they are clad in eternal snow, it is only in comparatively recent years that Ruwenzori has been discovered by Europeans. It is true that it is commonly identified with the 'Mountains of the Moon,' of which vague rumors had reached the outer world in the days of Ptolemy. But the summits of the peaks are nearly always shrouded in mist, and even after modern explorers began to catch glimpses of the group in the latter half of last century it was long before Ruwenzori was revealed in its true character. Sir Samuel Baker only saw its lower slopes and named the group the Blue Mountains, and Sir Harry Johnston has recently pointed out that, incredible as it may seem, not only Sir Samuel Baker, but Emin Pasha and the numerous explorers who worked under Gordon all failed to descry the snows of Ruwenzori. It was when Stanley reached the vicinity of the south-west corner of the Albert Nyanza in 1887 that he obtained for the first time a sight of the snow peak or indications of a group of snowy peaks lying away to the southeast. Since then Scott-Elliott, Stuhlman, Mr. J. E. Moore, Sir Harry Johnston himself, and various other travelers, have described the group, and not a few attempts had been made to discover and ascend the highest peak when the Duke of the Abruzzi announced his intention of visiting the region. The greatest height of Ruwenzori was uncertain, and had indeed become the subject of a nice little controversy in geographical circles. Stairs and Stanley had suggested 17,500 feet as the maximum figure. Stuhlman thought this too low, but Mr. Moore was of opinion that 16,000 feet would be nearer the mark, whereas Sir Harry Johnston hinted that even 20,000 feet might not be an excessive estimate. Mr. Douglas Freshfield, who was defeated in his attempt to ascend Ruwenzori towards the end of 1905 by the unfavorable weather conditions, forbade any hopes that the group might prove the highest on the African Continent, and thought that 18,000 feet was the outside limit of its altitude. Latterly, indeed, the tendency was to reduce the estimates, and little surprise has been occasioned by the Duke of the Abruzzi's calculation that the height of the loftiest summit is not more than 16,810 feet."

At dawn of the day upon which the Duke attained the highest point of the dark continent, he had to pass over a level glacier broken by but few crevices. "The twin peaks," said his Highness in the lecture before the Geographical Society, "faced us close at hand." It was about half-past six in the morning. Every move forward was perilous to the little party, which by this time



THE ITALIAN PRINCE OF THE BLOOD AND ILLUSTRIOUS EXPLORER, WHO IS TO VISIT THE
JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

The Duke of the Abruzzi has attained the highest point in the direction of the North Pole to which any voyager has yet gone except Peary. The Duke is likewise celebrated for his ascent of the peaks of Ruwenzori, the wonderful and mysterious mountain of Africa.

had been reduced by the defection of reluctant natives. To quote the Duke:

"Soon we began to feel puffs of wind from the southeast, which rapidly increased in force, and half way across the plateau the mist enveloped us. We marched on, and got to the ridge which fell from the southern and lower of the two highest peaks. The snow was in good condition, and after cutting a few steps we gained the top at 7:30 A. M. In the dense mist we could not even see the higher peak, which was only a few hundred yards off. On the previous day our guides had seen that there might be difficulty in climbing from the saddle to the higher peak on account of its overhanging cornice, and in the fog we could neither reconnoiter the descent from our own peak to the saddle nor the best means of dealing with the cornice. We must either put off to another day the ascent or descend the ridge we had climbed, pass under the saddle, and attack the higher peak where there was no cornice, or attempt a direct passage by way of the saddle. The guides said nothing, but they acted without words. It would have been useless for me to suggest to them to go back, and we resolved to take the saddle route, reserving to ourselves the alternative and more circuitous route should the former prove impracticable. The excellent condition of the snow made the descent to the saddle shorter

than we had anticipated. We climbed up by a very steep snow-slope to the cornice. We had to evade the icicles that hung from and supported it in order to find a means of gaining the ridge. The slope was so steep that my head almost touched the feet of the guide in front of me. In cutting steps the guide sent down a shower of ice on his followers, and I looked forward with pleasure to the moment when our party would resume its normal relations—one in front, and not one above the other. We found at last a sort of ice chimney six feet high, and one guide to climb up it, had to plant his nailed boots on the head and shoulders of the other, who served him as a mounting block. The ridge was ours, and at the same time the top. It was 11:30. A fresh breeze blew from the southeast; the clouds swept past but few yards under us, leaving clear only the two peaks, that we had left and that on which we were standing. And to these summits, the only ones in view at this moment which crowned my efforts, I gave the names of Margherita and Alexandra, in order that, under the auspices of the two royal ladies, the memory of two nations may be handed down to posterity: of Italy, the name of which resounded for the first time on these snows in our shout of victory; and of England, which in its marvelous colonial expansion carries civilization even to the slopes of these remote mountains."

THE AIMLESSNESS OF THE UNIVERSE IN THE LIGHT OF ITS PHYSICAL DESTINY



WHEN with open mind we regard the cosmos, asserts that eminent educator and physicist, Dr. Carl Snyder,* there comes inevitably a sense of bewilderment and a perplexity that seems hopeless. For the universe, according to him, has no purport or moral or object that the intelligence can discern or conjecture. "It is in vain that we seek for evidence of any purpose when we survey the heavens and contemplate the probability that therein is an endless welter of dead suns, perhaps hundreds of thousands of millions of them, incapable of bearing life and, so far as we may perceive, mindless and dumb." Their life is spent. Their sole use, so far as we may surmise, is simply to pursue an empty track through the wilds of space until, in a colossal catastrophe, they are dissipated again into the formless nebula from which they sprang, to become "the spawn of newer worlds."

It is vain, adds Dr. Snyder, that we seek any evidence of purpose or design in the appearance of the vast and uncouth lizards of the reptilian epoch—"the gigantic brontosaurus that paddled about in the marshes, the fantastic

pterodactyls that spread their darkening wings upon the heavy and mephitic air of that ancient time." With difficulty do we find a purpose in the tactics of a huge shoal of salmon entering a narrow pocket to destroy themselves by the inrush of their own numbers. We fail to see the import or consequence that lies in the prodigious effort of the toiling millions of worker ants that rear a million ant hills or of the myriads of coral polyps that weave the graceful atolls of the sea.

It is equally in vain that we contemplate the scum upon a duck pond. This scum is the product of life, is teeming with life. Yet the highest intelligence fails to discover for it the slightest utility. It is with a perplexity bordering upon revolt that we consider the myriads of insects and of bacterial swarms which plague our human kind, breeding suffering and disease, and serving, so far as we may see, only to thwart the development of individuals and hence of the race. If mere bulk or numbers were a measure of importance, in totality of bulk and numbers they must vastly outclass all the higher forms of life.

We can not recognize infinite goodness or intelligence in the avalanche, the cyclone, the lightning's bolt, the eruptions of Mont Pelée,

*THE WORLD MACHINE. By Carl Snyder. Longmans, Green & Company.

the earthquake of Lisbon, the burning droughts of India, the famines of Ireland, the tidal wave that flings up fifty thousand folk like so many drowned rats upon the coasts of Japan. We do not see the purport of an arrangement which covers the fertile lands of Europe and America with a sheet of ice once in a hundred thousand years or so, blotting out all life or banning it for an age.

Not less vain is our endeavor to find in the cosmic order those qualities which we regard as the highest and noblest among men. Nature is not wise, she is not loving, she is not economical, she is not moral. She is flaunting in her unchastity, shameless in her impudicity. Her prodigality is not so much reckless as it is riotous. Plundering and murdering at every step, she knows no justice. Fecund as an ale-wife, she abandons her children to every danger and to every ill, careless alike of those who survive or fall. A religion of nature is a chimera, an antithesis of terms. The aims of nature seem as various as her phenomena, and in the future the hallucinated mind which professes to surprise her secret will be regarded as the proper subject of the alienist.

So far as we can perceive, the evolution of worlds, of life and of societies, of art and the sciences, is a pervasive phenomenon of the universe, ceaselessly interrupted, incessantly destroyed, ceaselessly begun again, like the spider with its web, the beaver with its dam, the bee with its comb, man with his works. A little while ago it seemed as if we might perceive the obscure workings of a constructive impulse in the scheme of the world. Its limitations eluding us, it seemed to promise much. But unless our present conceptions are radically changed, the idea of unending growth and expansion is an illusion, as if in entering a car of some gigantic Ferris wheel, and slowly lifted from the earth, we should believe that we should go on rising to the utmost reaches of the sky. The complement of evolution is devolution, and in the unfolding of worlds from a primal nebula, their slow decay and final resolution into nebula again, we can at present perceive but the ceaseless turning of a mighty wheel.

The existence of vast bodies like Canopus, a million times or more the bulk of our sun, seems to indicate the final congregation of the material of the cosmos into a single inert body. An impenetrable veil hides from us the beginning of things. So far as we can see, that veil will never be lifted. Equally from our view is veiled the end. The forces with which physical investigations deal are finite. They are measurable and, in a way, simple.

The single exception to this—and that may be only an apparent exception, the outcome of our present ignorance—is gravitation. So long as that riddle is unexplained, it is idle to conjecture. Perhaps it would be idle still if it were solved.

So far as we can now perceive there appears to be, in Spencerian formula, an increasing aggregation of matter. If the matter of the universe is finite and if this aggregation be pursued indefinitely, it could have but one result: that would be final congregation into a single mass. The universe of suns and planets would be tumbled into a single lump.

Whatever be the larger fact, it is not improbable that this may be the fate of that part of cosmos which it will ever be given to our human kind to know. There is much in recent stellar discovery to suggest such a conclusion to Dr. Snyder. It is obvious, for example, he says, that if we do not mistake as to the vast size of Canopus, we should have here a relatively advanced stage of the process.

If the meteoric idea of the origin of suns and planets hold aught of truth, the tendency is towards the formation of larger and larger bodies. Each of these would act in some sense as centers of aggregation. It is fairly clear that in the course of ages the earth has grown, all of the planets have grown, the sun itself has grown. The continuous sweeping of these large bodies would eventually empty space of all its minor contents.

If we prolong our vision we shall see that amid the alternate formation of systems and their disintegration through stellar collisions, there would yet be a tendency towards the accumulation of matter into ever narrower areas. Presently this would produce one enormous body which no collision would shatter.

It is obvious, for example, that the collision of our sun and Canopus would not mean a dissipation. If the earth fell into the sun, even at enormous speed, its mass is yet too slight to cause the dissipation of the mass of the sun into primeval nebula. In the light of our present estimates, precisely the same thing would be true if our sun were drawn into Canopus. It would add something to the heat of that star. It would add something to its mass. Canopus would not be destroyed.

We know nothing of the motion of Canopus. If it were careering through space at the speed of Arcturus, it would be sweeping up suns at a relatively tremendous rate. Whether it be in motion or not, the result would be much the same. We might even conceive it as standing still, and since we know that the stars about it are moving rapidly in every

direction, in the end they would one by one approach and be drawn within its gigantic spider's web.

We might, of course, conceive that a similar process was at work throughout other regions, with the resultant formation of other suns equal in grandeur to Canopus. If two such suns in their turn came into collision, the result would probably mean the dissipation of both into a primitive nebulous condition. But there would be this difference, that whereas the matter of which they were composed had originally extended over vast areas, that which would be occupied by the new nebula thus formed would probably cover but a small extent of the former. If contraction then took place, the resultant system would apparently have one vast sun at its center instead of the original pair. The process which has been

followed out by each of them would, after the elapse of an immense period of time, be resumed with double the energy—that is to say, with double the attracting force.

So far as we can now see, there is little to stay and nothing to limit such a process. The end might be delayed through eons of time, compared with which the life history of our solar system would appear but seconds in a seeming eternity. It could have but the result here indicated. This central mass would dissipate its heat, it would cool just as our planet has cooled, just as the sun is cooling, just as great Canopus will cool. If there were planets revolving about it, a time would come when life upon them would be impossible. The image of the universe then would be that of an inert clod, mindless, helpless, motionless and dumb.

THE CLINICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF BALZAC'S DEATH FROM OVERWORK



HE only scrap of what might be called direct evidence that Balzac, the immortal French novelist, suffered from an ocular malady is in the incidental remark of his sister that his eyes had been far-sighted. This assertion, according to the new volume in "Biographic Clinics," by Dr. George M. Gould, the eminent ophthalmologist, means only that Balzac did not have myopia nor so much astigmatism as to prevent distant vision. But in the case of the French writer the direct evidence, says Dr. Gould, is not needed, because the indirect evidence is so "clear and cumulative." Balzac's symptoms, and especially his life-history, are those of most who consult the modern expert oculist. "The usual immediate and permanent disappearance of such symptoms in those under forty-five years of age, by means of scientific refraction work, is demonstrated every day in the oculist's office." Without that, is any modern physician able to cure such patients? Never, replies Dr. Gould, except by ordering that the patient shall stop all writing and reading.

The demonstration that Balzac's brain was not "inflamed," "exhausted" or otherwise diseased, is found in the fact that the works produced in his last years, just before his marriage, free from financial worries, happy and hopeful, show all the invention, power, objectivation—all the perfections of technic, in a

word, of those of ten and fifteen years previous. What, then, had failed? Simply ability to see "at close range," that is, in reading and writing, as continuously as before. The long standing and single cause of mischief, the reflex of which had attacked one set of organs after another, was simply a strain upon the power of vision. If Balzac had not been "far-sighted," but had, say, one diopter of simple myopia alike in each eye, even his unhygienic habits could not have broken him at forty-seven and killed him at fifty.

The simple physiological reason for this is that in all the human body there is no muscle that can be long and continuously innervated. That is a task Nature has been unable to carry out, and a hundred anatomical mechanisms illustrate this truth of physiology. Even if Balzac had been without ametropia he would still have had enormous eye-strain because the ciliary muscle, although acting in a way that might have been called normal, was put to impossible tasks. Accommodation would always be "subnormal" under such conditions. The ciliary muscle of the eye, that of "accommodation" in the far-sighted, is required by such work as Balzac did to be daily in a constant state of contraction for hours,—even at times for twenty of them*:

*BIOGRAPHIC CLINICS. Volume IV. By George M. Gould, M.D. P. Blakiston's Son & Company.

"The attempt at this physiological impossibility produces the morbid results we know and which are so capably illustrated in Balzac's case. But, of course, no pair of human eyes has ever been tested in which absolute 'emmetropia' existed, and the least ametropia would vastly increase eye-strain in such a case as that of Balzac. Indeed, local ocular disease preceded other lethal organic diseases and comparative blindness preceded death. All oculists know that between the ages of forty and fifty eye-strain is necessarily doubled by what is technically termed presbyopia. All biographers deplore and wonder at Balzac's death at fifty. Seven years before his own death, how-

ever, occurred that of another which removed the chief obstacle to his marriage with the woman he had so long, so purely and so fervently loved. To this was added such an improvement in his finances that it was possible to lessen the exorbitant demand upon his eyes and mind. Despite these things, despite comparative wealth, despite love and travel and happiness, that his health grew steadily worse and that he died immediately after his marriage—these things can not be explained except upon the theory of eye-strain which had long lessened his resisting power and which, when reinforced by presbyopia, finally produced the nephritis that killed him."

WAS FRANKLIN'S THEORY OF MATTER THE TRUE ONE?

MORE than a hundred years have elapsed since Benjamin Franklin, employing a phraseology now superseded, put forth a theory of matter. It was pronounced "a delusion" by the physicists of the nineteenth century, but the scientists of the twentieth century, according to Sir Oliver Lodge, may be forced to rehabilitate it as the only means of issue from the labyrinth in which all physical study is now involved. Stripped of technical verbiage and put briefly, the Franklin theory is that electricity and matter in combination form a neutral substance, which is the atom of matter as we know it.

The most interesting part of the problem for ourselves, says Sir Oliver, is the explanation of matter in terms of electricity, the view that electricity is, as Franklin seems to have supposed, the fundamental "substance." What we men of to-day have been accustomed to regard as an indivisible atom of matter is thus built up out of electricity. All atoms—atoms of all sorts of "substances"—are built up of the same thing. In our day, to put it more clearly, the theoretical and proximate achievement of what philosophers from Franklin's day to ours have always sought—a unification of matter—is offering itself to physical inquiry.

But it must be remembered, Sir Oliver says,* that altho this solution is strongly suggested, it is not yet a complete proof. Much more work remains to be done before we are certain that mass is due to electric nuclei. If it is, then we encounter another surprising and suggestive result, namely, that the spaces inside an atom are enormous compared with the size of the electric nuclei themselves which compose it, so that an atom can be regarded as a complicated kind of astronomical system—like

Saturn's ring, or perhaps more like a nebula, with no sun, but with a large number of equal bodies possessing inertia and subject to mutual electric attractive and repulsive forces of great magnitude, to replace gravitation. The radiation of a nebula may be due to shocks and collisions somewhat like the X-radiation from some atoms.

The disproportion between the size of an atom and the size of an electron is vastly greater than that between the sun and the earth. If an electron is depicted as a speck one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, like one of the periods on this page, for instance, the space available for the few hundred or thousands of such constituent dots to disport themselves inside an atom is comparable to a hundred-foot cube. In other words, an atom on the same scale would be represented by a church 160 feet long, 80 feet broad and 40 feet high—in which, therefore, the dots would be almost lost. And yet on the electric theory of matter they are all of the atom that there is. They "occupy" its volume in the sense of keeping other things out, as soldiers occupy a country. They are energetic and forceful, tho not bulky. In their mutual relations they constitute what we call the atom of matter. They give it its inertia. They enable it to cling on to others which come within short range, with the force we call cohesion. By excess or defect of one or more constituents they exhibit chemical properties and attach themselves with vigor to others in like or rather opposite case.

That such a hypothetical atom, composed only of sparse dots can move through the ether without resistance is not surprising. They have links of attachment with each other, but, so long as the speed is steady they have no links of attachment with the ether. If they

*ELECTRONS. By Sir Oliver Lodge. George Bell & Sons.

disturb it at all, in steady motion, it is probably only by the simplest irrotational class of disturbance which permits of no detection by any optical means. Nor do they tend to drag it about. All known lines of mechanical force reach from atom to atom. They never terminate in ether, except, indeed, at an advancing wave front. At a wave front is to be found one constituent of a mechanical pressure of radiation whose other constituent acts on the source. This is an interesting but essentially non-static case, and it leads away from our subject.

As to the nature of an electron, regarded as an ethereal phenomenon, it is too early to express an opinion. At present it is not clear why a positive charge should cling so tenaciously in a mass, while an outstanding negative electron should readily escape and travel free. Nor is the nature of gravitation yet understood. When the electron theory is complete, it is hoped that the gravitative property also will fall into line and form part of the theory. At present it is an empirical fact, which we observe without understanding, as has been our predicament not only since the days of Newton, but for centuries before, tho we did not, before Newton, know its importance in the cosmic scheme.

Attention has hitherto been concentrated chiefly on the freely moving active negative ingredient, the more sluggish positive charges being at first of less interest, but the behavior of electrons cannot be fully or properly understood without a knowledge of the nature and properties of the positive constituent too. According to some physicists, positive charge must be the mirror image of negative charge.

The positive electron has not, it seems, been as yet observed "free." Some think it cannot exist in a free state, that it is in fact the rest of the atom of matter from which a negative unit charge has been removed; or, to put it crudely, that "electricity" repels "electricity" and "matter" repels "matter," but that electricity and matter in combination form a neutral substance which is the atom, as science at present recognizes the thing. Such a statement is an extraordinary and striking return to the views expressed by that great genius Benjamin Franklin. On any hypothesis, those views of his are of exceeding interest, and show once more the kind of prophetic insight with which great discoverers are gifted. Undoubtedly, concludes Sir Oliver, we are at the present time nearer to the view of Benjamin Franklin than men have been at any intervening period between his time and ours.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE HUMAN VOICE



INCREDIBLE as it may seem, it is none the less true, observes a writer in the *Révue Scientifique* (Paris), that a French scientist has devised a method for photographing the human voice. The apparatus will soon receive such a name as "photophone," and be offered for sale in the shops. The plan in accordance with which the new invention was brought to perfection is a registration of the number of vibrations of the voice as it sounds notes.

For instance, it is well known to students of music that appliances were contrived long ago by which the number of vibrations composing a certain musical note were registered by flames of greater or less intensity. Upon the foundation supplied by this principle, the inventors of the machine that photographs the voice, M. Pollak and M. Virag, had resolved to perfect a system of rapid telegraphy enabling the transmission of 40,000 words per hour. The original Morse apparatus could transmit only 400 words per hour. The latest, the so-called Baudot, has attained a

speed of 4,000 words per hour. But when MM. Pollak and Virag had attained a speed of 40,000 words per hour, they would probably have stopped at that point but for the noted savant, Professor Morage, of the Sorbonne. He suggested making the invention photograph the voice.

According to this new system of telegraphy at high speed, the words are perforated on strips of paper by an instrument something like a typewriting machine. The paper is passed through a special transmitter, and the perforations determine the intervals between the currents. These intervals are recorded in the receiver by a small mirror which oscillates in accordance with the perforations and the intervals between the currents. These oscillations are noted by an instrument which photographs on a strip of paper the deflections of a ray of light which the mirror reflects from a lamp placed in front of it. The invention will allow a teacher of singing to tell how a pupil progresses by making "photographs" of his voice.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED UNITY BETWEEN PLANT LIFE AND ANIMAL LIFE



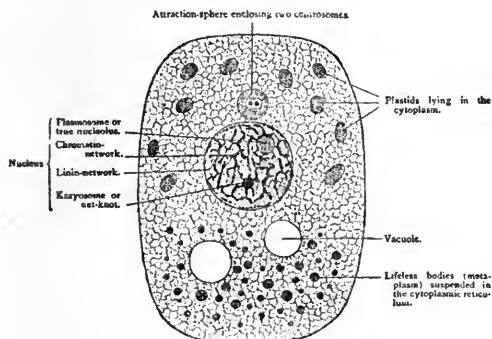
STARTLING is the discovery that a "fundamental" distinction between animal and vegetable structure does not exist at all. It has been held by all scientists until recently that each vegetable cell unit is boxed up in a "case" of cellulose. Animal cells are not so imprisoned, but freely communicate with one another. Now the botanist and the zoologist learn with amazement of the continuity of the protoplasm through the walls of the vegetable cells by means of connecting canals and threads. This may seem no "startling" discovery to those who are unfamiliar with the foundation ideas of biology. As a matter of fact, says Prof. Ray Lankester, this new development is not less epoch-making than the discovery of the circulation of the blood. If man has been totally misled regarding the distinction to be drawn between animal life and vegetable life, if the cell is essentially the same factor in the growth of both, it follows that the plant is a form of animal, or rather that the animal is a moving plant.

A few words should be said at the outset, says Professor Lankester, as to the progress of our knowledge of cell substance and on the subject of what was once styled the protoplasm question. We do not now regard protoplasm as a chemical expression, but as a structure which holds in its meshes many and very varied chemical bodies of great complexity. Within a recent period the centrosome, or central body, of the cell protoplasm has been discovered, and a great deal

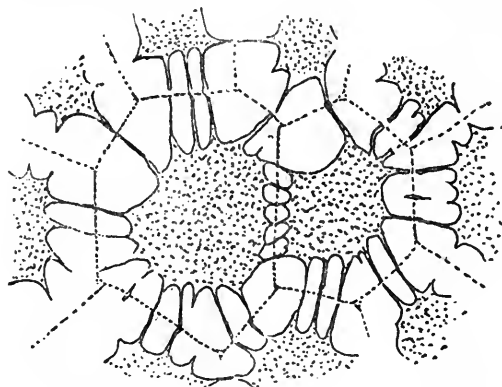
has been discovered as to the structure of the nucleus and its remarkable stain-taking bands, the chromosomes.*

We now know that these bands are of definite fixed number, varying in different species of plants and animals, and that they are halved in number in the reproductive elements—the spermatozoid and the ovum—so that on union of these two to form the fertilized ovum (the parent cell of all the tissues) the proper specific number is attained. It has been pretty clearly ascertained that the body of the cell alone, without the nucleus, can do very little but move and maintain for a time its chemical status. It is the nucleus which directs and determines all definite growth, movement, secretion and reproduction. The simple protoplasm, deprived of its nucleus, can not form a new nucleus, in fact can do very little but exhibit irritability. There are those who hold that there is no adequate evidence of the existence of any organism at the present time which has not both protoplasm and nucleus, that, in other words, the simplest form of life now existing is a highly complicated structure—a nucleated cell. Dr. Lankester is inclined to assent to this view. But that does not imply that simpler forms of living matter have not preceded those which we know. We must assume that something more simple and homogeneous than the cell, with its differentiated cell body or protoplasm, and its cell kernel or nucleus, has at one time

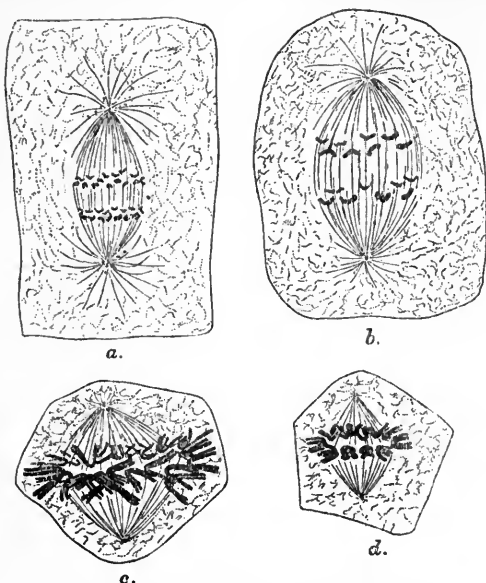
*THE KINGDOM OF MAN. By E. Ray Lankester. Henry Holt & Company.



Diagrammatic representation of the structures present in a typical cell. Note the two centrosomes, sometimes single.



The continuity of the protoplasm of neighboring vegetable cells, by means of threads which perforate the cell-walls.



THE NUMBER OF THE CHROMOSOMES

(a) Cell of the asexual generation of the cryptogam *Pellia epiphylla*: the nucleus is about to divide, a polar ray-formation is present at each end of the spindle-shaped nucleus, the chromosomes have divided into two horizontal groups, each of sixteen pieces: sixteen is the number of the chromosomes of the ordinary tissue cells of *Pellia*. (b) Cell of the sexual generation of the same plant in the same phase of division, but with the reduced number of chromosomes—namely, eight in each half of the dividing nucleus. The completed cells of the sexual generation have only eight chromosomes. (c) Somatic or tissue-cell of Salamander showing twenty-four V-shaped chromosomes, each of which is becoming longitudinally split as a preliminary to division. (d) Sperm-mother-cell from testis of Salamander, showing the reduced number of chromosomes of the sexual cells—namely, twelve; each is split longitudinally.

existed. But the various supposed instances of the survival to the present day of such simple living things, as described by Haeckel and others, have one by one yielded to improved methods of examination and proved to be differentiated into nuclear and extra-nuclear substance.

Perhaps the next quest of science will be in the direction of that common ancestor of man and animals to which so much recent research points. Plants may have evolved because the parent organism did not have to seek its food. Or it may be that man is the result of effort on the part of a plant-like organism to propel itself in the direction of its sustenance. The locomotion of man and of the organisms with which he is allied is somewhat anomalous. The whole subject is involved in the utmost obscurity.

It is therefore not surprising that quite lately the notion that plants have senses has been gaining credence among scientists. Just what the sense organs of a plant would perform in the way of function can only be conjectured in the present state of our knowledge. The sense organs, or their equivalent, are found on the roots, stems and leaves of plants. The fact is connected with the other startling fact that the cell-life of the plant, like the cell-life of the animal, proceeds along the same lines. The revolutionary generalizations to which this inevitably leads must impart an element of the grotesque, not to say of the incredible, to the biology of the immediate future.

THE BALLOONS OF SPIDERS

THE spider, like man, is a terragrade, but, like man again, the spider essays to fly by repeated invasions of the air, tho, also like man, she falls short of directing her mimic airship, and to a great extent drifts before the wind. "Moreover, like man," adds Dr. Henry C. McCook, one of the most original of American students of nature, "in rare divergence from the habits of lower animals, the spider does these things as she gets her food, by the aid of a manufactured implement and not by direct use of her natural locomotoria." These facts, says Dr. McCook, give zest to our study of ballooning spiders. "That an animal which has none of the natural gifts of winged creatures for progress through the air should nevertheless be able to overcome gravity, mount aloft and make long aerial journeys, is well suited to

excite imagination, awaken curiosity and stimulate research." And if Dr. McCook's lately issued volume* proves anything, it would seem to be that Santos-Dumont is right in imitating the spider, and that the late Professor Langley erred in emulating the winged movement of the bird.

Spider ballooning, according to Dr. McCook, who has studied the practice carefully, is not limited to any period of the year. But the seasons when it most prevails are spring and early summer and the autumn after the young have been hatched. The fall is especially the time for the balloon trips of spiders and October the month most favored. But in early November the balloonists are likewise abroad, notably during the Indian summer.

*NATURE'S CRAFTSMEN. By Henry Christopher McCook. Harper & Brothers.

Nor is the habit confined to any one group. It is probable that the young of all spiders and certain that many small species of all the great groups are more or less given to aeronautics. The infant aranead, when aloof from its fellows and exposed to a puff of air, seems instinctively to throw out its spinnarets and set forth jets of silken filament, just as a human baby sets in motion its hand and foot. As the jets are soon of sufficient buoyancy to counterbalance the spider's weight, the creature becomes an aeronaut—and a very expert one, too. One can see, also, how from this involuntary habit the habit of ballooning could have been formed and fixed by heredity.

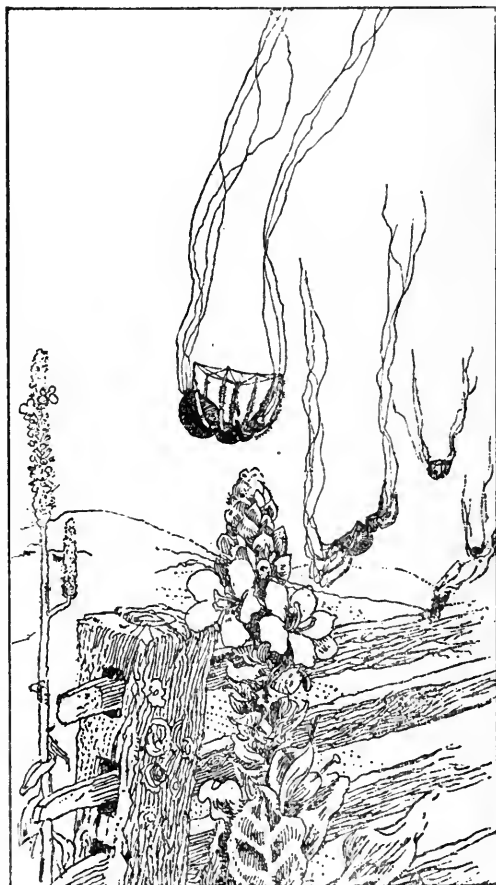
Let one walk in the fields on a warm day when a soft breeze is blowing. If he will stoop low and glance along the meadow, his eyes will catch the sheen of myriads of fine, silken filaments. They float from every elevated spot. They fringe fence posts and hedges. They stream like pennants from tall weeds. They interlace the foliage of bushes with delicate meshes or flutter like ribbons from their tops. These are the ropes and netting of ballooning spiders.

If, now, one will glance upward, he will be apt to see long, white, sinuous filaments drifting through the air, over tree-tops, across streams, far aloft, or perhaps low enough to be within reach. If he will grasp one of these threads he may find in his hand a small spider; but not always, for many drifting filaments are simply trial threads or loose bits of the drag lines, which spiders are apt to throw out as anchors when they walk. His captive will be a ballooning spider arrested in aeronautic flight, and the silken filament is her balloon.

The story of a baby spider's life is most interesting, from its silken cocoon cradle to the final flitting and setting-up for one's self on an independent web. With all stages thereof the ballooning habit has much to do. But let us now suppose that baby life is over. The strong foster hand of nature is on the young aranead, urging it by the instinct of migration to seek a home in the wide world of yonder meadow. It is a Lycosid, a ground spider, we will say, yet here we find it on the top of this fence post where, with the aid of a pocket lens, one can watch its movements. Fences are favorite ascension posts and upon them clusters of young Lycosids are gathered. But the bushy heads of tall weeds, the dainty, circular platform of the wild carrot's mosaic bloom, the feathered plumes of the goldenrod, the star-faced blossoms of the field daisy and the wild aster are requisitioned for their flight by groups of bal-

loonists. The purpose in choosing these elevated spots is plain, for the currents of air are stronger there and the course clearer than close to the surface, thus facilitating flight. A wise volition seems clear in the case of Lycosids, at least, which, being ground spiders, are not found habitually in higher places.

We return to our post of observation, one of the side posts of the bars that form the gateway between two fields. These are let down to give fair opportunity to follow the aeronaut when it shall ascend, without the stress and delay of getting over the fence. With back to the sun and lens in hand, you may see the mode of ascension. Several younglings are atop of the post and the upper rail near by. You fix your eye upon one. It leaps upward and is off. No. It is back again,



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STAGES OF AERIAL PROGRESS

Herein is outlined the initial phase of a spider's normal balloon trip. It is seldom that what may be called a false start is made. The spider rises by a definite system of aeronautics, which it is seemingly not taught by a fond parent, as the bird learns to fly, but which is a natural inheritance.



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PREPARING TO RISE

The spider balances itself on the edge of a rail fence or of a hedge, and displays the nicest sense of accuracy in waiting for a favorable current of air.

like a boy's return ball. The buoyancy of the thread exuded is insufficient to sustain the creature's weight. It cannot rise aloft. Other feints, perhaps, will follow, which soon cover the posts and top rails with streaming trial threads.

In the meantime you have noticed the spider's attitude preceding flight. It faces the direction of the wind. The abdomen is elevated about forty-five degrees, and at the same time the eight legs, four on either side, are straightened out and the body thus raised above the surface. At the apex of the abdomen and beneath it are the spinnarets, covered with minute spinning-spools, through which jets of liquid silk are forced from a multitude of glands within the body. These harden at contact with the air and are held apart or combined at the spider's will by closing or outspreading the spinning mammals. Keep the lens directed upon the spinnarets of your little adventurer. A ray of several threads is issuing which, caught by the breeze, are drawn out and upward six, ten, even twenty or more feet. Meanwhile the legs incline towards the breeze and the joints stiffen. The foremost pair sink almost to the level of the post. All the legs and the whole attitude show the muscular

strain of an animal resisting an uplifting force.

Suddenly and simultaneously the eight claws are unloosened and the spider mounts with a sharp bound into the air and floats above the meadow at a rate more or less rapid, according to the velocity of the wind. The threads have been drawn out so far that their buoyancy has overcome the specific gravity of the balloonist, and thus she is able to keep afloat.

What is her manner of flight?

It may be a long time before the observer shall find examples that give satisfactory answer. Some are caught up into the heavens with so sharp a rapture that they are out of sight at once. Others scud along under so swift a wind that they cannot be followed. But fortune favors patience. Here at last is one that is off before a light breeze, and is hugging the ground at about the height of a man's face. And, there, too, goes the man, following her across the meadow at a brisk run, his head turned to one side, his eye fixed on what seems vacancy to yonder plowman.

As the spiderling vaults upward, by a swift motion the body is turned back downward, the ray of floating threads is separated from the spinnarets and grasped by the feet, which also by deft and rapid movements weave a tiny cradle or net of delicate lines, to which the claws cling. At the same moment a second filament of silk is ejected and floats out behind, leaving the body of the little voyager balanced on its meshy basket between that and the first filament, which now streams up from the front. Thus our aeronaut's balloon is complete, and she sits or hangs in the middle of it, drifting whither the wind may carry her.

She is not wholly at the mercy of the breeze, however, for she has an ingenious mode of bringing herself to earth. When the human aeronaut wishes to descend he contracts his balloon's surface and lessens its buoyancy by letting out the gas. The spider acts upon the same principle. She draws in the filaments that buoy her up and give sailage surface to the wind. Working hand over hand, as one may say, she pulls down the long threads which, as they are taken in, she rolls up into a flossy white ball above her jaws.

As the floatage shortens, the aerial vessel loses its buoyancy, and at last the spider sinks by her own weight to the field. Thereupon she throws out a silken rope, after the manner of aeronauts, which anchors to the foliage, and the young voyager abandons her basket and begins life in her new-found site. The balloon is also stopped by striking against some ele-

vated object. Given a steady breeze and a free course, there is practically no limit to the distance a ballooning spider may traverse. Dr. McCook has seen spiders ballooning at the top

of the highest church steeples, whither they can have risen only from the ground far away. Seafaring folk often note spider balloons speeding by them at sea.

THE PTOMAINES OF PASSION

PLACING his forearm in a jar filled with water to the point of overflow and keeping his position without moving, Professor Elmer Gates, of the Laboratory of Psychology at Washington, directed his thinking to the arm. The blood soon entered the arm in such quantities as to enlarge it and cause the water in the jar to overflow. By directing his thoughts to his arm for a certain length of time daily for many days, he permanently increased both its size and strength. He even instructed others to produce the same effect.

Professor Gates, moreover, has shown what is called "the causative character" of thinking in a long series of experiments. He has found that change of the mental state changed the chemical character of the perspiration. When treated with the same chemical reagent, the perspiration of an angry man showed one color, that of a man in grief another, and so on through the long list of emotions.

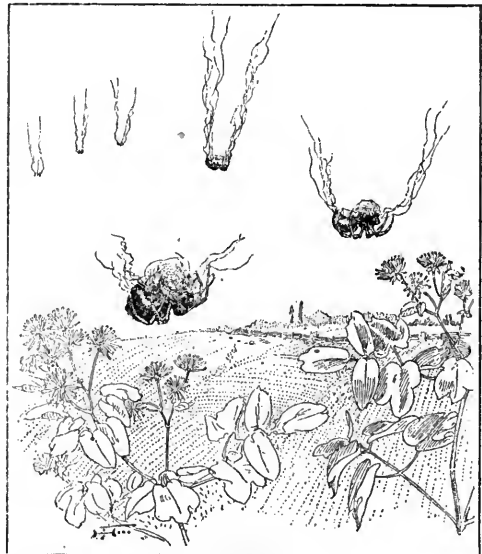
When the breath of Professor Gates' subject was passed through a tube cooled with ice so as to condense its volatile constituents, a colorless liquid resulted. He kept the man breathing through the tube, but made him angry. Five minutes afterward a sediment appeared in the tube, indicating the presence there of a new substance which had been produced by the changed physical action caused by a change of the mental condition. Anger gave a brownish substance, sorrow gray, remorse pink, and so on. The results showed, as in the experiments with the perspiration, that each kind of thinking produced its own peculiar substance, which the system was trying to expel. Professor Gates's conclusions are very definite and are given in the volume on right and wrong thinking, which has recently been prepared by that well-known student of mental processes, Aaron M. Crane.* Says Professor Gates:

"Every mental activity creates a definite chemical change and a definite anatomical structure in the animal which exercises the mental activity.

"The mind of the human organism can, by an effort of the will properly directed, produce measurable changes of the chemistry of the secretions and excretions.

"If mind activities create chemical and anatomical changes in the cells and tissues of the animal body, it follows that all physiological processes of health or disease are psychologic processes, and that the only way to inhibit, accelerate or change these processes is to resort to methods properly altering the psychologic or mental processes."

Having found that anger produced a brownish substance which appeared in the breath, Professor Gates continued his experiments until he had obtained enough of that substance to administer to men and animals. In every case it produced nervous excitability or irritability. In his experiments with thought conditioned by jealousy he obtained another substance from the breath which he injected into the veins of a guinea pig. The pig died in a very few minutes. After concluding from his various experiments that hate is accompanied by the greatest expenditure of vital energy, Professor Gates affirms that this passion precipitates several chemical products. Enough would be eliminated in one hour of intense hate, according to him, to cause the death of perhaps fourscore persons, as these ptomaines are the deadliest poison known to science.



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THE EVOLUTIONS OF FLIGHT

The spider can rise and descend with the utmost ease, owing to the lines it throws out or withdraws, according to the exigencies of the moment.

*RIGHT AND WRONG THINKING. By Aaron Martin Crane. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

Recent Poetry



E have had occasion more than once in the last year or two to call attention to the work of George Sylvester Viereck.

Now we have in hand the first volume of his poetry published in English, "Nineveh and Other Poems" (Moffat, Yard & Company), and were it not for the fact that Mr. Viereck's name is on our first page as that of one of the editors of this magazine, we might speak of the volume in terms of enthusiasm that good taste perhaps forbids us to use. It is not altogether a pleasing volume. The moralists will find in it much cause for just censure. Mr. Viereck's bent is distinctly toward the decadent; it is death rather than life, sin rather than righteousness, decay rather than health that seems to inspire his Muse, and his love for Beaudelaire, Villon, and Swinburne is at all times obvious. Some of his verses make one catch the breath with their audacity and unrestraint. But the genius of the writer is never in doubt. There is the sound of rushing torrents rather than of trickling rivulets in these pages, and one hears, with Herod in Wilde's "Salome," the beating of mighty and mysterious pinions in the air. There are many faults one might find, but they are ever the faults of poetical excess, not of penury, and this is not the place to point them out. Here is one of the strongest and most representative poems in the book:

AIANDER

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

The proud free glance, the thinker's mighty brow,
The curling locks and supple, slender limbs,
The eye that speaks dominion, victor's smile—
All these I know. By them I hail thee Man,
Lord of the earth. Thou art the woman's slave,
And yet her master . . .

I know thee when about thy sunburnt thighs
Thou swing'st the tawny skin a tiger wore
Till thy rude weapon dashed him to the ground.
I know thee also when thy shoulders bear
The purple mantle of an emperor,
Stained with the blood of thousand tiny lives;
The golden sandals clasped upon thy feet;
Thy hair made rich with spikenard, and thy brow
Graced with the gifts that mutual east and west
Conspire to offer to their sovereign lord.

I know thee, too, in lust's relentless rage,
Dragging the chosen woman to thy lair,
To frame upon her body at thy will
Sons in thine image, strong of loins as thou:
And when the bearer of thy father's sins
Within the portals of the House of Shame,
Monstrous delight thy passion seeks to find

In futile quest, and Nature pitiful
Will not transmit unto the future's womb
Thy weakened generation . . .

Image of God I know thee—God thyself.
Walking the world on India's sun-parched plains
Thy name was Rama; thou in desert sands
Of Araby didst dream thy wondrous dream;
The cradles of all races thou hast seen—
Thou Zarathustra—thou the Son of Man!
I know the wounds of hands and feet and
side . . .

Ah, and I know the ring about thy neck
Of ruddy curls! Say, Judas, in thine ear
Make they sweet music still, the silver coins,
As on the day the temple's veil was rent? . . .

So, in the far-stretched background of all time
I watch thy progress through the sounding years—
Wielding the sceptre here, and there the lyre,
The lord or servant of thy master-passion,
Pure or polluted, fool or nobly wise.
And this it is that justifies the whole,
This is thy greatness: thou hast stumbled oft,
And straying often fallen . . . Yet all the
while,

Wandering the stony wilderness of life,
Thine eyes were fixed upon the steadfast star
That far-off stands above the Promised Land.

Rough is the road, beset by mocking heavens
And false illusory hells—the strong, the weak,
Alike by dancing fires are led astray,
And poisoned flowers bloom rankly on the path.
Self in the guise of selfishness approached,
Frailty in garment of a god benign;
Pleasure with lying accents "I am sin"
Proclaimed, and vice "I am bold action" cried;
"I am contentment," spoke the belly full,
And the applause of groundlings, "I am fame."

And so it came that only here and there
In all the years a strong, unerring one
Plucked boldly at the flowers of delight,
Yet by the dust of tumult unconfused
Pressed on to reach the goal; the strong man's
goal:

To rule and to enjoy, to hold command
Over both things and spirits, to delight
In pleasant sounds and all sweet gifts, yet strive
Untiring, ever upward to that sun
Which no world-master's blind despotic will,
But his own hand, with more than Titan strength,
Unto the utmost firmament has flung.

One of the more passionate of Mr. Viereck's poems is the following:

WHEN IDOLS FALL

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Foul night-birds brood in fearsome throng
About the path that I must tread:
Thou art not what I thought thee long,
And oh, I would that I were dead!

Less bitter was the gall they ran
To offer Christ upon the tree,
Or the salt tears He shed for man,
Deserted in Gethsemane.

For thou wert all the god I had
While months on months were born and died,
Thy lips' sweet fragrance made me glad
As holy bells at eventide.
Ay, for thy sake, my god on earth,
I joyed to suffer all I could,
And counted as of lesser worth
The chalice of the Savior's blood!

Entranced I knelt before thy shrine
And filled love's beaker, I thy priest;
With flowers as crimson as the wine
I decked our altar for the feast.
I gave thee more than love may give,
First-fruits of song, truth, honor—all!
Too much I loved thee: I must live
To see God's awful justice fall.

I bleed beneath a wound the years
That heal all sorrow shall not heal;
O barren waste, O fruitless tears!
I gave thee my eternal weal.
My idol crumbled in the dust
(Ah, that I lived that day to see!)
There came a sudden piercing thrust,
And all my life was dead in me!

Thou spak'st a single hideous word,
And that one word became the knoll
Of all that made life dear, and blurred
The lines of good within my soul.
Better the plague-spots ringed me round,—
The hangman gave the fatal sign,
Than that such monstrous word should sound
From lips that once I held divine!

A veil of darkness hides the sun,
Night fell, and stars from heaven hurled,
For when this fearful thing was done,
It spelt the ruin of a world.
The string whose music won my bays
Snapped with a blinding thrill of pain;
Through all the everlasting days
I shall not hear its note again.

Amidst the gloom I grope for song;
The fires die out that passion fed:
Thou art not what I thought thee long,
And oh! I would that I were dead!
Yet worse than all the pain of loss,
The smile that seals a traitor's will,
Is this: that knowing gold for dross,
I cannot choose but love thee still!

Just why Mr. Wilbur Underwood, being an American, took his poetical wares to the British market, we do not know; but there comes to us from London his little paper-bound volume "A Book of Masks," and it is evident that he has a talent to be reckoned with in the future. His Muse also is decadent, and much of what he writes few of our magazines would dare to print. Far the most vital thing in his book is the following:

A GIRL

BY WILBUR UNDERWOOD

This young girl—this girl is dead;
From the light and music fled
Into darkness and still space;
Cover o'er the strange white face;
Once her laughter starred the night,
Now her laughter's taken flight.

Small her breasts were like a boy's,
Molded for all subtle joys,
Cool and flower-like her lips,
Straight and delicate her hips
Never meant for motherhood—
Sin made her and found her good.

Pretty as a butterfly
Shining 'neath a barren sky
She was blown along the earth
Light with love and song and mirth,
With a curious troubling lure
That but made her power sure.

Men were maddened by her wiles,
Recklessly she sold her smiles,
Weaving all the secret hours
In a garland of red flowers.
Eager every joy to taste,
Glad to spill her life and waste,
She was born to make men glad
And her eyes were never sad.

This young girl—this girl is dead;
Thus we found her on her bed
Where alone with night she died,
The vial fallen by her side;
When we slipped from her the fair
Rose-silk she was wont to wear,
Underneath her laces' mesh,
Black against her ivory flesh,
Round her slender waist we found
Tight an iron chain was wound.

Sick with fright at what we saw
We stole from the room in awe.
This young girl—this girl is dead;
From the light and laughter fled;
Ladies, brutes and fellow-men
We are laughing once again,
As of old the noise and light
Stream out on the ancient night,
As of old wine-flushed and fair
We make joy with mocking air;
But through all our fevered arts
Steals a shadow on our hearts.

One finds genuine poetry not only in the great magazines and in volumes bearing the imprint of well-known publishers. A considerable part of the poetry which, to us at least, seems worthy to be reprinted from month to month comes from booklets printed in out-of-the-way places at the authors' expense, and in periodicals that are far from metropolitan. Here, for instance, is a poem which was first published in 1906 in *The Phoenix*, of Muskogee, Indian Territory. It was republished in that paper more recently with a prefatory statement in which we are told that "there

is every reason to believe it will be made the Oklahoma State poem." The author of the poem is editor of the *Free Lance*, of Henryetta, I. '1., and he sends the poem to us with a number of corrections.

THE LAND OF MY DREAMING

BY GEORGE R. HALL

Land of the Mistletoe, smiling in splendor
Out from the borderland, mystic and old,
Sweet are the memories, precious and tender,
Linked with thy summers of azure and gold.

O Oklahoma! fair land of my dreaming,
Land of the lover, the loved and the lost,
Cherish thy legends with tragedy teeming—
Legends where love reckoned not of the cost.

Land of Sequoyah, my heart's in thy keeping.
O Tulledega! how can I forget!
Calm as thy vales where the silences sleeping
Wake into melody tinged with regret!

Let the deep chorus of life's music throbbing
Swell to full harmony born of the years,
Or for the loved and lost tenderly sobbing
Drop to that cadence that whispers of tears!

Land of the Mistletoe, here's to thy glory,
Here's to thy daughters as fair as the dawn!
Here's to thy pioneer sons in whose story
Valor and love shall live endlessly on!

Another editor whose hand has cunning in the building of rhyme is Meredith Nicholson. In his latest novel, "The Port of Missing Men," he has a poem by way of foreword:

THE SHINING ROAD

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Come, sweetheart, let us ride away beyond the
city's bound,
And seek what pleasant lands across the distant
hills are found.
There is a golden light that shines beyond the
verge of dawn,
And there are happy highways leading on and
always on;
So, sweetheart, let us mount and ride with never
a backward glance,
To find the pleasant shelter of the Valley of
Romance.

Before us, down the golden road, floats dust from
charging steeds,
Where two adventurous companies clash loud in
mighty deeds;
And from the tower that stands alert like some
tall, beckoning pine,
E'en now, my heart, I see afar the lights of wel-
come shine!
So loose the rein and cheer the steed and let us
race away
To seek the lands that lie beyond the Borders of
To-day.

Draw rein and rest a moment here in this cool
vale of peace;
The race half run, the goal half won, half won
the sure release!
To right and left are flowery fields, and brooks go
singing down
To mock the sober folk who still are prisoned in
the town.
Now to the trail again, dear heart; my arm and
blade are true,
And on some plain ere night descend I'll break
a lance for you!

O sweetheart, it is good to find the pathway shin-
ing clear!
The road is broad, the hope is sure, and you are
near and dear!
So loose the rein and cheer the steed and let us
race away
To seek the lands that lie beyond the Borders of
To-day.
Oh, we shall hear at last, my heart, a cheering
welcome cried
As o'er a clattering drawbridge through the Gate
of Dreams we ride!

Henry van Dyke does too many things well, perhaps, to do anything superlatively well. His poetry has usually seemed to us the least successful of his endeavors. It lacks the touch of finality. The following, which we take from *Scribner's*, is not a great poem, but it is a beautiful and effective tribute to one of the truest poets that ever blew breath into reed.

LONGFELLOW

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

In a great land, a new land, a land full of labor
and riches and confusion,
Where there were many running to and fro, and
shouting, and striving together,
In the midst of the hurry and the troubled noise,
I heard the voice of one singing.

"What are you doing there, O man, singing
quietly amid all this tumult?
This is the time for new inventions, mighty shout-
ings, and blowings of the trumpet."
But he answered, "I am only shepherding my
sheep with music."

So he went along his chosen way, keeping his
little flock around him;
And he paused to listen, now and then, beside the
antique fountains,
Where the faces of forgotten gods were refreshed
with musically falling waters;

Or he sat for a while at the blacksmith's door, and
heard the cling-clang of the anvils;
Or he rested beneath old steeples full of bells,
that showered their chimes upon him;
Or he walked along the edges of the sea, drinking
in the long roar of the billows;

Or he sunned himself in the pine-scented ship-
yard, amid the tattoo of the mallets;
Or he leaned on the rail of the bridge, letting his
thoughts flow with the whispering river;
He harkened also to ancient tales, and made them
young again with his singing.

Then I saw the faces of men and women and
 children silently turning toward him;
 The youth setting out on the journey of life, and
 the old man waiting beside the last mile-
 stone;
 The toiler sweating beneath his load; and the
 happy mother rocking her cradle;

The lonely sailor on far-off seas; and the gray-
 minded scholar in his book-room;
 The mill-hand bound to a clacking machine; and
 the hunter in the forest;
 And the solitary soul hiding friendless in the
 wilderness of the city;

Many human faces, full of care and longing, were
 drawn irresistibly toward him,
 By the charm of something known to every heart,
 yet very strange and lovely,
 And at the sound of that singing wonderfully all
 their faces were lightened.

"Why do you listen, O you people, to this old and
 world-worn music?
 This is not for you, in the splendor of a new age,
 in the democratic triumph!
 Listen to the clashing cymbals, the big drums, the
 brazen trumpets of your poets."

But the people made no answer, following in their
 hearts the simpler music:
 For it seemed to them, noise-weary, nothing could
 be better worth the hearing
 Than the melodies which brought sweet order into
 life's confusion.

So the shepherd sang his way along, until he came
 unto a mountain:
 And I know not surely whether it was called
 Parnassus,
 But he climbed it out of sight, and still I heard
 the voice of one singing.

The quiet, contemplative poetry of Charles G.
 D. Roberts always has in it a solacing quality
 that composes the mind and stills the heart, and
 proves anew that there can be real poetry that is
 not born of the passions and appetites. This in
 evidence from *The Craftsman*:

O EARTH, SUFFICING ALL OUR NEEDS

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

O earth, sufficing all our needs, O you
 With room for body and for spirit too,
 How patient while your children vex their souls
 Devising alien heavens beyond your blue.

Dear dwelling of the immortal and unseen,
 How obstinate in my blindness have I been,
 Not comprehending what your tender calls,
 Veiled promises and reassurance mean!

Not far and cold the way that they have gone,
 Who thro' your sundering darkness have with-
 drawn.
 Almost within our hand-reach they remain
 Who pass beyond the sequence of the dawn.

Not far and strange the heavens, but very near,
 Your children's hearts unknowingly hold dear.
 At times we almost catch the door swung wide—
 An unforgotten voice almost we hear!

I am the heir of heaven—and you are just.
 You, you alone I know, and you I trust.
 Tho I seek God beyond the furthest star,
 Here shall I find Him, in your deathless dust.

Mr. F. W. Bourdillon has done a favor to the
 English-speaking world by translating De Mus-
 set's "*L'Espoir en Dieu*." The measure Mr. Bour-
 dillon employs is that of "*In Memoriam*," and the
 theme of both poems is much the same,—the con-
 flict of doubt and faith. It may surprise some to
 find in De Musset so much of the deep religious
 longing and striving that we associate with the
 Anglo-Saxon rather than with the French poets.
 But we must remember that Taine, who certainly
 knew the poets of both countries, while he rated
 Tennyson very high, rated De Musset still higher.
 Bourdillon's translation fills nine pages of the
 (London) *Monthly Review*. We can reprint but
 an extract of two:

THE HOPE

BY ALFRED DE MUSSET. TRANSLATED BY F. W.
 BOURDILLON.

I having youth yet in my blood,
 Being yet the fool of dreams, would hold
 What Epicurus taught of old,
 That sober-minded demi-god;

Would live and love, would learn men's ways,
 Some pleasure seek, not trust thereto,
 Be what I am, do as men do,
 And look on Heaven with tranquil gaze.

I would, but cannot. Ah, how dream
 Without a hope, without a fear?
 Infinity so close and clear
 Can Reason see, nor ask the scheme?

This world—what is it? Man—why there,
 A conscience cowering from the skies?
 To walk, as beasts, with earthward eyes,
 And say, Naught is but Now and Here:

This count you happiness? Not I!
 This soul, chance-summoned from the deep,
 Is seed of woman: laugh or weep,
 Human I live and human die.

* * * * *
 Thou whom none knoweth, yet they lie
 Who say Thou art not, speak with me!
 I am because Thou bidst me be,
 And when Thou bidst me, I must die.

Much of Thyself Thou showest us;
 Yet such a darkness hides Thy face,
 Faith stumbles in the holy place.
 Alas, why tempt Thy creature thus?

He lifts his head: the heavens to him
 A Lord Omnipotent reveal;
 The earth, that lieth 'neath his heel,
 Is all a temple, vast and dim.

Something that in his bosom reigns,
This too he thinks is Thee: his woes,
His agonies, his love, he knows,
A greater than himself ordains.

And this hath been, since earth began,
Of noble souls the noblest aim,
To prove Thou art, and Thy hid name
To spell in letters of a man.

Diverse the names men know Thee by,
As Brahma, Jesus, Jupiter,
Truth, Justice; yet I dare aver
To Thee all hands are stretched on high.

To Thee the meanest wretch will raise,
For but the promise of relief
In the murk midnight of his grief,
An unpremeditated praise.

Thee all Creation magnifies;
There sings no bird but doth adore,
Nor falls one rain-drop but therefor
A million benedictions rise.

All Thou hast made we find to be
Lovely and wonderful and good;
And at Thy smile the whole earth would
Fall at Thy feet and worship Thee.

Then wherefore, with all power to bless,
Hast Thou created strength so vast
Of evil, to let shrink aghast
Reason alike and Righteousness?

While all earth's voices thus declare
The great divinity of things,
Attesting surely that all springs
From an Almighty Father's care;

How is it that so oft a deed
Is done beneath yon holy sky
So foul that even prayer will die
Struck dumb upon the lips of need?

Why discord in so sweet a strain?
Is plague Thy servant? Crime Thy will?
And Death—dear God, why reigneth still
This other king in Thy domain?

Was not a great compassion Thine
When, weeping, out of chaos rose,
With all its joys and all its woes,
A world so sad and so divine?

Yet if it pleased Thee, Lord, to cast
Upon man's neck a yoke so stern,
Why give him eyesight, to discern
Thy presence in the cloudy Vast?

Man had not murmured, doomed to crawl,
Had no diviner dream been sent.
We perish of our discontent.
Oh, show us naught, or show us all!

If to approach Thy dwelling-place
The thing Thou madest is too mean,
The veil of Nature should have been
More closely wov'n before Thy face.

Thine had been still the thunderclaps;
The bolts had fall'n on us the same;
But misery, unheard Thy name,
Had slept a dreamless sleep perhaps.

If prayer may never reach to Thee,
O King of Glory, close the door
On Thy lone splendor! Evermore
From mortals hide Eternity!

But if an ear to earth inclined
Be yonder, and to grief awake;
If the Eternal Country take
Heed of the moaning of mankind;

Oh, rend the Heaven! Break up the height,
The depth, between Thy works and Thee!
Tear off the veil, that Earth may see
The Fount of good, the Judge of right!

Mrs. Wilcox writes an earnest plea for a shifting of emphasis from the Christ crucified to the Christ living and triumphant—to what the new theologians call "the immanent Christ." We quote from *The Delineator*:

THE RADIANT CHRIST

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Arise, O master artist of the age,
And paint the picture which at once shall be
Immortal art and blessed prophecy,
The bruised vision of the world assuage;
To earth's dark book add one illumined page
So scintillant with truth that all who see
Shall break from superstition, and stand free.
Now let this wondrous work Thy hand engage.

The mortal sorrow of the Nazarene
Too long has been faith's symbol and its sign,
Too long a dying Savior has sufficed.
Give us the glowing emblems which shall mean
Mankind awakened to the self divine—
The living presence of the radiant Christ.

Too long the crucifix on Calvary's height
Has cast its shadow on the human heart.
Let now religion's great co-worker, art,
Limn on the background of departing night
The shining face, all palpitant with light,
And God's true message to the world impart.
Go tell each toiler in the home and mart,
"Lo, Christ is with ye, if ye seek aright!"

The world forgets the vital word Christ taught,
The only word the world has need to know,
The answer to creation's problem—love.
The world remembers what the Christ forgot—
His cross of anguish and His death of woe.
Release the martyr, and the cross remove.

For, "now the former things have passed away,
And man forgetting that which lies behind,
And ever pressing forward, seeks to find
The prize of His high calling." Send a ray
From art's bright sun to fortify the day
And blaze the trail to every mortal mind;
The new religion lies in being kind;
Faith works for men where once it knelt to pray.

Faith knows but hope where once it knew despair.
Faith counts its gain where once it reckoned loss.
Ascending paths its patient feet have trod,
Man looks within and finds salvation there.
Release the suffering Savior from the cross
And give the waiting world its radiant God!

Recent Fiction and the Critics



IN the opinion of its publishers and of its author, Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's first venture in the field of the novel* seems to be "the epic of the market-place," combining evidence of an "extraordinary literary and dramatic talent with an intimate knowledge of high finance." The

FRIDAY Chicago *Evening Post* expresses
THE 13TH itself less charitably. "Friday the 13th," it says "is a gorgeous penny-dreadful. The reddest of ink courses in its veins." Lawson's words, continues the same critic, "flow like a mill-race in that exuberant combination of Marie Corelli and snappy advertisement that has made him famous. There is no genteel restraint, no false propriety about Mr. Lawson, of Boston. His favorite instrument is the calliope." The Boston *Transcript*, on the other hand, suggests that it is doubtless all "a huge joke offered to the public in order to prove that the author can outdo the sensational novelist in his most violent mood." It also proves, in the opinion of the Boston newspaper, that Mr. Lawson possesses in fiction the same command of the English language as in his magazine diatribes.

The plot of the story is outlined by *The Evening Post* (New York) with customary delicate raillery. "We have here," it says, "all the familiar stage setting of Wall Street, painted in garish splotches; gigantic stock deals, frightful panics, tickers, and tapes spinning out quotations a mile a minute, the usual seething mobs on the Stock Exchange, and all the 'System's' hell-hounds let loose, chapter after chapter." "There is," it goes on to say, "a heart-throb on every page." To quote further:

"We ache with sympathy for the proud, old ex-governor of Virginia, who has lost in unwise speculation several million dollars of trust funds; we yearn to look into the fathomless eyes of his virtuous daughter, who, to retrieve her father's fortune and good name, persuades the hero to help her play the stock market, and prays the Lord to bless their operations; we shudder when the aforesaid hero, taking the 'long' instead of the 'short' side of Sugar, loses his first two million dollars. And of course we cannot but exult when, money-mad as he is, the hero turns the table on the System's cohorts and cleans up a cool billion of dollars; and on the last page we are very close to tears at the death of both the chief personages—of that beautiful daughter of Virginia, endowed with eyes of 'spirituality and passion,' and with a singular gift for stock-gambling, and of the superb hero, Rob, the picture of whom rises be-

fore us as he stood in the thick of his last panic—'his perfect-fitting, heavy black Melton cutaway coat thrown back from the chest, and a low, turned-down white collar, the setting for a throat and head that reminded one of a forest monarch at bay on the mountain crag awaiting the coming of the hounds and hunters.'"

The most extraordinary chapter in the book is the one based on Mr. Lawson's belief that all that is necessary to win countless millions is to be perfectly unscrupulous, absolutely dead to any feeling of humanity, and then to go on the floor of the Stock Exchange and sell, and sell, and keep on selling until all opposition is broken and the market tumbles to a point at which stock may be bought back at a tremendous profit. This, at least, is the method by which Bob Brownley, the hero of the book, acquires a fortune and incidentally teaches a strong lesson to Wall Street gamblers. *The Bookman* informs us, however, that such a plan, unquestionably entertaining in fiction, has been tried in real life by a number of desperate men with results disastrous to themselves. It remarks further:

"In theory it looks sound, but in practice there always enters the personal equation. For example, let us say that Robinson, in moderate circumstances, enters the Exchange with the intention of 'bulling' the market on an immense scale, and regardless of consequences. 'Jones,' he cries, 'buy me a thousand XYZ at 68. Smith, bid me in five thousand XYZ at 70.' Jones and Smith are surprised, but perhaps comply, but when Robinson continues to raise the amount and price of his orders they become suspicious; they have been caught before, and will probably edge away with the excuse that they are wanted on the 'phone or have a very important engagement with a man over at Eberlin's. Mr. Lawson's method may be all right, but we should be reluctant to recommend it as infallible. In fiction the reverse side of the story was shown several years ago in Mr. Edwin Lefèvre's 'Pike's Peak or Bust.'"

Another critic gently asks why Mr. Lawson has not tried the trick himself and cleared a billion or so in the manner of his hero, instead of advertising half-developed copper mines in expensive organs of publication.

The Times Saturday Review describes the novel as "a nightmare of love and stock gambling, wherein the 'System' shakes its gory locks and brandishes a handful of blood-stained razors, stalking the while prodigious over the necks of its prostrate victims." The *Atlanta News* observes that if "Friday the 13th" had been offered to any first-class publishing house without the "frenzied" name of "Tom Lawson, of Boston," there would have been in each case a pink slip of regret and

*FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH. By Thomas W. Lawson. Doubleday, Page & Company.

return postage with no undue waste of time or words. It admits, however, that as a leader of dime-novels, "Friday the 13th" is a "winner." The *Washington Star* strikes the keynote of the situation. Mr. Lawson, it says, slips from frenzied finance to frenzied fiction as easily as he transforms himself in the stock market from a bull into a bear. "There is," it goes on to say, "no essential difference between his two performances as a revealer of the System's secrets save that his long and supposedly veracious history of the financial deals of the past few years had much more human interest than his novel." Fiction is a poor medium for the propagandist of Mr. Lawson's type, and while the novel will doubtlessly prove a "seller," it is not likely, from present outlook, to receive half the serious attention given to the author's previous revelations.

In a recent issue we quoted extracts from an essay by Professor Matthews on the unoriginality of great minds. Shakespeare,
 BEFORE we were told, somewhat sluggishly
 ADAM avoided needless invention, and
 when anyone had done a popular
 thing, the Swan of Avon was pretty sure to imitate him and to do it better. "But," added the writer, "if the greatest poets are often unoriginal, they are nevertheless imaginative in the highest degree." In default of "the lesser invention" they have "the larger imagination." Without desiring to classify Mr. Jack London with the greatest minds, it must be admitted that he possesses extraordinary imaginative powers. It must, however, also be admitted that the plots of this gifted writer are at times unoriginal, and that charges of plagiarism have lately been brought against him with surprising frequency. His latest book* is said to be a brazen adaptation of Mr. Stanley Waterloo's prehistoric romance, "The Story of Ab," published ten years before Mr. London's and admittedly read by the latter.

Mr. London's book is extremely well written. Its grip is firm and its workmanship sure. The critics have been strongly divided in their accounts of its merits. "A labored product of inventiveness, rather than a felicitous work of the imagination," says *The Independent*, while the *New York Times* affirms that "the vitality and realism of the story beget a fascination which ultimately reaches conviction." "An interesting story," cries one critic; "London is tedious," yawns another. The *Boston Budget* deplores the lack of human interest. "The story," it says, "is decidedly anthropoid." The *Boston Transcript*, on the other hand, concludes that, entertaining as a story, the

book is at the same time a deep study of the dual personality of man and offers a problem to the scientist as well as a romance to the reader. This problem is the manner in which the primeval experiences of the fictitious author are revealed in strange atavistic dreams. Though born and reared in the city, he has dreamed of forests, caves, and all the terrible creatures of the wilderness. His dreams have been vivid and repeated, but incoherent. It is only after he reaches his maturity that, in the phraseology of the *New York Saturday Review of Books*, he has come to comprehend "the significance of those nightly horrors, to interpret them as inherent reversions of the long-buried past, to classify them and arrange them in intelligible progression." To quote further:

"The author, or rather the creature in whose existence the author recollects his own former life, is naturally the hero of the book. In the dreams the creatures had no names, for they lived in the era when the nearest approach to language was some score of broken calls and sounds; but in the narrative, for the sake of convenience, they have all been christened. The hero is Big-Tooth, his bosom friend and comrade is Lop-Ear, his obnoxious step-father is the Chatterer, the female with whom he finally mates is the Swift-One, and the giant arch-fiend of the tribe is Red-Eye. These characters, together with Big-Tooth's mother and sister, are the leading dramatis personæ of the entire history.

"His first remembrance of himself is as an infant in a nest in the trees, and his first adventure comes when, left on the ground, his mother rescues him from a wild boar, and, with him clinging tightly to her hairy chest, swings again high up into the branches. His mother is 'old fashioned' and remains in the trees, but most of the members of the tribe live in the caves, whither he goes when driven from home by the tyranny of the Chatterer. The tribe is superior to the Tree-People, the apes, but inferior to the terrible Fire-People, the barbaric race of elemental men who have discovered fire and the use of bows and arrows. Lop-Ear and Big-Tooth make a long journey, full of adventures. The Fire-People drive the tribe from their caves and those who are not slain wander again into the forests. Finally Big-Tooth and the Swift-One settle and rear a family in an unknown land."

Not even Mr. London has denied the close resemblance between his story and its predecessor. The *Chicago Tribune* applies the "deadly parallel" to Mr. London's book and declares that the idea and features are boldly copied from Mr. Waterloo's work:

"In the opening chapter of each novel the baby hero is discovered in his tree nest. In each book the most fearful enemy of the wild folk is Sabre-Tooth, the tiger. In one book Lop-Ear figures as a friend of the hero. In the other book One-Ear does so. In Waterloo's book the beloved of the hero is Lightfoot. In London's book the chosen woman of the hero is the Swift-One. Both heroes

*BEFORE ADAM. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company.

have trouble with the fire people. Both visit the fire people's country. Both have similar adventures, and both make inventions. London's people are much more primitive than Waterloo's. Waterloo's have almost arrived at tribal conditions. London's are still plaintive, scarcely vocable beings, miserably individualistic, and almost without reflection—the stones of Deucalion, into which life has but just been breathed. Waterloo's folk have gone among the human road quite a way.

"Neither book is distinguished by extraordinary scholarship—at least, J. H. Rosny of France, those brothers and collaborators who write upon similar subjects, would not think so. London's book has better machinery and shows the experienced hand, but it is a perfunctory piece of work beside Waterloo's, and instead of being a long treasured and cherished dream, is a brisk piece of literary hack work. It is also a dishonest piece of work, because he has taken the idea of another man and made it his own."

Lazarus—A Story by Andreieff

We print this story not because it is terrible, but because it is great. The terror of it and the greatness of it seem to us equally obvious. One who dares the reading of it should be prepared to have the Scriptural story of the raising of Lazarus robbed of all that may be pleasurable and transformed into something terrifying and repulsive. The author, Leonidas Andreieff, is a Russian and stands next to Gorky as a leading representative of modern Russian literature. This story of Lazarus is his latest masterpiece. It has never before, so far as we are aware, been translated into English.

I



WHEN Lazarus came out of the grave, after three days and nights in the mysterious thralldom of death, and returned alive to his home, no one noticed in him for a long time the evil peculiarities which later were to make his very name terrible. His friends and kindred were jubilant with radiant joy because of his return to life. They surrounded him with tenderness, and lavished eager attentions upon his food and drink and upon the preparation of new garments for him. They clad him gorgeously in the glowing colors of hope and laughter, and when, arrayed like a bridegroom, he again sat among them at the table, and again ate, and again drank, they wept fondly and called in the neighbors to look upon the miraculously resurrected one.

The neighbors came and were moved with joy. Strangers arrived from distant cities and villages, and with stormy exclamations, like so many bees buzzing around the house of Mary and Martha, they worshiped the miracle.

All that was new in the face of Lazarus and in his motions they explained naturally as the traces of his severe illness and the shock through which he had passed. It was evident that the disintegration of the corpse had been halted by a miraculous power, and not totally effaced; and that death had left upon the face and body of Lazarus an effect resembling an artist's unfinished sketch, seen through a thin glass. On the temples of Lazarus, under his eyes and in the hollow of his cheeks, lay a thick, earthy blue; his fingers were blue, too, and on his nails, which had grown long in the grave, the blue had turned to livid. Here and there on his lips and body, the skin, blistered in

the grave, had burst open and left reddish glistening cracks, as if covered with a thin, glassy slime. And he had grown exceedingly stout. His body had swollen in the grave and still kept its monstrous proportions, horribly inflated in a way that reminded one of the fetid and damp smell of putrefaction behind it. But the cadaverous, heavy odor which clung to the burial garments of Lazarus, and, as it seemed, to his very body, soon disappeared completely, and after some time the blue of his hands and face softened, and the reddish cracks of his skin smoothed out, tho they never disappeared completely. Such was the aspect of Lazarus in his second life. It looked natural only to those who had seen him buried.

Not merely the face, but the very character of Lazarus, it seemed, had changed; but this astonished no one and did not attract the attention it deserved. Until his death Lazarus had been cheerful and careless, a lover of laughter and harmless jest. It was because of his good-humor, pleasant and equable, and devoid of malice and darkness, that he had been so beloved by the Master. Now he was grave and silent; he neither jested himself nor laughed at the jests of others; and the occasional words which he uttered were simple, ordinary and necessary words,—words as much devoid of sense and depth as are the sounds with which an animal expresses pain and pleasure, thirst and hunger. Such words a man may utter all his life without any one ever knowing anything of the aches and joys that penetrate his being.

Thus it was that Lazarus sat at the festive table among his friends and kindred—his face that of a corpse over which death had reigned in darkness three days, his garments gorgeous and festive, glittering with yellow gold, bloody-red and

purple; his mien heavy and silent. He was horribly changed and strange, but as yet undiscovered. In deep waves—now tender, now stormily ringing—the festivities went on around him. Warm glances of love caressed his face, still cold with the touch of the grave; and a friend's warm hand patted his bluish, heavy hand. And the music played. Musicians had been summoned and were playing joyfully the tympan and the pipe, the zither and the dulcimer. It was as if bees were humming, locusts were buzzing, birds were singing over the happy home of Mary and Martha.

II

Some reckless one lifted the veil. By one breath of an uttered word he destroyed the serene charm and uncovered the truth in its ugly nakedness. No thought was clearly defined in his mind, when his lips smilingly asked: "Why dost thou not tell us, Lazarus, what was There?" And all became silent, struck with the question. Seemingly it occurred to them only now that for three days Lazarus had been dead; and they looked with curiosity, awaiting an answer. But Lazarus remained silent.

"Thou wilt not tell us, then?" wondered the inquirer. "Is it so terrible There?"

Again his thought lagged behind his words. Had it preceded them, he would not have asked the question, for, at the same moment, his heart sank within him with intolerable fear. And all became restless; already they awaited with anguish the words of Lazarus. But he was silent, cold and severe, and his eyes were cast down. And now, as if for the first time, they perceived the horrible bluishness of his face and the loathsome corpulence of his body. On the table, as if forgotten by Lazarus, lay his livid blue hand, and all eyes were riveted upon it, as if they expected it to give the desired answer. And the musicians still played; but now silence fell upon them, too, and the gay sounds were deadened, as scattered coals are extinguished by water. The pipe became mute, and also the ringing tympan and the murmuring dulcimer; and as tho a chord were broken, as tho song itself were dying, the zither echoed a trembling broken sound. Then all was still.

"Thou wilt not?" repeated the inquirer, unable to restrain his talkative tongue. Silence reigned, and the livid blue hand lay motionless. And now it moved slightly and the company sighed with relief and raised their eyes. The resurrected Lazarus was looking straight among them, embracing all with one glance, heavy and terrible. . . .

This was on the third day after Lazarus had come from the grave. Since then many had felt that his gaze was the gaze of *destruction*, but

neither those who had been forever crushed by it, nor those who in the prime of life (mysterious even as death), had found the will to resist his glance, could ever explain the terror that lay immovable in the depths of his black pupils. He looked quiet and simple. One felt that he had no intention of hiding anything, but also no intention of telling anything. He looked even cold, like one who is entirely indifferent to all that is alive. And many careless people who jostled around him, and did not notice him, later learned with wonder and fear the name of this stout, quiet man who brushed against them with the ends of his sumptuous and gaudy garments. The sun did not stop shining when he looked, neither did the fountain cease playing, and just as cloudlessly-blue remained the native sky; but the man who fell under his inscrutable gaze could no longer feel the sun, neither could he hear the fountain nor recognize the native sky. Sometimes such a one cried bitterly, sometimes in despair he tore the hair from his head and madly called to others for help; but for the most part, it happened that the men who were stricken by the gaze of Lazarus *began to die* listlessly and quietly, and died slowly for many long years; died in the presence of everybody; died colorless, withered and gloomy, like trees quietly fading on rocky ground. And the first who screamed in madness came sometimes back to life; but the others, never. . . .

"So thou wouldst not tell us, Lazarus, what you saw There?" for the third time repeated the inquirer. But now his voice was quiet and dull, and a dead, gray weariness stupidly looked out through his eyes. The faces of all present were covered, as by a mist, by the same dead gray weariness; and with dull astonishment the guests stared at one another, at a loss to understand why they had come together and why they sat around this rich table. They stopped talking. Vaguely they thought that probably it was time to leave; but they could not overcome the languor and sluggish lassitude which crept through their muscles, and so they continued to sit, each one isolated, like little dim lights, scattered in the darkness of night.

The musicians were paid to play, and they again took up the instruments, and again poured forth gay or mournful sounds. But it was music made to order. They always used the same harmonies and the guests listened wonderingly. They did not know why this music was necessary. They could not imagine why it was necessary and what good it did for people to pull at strings and blow their cheeks into thin pipes, and produce varied and strange-sounding noises.

"How badly they play!" said someone.

The musicians were insulted and left. Then the

guests departed one by one, for night was at hand. And when they were enveloped by the quiet darkness, and it became easier to breathe, suddenly before each one arose the image of Lazarus in stern splendor. There he stood, with the blue face of a corpse and the raiment of a bridegroom, sumptuous and resplendent; and in his eyes that cold stare in whose depths immovably rested *The Horrible!* They stood at different points as if turned into stone. The darkness surrounded them, and in the midst of this darkness flamed up the horrible apparition, the supernatural vision, of the one who for three days had lain under the unfathomable power of death. Three days he was dead. Thrice rose and set the sun—and he was dead. The children played, the water murmured as it streamed over the rocks, the hot dust rose over the highway—and he was dead. And now he was again among men—touched them—looked at them—*looked at them!* And through the black rings of his pupils, as through dark glasses, the unfathomable *There* gazed upon humanity.

III

No one took care of Lazarus, and no friends or kindred remained with him. Only the great desert, enfolding the Holy City, came close to the threshold of his abode. It entered into his home, and lay down on his couch like a spouse, and put out all the fires. No one cared for Lazarus. One after the other went away, even his sisters Mary and Martha. For a long while Martha did not want to leave him, for she knew not who would nurse him or take care of him; and she cried and prayed. But one night, when the wind was roaming about the desert, and the rustling cypress-trees were bending over the roof, she dressed herself quietly and quietly went away. Lazarus probably heard how the door was slammed—it had not shut properly and the wind kept knocking it continually against the post—but he did not rise, did not go out, did not try to find out the reason. And the whole night until the morning the cypress trees hissed over his head, and the door swung to and fro, allowing the cold, greedily prowling desert to enter his dwelling. Everybody shunned him as tho he had been a leper. They wanted to put a bell on his neck to avoid meeting him. But someone, turning pale, remarked that it would be terrible if at night, under the windows, one should happen to hear Lazarus' bell, and all grew pale and assented.

And as he did nothing for himself, he would probably have starved had not his neighbors, in trepidation, saved some food for him. Children brought it to him. They did not fear him, neither did they laugh at him, as, with innocent cruelty, children often laugh at unfortunate beings. They

were indifferent to him, and Lazarus evinced the same indifference toward them. There was no desire on his part to thank them for their services; he did not wish to pat the black little heads and look into the simple shining little eyes. Given over to the ravages of time and the desert, his house was falling to ruins, and long since his hungry, bleating goats had been scattered among his neighbors. His wedding garments had grown old. Just as he put them on that happy day when the musicians played, he wore them still, without changing them. He did not see the difference between old and new, between torn and whole. The brilliant colors were burnt and faded; wicked city dogs and sharp thorns of the desert had rent the fine clothes to shreds.

During the day, when the sun mercilessly beat down all living things, and even the scorpions hid under the stones and were convulsed with a mad desire to sting, he sat motionless under its burning rays, lifting high his blue face and shaggy wild beard.

While yet the people were unafraid to speak to him, some one asked him one day: "Poor Lazarus! Do you find it pleasant to sit so, and look at the sun?" And he answered: "Yes, it is pleasant."

The thought suggested itself to people that the cold of the three days in the grave had been so intense, its darkness so deep, that there was not, in all the earth, either heat or light that could warm Lazarus and lighten the gloom of his eyes; and inquirers turned away with a sigh.

And when the setting sun, flat and purple-red, descended to earth, Lazarus went into the desert and walked straight toward it, as tho intending to reach it. Always he walked directly toward the sun, and those who tried to follow him and find out what he did at night in the desert had indelibly imprinted upon their minds' vision the black silhouette of a tall, stout man against the red background of an immense disk. The horrors of the night drove them away, and so they never found out what Lazarus did in the desert; but the image of the black form against the red was burned forever into their brains. Like an animal with a cinder in its eye which furiously rubs its muzzle against its paws, they foolishly rubbed their eyes; but the impression left by Lazarus was ineffaceable, and forgotten only in death.

There were people living far away who never saw Lazarus and only heard of him. With an audacious curiosity which is stronger than fear and feeds on fear, with a secret sneer in their hearts, some of them came to him one day as he basked in the sun, and entered into conversation with him. At that time his appearance had

changed for the better and was not so frightful; and at first the visitors snapped their fingers and thought disapprovingly of the foolish inhabitants of the Holy City. But when the short talk came to an end and they went home, their appearance was such that the inhabitants of the Holy City at once knew their errand and said: "Here go some more madmen at whom Lazarus has looked." The speakers raised their hands in silent pity.

Other visitors came, among them brave warriors in clinking armor, who knew not fear, and happy youths who made merry with laughter and song. Busy merchants, jingling their coins, ran in for awhile, and proud attendants at the Temple placed their staffs at the door of Lazarus. But no one returned the same as he came. A frightful shadow fell upon their souls, and gave a new appearance to the old familiar world.

Those who felt any desire to speak, after they had been stricken by the gaze of Lazarus, described the change that had come over them in some such terms as these:

All objects seen by the eye and palpable to the hand became empty, light and transparent, as tho they were light shadows in the darkness; and this darkness enveloped the whole universe. It was dispelled neither by the sun, nor by the moon, nor by the stars, but embraced the earth like a mother, and clothed it in a boundless black veil.

Into all bodies it penetrated, even into iron and stone; and the particles of the body lost their union and became lonely. Even to the heart of the particles it penetrated, and the particles of the particles became lonely.

The vast emptiness which surrounds the universe, was not filled with things seen, with sun or moon or stars; it stretched boundless, penetrating everywhere, disuniting everything, body from body, particle from particle.

In emptiness the trees spread their roots, themselves empty; in emptiness rose phantom temples, palaces and houses—all empty; and in the emptiness moved restless Man, himself empty and light, like a shadow.

There was no more a sense of time; the beginning of all things and their end merged into one. In the very moment when a building was being erected and one could hear the builders striking with their hammers, one seemed already to see its ruins, and then emptiness where the ruins were. A man was just born, and funeral candles were already lighted at his head, and then were extinguished; and soon there was emptiness where before had been the man and the candles.

And surrounded by Darkness and Empty Waste Man trembled hopelessly before the dread of The Infinite.

So spoke those who had a desire to speak. But much more could probably have been told by those who did not want to talk, and who died in silence.

IV

At that time there lived in Rome a celebrated sculptor known by the name of Aurelius. Out of clay, marble and bronze he created forms of gods and men of such beauty that it was proclaimed immortal. But he himself was not satisfied, and said that there was a supreme beauty that he had never succeeded in expressing in marble or bronze. "I have not yet gathered the radiance of the moon," said he; "I have not yet caught the glare of the sun. There is no soul in my marble, there is no life in my beautiful bronze." And when by moonlight he would slowly wander along the roads, crossing the black shadows of the cypress-trees, flashing his white tunic in the moonlight, those he met used to laugh good-naturedly and say: "Is it moonlight that you are gathering, Aurelius? Why did you not bring some baskets along?"

And he, too, would laugh and, pointing to his eyes, would say: "Here are the baskets in which I gather the light of the moon and the radiance of the sun."

And this was the truth. In his eyes shone moon and sun, but he could not transmit the radiance to marble. Therein lay the greatest tragedy of his life. He was a descendant of an ancient race of patricians, had a good wife and children, and, except in this one respect, lacked nothing.

When the dark rumor about Lazarus reached him, he consulted his wife and friends and decided to make the long voyage to Judea, in order that he might look upon the miraculously resurrected one. He felt lonely in those days and hoped on the way to renew his jaded energies. What they told him about "the resurrected one" did not frighten him. He had meditated much upon death. He did not like it, nor did he like those who tried to harmonize it with life. On this side, beautiful life; on the other, mysterious death, he reasoned, and no better lot could befall a man than to *live*—to enjoy life and the beauty of living. And he already had conceived a desire to convince Lazarus of the truth of this view and to return his soul to life even as his body had been returned. This task did not appear impossible, for the reports about the resurrected one, fearsome and strange as they were, did not tell the whole truth about him, but only carried a vague warning against something awful. . . .

Lazarus was rising from a stone, to follow in the path of the setting sun, on the evening when the rich Roman, accompanied by an armed slave,

approached him, and in a ringing voice called to him: "Lazarus!"

Lazarus saw a proud and beautiful face, made radiant by fame, and white garments and precious jewels shining in the sunlight. The ruddy rays of the sun lent to the head and face a likeness to dimly shining bronze—and that was what Lazarus saw. Obediently he sank back to his seat, and wearily he lowered his eyes.

"It is true thou art not beautiful, my poor Lazarus," said the Roman quietly, playing with his gold chain. "Thou art even frightful, my poor friend; and death was not lazy the day when thou so carelessly fell into its arms. But thou art as fat as a barrel, and 'Fat people are not bad,' quoth the great Cæsar. I do not understand why people are so afraid of thee. Thou wilt permit me to stay with thee over night? It is already late, and I have no abode."

Nobody had ever asked permission to pass a night with Lazarus.

"I have no bed," said he.

"I am somewhat of a warrior and can sleep sitting," replied the Roman. "We shall light a fire."

"I have no fire."

"So in the darkness, even as two friends, will we hold our conversation. I suppose thou hast some wine here?"

"I have no wine."

The Roman laughed.

"Now I understand why thou art so gloomy and why thou dost not like thy second life. Thou hast no wine! Well; we shall do without. Thou knowest there are words that go to one's head even as Falernian does!"

With a motion of his head he dismissed the slave, and they were alone. And again the sculptor spoke, but it seemed as tho the sinking sun had penetrated into his words. They faded pale and empty, as if trembling on weak feet, as if slipping and falling, drunk with the wine of anguish and despair. And black chasms appeared between the two men—like remote hints of vast emptiness and vast darkness.

"Now I am thy guest and thou wilt not illtreat me, Lazarus!" said the Roman. "Hospitality is binding even upon those who have been three days dead. Three days, I am told, thou wert in the grave. It must have been cold there . . . and from there thou hast brought this bad habit of doing without fire and wine. And I like fire. It gets dark so quickly here. Thy eyebrows and forehead have an interesting line: even as the ruins of castles covered with the ashes of an earthquake. But why art thou in such strange and ugly clothes? I have seen the bridegrooms of thy country and they wear such clothes—such

ridiculous clothes—such awful garments. . . . But art thou a bridegroom?"

Already the sun had disappeared. A gigantic black shadow was approaching fast from the west, as if gigantic bare feet were rustling over the sand; and the chill breezes stole up behind them.

"In the darkness thou appearest even bigger, Lazarus; thou lookest as if thou hadst grown stouter in these few minutes. Dost thou feed on darkness, perchance? . . . And I would like some fire . . . even a small fire . . . even a small fire. And I am cold; you have here such barbarous cold nights. . . . If it were not so dark, I would say thou art looking at me, Lazarus. Yes, it seems, thou art looking. Thou art looking. *Thou art looking at me!* . . . I feel it—now thou art smiling."

The night had come and a heavy blackness filled the air.

"How good it will be when the sun rises again to-morrow. . . . Thou knowest that I am a great sculptor—so my friends call me. I create, yes, they say I create, but for that daylight is necessary. I give life to cold marble. I melt in the fire the ringing bronze, in a bright, hot fire. Why hast thou touched me with thy hand?"

"Come," said Lazarus, "thou art my guest." And they went into the house. And the shadows of the long evening fell on the earth. . . .

The slave at last grew tired waiting for his master, and when the sun stood high he came to the house. And he saw, directly under its burning rays, Lazarus and his master sitting close together. They looked straight up and were silent.

The slave wept and cried aloud: "Master, what ails thee? Master!"

The same day Aurelius left for Rome. The whole way he was thoughtful and silent, attentively examining everything, the people, the ship and the sea, as though endeavoring to recall something. On the sea a great storm overtook them, and all the while Aurelius remained on the deck and gazed eagerly at the approaching and falling waves. When he reached home his family were shocked at the terrible change in his demeanor, but he calmed them with the words: "I have found it!"

In the dusty clothes which he had worn during the entire journey and had not changed, he began his work, and the marble ringingly responded to the resounding blows of the hammer. Long and eagerly he worked, admitting no one; and at last one morning he announced that the work was ready, and gave instructions that all his friends, and the severe critics and judges of art, be called together. Then he donned gorgeous, brilliant festive garments, shining with yellow gold, glowing with the purple of the byssin.

"Here is what I have created," he said thoughtfully.

His friends looked, and immediately the shadow of deep sorrow covered their faces. It was a thing monstrous, possessing none of the forms familiar to the eye, yet not void of a hint of some new unknown form. On a thin tortuous little branch, or rather an ugly likeness of one, lay crooked, strange, unsightly, shapeless heaps of something turned outside in, or something turned inside out—wild fragments which seemed to be feebly trying to get away from themselves. And, accidentally, under one of the wild projections, they noticed a wonderfully sculptured butterfly, with transparent wings, trembling as tho with a weak longing to fly.

"Why that wonderful butterfly, Aurelius?" timidly asked some one.

"I do not know," answered the sculptor.

But the truth had to be told, and one of his friends, the one who loved Aurelius best, said: "This is ugly, my poor friend. It must be destroyed. Give me the hammer." And with two blows he destroyed the monstrous mass, leaving only the wonderfully sculptured butterfly.

After that Aurelius created nothing. With absolute indifference he looked at marble and at bronze and at his own divine creations, in which dwelt immortal beauty. In the hope of breathing into him once again the old flame of inspiration, with the idea of awakening his dead soul, his friends led him to see the beautiful creations of others, but he remained indifferent and no smile warmed his closed lips. And only after they spoke to him much and long of beauty, he would reply wearily:

"But all this is—a lie."

And in the daytime, when the sun was shining, he would go into his rich and beautifully laid out garden, and, finding a place where there was no shadow, would expose his bare head and his dull eyes to the glitter and burning heat of the sun. Red and white butterflies fluttered around; down into the marble cistern ran splashing water from the crooked mouth of a blissfully drunken Satyr; but he sat motionless, like a pale shadow of that other one who, in a far land, at the very gates of the stony desert, sat also motionless under the fiery sun.

V

And it came about finally that Lazarus was summoned to Rome by the great Augustus.

They dressed him gorgeously in festive bridal garments as though it had been ordained that he was to remain a bridegroom to an unknown bride until the very day of his death. It was as if an old coffin, rotten and falling apart, were regilded

over and over, and gay tassels hung on it. And solemnly they conducted him in gala attire, as tho in truth it were a bridal procession, the runners loudly sounding the trumpet that the way be made for the ambassadors of the Emperor. But the roads along which he passed were deserted. His entire native land cursed the execrable name of Lazarus, the wonderfully resurrected, and the people scattered at the mere report of his horrible approach. The trumpeters blew lonely blasts, and only the desert answered with a dying echo.

Then they carried him across the sea on the saddest and most gorgeous ship that was ever mirrored in the azure waves of the Mediterranean. There were many people aboard, but she was silent and still like a coffin, and the water seemed to moan as it parted before the short curved prow. Lazarus sat lonely, baring his head to the sun, and listening in silence to the splashing of the waters. Further away the seamen and the ambassadors gathered like a crowd of distressed shadows. If a thunderstorm had happened to burst upon them at that time or the wind had overwhelmed the red sails, the ship would probably have perished, for none of those who were on her had strength or desire enough to fight for life. With supreme effort some went to the side of the ship and eagerly gazed at the blue, transparent abyss. Perhaps they imagined they saw a naiad flashing a pink shoulder through the waves, or an insanely joyous and drunken centaur galloping by, splashing up the water from his hoofs. But the sea was deserted and mute, and so was the watery abyss.

Listlessly Lazarus set foot on the streets of the Eternal City—as tho all its riches, all the majesty of its gigantic edifices, all the luster and beauty and music of refined life, were simply the echo of the wind in the desert, or the misty images of hot running sand. Chariots whirled by; the crowd of strong, beautiful, haughty men passed on, builders of the Eternal City, and proud partakers of its life; songs rang out; fountains laughed; pearly laughter of women filled the air, while the drunkard philosophized and the sober ones smilingly listened; horseshoes rattled on the pavement. And surrounded on all sides by glad sounds, a fat, heavy man moved through the center of the city like a cold spot of silence, sowing in his path grief, anger and vague, carking distress. Who dared to be sad in Rome? indignantly demanded frowning citizens; and in two days the swift-tongued Rome knew of Lazarus, the wonderfully resurrected, and timidly evaded him.

There were many brave men ready to try their strength, and at their senseless call Lazarus came obediently. The Emperor was so engrossed with

state affairs that he delayed receiving the visitor, and for seven days Lazarus moved among the people.

A jovial drunkard met him with a smile on his red lips. "Drink, Lazarus, drink!" he cried. "Would not Augustus laugh to see you drunk!" And naked besotted women laughed, and decked the blue hands of Lazarus with rose-leaves. But the drunkard looked into the eyes of Lazarus—and his joy forever ended. Thereafter he was always drunk. He drank no more, but was drunk all the time, and shadowed by fearful dreams, instead of the joyous reveries that wine gives. Fearful dreams became the food of his broken spirit. Fearful dreams held him day and night in the mists of monstrous fantasy, and death itself was no more fearful than the apparition of its fierce precursor.

Lazarus came to a youth and his lass who loved each other and were beautiful in their love. Proudly and strongly holding in his arms his beloved one, the youth said, with gentle pity: "Look at us, Lazarus, and rejoice with us. Is there anything stronger than love?"

And Lazarus looked at them. And their whole life they continued to love one another, but their love became mournful and gloomy, even as those cypress-trees over the tombs that feed their roots on the putrescence of the grave, and strive in vain in the quiet evening hour to touch the sky with their pointed tops. Hurling by fathomless life-forces into each other's arms, they mingled their kisses with tears, their joy with pain, and only succeeded in realizing the more vividly a sense of their slavery to the silent Nothing. Forever united, forever parted, they flashed like sparks, and like sparks went out in boundless darkness.

Lazarus came to a proud sage, and the sage said to him: "I know already all the horrors that you may tell me, Lazarus. With what else can you terrify me?"

Only a few moments passed before the sage realized that the knowledge of the horrible is not the horrible, and that the sight of death is not death. And he felt that in the eyes of the Infinite wisdom and folly are the same, for the Infinite knows them not. And the boundaries between knowledge and ignorance, between truth and falsehood, between top and bottom, faded and his shapeless thought was suspended in emptiness. Then he grasped his gray head in his hands and cried out insanely: "I cannot think! I cannot think!"

Thus it was that under the cool gaze of Lazarus, the wonderfully resurrected, all that serves to affirm life, its sense and its joys, perished. And people began to say that it was dangerous to allow him to see the Emperor; that it were better to kill him and bury him secretly, and say that he had disappeared. Swords were sharpened and youths devoted to the welfare of the people announced their readiness to become assassins, when Augustus upset the cruel plans by demanding that Lazarus come to him.

Even tho Lazarus could not be kept away, it was felt that the heavy impression conveyed by his face might be somewhat softened. With that end in view expert painters, barbers and artists were assembled and worked the whole night on Lazarus' head. His beard was trimmed and curled and given a neat appearance. The disagreeable and deadly bluishness of his hands and face was covered up with paint; his hands were whitened, his cheeks rouged. The disgusting

wrinkles of suffering that ridged his old face were patched up and painted, and on the smooth surface, wrinkles of good nature and laughter, and of pleasant, good-humored cheeriness, were laid on with fine brushes, artistically.

Lazarus submitted himself indifferently to all they did with him, and soon was transformed into a naturally stout, nice-looking old man, who might have been the quiet and good-humored grandfather of numerous grandchildren. He looked as tho the smile with which he told funny stories had not left his lips, as tho there was yet hidden in the corner of his eyes a quiet tenderness. But the wedding-dress they did not dare to take off; and his eyes they could not change—the dark, terrible eyes through which the incomprehensible *There* looked out upon humanity.

VI

Lazarus was quite unaffected by the magnificence of the imperial apartments. He was as stolidly indifferent as tho he saw no contrast between his ruined house on the verge of the desert and the solid, beautiful palace of stone. Under his feet the hard marble of the floor seemed to take on the likeness of the moving sands of the desert, and in his eyes the multitude of gaily appareled and haughty men was as unreal as the emptiness of the air under his gaze. They looked not into his face, as he passed by, fearing to come under the awful bane of his eyes; but when the sound of his heavy steps announced that he had passed, heads were lifted and eyes examined with timid curiosity the figure of the corpulent, tall, slightly stooping old man, as he slowly disappeared into the heart of the imperial palace. If death itself had appeared, men would not have feared it as much; for until now death had been known to the dead only and life to the living only, and between these two there had been no bridge. But this strange being knew death, and this knowledge of his was felt to be mysterious and cursed. "He will kill our great, divine Augustus," men cried with horror, and they hurled curses after him. He slowly and stolidly passed them by, penetrating ever deeper into the palace.

Cæsar knew already who Lazarus was, and was prepared to meet him. He was a courageous man; he felt that his power was invincible, and in the fateful encounter with the "wonderfully resurrected," he refused to lean on other men's weak help. Man against man, face to face, he met Lazarus.

"Do not fix thy gaze on me, Lazarus," he commanded. "I have heard that thy head is like the head of Medusa, and turns into stone all at whom thou lookest. But I should like to have a close look at thee, and to talk with thee before I turn into stone," he added in a spirit of playfulness that served to conceal his real misgivings.

Approaching him, he examined closely the face of Lazarus and his strange festive clothes. And he was deceived by the skilful counterfeit, tho his eyes were sharp and keen.

"Well, thy appearance is not terrible, venerable sir. But all the worse for man, when the terrible takes on such a venerable and pleasant appearance. Now let us talk."

Augustus sat down, and as much by glance as by words began the discussion. "Why didst thou not salute me when thou entered?"

Lazarus answered indifferently: "I did not know it was necessary."

"Thou art a Christian?"

"No."

Augustus nodded approvingly. "That is good. I do not like the Christians. They shake the tree of life, forbidding it to bear fruit, and they scatter to the wind its fragrant blossoms. But who art thou?"

With some effort Lazarus answered: "I was dead."

"I heard about that. But who art thou now?"

Lazarus' answer came slowly, and at last he repeated stolidly and dimly: "I was dead."

"Listen to me, stranger," said the Emperor distinctly and severely, affirming now what had been in his mind before. "My empire is an empire of the living; my people is a people of the living and not of the dead. Thou art superfluous here. I do not know who thou art, I do not know what thou sawest there, but if thou liest, I hate thy lies, and if thou tellest the truth, I hate thy truth. In my heart I feel the pulse of life; in my hands I feel power, and my proud thoughts, like eagles, fly through space. Behind my back, under the protection of my authority, under the shadow of laws created by me, men live and labor and rejoice. Hearest thou this divine harmony of life? Hearest thou the war call that men hurl into the face of the future, challenging it to the struggle?"

Augustus extended his arms reverently and solemnly cried out: "Blessed be thou, Great Divine Life!"

But Lazarus was silent, and the Emperor continued with greater severity: "Thou art not wanted here. Pitiful remnant, half devoured of death, thou inspirest men with distress and aversion to life. Like a caterpillar on the fields, thou gnawest away at the full seed of joy and exudest the slime of despair and sorrow. Thy truth is like unto a rusted sword in the hands of a night assassin, and I shall condemn thee to death as an assassin. But first I want to look into thine eyes. Possibly only cowards fear them, and brave men are awakened by them to struggle and victory. Then wilt thou be worthy not of death but of a reward. Look at me, Lazarus."

In the first moment it seemed to divine Augustus as if a friend were looking at him, so soft, so attractive, so gently fascinating was the gaze of Lazarus. It promised not horror but quiet rest, and the Infinite appeared there as a fond mistress, a compassionate sister, a mother. And ever stronger grew its gentle embrace, until he felt, as it were, the breath of a mouth hungry for kisses. . . . Then it seemed as if iron bones protruded ravenously, and closed upon him in an iron band; and cold nails touched his heart and slowly sank into it.

"It pains me," said divine Augustus, growing pale; "but look, Lazarus, look!"

Ponderous gates, shut through eternity, appeared to be slowly swinging open, and through the growing aperture poured in, coldly and calmly, the awful horror of the Infinite. Boundless Emptiness and Boundless Gloom entered like two shadows, extinguishing the sun, removing the ground from under the feet and the cover from over the head. And the pain in his icy heart ceased.

"Look at me, look at me, Lazarus!" commanded Augustus, staggering.

Time ceased and the beginning of things came perilously near to the end. The throne of Augustus,

so recently erected, fell to pieces, and emptiness took the place of the throne and of Augustus. Rome fell silently into ruins. A new city rose in its place, and it too was erased by emptiness. Like phantom giants, cities, kingdoms, and countries swiftly fell and disappeared into emptiness—swallowed up in the black maw of the Infinite. . .

"Cease," commanded the Emperor. Already an accent of indifference sounded in his voice. His arms hung powerless, and his eagle eyes flashed and were dimmed again, struggling against overwhelming darkness.

"You have killed me, Lazarus," he said drowsily.

And these words of despair saved him. He thought of the people, whose shield he was destined to be, and a sharp, redeeming pang pierced his dull heart. He thought of them with anguish, doomed to perish. First they seemed bright shadows in the gloom of the Infinite—how terrible! Then they appeared as brittle vessels with life-agitated blood, and hearts that knew both sorrow and great joy—and he thought of them with tenderness.

And so thinking and feeling, inclining the scales now to the side of life, now to the side of death, he slowly returned to life, to find in its suffering and joy a refuge from the gloom, emptiness and fear of the Infinite.

"No; thou didst not kill me, Lazarus," said he firmly. "But I will kill *thee*. Go!"

Evening came and divine Augustus partook of food and drink with great joy. But there were moments when his raised arm would remain suspended in the air, and the light of his shining, eagle eyes was dimmed. It seemed as if an icy wave of horror washed against his feet. He was vanquished but not killed, and coldly awaited his doom, like a black shadow. His nights were haunted by horror, but the bright days still brought him the joys, as well as the sorrows, of life.

Next day, by order of the Emperor, they burned out Lazarus' eyes with hot irons and sent him home. Even Augustus dared not kill him.

* * * *

Lazarus returned to the desert and the desert received him with the breath of the hissing wind and the ardor of the glowing sun. Again he sat on the stone with matted beard uplifted; and two black holes, where the burned-out eyes once had been, looked dull and horrible at the sky. In the distance the Holy City moved and roared restlessly, but near him all was deserted and still. No one approached the place where Lazarus, the miraculously resurrected, passed his last days, for his neighbors had long since abandoned their homes. His cursed knowledge, driven by the hot irons back from his eyes deep into the brain, lay there in ambush; as if from ambush it might spring out upon men with a thousand unseen eyes. No one dared to look at Lazarus.

And in the evening, when the sun, swollen crimson and growing larger, bent its way toward the west, blind Lazarus slowly groped after it. He stumbled against stones and fell; corpulent and feeble, he rose heavily and walked on; and against the red curtain of sunset his dark form and outstretched arms gave him a monstrous resemblance to a cross.

It happened once that he went and never returned. Thus ended the second life of Lazarus, who was three days in the mysterious thralldom of death and then was miraculously resurrected.

Humor of Life

A SAILOR'S ADVICE

As Admiral Bunce was coming out of the Boston Navy Yard one day he encountered a sailor very much the worse from liquor.

The Admiral, being in citizen's dress, was not recognized by the sailor, who endeavored to embrace him affectionately.

"Sir," said the indignant officer, "do you know that I am an admiral?"

The sailor pulled himself together, made a drunken salute, and said: "So you are an admiral, are you? Well, you've got a blame' good job, and my advice to you is to keep sober and hang onto it."—F. G. Blakeslee, in *Lippincott's*.



LEARNING

The new cook was helping her mistress to prepare dinner. All went well until the macaroni was brought out. The cook looked with surprise as she beheld the long white sticks. But when they were carefully placed in water she gave a choking gasp.

"Did you say, mis-sus," she said in an awed voice, "that you were going to eat that?"

"Yes, Jane," was the reply, "that is what I

intended to do. But you seem surprised. Have you never seen macaroni cooked before?"

"No, ma'am," answered the cook, "I ain't. The last place I was at they always used them things to light the gas with."—*Harper's Magazine*.

IT LOOKED THAT WAY

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor at the quarry, just after the premature explosion.

"No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone."

"For good?"

"Well, sor, he wint in that direction."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

AN ADDITION TO THE CATECHISM

An enterprising superintendent was engaged one Sunday in catechizing the Sunday-school pupils, varying the usual method by beginning at the end of the catechism.

After asking what were the prerequisites for the Holy Communion and confirmation, and receiving satisfactory replies, he asked:

"And now, boys, tell me what must precede baptism?"

A lively urchin shouted out: "A baby, sir!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A SURE TURN

"I see be the sarmon this marnin' that Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt."

"It may be, but wid me own eyes I see Dennis McGovern's wife look back and turn into a saloon."—Karl von Kraft, in *Lippincott's*.

COALS OF FIRE?

POLICE OFFICER KEEGAN: "Mister Rafferty, Oi love your daughter, an' would most respectfully ask you for her hand in marriage."

MR. RAFFERTY: "Arrah, ye shnake. One year ago to-day ye arrested me for droonkenness, an' clubbed me all the way to the station house. Now Oi hev my opportunity to git aven. Ye can hev her."—*Exchange*.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Mother," said a college student who had brought his chum home for the holidays, "permit me to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

His mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear.

"I'm sorry, George, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

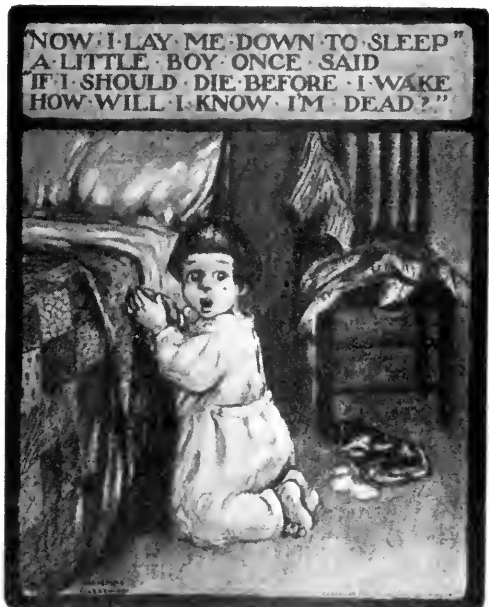
"I say, mother," shouted George, "I want to present my friend Mr. Specknoodle."

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr.—— What was the name again?"

"MR. SPECKNOODLE!" George fairly yelled.

The old lady shook her head sadly.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."—*Everybody's*.



—Courtesy of the Ullman Mfg. Co., New York. Copyright, 1906.



SELF-SACRIFICE

MR. BODGER (heroically): "Here, you take the umbrella, Maria. Never mind about me!"—*Sketch*.

THE KIND CONDUCTOR

A pompous little man with gold-rimmed spectacles and a thoughtful brow boarded a New York elevated train and took the only unoccupied seat. The man next him had evidently been drinking. For a while the little man contented himself with merely sniffing contemptuously at his neighbor, but finally he summoned the guard.

"Conductor," he demanded indignantly, "do you permit drunken people to ride upon this train?"

"No, sir," replied the guard in a confidential whisper. "But don't say a word and stay where you are, sir. If ye hadn't told me I'd never have noticed ye."—*Everybody's*.

AFTER THE SERVICE

DEACON WIGG: "Now, that was a finished discourse."

FARMER WAGG: "Yes; but do you know, I thought it never would be."—*Judge*.

FACT, NOT FANCY

"If you please, ma'am," said the servant from Finland, "the cat's had chickens."

"Nonsense, Gertrude!" returned the mistress of the house. "You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens."

"Was them chickens or kittens that master brought home last night?"

"Chickens, of course."

"Well, ma'am, that's what the cat has had."—*Youth's Companion*.

BLUE-BLOODED

REFORMED CANNIBAL (with a dreadful past): "I may be black, Sah, but I've got British blood in ma veins."—*Punch*.

DID HE GET THEM?

The records in the War Department in Washington are, as a rule, very dry, but occasionally an entry is found that is humorous.

An officer of engineers, in charge of the construction of a road that was to be built through a swamp, being energetic himself and used to surmounting mere obstacles, was surprised when one of his young lieutenants whom he had ordered to take twenty men and enter the swamp said that he "could not do it—the mud was too deep." The colonel ordered him to try. He did so, and returned with his men covered with mud, and said:

"Colonel, the mud is over my men's heads. I can't do it."

The colonel insisted, and told him to make a requisition for anything that was necessary for the safe passage. The lieutenant made his requisition in writing and on the spot. It was as follows:

"I want twenty men eighteen feet long to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep."—*Harper's Weekly*.

HE KNEW

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "Who can tell me the meaning of the word 'repentance?'"

A pause.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "What is it that we feel after we have done something wrong?"

LITTLE WILLIE: "Papa's slipper."—*Judge*.

ON YOUR WAY

RICH OLD UNCLE: "And remember, dear, that when I die all that I have goes to you."

NIECE: "Thank you, uncle. Do let me give you some more mince pie."—*Harper's Weekly*.

HIS FACE HIS FORTUNE

KNICKER: "Strange they didn't name the baby after its rich uncle."

BOCKER: "No; he looked at it, and said he'd give them \$10,000 not to."—*Smart Set*.

IT BROKE

"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed the teacher.

"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."—*Harper's Weekly*.

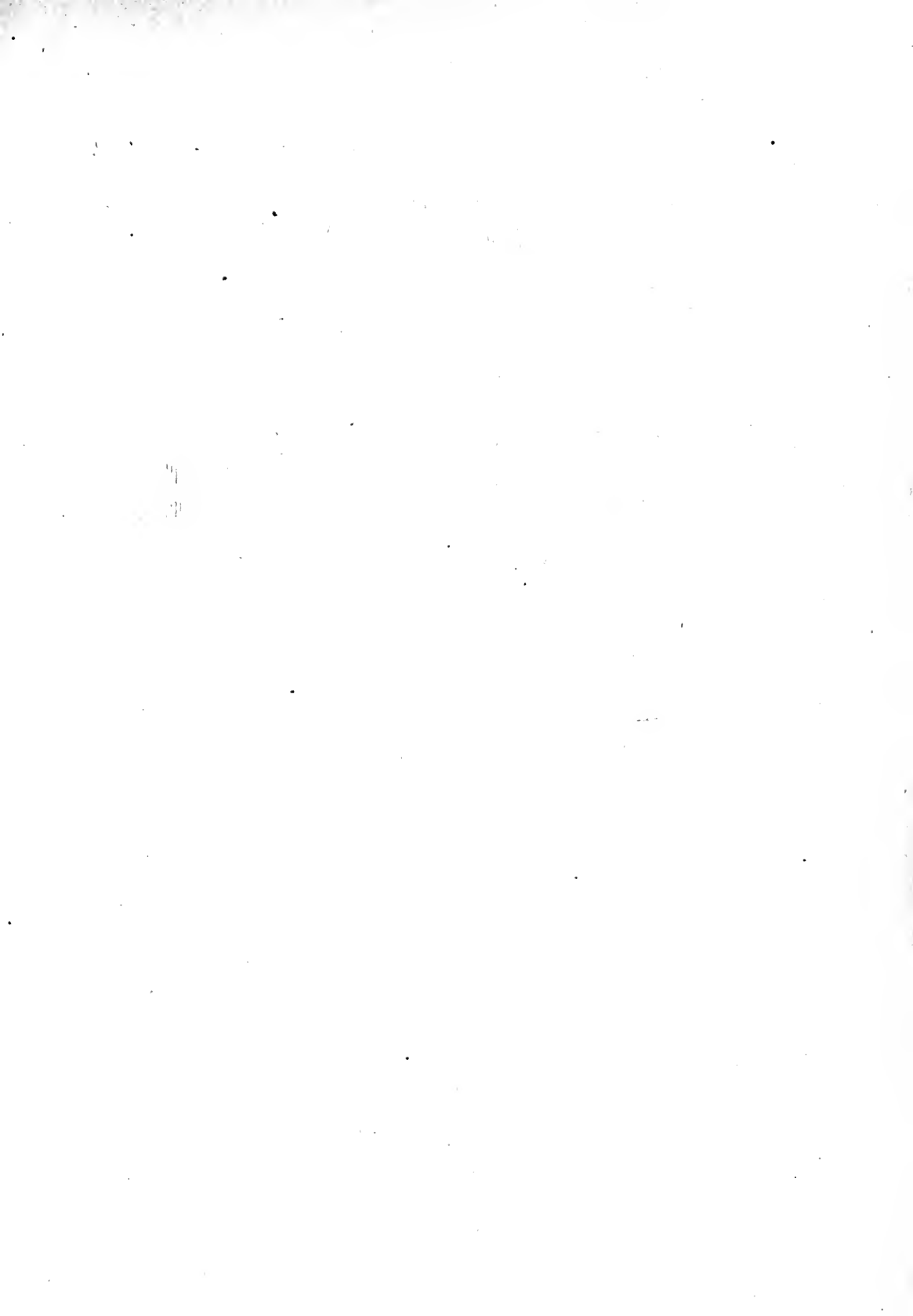
HEARD IN CAMBRIDGE

SHE: "You can always tell a Harvard man."

HE (from New Haven): "Yes; but you can't tell him much."—*Harper's Weekly*.



CAMERA FIEND: "Hold on! You're too far ahead. I can't get you both in."—*Harper's Bazaar*.





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"I AM RETAINED BY THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK STATE"

About Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, the whole country is asking questions and wondering how far he is to go. One of his friends, President Faunce, of Brown University, writes of him: "There is no mystery about him, no luck at the foundation of his success, no halo around his head; but there are certain very definite qualities in his personality. The most obvious of these is his analytic power and habit. To hear him speak is to see a splendid exhibition of intellect in action. It is like watching the play of a powerful and noiseless engine, with all the parts in perfect working order."

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

VOL. XLII, No. 6 Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey
George S. Viereck

JUNE, 1907

A Review of the World



HAT Mr. Debs, once a Socialist candidate for President, calls "the greatest legal battle in American history," is now in progress in Boise City, Idaho. Fifty special correspondents of newspapers and magazines from all parts of the country hastened last month to the little city to report the case, and the telegraph company installed ten additional circuits to handle the press of business. Boise City itself is not excited. It has not furnished any of the defendants, nor any of the lawyers, nor the victim whose murder is the cause of all this excitement. All it furnishes is the jury to try the case. But the country at large is furnishing the excitement. The President of the United States has been involved in a heated controversy over the character of the defendants. The United States Supreme Court has rendered a decision which is likened by Socialist orators to the Dred Scott decision of half a century ago. Thousands of men have been parading the streets of many cities—50,000 in New York alone according to *The Herald's* estimate—waving red flags, singing the Marsellaise, denouncing the Supreme Court and assailing the President in terms of bitter reproach. And a collection of \$250,000, according to some estimates, has been gathered from the members of labor unions to insure for the defendants in this trial an adequate defense.

WHEN Frank Steunenberg, ex-Governor of Idaho, walked composedly toward his home in Caldwell, on Christmas eve seventeen months ago, chatting with two friends, three men were lying in wait near his gate, with sawed-off shotguns, ready to shoot him dead. When they saw his companions they cursed their luck and waited for a better chance. Six days later, December 30, 1905, the ex-Governor walked home again and laid his hand upon the

familiar gate. It was his last act. The gate was a traitor. To it had been tied a piece of fish line, one end of which was attached to a bomb, which exploded as the gate started to swing open, and a few seconds later startled friends found Steunenberg lying at the point of death, almost torn limb from limb. Immediate steps were taken to apprehend the murderers. A patrol was established around the town of Caldwell by Governor Gooding, who hastened to the scene by a special train. No one was permitted to enter or leave without giving a satisfactory account of himself. Two suspicious characters who could not explain their presence satisfactorily were arrested. One gave his name as Harry Orchard, the other as Steve Adams. A third man, their confederate, got away and has never been found.

TEN thousand dollars reward was offered by Governor Gooding for the arrest and conviction of the criminals. The Steunenberg family offered five thousand more. The large sums aroused the interest of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and one of its managers, James McPartland, came from New York to take charge of the work. McPartland is sixty-seven years of age, and has a history that might make Sherlock Holmes turn green with jealousy. It was he who, by months of arduous labor, unearthed the evidence that broke up the famous Molly Maguire league in Pennsylvania a generation ago. By his order Orchard was placed in solitary confinement. None of the guards was allowed to speak with him. As the days passed by this enforced silence grew almost unbearable. Suddenly he was addressed by McPartland: "What will that old mother of yours think when she reads of you in this fix?" Orchard jumped to his feet startled, and wanted to know how the detective knew anything about his mother. McPartland

talked to him about his home and his childhood. Orchard finally broke down and said he was ready to make a confession. It took McPartland three days to take it down on paper. Some account of its nature was given to the newspapers, and this indicates that it is sensational in the extreme. According to this account Orchard confessed to twenty-six deliberate murders, all of them, according to him, planned by an inner circle of the Western Federation of Miners and executed by himself and others. From Steve Adams, his supposed accomplice, another confession was obtained. Adams afterwards, according to a relative, asserted that this confession was false and had been secured from him by compulsion. To what extent corroboration for either or both these confessions has been obtained and can be produced in court can be seen only as the trial develops. The fate of the defendants depends upon the corroborative evidence, not upon the confessions. That is the law.

THREE men were implicated by Orchard as principal agents in these murders. One of them is William D. Haywood, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, "a big sturdy fellow with a square head and solid jaw," who has lost one eye and overworks the other in much reading of socialistic and idealistic literature. A second is Charles H. Moyer, president of the same Federation, who has the reputation, according to one newspaper correspondent, of being the best man on his feet, making a speech, in the ranks of organized labor to-day. The third is George A. Pettibone, one of the members of the executive com-

mittee of the Federation, "a slight man, below the average height, with a weak chin and the good-natured grin that goes with it." If Orchard's reputed confession is to be trusted, these three men, and especially Haywood and Moyer, have been responsible for dozens of murders extending over a series of years in Colorado, Idaho and other states. All three were living in Denver, Col., when Steunenberg was killed, and the first move necessary to bring them to trial was to have them extradited and brought to Idaho. And here comes in a proceeding on the part of the authorities that every Socialist paper in the country has been denouncing as a case of "kidnaping," and which has been severely criticized by a number of papers not of the Socialist persuasion, and by one member—Judge McKenna—of the United States Supreme Court.

IDAHO officials proceeded to Denver and presented to Governor McDonald their evidence against Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, and a request from Governor Gooding for their extradition. Now, "the foundation of extraditing between the states," to quote Justice McKenna, "is that the accused should be a fugitive from justice from the demanding state, and he may challenge the fact by habeas corpus immediately upon his arrest." The Idaho officials swore, apparently, that these three men were fugitives from Idaho, and the Governor of Colorado thereupon granted the request for extradition. That was in the middle of the week. The officials waited until Saturday, February 17, and then arrested the men after court hours, kept them secreted in jail all



WAVING RED FLAGS AND SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE, THEY MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

According to newspaper estimates, the procession of sympathizers with Moyer and Haywood in New York numbered about fifty thousand. Their banners bore placards assailing the President and the United States Supreme Court, and many wore buttons bearing the words: "I am an undesirable citizen."



THE ACCUSED MEN AND THEIR WIVES

At the extreme left is Mrs. Pettibone, next to her is her husband, next to him is Haywood, and the other two members of the group are Mr. and Mrs. Moyer. According to Orchard's confession, Moyer and Haywood planned the Steunenberg crime and Pettibone furnished the bomb, these three constituting the alleged "inner circle" of the Western Federation of Miners.

night, and early the next morning took them aboard a special train and made all haste into Idaho. This was the proceeding that has created such fervent indignation in the columns of the Socialist press and for which no other form of justification has been advanced, so far as we have seen, except that the end in this case justified the means. Six days later the attorneys of the imprisoned men applied to the Supreme Court of Idaho asking for a writ of habeas corpus to test the validity of the imprisonment. It was refused. A few days later the petition for such a writ was made to the United States Circuit Court of Idaho. It was again denied. An appeal was made to the United States Supreme Court. On December 3 last the Supreme Court sustained the decision of the Circuit Court, denying the petition.

THIS decision of the Supreme Court is not, however, to the effect that the method of securing extradition was regular or justified, but simply that, however hasty or inconsiderate it may have been, it did not come into the category of violations of the *federal* laws or

the federal constitution. The language of the court is:

"Even if it be true that the arrest and deportation of Pettibone, Moyer and Haywood from Colorado was by fraud and connivance, in which the Governor of Colorado was a party, this does not make out a case of violation of the right of the appellants under the constitution and laws of the United States. . . . In the present case it is not necessary to go behind the indictment and inquire as to how it happened that he came within reach of the process of the Idaho court, in which the indictment is pending, and any investigation as to the motives which induced action by the governors of Idaho and Colorado would be improper as well as irrelevant as to the real question to be now determined.

"It must be conclusively presumed that those officers proceeded throughout this affair with no evil purpose and with no other motive than to enforce the law. The decision of the lower courts is therefore affirmed."

From this decision Justice McKenna alone dissented. In his opinion he said:

"Kidnapping is a crime, pure and simple. It is difficult to accomplish, hazardous at every step. All officers of the law are supposed to be on guard against it. But how is it when the law becomes the kidnapper? When the officers of the law, using its forms and exerting its power, become abductors? This is not a distinction without a



CONFESSES TO TWENTY-SIX MURDERS

Harry Orchard's confession, which it took a Pinkerton detective three days to transcribe, is said to implicate Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone not only in the Steunenberg murder but in dozens of other murders.

difference. It is another form of the crime of kidnapping distinguished from that committed by an individual only by circumstances.

"No individual could have accomplished what the power of the two states accomplished. No individual could have commanded the means of success; could have made two arrests of prominent citizens by invading their homes; could have commanded the resources of jails, armed guards and special trains; could have successfully timed all acts to prevent inquiry and judicial interference.

"The accused, as soon as he could have done so, submitted his rights to the consideration of a federal court. He could not have done so in Colorado. He could not have done so on the way from Colorado. At the first instant that the State of Idaho relaxed its restraining power, he invoked the aid of habeas corpus.

"He should have been heard, not dismissed from court, and the action of the circuit court in so doing should be reversed."

THE interest of the Socialists in this matter is readily explained. The Western Federation of Miners is the one large labor organization in this country that has placed itself upon an out-and-out Socialist platform. Haywood himself, after his arrest and during his incarceration, was made the Socialist candidate for governor of Colorado, conducting his campaign from the prison in Caldwell, Idaho, and

receiving 16,192 votes. As he is likely to be a prominent figure before the country for some weeks, the temper of the man, as manifested in his letter of acceptance, is of interest. Here is a passage from that letter:

"So far has the Supreme Court of Colorado sunk below the level of common decency, a windlass will be required to hoist them into the presence of his Satanic Majesty. Under the black robes of iniquity Beelzebub will recognize the prototypes of Iscariot and Arnold; the five 'King's Bench' advocates are distinguished by the traitor's symbol.

"So coarse, so flagrant is the last fell decision of the Supreme Court that the dilettante politicians are aroused; sitting on their haunches, they are howling like a pack of mangy coyotes; their dwarfed mentalities are unable to discern the cause of the corruption in the Supreme Court, which is a boil on the body politic; it needs lancing and a strong poultice of Socialism; the supuration is the natural result of a diseased system. Eliminate the virus of profit, interest and rent from the industrial arteries of the state, and the commonwealth will no longer suffer the soul-racking tortures, the effect of capitalism."

As for Moyer, the Pinkertons declare that they have absolute proof that, before he became president of the Federation, he had served a term in the Joliet prison, Illinois, for a series of burglaries committed on the west side, Chicago. This is denied emphatically by Moyer and his counsel.



THE JUDGE IN THE MOYER-HAYWOOD CASE

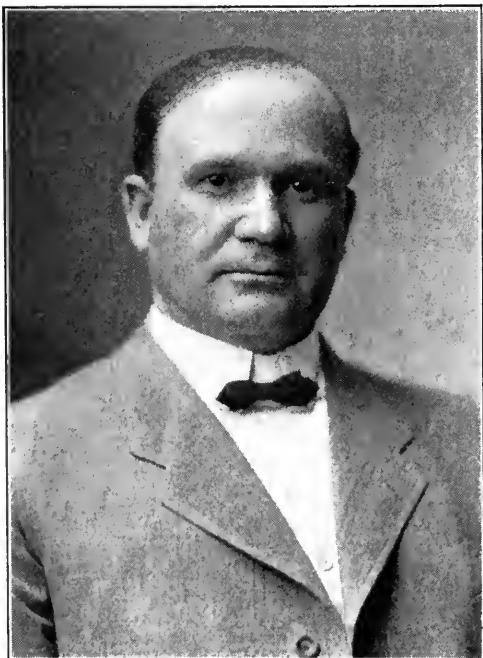
Fremont Wood is a down-East Yankee, whose appearance is thus described: "He radiates the square deal. To begin with, he bulks big. He has a massive head, solidly set on broad, square shoulders topping a powerful body. His eyes are keen and kindly, and have the twinkle in them that shows he knows how to laugh."

THE murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, as viewed by the state authorities of Idaho and by most of the daily papers of the country, came as a sequel to a long series of labor troubles between the miners and the mine-owners of the Coeur d'Alene district in Idaho. This district, twenty-five miles in length and one to five miles wide, contains rich mines of lead. Trouble began in 1892 and continued for seven years, off and on, with all the usual violent accompaniments of a war between labor and capital in a region where the forces of government are none too strong and the leaders on either side none too scrupulous. There were pitched battles between the union men and the non-union men. Dynamite was used to wreck mills, men were assassinated, and on May 8, 1897, the feeling had become so intense that President Boyce, of the Western Federation, advised every local union to organize a rifle corps, "so that in two years we can hear the inspiring music of the martial tread of twenty-five thousand armed men in the ranks of labor." The trouble reached a climax in April, 1899, when the \$250,000 mill of the Bunker Hill Company was destroyed by the miners with dynamite. Frank Steunenberg was then Governor of Idaho. He had been elected on a Populist ticket, by the support of



HE NEVER KNEW WHO KILLED HIM

Ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg, of Idaho, was killed by a bomb as he swung open the gate leading to his dwelling. When he called for federal troops to quell labor riots eight years ago, he said he knew it meant his political death. It is supposed to have resulted in his physical death as well.



THE MAILS BRING HIM MANY THREATS

Frank R. Gooding, present governor of Idaho, has been relentless in his efforts to ferret out the murderers of Steunenberg, and his life is thought to be in some jeopardy in consequence.

the labor men, and had been up to that time in hearty sympathy with the labor unions, having himself been a member of the typographical union. Appealed to by the mine-owners for redress, he now responded promptly by calling on President McKinley for federal troops, and by declaring Shoshone County in a state of "insurrection and rebellion." On the arrival of the troops—the first were negro companies—wholesale arrests were made and a "bull-pen" was constituted to hold those arrested. There were a thousand men held there at one time in a condition that has been described as "insufferable." "Nothing less drastic than the disease itself will cure," said the Governor, and for all the severities of that period of martial law "to a limited extent," to quote the State Supreme Court, he was held responsible by the miners who suffered. Peace was restored and has continued since, and for six years after his retirement from the office of Governor, Steunenberg applied himself to his sheep-farm and other business interests. His



ONE OF IDAHO'S EARLIEST PIONEERS

James H. Hawley is the chief counsel for the state in the prosecutions for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg. He is sixty years of age, and has been a resident of Idaho ever since he was fifteen.



A PROSECUTOR WHO IS BEING PROSECUTED

State Senator W. E. Borah, of Idaho, who is assistant state counsel in the Moyer-Haywood case, has himself been indicted recently for timber frauds. He was at one time Governor Steunenberg's personal counsel.

violent death six years after his retirement from politics was at once attributed to the desire of the Federation for vengeance. "Evidence is not wanting," said Governor Gooding, "to show that Mr. Steunenberg's death was in revenge by the lawless element for his faithfulness to his trust as Governor."

THE interpretation which the Socialist papers place upon his death is somewhat varied. At times it has been charged that the killing of Steunenberg was the result of a capitalistic plot to discredit the Federation. In this fantastic theory, earnestly advanced, Orchard, the instrument of the murder, was an agent of the capitalists and the evidence obtained from him, including the confession, was all prearranged between the detectives and Orchard himself! *The People*, the daily organ of the Socialist Labor Party in New York, not only maintains this, but asserts with emphasis that in the railway strikes of 1894, in Chicago, "it was the capitalist class who set the cars afire in order to furnish an excuse for sending the federal troops to suppress the successful lawful strikers;" in the Colorado labor troubles of 1903, "it was the Mine-Owners' Association who hired thugs to derail trains, blow up mines and railroad stations." A more plausible theory of Steunenberg's murder is that advanced by the special correspondent of *Wiltshire's Magazine* (Socialist), that "there is little doubt but that the crime was perpetrated by some miner who had suffered from his [Steunenberg's] cruelty in the bullpen in 1899." Being so perpetrated, however, the capitalists, so this correspondent, Joseph Wanhope concludes, immediately seized the occasion for their advantage:

"My deliberate conviction, then, is that a murder plot is being engineered, the preparations for which probably began years ago. That the entire machinery of the law courts, the executive, judicial and legislative powers of the states of Idaho and Colorado are entirely at the disposal of those who desire to carry it through; that the apparent agent is the Pinkerton Detective Bureau under the superintendence of James McPartland, the actual movers being the Mine Owners' Association with allied local capitalist groups, having contact with the still greater combinations of capital that rule our land; that the immediate object is the destruction of the organization of the Western Federation of Miners through the destruction of their ablest men, and the ultimate object to deal a blow at the growing Socialist movement, which already has become a menace to the exploiting class."

Another suggestion made by the Socialists is that Steunenberg was mixed up with land frauds and was killed by some enemy he had

made in that connection. Much is made of the fact that Senator Borah, of Idaho, attorney for the prosecution of Haywood and Moyer, has recently been indicted for complicity in such frauds, and was Steunenbergs's personal counsel.

NOT all the lurid utterances of the Socialist press, however, nor all the dramatic events that led up to the murder of Steunenbergs, nor the "kidnapping" of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, nor the deliverance of the Supreme Court, sufficed to draw general attention to this *cause célèbre* until President Roosevelt recently published his notable letter to Congressman Sherman, in which he grouped together Moyer, Haywood, Debs and E. H. Harriman as types of "undesirable citizens." That incidental reference to the two labor leaders now on trial for their lives incensed also many labor men who do not train in the Socialist ranks, and the general opinion of the press of the country is that it was an injudicious utterance, which, made in a private letter a year ago, was published last month without sufficient regard for the effects of this particular passage. Many protests were sent last month to the White House from labor bodies, and several delegations were sent to the President. In response, came a characteristic reply from the President in defense of his phrase "undesirable citizens" as applied to Moyer and Haywood, but disclaiming any intention of endeavoring to influence the course of justice, and, in turn, deprecating such endeavors on the part of the friends of the accused "But," the President insisted, "it is a simple absurdity to suppose that because any man is on trial for a given offense he is therefore to be freed from all criticism upon his general conduct and manner of life." He continues:

"But no possible outcome, either of the trial or the suits, can affect my judgment as to the undesirability of the type of citizenship of those whom I mentioned. Messrs. Moyer, Haywood and Debs stand as representatives of those men who have done as much to discredit the labor movement as the worst speculative financiers or most unscrupulous employers of labor and debauchers of legislatures have done to discredit honest capitalists and fair dealing business men.

"They stand as the representatives of those men who, by their public utterances and manifestos, by the utterances of the papers they control or inspire and by the words and deeds of those associated with or subordinate to them, habitually appear as guilty of incitement to or apology for bloodshed and violence. If this does not constitute undesirable citizenship, then there can never be any undesirable citizens. The men whom I denounce represent the men who have abandoned that legitimate movement for the uplifting of labor, with which I have the most hearty sym-



ONCE A RAILWAY ATTORNEY, NOW A SOCIALIST LEADER

Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago, one of the lawyers for the defense in the great trial in Boise City, is an author, a disciple of Tolstoy, a Socialist leader, and has been the attorney for labor unions in the Debs strike, the coal strike, and on various other occasions. He was born in Ohio fifty years ago.



THE CHIEF HOPE OF MOYER AND HAYWOOD

E. F. Richardson, of Denver, is the chief counsel of the defendants. He is one of Colorado's ablest criminal lawyers, and a partner of United States Senator Thomas M. Patterson.

pathy; they had adopted practices which cut them off from those who lead this legitimate movement. In every way I shall support the law-abiding and upright representatives of labor; and in no way can I better support them than by drawing the sharpest possible line between them on the one hand and on the other hand those preachers of violence who are themselves the worst foes of the honest laboring men."

ON THIS and on the Supreme Court's dictum already quoted, and on various other developments in the case, Mr. Eugene V. Debs, leader of the railway strikes that were suppressed by federal troops in President Cleveland's administration, and who, after imprisonment for contempt of court, became a Socialist candidate for President and is now the most prominent Socialist leader in the country, has been busy for months commenting in fiery language in his paper, *The Appeal to Reason* (Girard, Kans.). He charges collusion between the Supreme Court and the President, asserting that the Harriman letter and its passage about "undesirable citizens" was read to members of the Supreme Court by the President himself before their decision on the "kidnapping" of Moyer and Haywood had been rendered. No evidence whatever of this fact is offered; it is simply asserted, and then is characterized as "the most startling and extraordinary disclosure in the political history of the United States," the result of which "will load every name and judicial title associated with it with an eternity of execration." Mr. Debs's writings are so characteristic of the dominant tone of Socialistic papers in this country that we can not refrain from reproducing another passage from one of his editorials on this subject written a number of weeks ago:

"The cause being absolutely righteous and my duty clear, I am going to act as conscience dictates regardless of consequences to myself.

"Now, what can we do? A thousand things! We can think and act, and the first thing to think about is that we must act without delay.

"We are on the eve of battle; the lines are drawn and the forces are gathering.

"Our first appeal is to the working class, the whole of it, from sea to sea, old and young, male and female.

"Our next appeal is to every human being who loves justice, abominates crime and abhors murder.

"The most monstrous crimes in all history are those committed in the sacred name of justice.

"Legal murder is the crime of crimes and its perpetrator the fiend of fiends.

"Our comrades are already the victims of a thousand legal crimes, and the sufferings they and their loved ones have endured no mortal being can ever describe.

"From their prison cell, dark as a cave, there

issues a cry to the working class and to all humanity, and *the voice of God is in that cry.*

"Let the working class respond like the waves of the sea when the storm god touches the organ keys and the motionless surface is transformed into surging billows, and then that gloomy cell in Idaho will become all radiant with light.

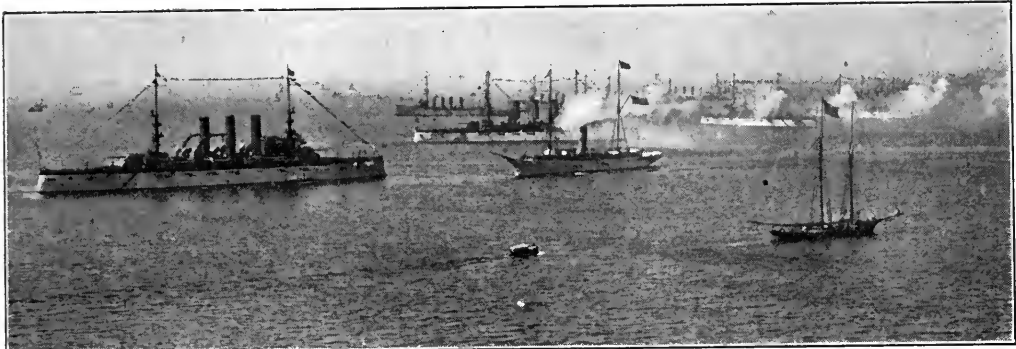
"Let me summarize a few of the things that may be done at once to arouse the working class.

"Eighth—The Supreme Court of the United States, the final tribunal in the service of the capitalist class versus the working class, has placed its judicial seal upon kidnapping; and kidnapping is now no longer a crime, but a constitutional prerogative, a legal right and a personal privilege. Kidnapping being a legitimate practice, we all have a perfect right to engage in it. Let us take advantage of the opening. For every workingman kidnapped a capitalist must be seized and held for ransom. Let us put the law laid down by the Supreme Court into practice. It is infamous, to be sure, and should be repealed, and the certain way to repeal it is to make it work both ways. The kidnapping of the first capitalist will convulse the nation and reverse the Supreme Court."

WHAT Mr. Debs would call the capitalistic press is, with a few exceptions, loud in praise of the President's reply to his critics. According to the New York *Evening Post*, he "never did a finer thing." According to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "never was letter more timely, never was it in more urgent demand, never more courageous in its statement of a case." The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* esteems it "a positive inspiration to find a man of the President's straightforward type." The New York *Times* thinks he never wrote a "more edifying or salutary" letter. The Philadelphia *Ledger* considers his "scorching reply" one that even capacious critics will find it hard to find fault with. The Chicago *Post* remarks that the answer is "all-sufficient" and the position assumed is "impregnable." Similar comment might be reproduced to an indefinite extent. But, on the other hand, at least two papers of weight criticize the President's position as unwarranted and dangerous. Says the Baltimore *Sun*:

"A fair trial means something more than the regular procedure of the law after the defendants are arraigned in court. It means that no effort ought to be made before the trial begins to prejudge the case in the court of public opinion; to influence, even indirectly, the men from whom the jury must be selected in a manner prejudicial to the accused. In making this [Sherman] letter public during his recent controversy with Mr. Harriman, and in reiterating now the statement to which not only organized labor, but all fair-minded and disinterested citizens object, the President manifests a spirit which is utterly irreconcilable with just consideration for the rights of the men who are to be tried for their lives."

The Springfield *Republican* takes the same view:



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"AT ANCHOR IN HAMPTON ROADS THEY LAY"

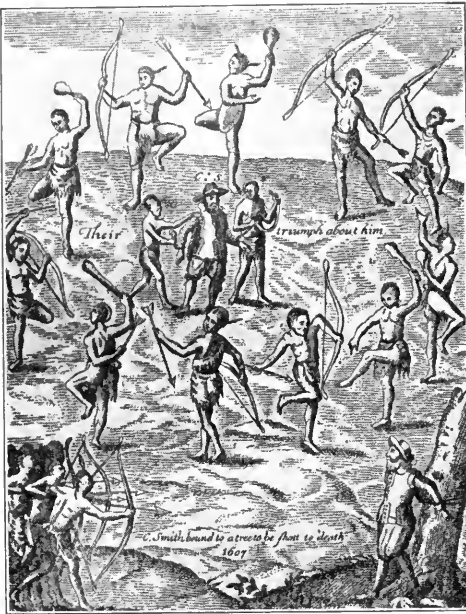
The naval review at the opening exercises of the Jamestown Exposition, at which many foreign nations were represented by their fighting ships. The ship in the picture with one funnel is the *Mayflower*, on board of which is President Roosevelt.

"It cannot matter that he had no reference to the pending trial or alleged crime. The denunciation of these men was made public when this trial is pending, and it becomes none the less potent for mischief that it related to their general conduct without regard to the present specific charges against them. Nor does the mere fact that the officials of the Western Federation of Miners have been in hot water for some years prove of itself that they are dangerous characters. It might be that they have met a more powerful and unscrupulous organization of capitalists and employers than has been the case with Eastern labor leaders. There are good men in the inter-mountain states who say that such is the fact and the explanation."

*
* *

NO exposition has yet been held in America that was even practically complete on the day of opening, and no press agent of an exposition has ever failed to assure the public, up to the very day of opening, that his particular show would break all records by being ready in all but a few minor details. The Jamestown exhibition has differed in this respect from its predecessors in being a little more unfinished than any of the rest, and its "chief of exploitation" has differed from others only in the more positive character of his assurances beforehand. "But after all," remarks the *Philadelphia Ledger*, philosophically, "only children go to fairs to see the exhibits; the experienced traveler and grown people go to fairs to see the people." And it grows eloquent on the subject of the tidewater Virginian, the lank North Carolinian in hickory shirt and jeans, real Southern negro mammies with heads decked out with red bandanas, and the shouts of laughter from unsophisticated negroes, from all of which "the auditor will receive a hint of the world's youth and of those remote golden, mythical ages when even the grown-ups played."

BUT there are other things. There is the naval display. All expositions have military displays, but few can have a naval display, and none has had one equal to that in Hampton Roads. The press agent has been spreading himself on this feature for months with such eloquence that weeks ago he called down the wrath of the peace advocates and a formal protest from a dozen of his board of managers. He promised "a continuous scene of martial splendor from beginning to end," "a great living picture of war with all of its enticing splendors" and the "greatest array of gorgeous military uniforms of all nations ever seen in any country," and so on until sixteen bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church rebelled against the "gross anachronism" of such "a barbaric display of military power," and Dr. Parkhurst preached a sermon denouncing it in his usual vigorous style. The humor of it all dawns upon one when he sees, not a spectacle of "the splendors of war," but of the splendors of peace,—great warships from all the nations that possess navies anchored peacefully side by side, using powder only to salute each other, their men fraternizing upon all occasions and doing nothing more hostile than to compete with one another in rowing contests and on parade. When, for instance, on May 13, the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the first permanent settlers in America was celebrated, eight thousand soldiers, sailors and marines, all the warships furnishing their quota, paraded in review before General Kuroki, Vice-admiral Ijuin, the Duke of the Abruzzi, Generals Grant and Wood and various other American and foreign officers; and as it passed the reviewing stand, each foreign band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" amid deafening cheers that followed invariably. "Splendors of war," indeed! The naval



Captain John Smith is made captive by the savages, who dance triumphantly about him, brandishing their bows and arrows, and binding him to a tree.

interest and enthrall him [the visitor]. It would be hard to name a place in the older part of the country which the hands of time and man have touched so lightly, which remains to-day so like to what it was in the beginning. Furthermore,



King Powhatan held this state and fashion when Captain John Smith was delivered to him prisoner in the year 1607.

JAMESTOWN'S IMMORTAL ROMANCE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

display at Hampton Roads, rightly viewed, is almost as much of a peace display as The Hague Conference itself, so soon to assemble. Says the *New York Tribune*, commenting on this phase of the exposition:

"A celebration of the Jamestown tercentenary without a great naval display would have been singularly inappropriate. Yet by no means the least impressive feature of the occasion is this: That these natives of many lands, including three with which America was once at war and others which at times have been at war among themselves, now meet in those historic waters in perfect peace and friendship, and with a prospect that those beneficent conditions will be perpetuated. Jamestown is still identified with sea power, but it is a sea power which contains within itself the promise and the potency of lasting peace."

BUT the real sight at the Jamestown exhibition is neither the naval display—one of the greatest ever witnessed—nor the exhibits, nor even the spectators. The historical associations of the locality are what give real distinction to the occasion. They didn't have to be "finished." They were there waiting and ready, and from them President Roosevelt's speech on the opening day, April 26, and Ambassador Bryce's speech on May 13 derived the major part of their inspiration. Says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

"It is the location and its traditions that will

there is no section of the country into which so much of the country's history has been crowded. . . . Former expositions have been for the most part somewhat vaunting displays of our bigness and richness, of our great endings. To the thoughtful American the Jamestown fair will suggest our small beginnings. Perhaps it is worth while to hold an exposition merely for that purpose."

The landing at Jamestown is classified by James Bryce as "one of the great events in the history of the world,"—"an event to be compared for its momentous consequences with the overthrow of the Persian Empire by Alexander, with the destruction of Carthage by Rome, with the conquest of Gaul by Clovis, with the taking of Constantinople by the Turks—one might almost say with the discovery of America by Columbus." This is the great event that alone gives occasion to the exhibition and which has wisely dominated in the plans of the managers. "The people have had a surfeit of showcases and machinery of late," remarks the *Manchester Mirror*, and "they may be the better prepared for a historic pilgrimage." That is the spirit in which visitors who do not wish to be disappointed should go to Jamestown.

IN a number of articles in various magazines, Thomas Nelson Page has been endeavoring to place the Jamestown settlement in its right historic perspective, a perspective which, he

thinks, has been falsified by the fact that Virginians and Southerners generally have unhappily paid little attention to the recording of their own annals. The writing of history was



Just as the execution was to take place, Pocahontas rushed forward interceding for mercy and compelling the executioners to desist.

AND THE INDIAN MAIDEN POCAHONTAS AS DEPICTED IN RARE ANCIENT PRINTS

left by them to those who had little familiarity with the part that Southern colonies played in the making of the country. It was only after long negotiations with the Virginia colony, he reminds us, that the Pilgrim Fathers set sail in the *Mayflower*, under the charter of the Virginia Company. They sailed, too, for the shores of Southern Virginia and esteemed it a great misfortune that the winds and currents took them to the bleak coast of New England. By that time, self-government had already become so firmly planted in Virginia that it was beginning to affect not only the people but the government of Great Britain. Jamestown was "the Mother Christian Town" of the continent, and Jamestown Island, where the first landing was made, was formally seized "for the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of England." Two years before the landing at Plymouth Rock, the Jamestown Colony had begun the establishment of a university, with a college for the conversion and education of Indian youth. And one year before, in 1619, the spirit of independence had reached such a pitch that the Spanish Ambassador in England warned King James that the Virginia courts had become "a seminary for a seditious Parliament." That same year the colonists established the first representative assembly on American soil, and sent word to Great Britain that no orders



Captain John Smith's victory over King Pamaunkee, in 1608, when he "snatched the King by his long locke, and with his Pistoll readie bent against his breast, led him trembling neare dead with feare."

issued by the Virginia Company in London and no laws made there should become effective in Virginia unless approved by the representatives of the colony. A fact that even John Fiske seems to have overlooked is that the principle of "no taxation without representation" was first enunciated, not in Massachusetts but in Virginia, when in 1624 her general assembly enacted a law that no tax should be levied except by the authority of her own assembly. In Mr. Page's judgment, therefore, Virginia rather than New England, Jamestown rather than Plymouth Rock, is entitled to be known as the cradle of American civil liberty.

BE THIS as it may, the undisputed historic claims which this whole region possesses are many and strong, and one meets at every hand reminders of the doughty Captain John Smith and the dusky and romantic Pocahontas; of Patrick Henry and George Washington and John Marshall, of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler. And not only does the region teem with memories of colonial and revolutionary days, but of the days of the nation's great intestine conflict as well. Not only was it here that Cornwallis laid down his arms, but here also Lee laid down his arms and the Civil War came to an end where the importation of slaves had had its beginning. It was here that the first



THE HERO OF JAMESTOWN

Bronze statue of Captain John Smith, by William Couper, of New York, to be unveiled at Jamestown Island, September, 1907, by the Society for the Preservation of Virginia antiquities.

battle of that war—Big Bethel—was fought, here that the *Cumberland* went down with her flag still flying, and that the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* had their memorable duel, a reproduction of which, on the same site, will take place at regular intervals during the exposition. "At first," says a writer in *The National Magazine*, "there is a twinge of disappointment in the fact that poetic sentiment is not gratified by having the exposition at Jamestown, the actual historic ground itself; for it is not being held on the spot on which Captain John Smith and his followers established the first permanent English settlement in America; but, in a few hours,

by ferry to Newport News, and by rail to Williamsburg, Va., you may revel in historic scenes, and memories of 'ye olden tyme.'"

WITH a calculated enthusiasm which to Jingo Berlin dailies seems extremely subtle, the government of Great Britain is making much ado over the Jamestown exposition. London's object, as interpreted in the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, is to bring home to the American mind the fact that England is "the mother country" and, as a result, the only real friend of the United States in Europe. London organs have certainly interested themselves profoundly in what happened in Virginia on the thirteenth of last month. "The founding of America," to quote the words of the London *Standard*, "must always rank among the greatest of British achievements, and it is only fitting that we should take a larger part in celebrating it than any other nation." Another international exposition needs a good deal of justification, we are likewise assured by the Manchester *Guardian*, but the celebration at Jamestown "justifies itself." There were, in fact, earlier English settlements than the one at Jamestown. Sir Humphrey Gilbert reached Newfoundland in 1583 on the *Golden Hind*. Raleigh landed near Roanoke, in North Carolina, in 1584, and for four years, with Grenville's help, tried desperately but unsuccessfully to found a self-supporting colony. But both attempts failed, and it was not until England adopted the idea of establishing colonies by means of associated companies that a permanent lodgment was effected on American soil. In December, 1606, one hundred and forty-three emigrants were sent out by the London Company. They were at sea until the 26th of the ensuing April, landed near Cape Henry, in Virginia, were driven back by Indians and, after anchoring off Hampton Roads, landed finally on May thirteenth—the red-letter day of the past month—on a peninsula which juts into the James River.

THAT peninsula was an island to the thousands who took part in the ceremonies of a few weeks ago. For nearly two centuries it has been an island, and for more than two centuries it has been abandoned. The early years of the settlement were years of intense hardship from fever, famine and the attacks of the natives. Only the strong and romantic personality of Captain John Smith—"the last of the knight errants," as the London *Standard* calls him—held the colonists together. By 1610, indeed, it seemed as tho the fate of the Roanoke

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SHADE OF JOHN SMITH (to his descendants): Welcome!



JAPAN'S MOST INTERESTING EXHIBIT AT
JAMESTOWN

General Kuroki, the hero of the Yalu, one of the few living soldiers who has commanded over 100,000 men at one time in actual operations in the field, has been rapturously received by Japanese dwelling in this country. His presence has revived discussion of the status of his countrymen here, but the General denies that his visit has anything to do with diplomatic negotiations between the two countries.

is fighting now for his own political life, and the fight seems to become more and more des-



"I DO NOT WANT ANY POLITICAL HONORS FROM THE REPUBLICANS OF OHIO WITHOUT THEIR HEARTY APPROVAL."

Latest photograph of Senator Foraker, made on the occasion of his recent visit to Cincinnati. Because of his unbending attitude on the subject of Taft the "peace conference" of Republican leaders was suddenly called off.

perate. Whether or not he shall succeed in securing his own re-election is in itself a matter of state rather than of national importance. The only phase of his fight that is of general

interest is its effect upon the fortunes of Taft in the next national Republican convention. The *Boston Herald's* conclusion is that "from the present outlook it will be Taft first and nobody second when the national convention ends." Even the Ohio "machine"—"a machine which Taft," according to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "has done more than any other one man to make odious to Ohioans"—has swung into line for the portly Secretary-of-War, and Senators Foraker and Dick, who are still holding out for some sort of deal with the Secretary's friends, seem to be in danger of being marooned on a lone and desolate island from which even George B. Cox has fled in haste.

ON ONE point the press correspondents all seem agreed, that, so far as Taft himself is concerned, there will be no "deal" with Foraker. This is the construction placed upon the Secretary's course by Democratic as well as Republican correspondents and editors. Says the Washington correspondent of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.):

"It is plain if the presidency is only to be had by running after it, William H. Taft will never be president. He won't run after it. He declined to talk politics to-day, and he has no intention of talking politics in the future. . . .

"It was a concession on his part that he devoted so much time to political conferences in Cincinnati. Such quiet advising with friends who want to further his cause, there or elsewhere, will be about the only part he will take as a candidate. And such conferences usually end with his suggesting that his friends go ahead as seems best to them, with the one ironclad stipulation that there shall be no deals.

"Secretary Taft would consent to no deal with Foraker, he will tolerate no deal with George B. Cox. His brother, Charles P. Taft, was never at any time authorized to promise Cox, or Herrmann or Hynicka anything in the name of William H. Taft, and Charles P. Taft insists that he never did. The war secretary has said that he would not have the presidency at the price of a compromise with Cox, the boss he once advised Cincinnati Republicans to smash."

And the New York *World* (Dem.) comments as follows on Mr. Taft's apparent indisposition to talk personal politics:

"Secretary Taft shows a deplorable lack of fitness as a Presidential candidate. Returning from a month's trip abroad he quietly discusses public affairs in Panama, Porto Rico and Cuba and refuses to be agitated over the political crisis in Ohio. . . . As the prospective heir to the Roosevelt fortunes Secretary Taft might have manifested plainer signs of delight. Nobody had taken the precaution to send him a wireless message on shipboard warning him not to talk on touching shore. He reaches home and the only thing that he will talk about is the Gatun dam and the Culebra cut. For him Foraker and Dick

do not exist. Such a lame conclusion raises the question whether a man so devoted to minding his official business is fit to be a candidate for President."

SIGNS are beginning to multiply that the point of attack in Taft's candidacy from now on will be not so much Taft himself—tho his rulings as a judge on labor cases and his utterances in favor of tariff revision are being brought out—but on the principle involved in the question, Shall President Roosevelt be allowed to name his successor? Senator Foraker, in his Canton speech, sounded the note for this attack cautiously but clearly, saying: "That the president of the United States should become personally engaged in a political contest to determine his successor is without precedent, unless it be the bad precedent set by Andrew Jackson as to Martin Van Buren." The *New York Press*, a radical Republican paper entirely out of sympathy with Foraker personally, but in favor of La Follette instead of Taft for the next presidential candidate, makes use of the same sort of argument. It says:

"President Roosevelt must abandon his resolve to name his successor if he desires our political institutions and our system of government by the people to survive. He must leave this work of choosing a candidate to the members of the Republican party throughout the United States. It must always be left there, as the selection of the chief magistrate must be left to the electors at large, unless we are to concede that our theories of independent government are an utter failure, and that we are to begin an era of a sort of hereditary personal sovereignty, wherein a Roosevelt decrees a Taft as his residuary legatee, a Taft somebody else as his residuary legatee, and thus with the next, and so on down through history."

And Maurice A. Low, Washington correspondent of the *Boston Globe*, writes to that journal on this phase of the subject as follows:

"Mr. Taft suffers also from the fact that the President is attempting to make him his political heir without consulting the men who think they ought to have a voice in the matter. The way Mr. Taft has been made the prospective candidate is bitterly resented by many prominent Republicans. The curious thing is they all like Mr. Taft. They have the highest opinion of his abilities and admire his engaging qualities. They frankly admit he would make an almost ideal president. He is conservative, courageous and fair. He would come to the presidency better equipped than almost any other man who has preceded him. He has had an active part in every great question that has been before the country in the last few years. While Republicans admit this and say he would give the country a magnificent administration, they object to the idea that the President can select his successor without consulting the party."



"A MAN OF CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS AND CONFIDENT TO-MORROWS"

A new picture of Secretary Taft taken as he was about to enter his carriage in Cincinnati, upon the occasion of his recent visit there to confer on the presidential question. Says a newspaper correspondent: "He is the inventor and the sole authorized user of the smile-that-wont-come-off. Everyone who knows him well enough calls him 'Bill'; everybody else would like to."

THE charge that the President is forcing Taft upon the party is thus rather freely made, but as yet it is not accompanied by any clearly drawn specifications. Senator Foraker



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

ONCE PROPRIETOR OF "MURDERERS' ROW,"
NOW PRESIDENT OF A TRUST COMPANY

George B. Cox, Senator Foraker's lieutenant in Cincinnati, says the Republican Party's interests call for the endorsement of Taft for President. He is still a power in politics, and the Trust Company of which he is president is one of the strongest in Ohio.

expressly disclaimed making the charge; his statement quoted above was made in reply to a newspaper headline for which he refused to hold the President responsible. The *New York Sun* (anti-Roosevelt), in a Cincinnati dispatch, gives something like a specification in the following quotation from "an ardent supporter of Secretary Taft," whose name is not given:

"Theodore Roosevelt is fighting for that New York Taft delegation, and Gov. Hughes will help him get it. That is now known to be the real meaning of the latest moves on the New York

checker board, which have astonished and mystified the East. The plan of the 'reactionaries' was to pick a delegation from New York which would not only oppose Hughes but also Taft and anybody else who was satisfactory to the President and the 'progressive' Republicans. The President smelled out his plan. He acted at once, and so rapidly that in a day there was a thorough understanding effected whereby the Roosevelt and Hughes men in New York would work together and in harmony. Simultaneously a stroke or two of the Federal patronage ax discomfited the 'reactionaries' and put them to rout for the present at least."

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* declares that the Federal patronage in Ohio is already being used to strengthen Taft, and Burton as well, at the expense of Senators Foraker and Dick. Says *The Times* correspondent:

"Already President Roosevelt has followed the recommendations of Taft and Burton in appointing a federal judge, when the senators had another candidate. His appointment of Ralph Tyler as auditor for the Navy Department was a frank effort to counterbalance with the colored voters Foraker's Brownsville performance. In short, all the political strength that may lie in Federal patronage is at the disposal of Taft and Burton in their fight with the senators. More than that, federal officeholders in Ohio will do well to avoid all communications with the senatorial camp if they desire to hold their jobs. What happened to Archie Sanders, internal revenue collector, and a Wadsworth lieutenant in New York, may happen to federal officeholders in Ohio. His resignation, it will be remembered, was demanded on short notice."

The *Louisville Post*, however, asserts that "there has been nowhere any manifestation of a purpose on the part of the President to name his successor. "The one expression, authori-



OHIO: "Go, ahead, Old Man, I'll look after the kid."
—Brinckerhoff in Toledo *Blade*.

tative and conclusive from the President, is that he will not accept another nomination. . . The President has not named his successor, has not undertaken to do so; he has said no more for Taft than for Root or for Hughes."

OTHER attacks upon the Taft candidacy come from the Anti-Saloon League and the American Protective Tariff League. The former body objects to the recommendation made by Secretary Taft some time ago for the restoration of the army "canteen." The latter body objects to him for the following reasons as set forth by Colonel William Barbour, a New Jersey member of the league:

"Mr. Taft's strenuous advocacy of free trade in Philippine products competing with the products of American agriculture stamps him as a devoted friend of the semi-servile and half-savage Filipino, but it does not make him out a protectionist.

"Mr. Taft's persistence in the matter of purchasing in foreign markets materials and supplies for the construction of the Panama Canal was doubtless actuated by a desire to enforce strict economy in the canal expenditures, but it was a mistaken economy.

"Early in the campaign of 1906 Mr. Taft made a speech in Maine in which he pronounced for immediate revision downward of the Dingley tariff. Doubtless he honestly believed it to be true when he said that Republican sentiment demanded tariff revision without delay. But he was mistaken in that belief.



TOO UNHEALTHY FOR THE PRINCE

This elaborate bassinet was objected to by the English physician of the Prince of the Asturias as too stuffy and close for the baby to sleep in. There was some lack of harmony at the palace in consequence.

"It is well that Secretary Taft's early and frank avowal of his presidential aspirations should be met by an equally early and frank avowal that if he is to stand well with protectionists he must declare himself a protectionist in terms of unmistakable certainty."

Another person from whom Mr. Taft fails to find support for his presidential candidacy is—his mother. "I do not want my son to be president," she says; "a place on the Supreme



CONGRATULATIONS

—Brewerton in Atlanta Journal.



TRANSMITTERS OF THE HAPSBURG LIP

He is Alfonso XIII, shown here with his consort, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain. The lady has in her veins the best royal blood in Europe, but her husband comes of stock in which hereditary mental unbalance is associated with that famous physical characteristic known in history as the Hapsburg lip.

Bench, where my boy would administer justice, is my ambition for him."

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NO MENTION of the great swollen under lip of the Hapsburgs was made in the dispatches that told of the paternal pride with which the King of Spain, accompanied by the Mistress of the Robes, presented the newly-born Prince of the Asturias on a silver salver to the diplomatic corps, to the primate of the realm, to knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, to the cabinet, to the Captain-general of New Castile. If blue eyes and light hair be correctly ascribed to this first-born and heir of Alfonso XIII, the babe is no Spanish Bourbon of the historical type. The Prince of the Asturias must resemble his mother. In that event he will develop no Hapsburg lip, the most conspicuous of the physiognomical characteristics of the present King of Spain. Darwin refers to this lip, transmitted for centuries, as an instance of "prepotency"—the capacity of the male to hand down a deeply rooted pe-

culiarity—the features from the maternal side, as Professor F. A. Woods notes, having no influence to counteract it. None the less, it was for the sake of "the features from the maternal side" that a marriage was arranged between Princess Ena of Battenberg and his Catholic Majesty. She is expected to bring into the dynasty tendencies to counteract the mental abnormality that is said by many genealogists to be handed down with the Hapsburg lip. Should the Prince of the Asturias grow up with a long heavy under jaw, a sallow skin and a mouth like his father's, he will be conspicuous, as are so many of his ancestors, in text-books on heredity as well as in text-books on history. The disappointment of enlightened Spanish statesmen would be extreme. Authorized dispatches referring to "blue eyes" and "light hair" in a babe fifteen minutes old are, therefore, readily accounted for.

AS THE present King of Spain was nursed by his mother, now Queen Dowager, the fact that the Prince of the Asturias is to be nursed by Victoria Eugenia herself constitutes no such departure from precedent at court as might be supposed. But the consort of Alfonso XIII is an object of some suspicion to the



WHAT HE WAS BAPTIZED IN

The newly-born heir to the Spanish throne was attired in this garment by his own mother, who was still too weak to leave her bed.



HOW THEY MADE THE CLOTHES FOR SPAIN'S NEW BABY

The orphan girls in the convents of Madrid knitted, crocheted and sewed, under the supervision of the nuns, until they had a layette-so large that it filled six vans.

masses of her husband's subjects, partly on account of her English sympathies, but mainly because of Carlist insinuations that her Catholicism is insincere. Hence her Majesty has

conformed with an almost pedantic precision to what may perhaps be referred to without indelicacy as the etiquette of her condition. She has prayed with ostentatious piety at innumerable shrines, she has permitted the preparation of more tiny wardrobes by orphaned inmates of convents than would suffice for an overpopulated foundling asylum, and she has submitted cheerfully to the publicity of procedure which is so characteristic of the court of Spain. Nothing is thought in European society prints to manifest the English exclusiveness of the Queen of Spain so much as her dislike of the democracy of manners and methods in the palace at Madrid. She found the company at her husband's dinner table somewhat mixed, owing to the practice of eating in common which made every meal an indiscriminate gathering of the King's dependent relatives. Alfonso had to abandon the easy-going ways of his bachelor life by breakfasting alone with his consort and by sitting down to dinner in uniform and decorations. Nor were the high dignitaries of the realm admitted to the Queen's bedchamber, after the birth of the Prince of the Asturias, with the informality of old. The law of the land compels the personal attendance of the Prime Minister at the bedside of her Majesty, but this official duty was reduced last month to the barest formality. Nevertheless, the court of Spain, for all its punctiliousness, remains the most democratic in the world. The young Queen has too much good sense not to accept philosophically a simplicity of standpoint which permits hosts of strangers to attend court functions without invitation

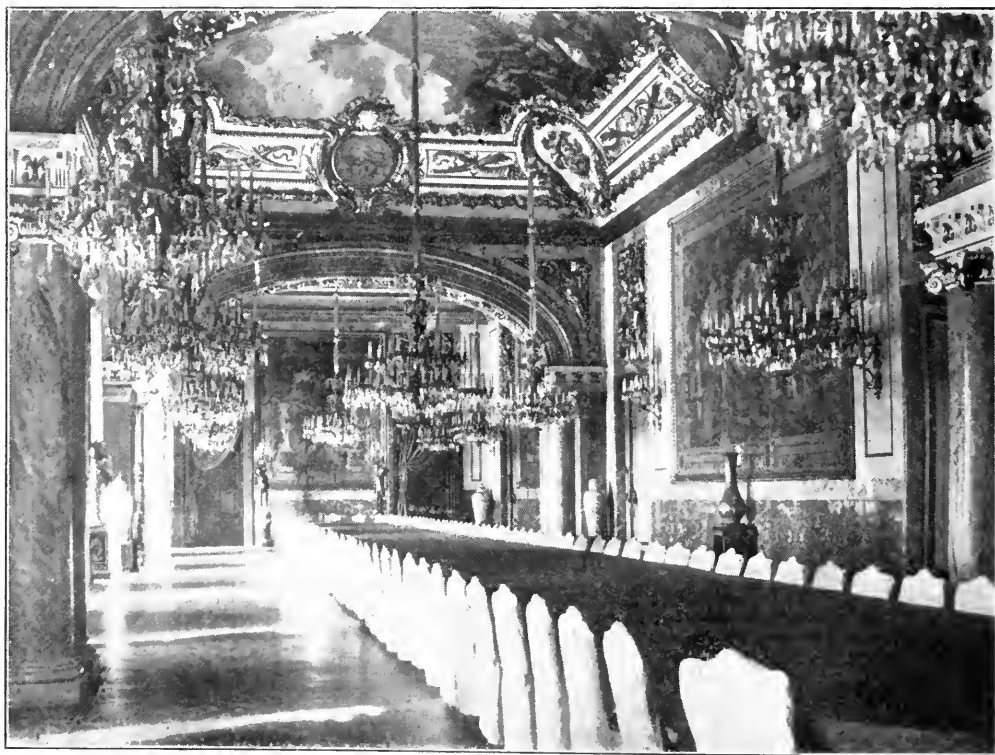


A BOOTIES SHOW

Some of the knitted wear for the royal feet of the Prince of the Asturias. Part of the layette was knitted by the Queen Mother, who is an expert judge of yarns, and whose eye is infallible in matching colors and shades. The court of Madrid has always been noted for the proficiency of its ladies in every kind of knitting.

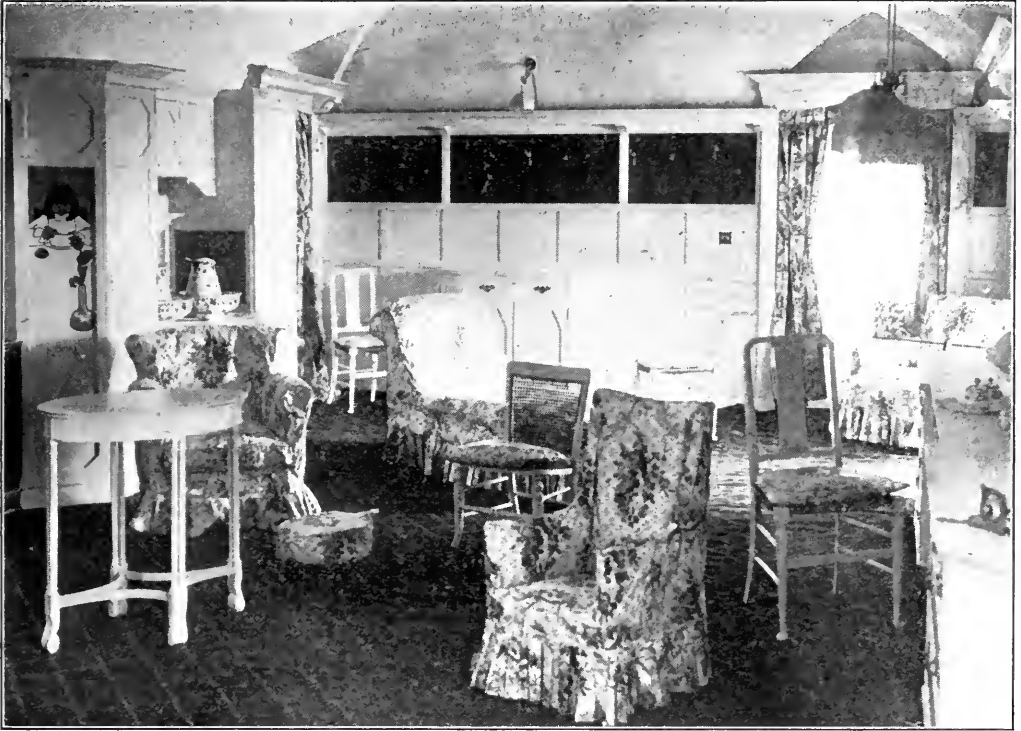
MUCH patriotic prejudice was occasioned by the importation of an English physician and a staff of English nurses to attend Queen Victoria. When it leaked out that the whole of the royal nurseries at the palace in Madrid had been refitted in English style, the state of the national feeling can be compared only with the affront to republican sentiment in this country when President Van Buren introduced gold spoons into the White House or when President Roosevelt sold the old mahogany that had been left over from the administration of President Pierce. As her Majesty was known to have personally selected the English curtains and the English carpets, to have suggested herself the treatment of the various rooms, and to have expressed herself charmed and delighted with the result, there were some disparaging comparisons between the sometime Princess Ena and that lovely Bavarian whom Alfonso would not marry. Anger was not appeased by the Queen's unpatriotic attitude towards the bassinet, which, at the instigation, it seems, of the English

physician, her Majesty thought calculated to deprive the baby of fresh air on account of an overlaboration of trimmings and curtains. The English physician and the English nurses were on the point of departure from Madrid at one time, it is said, owing to the inflamed state of national sentiment. The English nursery rhymes were quaintly illustrated in a frieze which had to be condemned, like the Wilton carpet from London, owing to the land of its origin. These discords are alleged to spring more especially from an intense dislike of Victoria on the part of all the King's relatives. They discovered a blot on her escutcheon in the circumstance that one of her ancestors was a mere gentleman-in-waiting. He ran away with a grand duchess generations ago and had to be ennobled for the indiscreet lady's sake. The affair was revived by Alfonso's Austrian connections at the time of the unfortunate scruples her Majesty displayed on the score of mixed company at dinner. But the Queen has her friends who are able to retaliate in matters of scandal.



WHERE THE COMPANY WAS TOO MIXED

In this dining-room of the royal palace at Madrid a delightful informality prevailed when Alfonso XIII was a bachelor. The relatives of His Majesty dined together, while the King sat anywhere and made himself agreeable to everybody. When the King brought home his bride, she changed the etiquet with such regard for precedence that the good old times are generally regretted.



A NURSERY THAT CAUSED INTERNATIONAL JEALOUSIES

This is the room in which the little Prince of the Asturias is to spend his days. It was fitted up by a firm of English decorators to the great discontent of local Madrid firms. The friezes on the walls symbolize English nursery rhymes, a fact that did not soothe patriotic susceptibilities.

FOR the sake of a mean and little revenge the English element at court circulated a story that the fortune of Alfonso's mother, the Queen Dowager, had been stolen by her Austrian relatives in Vienna. As every one is aware, the Queen Maria Cristina is an Austrian Archduchess, the Emperor Francis Joseph being her uncle. The gossip is that when the war between Spain and the United States began, Maria Cristina sent her entire fortune to her mother in Vienna. Since then the death of her mother occurred, after which, says one paper, Queen Maria Cristina vainly endeavored to regain possession of her wealth. Alfonso himself had hoped to benefit by his mother's financial pilgrimages to Vienna. The archdukes there had spent so much of Maria Cristina's money on fast women and slow horses that the King of Spain could not afford to set a decent table. It is undeniable that severe economies have been practiced of late by the court in Madrid. The court in Vienna, however, has been so incensed by the gossip concerning the Queen Mother's fortune that a formal denial has been given to the newspapers. Immediately afterwards was instituted that systematic press campaign which, it is averred,

has for its sole object the alienation of the Spanish nation from its English Queen. She was accused of detesting the Spanish language—which, by the way, she speaks but slightly—and of having spoken in terms of censure on the subject of bull fights. The British ambassador in Madrid declined to attend the great bull fight in honor of the Queen's nuptials—evidence, it was thought, that her Majesty had little personal influence in London. The bull used on the occasion was "evil eyed," that is, it paid no attention to the red sash flourished in its face by the espadas or killers. The animal singled out one noted torero and pursued him all around the ring. Victoria, in bridal finery, hid her face in her handkerchief. The fighter leaped the barrier with the bull after him, whereupon the Queen, who had never seen a man gored to shreds, pleaded with the King to end the scene. So goes the story. A cow was brought into the arena, the bull went quietly out with it and one of the wedding festivities ended ingloriously.

EVEN the unexpected anticlericalism of King Alfonso has told against Queen Victoria. It is accepted in many quarters as

direct evidence of that baneful English influence which had brought about the marriage. The misunderstandings on this point were not cleared up by the controversy which arose over the appointment of the Queen's confessor. The grave ecclesiastic originally selected for this post was not a native Spaniard, and he had the additional misfortune, from an anticlerical point of view, of belonging to one of the religious orders. The religious orders are accused of not being Spanish at all. They are recruited, according to Señor Canalejas, who has long fomented anticlerical sentiment in the Iberian peninsula, from the ranks of churchmen who have no "Spanish patriotism." The question of her Majesty's confessor has occasioned such conflict that it can only be settled finally, it appears, by the Pope himself. His Holiness has served the Queen well by publicly asserting his belief in the sincerity of her conversion to the faith. Victoria is likewise on excellent terms with the Liberal politicians. They think her English education and English traditions will quicken the purpose of Alfonso to be a constitutional ruler. Doubtless if he chose he could make himself the absolute ruler of his dominions. The Spanish people are rather weary of political contests and would acquiesce in a monarchy of the old Bourbon type. Alfonso XIII, however, has no desire to be a Ferdinand VII. His political education is most modern. Every morning he reads the newspapers, with the most important foreign news carefully marked for him. He could pass a good examination in such matters as the separation between Sweden and Norway, the Austro-Hungarian dispute, separation of church and state in France, the last elections in England and the relations of President Roosevelt with powerful corporations. Alfonso XIII has seen a great deal more of Spain than has any recent sovereign of the land. He has manifested a sufficiently keen sense of humor to delete from the ritual of an order of Spanish chivalry every phrase according him the ancient title of King of Mexico, the Floridas and Peru.

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PURS clanged, sentinels stood at attention and the palace guard rose as one man when Theodore Golovin, the loud-voiced yet discreet presiding officer of Russia's second Duma, passed the other day through the portals of Tsarskoe-Selo. Nicholas II himself, whom Golovin—quitting his noisy discrepancy of a national assembly, as Carlyle says—had come to see, de-

creed these honors. His imperial Majesty was taking spectacular means of giving the lie to gossips who make him out a hater of his Duma. He had actually let it be known the week before that nothing could please him more than to make the personal acquaintance of any deputy who cared to solicit an audience. Golovin, exhilarated by the pomp and circumstance of his reception, was nevertheless dashed to catch sight of Stolypin, the Prime Minister, grown lean of late, as hawk-eyed correspondents report. President and Prime Minister continued all last month that frigid correspondence in which every European daily sees the fate of the Duma hanging by a thread. Should Golovin carry his point, that deputies may listen without bureaucratic interference to whomsoever they are pleased to interrogate through a committee of investigation, Stolypin, we are assured, must go. Stolypin, determined that no Duma committee shall go unshepherded by himself when it wants facts or advice from experts, has forbidden his subordinates to heed any summons from the deputies. Golovin retorts that the Duma has been reduced to imbecility. Such was the frame of mind in which he now entered the presence of his sovereign. Nicholas II was said to have ranged himself on Stolypin's side. Golovin, said the correspondents, had no standing at court. The deference of the military as he passed through the portals emboldened him to lay the whole case before the Czar. Nicholas graciously refrained from involving himself in these dissensions. Golovin, we are assured, played his trump card and lost the trick.

THEY all met again—the Czarina of the lily throat and of the long-lashed eyes, Alexis, the three-year-old despot of Tsarskoe-Selo, Nicholas II, fondest of fathers, stooping to be kissed by his four grand duchesses, and Golovin, constitutional but charmed. The parting of Hector from Andromache was less touching, surmises the *Journal des Débats*, grown weary of the Duma, and characterizing it as an unwashed, illiterate mob with a pedant among them here and there. Golovin saw for himself then and there, says the French daily, that his Duma has no authoritarian Czar to fight, no fanatical admirer of the past. This Czar, embracing his little ones, was not jealous on the score of prerogative like Alexander III. Golovin was in the family circle of a Nicholas II whose indulgent, liberal, perhaps slightly indecisive, character suggests that he is a reincarnation of his own grandfather. Nicholas II, the Paris organ ventures to think, has



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE ONLY REAL AUTOCRAT LEFT IN RUSSIA

This is one of the latest photographs of the three-year-old heir to the throne of the Romanoffs, the Tsarevitch Alexis. He is one of the brightest of little boys, and if the gossip of the month be accurate, he is to go this year with his mother on a visit to his royal relatives in Darmstadt. The little Alexis has had a serious attack of the whooping cough, according to one story, altho another rumor was that he had been attacked by diphtheria.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

A CONSTITUTIONALLY INCLINED AUTOCRAT

This correctly describes the present attitude of the Czar Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias, towards the Duma, according to a well-informed writer in the *Journal des Débats*. His Imperial Majesty last month received the speaker of the Duma, Theodore Golovin, who reports His Majesty in good health. This photograph was taken aboard the Czar's private yacht, in which he makes trips down and up the Baltic with his consort and children.

the disposition of a constitutional king, as Golovin, for whose edification the heir to the throne of Russia beats a tiny drum, must have realized vividly. Only languidly interested in great political questions, totally destitute of autocratic ambitions, modest and gentle, absorbed in the felicities of the domestic circle, Nicholas II relinquishes the responsibilities of office to a Prime Minister, or, if you will, to a "mayor of the palace" or "grand vizier" and goes for a romp with the children. In his sterner moods he addicts himself to humanitarian practices—the promotion of peace at The Hague, for instance. Golovin saw all this in what, to the French daily, must have seemed his most delightful hour on earth. To a wrathful terrorist organ which, owing to the activity of the censor, must get itself printed in Switzerland, the truth can only be that while the Prime Minister collects troops with which to scatter the Duma and the deputies ponder the agrarian crisis, the Czar has nothing better to do than mind the children.

NO ADVANTAGE will be taken of mere pretexts to dissolve the Duma, if Golovin correctly reported the Czar to the deputies who thronged about their presiding officer when he appeared again in the Tauride Palace. No "arbitrary measure"—in Stolypin's sense of that elastic term—is contemplated now. None will be entertained later. Golovin, who professes to believe the Czar a man of his word, seems convinced that this pledge was given in good faith last month by Nicholas II. "But," runs the authorized interpretation of the imperial attitude, "if the nation's representatives themselves give real grounds for a dissolution, that will naturally be interpreted as a sign that the chamber itself no longer desires to address itself to legislative work." Work could not be less legislative than that to which the chamber addressed itself when the deputies at last realized that this was a hint. Alexinsky, friend of the working man, leader of the Socialists, idol of St. Petersburg's proletariat, shouted the Russian equivalents of these words: "Blood! Revolution! Death!" It was the day of the great debate on political assassination. The Duma had been asked to condemn it. The motion was lost. The effect on Tsarskoe-Selo was discouraging. Nicholas II infers that the Duma is swayed by agitators of the Alexinsky type.

ALEXINSKY inspires those deputies of whom Stolypin complains that they keep the population of the slums in every city in-

flamed by parodying the oratory of the French Revolution whenever the Duma tries to legislate. Alexinsky organized a strike some weeks ago in a St. Petersburg factory employing hundreds of his own constituents. The police clubbed indiscriminately. Alexinsky, who, of course, has heard of the French Revolution, likened the officers of the law to the mercenary Swiss surrounding the august person of Louis XVI. Socialist cheers at this were deafening. Allusions to what went on in Paris so long ago are excessively unpalatable to Stolypin. They upset the Czar. Alexinsky and his following delight in them. Golovin can not protect debate from their maneuvers. He owes his seat to the so-called "cadets" or constitutional democrats whom Alexinsky loathes. Golovin, while impartial, presides in the spirit of his party, which displays moderation and self-effacement with the object of preserving the Duma, of obtaining a working majority and of turning the struggle into constitutional channels. This, to Alexinsky, means the capture of the Russian revolution by the middle-class type of solidly respectable business and professional men—the transformation, to use his own rhetoric in the Duma, of a military hell into a factory hell. But what of a Socialist hell? Pourishkevitch put that conundrum. This reactionary leader in the Duma exemplifies the humorous mind working in complete unconsciousness of its own rare gift. His best performance was a loud appeal to the deputies to stand up with bowed heads for five minutes as a sign of mourning for Plehve, the Grand Duke Sergius and other martyrs to the terrorist abomination. Pourishkevitch, whose name is made Pourynkevitch in some dispatches, retorts to Alexinsky's shout of "Blood!" by roaring "Long live the Czar!" until Golovin is quite hoarse from vain admonitions that the pair are out of order.

THAT brilliant but unequal speaker, Rodicheff, leader of the cadets—who, had he been born an Englishman, says the London *Post*, would have had a remarkable career in the Commons—undertook the management of the deputies on the floor after a caucus of his group in which Golovin seemed to have lost all hope of the Duma. Rodicheff, as the events of the month are summed up in the *Temps*, proved unequal to the emergency. As a speaker he charms. The most turbulent deputies hear him gladly. He has studied parliamentary procedure long and thoroly. He is genial to Alexinsky, unruffled by Pourishkevitch, polite to Stolypin, whom he caught in



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE MOST DEVOTED MOTHER IN THE WORLD

In such enthusiastic terms does a recent visitor to Tsarskoe-Selo refer to the Czarina, whose photograph is here reproduced. She spends hours of every day in the nursery of the little Tsarevitch Alexis, who has an English nurse, like each of his sisters, the four grand duchesses. The Czarina regularly inspects the food her children eat, tasting every dish before it is set before them.

what one correspondent calls a lie before the whole Duma, but he gets nowhere. Judged by results, Stolypin's policy of excluding first-rate men from Russia's national assembly vindicated itself last month to the bureaucracy that put it into effect. Pourishkevitch went so far as to organize a deputation of peasants at the head of which he was to invade Tsarskoe-Selo and beg the little father to dissolve the Duma. He grew so noisy when expatiating on the patriotism of this undertaking in the Duma that Stolypin was forced to repudiate him. Word was sent to Pourishkevitch that Nicholas II would not receive the unkempt illiterates whom the loud reactionary was bringing to the capital by every train. But a delegation of those bewildered peasants who find themselves members of the Duma was welcomed at Tsarskoe-Selo with emotion and cigarettes.

HAD the Prime Minister really wished to act with the Duma he would, according to Rodicheff, have consented some weeks ago to act with the cadets. They number a bare fifth of the deputies, but they are the backbone of what is styled the center, the men of moderation. Rodicheff implores them in every caucus to speak no more than is absolutely necessary. They have heeded him. Teslenko, famed for his defense of friendless men and women sent to jail for reading what they please, is a brilliant debater, but he has held his tongue, tho Alexinsky declaimed socialism and Pourishkevitch denounced freedom of the press, while Krushev, flourishing his horrible paw, shouted that the cadets had sold themselves to the Jews. Thus has the Duma, as the *Kreuz Zeitung* of Berlin remarks, become disorderly, incoherent, the paradise of the extremist. Struve, author of the most important work on economics written by a Russian, altho he is but thirty-six, is said to have inspired this Fabian policy of the cadets. He, like Rodicheff, is not on terms of cordiality with Stolypin, but he predicts that the Prime Minister will soon come to terms with the center. There is no other course but dissolution, which, says, Struve, would mean a peasant uprising so sanguinary that the troops could not suppress it were they loyal, and they are not. Knowing this, Stolypin seemingly hesitates to send the deputies back to their people just yet. He is upheld for the moment by the courtiers and priests to whom Nicholas II still listens. When Stolypin acts with Rodicheff, with Teslenko and with Struve—a thing unthinkable to many observers—the Duma will be something more than a caricature of representative in-

stitutions, in which, as Professor Kovalevsky indignantly says, the men worth listening to dare not speak.

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ERUSAL of that flood of comment on things American with which the newspapers of Europe have been filled for the past month suggests that they receive their inspiration from William Randolph Hearst, from Eugene V. Debs, or from one or the other of those agitators who insist that the twentieth century has witnessed a breakdown of democratic institutions in this republic. Nothing that Mr. Hearst says of the ruthless exploitation of the poor by the rich in the United States is more vehement than various utterances to the same effect in organs of British opinion as weighty as the *London Spectator*, the *London News* and the *London Outlook*. Nor is current comment in the press of continental Europe a less piquant commentary on Macaulay's famous prediction that by the end of the nineteenth century a hungry American proletariat would be devouring the wealth of millionaires. What Europe thinks it sees is the exact opposite of this. Even the conservative *Kreuz Zeitung* of Berlin has been citing the wrongs of the poor in our country as proof positive that Republican institutions are a failure. In the antipodes we have the Melbourne *Argus*, a serious and comparatively moderate Australian daily, affirming that the United States is "a stumbling block to the friends of liberty." A writer in the *London Mail* gives utterance to what, without exaggeration, may be termed the unanimous view of educated Europe, when he states that "the machinery does not exist in the United States for making a man of wealth and influence conform to the laws of the land." To what extent this consensus of foreign press opinion corresponds with reality is irrelevant to the present purpose. The definitely established fact is that to the rest of the civilized world the United States is a land in which, to employ a favorite phrase of our native agitators, "the poor man has no chance against the rich." The continental European conviction that wealthy American women are unchaste is not firmer than the general European belief that the republic administered from Washington is a sham.

OUR courts of law happened during the four weeks last past to come in for those censures which European dailies ordinarily reserve for the United States Senate, for the

American railroad system, and for those financial cliques which are believed to have a vested interest in the corruption of our municipal governments. As the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna is tempted to think, the source of our difficulty is twofold. First, there is the businesslike view we take of everything. "Imagine," it says, "what must be the state of the public mind when it can be seriously maintained that an official should conduct the government of a great city just as if it were his private business. This, nevertheless, is the attitude to public affairs of many otherwise enlightened men in America, to whom democratic government is nothing more than a branch of business like selling groceries at wholesale." Another source of our difficulty is described in the Vienna daily as the right of the judges to interfere with the executive and the judiciary. Theoretically, it explains, the three branches, executive, legislative and judicial, are independent. Practically, the judiciary can, "when-ever it pleases," nullify the acts of the law-making body and paralyze the arm of the executive. "Nothing is more remarkable than the regularity with which the American courts throw the administration of the country into confusion by interference with its procedure at every stage." To the *Kreuz Zeitung* it seems clear that our system of government is being undermined by the courts. They are controlled, it says, by vested interests. "There is very little publicity," we read, "in the acts of the courts of law in the United States. The most important decisions are announced, it may be, from the bench, but the real work is done behind closed doors. There is not even a pretense of doing justice. All is made to depend upon the pedantic technicalities of the moment." It repeats approvingly the remark of an English paper that in our courts "justice and common sense are sacrificed to procedure" whenever that conduces to the advantage of a wealthy litigant. The obvious moral that monarchical institutions are vastly superior to the system of government prevailing in the United States is drawn by the inspired organ of the Wilhelmstrasse.

THE breakdown of American justice, as the London *Mail* deems it, accounts for that loss of confidence in courts of law which, it fears, is "the most serious political fact" our statesmen have to deal with. It traces the difficulty to an inefficiency of American judges generally, "which no one denies," and to the great importance attached to mere technicalities when it is a question of "some great cor-

poration on the one hand and an elementary principle of popular government on the other." The use of the writ of injunction is, says a writer in the London *Post*, "a flagrant scandal." No English court, says this conservative daily, "would pervert the writ of injunction with such indifference to every consideration of fair play" as federal courts have done "time and again." The American lawyer it describes as "the hanger-on of corporations." No man of wealth has any fear of the law. "The superior courts in America," chimes in the London *Outlook*, "do not ask, when an appeal is taken to them, Is the judgment just? but Is there any error of whatever kind in the proceedings of the trial court? If there is, the presumption of prejudice exists at once, and the whole case has to be tried over again. It is this fetish-worship of forms and rules that has made the judicial procedure of America a menace to society." This menace has taken the form of predatory wealth to which the courts are subservient, and of indifference to human life which makes the United States show a far higher proportion of murders to the million inhabitants than any other country in the world except Italy and Mexico—"and America is the only land where the number of murders is actually on the increase."

IN THE past twenty-seven years, as the figures are given in the various European dailies which have gone into the subject, the number of murders and homicides here was over 132,000. The executions were 2,286. "In 1885 the number of murders was 1,808, and in 1904 had increased to 8,482. But the number of executions had increased only from 108 in 1885 to 116 in 1904." Nothing to the London *Outlook* seems more remarkable than the indifference of the American judiciary to the scandals growing out of this condition of things. "Just as they have overelaborated the machinery of politics until democracy is bound and helpless in its toils, so they have magnified the mere technicalities of the law until justice has been thrown into the background and lost sight of." "Thus it is that we find such absurdities," adds the London *Mail*, "as that of the United States Supreme Court, the highest tribunal in the land, reversing a judgment because the record failed to show that the defendant had been arraigned and had pleaded not guilty. Thus, only a few months ago, a re-trial was ordered in one case because the cross examination of a witness extended somewhat beyond the examination in chief; and a conviction was set aside in another because the prosecuting attorney

said some things in his speech to the jury that the appellate court thought he ought not to have said; and in a third case, by reason of some wholly immaterial error, a court felt constrained to reverse a judgment which in the same breath it declared to be absolutely just." An even worse disgrace, the London *News* charges, is "the practical denial of justice" to men, women and children "mutilated by hundreds" in the streets of our large cities through the operation of street-car systems. It is practically useless, avers the English paper, to bring suit against the offending corporations. "If the case is ever reached during the lifetime of the unhappy plaintiff, it will be either thrown out of court on a technicality or decided in the court above on some fine constitutional point that has nothing to do with considerations of justice, fair play or common sense." A writer in a leading London review cites the case of a boy in Cleveland, Ohio, injured in a collision ten years ago. The litigation went from court to court until the lad attained his majority, thus invalidating everything decided before.

IN THE light of such alleged facts, it seems to more than one European commentator that the reputation of the Americans as an efficient people is possibly undeserved. Elaborate consideration is given to this point by that careful student of things American, Mr. H. W. Horwill, in the London *Monthly Review*. After paying his respects to American courts in the typical foreign fashion of to-day, Mr. Horwill pronounces us as much behind time in our railway system, in our journalism, in our modes of transacting business, as we are in our jurisprudence. "The quality of the means of communication in any country is a fair test of its regard for economy of time. In this matter America makes a poor showing indeed. The director of the office of public road inquiries, an officer in the department of agriculture, has declared that the United States has probably the worst system of public highways of any civilized nation of the first class. It has been demonstrated that it costs more to move a bushel of wheat ten miles over an American country road than to transport the same burden five hundred miles by railway or two thousand miles by steamship." Our railways are pronounced a caricature of what they ought to be. "To run an eighteen-hour express from New York to Chicago—a distance of 912 or 980 miles, according to the route taken—is a brilliant feat, but it is of practical value to only a very small proportion of railway travelers in

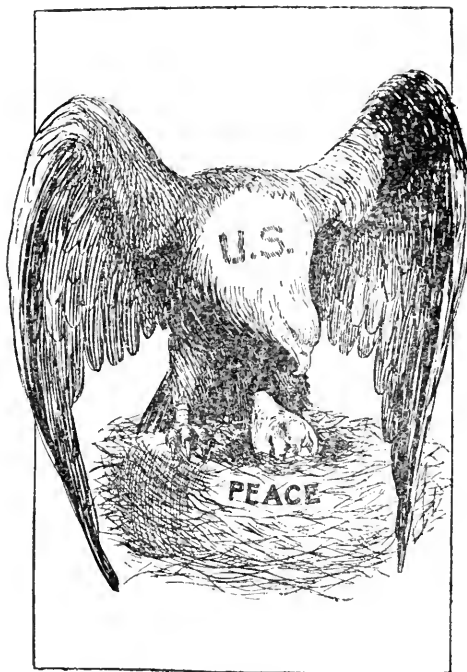
the United States. This spectacular achievement will be seen to be quite exceptional if we compare a businessman's opportunities of getting from, say, London to Manchester or Plymouth with the regular service from New York to Washington or Boston." Cars on our railroads are built with indifference to considerations of speed. Our system of dealing with baggage is "irritatingly slow," altho, in our provincialism, we think it modern. Indeed, the notion of the average American that his country is ahead of Europe in business methods, in ideas and in moral standards seems to this observer, as to others in Europe, an amusing kind of infatuation. "The enterprise of a business-house appears to exhaust itself in lavish advertisement." The actual process of attending to the wants of customers and of filling their orders takes more than twice the time necessary in Europe. The incompetent employee who fills in his time somehow or somewhere, regardless of results, is supervised by a chatty manager with a cigar in his mouth. The actual amount of work done in a business day is trivial.

PROGRESS has its superficial signs, but "it is still the conditions of the first part of the nineteenth century that meet the eye" of the foreigner in the United States. The courts are choked by methods of procedure obsolete for generations in England. The railroads are thirty years behind the age in every accessory to good service. "Few of the most up-to-date cities have a postal service equal to that described by Sir Walter Besant as existing in the London of 1680." The street cars collapse daily in the impotence of their worn-out methods to meet the problems presented by twentieth-century conditions. "At public meetings everywhere one encounters a tiresome and elaborate ceremonial that was probably brought over in the *Mayflower*." The express companies give so poor an imitation of what goes by the name of transportation in Europe that the business development of the country is retarded. "Even the tunes sung in the leading city churches are those whose linked sweetness long-drawn-out have been forgotten in England since the days of our grandfathers." Yet why is it not possible to transform "leisurely America," as this observer calls it, into a land less Spanish in its general inefficiency, less antediluvian in its methods? The explanation, we are told, lies in the average American's conviction that his country is up-to-date already, "his belief that the speed with which a thing is done and incidentally its efficiency,

may be measured by the noise made in doing it." American activity of every kind may be summed up as "whirr and buzz." American trains are noisier than those of Europe; therefore they must be faster. There is more racket in New York than there is in London; New York is consequently ahead of London. But it is useless to tell the Americans these things. Nothing can alter their firm conviction that the United States is the most progressive, the most modern and the most businesslike nation in the world.

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Tought to be more generally understood, says the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), that the coming peace conference at The Hague is to deliberate in secret. There need have been no sensation over last month's announcement of a possible withdrawal of the German delegates if Great Britain insisted on discussing disarmament. The British Prime Minister, according to one positive announcement, had yielded sufficiently to Berlin pressure to give up the whole question of disarmament. Thereupon Mr. Joseph H. Choate, as head of the delegation from the United States, was instructed to bring the subject up anyhow. The facts are, as they are given in the Belgian daily, that no power has refused to discuss anything, not even disarmament. But disarmament is an academic proposition. The practical question is that of limitation of armaments. Emperor William's representative, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, has been instructed to inform the conference that Germany will never submit the size of her army or of her navy to the vote of an international parliament. Should the Russian Nelidoff be chosen to preside permanently over the assembly, it will be an easy matter to patch up a compromise between the Germans on the one hand and the British on the other. Were it not for Nelidoff, it is likewise maintained, the Czar would have postponed the peace conference even at this late day. Emperor William would appear to have written to Tsarskoe-Selo an urgent request to this effect. "Another English lie," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*. If the conference lasts two months, says the *Kreuz Zeitung*, we may expect the "usual incidents of an international gathering of the powers" — British insinuations that Berlin is plotting against the influence of Washington in South America, British hints that Emperor William is about to capture a coaling station in the Caribbean, and British suspicions that



ADOPTED
—Philadelphia *North American*

the German Emperor is subtly victimizing the President of the United States. "It is the old game, and practice makes the English perfect at it."

DASHING attachés sauntering in uniform along the beach at Scheveningen, conscienceless hotel-keepers robbing all foreigners at the Dutch capital, and obese banqueters gorging themselves on turtle soup and champagne, comprise the only realities of The Hague to the *Novoye Vremya*. The conference, it is quite certain, is already irrevocably doomed to failure. Choate and Porter, from America, would be known in their own country as "dead ones." Bourgeois and d'Estournelles de Constant, from France, are dreamers. Fry and Satow, from England, are messengers. Von Kaposmere, from Austria-Hungary, is a cipher. Fusinato, from Italy, is an echoer of French peace platitudes. One might go through the entire list of delegates without finding the name of a really great diplomatist, with the exception of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. The second-rate reputations of the delegates have been the subject of some comment in the *Journal des Débats*. The conference, we are asked to infer, is to be made up of men who will take orders submissively, men without sufficient force of character to arrive at any great



THE CONSTITUTIONAL FATHERS OF THE NEW BRITISH EMPIRE

These are the colonial prime ministers and others who assembled in the "Imperial Conference" that adjourned after stormy sessions in London last month. The great figures are easily recognized. General Botha, of the Transvaal, stands in the middle row, third from the spectator's left. Bond, of Newfoundland, the determined enemy of this country, stands with the monocle in his vest in the middle row at the extreme right of the spectator. Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, sits in the front row, second from the spectator's right. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian Prime Minister, is seated third from the spectator's right in the front row, the only man with a cane. Asquith, the famous chancellor of the exchequer, sits in the front row at the spectator's left, with an umbrella. Lloyd-George, the famous enemy of the House of Lords and pillar of the ministry, is at the extreme right, front row. Deakin, the Australian Prime Minister, is likewise in the front row, his hat in one hand, his umbrella in the other. Lord Elgin is the man with the white beard in the front row. The English Winston Churchill stands in the middle row at the extreme left of the spectator.

decision. Yet how the world has been wrought up over this assemblage of marionettes!

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THROUGH his refusal to attend the dinner given by Whitelaw Reid, our ambassador to England, in honor of the colonial premiers who recently terminated their conference in London, Sir Robert Bond, Prime Minister of Newfoundland, emphasized the anti-American character of what we are now to call "the imperial conference." This anti-Americanism first asserted itself in the attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion, who is very fond of saying that, altho the nineteenth century was that of the United States, this twentieth century is that of Canada. Canada will discriminate through her tariff against this country and in favor of Great Britain. Prime Minister Deakin dwells more on the idea that the imperial conference assembled in London to accomplish for the British empire what the Philadelphia convention of 1787 accomplished for the states of this union. It was reserved for the Prime Minister of Newfoundland to urge that the British Empire, as a whole, make

the quarrel of the Gloucester fishermen with the port authorities of St. John's its own. He has impressed his somewhat pugnacious personality upon London with such definiteness that the various colonial prime ministers are affirmed to have wondered whether England's next war ought not to be with this country. Sir Robert Bond detests the United States for what seems to him its domineering attitude in this burning fisheries issue. Ever since the colonial, or, as we must now term it, the imperial conference, got down to work, he has harped upon the anti-American string. He is of Devonshire stock, the descendant of generation after generation of hard-headed merchants. He has been in Newfoundland politics ever since he was twenty-six, and he is now fifty. His father made a princely fortune in Newfoundland commercial enterprises. Sir Robert leads the life of a territorial lord in the colony over which he holds almost imperial sway, and he makes no concealment of his conviction that London should use the British navy in the settlement of the fisheries dispute. To be invited to dinner by our ambassador was to Sir Robert Bond what the Austrian summons to surrender must have seemed to the young Napoleon when he entered Italy.

Persons in the Foreground

TAFT



HAT are we coming to in this country? Hughes at Albany refuses to play politics and Taft refuses even to talk it. Yet political success seems to be dogging the footsteps of each much as Bill Syke's ill-treated cur insisted on sticking to the master who kicked him in the ribs every time he came near. Refusing to make any political bargains or enter into any deals, Taft has, nevertheless, according to all the newspaper reports, seen most of the opposition to him in Ohio collapse, and the man who announced the fact to the world was that same George B. Cox who was gently lifted from his firm seat in Hamilton County not long ago by a deft movement of the Taftian boot. "The President is all right, he is," said John L. Sullivan the other day, after an interview at the White House, "and so's his Ohio featherweight, Taft. You know all real big men are all right if you let 'em alone. They will take a lot, just stand for a good deal, until they get going—but when they do get started they go like h—."

With Theodore Roosevelt of New York, John L. Sullivan of Massachusetts, and George B. Cox of Ohio all for Taft, what can Fairbanks or any other Republican hope for in the way of a presidential nomination next year?

The Taft literature continues to grow apace, and the Taft portraits are almost as numerous as those of Roosevelt. One of the most interesting sketches of Taft, especially of his career in the Philippines, appeared several weeks ago in *Collier's* from the pen of Frederick Palmer. Mr. Palmer was in Manila when Taft first arrived there. He and a number of other newspaper men had an interview with the new proconsul the day after he landed. They went in a spirit of pity inspired by a sense of their superior knowledge of the difficulty of his position and the assurance that he was destined to speedy failure. After they had seen the big man and heard his infectious laugh, "shaking the bilious kinks out of tropical livers," they were sorer for him than ever. Here is what one of the most homesick and cynical said to the others after the interview:

"We ought to ship this splendid fellow back. It's a shame to spoil his illusion that folks the

world over aren't just like the folks he knows out in Ohio. He makes me think of pies, hominy, fried chicken, big red apples, Mr. Dooley, frosty mornings, oysters on the half-shell, the oaks and the pines, New England town meetings, the little red schoolhouse, cyclopedias on the instalment plan, the square deal, and a home run with the bases full—out here where man wears his shirt outside his breeches to keep cool in midwinter, picks his dinner off a banana tree out of the window, conceals his bolo and his Mauser and his thoughts behind the smile of friendship varnished with Spanish manners, and is in the Four Hundred if he can sign his name with a scroll. Oh, but wasn't the Judge and his laugh good, and won't he be easy for them!"

At first, we are told, the natives took him for a big, joyous Prince Bountiful and made a network of plots about him. They thought he was generous because he was afraid they would make a row and elect Bryan. But he saw through all their plots smilingly, and they soon learned that behind the good nature was the judicial mind with an ingrained respect for law. He did not lie to them and they learned that it was best not to lie to him. Mr. Palmer tells this little tale:

"One day an old presidente of an interior village, who had observed the world well when he went to Manila and framed his observations into philosophy on his veranda, drew a straight line in the sand with his walking-stick. Then he made many curves—the play of his own people's passions—crossing and recrossing it. Then he spread out his hands to indicate an enormous man. By grimace and tone and gesture he made this man turn to right and left palavering; he made him laugh; he made him thunder; he made him pat a child on the shoulder and box a child's ears; he made him 'Boom-boom!' as he called in the army, and 'Sh-sh!' as he sent the army to the rear. Then the venerable presidente redrew the straight line in the sand and said: 'Taft!'

"An honest man!" the old gentleman added. His manner of speaking was not of a manifestation that was rare, but of a discovery; of a new thing in the world, a thing which he himself, even in his superior wisdom, could not square with reason. For he half thought that Taft was foolish. But still that straight line of the law-giver was so dependable beside the bribed partiality of other days and the vacillation of insurgents that he was practically, if not sentimentally, content with American rule."

Taft's size was in his favor with the Filipinos, and gave him an Olympian weight in their councils. And it helped him at a *banquet* to dispose of viands set before him in a

way to dispel all lurking doubts in the minds of his entertainers. He worked sixteen hours a day, and when at last, as was inevitable, he broke down and had to go to the hospital for a while he learned by heart these lines of Kipling:

"Now it is not good for the Christian's health to
hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles, and
he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white
with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: 'A fool lies here who
tried to hustle the East.'"

The Taft laugh Mr. Palmer terms "one of our great American institutions," and the man's appearance is one never to be forgotten by any person who has seen him:

"It is good to see Big Bill Taft enter a room after a number of other men. He reminds you of a great battleship following the smaller vessels, coming into port with her brass bright, and plowing deep. You feel that when a giant is so amiable it would be impolite not to agree with him; and, moreover, it would be unwise, considering that the power of the United States is behind him. Foreigners have observed that he looked like the United States personified, whatever they mean by that. With his smile and his inflexible purpose he has managed to keep the gun covers on when a smaller man might have had to take them off. Besides, he does give the impression that if he did begin firing it would be in broadsides to the bitter end; and that helps in any negotiation."

From Mr. Creelman's article in the May *Pearson's* we quoted last month, but it is worth returning to for this personal description:

"Sitting at his table in the War Department, Mr. Taft is an impressive and agreeable figure. His mighty bulk goes well with his height, his wide, square shoulders, massive bones and big, strong head.

"Beneath the full, splendid white forehead jutting out at the brow there springs a great aquiline nose—a signal of commanding force that is confirmed by the broad, strong jaws and aggressive chin—and on either side shine steady, clear blue eyes.

"Mr. Taft's eyes are unusually large and of a singularly beautiful color. The flesh enfolds them slitwise with odd little creases and wrinkles at the corners, but when the lids lift one gets a strange suggestion of serene power and simplicity in the flax-blue depths, as of the soul of a man looking out of the eyes of a boy.

"It is a tremendous body, not merely in weight, but in its evident power, for when the Secretary of War moves across the room the walk of him is not elephantine, but swift, light, certain, and those huge arms can strike a crushing blow. He was the wrestler of his class at Yale, and many a man remembers the terrific lurches of that giant figure in the college rushes. Nor has any man seen Mr. Taft dance without a

feeling of astonishment that one so ponderous can move so lightly.

"His skin is smooth and delicate in texture, and his dark hair curiously fine, thinned above the forehead and partly bald at the crown.

"A large tawny-gray mustache sweeps upward and outward from a good-natured, humorous mouth that can suddenly open wide and utter Gargantuan laughter or as suddenly pale and draw down into a formidable sternness.

"Sometimes, when Mr. Taft drops his head forward and sidewise, his facial resemblance to Grover Cleveland is startling; but when he raises his countenance the suggestion vanishes instantly; you see how much finer is the modeling of the nose, how much clearer, larger, deeper and more wide-set the eyes; how much more suave, polished and genial the personality."

One phase of Mr. Taft's career is likely to become of considerable interest in the near future if he becomes the Republican candidate for president. When he was a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, before he went to the Philippines, he had a number of cases to decide that pertained to labor unions and their contests with employers. In one case—*Moore & Co. versus the Bricklayers' Union*—he sustained the lower court in fining the union for conspiracy to injure the plaintiffs. He enforced an injunction compelling Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotives, to abandon a sympathetic strike against the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan Railway, and in the great Pullman strike of 1894 he caused the arrest, for contempt of court, of J. W. Phelan, one of the lieutenants of Eugene V. Debs. Phelan had organized a strike against the Cincinnati Southern Railway, and counseled violence. Taft sentenced him to six months' imprisonment and said:

"The gigantic character of the conspiracy of the American Railway Union staggers the imagination. The railroads have become as necessary to the life and health and comfort of the people of this country as are the arteries of the human body, and yet Debs and Phelan and their associates proposed, by inciting the employees of all the railways in the country to suddenly quit their service, without any dissatisfaction with the terms of their own employment, to paralyze utterly all the traffic by which the people live, and in this way to compel Pullman, for whose acts neither the public nor the railway companies are in the slightest degree responsible, and over whose acts they can lawfully exercise no control, to pay more wages to his employees. . . . The purpose, shortly stated, was to starve the railroad companies and the public into compelling Pullman to do something which they had no lawful right to compel him to do. Certainly, the starvation of a nation cannot be a lawful purpose of combination, and it is utterly immaterial whether the purpose is effected by means usually lawful or otherwise."

Mr. Debs, thus excoriated together with Phelan, is, it will be remembered, one of the

men whom President Roosevelt recently denominated "undesirable citizens," and he is now stirring up the feeling of labor men in regard to the Moyer-Haywood trial. On this subject of Debs, therefore, as on most other subjects, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft seem to be in accord. Mr. Creelman speaks of their personal relations as follows:

"Considering the sharpness of their tempers and the inflexibility of their ideals of duty, there is something unusually interesting in the deep, unbroken friendship which prevails in the relations of Mr. Taft and President Roosevelt. They are like unsophisticated schoolboys when together, each apparently under the spell of a romantic affection, a strong, simple sense of knightly companionship in the great field of moral errantry and patriotic adventure.

"They were chums when Mr. Roosevelt was a National Civil Service Commissioner; and in that decisive hour when, as governor of New York, Mr. Roosevelt won the honor of Wall Street's opposition by championing the franchise tax law, it was to Mr. Taft he went for advice and soul-support. Even when Mr. Roosevelt was vice-president he wrote an article for *The Outlook* in which he declared that Mr. Taft combined the 'qualities which would make a first-class president of the United States with the qualities which would make a first-class chief justice of the United States.'"

A special correspondent of *The Evening*

Post thinks that one important reason for Taft's success in dealing with Latin-American peoples is that he is blessed with sentiment. To illustrate that trait, the story is told of his taking time at the close of each day's work when he was solicitor-general to dictate a long letter to his old father (who had filled the same office years before), giving him a detailed account of the day's doings. And here is another story from the same correspondent showing Taft's thoughtful regard for his aged mother, who is still living:

"One evening last fall, in Cuba, when all the correspondents, Cuban and American, had gone to Mr. Taft at the American legation to learn the result of the day's negotiations, there happened a simple little thing, unconsciously done, that left a deep impression. All of the men crowded into the small room where Mr. Taft sat looking out of one of the long French windows that opened towards the sea. He looked tired and drawn. When the crowd of writingmen had arranged themselves in a rough semi-circle in front of his desk, Mr. Taft beckoned to the representative of a Boston paper, on the outer edge of the crowd, to come around and sit beside him. 'I am anxious that this young man should hear everything,' he said in explanation of his partiality. 'He writes for the only paper that my mother reads, and I like her to know what I'm doing down here.' There was something fine in the unconsciousness and simplicity of the man's speech and attitude of mind."

THE SOVEREIGN LADY OF THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

PEREMPTORY indeed must be the orders of her physicians before Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria, head of the Orange-Nassau dynasty, sovereign of the Netherlands, recalls her pledge to beautify the inauguration of The Hague peace conference with her own gracious presence. The twin turrets and the lofty gables of that Hall of the Knights within which reduction of armaments and questions of neutrality are to be discussed for the next two months behind closed doors, still ring with the hammers of carpenters. There have been all sorts of delays, many questions of etiquette. Shall the delegates go to the Queen in Het Loo or is her Majesty to proceed in state to the southeastern side of the Vyver, where, in the Binnenhof, stands the ancient brick pile soon to house a parliament of man? In any event, the blue-eyed, self-willed Queen is the only woman in the world who has any official connection with the proceedings of The Hague conference. Her royal robes are ready, the hotel-keepers are charging nine prices for everything, the center of the Dutch capital,

where stand the chambers of the States-General as well as the Hall of the Knights, is already bedecked with flags and her Majesty's physicians grow thoughtful.

Nothing, however, justifies an inference that the Queen of the Netherlands is an invalid. There have been rumors of some weakness of the lungs. Much has been made of lines that persist about the wide yet pleasing mouth, of dark rings beneath the royal eyes. The world even hears, from time to time, of domestic infelicities. One American novelist, seeing her Majesty ride by in a barouche, has been writing recently of "a beatific vision" and of "a boy heart" that "went out in worship to the pretty young creature." From other sources one derives ideas of a woman with a will of her own and no hesitation in asserting it, a Queen fully capable of managing a consort far more refractory than Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The American impression of a poor little Wilhelmina cowering beneath the brutalities of the man she asked to marry her is extremely curious to those residents of The Hague who understand the sort of disposi-

tion for which the house of Orange is celebrated. For Wilhelmina is a true daughter of the house of Orange. The Queen's mother, that most obedient of parents, has proclaimed this more than once.

Wilhelmina's own consciousness of possessing a pedigree that dates from the eleventh century is said in German dailies to make her attitude to the royal house of Sweden a little supercilious. The personal relations between the house of Orange and the house of Bernadotte—which dates only from 1810 or so—are cool in consequence, it seems. The mother of the reigning Queen of Spain is quoted as having said once upon a time that she would rather marry a crossing sweeper than a Marquis of Lorne. Much to the same effect is a remark put into the mouth of Wilhelmina on the subject of a Bernadotte. "Norway has at least put a gentleman on her throne," said her Majesty when Haakon was made ruler of that country, a remark interpreted in some German dailies as a reflection of a most personal kind with reference to one venerable monarch. Here, however, we are warned by Dutch organs against that systematic campaign of misrepresentation of which Wilhelmina is made the victim by German press champions of her husband. She has, it is conceded, the Orange firmness of purpose—German dailies call it obstinacy—and some impetuosity of speech—they refer to it as a hot temper across the Rhine—but how generous she is! Very, chimes in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, retailing a characteristic anecdote in which the Queen is made to insult one of her maids of honor and later send the young lady a silk handkerchief in assuagement of the exacerbation. Wilhelmina has one of the largest private fortunes in Europe, derived from exploitation of the Dutch East Indies, and quite independent of control by the States-General, yet her displays of generosity rarely exceed the cost of a box of candy. Thus a German daily, inspired, we are assured, by her husband's relatives.

In this twenty-seventh year of her age Wilhelmina retains much of that girlishness of form and face which first won for her pouting artlessness the world's admiration and for her sorrows the world's tears. She was never large enough to look majestic, but she is still young enough to look ravishing in the Friesland national costume she loves. Her Majesty has the large, round and slightly protruding Orange chin, but she is totally lacking in the well-known Orange characteristic which caused the most renowned of her ancestors to be called William the Silent. The ungallant

Frankfurter Zeitung deems her the most talkative woman in Europe, omitting to mention a mitigating circumstance referred to in the *Paris Figaro*—the Queen's voice, namely, is very musical. Apart from her lack of reticence, Wilhelmina's physical and personal characteristics are all typically Dutch. She has a Dutch width of shoulder, a round Dutch profile, a Dutch placidity of manner—when things are going her way—and a gracefully Dutch mode of skating. Holland, Queen Wilhelmina is quoted as having declared, is paradise. Dr. Kuyper, the eminent Dutch statesman, ventured to remark that the country has no stone, no coal, no iron, no timber. "This country," replied Wilhelmina, "has me." The thing to note, observes the German daily from which this anecdote is clipped, is that Wilhelmina made the remark with perfect seriousness. She is never forgetful of her own immense importance to Holland. When, five years ago, the Queen lay on that sick bed from which it seemed certain she could never rise, her Majesty's physician in ordinary, feeling the patient's pulse, declared that the crisis was over. "God," murmured the Queen in a faint whisper, "is very merciful to my people." The story may be invented, but it is said in German dailies to fit her Majesty's character like a glove.

A nature of this kind is not the material out of which the most submissive of spouses can be fashioned. Whether, as some French dailies say, Wilhelmina, in virtue of her sovereign rank, had to make the proposal of marriage to Prince Henry, or whether, as some German dailies tell us, her Majesty merely sent his Highness word that she was going to marry him, he was speedily involved in the same difficulties of prerogative which tend at times to strain the Queen's relations with the responsible rulers of her kingdom. Wilhelmina has exalted notions of her royal authority. She is said to interfere in a most personal way with the conduct of Dutch foreign relations. She looks upon the Dutch colonies as, in some sort, the private appanages of the house of Orange. Her prodigious personal popularity with every class of her subjects saves her from some of the consequences of her unconstitutional tendencies. The prince consort asserted himself as a husband. Wilhelmina defied him in the capacity of a Queen. She was upheld by several elegant and agreeable young gentlemen of noble birth who had been wont to skate with the young sovereign in her maiden days. One was her military aide-de-camp, another was her master of the



THE LAST OF THE HOUSE OF ORANGE

Her Majesty Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, is typically Dutch in every physical and personal characteristic. She has a Dutch width of shoulder, a clean-cut Dutch profile, exquisitely curved where curves are essential, a Dutch placidity of manner when things are going her Majesty's way and a gracefully Dutch mode of skating.

hounds, and all were ready to shed the last drop of their blood for Wilhelmina.

Now the Queen, while continually looking from herself down to her husband instead of from herself up to him, is credited with beholding the Prince Consort not as he is depicted in newspaper dispatches but as one sanctified in her idolatrous fancy. He may be unworthy of a good woman's love—any man is—yet she loves him, as we may affirm on the excellent authority of the *Paris Figaro*, because she loves him. Nor is Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to do him justice, insensible to the fervor of an attachment so disinterested as to single him out as love's elect among all the available princes in the world. But in place of that timid flexibility and soft acquiescence which in some of Wilhelmina's moods make her the most pliant of her sex, the Prince Consort (after the wedding) found—something else. Matters were not mended by the fact that the daughter of the house of Orange was not the woman to throw herself for forbearance upon the tenderness of him she loves. "The Queen," runs one of the dispatches in which these annals of the reign are preserved for posterity, "was annoyed at some inattention on the part of her husband and employed a harsh word." The Prince lost his temper. The military aide-de-camp, intervening with the best intentions, no doubt, was invited to confine his attention within the strict limits of his own concerns. A challenge ensued, there was a duel immediately after

dinner, a second one after breakfast the next morning, and the young gentlemen in the Queen's suite concluded thereafter not to interfere between man and wife.

This, we are told on the authority of those who are in a position to know the facts, is the only basis for a widespread belief that the domestic life of the Queen of Holland is unhappy. The love of so sensible a woman as Wilhelmina, says the French paper already quoted, could never have been won by a man who would marry her for her position, treat her like a brute, and abandon her like a profligate. Not so many weeks ago the Queen of Holland publicly expressed her deep sense of the honor conferred upon her consort by his investiture with the grand cross of the Bath in recognition of the courage and humanity he displayed when he rescued the survivors from the wreck of the *Berlin*. His Highness then did much more than merely bestir himself in organizing the work of rescue. He went himself in the pilot boat that brought many of the saved to shore. "The hearty cheers with which he was greeted by the crowd on his return," comments the *London Times*, "and the spontaneous demonstration with which he was received at The Hague, show how thoroughly his conduct was appreciated by the Dutch." There is a growing belief, in short, that Prince Henry is a much maligned man. His debts, represented in a Paris paper as enormous, do not, according to the *Oldenburg Anzeiger*, well informed and trustworthy, exist.

A STUDY OF GOVERNOR HUGHES AND HIS METHODS



HERE is a new kind of politician in Albany. His name is Charles Evans Hughes, and his political method has proved as perplexing to the old-timers as that latest creation of the baseball pitcher, the "spit ball," has been to adepts of the national game. But the simile is a little awry. The "spit ball" fools the batter because its course to the bat is such a sinuous one. Now take a baseball player who has been brought up on "spit balls" and has never seen anything else delivered from the pitcher's box, and it is reasonable to assume that a straight pitched ball would rattle him badly. That seems to be the situation at Albany. The professional politicians are used to batting curved balls. They know all about them. But now comes a man who pitches a straight ball, and at once they begin "pounding the air" in

ineffectual efforts to "get on to the curves" when there are no curves.

Governor Hughes is still an experiment. The people who are talking about him—Henry Watterson for one—as the next Republican candidate for President are a little premature. Governor Hughes is still a new man, and just how he and his methods will work out in the long run at Albany remains to be seen. That he has the sympathy and the confidence of the people so far is reasonably certain; but it is probable that no man ever went into the gubernatorial mansion at Albany with less political experience and less personal knowledge of politicians and their tricks. That would be a fatal handicap but for one thing: he isn't trying to play politics. If he were, he would be beaten. As it is, he is getting along beautifully and learning rapidly.

A study of the man's ideas and methods since he entered public life is worth while. Personally he is not magnetic. The impression he first gives is that of sternness, gravity, reserve and cold intellectuality. He is called "academic" by many. But it is not the gravity of pomposity or the reserve of exaggerated self-importance. He does not pose. And those who approach him without ulterior purposes in view find, as one newspaper man puts it, that "no man has a readier smile or more cordial greeting." All the newspaper men speak well of him, and no men exist quicker than they to discern pettiness and hypocrisy and personal vanity. They are a pretty cynical lot, and when they praise a man unanimously it is a good sign that he is "on the level." "It seemed quite impossible," says one of them, "to associate the name of Hughes with any popular movement, he was so reserved and dignified. His temperament is judicial. But after he was nominated and got fully into the swing he astonished old campaigners by the ease with which he picked up the mixer's tricks and how cleverly he availed himself of all the expedients of popularity." He has a kindly blue eye and an inviting smile. His personality is far from being repellant, and he can indulge in fetching pleasantries in an after-dinner speech. But the man's future will not depend upon personal magnetism. It must depend upon his intellectual ability and the use to which he puts it. An examination of his utterances during the last few months shows very little rhetoric and no disposition to be carried away or to carry others away with an oratorical glow. He is never impassioned and he never exaggerates. But he has fixed ideas and he is evidently going to stand by them.

Here is one of his ideas that frequently appears: "We know that the safety of the country depends not on law, not upon schemes of legislation, but upon the self-imposed restraint that honorable men will feel, and by which they will be guided." It was Ruskin who declared that the cornerstone of the temple of civilization is not liberty but self-restraint. That seems to be Mr. Hughes's idea also. In another speech he said:

"Now college men must not confine themselves too closely to what they can get out of the world. The one important thing, it seems to me, is that men with the advantages they have had shall come into active life with the idea not so much to succeed, but how they shall succeed. Education implies restraint. Without disciplined judgment no man is educated. Restraint makes a man hesitate in order to form an accurate conclusion, while the undisciplined rush madly into folly."

Another saying that he is fond of is to the effect that "it is not the man who gets to the corner first that succeeds, but the man who knows what to do when he gets there." "We may need to drive fast," he says again, "but we mustn't drive fast without knowing where we are going," and he tells the story of Professor Huxley's jumping into a cab and telling the driver to hurry. As the latter whipped up his horse Huxley asked where he was going. "I don't know," said the driver, "but I'm driving fast."

He may be academic in many of his tastes, but he has none of the pessimism that too frequently stamps the academician. Governor Hughes says:

"When we take account of the signs of the times do we find occasion for discouragement? Not at all. There never was a time when an American could walk with greater pride than at this hour. We have had serious scandals, but there was an honest sentiment of the American people which demanded their disclosure. The evil existed, but it was not condoned. The criticisms which came forth unanimously from one end of the country to the other indicated the wholesomeness of American sentiment. The business men of the United States desire to conduct their business honorably. There are no higher standards of business morality in any country than those we have in the United States. There is no place in the world where men more keenly desire justice and desire right living. And I think that upon some of our leaders in the financial world there is beginning to dawn the idea that they must take the people into partnership in their great enterprises."

Now there is no eloquence in that sort of talk, no brilliancy or flash; but for that very reason it has a ring of genuineness in it, and the genuineness, too, not of an emotional outburst, but of an intellectual conviction that has staying qualities. "No party and no leader of a political organization," he has said, "shall dare take the position that there is anything above honorable service to the state." But his idea of honorable service is not the playing of politics. The most sensational thing he has done as governor was the most simple and direct thing. All the newspapers were full of it a few weeks ago, and the politicians were represented as aghast. He found three rooms at the Capitol set apart for the governor's use, one large outer room and two smaller inner rooms. All his predecessors had used the large outer room for public hearings, receptions of delegations and so forth, and the innermost room for the transaction of the real business of the office and interviews with "leaders." Governor Hughes found the inner room too stuffy to suit him, so he calmly transferred his place of business to the outer room, where

everything is done in the open and where the politicians who have things to say to him must sit down and say them in a semi-public way or leave them unsaid. He still uses the inner room when he wishes to be alone to work out some problem, but he sees all callers in the outer room. It is very embarrassing for some of his visitors. Here is an account of a visit from a county leader:

"With uncertain glance at the Governor, he approached and assumed a bluff air of familiarity. Instantly the lines around the mouth of the Governor tightened. He seized the proffered hand.

"What can I do for you?" he asked guardedly.

"Oh, I want to see you in private about a matter up our way," and the boss directed an inquiring glance toward the inside room.

"Sit down," invited the Governor, indicating a chair two feet from his own and seating himself before his caller could recover himself. The latter sank into the chair uneasily. The Governor with an encouraging smile waited for him to begin.

"Why, er—er Governor, there are some matters about politics and legislation I want to talk to you about in private."

"Oh, well, go ahead," said the Governor, looking directly at his caller. "No one will interrupt us here. But I think you have come to the wrong place about legislation. I am not a member of the Legislature."

"Oh, well, you know, I understand that, you know—know," and the boss was visibly disconcerted. He looked around the room, noted the proximity of half a dozen men who had come in and ranged themselves on the sofas and chairs along the south wall and began to talk with obvious embarrassment. He didn't say one-half he intended, nor in the way he meant.

"The Governor listened attentively, nodded only to indicate that he understood, but did not make any direct statement or comment. And when the political boss awkwardly shook hands with him and faded through the door his cigar was bunched in one of his hands and he looked sheepishly at the other men waiting for an audience."

It is not hard to understand why such a visitor goes away dissatisfied. Here is another account of a similar kind. A delegation had called and had been attentively listened to as its spokesmen stated their purposes and desires:

"It was not a matter that could be settled off-hand. The Governor said it would have prompt attention. The delegation bowed and moved away. As it neared the door, one of its members, a smart little man, a politician trained in the 'private-ear' school of statecraft, darted back to the Governor, who had not yet sat down.

"Now, Governor," said this wily little man, "I know a lot about this thing that you ought to hear. I'll be glad to let you have all the facts whenever you want them. I'd like to talk with you about it."

"The Governor looked his returned visitor over. The Governor is the politest of men.

"There is no better time than the present," said he. "I want to get all the facts at this time,

so that the matter may be disposed of finally when we get the documents bearing on the subject."

"Now, wasn't that fine for the crafty little man? It was just what he had been looking for. He almost hugged himself for joy. He thought of those less-accomplished politicians who were fling through the doorway. He had the Governor's ear. Then—

"Messenger, call back those gentlemen who are leaving the room," said the Governor. "They will be glad to hear what you have to add to what has already been said," he continued, turning to the sharp little man beside him. Back came the delegation, surprised and wondering; and what the acute member who had been so proud of himself a few moments before had to say did not take long in the telling."

It is this sort of thing that inspired the muse of John Kendrick Bangs to break forth into verse:

"O woe is me! O woe is us—
That it should come to pass!
That gum-shoe King Politicus
Should go at last to grass!
It is the dee-dash-darnedest thing
That ever we did see!
A Governor a-governing
At ancient Albanee."

This direct and open way of doing things is novel, but in it lies the only chance of success for a man who is not trained in politics and who knows enough not to try the game with professionals. "I was not elected to play politics," he says, and "I have not played politics. I was not elected to build up a machine, and I have not sought to build up a machine. I was not elected to satisfy any private grudge or to make appointments to satisfy political or personal ambitions, and I have not done these things. There is nothing in the whole administration of government more important than that the people should feel that every one entering the Executive Chamber will receive the same consideration there, regardless of whether he happens to be of the same political faith as the temporary occupant of the Governor's chair or not."

It is far easier to walk a straight line, Governor Hughes insists, than to find one's way through a labyrinth. And so it is—for him. But other people find it a very trying task. That fact, however, he does not think should swerve him from his course. "Disagreeable and unpleasant as it is for me at times to run counter to the free and generous and human way of dealing with matters of importance," he says, "I am confirmed in my belief that the true plan is to solve each question by itself when presented, to the end that honest and efficient government may be secured. That is what the people want. At any rate, that is what I propose to give them."

President Faunce, of Brown University, tells in *The World's Work* something of the character of this strange politician at Albany. Mr. Hughes is a Brown graduate. Says President Faunce:

"Young Hughes entered college poor in purse, with no influential friends behind him, with no athletic or social prestige, but with the blessing of a sturdy, God-fearing ancestry, and an intensely alert and eager mind. His father—still living—was an honored clergyman, and the boy was brought up to revere the simple, homely virtues which have formed the substance of American character. Yet it was very clear that he would not choose his father's profession. Tho of stainless character, he was thoroly unconventional in his mode of life, and had a touch of that Bohemianism which among students is so frequently the mask of profound moral seriousness. He never hurt himself through over-study. He was intellectually a rover, wandering at will through vast tracts of English and French literature, and easily the best read man in his class. He managed to take high honors in scholarship, but without any visible effort. His desk was piled high with works of fiction, for his curious and restless mind was reaching out into sympathetic relations with all sorts and conditions of men. To-day his library is crowded with the writings of Darwin, Tyndall, Spencer and Hux-

ley, and the novels have gone by the board. Both the fiction and the science he devoured for the same reason—his desire to understand and interpret the dominant impulses and achievements of his own age."

The word which most nearly describes Mr. Hughes, says President Faunce, is "well-poised." His life-long habit of analysis has given him a rare self-control and equanimity in the presence of novel and unexpected developments. Further:

"In speaking, all his sentences are the unfolding of one thesis; in action, all his deeds are part of one deliberately chosen policy. Both President Roosevelt and Governor Hughes have been misjudged, and for similar reasons. Because Mr. Roosevelt is swift in physical action, he has been called 'impulsive'; and because Mr. Hughes is deliberate and dignified in physical movement he has been pronounced 'academic.' The President's long deliberation over his policies is gradually being recognized by the nation; and when the people understand Mr. Hughes they will recognize in him one of the swiftest minds and most intense natures now in public life. But his long legal training and natural poise make it impossible to catch him off his guard. He may be mistaken or wrong; but he will never leap before he looks."

THE POPE'S LOEB



SHOULD it turn out true, as so many newspaper correspondents in Rome are predicting, that Pius X will relieve Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val of the post of pontifical secretary of state, the whole Vatican must mourn its most eligible scapegoat. For this youngest and most conspicuous of all the members of the sacred college performs for his Holiness that function of bearing the blame for every embarrassing situation which renders William Loeb, Jr., so comforting to the President of the United States. There would be peace now between France and the Vatican, say the enemies of Merry del Val, were it not for the blind intolerance of the pontifical secretary of state, even as there never, according to some, would have been any mention of "undesirable citizens" if Mr. Loeb were not concerned with presidential correspondence. When a Michigan brewery sent Mr. Roosevelt sixty bottles of beer, Mr. Loeb had to endure the censures of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. When a case of anticlerical wine was admitted to the Vatican, it was easily demonstrated that Cardinal Merry del Val must be at fault. Out of the flutter occasioned by the publication of the Rooseveltian countenance in certain "Fads

and Fancies" grew the theory that Mr. Loeb had mislaid important letters. When the French bishops talked in conference of agreeing to separation of Church and State, Cardinal Merry del Val plunged a republic into uproar by conveying wrong impressions to the Pope. It has been affirmed in *Life* that Mr. Loeb feels seasick whenever the President is at sea, and it is maintained by the *Figaro* that if a dog bit the Pope the pontifical secretary of state would hurry to the Pasteur Institute. Now, it is rumored, Mr. Loeb is soon to retire from his responsible position, and a successor to Cardinal Merry del Val may soon be in office.

Anticlericals, to whom the foundation of the cardinal's character is cold ability beneath a superstructure of mystic enthusiasm, deny that the Pope is now the real ruler within the Vatican. His sovereign function, to quote the Paris *Action*, has been usurped by the Anglo-Spanish aristocrat who stands unctuously between the faithful and the country priest whom the last conclave made infallible in questions of faith and morals. Merry del Val, says the Rome *Avanti*, overreaches the tenacious and sensible but ingenuous old man of seventy-two whose simple piety and kindly humor can not

cope with Machiavellian subtlety incarnate. A peasant by birth, the Pope has never traveled; his secretary of state has lived on terms of intimacy with princes at three splendid courts. Pius X inspires affection in all who approach him; Cardinal Merry del Val is the most unpopular ecclesiastic at the Vatican. His Holiness speaks an Italian flavored with provincialisms, and he knows enough Latin to comprehend the breviary. Here, apart from some little understanding of written French, the Pope's linguistic attainments come to an end. The pontifical secretary of state speaks English perfectly; French equally well; Italian as a matter of course; Spanish necessarily, for he is a subject of his old pupil Alfonso XIII; Flemish, for he learned it in Holland; German, Portuguese and even Bohemian. The sovereign pontiff is unceremonious, informal, plain of speech, prone to mirth. The cardinal stands



THE NEGLECTED PREDECESSOR OF MERRY DEL VAL

Cardinal Rampolla, who held the post of pontifical secretary of state under Leo XIII, is the greatest possible contrast to the present incumbent of that office. Cardinal Rampolla is conciliatory in method, whereas Cardinal Merry del Val believes in uncompromising firmness. The one is of mature years and a statesman, whereas the other is young for a cardinal and indifferent to political considerations of every kind.

upon etiquette, speaks reservedly, smiles politely, bows like a consecrated Beau Brummell, and is always well groomed. The Pope is unlearned. The cardinal's amusements are scholarly and intellectual, his Latin hexameters scanning exquisitely. Every visitor to Rome is eager to see Pius X. All men strive to make their intercourse with Merry del Val as brief as possible. In these points of difference, insist all anticlericals, lies the explanation of the young man's sway over his elder.

Yet this pair, when one consults such sympathetic interpreters as the Paris *Gaulois*, seem scarcely less compatible than Horatio and Hamlet. That amenity of disposition which once led the Pope to write a little book advocating politeness in priests makes him most sensible of the suavity with which the most conspicuous cardinal at the papal court can say the disagreeable things that must be put into words for a reforming pontiff. Pius X has no diplomacy, and he therefore leans upon an ecclesiastic steeped in its traditions. Moreover, Giuseppe Sarto, emerging from the conclave as Pius X, found the original irksomeness of his imprisonment within the Vatican humanized by the companionship of Merry del Val. The cardinals in permanent residence at the Vatican had been shocked by the failure of one of themselves to attain the supreme dignity. Their attitude was one of restraint toward the interloper from Venice who had been set in authority over them. The French, the Austrian, the peninsular cardinals drifted back to their dioceses one by one. The simple and unlettered rustic who had succeeded the greatest statesman of his age as ruler of the universal church had no one with whom to share his solitude but a stranger in the Vatican, like himself, a man who had been unexpectedly thrust at the last moment into the secretaryship of the conclave—Monsignor Merry del Val.

This youthful ecclesiastic—he was then thirty-eight—had been dispatched upon one or two diplomatic missions in the previous pontificate only to signalize that incapacity to inspire personal enthusiasm which tells against him so heavily to-day. But for the sudden death of a far more popular ecclesiastic, Merry del Val would not have been chosen as secretary of the last conclave, he could not have established himself on terms of intimacy with the former Patriarch of Venice, and perhaps he might never have entered the college of cardinals at all. The handicap of his career has always been that in what country soever he dwells he is called a foreigner. The Span-



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THE SCAPEGOAT OF THE VATICAN

His Eminence Raphael Cardinal Merry del Val, pontifical secretary of state, is here seen at his desk in the Vatican, with the typewriting machine in the use of which he has grown expert. The cardinal is the youngest member of the sacred college and the least popular. He is held responsible for every disagreeable result of that policy of firmness towards France which distinguishes the present pontificate from the more suave methods of the late Leo.

iards call him an Englishman, the English say he is Spanish, while the Italians insist that he is half Irish. The fact is that the mother of Cardinal Merry del Val is an Englishwoman of Spanish origin, who, reared a Protestant, became a convert to Catholicism when she married the secretary of the Spanish embassy in London.

It is to a most aristocratic and extremely beautiful mother that the cardinal owes the distinction—unprecedented in a pontifical secretary of state—of having been born in London. The lady, who is still alive, and who is said to anticipate with confidence her son's elevation to a far more prodigious dignity than Vatican traditions might seem to render likely, was deemed in her day one of the most charming belles of the diplomatic circle in Queen

Victoria's capital. She is related to half the British peerage, and she has transmitted to her son the expressive dark eyes and the extreme refinement of features which make his graceful presence so noteworthy in all ceremonial observances at the Vatican. On his father's side the cardinal is not quite so well born. The paternal Merry del Val has considerable estates near Madrid, and he belongs to a family which enriched itself by commercial enterprises in one or two of the sometime Spanish colonies. But from a courtly Madrid point of view he is not well born at all, altho he had quite a career in the diplomatic service of his country. The cardinal's parents live in retirement on one of the elder Merry del Val's large properties in old Spain. Both are quite well-known figures at the papal court, which they visit from time

to time—occasions which make evident how scrupulously the pontifical secretary of state obeys the divine command to "honor thy father and thy mother." When, at the first consistory of Pius X, Monsignor Merry del Val received the red beretta, the aged parents of the newly-created cardinal were overcome by emotion as they kneeled side by side for his benediction.

As the son of a woman of fashion and with the advantage of having a rich father, the young Raphael Merry del Val acquired accomplishments of a somewhat more elegant kind than are usually associated with the ecclesiastic character. He was early taught to fence and to ride. At the court of Brussels, to which the elder Merry del Val was transferred as Spanish Ambassador, Raphael's seraphic type of boyish beauty made him the pet of royal dames before he had entered his teens. But his vocation to the priesthood asserted itself quite early. He studied at St. Michael's in Belgium and at St. Cuthbert's in Britain and, when he was scarcely twenty, he entered the college of noble ecclesiastics—the institution at Rome in which the diplomatists of the Vatican receive their training, and of which Raphael Merry del Val was destined in due time to become principal.

Those who knew the young man from this period of his career until the court of Austria declined to receive him in the capacity of nuncio agree in reporting him always cold, undemonstrative and extremely Puritanical in his mode of life. It is unthinkable, according to a writer in the *Neue Freie Presse*, that Merry del Val has ever, in the whole course of his life, indulged in any form of gross pleasure, because all things gross disgust him. An aristocrat to the finger tips, he is strong by nature, brave in character and gentle in everything. As a youth in the seminary he began that regular system of fasting which at one time seemed to have undermined his health, and which he is said to have enforced upon the students in the college of noble ecclesiastics until those nuncios of the future went about in a condition of semi-starvation. No one disputed the purity of his private character, the beauty of his holiness, the soundness of his scholarship or the genuineness of his humility; but few indeed could get in touch with him because he never displayed the indispensable human failings. His whole life is and seems ever to have been one incessant discipline. He has a stipulated hour of the day for prayers, another for correspondence, another for recreation. He can not be induced to exceed his invariable allowance of wine at dinner or to take a walk at

nine o'clock when his schedule prescribes noon. The minutest action of his day must obey some rule. The hugest joke could not make him laugh beyond a certain well-bred limit. He has the type of character to which the English refer when they say of a man that he is not "clubable." He would look very lonely in any club. He has no intimates. He never expands. He can not, apparently, lose his temper or be improper or seem anything but cool on the hottest day in Rome.

Upon the femininity of his mind was based much protest by the leading Roman Catholics in England when the late Cardinal Vaughan asked the Vatican to make Merry del Val his coadjutor as Archbishop of Westminster, with the right of succession. The late Pope Leo XIII, who highly esteemed the elder Merry del Val when that diplomatist represented Spain at the Vatican, took so great an interest in the career of the son that he would have granted Cardinal Vaughan's request but for the strong representations of the Duke of Norfolk. However, Monsignor Merry del Val was sent to represent his Holiness at the coronation of Edward VII, to the intense amazement of Irish Roman Catholics. They complained that the young ecclesiastic had come to hear the King swear down the mass as superstitious and idolatrous. This episode, together with a suspicion that the marked English sympathies of his Eminence prejudice him against the cause of Home Rule, have not added to his prestige in Ireland. In Spain, where he was sent by Leo XIII as one of the tutors to the young King, Merry del Val made himself disliked by his marked avoidance of bull fights. He was accused of prejudicing his Majesty against a noble national institution. So much may be affirmed on the authority of the Madrid *Epoca*.

By its persistence in accrediting him to the court of the most pious Roman Catholic sovereign in Europe—that of Francis Joseph—the Vatican occasioned fresh personal humiliation to an ecclesiastic whom Ireland suspects, whom the English would not have, whom Spain got rid of, and whom all France reviles. Count Goluchowski caused Cardinal Rampolla to be informed that Vienna would in no circumstances receive Monsignor Merry del Val in the character of nuncio. Leo himself urged that as the son of a former Spanish Ambassador in Vienna, as a favorite guest of the late Archduchess Elizabeth, as one of the preceptors of his Catholic Majesty, and as a legate of the sovereign pontiff who had borne a cardinal's hat to an Austrian prelate, Monsignor Merry del Val ought to be a welcome acqui-

tion to the diplomatic body in Vienna. Count Goluchowski based his objection upon the fact that Merry del Val was not an Italian. This was absurd on the face of it. Pius IX sent a Pole as nuncio to Brussels and another Pole has since been appointed in the same capacity to Paris. Instances of the refusal of a proposed nuncio had not occurred for a long time prior to the respectful declination of Merry del Val, which made what is known as "a painful impression." Nobody dreamed that in a very few years the all-powerful Cardinal Rampolla would have to make way for this despised and rejected of ecclesiastics, and that Merry del Val was to dictate Vatican policy to a chancellery that sets great store by it.

The slightest acquaintance with the true character of Cardinal Merry del Val reveals the absurdity of the French anticlerical contention that his Eminence is devious and a liar. The pontifical secretary of state has not the type of mind that condescends to prevarication. He never voluntarily broke a promise in his life or deliberately uttered a misrepresentation. Such is the verdict of an anticlerical correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* who has studied him with discrimination and who is in a position to denounce the absurdity of the allegation that the cardinal concealed from the Pope the real sentiments of the French hierarchy in the matter of separation of church and state. Cardinal Merry del Val has all the straightforwardness of the Englishman with much of the well-bred Englishman's self-effacement of manner. The temperament which makes him dislike the American practice of indiscriminate handshaking renders him disdainfully reticent when his good faith is questioned. Equally unworkable, we are told, is the hypothesis that a mind in many respects so feminine as that of Merry del Val could dominate a nature so virile as the Pope's. Each, in his way, is a strict disciplinarian, each is severe in his judgment of heresy, each has great respect for every kind of recognized authority. The Pope has an administrative mind of the creative type. The cardinal attends to details requiring close attention and concentration. As the *Gaulois* prefers to put it, the Pope thinks and the cardinal remembers.

Merry del Val is the first pontifical secretary of state since the loss of the temporal power to spend any money on Castel Gandolfo. This papal villa, hidden on the balmy slope of all the Alban hills, has recently been connected by telephone with the Pope's suite in the Vatican. The warm weather brings Cardinal Merry del Val regularly to Castel Gan-

dolfo, altho no pontiff has set foot inside the place since Pius IX departed from it in 1869. The bedroom of that first of the prisoners of the Vatican is maintained to-day just as the venerable old man left it so many years ago. The decoration of Cardinal Merry del Val's study, dating from the time of Antonelli, the great Prime Minister of Pius IX, is in the most gorgeous Japanese style. A Chinese idol that wags its head and innumerable Oriental effigies are conspicuous in the room. Outside are delicious balconies from which his Eminence looks on two romantic gardens and the placid surface of a lake. Here, with a staff of ten persons, the most exalted official instrument of pontifical diplomacy lives through the long Roman summer. Here he rises at a little after five, says mass in the private chapel, breakfasts on the substantial English basis of tea, toast, chops instead of the Italian mode of fruit, a sip of coffee, a roll and a cigarette so palatable to Cardinal Rampolla—who, by the way, took little interest in Castel Gandolfo. Merry del Val toils through correspondence and receives diplomatists accredited to the Holy See until noon.

Unpunctuality is the unpardonable offense here. It is the avowed ambition of this methodical being to dissociate papal diplomacy from those traditions of interminable delay and exasperating tardiness with which it is connected in the universal mind. That is why the cardinal's afternoons are apt to be monotonous repetitions of his mornings, while his evenings are even more monotonous repetitions of his afternoons. Socially, the cardinal-secretary tends to exclusiveness. He seldom attends great social affairs at the abodes of clerical Roman princes after the fashion of the conversationally brilliant Sicilian marquis who preceded him in office. The most important purely social events in the life of Merry del Val are the receptions he occasionally gives to diplomatists accredited to the Vatican. When his Eminence does go out to dinner, the party is always small, the names of guests are submitted to him in advance, and the cardinal is served first—even before the ladies—as a mark of respect for his sacred office. He is said to sit with some frigidity in his seat, to talk little, and to retire when the meal is over.

Truth to tell, the pontificate of Pius X is socially a failure, and Cardinal Merry del Val is held responsible for it, naturally. The clerical Roman princes resent his importance at the Vatican, for he is to them, of course, as he is to everybody everywhere, "a foreigner," a man without a country.

Literature and Art

IS LITERATURE DESTINED TO BE SUPERSEDED BY SCIENCE?



THE latest of our literary pessimists is Mr. Herbert Paul, the eminent English historian and essayist. In a recent article in *The Nineteenth Century* he registers his conviction that we have only one great author left—Tolstoy—and that even he is “a remnant of the past, not a harbinger of the future.” “The giants have departed,” asserts Mr. Paul, “and the symptom is not peculiar to England. It is true of France, of Germany, of the United States. There is no Hawthorne, no Mommsen, no Victor Hugo.” Then, too, what has become of poetry? “It has not disappeared,” we are assured; “a very large quantity of very good verse is turned out in English between the first of January and the thirty-first of December. It is good, but it is not great.” Do we miss the greatness? That is the point. “In the history of all civilized communities there are periods destitute of great literary names. Our peculiarity is that we seem to get on very well without them.” And, finally, conceding that this indictment is true, what is the cause of our lamentable literary dearth? Mr. Paul answers:

“Some people put it all down to Democracy. The obvious retort is that Athens was a Democracy, and that to Athens Western literature traces its source. But the Athenian Democracy was a very aristocratic one. It consisted of citizens who were also soldiers. It rejected mechanics, as well as slaves. What has to be proved is that modern Democracy does not respect mental distinction. The evidence is the other way. Some, again, contend that the decline of faith accounts for the decline of literature. It certainly was not so in the days of Voltaire, Hume and Gibbon. But for my part I do not believe in the decline of faith. The fall of dogma is a very different thing. But a theological discussion would be irrelevant here. More profitably might one ask whether the reign of literature is over, and the reign of science begun. Readers of that fascinating book, Mr. Francis Darwin's *Life of his father*, will remember that the illustrious naturalist at the close of his career was unable to take any interest in literature at all. Even Shakespeare no longer gave him any satisfaction. Was this merely a matter of individual temperament, or did it imply that science is enough, and that the world is tired of verbal exercise?

“Darwin rejected literature, it may be said, because his imagination had been starved. A man of science would explain the phenomenon in precisely the opposite way. Here, he would

tell us, is the deepest thinker of his age, the man who by his patient researches has transformed our conceptions of the universe. To assume that such a man has no imagination is ridiculous. Yes, his imagination is the true one, because it was set going by experiment, because it arrives at certainty, because it rests upon fact.”

Literature may be an elegant amusement, but, after all, says Mr. Paul, it is only permutations and combinations of words. Have we not had enough of it? Is it possible to carry the art of expression further than Plato carried it more than two thousand years ago? Are we likely to see a greater poet than Shakespeare? “There is no progress in literature. There is nothing else in science, for there is no limit to discovery.” To continue the argument:

“The art of expression is a mere trial of ingenuity, and how can anyone ever be more ingenious than Pope? Let the dead bury their dead. Science is alive. Of course people want new books. They always will want them. They read to amuse themselves, to pass the time. Books must be written, as chairs and tables must be made. The world must go on. Average minds have no need to trouble themselves about such things. There will always be plenty for them to do. But if literature is to be in the future what it has been in the past it must retain its attraction for men of genius. Will the highest intellects concern themselves with insoluble problems, with windows that exclude the light and passages that lead to nothing? Or will they be drawn, are they being drawn even now, into the more fruitful methods of experiment and exactitude? A definite answer to such a question would be most presumptuous. The query is only offered as a tentative solution of apparent facts. It is easy to reply that science and literature are not necessarily or naturally opposed; that Darwin wrote a good style, and Huxley a better; that Tennyson was fascinated by scientific progress; that things can only be explained by words. Original minds, minds of the highest order, will not always be content with a secondary place. When, if ever, Science is finally enthroned as the goddess of reason, the one source of real truth here below, the arbitress of human destiny, the dictatress of the world, literature must gradually subside into a tale of little meaning, a relic of the past. The legendary mathematician's comment on ‘*Paradise Lost*,’ ‘A very fine poem, but I don't quite see what it all goes to prove,’ may have shown him to be in advance of his age. For tho’ ‘*Paradise Lost*’ probably numbers more readers than the ‘*Principia*,’ it has not extended the boundaries of human knowledge.”

Herbert Spencer, at the close of his life,

was haunted by a kind of philosophic nightmare. He knew that man did not understand the universe, and his troubled spirit kept asking: What if there existed no comprehension of the mystery of things anywhere? But, according to Mr. Paul's view, it is the very limitlessness of science that constitutes its supreme fascination. "In literature, in metaphysics," he says, "the best that can be has been done. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in any philosophy, ancient or modern. To the student of natural phenomena, any discovery is possible." He adds, in concluding:

"Scientific enthusiasm to-day is not what it was in Bacon's time. It is no vast and vague idea of co-ordinating knowledge. It is a belief in the unlimited power of patient research, combined with a Newtonian or Darwinian imagination. Argon, and radium, and wireless telegraphy may be trifles compared with what the future has in store. I am not arguing, I am not able to argue, that this unbounded confidence in scientific progress is justified by facts, or even that it will last. It may be a temporary phase. My point is that it will serve to explain the apparent failure of literary genius. Men are not born literary or scientific. In most cases the bent of their minds is shaped by accident. The highest minds have the loftiest aspirations, which poetry and other forms of literature have satisfied hitherto. If science can be proved to hold the key of the universe, complete satisfaction cannot be sought elsewhere."

Mr. Paul's article has aroused some interesting discussion in the literary world. To the *Chicago Dial* it appeals as a justifiable statement of the existing situation, but as a falla-

cious argument, so far as the future is concerned. *The Dial* comments:

"Let us grant that science has all knowledge for its province; the admission does not in the least impair the claim of literature, which has the coequal, if not the superior, right to rule over that province by virtue of its appeal to the emotional side of human nature. Science and literature, in their relations to one another and to man, simply illustrate anew the co-ordination of temporal and spiritual authority that history shows to have been workable for many centuries in many lands. It is only what theologians style 'science falsely so-called' that seeks to usurp the place of literature; science truly conceived does loyal service to literature by keeping it supplied with fresh materials for its shaping agency."

The Dial goes on to express its disagreement with Mr. Paul's contention that the doom of literature is, in any real sense, sealed:

"We have only to look back a hundred years or so to discover literature springing radiantly into renewed life from a social and intellectual soil seemingly as sterile as that of these discouraging days in which we live. As Mr. Watts-Dunton has pointed out, mankind alternates between two great impulses, the impulse of acceptance, and the impulse of wonder. Altho science is doing its best to destroy in us the impulse to look with wondering eyes upon the world, we are by no means in the desperate case of our eighteenth-century forbears. Perhaps we are yet destined to as low a descent before the awakening comes. But if the past has any lesson at all for us, it is the lesson that the spirit of man, altho subdued for a season, always contrives to reassert itself, refusing to be forever fed upon the husks of mere knowledge, demanding also for its full sustenance those elements of awe and rapture and reverent faith which science alone cannot offer, and which it is the holy mission of literature to furnish for the famishing soul."

A GREAT INTERPRETER OF THE SCOTCH GENIUS



HE Rev. Dr. John Watson, who has died during the course of his third American lecture tour, was one of the ablest preachers and lecturers of our generation, but to the world at large he is known chiefly as "Ian Maclaren," the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." It was this book that made him famous and that gives him his claim on posterity, and the story of how he came to write it is worth re-telling at this time.

Until the year 1895 he had written nothing but sermons, and had published nothing whatever. He was then forty-five years old, and the pastor of a well-to-do Presbyterian church in Liverpool. Outside of that city he was quite unknown. For many years he had been intimate with Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of *The British Weekly*, and the latter, with keen

intuition, discerned in him latent potentialities which he determined to develop. It happened that during this period Dr. Nicoll was making a great reputation as a discoverer of genius—especially of Scotch genius. It had been through his instrumentality that J. M. Barrie and S. R. Crockett had been introduced to the reading public; and now he was searching for new talent. He became more and more convinced that he had found it in Dr. Watson, and finally wrote to him, requesting that he contribute to *The British Weekly* a few short stories dealing with Scotch character. But Dr. Watson at the time was engaged in an analysis of the character of the Jebusites, and had not much faith in his capacities as a storyteller. The editor sent more letters, and, when letters failed, telegrams, until at last the min-

ister yielded to his importunities. He wrote a story and sent it—and it was promptly returned! Dr. Nicoll explained wherein it had fallen short of the editorial standard, and suggested a story on new lines. His directions were followed, and, the week following, the first story of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" series appeared in print.

The full significance of the title chosen by Dr. Watson is not generally grasped. The Jacobites of Scotland used to sing, "There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kailyard," and they wore the white brier-flower as their emblem. Dr. Watson, himself of Jacobite descent, has always loved the simple, beautiful flower, and wanted to convey the idea that in every garden—even in the humble kailyard—it may blossom. The central idea of his book, he said, is "to show the rose in places where many people look for cabbages." He regarded it as his mission to reveal what plain people, who do not analyze their feelings, really do and suffer.

In an estimate of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" stories which has appeared in the *Boston Transcript* since Dr. Watson's death, Dr. E. Charlton Black, Professor of English Literature in Boston University, defines their peculiar "note" in the following terms:

"These are studies of life done to the quick; to those who have ears to hear they prophesy unto all time—to use the last words of Ian Maclaren, which have come to us—that loyalty and chivalry and obedience and love, even in the narrowest circumstances, and not silver and gold, are the glory of humanity, and that the gospel of 'getting on' is a squalid deceit and the destruction of character.

"The choice of the name 'The Bonnie Brier Bush' gives us what Ian Maclaren wished the world to read as the open secret of his work. It is the secret of the best Scottish literature from long before the time of Burns; there is nothing low in lowly estate; the beautiful is to be found in the heart of the humble; the light of every human soul burns upwards. The term 'Kailyard' literature applied sneeringly to such stories as those of Thrums and Drumtochty is, after all, a title of honor and distinction. Sixty years ago it was anticipated by Charles Kingsley in 'The Saint's Tragedy':

Come tell him, monk, about your magic gardens,
Where not a stringy head of kale is cut
But breeds a vision or a revelation.

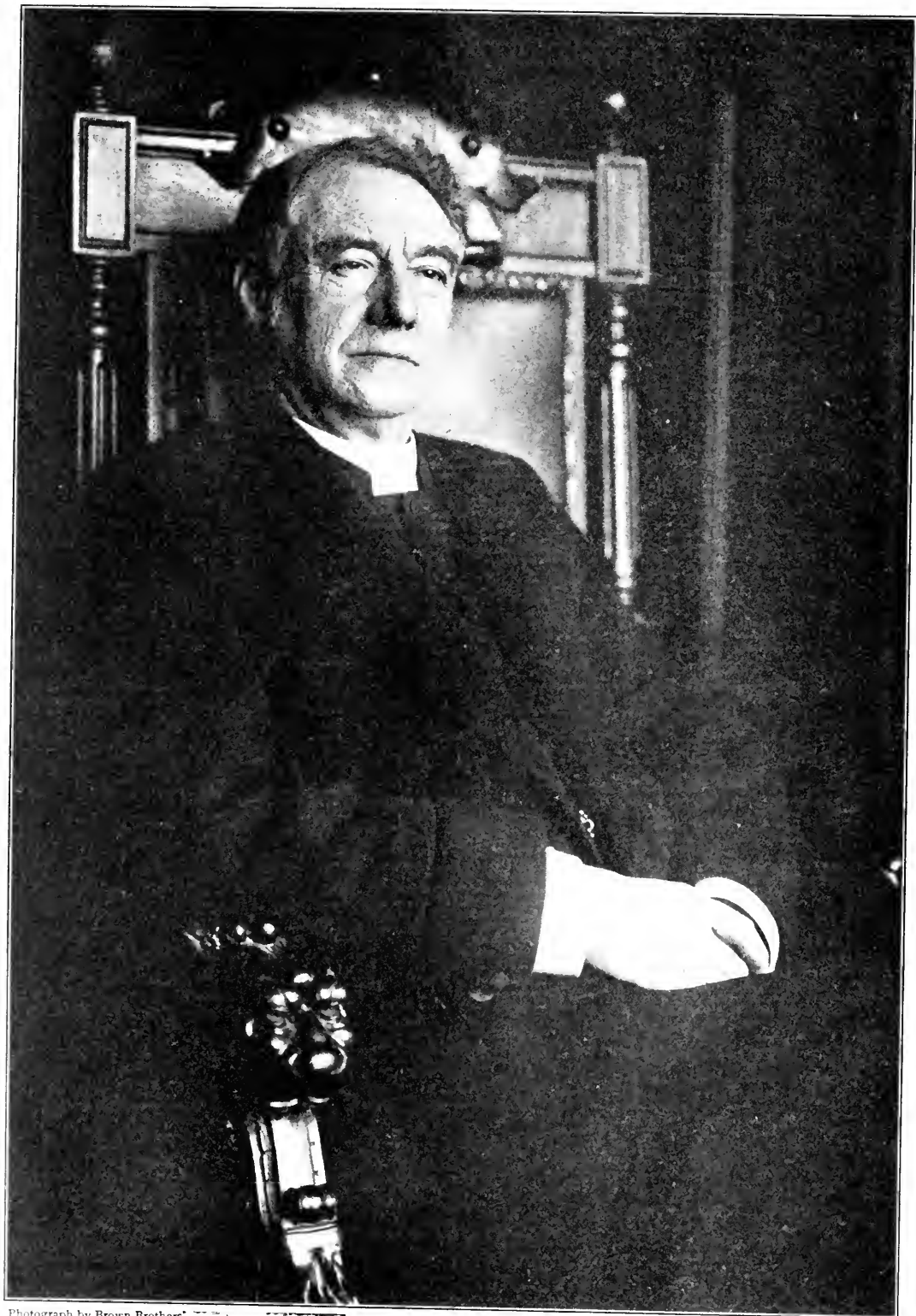
"It is the vision and the revelation in connection with the humblest doings of the humblest people that gives the glory and the illumination to such work as 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush' and 'Auld Licht Idylls.' The authors take these weavers, cottars, ploughmen, field laborers, and show us that they are like the king's daughter in the old Hebrew psalm, all glorious within. 'This Thrums,' we read in 'The Little Minister,' 'is bleak, and perhaps forbidding, but there is a

moment of the day when the setting sun dyes it pink, and the people are like their town.' Ian Maclaren, like Barrie, seized the revealing moment, and vision became the parent of expression. Of course there is nothing new in all this—the truth is old as day-dawn and as starlight. It is in the Sermon on the Mount; the interpretation of the truth of it is the soil and the atmosphere of the world's best short stories. The lesson of it has been preached eloquently in our own day by Maeterlinck in 'Le Tresor des Humbles.' But the world needs ever and again to have the simple, elemental truth made clear and vivid and beautiful in such concrete embodiment as Ian Maclaren gave in the stories of Drumtochty and Burnbrae."

The success of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" was instantaneous. More than 200,000 copies of the book were sold in this country alone, and a dramatization of the stories proved very popular both in England and America. During the first flare of enthusiasm Dr. Watson came to America on a lecturing tour. His reception was phenomenal. Major J. B. Pond, his manager, has testified that "the people were simply in love with Ian Maclaren," and that he cleared more money on this tour than on any other that he had ever arranged, excepting only that of Stanley, the explorer. Dr. Watson gave readings from the "Bonnie Brier Bush," and spoke on "Scotch Traits" and "Robert Burns." He had packed houses in every city, and was fêted by everybody, from the President down. At a dinner given in his honor by the Lotos Club, of New York, Mr. William Winter, the dramatic critic, went so far as to characterize the Scotch visitor as "the finest literary artist in the art of mingled humor and pathos that has come into literature since Sir Walter Scott."

Dr. Watson never repeated his first successes either as an author or as a lecturer. He wrote a number of charming Scotch stories, and one novel, "Kate Carnegie," but they were felt to show a diminishing power. His theological books were valuable, but not epoch-making. His second and third lecture-tours in America were "tame" indeed when compared with that first triumphal reception.

But "Ian Maclaren's" place as an interpreter of the Scotch genius is secure. "He had the gift," observes the *Springfield Republican*, "of being able to see what it was that made his countrymen different from others, and could make others see it with him." The same paper says further: "He is recognized as the finest, if not the richest and most various, of what has been called with some depreciation the 'kailyard school' of Scotch writings, of which S. R. Crockett (also a minister) and J. M. Barrie are the others of note."



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE LAST PICTURE OF "IAN MACLAREN"

Dr. Watson first won name and fame at the time of the publication of his Scotch stories, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." The central idea of the book, to use his own picturesque phrase, is "to show the rose in places where many people look for cabbages."

HENRY JAMES AS A LITERARY SPHINX



THE future historian of American letters is likely to find few more fascinating problems than that presented by the "case" of Henry James. Here is a man who, by general consensus of critical opinion, has come to be regarded as one of the distinguished literary figures of our epoch. As a self-expatriated American living in England during the past twenty-five years, he has written a small library of novels and essays. He is highly estimated in the land he has adopted, and not unappreciated in the country of his birth. Talented writers on both sides of the Atlantic—among them Gertrude Atherton, Elisabeth Luther Cary and Joseph Conrad—have paid him whole-hearted tributes. Mr. Howells has spoken of him as "the greatest writer of English in modern times." And yet, in spite of all, his position, somehow, is felt to be insecure. He has as yet appealed to only a very limited circle of readers, and doubts are expressed as to whether he will ever reach the larger audience. Many who concede the greatness of his earlier work withhold their approval from his later writings. Mr. W. C. Brownell, the eminent critic, voices a widely accepted opinion when he says: "Henry James has chosen to be an original writer in a way that precludes him, as a writer, from being a great one." Another critic puts the matter even more tersely: "A man too great to be ignored, he is yet too ignored to be great."

The puzzling conflict of opinion in regard to Henry James's place in contemporary letters has received special emphasis at this time in view of the comment evoked by his latest book, "The American Scene."* The critical attitude toward the book may perhaps best be indicated by recalling a phrase once applied to Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" by Thoreau. The Concord naturalist felt in those strange poems "a great big something," but would not commit himself further. This seems to be the attitude of most of the reviewers of "The American Scene."

It is quite impossible to give any adequate description of the character of Mr. James's latest work. One critic thinks that even to attempt to do so would be "rashly presumptuous and inevitably unsuccessful." We can only say that the book is the record of a journey of imaginative discovery through uncharted regions. Mr. James undertook the quest, so he

tells us, in the spirit of a "restless analyst," and he wandered up and down our coast—through New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston—looking not so much for facts as for tendencies. His pages are studded with beautiful prose-pictures of American life—when it comes to impressionism, says the *London Times*, there is "no one to touch him"—but it is the psychology that projects these pictures, rather than the pictures themselves, that chiefly engages us; and it is just this psychology that ever tends to elude the mental grasp of even the most vigilant reader. "His impressions," remarks the distressed *Literary World* (London), "follow each other with such bewildering frequency, with such acute urgency for the time, and with such elusive meaning, that the book brings with it—and we think that it will do so to most readers—a sense of fatigue." It is a work "written for the delectation of the leisurely amateur of the extreme refinements of literature," says Edward Wright, more appreciatively, in an article in the *London Academy*. He continues:

"The more impatient student of social history will probably regret that it was not composed in a popular form. For, in substance, it is an inquiry of high and general interest into the essential character of one of the great nations of the world in a grandly critical period of its development. If nothing had been lost in the force and insidiousness of the attack it would certainly have been better, in some respects, if the book had been put together in French fashion, so that those who run could read. But much, I fear, would so have been lost. Mr. James would not be Mr. James if he did not deepen and intricate every question that he endeavored to solve. He is but little interested in plain, material facts; it is in the subtlety with which he investigates the finer moral implications of these facts that the peculiar power of his genius resides. In appearance his work is a contexture of impressions of the superficial aspects of American life, of the architecture of the streets, the arrangement of rooms in private houses, the general atmosphere of a great hotel or of a fashionable seaside resort. In reality it is a profound essay in the psychology of the governing class in America. 'Now that you have got riches and the power that riches give,' says Mr. James to the plutocracy of his native land, 'what do you intend to make with them?' 'More riches and more power,' is the answer. 'And after that?' 'Nothing!' The foredoomed grope of blind wealth for the graces and amenities of civilized life, that, as Mr. James sees it, is the main plot in the tragic comedy which is being played on the immense stage of America."

It was Frederic Taber Cooper who said that Henry James's novels, if we only understand them, are profoundly immoral; but that nobody

*THE AMERICAN SCENE. By Henry James. Harper & Brothers.

understands them, and therefore it does not matter! So, in the present instance, a number of commentators share Mr. Wright's view that Henry James's attitude toward his native country is critical, if not condemnatory; but no one feels *quite* certain about it, and, again, it does not matter! To be sure, Mr. Sidney Coryn, of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, states clearly: "He surveys our social landscape with what we tremblingly feel is the cold eye of disapproval." But this statement is counterbalanced by the affirmation of Elisabeth Luther Cary in the New York *Times Saturday Review*, that Mr. James "has, in fact, treated his Americans with such a tender and beneficent justice as to make us feel that we seemed to him a peculiarly rewarding type." Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of *The British Weekly* (London), who has also taken a hand at interpreting the cryptic utterances of "The American Scene," declares that he is "inclined to think that Mr. James does not regard the America of the hour with special hope or favor;" but, he adds cautiously, "*nobody can be positive on this point.*" It is a great mistake, says Dr. Nicoll, to suppose that Henry James always writes to be understood. Why should he? "He is a man clothed in armor of reserve." Dr. Nicoll says further:

"In all this book, about his own country and his own people—a country and a people that lie a quarter of a century away—there is neither a smile nor a tear. Mr. James moves among familiar and unfamiliar scenes like a denizen of another planet. I apologize for this hateful tag, but I do not know how otherwise to express my meaning with precision. He looks upon America, and, indeed, on all the world, as an urbane, intelligent, and even friendly Martian might look. This investiture of the inner soul with a coat of mail is often the result of an extreme sensitiveness. Once allow people to become too familiar, and the sorest places in the soul may be touched rudely, and the deepest wounds unbandaged. Mr. James is certainly not inhuman; perhaps it is because he is so human that he makes so many of his readers suspect him of inhumanity."

The thought-content of "The American Scene" is difficult enough, but it is crystal-clear when compared with some of Mr. James's stylistic subtleties. A Unitarian reader in Boston complains that the Jamesian sentences "go wandering off into space, like the lost Pleiad;" and even the admiring *Spectator*, of London, enters a mild protest against "sentences which come to an end only by the grace of God." The London *Outlook* comments:

"His dexterity is marvelous, and nothing has escaped his keen vision; nothing is left unrecorded or unjudged. Such infinitude of observation becomes, long before the end is reached, a veritable Chinese wall shutting out the one thing that

Mr. James set out to give us—the American Scene—unless, indeed, he wishes to suggest that the subject is too full of confusing and often contradictory elements to be treated in any other way. 'From far back,' his favorite phrase, 'from far, far back' we have been accustomed to the peculiar intricacy of his style; but it becomes more involved with each succeeding volume. For what purports to be a book of travel this highly artificial method seems peculiarly unsuited. There are sentences here which defy the closest study. Once, no doubt, they had a meaning—before they had been tortured and twisted into their present state of elusive subtlety. Tired of playing tricks upon his readers, Mr. James has taken to playing them on himself."

Now we do not object to obscurity if we can convince ourselves that it veils great meanings. But to unwrap veil after veil, and to find at the end of our search—nothing, is as tantalizing an experience as falls to human lot. It may seem almost sacrilegious to apply such an analogy to the work of Henry James; yet more than one critic writes in this vein. Mr. Coryn thinks that all Henry James's laboriously polished pages on the new status of the American woman are summed up in the single sentence of one of our humorists: "The new woman has indeed arrived, but the old man is still here." And the London *Athenaeum* finds Mr. James's over-refined observations on immigration quite "ordinary" when stripped to the core. It comments further:

"Despite this inveterate quest of the elusive, gendered in him by the calling of a lifetime, the ideas suggested to Mr. James by a revisited 'American scene' are inevitably, at bottom, often much what might occur to any other reflective observer. But the expression does not accommodate itself to the relative obviousness of idea. That must still preserve all the paraphernalia of elusiveness, though there is nothing which eludes. He must still write about and around it, and every way but *of* it—must approach it by stealth and tortuous indirectness, and deck it with the most elaborated precisions of impreciseness, as if it required hinting afar off. He must (habitual microscopist!) still use his delicate microtome, tho only to make sections of butter. The language invented, and the manner of thought developed, for his psychological subtleties he uses for matters the most familiar, and so reduces them to a strange, fantasmal abstraction of their workaday selves, bafflingly implying subtlety which is not in them. It is more difficult to follow than really inherent subtlety. For through the swathings you laboriously arrive at relative commonplace, and strenuous attention exerted to such a result exhausts one more than if the evasive expression had been compelled by a true evasiveness of idea."

And yet, after criticism has done its worst, "The American Scene" remains a very wonderful book. Mr. Edward Wright, of *The Academy*, thinks it "deserves to rank with de Tocqueville." *The Spectator* says: "It is the most original book of travels we have ever

read." And the London *Daily Mail* pays this enthusiastic tribute to its quality:

"We are much deceived if this is not a durable contribution to literature, and in its evidence of intense solicitude for truth, of scrupulous fairness, the severity of the judgment it passes on the rush and roughness of the new American ideals is not to be avoided. 'The American Scene' may be read by some Americans with bewilderment and impatience, but it constitutes the most durable surface-portraiture of an unparalleled condition of society which our generation is likely to see."

THE GREATEST SHORT-STORY WRITER THAT EVER LIVED



UCH is the title that a growing number of critical voices would undoubtedly concede to that Frenchman of genius, Guy de Maupassant. It is now fourteen years since he died of general paralysis in a padded chamber of a Paris *maison de santé*; but his stories are more widely read than ever. A new edition¹ of his writings has been lately published in America, and commentaries on his life and work are still appearing in many languages. He was a terrific liver and worker—this broad-shouldered, athletic young Norman, whose thick neck and muscular arms were so strangely contradicted by the kindest of eyes; and when, at the age of forty-three, the horror and darkness finally descended on him, he had published no less than twenty-three volumes of fiction, travel, drama and verse—almost as much as the giant Balzac.

"What was the cause of his downfall?" asks James Huneker in the New York *Times Saturday Review*. "Dissipation? Mental overwork—which is the same thing? Disease?" Edouard Maynial, a new French biographer² of de Maupassant, and Baron Albert Lumbroso, who made a careful study of his malady and death, leave us no doubt, Mr. Huneker thinks, as to the determining element:

"From 1880 to his death in 1893, de Maupassant was 'a candidate for general paralysis.' These are the words of his doctor. . . . One does not need to be a skilled psychiatrist to follow and note the gradual palsy of the writer's higher centers. Such stories as 'Qui Sait?' 'Lui,' 'Le Horla'—a terrifying conception that beats Poe on his own chosen field—'Fou?' 'Un Fou,' and several others show the nature of his malady. . . . Guy de Maupassant came fairly by his

The problem of Henry James is as yet unsolved. Perhaps we are too close to him to understand him properly. Perhaps the lapse of time alone can give him the place that is his. But one thing is certain—his peculiar genius, in all its strength and weakness, was never more vividly revealed than in "The American Scene," that "tantalizing, endlessly clever, engaging, perverse, compelling and repelling by-product of the most fastidiously probing mind in present literature."

cracked nervous constitution, and instead of dissipation, mental and physical, being the determining causes of his shattered health, they were really the outcome of an inherited predisposition to all that is self-destructive. The French alienists called it 'une hérédité chargée.'"

Yet there were certain critics, particularly the great Russian Tolstoy, who have seen in the career of this talented and tragic victim of heredity and environment a wonderful struggle towards a new and brighter conception of life—a conception which might have entirely altered the character of his work. In "Sur l'Eau" and "Solitude," and in other of the two hundred or more short stories, the existence of this struggle is certainly as apparent as those pathological symptoms in the dark tales cited by Mr. Huneker.

De Maupassant has often been pictured as a somber and unhappy man. "As a matter of fact, he seemed to enjoy life very much," Robert Sherard tells us in a recent book of journalistic impressions.³ "One knows, similarly, that Schopenhauer exulted in the sensualities of the table, and as a boon companion was the most exuberant of men. I have seen Maupassant radiantly happy. His summers were usually spent at Etretat, and it was there that I once met him cycling in a lane which was redolent with hawthorne blossoms. I do not think that I ever saw a man who looked happier."

But this may be regarded as a superficial observation, on a par with other statements made by Mr. Sherard to the effect that Maupassant "adulated" aristocratic society and "despised literature as a *métier*"—an affectation, says M. René Doumic, the distinguished French critic, which deceived no one. It is

¹THE WORKS OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT. M. Walter Dunne, New York.

²LA VIE ET L'OEUVRE DE GUY DE MAUPASSANT. By Edouard Maynial. Librairie P. Ollendorf, Paris.

³TWENTY YEARS IN PARIS. By Robert Harborough Sherard. George W. Jacobs & Company.

true that de Maupassant did not like to "talk literature," and he avoided all the extravagances of the literary men of Paris. Even his clothing, scrupulously neat and elegant, was calculated to dissociate him from professional Bohemianism. Moreover, his was a singularly difficult personality. "He had raised a wall between himself and other men," says M. Doumic. So it is quite possible that the English journalist is mistaken in what he records as a "psychological truth."

The essentially Gallic genius of de Maupassant has hardly as yet been estimated at its true worth either in England or America. The revolting subjects of some of his stories have prevented us from seeing the pure beauty of others. Moreover, as Mr. Sherard well says:

"One can quite understand that he has never acquired fame in England, where the great artistic truth that the fable is no less true because the wolf is cruel, the fox cunning, and the monkey malignant, is not recognized, and where a book is certain to fail in popularity if the characters are not 'sympathetic.' His fables are terribly true; and because this is so, his men-wolves, men-foxes, and monkey-men are terribly cruel and malignant and cunning. The book which first made his name, 'Boule de Suif,' is an album of pictures of selfishness and hypocrisy.

"Selfishness and hypocrisy are the texts of nine out of ten of his numerous short stories. In 'Une Vie,' which many consider his masterpiece, the ugliness and cruelty of life, as caused by man's selfishness, are mercilessly exposed. 'Bel-Ami' shows how, by an unchecked exercise of these vices, a man may rise, as society is at present constituted in France, from the lowest to the highest degree. 'Bel-Ami,' it may be added, was not a creation, but a portrait from life. The original of George Duroy still looms large in Tout-Paris. Only a few days ago I saw him pass down the Champs-Élysées in a superb carriage. He decries motoring as the sport of the vulgar."

It was thought, even by his French admirers, that de Maupassant could not write about love. "It is one thing to analyze vice," they said, "and another to show the psychology of love. Love is of so rare and delicate an essence that it cannot be touched with the scalpel." Here the pupil of Flaubert was a surprise. "Those who knew the intimacies of Guy de Maupassant's life," writes Mr. Sherard, "knew of a love-story in which he had shown himself the most impassioned of wooers, and of lovers the most ardent and faithful. It was my privilege to have in my hands a collection of love-letters written by him, and I sometimes regret that I did not make use of them for publication. They would have taken their place amongst the finest letters which have been given to the



GUY DE MAUPASSANT

The French story-writer of whom Tolstoy has written: "Maupassant possessed genius. But, being destitute of a correct moral relation to what he described, he loved and described that which he should not have loved and described, and did not love that which he should have loved and described."

world. They were models of style, and I do not think that de Maupassant ever surpassed in any of his works the beauty of this prose." In all probability, these are the letters since published under a veil of fiction as "Amitié Amoureuse," wherein de Maupassant is said to figure as the unselfish Philippe. Then there was the beginning of a charming correspondence between him and Marie Bashkirtseff, in which the young artist capriciously hid her identity.

But how much of it was pathological—this extraordinary talent, preoccupied, as it so often was, with unwholesome types and strange, erotic subjects? In his review of M. Maynard's book, James Huneker gives the following description of de Maupassant's last days:

"Restless, traveling incessantly, fearful of darkness, of his own shadow, he was like an Oriental magician who had summoned malignant spirits from outer space only to be destroyed by them. Not in Corsica or Sicily, in Africa nor the south of France, did Guy fight off his rapidly growing disease. He worked hard, he drank hard, but no avail; the blackness of his brain increased. Melancholia and irritability supervened; he spelled words wrong, he quarreled with his friends, he

instituted a lawsuit against a New York newspaper, *The Star*; then the persecution craze, *folie des grandeurs*, frenzy. The case was 'classic' from the beginning, even to the dilated pupils of his eyes, as far back as 1880. The 1st of January, 1892, he had promised to spend with his mother at Villa de Ravenelles, at Nice. But he went, instead, against his mother's wishes, to Sainte-Marguerite in company with two sisters, society women, one of them said to have been the heroine of Notre Cœur.

"The next day he arrived, his features discomposed, and in a state of great mental excitement. He was tearful and soon he left for Cannes with his valet, François. What passed during the night was never exactly known, except that Guy attempted suicide by shooting and with a paper knife. The knife inflicted a slight wound; the pistol contained blank cartridges—François had suspected his master's mood—and his forehead was slightly burned. Some months previous he had told Dr. Frémy that between madness and death he would not hesitate; a lucid moment had shown him his fate, and he sought death. After a week, during which two stout sailors of his yacht, *Bel Ami*, guarded him, as he sadly walked on the beach regarding with tear-stained cheeks his favorite boat, he was taken to Passy, to Dr. Blanchet's institution.

"July 6, 1893, de Maupassant died, as a lamp is extinguished for lack of oil. But the year he spent at the asylum was wretched; he became a mere machine, and perhaps the only pleasure he experienced was the hallucination of bands of black butterflies that seemed to sweep across his room."

The tragedy of de Maupassant's life, however, may be said to have lain deeper than even his most exact biographers realized. It was some time in 1881 that Turgenieff, while on a visit to Tolstoy, gave him a little book entitled "*La Maison Tellier*." "It is by a young French writer," he said. "Look it over: it is not bad. He knows you, and greatly appreciates you. . . . As a type, he reminds me of Druzhinin; he is, like Druzhinin, an excellent son, a good friend, *un homme d'un commerce sûr*, and besides this, he associates with the working people, guides them, helps them." But Tolstoy thought very little of "*La Maison Tellier*;" it was not until later that the young French story-writer won his sympathetic attention, and then he came to the following conclusion:

"Maupassant possessed genius, that gift of attention revealing in the objects and facts of life properties not perceived by others; he possessed a beautiful form of expression, uttering clearly, simply and with charm what he wished to say; and he possessed also the merit of sincerity, without which a work of art produces no effect; that is, he did not merely pretend to love or hate, but did indeed love or hate what he described. But, unhappily, being destitute of the first and perhaps most important qualification for a work of art, of a correct moral relation to what he described—that is, lacking a knowledge of the difference be-

tween good and evil—he loved and described that which he should not have loved and described, and did not love that which he should have loved and described."

But Tolstoy also found a powerful moral growth in de Maupassant during his literary activity, especially in certain short stories and in one of the last books, "*Sur l'Eau*"; for, with the exception of "*Une Vie*," he considers the novels, on the whole, meretricious and unclear. On the darkened life-work of the young Frenchman it was left for Tolstoy to throw the white light of his genius in the searching appreciation which follows:

"Not in sexual love alone does Maupassant see the innate contradiction between the demands of the animal and rational man; he sees it in all the organization of the world.

"He sees that the world as it is, the material world, is not only not the best of worlds, but, on the contrary, might be quite different (this idea is wonderfully expressed in '*Horla*'), and that it does not satisfy the demands of reason and love; he sees that there is some other world, or at least the demand for such another world, in the soul of man.

"He is tormented, not only by the unreasonable-ness of the material world and its ugliness, but by its unlovingness, its disunity. I do not know a more heartrending cry of despair from a strayed man feeling his loneliness, than the expression of this idea in that most exquisite story, '*Solitude*.'

"The thing that most tormented de Maupassant, to which he returns many times, is the painful state of loneliness, spiritual loneliness, of man, of that bar which stands between man and his fellows; a bar which, as he says, is the more painfully felt, the nearer the bodily connection.

"What then torments him, and what would he have? What will destroy this bar? What suppress this loneliness? Love. Not that love of woman, a love with which he is disgusted; but pure, spiritual, divine love.

"And it is that which de Maupassant seeks; it is toward this savior of life long ago plainly disclosed to man, that he painfully strives amid those fetters in which he feels himself bound.

"He cannot yet give name to what he seeks; he would not name it with his lips, not wishing to defile his holy of holies. But his unexpressed yearning, shown in his dread of loneliness, is so sincere that it infects and attracts one more strongly than many and many a sermon about love pronounced only with the lips. . . .

"De Maupassant attained that tragic moment in life when the struggle began between the falsehood of the life about him and the true life of which he began to be conscious. The first throes of spiritual birth had already commenced in him.

"And it is these anguishes of birth that he expressed in his best work, especially in his short stories.

"Had it been his, not to die in the anguish of birth, but to be born, he would have given us great instructive works; but, as it is, what he has given us in his birth struggle is much. Let us therefore be thankful to this powerful, truthful man for what he has given us."

A PORTRAYAL OF PITTSBURG'S LABOR TRAVAIL



THE city of Pittsburg, it has been said, can be ever identified by "the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night;" and in his new labor panels, unveiled in the Carnegie Institute a few weeks ago, Mr. John W. Alexander, the eminent painter, has most fittingly chosen to portray the spirit of labor that lies at the heart of both cloud and fire. Mr. Alexander was born and brought up in Pittsburg, and as a boy his imagination was haunted by the fever and the stress, the glare and the glamor, of its Cyclopean workshops. During those early days he must often have seen the great swinging cranes, must often have heard the din and crash of thunderous machinery. Doubtless he peered into flaming smithies, and watched men beat out the sizzling steel and twisting iron on the anvil. It must have been then that he first conceived those heroic figures of half-naked workers, straining and striving, illumined by fire, immersed in steam, that he has now revealed to us in his mural paintings.

Mr. Alexander is a living contradiction of the old adage that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. He has been signally honored by the city of his birth. "For the first time in America," says a writer in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, "a home painter has been honored by a commission from his own city to decorate the art center of that city;" and the commission is the largest for mural decoration even received by a single painter in this country. Mr. Alexander has been working steadily on his task for two years; and the end is not yet.

The art critic, Charles H. Caffin, has said that the real meaning of the painter's latest inspiration came home to him most vividly one November evening as he stood on the heights above Pittsburg. He had climbed the rolling hills of Schenley Park, within which the Carnegie Institute is situated, and was looking down at the great city below. He describes his impression of the scene in *Harper's*:

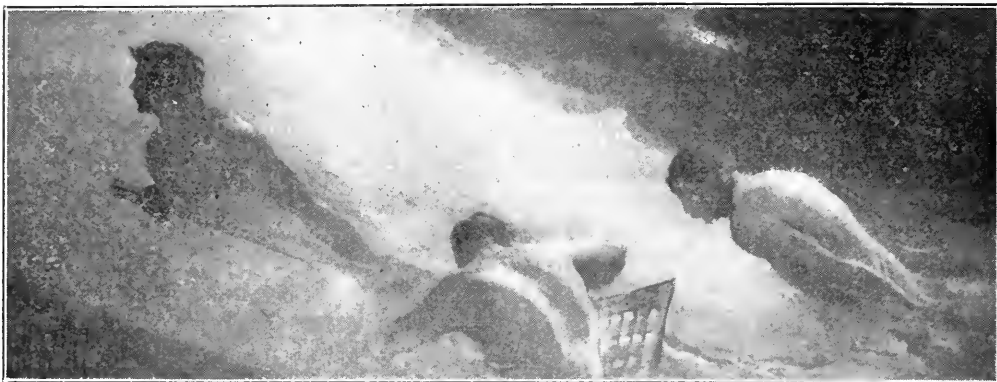
"Immediately about one it is drear—the grass colorless and thin in the grip of winter; twilight laying a chill, damp hand upon one's face; intermittent lights pricking the gloom that closes round one, creeping up, as it seems, from a murky pit below the hills. Down there is the city, metropolis of mines and rolling-mills, of factories and warehouses, the heart of a huge arterial system of commerce throbbing through the lives of countless men and women. And spread low above them is a pall. It is the breath of their nostrils, mingled with the murk and grime from the bowels of the

earth and smoke from the fire of their furnaces. One shudders; it is appalling, the reek of foulness suffocating the souls of men; one's eyes turn from it involuntarily and seek the cleanliness of the sky. But, lo! a marvel! The reek is lifting, pouring up as from a volcano's mouth, drawing to itself in its ascent a reflection of the setting sun. The light upon it is at first a faint glow, waking it into life; becoming warmer and more varied in its iridescence as the column of vapor rises, and still warmer and more iridescent, until it trembles softly with color, like the neck of some beautiful bird, far above one. Gradually the vapor expands into a volume of body, dappled with the plumage of little clouds, dyed as with molten colors, while higher still spread innumerable pinions, floating, sweeping, eddying in a slow surge of movement, changing as they move to violet, saffron, rose, and golden glory. All the sky is occupied with glory, tumultuous, serene, superb, and tender. Then sight is lost in sound, and the sky seems full of singing—swelling, dying away, and swelling again, until it rises in an ocean of triumphant sound as from a thousand times ten thousand hearts."

Some such vision as this, one may believe with Mr. Caffin, must have furnished the larger background for John W. Alexander's conception. His labor panels adorn the great entrance-hall of the Carnegie Institute, and occupy the lowest of three tiers. It has been his aim, as the critic points out, to "avoid any direct illustrations of actual processes of work." To quote further:

"It is Labor, as the foundation of the city's material greatness and as the base on which she builds her efforts toward the ideal, that he set out to commemorate. Nor did he view it, either mentally or artistically, in its crudity of contrasts, as a lurid drama of Cyclopean energy. He saw it rather as a union of mind and muscle, and has sought to bring out the controlling element of intelligence in the conflict of humanity with matter. While, almost without exception, the men he has represented are physically powerful, with backs and chests on which the muscles lie in firm slabs, and with arms that are strong with cords of steel, they have heads expressive of more than average intelligence. For he has not been betrayed into the foolishness of overdoing this suggestion. The heads are not fantastically ennobled; still less do they indicate any self-consciousness of superiority, or any pose of playing a great rôle. Their demeanor, like their movements, seems to be a natural product of, as well as a controlling factor in, the character of their labor.

"So with studied moderation and yet with an appearance of inevitable and resistless impetus the action of the figures is carried through the sequence of panels; a rhythm of movement, rising and falling like the swell of Atlantic rollers. And as the latter may be seen looming out of a fog and into fog retreating, so these figures appear and disappear, are seen in part or whole, clearly or vaguely, through the steam and smoke in which their labor is enveloped."



"It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock;



"It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock;

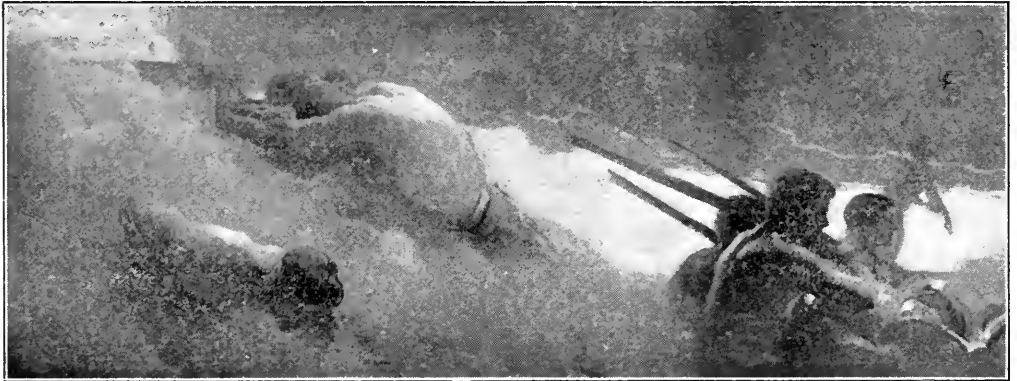


"It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,
"Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main."

JOHN W. ALEXANDER'S VISION OF THE



"They say to the mountains, 'Be ye removed!' They say to the lesser floods, 'Run dry!'"



"Under their rods are the rocks reproved—they are not afraid of that which is high,



"Then do the hilltops shake to the summit; then is the bed of the deep laid bare,
"That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly sleeping and unaware."

—From Kipling's latest poem, "The Sons of Martha."



JOHN W. ALEXANDER

The American artist whose mural paintings in the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg are said to "mark a new departure in the embellishment of buildings dedicated to the people."

In concluding his appreciation of the paintings, Mr. Caffin takes the ground that there is

special reason for congratulation in the fact that they are "unequivocally modern," instead of being merely workings-over of old motives. He writes on this point:

"It is not only that the male types represent a conception of the rights and possibilities of labor that is a part of our present-day understanding of democracy, nor that the girl types are drawn from such as we can see around us. These are but contributory touches. The real reason is that just as Strauss has invented new forms of harmonic structure, so the painter has here cut clean away from the old method of piled-up, obviously balanced composition, and flung on the canvas in the freedom of apparent unrestraint a distribution of forms the secret of whose rhythm and balance is evasive. Mannerism disappears and spontaneity is suggested.

"To this allegory, besides arraying it in a grace characteristically modern, Mr. Alexander has given an import that is partly American in its ideal and partly local to Pittsburg. We welcome the decorations, therefore, not only for the charm of their appeal to imagination and eye, but as marking a new departure in the embellishment of buildings dedicated to the people."

These labor panels in the Carnegie Institute, perhaps it need hardly be added, are but the culmination of a long and brilliant artistic career. Mr. Alexander's artistic work has a history of twenty-five years. He has made portraits of Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Hay, Walt Whitman, John Burroughs; of Robert Browning, Robert Louis Stevenson, Thomas Hardy and Swinburne. One of his best paintings, "The Pot of Basil," is in the Boston Museum; another, "The Great Bow," was bought by the Luxembourg Museum in Paris.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN'S CONTEMPT FOR LITERATURE

DON'T mind writing books," Sir Leslie Stephen once said; "what is loathsome is publishing them. It seems to me indecent almost, tho I admit it to be necessary. I wonder whether other people hate the trade as much as I do. If one could write to one's friends alone, it would be tolerable; but to go to the world at large and say, 'Come, buy my remarks,' shows a want of modesty or even common propriety."

These observations, coming as they do from one who is generally conceded to have been the first English-speaking critic of his time, are bound to strike us as somewhat incongruous. But, strangely enough, they reflect an enduring trait in his character; and the reader of the lately published "Life and Letters"* of

Stephen will find the same spirit running through the whole book. According to his own confession, he "stumbled into criticism," rather than chose it as his life's work; and his biographer, Professor Maitland, says of him: "No critic ever thought less highly of the critic's profession." The "Dictionary of National Biography," of which Sir Leslie was editor, is ranked as one of the monumental literary achievements of the past century, but he always spoke of it slightly. Toward the close of his life he registered a growing conviction of "the small value of literature in general, and therefore of authors—all but the good ones." He added, wearily: "I have written so much criticism, alas! that I have acquired a disgust for the whole body of it—including my own."

It is possible, of course, to attribute this pes-

*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LESLIE STEPHEN. By Fred-
eric William Maitland. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

sinistic spirit, in part, at least, to a nervous and preternaturally sensitive temperament. He admitted that at times he was "as restless as a hyena;" and once he exclaimed: "Don't you know that I'm like a hoop? When I'm not going at full speed, I drop." But the real significance of his attitude lay deeper. It may be traced to the fact that he never fulfilled his ambition as a writer, that he never wrote the book he felt it was in him to write. "The sense in which I take myself to have been a failure," he said, at the end, "is this: I have scattered myself too much. I think that I had it in me to make something like a real contribution to philosophical or ethical thought. Unluckily, what with journalism and dictionary-making, I have been a jack-of-all-trades, and instead of striking home I have only done enough to persuade friendly judges that I *could* have struck." He added that if ever a history of English thought in the nineteenth century were written his name would only appear in footnotes, whereas, had he concentrated his forces, he might perhaps have had a paragraph or some section of a chapter to himself.

But deeper than even the sense of disappointed ambition was that other sense of the supreme, the inestimable, value of *life* which led John Addington Symonds to say: "I have never been able to take literature very seriously. Life seems so much graver, more important, more permanently interesting than books. Literature is what Aristotle called *διαγωγή*, an honest, healthful, harmless pastime." It was in this spirit that Sir Leslie wrote to his friend Henry Sidgwick: "You and I are too old authors not to have learnt the vanity of vanities as applied to an author's ambition, and I try daily to learn it more thoroughly. My chief moral doctrine in practice is that all real happiness (after that which depends on the stomach) consists in the domestic and friendly relations."

This expression of opinion has led the London *Outlook* to comment:

"His own domestic and friendly relations were certainly excellent; but it is strange that he should not have learnt either from literature or experience that men have got the highest happiness from seeking and finding a harmony between themselves and the universe; strange, too, that he should have spoken of an author's ambition as vanity of vanities; for writing is an art, and few things in this life are less vain than the arts.

"It is, in point of fact, the chief defect of Stephen's literary criticism that he seems to think of the glory of literature as a vanity, and is apt to talk of great writers as if there were nothing divine in them, as if the best they could do was to



From a Painting by G. F. Watts

THE FIRST ENGLISH-SPEAKING CRITIC OF HIS TIME

Sir Leslie Stephen thought so little of his own profession that he once exclaimed: "I feel that a critic is a kind of parasitical growth, and that the best critic should come below a second-rate original writer."

observe truthfully and to express themselves without affectation. In fact, he had no more faith in literature than in other things. He speaks with contempt of 'modern critics, who think they can lay down laws in art like the Pope in religion, *e. g.*, the whole Swinburne-Rossetti school.' But Mr. Swinburne's criticism is of the highest value just because he has a strong faith in life and therefore in art; and because he judges literature by this faith. It is important not to say more than you believe; but it is important also to believe something; and Leslie Stephen believed too little about literature or life to be a critic of the highest rank. He loved many great writers; but he was content to love them rather as we love our children, without trying to justify his love on any principle. And yet it cannot be denied that this love made him write very well. He remarked himself that as a critic of literature he feared he was a failure. That is going much too far; but it is true that even in essays intended to be critical he was always more the biographer than the critic, and gave the reader a livelier idea of what kind of man his author was than of the nature and value of his writings. And in doing this he showed remarkable art of an unusual kind in English writers."

There can be no doubt that the impartial literary historian will set a much higher estimate

on Sir Leslie Stephen's work than that which he himself saw fit to set on it. There are some men whose faculty for self-depreciation amounts almost to a disease. Lafcadio Hearn was such a one, and so was Tschaiakowsky, the Russian composer. Sir Leslie Stephen was touched by the same malady. We need to go back of his own judgment to that of his contemporaries. Robert Louis Stevenson, Ed-

mund Gosse, Thomas Hardy, John Morley, James Bryce, Frederic Harrison are only a few of the host who have paid tribute to his memory. R. B. Haldane testifies: "He was like Socrates in the calmness of his wisdom;" and George Meredith has said of his critical work that "the memory of it remains with us as being the profoundest and the most sober criticism of our time."

WALTER PATER AND HIS CIRCLE



HE slender contribution made by Walter Pater to the literature of our time has penetrated farther than the voluminous output of a thousand lesser but more pretentious minds. He was not only a great stylist, but a great thinker, and certain periods of human thought—the Greek, the Roman, the Renaissance—have become for us, since he wrote of them, just a shade different from what they were before.

Pater lived the life of a recluse, and until now only two biographical studies—those of Ferris Greenslet and A. C. Benson—have been published about him. New light on his secluded personality is to be welcomed, whatever its source. We feel that we cannot know too much about him. His name has magic. His influence is growing. And so, while the clumsiness and vulgarity of much of the writing in Thomas Wright's new "Life"* of Pater are to be heartily regretted, the biographical information that he presents can be accepted only with gratitude. It is information that no previous biographer of Pater has been able to discover, and that no future student of his life and work can afford to neglect.

The earlier years of Pater receive special emphasis in this work. We read of his shy, unprepossessing, unpopular boyhood, and of his religious struggles as a youth. During the period that he spent as a college student in Oxford he shocked many of his friends by swinging over from a position of High Church ritualism to a radical anti-Christian attitude, and to the end of his life he combined in his nature something of the Christian and something of the free-thinker. There was a time, it seems, when Pater thought, or affected to think, of taking holy orders in the Church of England:

"He continually treated ordination in a flippant way, and on one occasion, when two of his

friends, the Rev. J. B. Kearney and McQueen, were also in the house, he said, 'What fun it would be to be ordained and not to believe a single word of what you are saying'—a remark, however, upon which, considering the pleasure which he now took in shocking people, it would not be fair to lay too much stress.

"Mr. Kearney made an indignant comment.

"I shall take orders,' followed Pater, 'just before my examination.'

"If you make the attempt,' said Mr. Kearney, 'I shall do all I can to prevent it.'

"And I,' followed McQueen, 'shall do so too.'

"Pater replied that he should take orders in spite of them, or of anyone else."

McQueen and Kearney were as good as their word, and both addressed letters to the Bishop of London warning him against Pater's dangerous tendencies. At first, we are told, Pater was much incensed, but ultimately he forgave them. The whole incident leaves doubts in the mind as to how far Pater was ever serious in his agnostic declarations.

By far the most important of Pater's friendships was that with Richard C. Jackson, a wealthy young poet and connoisseur. To describe the life of Pater without mentioning Jackson, says Mr. Wright, is "to tell the story of David and leave out Jonathan." When Pater first met Jackson, in 1877, he found in him "a mind with as many hues as an Indian carpet," "a man who was at once an authority on Dante and Greek art, a Platonist, a monk, a Reunionist." The young poet was a member of a religious fraternity in London organized by the Rev. George Nugée, a High Church clergyman, and he worshiped daily in a beautiful chapel "with a black-and-white marble pavement, fittings of carved oak of antique designs, and an altar of marble richly gilt." The chapel was dedicated to St. Austin, and the services were celebrated with all the pomp of ecclesiastical ceremony. Most of the brethren connected with St. Austin's were men of ample private means, and all wore, both in chapel and in the street, the black gown of the order. "It

*THE LIFE OF WALTER PATER. By Thomas Wright. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

was a hotbed of so-called Romanism," Mr. Jackson has said, "and glorious days they were. Life was then worth living—filled as it was with beautiful thoughts—surrounded as we then were with those in whose souls was found no guile." It is not to be wondered at that the idealism of this brotherhood of worshippers exerted a powerful fascination over Walter Pater's mind. He would often seek relaxation from his Oxford studies in brief visits to London, where he stayed with Jackson and engaged in long and animated conversations on all the deepest problems of life. The friendship ripened, and furnished the inspiration out of which grew Pater's masterpiece, "Marius the Epicurean." To quote from Mr. Wright's narrative:

"*'Marius'* is the history less of a man than of a mind—the mind to a considerable extent of his friend, Richard C. Jackson. . . . Few of the incidents in Marius's career occurred to Mr. Jackson. For them Pater drew on his own life. But in sketching Marius, Pater mingled his mind with that of his friend, and Flavian is also a compound of himself and another. But all Pater's characters are composite. Marius, who, like Peter, had at an early age lost his father, is brought up in the religion of Numa, and, as the head of his house, takes a leading part in its religious ceremonies. 'Only one thing distracted him—a certain pity at the bottom of his heart, and almost on his lips, for the sacrificial victims.' In this he resembled the child Walter Pater, who had 'an almost diseased sensibility to the spectacle of suffering'; indeed, the opening chapters of *'Marius'* and the autobiographical *'Child in the House'* are almost parallel studies.

"All the notes required for the descriptive portions of *'Marius,'* including the accounts of Marcus Aurelius, Lucian, and Apuleius, were taken from books in Mr. Jackson's library at Grosvenor Park; for Pater, as we have seen, had no scarce and curious books of his own, while Mr. Jackson possessed, and still possesses, one of the most valuable private libraries in England. 'It is true,' Pater once said to Mr. Jackson, 'that I could obtain the various editions of the classics and the lives of the men who lived in the time of Marius, with their precepts, at the Bodleian, but I infinitely prefer to have what I require associated independently with you, a single human being in whose company I rejoice to be.'"

During the late eighties and early nineties Walter Pater gathered around him in Oxford a most brilliant circle of young Englishmen. If Jackson's personality and environment may be said to have suggested "Marius the Epicurean," it was Veargett William Maughan, an Oxford student cut down in his prime, who inspired the unfinished biographical romance, "Gaston de Latour." A third formative and inspiring influence in Pater's life was C. L. Shadwell, in his time "the handsomest man in the university—with a face like those to be

seen on the finer Attic coins." Pater selected Shadwell as his traveling companion through Italy, and dedicated to him "The Renaissance."

Some interesting glimpses are afforded by Mr. Wright of the men—most of them now famous—who acclaimed Pater's genius while he was still comparatively obscure. Among the first were Edmund Gosse and William Sharp. Among the last, it must be said frankly, were Pater's Oxford colleagues. Strange stories were told in Oxford about Walter Pater and his esoteric cult, and perhaps these may have served to prejudice the critical judgment. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, bluntly expressed his disapproval of "The Renaissance," on the ground that it seemed to countenance a "hedonist" philosophy, and Pater was so sensitive to this and similar criticisms that he gave his sanction to an edition of the book that was "expurgated," so to speak. But later he insisted on restoring the text in its entirety.

Walter Pater's reputation undoubtedly suffered by reason of the unbalanced lives of some of his disciples. Oscar Wilde was one of these. Pater had no more devoted champion than Wilde. Says Mr. Wright:


"Wilde, who treated all other men as intellectually his inferiors, used to say that Pater was the only human being who 'staggered' him. As time went on he treated Pater almost as a divinity, and when writing him a letter, or sending him a book, he loved to begin, French fashion, 'Homage to the great master!'"

Lionel Johnson, a young poet of genius who died as Poe died, was one of Pater's most enthusiastic admirers. "He is at once my envy and my despair," said Johnson; "he is a literary vampire, sucking the life and poetry out of the heart of every man he meets." George Moore, the subversive novelist and essayist, also fell strongly under Pater's spell. "My dear Audacious Moore," Pater addressed him, in acknowledging a copy of "Confessions of a Young Man." But it was Arthur Symonds who was destined to be influenced most deeply by the master-spirit of Pater. "Upon him, indeed, if upon any man," declares Mr. Wright, "the mantle of Pater has fallen. With Pater as an inspiration, Mr. Symonds has forged for himself a style that is at once distinct and fulgid."

In truth, the "circle" of Walter Pater has left its impress on all the intellectual life of our time, but it is not just to hold him responsible for the acts or the opinions of any of his followers. He stands alone, in splendid isolation. His genius, to use one of his own epithets, is "columnar."

Religion and Ethics

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S APPEAL TO THE YOUTH OF AMERICA

HE best political economy," says Emerson, "is the care and culture of men;" and it is in this spirit that David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, addresses the youth of America in his latest brochure.* His appeal may be described as, in the largest sense, an argument for education, and he takes as his text the words: "The whole of your life must be spent in your own company, and only the educated man is good company to himself." With this statement he links another: "The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going!"

President Jordan urges his conviction that the university is becoming to a greater and greater extent the mold of character in our time. "All the strong men of the future," he predicts, "will be college men, for the day is coming when the man of force realizes that through the college his power will be made greater." The term "college spirit" has been applied to many different things; but of all its meanings the best, in President Jordan's opinion, is that "comradery among free spirits" of which Ulrich von Hutten has written. It was this that the scientist Agassiz had in mind when, half a century ago, he spoke of his college days in the University of Munich in the following terms:

"The University had opened under the most brilliant auspices. Almost all of our professors were also eminent in some department of science or literature. They were not men who taught from text-books, or even read lectures made up from extracts from original works. They themselves were original investigators, daily contributing to the sum of human knowledge. And they were not only our teachers but our friends. The best spirit prevailed among the professors and students. We were often the companions of their walks, often present at their discussions, and when we met to give lectures among ourselves, as we often did, our professors were among our listeners, cheering and stimulating us in all our efforts after independent research.

"My room was our meeting place: bedroom, lecture-room, study, museum, library, fencing-room all in one. Students and professors used to call it the Little Academy.

"Here, in this little room, Schimpfer and Braun

first discussed their newly discovered laws of phyllotaxy, that marvelous rhythmical arrangement of the leaves of plants. Here Michahelles first gave us the story of his explorations of the Adriatic. Here Born exhibited his preparations of the anatomy of the lamprey. Here Rudolphi told us the results of his exploration of the Bavarian Alps and the Baltic. Here Dr. Döllinger himself first showed to us, his students, before he gave them to the scientific world, his preparations of the villi of the alimentary canal; and here came the great anatomist, Meckel, to see my collection of fish-skeletons of which he had heard from Döllinger."

Thus it was, comments President Jordan, at Munich eighty years ago; and the influence of that little band of students is still felt in the world of science. He continues:

"Such a history, in a degree, has been that of many other associations of students, interested in other branches of thought, in history, in philosophy, in philology, in religion.

"We are told that Methodism first arose in a little band of college students, interested in the realities of religion, amid ceremonies and forms.

"At Williams College, in Massachusetts, there stands a monument which marks the spot where a haystack once stood. Under this haystack three college students knelt and promised each other to devote their lives to the preaching of the gospel of Christ among the heathen. Thus was founded the first foreign mission of America."

A college mistakes its function, President Jordan goes on to say, if it thinks it can make young men and women moral beings by standing over them *in loco parentis*, with a rod in hand and spy-glasses on its nose. The real morality is the result of inner impulse, not of outward compulsion; and the college gives its truest lesson in morality when it "strengthens the student in his search for truth," and "encourages manliness by the putting away of childish things." "Take the dozen students at Munich," exclaims President Jordan, "of whom Agassiz has spoken. Do you suppose that Dr. Döllinger caught any of these cheating on examinations? Did the three young men at Williams College choose the haystack rather than the billiard hall for fear of the college faculty? The love of knowledge, the growth of power, the sense of personal responsibility, these are our college agencies for keeping off our evil."

*COLLEGE AND THE MAN: AN ADDRESS TO AMERICAN YOUTH. By David Starr Jordan. American Unitarian Association.

As in moral so in religious matters, says President Jordan, the college must operate through work and through example. More specifically he writes:

"The college cannot make a student moral or religious through enforced attendance at church or chapel. It cannot arouse the spiritual element in his nature by any system of demerit marks. But let him find somewhere the work of his life. Let the thoughts of the student be free as the air. Give him a message to speak to other men, and when he leaves your care you need fear for him not the world nor the flesh nor the devil!

"If your Christianity or your creed seem to the student to need a bias in its favor, if it seem to him unable to hold its own in a free investigation, he will despise it, and if he is honest he will turn from it. Religion must come to him as a 'strong and mighty angel,' asking no aid of church or state in its battle against error and wrong."

We are wont to regard our age as pre-eminently "practical," and we are apt to speak slightly of dreams and visions. There are times when we seem to be skeptical as to the value of truth and beauty, of zeal and devo-

tion, of religion and piety, as tho all these things, for sale in the city markets and shopworn through the ages, were going at a sacrifice. But "the practical," as President Jordan reminds us, "rests on the ideal." He adds, in concluding:

"It is the noblest duty of higher education, I believe, to fill the mind of the youth with enthusiasms, thoughts of the work a man can do, with visions of how this man can do it. It should teach him to believe that love and faith and zeal and devotion are real things, things of great worth, things that are embodied in the lives of men and women. It should teach him to know these men and women, whether of the present or of the past, and knowing them his life will become insensibly fashioned after theirs. It should lead him to form plans for the part he has to play in science, in art, in religion. His work may fall far short of what he would make it, but a noble plan must precede each worthy achievement.

"'Colleges can only serve us,' says Emerson, 'when they aim not to drill but to create. They bring every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by their combined effort set the heart of the youth in flame.'"

FREDERIC HARRISON'S APOLOGIA



ONE who is proud to be known as "the unshrinking follower of a new belief," and who feels that many of the prevailing religious ideas are little better than "the barbarous magic of uncivilized ages," Mr. Frederic Harrison, the eminent English writer, has lately acceded* to repeated requests to tell the story of his spiritual development. The "new belief" to which he refers is, of course, Positivism, and the doctrines which he champions have had his undivided allegiance for upward of thirty years. During a large part of that time he has served a Positivist congregation in London in the capacity of public speaker and leader.

At the outset of his story, Mr. Harrison makes it clear that nothing could have been farther from the Positivist thought than his early environment and upbringing. His father was a stanch High Churchman, and all the influences brought to bear on him in his home and school life were such as to implant a strong taste for the ritual of the Anglican Church. "I have always felt," he says, "that the English Church service, regarded as a dramatic composition, is one of the most noble

products of our literature." And when as a schoolboy he passed an autumn in Scotland, he was "chilled to the bone" by the Presbyterian form of worship. He must have been a conscientious boy, for he testifies that he prayed earnestly night and morning and on all occasions when he seriously wanted anything. "I felt myself living in the eyes of God, and I honestly believed that the Almighty would vouchsafe to give me a school prize, or ordain fine weather for a holiday, or even enable me to get a good score at a cricket match, if I only were to besiege the Throne of Mercy with the needful persistence."

To Mr. Harrison in his present frame of mind this boyish attitude toward prayer seems so "disgusting" that he feels ashamed to write it down. He goes on to say:

"It was not till manhood that I fully saw all the folly, meanness, selfishness of this practice. When we reflect what Christians conceive their Maker to be—the Ineffable Majesty which has created the Infinite Universe—when we think that each of us is but an infinitesimal mite, on one of the minor satellites that whirl round one of the smaller of the thirty millions of suns—when we hear this mite asking the Almighty to suspend in its favor the laws of life and death, of sunshine and rain, it may be, to help it draw a lucky number in the ballot, to win a prize in a lottery, or to ruin a rival—the moral basis of

*THE CREED OF A LAYMAN. By Frederic Harrison. The Macmillan Company.

ordinary prayer becomes too horrible, too grotesque to be endured."

At the age of eighteen Mr. Harrison went to Oxford, where he found all the elements of theological inquiry and debate. His school taste for ritualism and his acquiescence in orthodox doctrine were soon transformed into a sense of suspended judgment and anxious thirst for wider knowledge. He began to read Aristotle and Plato and the history of philosophy. He became acquainted with arguments bearing on the inspiration of Scripture and the credibility of the creeds that completely shook his hold on the conventional orthodoxy. "What moved me far more than the critical assaults of Strauss or of Francis Newman," he says, "was the way in which devout and noble spirits, such as that of F. Robertson, of F. D. Maurice, of Francis Newman, Theodore Parker, together with followers of Dr. Arnold, of Coleridge, and the poets Tennyson and Browning, struck off the fetters of what Carlyle called 'the rags of Houndsditch.' Maurice, Coleridge, Carlyle and F. Newman, in different ways and often without intending it, would fill me with horror and shame at many passages of Scripture and many dogmas of the Church which I felt to be profoundly repugnant to sound morality and even to human nature."

It was during his early college period of religious stress and uncertainty that Mr. Harrison first fell under the influence of August Comte and the Positive philosophy. He read Comte in Harriet Martineau's translation, and in the summaries of Littré and G. H. Lewes, and became so much interested in his ideas that he went to Paris to see him. The great man received him with simple dignity, and in a lengthy conversation outlined the principal conclusions at which he had arrived. Mr. Harrison was profoundly impressed. He says:

"This interview with Comte did not make me a Positivist; I was not yet twenty-three; his 'Politique' was unfinished, and I did not yet know one of his books in the original. But the extraordinary clearness and organic order of his conceptions deeply impressed me. His power of oral exposition was consummate, for his spoken word was as brilliant, epigrammatic and luminous as his books are close, abstract and difficult. On each point that I begged him to explain he spoke for ten or twenty minutes with a rapid and lucid analysis, paused, and passed to the next. It made me think of the way in which Plato taught in the Academy, for I have never heard before or since any teaching so instructive."

One of the immediate results of his interview with Comte was the resolve to acquaint himself thoroly with the elements of physi-

cal science, and during the period that followed, while he was studying law in London, he mastered the text-books of Herschel, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin and Herbert Spencer. In 1860 he wrote his first article—a theological paper dealing with the famous "Essays and Reviews" of Benjamin Jowett, Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Temple, and Mark Pattison. He sympathized with their views, but felt that their position as Church of England ministers was unjustifiable. His article was taken more seriously than he had expected, and the responsibility of finding himself in the midst of a fierce theological struggle made him resolve to formulate his own belief. In his diary, a year later, he wrote out a kind of *Credo*:

"I believe that before all things needful, beyond all else is true religion. This only can give wisdom, happiness, and goodness to men, and a nobler life to mankind. Nothing but this can sustain, guide and satisfy all lives, control all characters and unite all men."

"What is this true religion? We know not. As yet, it is not. Yet nearer, perhaps, than we think. Much is now clear. Much is coming into light. Dimly we may now see a faith guiding all hearts and lives in one."

"When I contemplate the great harmony which stretches through man and nature, and that vast whole which lives, moves and grows together by equal laws, in natural concord, sympathy and help, I cannot but recognize a guiding Hand, and acknowledge one great Author. All-powerful? I know not. All-wise? I cannot tell. All-good? I dare not say. Yet surely this vast frame does testify to a Power very awful. Its symmetry points to a Mind truly sublime. And the perpetual goodness, tenderness and beauty of all breathing things are witness to a Goodness truly adorable."

"Therefore, I believe that God is: who made, loves and protects man and all things."

"How then shall we know Him?—do His will? serve Him? Has He left us without help, without light, without promise? Inspiration—Revelation—Gospel—there is plainly none. The diviner's rod is past. The oracles are dumb. The tables of stone are broken. The ancient legends are cast aside. So too are old fictions of innate knowledge, of conscious Truth—of Natural Theology. Scripture and Miracles alike are past. Man must be his own Gospel. He must reveal truth to himself—by himself. He must found, or frame, his own Religion—or must have none."

"Prayer indeed is well—so far as it is good for the mind to dwell in thought, and the heart to rest—on that Power which governs all. Yet is this saying true—*laborare est orare*. Strength is lost in vain meditation and in vague yearning—it is misspent in personal petitions and secret ecstasies. To do right is better than to feel right. To live is better than to adore."

"What should Soul be save that which each man feels to be—himself—his sense of force—his conscious being? Will this survive the grave?—some ask. How can I tell? Why should

it? Why should it not? Why need we ask?

"I may be glad to hope it—willing to trust it—yet little curious to know. I—myself—my influence—my acts—my thoughts—my life, most surely shall and must outlive the grave, and live in others for ever, growing through all time in new conditions and extent, mingled for ever with the great current of all human life. In this faith I rest; towards this I labor: more trusting and more clear each day."

In the forty-six years that have passed since these meditations were written it was inevitable that a change of view should have occurred. But this change, says Mr. Harrison, was "a change of degree rather than of substance, practical more than intellectual." In the main it was "a gradual fading away of the conception of Personality behind the mystery of the Universe and a clearer perception of the Human Providence that controls Man's destiny on earth." He continues:

"The Supreme Power on this petty earth can be nothing else but the Humanity which, ever since fifty thousand—it may be one hundred and fifty thousand—years, has slowly but inevitably conquered for itself the predominance of all living things on this earth and the mastery of its material resources. It is the collective stream of Civilization, often baffled, constantly misled, grievously sinning against itself from time to time, but in the end victorious; winning certainly no heaven, no millennium of the saints, but gradually over great epochs rising to a better and a better world."

Mr. Harrison urges his conviction that faith in Humanity, whether we are conscious of it or not, already furnishes the motives out of which we act.

"When the politician is troubled about the framing of a new law, the complications of international policy, the reform of an ancient abuse, does he to-day 'seek counsel of the Lord,' as the Ironsides did, when the Bible was the literal Word of God; does he 'wrestle with his Maker in the spirit,' with groans, tears and the pouring forth of texts? When an English official has to face an earthquake, or the eruption of a volcano, does he fall on his knees in the midst of the falling walls, like a negro Baptist in Jamaica, or rush to crowd the churches, like a Neapolitan peasant or a Santiago Spaniard? The cultivated and practical man of to-day flies instantly to human resources, is guided by human science and staves off suffering and death from thousands by calling in all the resources of learning, foresight, presence of mind, which the Providence of Humanity has trained him to use.

"In the twentieth century the business of real life turns round Industry, Inventions, Art, Vital appliances in all forms. We battle with malaria, plagues, famines, all noxious conditions, by scientific research, infinite patience and continuous observation of facts. We add a tenth to the average of life; we spare intolerable agonies to untold millions; we have halved the cruel holocaust of infants. For nearly two thousand years millions of prayers have ascended day by day to

Christ, Virgin, Saints and even to devils. All was in vain. The prayerful attitude of mind much added to the horror and the slaughter, as mothers flung themselves on their dying and infected children and fanatical devotion thrust aside all sanitary provisions with its besotted pietism. Humanity only recovers its health and peace in proportion as Theology slowly dies down. Which providence protects the children of men most lovingly, most wisely—the Divine Providence, or the Human?"

But the real test of any religious system, he admits, lies in its power to deal with the problems of death. What has Positivism to say on this point? Mr. Harrison replies:

"The Human Faith teaches us from childhood, not that this life is nothing worth, a vain and fleeting shadow, but rather that this life is all in all, and not an hour of it but is reckoned up as a trust to be used or wasted, spent for the good of those who are here and who shall come after us; that the value of each human soul is in the good work it has done on earth.

"This sure and certain hope, which we call the subjective Immortality of the Soul, is wholly independent of metaphysical hypotheses, for it is a plain conclusion of moral and social science. The sum total of each active life must infallibly act and react on all those whom it has ever touched directly or indirectly. The mother *makes* the infant; the home makes the boy and girl; the family makes society, as society makes the family, as Englishmen make England, as England makes Englishmen. The evolution of civilization, the continuity of any nation, society or institution, would be impossible but for this personal and social tradition of thought and feeling and energy. We are all members one of another, as the great Apostle said; but we are all in a sense the makers one of another.

"In the case of the great this is too obvious to be gainsaid. Homer, Jesus, St. Paul, Dante, Shakespeare are far more truly alive to-day than they were during their hard, troubled and vagrant lives:—to the great of their time it seemed a life obscure or despicable. But the same sociologic truth is just as certain relatively in the case of the humble. Their lives persist for what they were really worth, whether they know it themselves, whether others remember it or not. It is an indestructible attribute of humanity."

Mr. Harrison avers that if he were a beneficent millionaire, he would endow no more universities or libraries until he had built "the grandest and most beautiful Temple on this earth—I think the type of St. Sophia of Byzantium—or the original Pantheon of Rome—wherein the most exquisite choral service should be chanted at least three times each day." And there, he says, "not troubling myself too much about the words, I would sit in the outer porch for hours, and let the music of it flow over my soul. One day—I know full well—the Temples of Humanity will resound to such music—but then with music set to the true words."

HOW MRS. EDDY WON OUT



ONE of our leading newspapers has lately been indulging in speculation as to what the result might have been if Mohammedanism or Christianity had been started in an age and a country which were blessed with daily and hourly journals, and with illustrated magazines. We cannot know, but it is reasonable to suppose that the course of history might have been materially altered, and that much theological bitterness and profitless controversy over moot points would have been avoided. And now that Christian Science, an enigmatical religious force of unique power, is taking root in many countries, it ought to be regarded as a matter for profound gratitude that the doctrines of the new movement and the personality of its venerated leader, are being subjected to the most searching historical criticism.

It is safe to say that the record entitled, "Mary Baker G. Eddy: The Story of Her Life and the History of Christian Science," now being indited for *McClure's Magazine* by Georgine Milmine, is unparalleled in the annals of religious history. No one, after reading it, could doubt that Mrs. Eddy is a woman of genius. She may be a charlatan, but if so, says Miss Milmine, she is "the queen of charlatanry." Here was a woman, a farmer's daughter in humble circumstances and without unusual physical charms. For years she was practically confined to her bed with spinal complaint. She had so little means and influence that it took her months to save up enough money to make the journey from New Hampshire, the State in which she was living, to Portland, Me., where her pains were somewhat mitigated by the famous mental healer, Phineas Parkhurst Quimby. Her first husband died. She was separated from her little son when he was four years of age. Her second marriage, to a dentist, was unhappy, and resulted in a separation. At her wits' end to know how to live or where to live, she boarded for years with simple working people in Massachusetts villages. She attracted, but seemingly could not hold, the friendship of these various households. In almost every case she was welcomed at first, and afterwards requested to leave. She was too uncomfortable a visitor. Her theories led to heated arguments and family dissensions. In one instance Mrs. Eddy (at that time Mrs. Glover) was forcibly ejected from the house of a Mrs.

Nathaniel Webster, an Amesbury spiritualist, with whom she had been living. As Mrs. Webster's granddaughter tells the story:

"My father commanded Mrs. Glover to leave, and when she stedfastly refused to go, he had her trunk dragged from her room and set it outside the door, insisted upon her also going out the door, and when she was outside he closed the door and locked it. I have frequently heard my father describe this event in detail, and I have heard him say that he had never expected, in his whole life, to be obliged to put a woman into the street. It was dark at the time, and a heavy rain was falling. My grandparents and my father considered it absolutely necessary to take this step, harsh and disagreeable as it seemed to them."

Thereupon, Miss Sarah Bagley, an Amesbury dressmaker, took compassion on the friendless woman, and extended the hospitality of her own home. But Mrs. Eddy never stayed long in one place. We next hear of her at Stoughton, where she lived for awhile with a Mrs. Sally Wentworth and her two children, to whom she seemed genuinely devoted. This experiment turned out almost as disastrously as that in Amesbury. She made a deep impression on the lady of the house, who used to say, "If ever there was a saint upon this earth it is that woman," but this feeling of admiration was not shared by her married son. Mr. Wentworth was—not unnaturally—indignant because Mrs. Eddy [Mrs. Glover] had attempted to persuade his wife to leave him, and to go away with her and practice the Quimby treatment. After this, Mrs. Eddy's former kindly feeling toward the Wentworths seems to have been turned into hatred, and a caller still remembers going to the house one day and being disturbed by the sound of violent knocking on the floor upstairs. Mrs. Wentworth rather shamefacedly explained that her son was sick in bed and that her visitor was *deliberately pounding* on the floor above his head! It is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Wentworth, on his recovery, insisted on Mrs. Eddy's immediate departure. She went, but under peculiar circumstances. She chose a day when all the members of the family were away from home, and locked the door of her bedroom behind her. And, then, according to Mr. Wentworth's account:

"I and my mother went into the room which she had occupied. We were the first persons to enter the room after Mrs. Glover's departure. We found every breadth of matting slashed up through the middle, apparently with some sharp

instrument. We also found the feather-bed all cut to pieces. We opened the door of a closet. On the floor was a pile of newspapers almost entirely consumed. On top of these papers was a shovelful of dead coals. These had evidently been left upon the paper by the last occupant. The only reasons that they had not set the house on fire evidently were because the closet door had been shut, and the air of the closet so dead, and because the newspapers were piled flat and did not readily ignite—were folded so tight, in other words, that they would not blaze."

During these years of wandering, of discouragement, of hysteria, of strange, passionate resentment, Mrs. Eddy carried with her, as her most treasured possession, a Quimby manuscript. She talked of it constantly, and of the Quimby system of healing; and she said that she was writing a book of her own. Her speech, says Miss Milmine, was "highly colored," and she had "odd clothes" and "grand ways." The writer continues:

"Her interest in strange and mysterious subjects, her high mission to spread the truths of her dead master, made her an interesting figure in a humdrum New England village, and her very eccentricities and affectations varied the monotony of a quiet household. Her being 'different' did, after all, result in material benefits to Mrs. Glover. All these people, with whom she once stayed, love to talk of her, and most of them are glad to have known her,—even those who now say that the experience was a costly one. She was like a patch of color in those gray communities. She was never dull, her old hosts say, and never commonplace. She never laid aside her regal air; never entered a room or left it like other people. There was something about her that continually excited and stimulated, and she gave people the feeling that a great deal was happening."

Mrs. Eddy's friendships were in all cases the results of congeniality in religious thought, and wherever she went she taught her doctrine of mental healing. "I learned this from Dr. Quimby," she used to say, quaintly and impressively, "and he made me *promise* to teach it to at least *two* persons before I die." Miss Bagley, the Amesbury dressmaker, developed into quite a successful mental healer under her tuition, but the first of her pupils to exert any wide influence was Hiram S. Crafts, a shoemaker of East Houghton. In 1867 he went into practice on principles she had laid down. During the same year he admitted her into his household. The result was disastrous. While living there she urged him to divorce his wife on the ground that she stood in the way of success in the healing business. This Mr. Crafts refused to do; and finally Mrs. Eddy passed on to make new connections.

While living in Amesbury, more than two years before, she had undertaken the instruc-

tion of a boy in whom she saw exceptional possibilities, and who was destined to play an important part in her history. To take up Miss Milmine's narrative:

"When she first met Richard Kennedy, he was a boy of eighteen, ruddy, sandy-haired, with an unflinching flow of good spirits and a lively wit which did not belie his Irish ancestry. From his childhood he had made his own way, and he was then living at the Websters' and was working in a box factory. Mrs. Glover recognized in his enthusiastic temperament and readiness at making friends, excellent capital for a future practitioner. He studied zealously with her while she remained at the Websters', and when she was compelled to leave the house, Kennedy, with Quixotic loyalty becoming his years, left with her. After she went to Stoughton, Mrs. Glover wrote to him often, and whenever he could spare the time from his factory work, he went over from Amesbury to take a lesson.

"When Mrs. Glover returned to Amesbury in 1870, she regarded Kennedy as the most promising of her pupils; he was nearly twenty-one, and she felt that he was sufficiently well-grounded in the principles of mind-cure to begin practicing. Mrs. Glover accordingly made up her mind to try again the experiment which had failed in the case of Hiram Crafts: to open an office with one of her students, and through him advertise her Science and extend her influence. She herself had not up to this time achieved any considerable success as a healer, and she had come to see that her power lay almost exclusively in teaching. Without a practical demonstration of its benefits, however, the theory of her Science excited little interest, and it was in conjunction with a practicing student that she could teach most effectively. She entered into an agreement with young Kennedy to the effect that they were to open an office in Lynn, Mass., and were to remain together three years."

Mrs. Eddy's removal to Lynn, and partnership with Richard Kennedy, mark the real beginning of her success. The strangely assorted couple—at this time Mrs. Eddy was fifty years old—hired offices on the second floor of a schoolhouse, furnished them with the slender means at their disposal, and put a sign on a tree in the yard, reading simply: "Dr. Kennedy." Patients began to come in before the first week was over, and within three months the young man's practice was flourishing. Mrs. Eddy remained in the background, but was known to be the inspirer of the whole project. "She began in those days," says Miss Milmine, "to sense the possibilities of the principle she taught, and to see further than a step ahead. She often told Kennedy that she would one day establish a great religion which would reverence her as its founder and source. 'Richard,' she would declare, looking at him intently, 'you will live to hear the church-bells ring out my birthday.'" Her prophecy was destined to be fulfilled,

The history of the growth and development of the Christian Science movement in Lynn is the history of the triumph of the thought and personality of a single woman, who believed, with an apparently limitless intensity, in *her-self* and in the power of her message to humanity. She might alienate her ablest followers—her partnership with Kennedy was short-lived; she might become involved, as she did, in lawsuits with those who ought to have been her staunchest supporters; but the progress of the movement was never in doubt.

By 1875 Christian Science had its official headquarters at Number 8, Broad street. Mrs. Eddy lived in the house, and wrote "Science and Health" in a little room under the skylight. From here she organized classes of students, and planned her lectures. The humble circle which had gathered around her was daily increasing. "Her following," says Miss Milmine, "grew not only in numbers but in zeal; her influence over her students and their veneration of her were subjects of comment and astonishment in Lynn." The writer adds:

"Of some of the pupils it could be truly said that they lived only for and through Mrs. Glover. They continued to attend in some manner to their old occupations, but they became like strangers to their own families, and their personalities seemed to have undergone an eclipse. Like their

teacher, they could talk of only one thing, and had but one vital interest. One disciple let two of his three children die under metaphysical treatment without a murmur. Another married the woman whom Mrs. Glover designated. Two students furnished the money to bring out her first book, tho Mrs. Glover at that time owned the house in which she lived, and her classes were fairly remunerative."

To this day, Mrs. Eddy's students—and among them some who have long been accounted her enemies and whom she has anathematized in print and discredited on the witness-stand—declare that what they got from her was beyond price. They speak of "a certain spiritual or emotional exaltation which she was able to impart in her class-room; a feeling so strong that it was like the birth of a new understanding and seemed to open to them a new heaven and a new earth."

And this is the story of how one woman of humble birth, hampered by sickness and a difficult temperament, without money and without influence, succeeded in establishing a religious cult. Pilgrims still visit in large numbers the little "skylight room" in which "Science and Health" was written. Surely their homage is not without its significance. The doctrines first promulgated there have spread to the ends of the earth. The humble dwelling in Lynn has been supplanted by churches of marble.

PRAGMATISM, THE NEWEST PHILOSOPHY



HERE is a word that has been much bandied about in intellectual circles during recent months. Very few people know what it means, and until now only a few have seemed to care. Yet one of its interpreters prophesies that it will create a commotion in the world of thought beside which the fight over Darwinism will be as a kindergarten game to college football. "It will be worth living to see!" he exclaims.

The word is "pragmatism," and it represents a new phase of philosophic thought, or a new spiritual tendency, as one may choose to call it. Its prophet-in-chief in America is the eminent psychologist, William James, who has given up his Harvard professorship to devote himself to its propaganda. He is not the only American thinker who has become enamored of the new theory. Professor Dewey, formerly of Chicago University, now of Columbia, and Dr. Paul Carus, the scholarly editor of *The Monist* and *The Open Court*, have both evinced a large degree of sympathy with

pragmatism. The idea has taken root in several foreign countries. In Florence, a group of young Italians have established a pragmatist club and journal. In Oxford University the principle, in its wider sense, is represented by F. C. S. Schiller. In Germany, Professor Ostwald, the distinguished physicist, has cut himself loose from his university position to grapple with new problems in the pragmatic spirit. And everywhere the movement, like other pioneer movements that have preceded it, tends to arouse either ardent championship or bitter hostility.

According to Edwin E. Slosson, literary editor of the New York *Independent*, the essence of pragmatism is action. "It values ideas," he explains, "by their consequences. Those that have no consequences it casts out of consideration." The original statement of the pragmatic method, formulated by Peirce and quoted by James, is as follows:

"If it can make no practical difference which of two statements is true, then they are really one statement in two verbal forms; if it can make

no practical difference whether a given statement be true or false, then the statement has no real meaning."

This statement has been amplified by Professor James in two further formulas which he is repeating in his lectures and articles, namely, (1) "The only meaning of truth is the possibility of verification by experience;" and (2) "True is the term applied to whatever it is practically profitable to believe."

The pragmatic method, as Professor Slosson points out, has been for a long time accepted as a matter of course in the laboratory of the scientist. But scientific men have not taken the trouble to formulate it. They have been too busy using it to stop and look at it. To quote:

"The layman—and with him must be included all those who have merely learned science but not used it—talks a great deal about 'the laws of Nature,' which he regards as abstract, immutable, universal and eternal edicts, part of which are transcribed into the text-books. To the working scientists they are only more or less convenient formulas. . . . He regards these 'laws' with no awe or reverence. He has no attachment for any of them unless it happens to be one that he has formulated himself. If he finds a new hypothesis that works better he throws the old one aside as he does his old model dynamo, or keeps it around as handy still for doing some of the common work of the laboratory. Theories to the scientist are neither true nor false. They are only more or less useful. He neither believes nor disbelieves them; he only uses them. It is, for example, just as 'true,' using the word in its ordinary sense, to say that the sun goes around the earth as to say that the earth goes around the sun, for all motion is relative, and we can regard either body as the stationary one or both as moving, as we choose. When we say that the statement that the earth moves around the sun is the 'true' one, we merely mean that it is the more convenient form of expression, for on this hypothesis the paths of the earth and the other planets become circles (or more accurately speaking, irregular and eccentric spirals), while on the other and older hypothesis their paths are very complicated and difficult to handle mathematically. The theory that the earth moves is not only simpler than that of a stationary earth, but it is wider in its scope. It explains more, that is, it connects up with other knowledge, such as the flattening at the poles. Copernicus, then, did not discover a new fact about the solar system. He only invented a lazier way of thinking about it."

Confined within the four walls of the laboratory this conception of truth had the "academic" air, and did not seem to touch humanity vitally. But now the spirit of pragmatism is boldly invading the field of metaphysics, ethics, religion, sociology, politics, history and education. Professor Slosson asks us to try to imagine the revolutionary results that would follow the application of the pragmatic method to any of the old antinomies,

such as materialism-idealism, fate-freewill, objective-subjective, monism-pluralism. He continues:


"When the phrase 'the survival of the fittest' first came into the world it was objected to on opposite grounds. Some said it was a truism—too obvious to need mentioning and leading to nothing. Others said it was false, absurd and dangerous doctrine, destructive of all morality if followed to its logical conclusions. It is interesting to note that pragmatism is now being met by both these objections. If it is new it is nonsense; if it is old it is obvious. Between these extreme opponents there is the *tertium quid*, a more numerous and cautious party, which virtually says, 'Well, if I admit that, what are you going to prove by it?' The pragmatist, as one who believes in testing a theory by its consequences, cannot find fault with this attitude. . . .

"Dewey's test of truth is its satisfactoriness, its competency to give adequate satisfaction to all legitimate human needs and aspirations. The opponents of pragmatism interpret this to mean that we can believe whatever we please, a denial of the imperativeness of truth and duty. Dr. Francis Patton of Princeton says it means that 'religion is any old thing that works.' Carried to an extreme in this direction it would lead to unlimited individualism in philosophy and anarchy in ethics, to Max Stirner's 'My truth is the truth.' But the pragmatists check the drift in this direction by the observation that our life philosophy must be permanently satisfactory, not the caprice of a momentary mood; it must be satisfactory to the race as well as to the individual; it must not conflict with any of our other ideas; it must harmonize with whatever we credit in the philosophies of other people; it must connect up with all we know of the past and with all we can foretell of the future. Peirce bases his pragmatism on the subordination of individual to collective thought. Carried to an extreme in this direction, it would lead to religions of authority and conformity. But the pragmatist is never an extremist. He always refuses to swim out of his depth in the sea of speculation."

It is too early, says Professor Slosson, to tell whither the pragmatic movement will lead. It can hardly be defined yet as a philosophic system, or a school of thought; rather it is "the future focus of several very diverse but converging lines of thought." He adds:

"It already has its schism; literally, pragmatism, a narrower term which Peirce has recently devised because his original word, pragmatism, got carried away from him by the sweep of the movement. Schiller in England prefers a still wider term, humanism. Dewey refuses to wear any tag. Santayana's recently published 'Life of Reason' is officially declared by its publishers to be of a pragmatic character. H. G. Wells, in his addresses, 'The Discovery of the Future' and 'The Imperfections of the Instrument,' attacks the legal-minded man in a distinctly pragmatic way. Ostwald in Germany and Poincaré in France are developing the new philosophy on its scientific side. In so far as these tendencies can be summed up in a phrase they may be said to be leading toward a utilitarian metaphysics."

THE IMMORALITY OF OUR PRISON SYSTEM

“VERY prison in the land,” says Brand Whitlock, the novelist-Mayor of Toledo, “is a denial of every church in the land. They make a grim, stupendous paradox; if men believe in the churches as they say they do, they ought to pull the prisons down; if they believe in the prisons, as they say they do, they ought to pull the churches down.”

These revolutionary sentiments may have been engendered by the teachings and practice of Mr. Whitlock's subversive predecessor in the Mayoralty chair, the famous “Golden Rule” Jones; but they first took definite shape in his mind on the occasion of a visit to a certain police court where he saw, at close quarters, the actual and sordid workings of the machinery of the law, and came into a realization of what he now regards as the fundamental immorality of our whole penal system. In communicating his state of mind to the reading public (*Everybody's Magazine*, May), Mr. Whitlock pictures the slow procession of wretched beings who passed before his eyes that day; the judge with “his cynicisms, his cheap sarcasms, his petty jokes;” the prosecutor with his professional and detached manner; the “flippant reporters striving to find some humorous side to all that squalor and wretchedness;” the clerk mumbling the oaths to witnesses; the line of policemen; the bailiff striking order now and then with his gavel; the “ribald, morbid steaming crowd, with its intent faces, finding a sensation for its starved life;” then the “incessant, interminable talking of the lawyers, their patent insincerity, their sophistry—as if they must never say a thing they meant!” And finally, after seeing all this, Mr. Whitlock found himself inquiring of his own soul: What did it all mean? What good did it do? He continues:

“Well might one marvel at the confused morals involved in a scheme that wrung money, by way of fines, from those who had sinned to obtain that money, and paid it out again to support those who condemned the sinners—that is, the judge, the prosecutor, the clerk, the bailiff, the policemen, etc. And then, it seemed strange that two men could commit the same sin or break the same law, and one escape by paying a fine and the other go to prison because he lacked the money to pay the fine. Nor could one reconcile with our stated doctrine of crime and its punishment—to say nothing of abstract justice—the fact that a man, having been suspected of a crime which the police could not prove he had committed, should thereupon be punished, sent to prison, merely be-

cause they had suspected him! These were a few of the inconsistencies that anyone coming to that scene with what the painters call a ‘fresh eye’ could not have failed to notice.”

But the inconsistencies of our penal system, as Mr. Whitlock sees them, lie much deeper than this; they are rooted in the very heart of the system itself. Every day, he remarks, in every city in the United States, or in all Christendom, for that matter, this same police-court scene is repeated; and connected with it are similar scenes in higher criminal courts. And then come workhouses, jails, penitentiaries, where these same persons are confined for awhile, and whence they emerge, to appear again in police courts, then in higher criminal courts—then to disappear again in workhouses, jails and penitentiaries. “They move in a constant circle, an endless procession, round and round, round and round—police court, workhouse, and police court again; criminal court, penitentiary and criminal court again; and so on, round and round, over and over again the same. And this goes on day after day, year after year, and has been going on year after year, decade after decade, century after century.” This process is defended on the ground that it protects society, or atones for or avenges wrong, or makes people moral; but, in Mr. Whitlock's opinion, it accomplishes none of these results. He says:

“Any one can see that the number of ‘criminals,’ as they are called, is never diminished, that no one is ever benefited by the treatment, that the procession is always the same, passing each day under the eye of the magistrate, lifting its haggard faces to him, only to be pushed on, and down again into the black abyss. And when, as is always happening, some one drops out because he has succumbed to his miserable environment, or has been worn to death by the brutal and illegal punishments administered in prisons, or has been killed legally, the gap is promptly filled, the ranks close up, and the procession fares on.”

In analyzing the public sentiment that buttresses existing prison systems, Mr. Whitlock finds two main assumptions. The first is the assumption that there is a certain portion of mankind called the “criminal class,” which differs from all the rest, and not only wishes to sin and commit crime, but is determined to sin and commit crime. Now, according to Mr. Whitlock's view, this idea is entirely fallacious. “There is no ‘criminal’ class,” he asserts; “there is simply a punished class, or a caught class.” Any one can establish the

truth of this statement, he thinks, by looking at the world about him for a single day, or by reading the newspapers. "He will see hundreds of men who are doing wrong, committing sins and crimes and violating statutes, but no one ever thinks of looking on them as belonging to the criminal class." To quote further:

"Men commonly speak of the 'criminal' class as if mankind were arbitrarily divided into two distinct classes, one class composed wholly of 'good' people, and the other of 'bad' people; and they go on to speak as if the 'good' were gradually rounding up all the 'bad' people, corraling them in prisons, and branding them, and as if as soon as they got them all caught and all penned up the world would be 'good.' But the fact is that there are no bad people and there are no good people; that is, there are no people who are wholly one thing or the other. All men, at times, yielding to the impulse of the lower nature, commit acts, that is, do things or say things or think things—for a thought is a deed quite as much as a blow is—that are wrong, and that they know to be wrong, the essence of the evil deed being, of course, in the knowledge that it is wrong or immoral. For wrong is relative; a child in the slums might swear or steal without wrong, because it had never been taught better, because it had had no higher ideal set before it, and was wholly unconscious that there was any higher ideal; whereas the child of the avenue could not do these acts without committing wrong. Just so, a man might kill without committing greater wrong than you or I were we to lie about a neighbor or refuse to stand for a principle we know to be right.

"No, there are no 'good' people, and no 'bad' people, but people merely, with good and bad mysteriously mixed in all of them, but the good strongly prevailing. The so-called 'hardened' criminal—who quite often is not nearly so hardened in heart as the judge who sentenced him; that is, not so wanting in sympathy, pity, love, faith, all the higher human qualities, those that are emanations from the divine and prove the divine in man—does many more good things than bad, has many kindly, generous, even noble impulses, but perhaps has had little chance of developing them, or little incentive to do so. There are as many kind deeds in prisons on the part of the prisoners themselves as there are out, perhaps relatively many more, considering how great is the forgiveness that must be shown by the prisoners toward those who put and keep them there. There is no great moral difference to be discerned between those in prison and those outside."

The second assumption against which Mr. Whitlock protests is a prevailing idea that the only way to stop persons from sinning is to threaten, punish and hurt them—"to create, as it were, some fearsome, horrible monster, and set it up before them."

"The naïve belief, which holds it as axiomatic that punishment deters or atones, would be amusing if it were not fraught with such terrible consequences, not only to those on whom its pains

and penalties directly fall, but on all those upon whom its consequences are indirectly visited, *i. e.*, the officials concerned in this business of punishing, who invariably become hardened and brutalized by the cruel work they do. . . . The magistrate looks in a book, reads the description of the offense, reads the penalty, and guesses off a number of days or dollars, and makes an announcement of this number. Then others take the prisoner, and put him in a cage and keep him there the prescribed number of days. Sometimes they make him work while in the cage, and, when they do, they take from him, by force, the product of his labor—a thing, of course, they have no right to do, no matter how he may have sinned. Besides this, while in the prison he is compelled to look on all sorts of misery and degradation, and oftentimes to observe those in charge of him themselves stealing from the state; and he is compelled to endure or to witness hideous corporal punishments. While in prison no high ideal is set before him; he is subject to no refining influences; all is low, degrading, brutal, and cruel, so that he comes out from that cage embittered in soul and a worse man than when he entered.

. . . The magistrate has no means of knowing the really significant things about the man before him, what strange, occult, mysterious currents of human will or fate, moving in the man's mind or in the minds of his ancestors, impelled him to his deed; he has no means of knowing how far the man has been the prey of economic forces that the judge does not understand, or what hidden physical defect may have created moral defect or obliquity in him. All the judge knows is that in a certain book it is printed that between minimum and maximum limitations there is a mysterious number of years that must be prescribed for burglary, another number for larceny of a sum over \$35, another for stealing a horse, another for forging a note, another for firing a dwelling; or that there are so many days for larceny of a sum under \$35, so many for getting drunk, for creating a disturbance, and so on. It would be just as sensible for doctors to say that a man with typhoid fever must go to a hospital for two years, a man with smallpox seven years, a man with appendicitis three years; a man with a boil thirty days, a man with a carbuncle ninety days, a man with a cold ten days, and so on. When a man is cured of a physical disease, he is discharged from a hospital; when a man is cured of a moral disease, he should be discharged from a prison, that is, assuming that a man could ever be cured of a moral disease in a prison, which, of course, he cannot—as society itself admits by continuing the treatment when he does get out."

Some day, perhaps, says Mr. Whitlock, in concluding, we shall learn that, properly, we can have nothing to do with punishment. No man, he thinks, is good enough or wise enough to judge or to punish another man. All that society has a right to do is to protect itself by restraining those of proved dangerous tendencies; "it has no right to hurt them while doing so; and its duty is to do all it can to help the erring, wandering souls back into the right path." A beginning in this direction has already been made by the juvenile courts, and

the principle which they exemplify is undoubtedly growing in public esteem. The young Mayor of Toledo pleads, with Tolstoy, for a recognition of *love*, not of force nor of punishment, as the final arbiter of human affairs; and he harks back to one of Emerson's essays for a powerful vindication of his attitude:

"But there will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than that Arabian faith, in the sentiment of love. This is

the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and at once the impossible becomes possible. Our age and history, for 3,000 years, has not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make, by distrust, the thief, and burglar, and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service."

THE DUTIES AND DANGERS OF SELF-DEVELOPMENT



HE great dramatist Ibsen once wrote to a friend: "So to conduct one's life as to realize one's self—this seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being. It is the task of one and all of us, but most of us bungle it." These words may be said to sum up his life's creed, and their spirit is reflected in the philosophy of a growing number of modern thinkers. Duty and self-sacrifice used to be recognized as the foundation-stones of ethics; but nowadays the stress falls on self-development. Maeterlinck, for instance, points out that the injunction to love our neighbors as ourselves is of no practical value if we love ourselves in meager wise and faint-heartedly; and Bernard Shaw takes the position that each step in self-development means a duty repudiated. As an editorial writer in *Harper's Weekly* puts it, "we are now in an age of reactions." The same writer continues:

"There is a new doctrine in the air, controverting the old simple way of feeling that life offered us but little choice; that there was always something to hand to be done, and that the higher law demanded that we set our hand to the most immediate task.

"I wonder," said an Oxford professor one day, 'if American women are happier, in the end, than Englishwomen.' And when he was questioned as to why he should expect it, he said that wherever he went he met American women intent upon self-fulfilment, self-development; they were studying philosophy in Germany, cathedrals in France, painting in Italy; they were journeying over the world, seeking enlargement of the self; whereas the Englishwoman accepted her given place in life, did the task that came to hand, and talked mainly of duty. He was uncertain whether, in the end, the sum of the new experiment was greater happiness. That, however, is hardly the question to ask. The real question is whether the sum is fuller consciousness or not. The stuff of our sorrows, of our studies, of our experience, must be translated into consciousness before it becomes power. Which material translated becomes the best consciousness is again the matter to decide. Bernard Shaw is particularly severe

upon self-sacrificers. He says Marie Bashkirtseff was a source of delight to every one around her 'by the mere exhilaration and hope-giving atmosphere of her wilfulness.' The self-sacrificer, he says, 'is always a drag, a responsibility, a reproach, an everlasting and unnatural trouble with whom no really strong soul can live.' Mr. Shaw is always giving cold plunges by way of tonic, and what he says, witty and crystalline and striking as it is, needs a good deal of shaking down and looking over before we finally swallow it."

The type of duty-driven, self-sacrificing person described by Mr. Shaw is by no means rare. "There are plenty of them in the world," says the *Harper's Weekly* writer, "and they are usually—not always—of the feminine gender."

"They fritter away their lives, doing little things for other people, encouraging those about them in small self-indulgences and lazy pettiness. But is it self-sacrifice, or is it a kind of timidity and shirking that makes them adopt these tactics? The mother who waits upon her child, who, as we Americans say, 'spoils' her child, does so because it is infinitely easier to govern one's self in little things, to exert one's self for small services, and to accept small sacrifices than it is to demand the highest ideal from those around us. It requires more strength of purpose to demand attentions, civilities, and service from our subordinates than to forego them. There is nothing so easy to be, nothing that requires less moral stamina and purpose, than a household drudge or a person used by others, instead of a person with objects, interests, pursuits, and definite intentions. On the whole, when we look around and see the helpless and useless people, they are nearly all folk who, at some time or other, had the excuse of self-sacrifice. They are the women who did not go to college because mother would have been lonely; or the wives who have no resources or interests because they waited on their children all day and entertained their husbands every evening. In the end, it is true that it is the self-helpers who can help others; those who would not give of their oil, but industriously burned their lights."

There is a danger, however, in self-development, as the writer admits. It is the danger of "forgetting that one is, after all, but a little screw in a big machine, and that whatever pur-

pose the big machine serves, at any rate it was not created for our self-furtherance." Moreover:

"If one recklessly goes in for self-development, it must always be with an end in view, and that end must be helping others. There is nothing, after all, the world needs quite so much as kindness; and if in the cause of self-development we choose to forego the minor services and haphazard kindnesses, it must really be with the larger service and the greater help in view. Intellectual development may be taken in the same spirit as sanctification: 'For *their* sakes I sanctified myself.'

"A modern essayist, in a recent very interesting book upon death, tells us that when he thought himself dying and tried to go over his life, the thing that distressed him most was remembering that once when he was writing he turned away his sister who came to him with some papers for

criticism. It reminds one of Trilby, who, when she was dying, could not forget the little brother whom she refused to take with her to the *Bois*, and she kept seeing him again as he stood in the doorway crying after her."

In concluding, the writer draws the moral that "we must react with a certain degree of caution. We must pursue self-development with sense alert not to miss the essential services, the vital kindnesses, that bestrew the way." And "when we are too lazy to command our children, or too weak to demand the best of strength and of service in others, we ought not to call our qualities 'self-sacrifices.'" In the end we may all be able to adopt as our motto:

Help me to need no aid of men,
That I may help such men as need.

THE "ETHEREAL BODY" AS THE SIGN OF OUR IMMORTALITY



THE theory that every human being has an "ethereal," or, as the Theosophists would say, an "astral" body, in addition to the physical body, and that this ethereal body ensures the preservation and persistence of the soul after death, is lucidly and eloquently propounded in a little book* by F. H. Turner, lately issued in Boston. The work, which has been characterized by a prominent reviewer as the achievement of "a pioneer mind in a new realm of thought," is in the form of a correspondence between two friends. One is a man of practical affairs living in New York; the other an aged naturalist who writes from a village among the hills. The former has recently been bereaved of his only son, and mourns as one without hope. He wants to believe in immortality, but cannot, and in his distress candidly lays his doubts before his elder friend. The greatest objection to immortality in his mind is that based upon the well-known scientific dictum: "Thought is a function of the brain." How is it possible, he asks, for intelligence and the moral sense to survive the disintegration of the brain?

To comfort him with assurance of his son's continuing life, the naturalist places at his disposal the fruits of his lifelong thought and research in connection with the baffling problem of immortality. He is not willing to admit that the problem is insoluble, and he looks to science for an answer to the riddle. "To

my mind," he says, "the attitude of one who refuses to indulge a hope contrary to the affirmations of science is a far more religious attitude than that of one who neither knows nor cares how science bears on his faith. For Nature—and Nature includes man—is the expression of God, the One Eternal Energy. To pursue science, therefore, is to seek after God; to question Nature is to inquire his will; to abide by her revelations is to be obedient to his will." He continues:

"Science is the strongest bulwark of the fundamental postulate of religion, viz.: There is One Eternal Energy, by whom and through whom and to whom are all things. This proposition, the greatest truth ever conceived by the mind of man, she has, so far as may be, empirically demonstrated. In the middle third of the last century, the inexplicable Time Spirit roused in the minds of several scientific men in England and Germany suggestions which led up, by way of experiment and inference, to the law that the universe is the expression of One Energy, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, eternally changeless, though infinitely diverse in form. This discovery, the immortal triumph of science, is simply the verification of religion's first postulate, and is the basis of science as it is the basis of religion. There is one energy, of which all the frame of things is but an expression, declares science. The One Energy of the Universe is God, the Lord Almighty, declares religion. Thus the grandest discovery of science is seen to be one with the grandest announcement of religion; and more and more, as science grows and creeds broaden, will men come to learn that in Nature lurks not the destruction but the confirmation of religious faith."

The methods by which the Primal Energy works in and through matter, we can only

*BESIDE THE NEW-MADE GRAVE. A Correspondence. By F. H. Turner. James H. West Company, Boston.

know imperfectly. Even science cannot unravel the mystery of protoplasm and the genesis of things. Some thinkers regard energy and matter as co-existent from all eternity; others see in energy the sole primal existence. But this at least we know: Somehow a wondrous change is effected. Somehow the One Energy translates itself into the one substance, and "by its ceaseless shiver the cosmic substance proclaims the presence of the Primal Life." Ignorant of this basal cosmic process, we fail to connect the psychic forms of energy with that great circuit of physical energies lately revealed to us by the discoverers of the law of conservation of energy. But "in the Eternal Mind," says our naturalist-sage of Hillton, "the connection is made. Our finiteness knows only how the heat of the forge is one with the flash of the lightning, the glory of the sunlight, the thunder of the cataract; but the Eternal knoweth how it is one with the white grace of the lily and the sturdy strength of the oak, one with the joy of leaping and singing things, one with the thought, the love, the rectitude, the aspiration of man." He goes on to say:

"The rhythmic vibrations of the cosmic substance, of which the vibrations of our atoms may be regarded as typical, are revealed everywhere throughout the cosmos, so far as we know the cosmos. Everywhere, even in the solar systems, we see or conceive this universal rhythm of change. All about us are solar systems coming into being, as ours came millions of years ago; systems yielding up to cosmic transformation their stores of energy, as ours is yielding hers; systems already become, as will ours, inert and cold; and systems crashing, as in the fulness of time will ours, into tremendous ruin, generator of that fierce passion of transforming energies out of which shall spring a new birth wherein the great rhythm shall begin anew."

This leads on to a masterly exposition of the real significance of the unfolding theory of evolution:

"The first glimpse of the law of evolution—the complement of the law of the conservation of energy—was discerned by Immanuel Kant about the middle of the eighteenth century. He perceived that the solar systems of our universe had been evolved from primal matter by the slow aggregation of atoms, first into nebulae, then into spheres; and his theory, mathematically established by the great French astronomer Laplace, is still the most widely accepted method of accounting for the inception and building up of our universe. About fifty years later, the second intimation of the law was revealed to the mind of the French naturalist, Jean Lamarck. He discerned the working of the evolutionary process in the multiplicity of organic species, but failed to discover the steps in the process. In the thirties of the century just closed, the English geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, carried on Laplace's story

of the evolution of suns and planets by showing how one of those planets had built itself up from an incandescent, rotating mass into a fit abode for living things. But it was not until after the discovery of the law of the conservation of energy that the great law of evolution, in its completeness, dawned upon the elect mind. In a monumental series of treatises, the publication of which was begun about the middle of the last century, Herbert Spencer welded into a great philosophic system those fragments of the cosmic process which his predecessors had discerned, and revealed to man the basic truth that all Nature is a continual becoming; that the cosmos, through all its realms, is a constant cyclic evolution of higher forms from lower. In its influence upon scientific thought, this discovery has been second only to the discovery of the conservation of energy. A little later, in 1859, Charles Darwin filled the gap in Lamarck's discovery by showing how the law had worked in the development of organic species, and thus transferred the whole subject to a new plane. Men now found the evolution theory to be invested with a personal interest, and thus what had been a matter appealing chiefly to the learned became the absorbing question of the day."

Darwin's wonderful achievement, which may be said to have done for biology what the discovery of the law of the conservation of energy had done for physics, instantly flashed into the minds of men the perception of oneness in Nature, from atoms of matter to majesty of man. More than that; it opened up unimagined vistas of endless development. The idea of a finite universe lost its meaning for man. One after another his ultimates had receded, until he stood face to face with the gleaming depths of illimitable mystery. From atoms and material things and biological forms his gaze was led on to a tenuous substance that seemed to lie behind matter, an embosoming influence in which our suns and systems are borne as in a sea. It is this that we call *ether*, and the Hillton naturalist writes of its function:

"It pervades all the spaces of our universe, inter-stellar, inter-molecular, inter-atomic, *forming within every material body a finer body*, invisible but no less real than the one our eyes behold. In this ethereal space-filler lies hidden, we believe, the solution of many of the problems which now baffle our comprehension. Its existence in Nature was discovered because a good guesser looked there for it in order to account for the phenomena of light, and for years it was regarded merely as a convenient means for light transmission. Now, science sees in it a means of transmission for all the physical forms of energy and a realm of endless possibilities. . . . Every discovery we make in Nature is only an indication of more of the kind farther on. The existence within our world of a world more tenuous than ours implies the existence within that of another more tenuous still, and, within that, another and another, on and on in endless evolution, the atom

of one tenuity being ever the gateway to the next, a multiplex compound of finer atoms. Thus, what we call the ether is, in reality, an infinite reach of successive tenuities of substance. In each tenuity all spaces are occupied by the substance of the worlds beyond, there being therefore no such thing as action at a distance, since there is no unoccupied space, the succession of tenuities being infinite, or, rather, being one of the phases of that mysterious union between the One Energy and the one substance, which is beyond finite comprehension."

But what has all this to do with the immortality of the human soul? The application is direct and vivid, if the veteran naturalist's chain of argument is sound. For even as man's body and spirit may be taken as the symbols of the material universe and its eternal Soul, so also his physical garment, like the garment of nature, is framed, so to speak, on an ethereal substance. To follow the argument:

"What, in common speech is known as the next world, or the unseen world, must be that world of our series which, under the broad name, *the ether*, has become, to a certain extent, known to our science. . . . What are Nature's phenomena in one world are presumably somewhat similar to her phenomena in the next, as golden-rod at one point in a country road is presumptive evidence of golden-rod a half mile further on. Therefore I think we have a right to conjecture that the world next our own, tho far from a mere ethereal reproduction of our own, does yet, in some fashion, follow its general lines. . . . It is not impossible that to some peculiar union between living bodies of our matter and potentially living bodies of finer matter indwelling within them, may be due those distinctive features of the protoplasmic compound which baffle our chemists and give to protoplasm its unique place in Nature as the only substance, known to terrestrial experience, fit to be the vehicle of life. Be that as it may, it is conceivable that the evolution of the living individual should mark the advent of a new possibility in Nature,—the possibility of a union between the material body and its ethereal tenant, such that the two constitute not one body merely, but one living body, actually alive in its material part, potentially alive in its ethereal part. . . . The ethereal body, of course, is not affected by any of the agencies that operate to injure or destroy masses of our matter. Neither sword-blade nor bullet can divide it, the weight of all the seas cannot crush it, closest sealing cannot confine it. The ethereal body knows not the hurts of the material.

"I do not see, therefore, why any organic individual should ever die. I do not think one ever does. Simply, when the death transformation overtakes it, and the material body drops away, the next more tenuous body, flowing free, takes on new beauty as the new adjustment arises between it and the psychic energies released from their previous association."

And thus we reach, at last, the reconciliation between the scientific dictum, "Thought is

a function of the brain," and the religious tenet, "The soul of man is immortal." In summarizing his argument, the writer says:

"The living individual is alive *clear through*, not only actually through his material body, but potentially through the series of ethereal bodies included within the material body and associated in some mysterious way with it. Death is the ceasing of the material body to respond to the material environment; and when the response of the material body to the material environment ceases, the response of the next ethereal body to the next ethereal environment begins. In the human type, the evolutionary process has produced a brain-substance so delicate as to be capable of effecting a union with the more tenuous substance it includes, such that the finer brain receives and retains the records made in the cells of the grosser by that continuous sequence of transformations of energy concomitant with the continuous sequence of states of consciousness which we call the soul. Hence, in the death transformation, when the potential life of this finer brain becomes actual through the falling away of the material body, there is no break in consciousness; for death, in its main feature, is simply the readjustment of the soul to the physical activities of the newly living brain, and in the substance of this newly living brain is imprinted that record of the individual's terrestrial life-experience which secures to him the continuance of his conscious individuality. Hence the uninterrupted wave of psycho-physical activity—or soul—flows continuously on in the more tenuous world as it flows on from day to day in this; and thus the immortal being moves consciously onward through successive tenuities of matter toward infinite freedom in the One Energy which transcends matter. . . .

"Noble and beautiful personality was never attained in twenty years or twenty centuries; and to suppose it to have been attained only to be destroyed is to insult the Cosmic Mind. The thinking man—that exquisite adjustment of physical and psychic energies—is Nature's highest achievement. Having effected it, she is too good an economist to leave it, tremblingly unstable as from the delicacy of its poise it must be, to the mercy of every chance disturbance. A very slight impulse suffices to disturb that delicate poise and bring about the swift and sudden transformation of energy which we call death; we may be sure, therefore, that, in the death transformation, Nature has provided, not an agent for the destruction of her precious product, but a most effective means for its higher evolution.

"To our human comprehension the death transformation is a mystery. When its gray shadow falls upon the face of our beloved, we know in our desolation only that the heart has ceased to beat, the brain to thrill. That is to say, we behold the material phenomena which accompany the transformation, the flowing away of the released physical energies into other modes of motion. But the change itself we behold not; the glorious revolution by which, at the touch of the inducing cause, the psychic energies flash into readjustment to the finer forms of physical energy in the next tenuity of matter, and the transformed being stands forth, radiant in the new robes of his greatedened individuality."

Music and the Drama

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY—A FANTASY OF REINCARNATION



IN "The Road to Yesterday" Beulah Dix and Evelyn Sutherland have embodied in a play the theosophical theory of "karma" and reincarnation. "Karma," according to the definition of a Hindu sage, "is the aggregate effect of our acts in one life upon our status in the next." In the play, esoteric philosophy is delightfully mingled with the prosaic reality of Cheshire cheese. It is the story of Elspeth Tyrell, a romantic young lady, who after dining on a provender of Cheshire cheese travels in a nightmare down the road to the past. A similar fantastic idea has been used by H. G. Wells in "The Time Machine," an invention enabling the fortunate owner to travel forward and backward in time. Mark Twain's Yankee Knight at King Arthur's Court likewise traveled the road to yesterday before the enthusiastic heroine of the play. While the Misses Dix and Sutherland have employed the stage machinery of the historical novel, there is in each scene a touch of real distinction which has made it the theme of much discussion and given it a popular success rare for a play of this sort. The idea of the persistence of the ego before and after our present life is one of the most deep-rooted in the human mind. Few subjects appeal more to the imagination and it is with intense interest that we follow the people in the play in their course from Midsummer's Eve, 1903, back to the same day in the year of our Lord 1603.

The first act takes place in the Leveson Studio. We are introduced to a number of characters, all of whom appear in the next act in the guise of a previous incarnation. There is the heroine, Elspeth Tyrell (who in her former incarnation is seen as "Lady Elizabeth Tyrell"), who thrives on historical novels and Cheshire cheese; Malena, her sister (the "Black Malena" of acts two and three); William Leveson, painter, Malena's husband; Eleanor Leveson, his sister (Eleanor Tylney of 1603); Kenelm Paulton, Eleanor's suitor, against whom she feels a strange unaccountable distrust (the Kenelm Pawlet, Lord Strangevon of former days); Norah Gillaw,

the old Irish servant (three hundred years before a witch, "Mother Gillaw"); Harriet Phelps, Elspeth's aunt (long ago "Goody Phelps," of the "Red Swan"); and finally John Greatorex (formerly Jack Hodgson), the hero.

Kenelm and Eleanor are alone on the stage. He wears his arm in a sling, and tells Eleanor whom he has loved for years without being able to win her, that on the morrow he is to undergo a dangerous operation in Vienna. He pleads with her for her love, not for her pity. But something in her recoils from him and stifles that in her heart for which he hungers most, and the following conversation takes place between them:

KENELM: Eleanor, why can't you *trust* me?

ELEANOR: Trust you? Do I not—do I not trust you?

KENELM: Look me in the eyes and say you trust me. Can you? You see!

ELEANOR: Why do I not trust you, then? O Ken! Why? Why?

KENELM: I have asked myself that, dear heart, for ten hard years.

ELEANOR: You have known. . .

KENELM: I have known.

ELEANOR: I have not said it to any living soul. I have hardly said it to myself. It eases my heart to say it all, at least. Oh, it eases my heart!

KENELM: Say on, dear!

ELEANOR: I have known it—I have hated myself for it—for the cruel senseless injustice of it, since we were big boy and little girl together. You were so good to me always, Ken, so just, so patient—

KENELM: Cut that part out.

ELEANOR: I will not, for it is true. And I knew it, and was so grateful, and so often—so often—I *almost* loved you—I almost loved you—and then—

KENELM: And then—for God's sake! And then?

ELEANOR: And then, in a moment, a shadow that seemed to look out of your eyes, and a cold something—like a hand that held me back—and—and—I feared you so, Ken! I feared you so!

KENELM: God! That's a hard hearing! That's a hard hearing!

ELEANOR: So it has always been—has always been! It's unjust—it's hideous—with no reason. How well I know there is no reason.

KENELM: No reason that we know.

ELEANOR: Why—what—

KENELM: Either there is no reason for any—

thing, or there is nothing without a reason. Some day, maybe, I shall know why you—why you—

ELEANOR: Why I cannot quite trust you always. Even tho I—

KENELM: Even tho you—Eleanor! (*Voices are heard outside.*)

ELEANOR: They are coming, Ken! Ken!

KENELM: But you meant it all—all you said—all you did not say? There is something in your heart that pleads for me, as well as fights against me! Eleanor!

At this moment Elspeth enters with Malena, nicknamed "Gypsy." Elspeth is nearly exhausted from "seeing London," and her romantic mind is full of the medieval sights she has seen in the Tower and elsewhere. This is intensified by the sudden appearance of John Greatorex (whom she has never before met) in a medieval costume, in which he has been posing for Leveson, the painter, and also by the conversation of Norah, who speaks of the legend that whatever you wish on Midsummer's Eve will come true and remain true until it is unwished on another Midsummer's Eve. Longing for a glimpse of the medieval days, Elspeth is put to sleep in the adjoining room, and is heard muttering uneasily in her sleep during the following conversation:

MALENA: Poor little lass! She's fairly done out!

KENELM: She's almost asleep already. Oh, sleep is good when one is tired—sleep is good.

MALENA (*goes up to Kenelm*): Will has told me, Ken. I'm sorry! O dear, big fellow, I'm sorry!

KENELM: Thank you, Gypsy!

MALENA: Do you remember Stephen Blackpool, Ken, and his saying: "It's a' a muddle!" Sometimes it all seems such a muddle, Ken!

KENELM: Unless—Gypsy, how much in earnest are you when you talk that reincarnation stuff—about our living here, in this world, again and again, in many personalities, the same soul working out many chapters of one long life-story?

MALENA: Hard to say, Ken! Sometimes it's just all fancy to me—and then, by times, when I see a long road going over a hill—

KENELM: I know—just as I sometimes feel a black something face me, and it says: "Look! I once was you! What I earned, you pay!"

MALENA: Ken! How pay? For how long?

KENELM: How long? Through lives and lives, through hills and hills—till the will that made has unmade.

MALENA: But at last—

KENELM: Surely at last— As the reckoning struck, so the hour of release will strike. But good God! How long the reckoning is sometimes—and how blind the soul that pays it!

MALENA: Hush!

KENELM: What is it?

MALENA: Elspeth, she is dreaming.

KENNETH: Dear, we are all dreaming. We are "such stuff as dreams are made of."

MALENA: "And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

(*Kenelm and Malena go out. The stage becomes absolutely black. Gradually the scene is again illuminated, and Elspeth is seen standing as if bewildered, her hair about her face, clad in the tattered clothes of a country girl of 1603.*)

ELSPETH: Where am I? What is it? Malena, where am I? Where am I to go? What shall I do? Who am I?

(*John Greatorex, now Jack Hodgson, enters swinging a cudgel in his hand.*)

ELSPETH: Oh! Oh! O my soul! Oh, my wish! If it comes true! If I've found the road to yesterday!

And she is not mistaken. Only the road to yesterday is not altogether pleasant traveling. She finds herself engaged as a scullery maid at the Red Swan Tavern under the tyrannous sway of Goody Phelps, a shrewish, bustling landlady, recognizably the same type as Aunt Harriet, but coarser. The English spoken is far less elegant than the idiom with which her vast library of historical novels had familiarized her. The speech of the men is interpolated with swear words that are not to be found in the dictionary of polite society. Jack, the presumptive hero, eats with a knife. All the while Elspeth never loses the consciousness of being in a dream. Jack has protected her from the blows of the landlady, Goody Phelps (Harriet), and then fallen asleep. She finds it impossible to reconcile his behavior with that of a hero. "How could it be possible that this Jack is a hero? He gets sleepy and hungry. That's not a bit like it. But he is big and handsome. I think he could kill five men at once like that Lord Noel in 'For the Love of a Lady Brave.'" Norah, the witch, shortly followed by Malena, now a gypsy, appears. They do not understand her familiar words of salutation, but are grateful for the trust she places in them. Then Eleanor enters. She is the wife of the great Lord Strangevon, the Kenelm of Act I. The latter, however, refuses to recognize the marriage, as he is anxious to marry his ward, in order to repair his fortune. In a hurried conversation with Eleanor, it becomes clear to Elspeth that she herself is the ward in question, and has run away to escape compulsion on her guardian's part. Here some of Lord Strangevon's men enter. A fray ensues, resulting in Jack's defeat. He shouts for help. "I believe you are a coward!" Elspeth cries, disillusioned. "Little maid," he replies, "Call thy wits and bridle thy tongue! This is Lincolnshire in the year 1603 and I am a plain Englishman. I will fight for thee while breath is in me, but when four men beset me, I will call for help if help

be within hail." She has meanwhile disguised herself as a boy in the manner of persecuted heroines and Jack asks her to follow him. He promises to wait for her half an hour and then to take her to some good priest to join their fates in wedlock. She refuses. He goes out, and the following scene takes place:

ELSPETH (*tucking her hair into her cap*): Indeed, I'll not go with him. I'll hunt up a hero—a hero like Lord Noel. Now, if I could meet with a gentleman— (*Clatter of hoofs heard outside.*) Oh, something's clattering! It must be the hero at last. It must be the hero!

KENELM: Look to the horse, ye knaves!

(*Kenelm enters as Lord Strangevon, a man of thirty, with a cold hard face. He is clad in fine riding suit, wears a sword, and carries a heavy riding whip.*)

ELSPETH: It's Captain Paulton! And his eyes—Oh, now I know why I was afraid of his eyes!

KENELM (*scarcely glancing at Elspeth, seeing only a figure in boy's dress*): Fetch me to drink, thou idle varlet! (*Cuts Elspeth across the legs with his whip.*) And be brisk!

ELSPETH: Oh! How dare you! (*Almost crying.*) How dare you!

KENELM (*briskly*): Thou sniveling knave! (*Strikes her again.*)

ELSPETH: You cruel brute! (*Goes out, sobbing under her breath.*)

KENELM: If 'tis a true tale my knaves brought me of the girl, she cannot be far. (*He sits down at table. Adrian, the tapster, re-enters with wine.*) How now! A metamorphosis! Where's the lad I sent for wine?

ADRIAN: If it like you, sir, 'tis but a young lad and new to the service, my lord, and he—he is afraid!

KENELM: Send him hither.

ADRIAN: My Lord! You will not—

KENELM: Send him hither.

ADRIAN (*filling glass*): Will you not drink, my lord?

KENELM: I will drink when the boy pours for me, as I bade. Wilt send him, or—(*Lifts whip.*)

ADRIAN: I will, my lord, I will! (*Adrian runs out and the next moment Elspeth comes flying through the door, evidently shoved by Adrian.*)

ELSPETH (*attempting to move towards the door*): Oh, what shall I do!

KENELM: Stand where you are. Come hither! Come hither, I say! Now, sirrah, why didst thou not bring the wine as I bade?

ELSPETH: I—I—

KENELM: Now by the light of heaven. (*He steps up to Elspeth and strikes off her cap. Her hair falls about her face. He bows with ironical deference.*) I have to ask your ladyship's pardon that I forgot her sex and her station. I can only plead in my defense that she did forget them first. (*Takes her by the wrist.*)

ELSPETH: Let me go! Oh, let me go! I am afraid—afraid.

KENELM: Is this your greeting to your guardian and betrothed husband?

ELSPETH: You? My husband? No, no! Oh, no!

KENELM: We'll end this mumming. Hola, my

lads! (*Enter attendants.*) Put saddle to the horses. The search is ended. Come, your ladyship. (*He attempts to force Elspeth to the door.*)

ELSPETH: Jack! Oh, Jack. Help me! Help me! (*Jack enters.*)

KENELM: Seize me that fellow! (*An instant's pause. Jack, at bay by the fireplace, cudgel in hand, surveys the half dozen or more men that confront him.*)

ELSPETH: If you were a man you would save me!

JACK: If I were six men I might.

KENELM: At him! (*Jack strikes down one man, leaps to bench by window.*)

ELSPETH: You coward! You coward! (*Jack slips out through window.*) Oh, where is the hero? (*Sobbing.*) Where's the hero? Oh, where is the hero?

Act three is laid in her ladyship's chamber, Strangevon Castle. Elspeth, a prisoner, is beginning to fear that the dream after all may be bitter reality. She is feverish and Norah, "Mother Gillaw," is preparing a draft for her. At that moment noises outside are heard. Goody Phelps has accused the nurse of having bewitched her cow and the crowd outside clamors for the witch's life. Kenelm commands that she be submitted to the usual test and cast in a pond. "If she floats she is a witch; drag her forth and hang her. If she is not a witch she will sink." While the hag is being carried off, Malena, the gypsy, interferes and frees her. Brought before Kenelm Malena promises to tell him his fortune as the price of freedom.

KENELM: Thou comest from the road?

MALENA: From a far road.

KENELM: Thou hast the black art of thy people.

MALENA: I have eyes that see.

KENELM: Let them see. Those that do not fear may see far. I'm at a cross-road. Look down my road.

MALENA: Let me look upon thy hand. (*Reaches across the table and takes his hand.*)

KENELM: Read truly, jade!

MALENA: Subtle—and a holdfast—and thy will is God to thee. Without fear and without pity. Thou shalt desire, and thou shalt rue thy desire. Thou shalt take what thou wouldst, but, my lord, the price of that taking will be asked of thee by those thou'lt not refuse—and 'twill be a dear price, my Lord Strangevon!

KENELM: What meanest thou? Speak plain!

MALENA: Pay time is oft times long a-coming, Lord Strangevon, but there comes to every man the day when he pays his shot. Ay, through nine lives may a man's reckoning hunt him down.

KENELM: Speak plain, I say, shall I not win the gold I'm gaming for?

MALENA: Ay, much gold. Thou shalt have much to leave when thou takest the long road.

KENELM: That's well. And shall I wed where I will?

MALENA: Ay, thou shalt wed the gold for which thou sellest a heart.

KENELM: Riches and my will—and to my life's end? Say it, girl! To my life's end?

MALENA: To *this* life's end?

KENELM: To my life's end! Then who doth prate of payment?

MALENA (*rising*): Those that we pay—and when they speak, we pay. What is thy pleasure with me further, lord?

KENELM: With thee? Why, hanging were poor guerdon for the sure fortune thou hast pledged me, wench. Thou hast thy pardon for thy pay. Get thee forth by yonder door.

MALENA: I thank your lordship. 'Tis fair pay—a pardon. May your lordship win as much when your pay-hour strikes!

She goes out, dropping a letter from Jack for Elspeth, which Kenelm secretly intercepts. He informs the girl that within an hour she must marry him, and advises her to spend the last hour of her maidenhood wisely, and goes out. Then a secret panel swings open and Jack enters.

ELSPETH (*draws back*): Why did you run away and leave me yesterday?

JACK: Ay, so that I might be alive to succor thee this night.

ELSPETH: Oh, why did you, Jack?

JACK (*going to her*): Malena is keeping watch. When all is clear, she will come forth into the courtyard with a lanthorn—and then we will pass out by yonder passage.

ELSPETH: And where, then, Jack? Not to more new, dreadful people! Oh, no! No! Jack! You said yesterday—

JACK: Yesternorn thou wert a little serving-wench; to-night thou art a great lady.

ELSPETH: But I am only a little, lonely, foolish girl—lost in a dream—and you—the only one that I never knew before—have been so good—so good—

JACK (*kneeling by her*): Little Bess, wilt thou go with me unto the priest?

ELSPETH: Yes—Jack!

JACK: Tho I am no gentleman by thy measure, but only a yeoman's son?

ELSPETH: By my measure, you are a gentleman—the only gentleman in this awful world. Hark!

JACK: Nay, 'twas naught. (*Rises and goes to window.*)

ELSPETH: Oh, were we not better go at once?

JACK (*glancing out through the curtain*): Nay, no sign yet of Malena and the lanthorn.

ELSPETH: If they should find us!

JACK: Have no fear, dear heart! Bess—this one word more! Thou goest with me, because thou dost love me?

ELSPETH: Because I love you, Jack!

JACK: And thou—if for this flight thou art outcast from thy estate, thou wilt tramp the highway with me?

ELSPETH: I shall be safe with you and glad with you, anywhere in all this world. Oh!

JACK: What is it, dear one?

ELSPETH: A noise—'twas like the turning of a key in the lock!

JACK: Peace! Patience!—I see no lanthorn yet!

ELSPETH: O Jack, Jack, let us pass down the

passage. There cannot be such danger there. I do beg of you, come! Come!

JACK: Hush! Hush! Sweetheart!

ELSPETH: Oh, please, please, Jack! Oh, I am so afraid. Afraid! I know now I have been mad, just as they said, and it is real now, now, at last real that I love you, that we're in awful danger!

JACK: Come, come, I'll open the door, if 'twill content thee. (*He fumbles with door.*)

ELSPETH: O, Jack! What's wrong with the door? The door—it sticks fast!

JACK (*trying to move it with his shoulder*): Ay,—it sticks fast. (*Leans panting against wall.*)

ELSPETH: It is not—oh, it is not locked from the inside? They have not—

JACK: No, no! Be not afraid! (*Once more tries to open door.*)

ELSPETH: There is no need to deceive me. I can be brave. Tell me the truth! They have bolted the door. They have bolted the door. They know that you are here.

JACK (*turning away from door in despair*): Ay, little sweetheart! Fairly caught. Nay, child, thou shalt not be shamed. Do thou shriek aloud for help, I say, and that quickly.

ELSPETH: No! No! I will not! (*Clings to him.*) Turn a mean coward just to save myself? Let them know, if they will only kill us together, if—(*footsteps within*). O Jack! That window—you can be safe. Go! Go!

JACK: I shall not leave thee now. (*Door is flung open. Kenelm and several men enter. Thrusts Elspeth from him.*) I cry you mercy, my lord! Mercy! I am a poor fellow and sore hungered, else I had never sought to rob you.

ELSPETH: Oh, no! no! Do not believe him.

KENELM: So thou art a strong thief? And thou camest hither only to steal a bite of food and mayhap a coin of me?

JACK: Only that, my lord.

KENELM: Thou art like to die with a lie in thy mouth; or, mayhap, it was yet another gallant this letter bade your ladyship light to bow? (*Hands letter to Elspeth with a grave bow.*)

ELSPETH: You play the spy, Lord Strange-von?

KENELM: Ay, when thou dost stoop to play the wanton!

ELSPETH: Oh!

JACK: Thou dog! (*Springs at Kenelm with dagger drawn. Kenelm catches the thrust upon the cloak which he carries across his right arm. The other men fling themselves on Jack and bear him to the ground.*)

ELSPETH: Oh, help! Help! My Lord! They shall not kill him. Jack, Jack!

KENELM (*to his vassal*): Hubert, lad, thy belt!

HUBERT: The rogue is quiet now. (*They tie Jack's arms and leave him lying on the floor.*)

KENELM: Thou mightest have given me a more lordly rival!

ELEANOR: My lord! Oh, what has happened here?

KENELM: Her ladyship hath made merry. Yonder lies her playfellow. 'Twas no wise spending of her hour of grace.

ELSPETH: I love the man that lies there! I love him! You will not marry me now!

KENELM: Your ladship's land and revenues

are the same, whatever man you love. Come, my lady!

ELSPETH: I will not! I will not! You cannot make me say the words!

KENELM: Mayhap not, yet I think I have the secret of it. Lift up that fellow. (*The men raise Jack, who is but just now recovering consciousness.*) You say your ladyship loves yonder rascal?

ELSPETH: I love him.

KENELM: By his own confession he is a thief; if you do not say the words that make you wife, your thief shall hang!

ELSPETH: What shall I do? What shall I do?

KENELM: Your answer, Lady Elizabeth? You will say the words?

JACK: Thou shalt not marry him to save my life. Say no, Bess, say no!

ELSPETH: If I marry you, if I marry you, you will not give them orders to kill him?

KENELM: I will not give them orders to kill him.

JACK: Bess, thou shalt not!

KENELM: Upon all that I hold sacred, I swear these things.

ELSPETH (*rising with effort*): I will marry you, Lord Strangevon! God be with you, Jack, my dear! My dear!

KENELM: I have my will—that's well. Your word holds, black wench yonder! I have my will! My lady, go to thy tiring room and bind thy hair. I will not fail to wait thee! Go! (*Elspeth goes out sobbing heavily.*) Say to Sir John, the vicar, who waits below, 'tis here we'll have his office. Bid him here! By thy own confession, fellow, thou didst break into my house. (*Writes.*)

JACK: Ay, my lord.

KENELM: And thou didst seek but now to slay me.

JACK: Ay, and 'tis my sorrow that I failed therein.

KENELM: Yet I will give no order for thy death, since so I stand pledged to my betrothed. Hubert!

HUBERT: My lord!

KENELM: My warrant as justice. He is to be whipped with one hundred lashes to-morrow at Brockden-under-Brent; and one hundred upon the second day at Lincoln.

HUBERT: My lord, 'tis certain death—and death by torture!

ELEANOR (*in a strangled, altered voice*): Lord Strangevon! Thou shalt repent this thing!

KENELM: Who spoke? (*To Malena, who has come back.*) Thou—thou witch-girl?

ELEANOR: Nay, I spoke—! Thou shalt repent! Thou shalt long, long repent!

KENELM (*rising*): Take him hence! Then bring him hither again after—

HUBERT: My lord! Hither! After such torture?

KENELM: I said bring him hither!

ELEANOR: 'Tis thou that hast turned rebel, Lord Strangevon.

KENELM: And what rules me that can cry rebel?

ELEANOR: Fool, what if this night thy soul be required of thee?

KENELM: Peace; thou darest not judge me—thou dost love me! (*Enter Sir John.*)

SIR JOHN: You summoned me, my lord?

KENELM: Come forth, my Lady Elizabeth! Your husband awaits! (*Elspeth re-enters, quiet and pale.*) Come (*to priest*). Be as brief as joining may be, and win a blessing. Stay! We wait yet for one guest!

SIR JOHN: A guest, my lord?

KENELM: Nay, he comes, but slowly and with attendance!

(*Jack is brought in coatless, his shirt stained with blood. He is scarcely able to stand.*)

ELSPETH: Jack! Jack! What have they done? What have they done?

KENELM (*half carries her toward priest*): And your ladyship keep not her pledge, what shall hold me to mine? And our guest lives, you will note—lives, and is aware. (*The men lower Jack to the floor.*) You may go! Go! I say. (*The men with frightened, bewildered faces go slowly out.*) Now, Sir John! Briefly! Briefly!

ELEANOR: Kenelm! How long shall be thy cleansing! How long! (*Goes slowly out, sobbing.* Kenelm half holds the fainting Elspeth as Sir John performs the ceremony. Their backs are towards Jack as he lies. He feebly beckons Malena, who comes swiftly and silently down to him.)

JACK: Thy knife!

MALENA: Strike deep! (*Slips her knife into his shirt-front.*)

KENELM: 'Tis said?

SIR JOHN: Ay, my lord.

KENELM: Here's to quit thee. (*Tosses him purse.*) And now the hour turns late—(*motions to door*).

SIR JOHN: My lord! That man, that dying man—

KENELM: But not yet dead! He was very fain to come hither. Let him rest here this night! Now, get you gone. (*Sir John goes out. Elspeth has fallen into a great chair, her head resting against its back.*)

KENELM: Come, Countess of Strangevon, look merrily! Is not the man you love bearing you company, here in your bower? (*Jack with very slow and painful effort drags himself towards Kenelm, whose back is to him.*)

ELSPETH: My lord, be merciful! Be merciful!

KENELM: Thy kiss! Sure, 'tis true that on Midsummer Eve our dearest wish is granted.

ELSPETH: Midsummer Eve! What said—O Heaven, hear! Heaven, hear!

KENELM: Come, thy kiss is wished of me, thy husband! Give it me!

ELSPETH: Heaven, hear!

KENELM: Thy kiss! (*Bends over her; Jack rises to his feet with a last flicker of strength and stabs down at Kenelm.*)

ELSPETH (*seeing him as he stabs*): Oh! (*Hides her eyes. Jack stabs again and again, clinging to Kenelm, who vainly tries to shake him off.*)

KENELM: Help! Ho! Help! (*Falls.*)

JACK (*drops knife and staggers*): Bess!

ELSPETH: Oh! You killed him, you have killed him!

JACK: For thee, sweetheart! Quick, while my strength holds! The panel, the panel!

JACK: The door yields! The dark may save us! Come! Come!

ELSPETH: It is unwished! It is unwished! Come!

(*Beating is heard on the door. Confused cries.*)

Kenelm raises himself a very little, his face ghastly in the moonlight.)

KENELM: So there is a law. Fool! This night thy soul—*(Lies dead.)*

The curtain falls and when it rises again—three hundred years later—we are once again in the Leveson studio. A midnight supper is in preparation, and Jack, still in the costume in which he had been posing in the first act, is helping Malena in spreading the table. Elspeth in the alcove gives a low moaning cry and Jack and Malena exchange confidences with regard to nightmares; for, as Malena says, "everybody has a pet nightmare."

JACK: Mine's always the same. I've had it odd times since I ever dreamed it all . . . that is to remember it. I'm flat on the floor in a big dark room. It's back in some queer old time, you know, because I've got on . . . Jove!

MALENA: What's the matter? Cut your finger?

JACK: Oh, no, but I just thought of it. In that dream I've always worn a rig jolly well, like this you've put me into . . . and that's why I felt so devilish natural!

MALENA: Go on! This gets interesting!

JACK: There isn't anything much more. It's dark awhile. . . . and then I'm trying to open a door that won't open. . . . same old bag of night. Mare-tricks, don't you know. . . . And I'm weak as a kitten. And there's a girl holdin' on to me and cryin' . . .

MALENA: Yes, there's a girl in most men's bad dreams.

JACK: In their good ones, too, eh?

MALENA: Sometimes! But, go on; finish your nightmare!

JACK: That's the end. She's crying and holding on to me, and the door won't open—and that's all!

MALENA: Ever see the girl?

JACK: The room is so dark, I tell you—I only know she's little and her hair fluffs, and she holds on to a fellow in a jolly nice sort of way.

At this point Malena is called out, leaving Jack alone in the room. Elspeth, who is still dreaming, cries for help from the alcove in which she is sleeping.

JACK: I say! It can't be right for that poor child to have such a beastly nightmare as that! Somebody ought to—*(starts uncertainly towards the alcove. The curtains of the alcove are here thrown back, and Elspeth, with disordered hair and dress, comes staggering out and clutches at Jack, who supports her.)*

ELSPETH: Jack! Jack! Oh, I thought I'd lost you in the dark! I thought I'd lost you, dear.

JACK *(utterly dumbfounded)*: Well, you—you see you didn't!

ELSPETH: We got away, we're safe!

JACK: That much is straight, anyhow. We're safe!

ELSPETH: You're not dead!

JACK: Not at all! Please don't look so wretched! On my honor, I am not dead!

ELSPETH: Oh, he frightened me so before you killed him!

JACK: I'm jolly glad I killed him, if he frightened you.

ELSPETH: It doesn't hurt you to hold me? I'm so weak still! It doesn't hurt you to hold me, Jack?

JACK: It doesn't hurt me at all. I—I like it, don't you know!

ELSPETH: Oh, how good you are to me, Jack—how good you are! *(Lifts her face innocently to him for a kiss. He looks hurriedly over his shoulder, and then kisses her heartily.)*

JACK: I say, perhaps—don't you know, hadn't I better call Malena?

ELSPETH: Malena? Is she here? Why, yes—yes, of course, she's here! How silly I am! It's Midsummer Eve!

JACK: Yes, that's straight, too. It's Midsummer Eve, all right! We're getting on.

ELSPETH: Just before you got the door open—and we found the road back—the road from yesterday—you remember how long it was the door wouldn't open!

JACK: The door wouldn't *what*? I say! She's pulling me back into her nightmare—and, hang it, it's my nightmare!

ELSPETH: Just before it came open, I remembered I could unwish my wish, because it was Midsummer Eve—and I un wished it—and—and, O Jack, that was a black, awful moment—when I thought you had died—that I was alone on the misty road. But I'm not alone. We're here together—we're here together!

Here Norah and Eleanor re-enter. "Why, Norah," exclaims Elspeth still practically under the dream spell, "you didn't get killed for a witch."

ELEANOR: She seems to have had a queer dream of it!

NORA: Dream! And saints forgive all fools—'tis Midsummer Eve.

ELEANOR: Almost Midsummer day now, Norah!

NORAH: The bad spells must be broke the quicker, Miss Eleanor, or they'll bind another year! *(Goes out.)*

ELEANOR: Bad spells must be broken—must be broken!

(Kenelm enters.)

KENELM: Good! I thought I'd find you here! I wanted to say good-night and good-bye.

ELEANOR: Good-bye!

KENELM: Vienna to-morrow, you know!

ELEANOR: And afterwards?

KENELM: That depends on—Vienna.

ELEANOR: And on nothing else!

KENELM: Nothing else is unsettled now. Goodby! *(Holds out hand.)*

ELEANOR: I am not sure—Ken, I'm not sure!

KENELM: Eleanor! Please remember I have a tough day or two ahead, and don't—don't play with me, dear!

ELEANOR: I'm not playing, Ken. Norah says evil spells should break before midnight of Midsummer Eve. It was an evil spell that sent you out into your pain alone. You shall not go alone.

KENELM: You shall not go with me for pity.

ELEANOR: I shall not go with you for pity.

KENELM: Eleanor, you do not trust me?

ELEANOR: Do I not, Ken, look into my eyes!

KENELM *(taking both her hands)*: Eleanor, you can, you do, Eleanor!

ELEANOR: I could not love you until I could trust you! To-night— Oh, who can say why—that until—something snapped—that has held so long—so long—and—

KENELM: You could not love me until you trusted me! And you trust me now—and you—*(Clock strikes twelve.)*

ELEANOR *(falls sobbing on his breast)*: Oh, Ken, the old dark has cleared! The old dark has cleared! *(Will enters.)*

WILL: Supper's coming.

KENELM: We're coming too, Brother Will!

WILL: You blessed old humbugs! Come here! Come here and confess! *(Drags them off, calling Malena. Elspeth re-enters.)*

ELSPETH: I'm all awake now, dear—and *(Jack comes in dressed in conventional garments.)* Mr. Greatorex!

JACK: I say! You called me Jack awhile ago.

ELSPETH: Now, don't be cruel. Don't remind me—

JACK: Don't you be cruel, and remind me that the best ten minutes of my life were only the edge of a dream!

ELSPETH: I couldn't help it! Oh, truly! It was so real—so strange! I can't quite feel even yet it was all just a dream!

JACK: Maybe it wasn't.

ELSPETH: Why—what—

JACK: See here, little girl, if I say a thing that sounds all mixed up, you'll believe me, won't you? You'll know I'm speaking the truth!

ELSPETH: Oh, yes, oh yes! I believe you've spoken the truth for three hundred years!

JACK: See here! If it's a dream, we're both dreaming, I give you my word of honor as an honest man I've been there a hundred times in this room that you've dragged me out of, when you woke here just now!

ELSPETH: What room? Oh, what room, Jack?

JACK: A dark old room with tapestries on the walls and a candle on the table—

ELSPETH *(breathlessly pointing)*: Yes, there—the table—there—

JACK: And first I lay on the floor, all huddled up, most aw'fly done out, somehow—

ELSPETH: Oh, yes, yes!

JACK: And there, after a darkness, I was holding a little girl in my arms—so! *(Suits action to word.)*

ELSPETH: And I clung to you hard! *(Suits action.)*

JACK: And I pushed and pushed against a door that wouldn't open, and there were noises and shouts, and it wouldn't open—

ELSPETH: And then, oh then! I—I wished we were back in this old studio and—

JACK: And here we are! *(Clasps and kisses her. She tears herself away.)*

ELSPETH: But—O Jack! Mr. Greatorex! We musn't—we musn't—you musn't, we're not—

JACK: Deuce take it, of course we are! Do you mean to say you are not going to marry me after I went through all that to get you?

ELSPETH: Why, why, I suppose—

JACK: I don't suppose! I know! Didn't I tell Malena an hour ago that you had fluffy hair and an aw'fly jolly way of clinging to a chap? Haven't you? Answer me that? Haven't you?

ELSPETH: But, Mr. Greatorex, Jack, don't you see, other people can't know!

JACK: Hang 'em, why should they?

ELSPETH: We musn't until, until—

JACK: Well, see here, if you will be so confoundedly conventional! You and Malena can run down into Lincolnshire to-morrow and visit the mater for a week, and I'll come down Sunday, and by Tuesday night, don't you know, we can tell 'em we're engaged, and then—*(embraces her.)*

ELSPETH: Oh, Jack!

JACK: And then it's nobody's confounded business when I—*(kisses her. Harriet re-enters.)*

HARRIET: Elspeth Tyrell! What do my eyes see?

JACK: Oh, it's all right, Aunt Harriet! We didn't mean it to come out until Tuesday, but we're engaged!

HARRIET: You're—catch me—somebody!

ELSPETH: O dear Aunt Harriet! It isn't sudden, really not! We've been engaged three hundred years! *(Hides her face on Jack's shoulder.)*

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION SET TO MUSIC



ONLY a few months ago the Paris Opera produced Jules Massenet's "Ariane," which was warmly received, and has proved the success of the season. Its theme is classical and its music mainly lyrical (see CURRENT LITERATURE, February). Now the Monte Carlo opera has presented, to the surprise of France and Europe, another new work by the same aged musician, a "music-drama" of an emotional and intense character, based on a French theme of the Revolutionary period.

Asked by a *Figaro* interviewer to explain the origin of this work, Massenet said that "Ariane" was completed two years ago, and that he needed a "good rest." Just then the

Prince of Monaco invited him to write an opera for Monte Carlo's season of 1907, and he gladly accepted the honor, finding the best possible "rest" in writing, in his Paris library, a music-drama of a passionate and absorbing kind. His friend, Jules Claretie, the author and playwright, wrote the libretto, and it was a pleasure to compose the music for it, for the poem is full of action, of dramatic situations, of historic truth and genuine realism. "Thérèse" is named after the heroine, and celebrates the love and devotion of a woman.

Thérèse is the wife of a Girondist deputy, Thorel, the son of a former superintendent of the Château de Clerval, a magnificent place near Versailles. The Marquis de Clerval is



"WHERE'S THE HERO? O WHERE IS THE HERO?"

Minnie Dupree, the first woman to travel back "The Road to Yesterday" which Mark Twain's "Yankee Knight" and the hero of Wells's "Time Machine" have taken before her.

dead, and his sons are in exile or in the counter-revolutionary army of Vendée. Armand de Clerval, Thorel's former companion and friend, is an "emigrant" in England, and Thorel had purchased the Château after it had been confiscated by the Revolutionary government. He intends not to keep it, but to restore it to Armand upon the return of peace and security. Thorel is represented throughout as an ardent Republican and lover of liberty, but an enemy of terror, excess and injustice in the name of liberty.

Thérèse and Armand Clerval had loved each other, but the Revolution had separated them. She had married Thorel, whom she respects and admires for his probity and manliness, but she has not forgotten her former noble adorer.

While Thorel is preparing to leave for Paris, whither political duty calls him, a traveler appears on the scene. It is Armand Clerval, who has braved peril and re-entered France in order to join his brothers and fight for the old order. He is recognized, and Thérèse begs him to abandon his suicidal plan.

Just then a company of volunteers, in the service of the Revolution, pass the house. They are hastening to the frontier, to protect France and resist the foreign invader. Thorel points them out to Armand and urges him to join these defenders of France and go to the frontier. He refuses, and soon a municipal functionary seems to recognize the "émigré," and danger threatens.

Thorel and Thérèse decide to give him refuge and protection, the husband knowing nothing of the danger to his own honor and happiness involved in the reunion of the two former lovers.

The second act takes us to Paris. It is June, 1803, the period of intense excitement, confusion and peril. From the windows of the Thorel residence—Clerval being concealed there—one sees the processions, the criers with the lists of the condemned, the intoxicated revelers, the officers and the troops, and one hears the Revolutionary tambours from a distance.

Events transpire rapidly within and without. Thorel has obtained a safe conduct for his monarchist friend, and he is free to depart in peace. But Clerval will not go without Thérèse, whom he persuades to desert her husband. Love overcomes her strong sense of duty, and she consents to go with Clerval to the end of the world.

But just then the fate of the Girondists is sealed in the convention, and they are ordered

arrested and taken to the conciergerie, the half-way house to the guillotine. Thorel is doomed with the rest. He is arrested, and at that moment a load of prisoners is taken past the house to the place of execution.

The horror of the situation comes over Thérèse, and she realizes how base it would be to betray her loyal, chivalrous husband. Rather will she join him and share his tragic fate.

Clerval, then, must flee alone. She will stay. She rushes to the window, defies the revolutionary crowd by shouting in frenzy and exaltation, "Long live the King! Down with the Terror!"

The music of this drama, says Gabriel Fauré, the composer and critic, should be placed beside that of "*La Navarraise*," an earlier work by the same composer (known in this country). "These two compositions are alike, not only as regards their small dimensions, but also in point of rapidity, vehemence and violence of action; moreover, in both the music is what may be called theatrical; it is subject to the slightest movements of the drama, and material facts and circumstances are as important in shaping it as are the sentiments of the characters."

Indeed, continues the critic, the interest in the personages is perceptibly diminished by the grandeur of the epoch; the nobility of Thorel, the lover of Thérèse and Armand, the sublime exaltation at the end even, constitute only small episodes in an overwhelming tragedy. The atmosphere, the background, the scene, overshadow the characters, and what is really alien to their emotions—the Revolutionary songs, the popular mutterings and rumblings, the ominous tambours—occupy a large part of the score.

However, in more than one situation the Massenet of old is heard in tender, enchanting melodies, in charming episodes, in noble and pathetic accents, in melancholy grace and seductive measures. The love music is lyrical and ardently eloquent, and the contrast between the dreams of happiness and peace within and the storm and Revolutionary agitation without is very striking.

Another critic, Dartenay, writes that in "*Thérèse*" the composer of "*La Navarraise*" and that of "*Werther*" collaborated, as it were. It combines two aspects of Massenet's genius, and is so "magnificently beautiful" that it will henceforth have a place of its own in the story of Massenet's career. The French Revolution has been novelized before, but this is the first attempt to set to music the swift slide of the guillotine.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF VAUDEVILLE



IN THE opinion of those who are in a position to know, the Golden Age of vaudeville has dawned in America. Arnold Daly, Henry de Vries, Mrs. Langtry, Lillian Russell, Cecilia Loftus, Charles Hawtry have added luster to the vaudeville stage. In fact the vaudeville has in many instances of late assumed the functions of legitimate drama. It is significant in this connection that simultaneously with Mr. Mansfield's production of "Peer Gynt," Miss Hilda Englund and Mr. Warner Oland appeared at one of the Proctor vaudeville theaters in New York City in the two greatest acts from the same play. The two actors have played in Norway under Ibsen's personal supervision, and the New York *Sun* places their interpretation in some instances above Mansfield's.

Side by side with these developments in vaudeville proper, the New York Hippodrome has grown to be the most gigantic enterprise of its kind in the world. Or, rather, it is unique in itself, offering not so much a gigantic circus as a theatrical performance of undreamed-of magnitude. Some day, perhaps, a man of genius will utilize this ingenious apparatus in a world-drama that will make the Wizard of Bayreuth sit up in his grave!

Not only the recent developments of the vaudeville, but the plain old-fashioned music-hall finds enthusiastic champions to-day. In the *Charleston News and Courier* appears a charming essay by Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, who tells us that vaudeville may be defended on broadly human grounds. Man's pleasures are fleeting and his capacity for pleasure equally brief. Vaudeville administers to his need. The serious modern drama, the writer says, is a stumbling block to the righteous and a source of strange joy to the cultured. Both unite in taking the Serious Modern Drama seriously. In this they are wrong. Mr. Lewisohn says:

"What impresses me, on the contrary, is the shameless frivolity of Ibsen and Hauptmann, of Pinero and, in a slighter measure, of Shaw. Shakespeare takes the splendid brutalities, the primal sanctities of life, and upon his stage they are clothed in the true poetry of their infinite terror and pity. Our modern gentlemen chop life into pleasant little problems, or unpleasant, as you choose. They tell us that they are dealing with life. And all the while the awful forms of Hunger, Fear and Love smile sadly upon these frivolous puppets."

The musical comedy, we are told, seems

more promising because it does not pretend to deal with life. It is, however, insufferable because it is bad art. "The music is thin and chirpy, the staging gorgeously vulgar, the fable calculated only to appeal to the meanest fancy. There is no touch of poetry or imagination or even reckless romance. The recklessness is all conscious and calculated and absurd."

But vaudeville is ancient and honest. It neither criticizes life nor attempts to tell a story, and, adds Mr. Lewisohn, "it is neither bad sociology nor absurd morals." The singing girl, he says, does not ask you to believe that she is not painted, or that her fantastic costume resembles anything ever worn by man. And therefore she is the incarnation of pure art, existing for its own sake, not boring you by a faulty imitation of nature. She possesses the appealing beauty of things utterly artificial, utterly unreal, utterly useless and fragile.

Even more mysterious and delightful are the jugglers and acrobats. The writer proceeds to conjure before our vision a series of pictures wrought with curious and delicate art:

"Who has ever met an artist of innumerable Indian clubs or a creature with a body of india rubber at dinner, or in a street car, or known one to live in the next house? Ask for the name of your delectable contortionist and you will be met by some vocable of undeterminable character; ask for the dwelling of the lady who balances a tower of miscellaneous objects on her nose and you will meet an empty smile. The human personality of the juggler eludes you still. There he is, as he was in Assyrian villages aforetime. He tumbled in the sun for dusky Egyptians near the far sources of the Nile; he tumbled and juggled in the Vale of Tempe and on the streets of Rome. He walked a tight rope across the street of grotesque medieval cities and impious burghers neglected the Mystery for his antics. And no one ever knew his soul! No acrobat has ever written self-revelations and you shall search all literature in vain for any description of him—from within. Men have always seen him and never known him. Where does he learn his difficult art? We must suppose it to be passed on from generation to generation among that silent confraternity whose tricks are always the same, whose dress is unvarying—the same to-day that it was in the Middle Ages—that confraternity of which each member is a direct possessor of traditions of immeasurable antiquity. His is the oldest profession but one and quite the strangest. The ages change, he is changeless. Men babble with innumerable tongues; he is silent. He tumbles and does not break his neck, and he will tumble at the Crack of Doom."

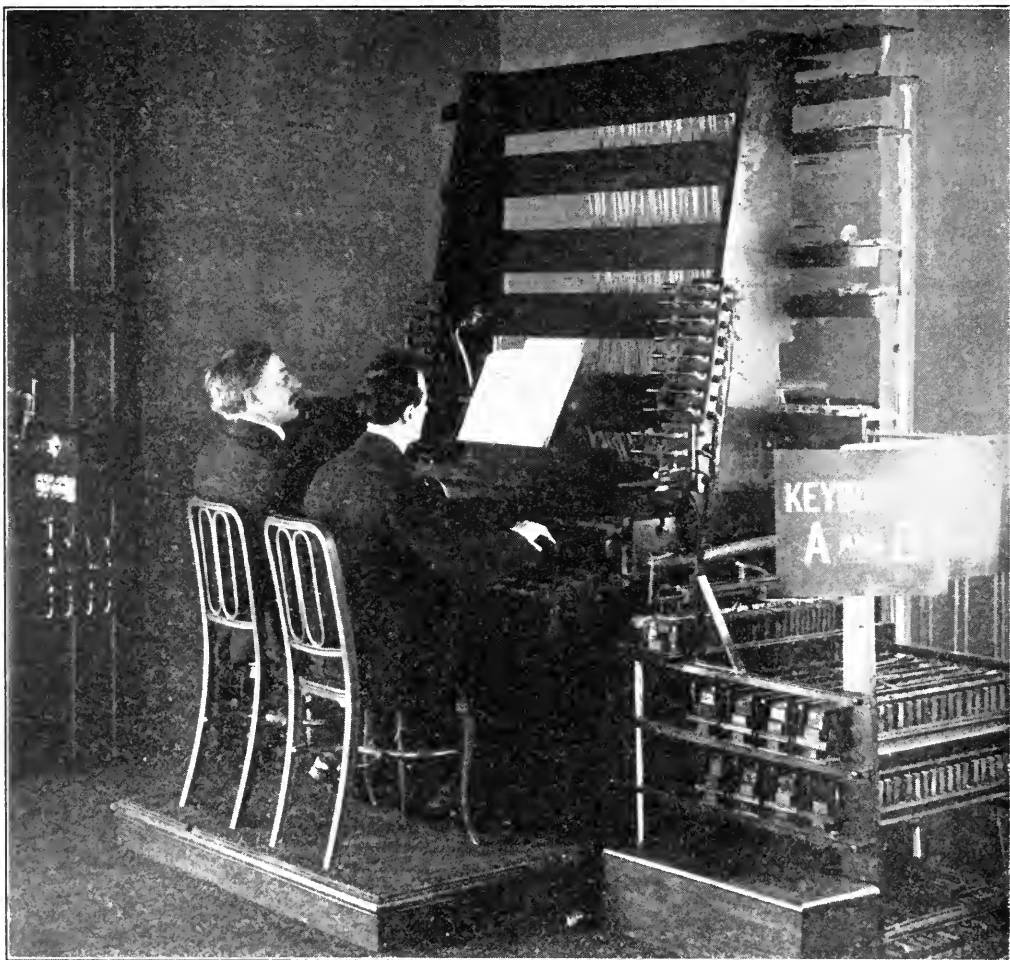
THE DEMOCRACY OF MUSIC ACHIEVED BY INVENTION

HUMAN slavery is immoral. On the slavery of the machine the future of the world depends." It is thus that a great artist has pictured to himself the advance of human progress. Not content with the application of mechanical forces to utilitarian purposes, human ingenuity has, within recent years, lifted the activity of the machine into the sphere of art. It is in music especially that the spirit of man, Ariel-like, guides the sightless demons of strength—Calibans of mechanics—and out of the mouth of a machine conjures the miracle of song. The numerous piano-players, the phonographs and—latest and most elaborate—the Telharmonic System, have assumed undreamed-of artistic and educational functions. It is written of Fraunhofer, the inventor of the telescope, that he "brought the stars of heaven nearer to us." Similarly the inventors of the devices of what is commonly misnamed "mechanical music" bring the stars of the opera and of music nearer to the ears and the hearts of the people. No longer is the world of music barred from those who are unable to pay the tribute of the rich. They, too, may soon listen for a trifle to Paderewski's interpretation of an intricate score or hear from a tube the golden voice of Caruso. And if the claims of the inventors of the Telharmonic System are true, music-lovers in New York and San Francisco, or even in mid-ocean, will in the near future be able to listen simultaneously to the same instrumental performance. In addition to the wonder of such a feat we are shown, not possibilities, but realities that, if no unexpected and insurmountable difficulty presents itself, will revolutionize the delivery of music.

Carroll Brent Chilton, in *The Independent*, pleads enthusiastically for the piano-players, whose name is legion. Much of what he says holds true of all instruments popularizing musical art. Music, he says, is for the ear of the many rather than for the hand of the few. Every musician knows that, taking all music together, not two per cent. of all players are able to play the rhythm and notes of two per cent. of the musical compositions in the world. He also knows that seven-eighths of these works are never heard performed in public, and, what is very much to the point, even tho they are occasionally given, single performances of larger works are, from the transitory nature of musical impression, all but

valueless in a pedagogical way. It follows that ninety-eight per cent. of all music-lovers are shut out from ninety-eight per cent. of music all the time. The majority of public performances are, in Mr. Chilton's opinion, thrown away in missionary efforts to make the composition known. Yet repetition is the mother of musical appreciation. Long ago Ferdinand Hiller pointed out that the fundamental evil in music is the necessity of reproduction of its artistic creations by performance. "Were it as easy to learn to read music as words," he remarked, "the sonatas of Beethoven would have the popularity of the poems of Schiller." The lack of perfect familiarity with the leading master works leads to the childish adulation of the performers. The German Bach Society took fifty years to publish that master's compositions, and even now they are published to the eye only. Yet to Bach music owes, in Schumann's words, "almost as great a debt as a religion to its founder." Even the "Shakespeare of Music," Beethoven, is largely unknown. All of which goes to show, Mr. Chilton affirms, that no subject of human knowledge is so hysterically admired and yet so little known to the public at large as music. The piano-player, we are told, renders the reading of music as easy as the reading of words. The inventors of the instrument hardly dreamed that they had created an audible reading system of music—a primary solid base upon which the future development of music may henceforth rest. The serious opinion of the most thoughtful musicians and educators, Mr. Chilton informs us, is that "in this little instrument there lie the germs of a revolution in the means and in the standpoint of musical education; that in music rolls expressing accurate rhythm, pitch and staccato and legato, the student is provided with a sort of 'audible notation' of the fundamental nucleus of musical thought—the sounding effect of all that part of the music which the composer himself could express in print."

This statement is borne out by the enthusiastic endorsement of celebrated musicians, such as Grieg, Rosenthal and Richard Strauss. The latter writes of a highly developed type of the machine, that if he had not himself heard it, he would not have believed that a piano-player could render "the very playing of the artist as if he were sitting personally at the instrument. Even the thought of it," he exclaims, "appears to me almost like a fairy tale." Har-



ELECTRIC MUSIC

Two players seated at the "Telharmonium" can, it is claimed, produce orchestral effects simultaneously in twenty thousand places.

vard, Columbia and other leading universities have recognized the educational value of such an instrument. There are over eighty makes of piano-players in use at present, and their purely artistic value is inestimable. A gifted gentleman likened a professional pianist to a modern Sisyphus. Paderewski, he says, got his stone to the top of the hill years ago, but he is obliged to take six or seven hours a day to prevent it from rolling back. The artist even takes a piano on tour in his private car. Hans von Buelow once remarked that if he stopped practicing one day he knew the difference, if two days his friends knew it, if three days the public knew it. On the piano-player the notes are executed upon a roll by means of perforated paper, cut and phrased by experts. This roll passes over a tracker-board, causing the proper notes to sound at the proper time.

The Metrostyle, a recent addition, furnishes an artistic interpretation. It is a pointer attached to the tempo-lever of the player, and follows a thin wavy red line on the music-roll, indicating the exact interpretation of the composition in question on the part of some musical master. The Themodist, another attachment, goes even a step further. It picks out and accents the vein of melody no matter where it may run on the keyboard. Thus when the hands of Paderewski some day will be tremulous with age, this pointer will still indicate and reproduce the master's interpretation.

It is true that the piano-player is a machine, but so, as Mr. Chilton points out, is the human eyeball. The piano-player, too, is modified by the individual touch, but it renders unnecessary a mastery of the technical detail. "There is," he says, "no necessary

connection between music and the ten fingers of the human hand." As life grows more exacting, bodily organs have been obliged to evolve new organs and capabilities; but, as Drummond remarks in his "Ascent of Man," "the practical advantage is enormous of having all improvements external, of having insensate organs made of iron and steel rather than wasting muscle and palpitating nerve."

Even more fascinating than the music that flows from the fingers of the performer is the music that floats from his throat. The talking machines preserve the record of the human voice and thus lend immortality to the most evanescent of arts. "Who," asks M. J. Corey in *The Etude*, "would have believed a quarter of a century ago that ultimately the sound of Adelina Patti's voice could be heard in every house in the land?" He goes on to say:

"Phonographic instruments were not unknown in the past, but only snarling travesties of the human voice were heard issuing from them, nothing that could for a moment attract the attention of a serious lover of good singing. Now the possibilities of the reproduction of sound have been so enormously perfected that even an expert connoisseur listening from an adjoining room to the voice of Caruso issuing from the horn of a talking machine could be with difficulty persuaded that the great singer himself was not there."

The great singers of the world thus engrave their voices upon imperishable scrolls. Each record is multiplied a thousand times and carries their musical message to the distant quarters of the globe. For the talking machine, time is not. When Melba shall have joined the chorus of celestial singers her voice will still enchant the ears of her children's children on earth. We are privileged to listen to-day to the voice of Tamagno, tho the tenor himself rests in the silence of the grave.

The principle of these machines depends on the varying length of sound-waves, which in the form of vibration are transferred by a little needle upon a diaphragm. A camel through a needle's eye seems little short of impossible, yet the modern magician puts a whole brass band through a needle's point. The greatest achievement along the lines here indicated was the successful transcript of a whole opera upon the disks. The opera in question was "Il Trovatore." "This," remarks *The Musical Courier*, "means something tremendous in the line of talking machines. If it can be done with 'Il Trovatore' it can be done with any opera." To quote further:

"These disks, following according to their numbers and according to their directions, are placed upon the machine. People sit in the drawing-room and the operation begins, and the opera is heard

just as it is heard in the opera house, in the Italian language; or any other opera, in English or German or French, and thus people who live in settlements where opera is never performed, who are not able to go to the opera, have the benefit of a complete operatic performance in their own homes or in any public place that may be arranged for."

The inference follows that this production will be succeeded by others, and the talking-machines, like the piano-players, seem to be destined to be a great agency toward the popularization of music and its artistic appreciation by the great mass of the people.

More revolutionary than any of the preceding instruments is the Telharmonic System, invented by Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, which more than realizes a century ahead of time Bellamy's wildest prophecies. Bellamy, it will be remembered, described how in the year 2000 it was sufficient to touch a button in order to flood the room with music. This music proceeded from central music rooms in various districts of the city, where trained musicians were constantly employed, the strains of their instruments being simply transmitted over wires. Dr. Cahill, however, has eclipsed Bellamy's prophetic vision. His dynamophone does not transmit or reproduce, but actually creates, music. By a marvelous device with which the inventor has experimented for over fourteen years, electrical currents of a certain predetermined quality are sent out from an instrument at a central source. It becomes music if it finds at the other end of the line a vocal organ capable of converting the vibrations of currents into sound. The machinery itself is not music-producing. It has been called "Telharmonium," but owing to its vastness and complexity, it should be described as a system rather than an instrument. It can transmit music—or, rather, currents capable of being converted into sound—thousands of miles, and will be able to play, it is claimed, simultaneously to twenty thousand audiences. It is the largest musical organ in the world, and requires a plant the cost of which is placed at \$200,000. Its sole function, *The Independent* informs us, is to generate, blend and transmit to suitable conductors, an alternating current of varying frequency of vibration. Each of the numerous dynamos in the basement is wound in such a manner as to give a current of given frequency of vibration. Thus constructed, it can give nothing else, cannot possibly get "out of tune" unless its winding is changed. When a current possessing certain qualities is needed, the pressure of a key in the keyboard of the organ-like

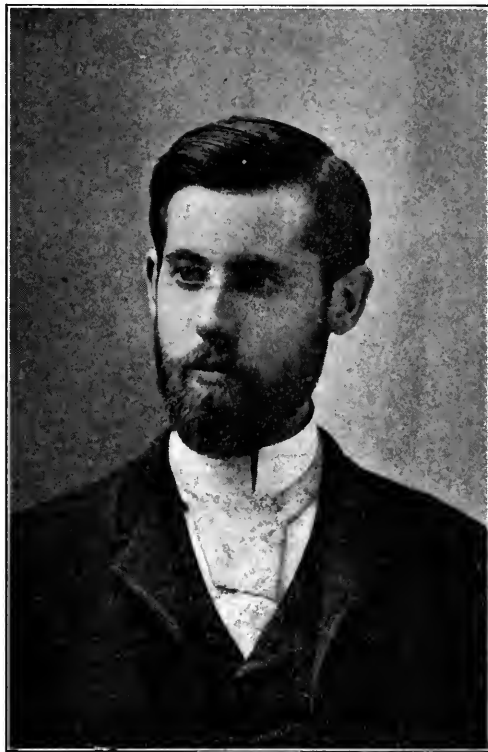
construction upstairs closes the circuit, and takes as much or as little of it as may be required for the purposes of the operator. It reaches the circulatory system through a device called a tone-mixer, a transformer, by which, in some way not easily explained in intelligible language, currents are modified and brought into proper relation to other currents.

When the keys are touched, currents of specific frequencies of vibration are passed by metallic contact to the conductors. Save for the clicking of the keys, complete silence reigns in the room. It is only when the receiver, in a manner analogous to the action of the telephone, translates the electric waves into sound waves that music is produced. The company plans to lay four cables for classical, sacred, light and modern music respectively in New York City. An interesting possible variation is the substitution of an ordinary arc-light for the telephone transmitter, as the means of producing the mechanical vibration necessary for the air agitation required to produce the sound. This fantastic possibility has not yet been fully worked out, but the near future is likely to see musical dinner parties at which the music is produced by an electric lamp!

The invention presents, however, yet another aspect that may indeed change the course of musical history. The possibilities of this new musical instrument, remarks Marion Melius in *The World's Work*, "are almost limitless, for not only can it produce tones of almost all the known orchestral instruments, but it creates musical sounds never heard before." He goes on to say:

"The tones of the different orchestral instruments are secured by mixing with the ground tone one or more harmonics in the required proportions. For instance, at a touch of the third and fourth harmonic stops, which are located above the keyboard something in the manner in which organ stops are arranged, the performer may change a flutelike note to the sound of a clarinet, or, by using all the harmonics up to the eighth, the tone may be transformed into a string sound. Another combination of harmonics gives the strident sound of brass. As a final triumph, a musician can so combine the harmonics as to produce musical timbres unknown before. He may develop an almost limitless number of new sounds according as his patience and his soul direct. Electrically he produces the different musical timbres by mixing vibrations of different frequencies. The effect of a full orchestra is brought about satisfactorily when two players are at the keyboard."

A still more remarkable feature of the system is the delicacy of control which makes it possible that a listener in Chicago will be able to tell by the difference in the touch whether



WILL HE REVOLUTIONIZE MUSIC?

Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, who invented and perfected in fourteen years a marvelous system of electric music.

Paderewski or Bauer is seated at the instrument in New York! The keyboard, based on the ideal arrangement of Helmholtz, is still so complicated that it takes years of practice in order to be able to play upon it. The inventor is at present engaged upon the work of simplifying it so that the great artists of the piano will be able to control at once the soul of this many-mouthed musical giant.

The instruments here surveyed cannot fail to popularize music and to educate the taste of the public. The great mass of people will then be prepared, eventually, for the reception of a new musical Messiah. Strauss and Wagner have almost exhausted the resources of music. When the musical redeemer comes he will be able by means of the Telharmonic System to draw unimagined harmonies from the caves of sound, and create a music of the future differing as radically from the music of to-day as a performance of the Metropolitan Opera House differs from the strains that fell monotonously from the rude reed of a Grecian shepherd. Rich and poor will partake of the riches he brings. Thus the democracy of music will triumphantly be established.

JULIA MARLOWE'S VICTORIOUS INVASION OF ENGLAND



FTER a slight uncertainty in the beginning, Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern's invasion of theatrical England has proved an unqualified triumph. The London *Chronicle* speaks of the event as the arrival of the "most refined and high-purposed dramatic art that America has sent since the ever-to-be-remembered visits of Miss Ada Rehan and Daly's company of comedians." The performance of "The Sunken Bell," it goes on to say, was "a revelation of what good and sincere and competent poetic acting America can produce, what real beauty and delicacy of taste of production, what quite remarkable powers of speaking English as it should be spoken." To quote further:

"Never once throughout the whole evening did one hear in the principal part a trace of Yankee twang or drawl or vulgarity of speech. As a matter of fact, the verse of Mr. Meltzer's translation of Hauptmann's beautiful German fairy play, 'The Sunken Bell,' was spoken with a precision, a roundness and crispness that would put many English actors to shame. It is to be doubted, indeed, if one did not hear purer English at the Waldorf last night than one does in the majority of the West-end theaters—the English that went over to America in the *Mayflower*, and has curiously stayed there."

Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern did not go as aliens to England. Both were born on British soil, though artistically America alone may call them its own. The case of Mr. Sothern, remarks *The Morning Advertiser*, has an additional claim on England's attention. "For," it asks, "have we not laughed in the days gone by till our sides ached at the whimsicalities of his father as Lord Dundreary." Nevertheless, Julia Marlowe has received warmer plaudits than her male compeer. Sothern, as it were, interests England, but leaves it cold; Marlowe captivates and delights.

The choice of the inaugural play—Hauptmann's fairy-comedy—was not very happy. London stood bewildered before its symbolism and complained of the monotony of the declamation in what the critics choose to regard as a "philosophic pantomime." Mr. Walkley in *The Times* remarks: "Miss Marlowe gives the grace and elfishness and charm of Rautendelein, Mr. Sothern gives the alternate courage and despair of Heinrich, but we cannot say that they give these figures a fresh and exuberant life." "Miss Marlowe," he continues, "is not exactly a frisky fairy; Mr. Sothern's Heinrich is occasionally tame. A tame overman! What would Nietzsche say?" When,

however, the two English actors appeared in plays more germane to the British mind, such as Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" and "Romeo and Juliet," the tenor of the criticism changed completely. Mr. Walkley himself, that severe task-master of histrionic art, does not hesitate to speak of Marlowe's Viola as "bewitching." He goes on to say:

"The purely sensuous element of Shakespeare, in the poet's picture of frankly joyous and full-blooded womanhood, the actress is in her element mistress of her part, revelling in it and swaying the audience by an irresistible charm. She aims at no startling 'effects'; she seems to be simply herself—herself, that is, glorified by the romance of the part—enjoying the moment for the moment's sake, and so making the moment a sheer enjoyment for the spectator. That is now clearly shown which in her earlier parts could be only divined—that she has a genuine individuality, a temperament of real force and peculiar charm. High-arched brows over wide-open, eloquent eyes; a most expressive mouth, now roguish with mischief, now trembling with passion; a voice with a strange croon in it, with sudden breaks and sobs—these, of course, are purely physical qualities which an actress might have and yet not greatly move us. But behind these things in Miss Marlowe there is evidently an alert intelligence, a rare sense of humor and a nervous energy which make, with her more external qualities, a combination really fine. She beguiled not only Olivia but the whole house last night to admiration. Here, then, is one of Shakespeare's true women."

Sothern, too, made his mark in this play. "He is," Mr. Walkley remarks, "an excellent Malvolio; quiet, yet not tame, grave, but not preternaturally grave, fantastic without undue extravagance." *The Evening Standard* is even more enthusiastic in its comments: "This American treatment of Shakespeare," it remarks, "is delightful. They give him dignity without dullness, reticence without austerity, fun without buffoonery. Beauty is the keynote of the treatment—simplicity and beauty." Miss Marlowe's Olivia, according to this critic, is frankly feminine. She is not a boy in disguise. But her very femininity is pronounced delicious. "There is danger," the writer goes on to say, "of becoming Marlowe worshipers, if she goes on like this." To quote further:

"It is open to criticism to say that there is evidence of premeditation in all she does; one would not urge that the outstanding feature of her art is that it is art concealed. That may be admitted. But, while one watches her and listens to her, one would have it so. Miss Marlowe adds music to the music of Shakespeare, cadence to his rhythms."

This performance turned the tide in favor of the American players and initiated their conquest of England.

Science and Discovery

THE APPLIED SCIENCE OF A THEATRICAL MYSTIFICATION

ONE of the most mystifying illusions ever produced by the application of physics to the exigencies of the stage, in the opinion of that competent authority, *The Scientific American*, is based upon so simple an accessory as a huge, oval tank. As the curtain sinks—for in this electrical age curtains sink not less naturally than they rise—we see a fishing village with the cabin of Marceline, a droll clown, to the left. This cabin is an important adjunct in the effect. The whole front of the stage is taken up by the huge tank, filled with placid yet genuine water. At the appropriate moment up from the sea rises the beautiful Sirene, Queen of the Mermaids. She pleads with the hero to plunge beneath the surface of the water. He hesitates. Sirene summons her mermaids, who rise from the sea. The hero follows Sirene beneath the surface of the waves, whereupon the heroine begs Neptune to restore her lover. Neptune, in his barge drawn by mermaids, emerges from the deep, takes the heroine aboard and to the amazement of the audience the boat with its burden actually sinks out of sight. There are four in the little vessel when it goes down. Nine mermaids arise from the water and seem to stand quite firmly on its surface.

It is difficult, says our scientific authority, to call this an illusion because it is so very real. The mermaids do in fact appear on the surface. They actually go down again. The tank is known to be of solid concrete, without an opening. It is a great puzzle to decide what becomes of the mermaids in the interval between their successive appearances.

The mystification is the invention of H. L. Bowdoin, of New York City, who conceived the idea of utilizing the principle of the diving-bell. To illustrate the working of this device, we are told by *The Scientific American* to take a glass tumbler and plunge it into the water with the mouth perpendicularly downward. It will be found that very little water will rise in the tumbler, but as air is compressible it does not entirely exclude the water, which by its pressure condenses the air a little. The invention provides means whereby, with the

aid of a tank of water, drowning, disappearing, rescuing and other scenes can be effectively rendered.

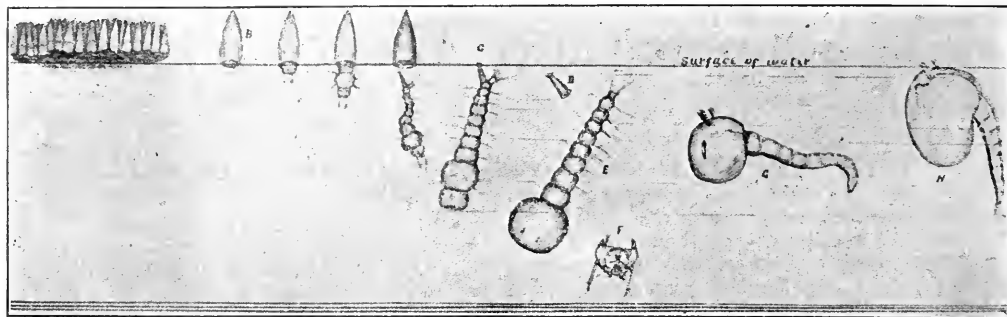
At the proper time, it is necessary for her to plunge into the water actually and she must dive for the entrance to the bell. Her attendant quickly draws her into breathing space. Each mermaid is provided with a separate diving chamber and with a separate attendant. The fishermen who dive into the water share with the mermaids the air chambers provided for them and they come to the surface after they have given the audience the idea that they had been at the bottom of the sea.



Courtesy *The Scientific American*

THE MECHANICS OF ILLUSION

The mermaids spend some of their time under the surface of a large tank filled with water. They breathe under air bells. They are enabled to communicate with the prompter on the stage by means of a telephone. Within each air bell is a stage carpenter who raises the mermaid to the surface by means of an elevator apparatus operated by a winch.



Courtesy *The World's Work*

THE MOSQUITO'S LIFE HISTORY

(A) A cluster of eggs called "an egg-boat." (B) A single egg standing on the surface of the water and showing in the series the hatching of the larva, or "wiggler." (C) A young larva with its breathing tubes in contact with the air. (D) The terminal tube, dropped off when the "wiggler" changes to a pupa. (E) The first form of the pupa. (F) The larval head discarded. (G) A pupa nearly formed, showing the funnel-shaped tubes at the "forehead," through which it must now breathe. (H) A young pupa breathing; the outlines of the mosquito begin to appear.

THE SECRETS OF THE MOSQUITO

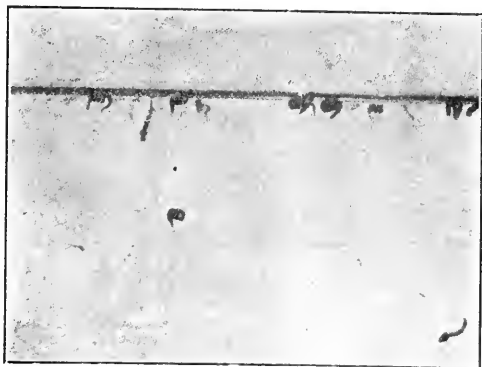


ALTHO supposed to live on blood, not one-tenth of one per cent. of the mosquito family ever revels in a single drop of gore, says Dr. Edward A. Ayers, who starts in *The World's Work* with a basket of mosquito eggs and concludes with the last cycle in the life of the mature insect as a means of showing that the subject is still involved in misconception. From 200 to 400 eggs are deposited by a mother mosquito at a single laying, according to Dr. Ayres, who corrects many blunders that have been widely disseminated on this and kindred points. The eggs of the mosquito are about one-sixteenth of an inch long, dark in shade, and at the larger end they have a sort of bottle mouth, sealed with a thin, delicate membrane. Out of this plugged aperture in the egg will come the wriggler. The eggs themselves can remain uninjured throughout a whole winter, hatching out in the warm

spring days, if not a little earlier. The "mother hen mosquito," says Dr. Ayers, "can spend the winter in a cake of ice" and begin to lay when the thaw arrives.

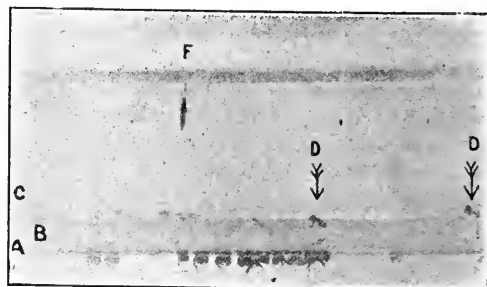
The larva or wriggler must find itself in a swimming medium when it emerges from the egg. So the eggs are laid on the water. The batch of eggs all glued together will float like a leaf. This is called an "egg boat." For a couple of days the egg boat will drift. Should the pool on which it floats dry up, no wrigglers will ever come forth. If the Fates are kind, if the sun is warm, the mouth-covering films which seal the eggs will rend apart and the embryo larvæ dive head first from the egg crypts into the water.

This wriggler, as it is styled at the present stage, moves with a jerky motion and can survive only in water, since it thrives upon the impurities of the moist environment. The wriggler will starve in distilled water, altho



Courtesy *The World's Work*

LARVÆ AND PUPÆ IN WATER



Courtesy *The World's Work*

PUPÆ HATCHING INTO MOSQUITOS

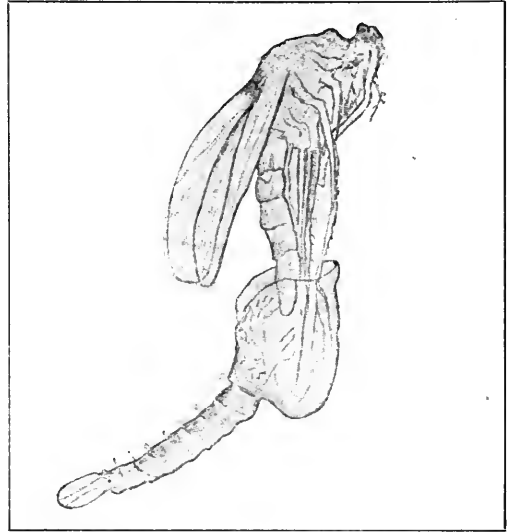
(A) Water surface, with pupæ getting air. (B) Top surface of the water. (D) Two pupæ just hatching. (F) A mosquito climbing.

its system can absorb poisons that would kill a human baby. Kerosene is fatal to the wriggler, for the oil stops its supply of air. The little wriggler resembles the whale in its dependence upon air breathing, but it can remain below the surface of its element much longer, in proportion to its size, than any variety of whale. There is a trumpet-like tube extending from the wriggler's tail end, through which, when on the surface of the water, the little creature inhales the air at intervals of one minute or so. This, Dr. Ayers explains—and this point is in need of elucidation—is why kerosene is so fatal to the mosquito, or, to be more accurate, to the wriggler. The wriggler draws in a dose of kerosene with its first effort at respiration and dies from convulsions.

Should the wriggler escape kerosene and arrive at maturity, it will measure three-eighths of an inch from the crown of its head to the tip of the trumpet-like tube. It has done much scavenging by removing vegetable decay from its native element. Wrigglers are very quarrelsome among themselves and they even devour insects tinier than themselves when they can get any.

Time comes when the wriggler sheds its skull, face, collar and breathing-tube. The chest swells. Two breathing-tubes begin to protrude frontward. The wriggler has disappeared. We have now a pupa. The pupa can breathe, see and swim. But no food or drink can pass its lips because, as Dr. Ayers tells us, a pupa has no lips. It is a period of abstinence in the life cycle of what is to become a mosquito:

"If you put on the great eye of the microscope and watch the pupa through his two days' preparation, you will see quickly forming within his transparent shell the outlines of a mosquito.

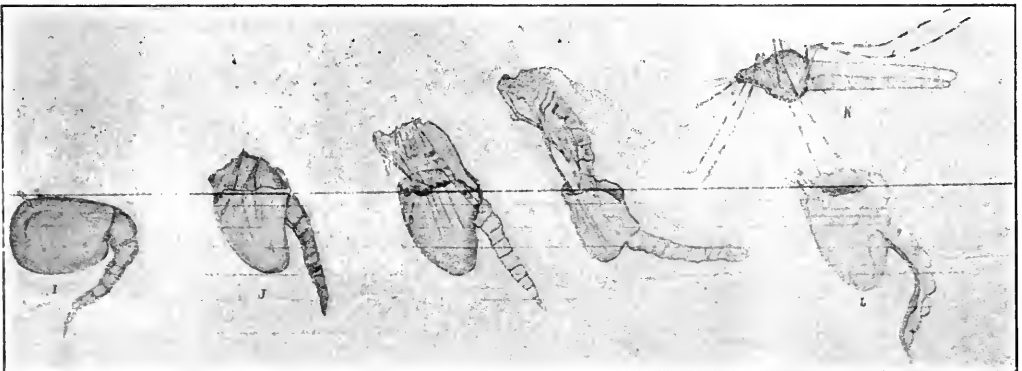


Courtesy *The World's Work*

A MOSQUITO EMERGING FROM ITS PUPA SHELL

Drawn from life under the microscope

"And now, when his natal hour has come, you will observe that he lies just against the surface of the water—a little globule of air enclosed in his forehead serving to bring this submarine just to the surface; you will see his shell suddenly split open along the back, just as many a boy has seen occur in a locust as it clings to the trunk of a tree. You will next observe his shoulders slowly rise through this crack in his shell up into the air, then his head, antennae and forelegs. He straightens out his soft wet legs and plants his feet upon the water surface. He lifts his body, wings, and remaining legs free from his childhood shell and, having little air cups in the hollows of his feet, he finds himself able to stand upon the water. Then he unfolds his wings and dries them, straightens and loosens his antennae, takes a brief glance at his new surroundings, then flies into the air and begins to sing.



Courtesy *The World's Work*

THE MOSQUITO'S LIFE HISTORY

- (I) A fully developed pupa. (J) A mosquito beginning to hatch; he does not touch the water. (K) Fully hatched and standing on the water to dry. (L) The pupa shell left floating on the water.

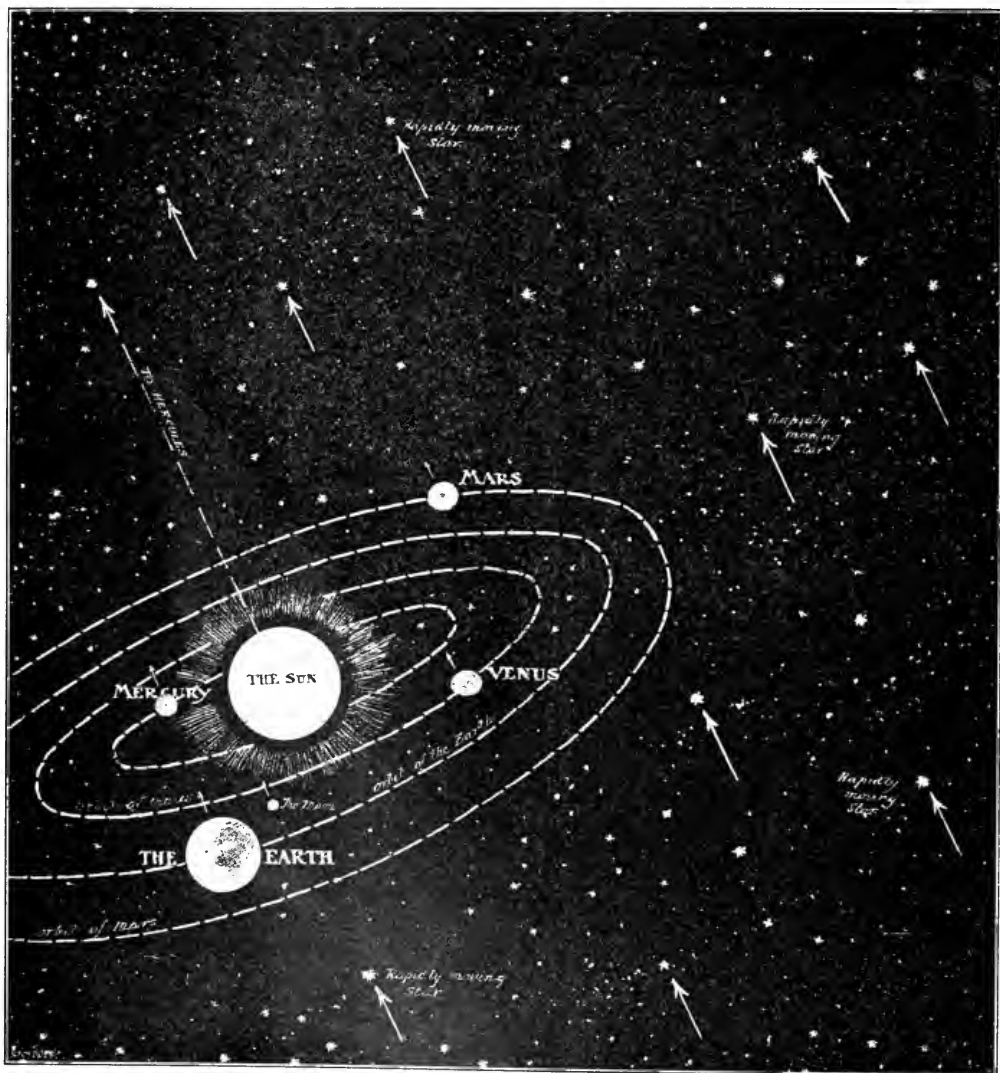
HOW THE FAST STARS "PENETRATE" THE SLOW STARS



HERE are two great "star drifts" among the so-called "fixed stars," which are not fixed at all, it would appear from a recent discussion before the British Astronomical Association, as reported in *London Nature*. One body of stars moves three or four times as fast as the other. Hence the slow stars are penetrated by the fast ones. Our sun appears to be one of the fast-moving stars and is drifting away, if

we are to accept one view, towards the constellation Hercules, altho there is good reason, say other astronomers, to infer that the movement may be towards Canopus, "the biggest, the quickest, and hottest thing in the universe." But wherever our sun may be drifting or flying, it is proceeding in the company of the rapidly moving half of the cosmos. The sun has also a motion of its own among these stars.

If, therefore, any portion of the heavens be



THE MOVEMENT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

Our sun is traveling at the rate of many miles a second in the direction of the constellation Hercules. In its course it pierces slow stars and absorbs them. Rapidly moving stars, indicated by an arrow, keep pace with the sun. The stars that find the pace too hot are swallowed up, trampled down.

selected, it will be found that in the area chosen are a number of stars which do not seem to be moving in any particular direction. These sluggish stars are the ones that are penetrated by the rapidly moving ones, the latter appearing to be equally distributed all over the heavens. "The one heavenly army is, as it were, piercing the other." Such is one result of trying to determine the solar motion by spectroscopically measuring the radial velocities of the stars. The calculations involved are abstruse as well as fine, but such is their

general result. But motion in the sense here indicated is purely relative, as there are no fixed points in space. The mathematics of the subject indicate that the fast stars are traveling at the rate of about thirteen miles a second. That is about the speed of the sun in its journey through space. The spectroscope affords most aid in establishing this part of the theory. That the cosmos is halved into a fast star army and a slower star army is, observes *Nature*, a hypothesis only, but a plausible and workable one.

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS INSANITY?



ANGLO-SAXONS are so prone to take common-sense views of things that they seldom realize the full force of the familiar saying that all men have some form of madness in them. The sound inference is, as is pointed out by Dr. G. H. Savage, the eminent English alienist, in a recent *Lancet* paper, that perfect sanity would be not only undesirable in itself, but from a strictly scientific point of view impossible. For a perfectly sane person, were such a being thinkable, would be dull and uninteresting—a mediocrity, a nonentity. The point to seize, however, as Dr. Savage impresses upon us, is that there can be no comprehensive idea or definition of insanity because the thing does not really exist. No scientist can set up any standard of rationality departure from which would comprise or denote insanity. One can diagnose a case of typhoid because it is a continued fever characterized by a peculiar course of the temperature, by marked abdominal symptoms, by an eruption upon the skin. But there is nothing in what goes by the name of insanity to further a diagnosis as that term is understood by medical men generally. Some treatises upon insanity prove nothing at all by proving too much, for they make whole nations insane at once. Physicians connected with insanity, as Dr. Savage argues, resemble gardeners rather than botanists. "We classify for convenience rather than upon a scientific basis, because, in point of fact, no such basis or finality of mode has as yet been discovered."

Perhaps, adds Dr. Savage, there is no need to wonder at this, since many have to be treated as lunatics whose brains and nervous systems show no change whatever from the

normal course of what is recognized as sanity. Unfortunately, the impulse to define and classify sometimes leads to misinterpretation of a deplorable kind. Such, for example, is the false view, as Dr. Savage deems it, that every person of unsound mind is a lunatic. That, he says, is a "pseudo-legal" absurdity. "Obviously there are many persons of unsound mind who are neither dangerous to themselves nor to others—why, therefore, regard them as aliens?" The true difficulty, insists this distinguished expert, is that the disease insanity does not exist. Yet one might almost conclude from the elaborate articles in our leading daily journals that such a thing as insanity is a definitely established scientific fact, that it is a malady as definite in its symptoms and origin as, say, cancer or tuberculosis.

It is impossible, Dr. Savage further says, for the physician to view abnormalities of mind, whether congenital or acquired, as having a common origin and requiring a similar treatment. There is no such thing as a bacillus of insanity. One of the many difficulties which the study of unusual types of mentality involves is the necessity of regarding them from so many different standpoints. The medical man concerns himself with the evidences of bodily disease to be discovered in the brain or in one of the bodily dependents of the brain. The lawyer looks not so much to symptoms as to the questions of reason and responsibility, whether, in fact, the individual can recognize what he is doing and the consequences of it. The public at large considers chiefly questions of conduct, asking whether a person is dangerous to himself or to others. We constantly meet with statements that many people are

placed in asylums because they are troublesome to others rather than because they are dangerous. Again persons are said to be "out of their minds" when they are in reality "out of their surroundings." The trouble is not in the mind of the person but in the environment. It would correct popular notions of insanity in a desirable way, if we could all be brought to see that what seems to be a trouble of the mind is often but a lack of adaptability to environment. A man may seem to be insane to those who aggravate or madden him, with never a thought of modifying their own behavior.

In judging the conduct of any person supposed to be insane or of unsound mind, it must be recognized that similar conduct may arise from totally different disorders or circumstances, and also that the mind is a very complex thing, which has many ways of expressing the same feeling:

"Take, for example, the exaltation of ideas in a patient believing himself to be a king or a person of distinction. Such an idea may correspond with a temporary increase of pulse rate, and I have seen it prominent or suppressed as the pulse varied. It may succeed to the loss of judgment as a feeling of buoyancy in general paralysis of the insane; it may be associated with the temporary disorder produced by brain poisoning—say by lead or alcohol; or it may be a slow growth in some 'mute inglorious Milton' or lonely idealist, who, possibly building on the 'might have been,' finally recognizes in himself or herself a scion of royalty or an inspired poet. Or again, perhaps in a more advanced stage of degeneration of tissue the patient may have begun by feeling that he was watched or spied upon, until at length he discovered that all this was merely the protection essential to the movements of a royal personage—himself. In each case the conduct of the patient is similar, tho the underlying ideas are so different. Similarly, I have often had to point out that what might be a reasonable act in one person would be insane extravagance in another. I mention these facts here because in determining what is meant by insanity or what is to be done for it the circumstances and environment have always to be considered. And notwithstanding their mutual points of resemblance, no one pathology or treatment is applicable to all such cases.

"A question which I am often asked is whether I believe that certain persons only can be driven insane, whether the rest can never be driven mad—whether in regard to these latter anything whatever in the shape of exciting cause will produce definite symptoms without the insane proclivity. My reply is that almost anyone may have delirium, which is temporary insanity; that almost anyone, given certain physical causes, may have general paralysis. Also, as is sufficiently evident, that with advancing years the powers of the mind, both on the motor and sensory sides, may be impaired or disabled before the other functions of the body. Yet this notwithstanding, I still believe there are some persons who can

hardly be driven mad by any outside stress or emotional cause. And surely it is worthy of consideration that so many very aged persons retain their senses and reasoning power almost unimpaired until the very last. On the other hand, that there is a class of persons accurately described as 'neurotic' is very evident; and it is equally certain that it is this class which provides the largest number of sufferers."

The conclusion then follows, as Dr. Savage states it, that since there is "no definite entity" of insanity there can be no comprehensive definition of it. What is reasonable conduct in one man under certain conditions may be stark madness in another. "I often think," says Dr. Savage, "of a splendid animal whom I saw—the son of a distinguished father who rightly judged his son to be an anachronism—out of place, in fact; and considered that he would have made a fine knight in the Middle Ages, and perhaps even now might make a good cowboy." It becomes evident from such a case that there may be some who have a reason for attributing the causes of their position as lunatics to their wrong surroundings. Insanity, so far as the term may be used at all, is merely, then, a question of degree. For example, a small amount of miserliness may be all right. But when we find it developed into the habits of the recluse who starves himself tho he has plenty of money, avoids all society and neglects cleanliness and all the simpler conventions of life, he is treated as "insane." Yet Dr. Savage knew a recluse with plenty of money who lived a hermit's life for thirty years or more, prowling about the streets at night and lying in bed during the day, but no steps were taken to lock him up as mad, because he interfered with nobody and was in all other respects normal. On the other hand, Dr. Savage was called upon to examine a similar case resulting in the patient's removal to an asylum because his neglected abode was deemed unsanitary by the authorities. "Thus we see that similar conduct is or is not regarded as insanity, according to the conditions." If, adds Dr. Savage, there should be some who regard this view as of little practical importance, statistically or otherwise—as referring in fact to a very small area in the wide field covered by the specialist in mental abnormality—as not affecting in a vital degree the estimated sum total of the so-called insane, he is not in agreement with them. Dr. Savage maintains that very many of the seemingly mentally unbalanced, of the insane, of the mad, owe their position not to anything abnormal in their mentality but largely to their surroundings. "The part which their surroundings and

circumstances have played as a factor in the determination of their position is precisely what is often important to consider before any reliable statistics can be built up in regard to the mental evolution or degeneration of the race." Dr. Savage concludes:

"With regard to a certain degree of a particular habit or feeling being considered normal, but its excess insanity, I may give the example of a very devoted husband who with advancing years dreaded the absence, even for a very short time, of his wife. Later he began to suspect that she was more absent than was necessary. Finally, tho there was not the slightest ground for suspicion, he demanded from her a confession of her misconduct, calmly observing that he would forget and forgive. Thus the overgrowth of natural affection and the suspicion of an imaginary sin have led, I fear, to a permanent delusion wrecking two lives. Where are we to look for the material basis of such a delusion? The con-

ditions are still more complicated when the person proves to be a social misfit. There are some, like my cowboy youth, who are out of harmony with their surroundings from the first. There are others who as a result of education, disease or other circumstances or causes, pass into a social grade different from their own. I have known public school and university men who have proved quite unfit for their natural home and yet they have done admirably as artisans. Are we to have a pathology for such conditions? Of course, a certain number of these social failures add to the numbers of the insane in our infirmaries and asylums. Undoubtedly some may say there is some brain defect in these persons to account for their degradation; but how about the chance of reformation, and, in regard to those who have been converted, are we to have a pathology of conversion as well as of perversion? At any rate the fact remains that not only from the social but from all other standpoints insanity is judged rather from conduct than from any known mental symptoms."

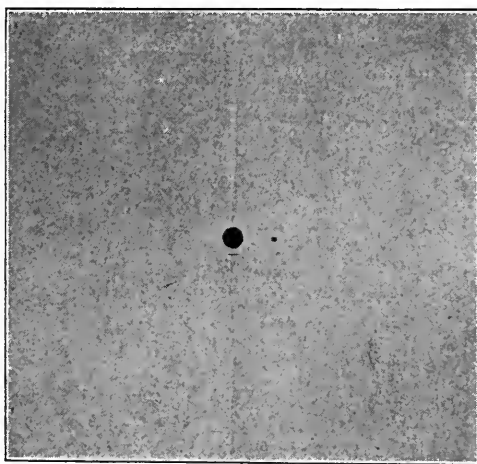
THE CANALS ON MARS AS RESULTS OF A NEWLY DISCOVERED VISUAL HALLUCINATION

IN HOLDING up to ridicule the canals on Mars as illusions of the vision, Professor Andrew Ellicott Douglass, of the University of Arizona, is reminded of the eminent German scientist who declared that, were a journeyman to fashion him a piece of mechanism so ill adapted to its purpose as the human eye, he would refuse to pay for it. We see to-day astronomers of world-wide eminence basing a theory of the habitability of a remote planet upon a series of optical phantasmagoria destitute of all objective reality and resulting from so simple a thing as a fixed stare or the position of the head as the eye scrutinizes its own vain imaginings through a tube. Not only are there no canals on Mars, but there are no markings on the planet of the sort made familiar by recent text-books. To be sure, eminent astronomers deny that the things they think they see can be illu-

sions of vision. They call them oases and lakes, from which networks of canalization radiate everywhere. A little knowledge of the tricks played upon us by our own eyes will, thinks Professor Douglass, explode all contemporary Martian hypotheses. He has carefully studied the "faint canals" by the methods of experimental psychology, only to find that they do not exist. All the markings on Mars

with which the latest works on that planet acquaint us may not be delusions of the sight, of course, but the most significant of them certainly are. To understand this more clearly we must, according to Professor Douglass, consider first of all an optical phenomenon called the halo. It is a new discovery.

To observe this, place Fig. 1 at a distance of six to eight feet from the eye and look at it from time to time, taking care to avoid fatigue. Around it will appear a whitish area limited externally by a faint dark line



From *The Popular Science Monthly*

A MARTIAN ILLUSION

(Fig. 1)

Place this cut at some six to eight feet from the eye and look at it from time to time, taking care to avoid fatigue. Around it will appear a whitish area limited externally by a faint dark line forming a perfect circle, as if traced by a pair of compasses.

forming a perfect circle, as if traced by a pair of compasses. This external ring or secondary image has a sensible width and appears blackest on its sharp inner edge. When once caught, which is usually at the first view, it is a striking phenomenon. Professor Douglass finds on the whole that trained eyes are the ones that see it most quickly.

A more beautiful and elegant way of making the experiment is by standing a black-headed pin in the middle of a white-walled room and looking at it against the distant white background. Around the head of the pin will then appear this halo, more beautiful than before, suspended in mid-air, in the good old-fashioned manner of saintly halos.

The experiment thus described gives the "negative" halo. It is more particularly referred to in the article by Professor Douglass in *The Popular Science Monthly*, from which these details are extracted. The "negative" halo is more easily seen than the "positive" halo. The "positive" form of the halo, however, is most readily seen by a similar method. Let a white-headed pin be substituted for the other and looked at against a black background. Similarly, a white circle is seen. The difficulties in this case arise from reflections on the head of the pin, and its generally less even illumination.

The effect, however, is the same. Extending all around the head of the pin at a distance of about $7'$ of arc (one inch at a distance of 500 inches) is an intensified zone in which the



From *The Popular Science Monthly*

Fig. 2. Photographic Halation Ring about Candle Flame, formed by reflection inside the glass plate on which the picture was taken, very similar in its appearance to the halo here described.

color of the background appears stronger; and outside of that a reduction zone, or ring, or secondary image, in which the intensity of the background is reduced by the addition of some of the color of the spot observed.

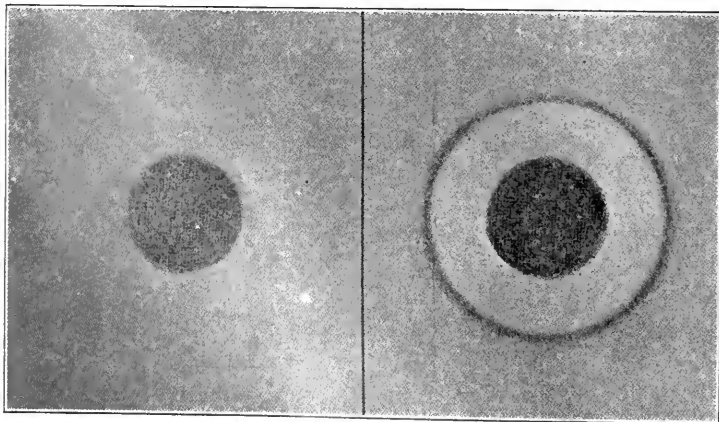
In order to find the cause of this halo, many tests were made by Professor Douglass, of which the first was upon the size of the central spot. It was found that the distance from the edge of the spot to the secondary image is constant; that the width of the secondary image increases to some extent with the size of the spot, and that the intensified area increases its intensification with the size of the spot. If the spot is so small as to be barely visible, the halo may still be seen, but the intensified zone then appears of the same intensity as the background.

If the spot is enlarged sufficiently, both positive and negative halos are seen along its margin, one outside and one inside, so that in a straight line separating light and dark areas the positive halo may be seen in the dark area and the negative halo in the light. If two small spots are placed so that their halos intersect, the halo of each may usually be seen complete. Says Professor Douglass:

"If the spots are larger the halos can not be traced within each other's precincts, and on enlarging the spots still more they soon act as one mark with regard to the halo, which assumes an elliptical form around them. From these and other experiments along the same line, it appears that the intensified zone or white area, as I shall generally call it, referring to the negative experiment, displays an increased sensitiveness to presence or absence of color of the spot looked at, but a decided deadening in the perception of details.

"My first idea in regard to this halo was that it came to life like the camera ghost, from reflections between lens surfaces in the eye; but I found that it could be produced through any portion of the crystalline lens. A pin hole one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter passed before the pupil of the eye demonstrated this.

"It then seemed possible that some form of halation in the membranes close to the retina might produce this effect. The common photographic halation ring, which



From *The Popular Science Monthly*

FIG. 3. 'DOT' NOTE OUTSIDE THE YELLOW SPOT

FIG. 4. 'DOT' NOTE IN YELLOW SPOT BUT NOT IN FOVEA

closely resembles it, is produced by reflection from the back of a glass plate, but can only occur under certain conditions. This halo, however, occurs on all margins and cannot be due to that cause.

"At this stage a certain chromatic ring was observed, and suggested some obscure color conditions as the cause. Hence color tests were made in large numbers, and the black spot was tried on different colored backgrounds without effect. Different colored spots against a dark background were also observed without effect, save that the secondary image, when sufficiently bright, was seen to be of the color of the spot itself; therefore color was not responsible for the halo.

"But these color observations opened up a very interesting line of study. The color tests had to be made in the positive form with all the attendant difficulties of fatigue and after-images. It was found that a short gaze at a red disk on a black background, followed by a slight movement of the eye to one side, carried away a dark green after-image of the disk surrounded by a red margin about the size of the intensified zone. This intensified zone became still more conspicuous by longer fixation of the gaze upon the colored spot."

To observe this, half-inch disks of red, yellow, green and blue paper were pasted vertically on ends of long needles and placed in strong lamp light at a distance of eight feet from the eye. After a long unwinking gaze at one of the disks, until general color sensitivity seemed to be disappearing and the color of the disk itself seemed to be spreading out around it, a quick closing of the eye or the mere placing of a sheet of paper before the open eyes revealed a very interesting succession of changes. They are thus described by Professor Douglass:

"A black or green disk with a limited red margin filling the intensified zone, limited by the dark halo. This effect lasted for a very brief instant of time, like the common positive after-image.

"The outline soon reappeared, the red disk and all white objects taking a dark indigo-blue color, the remainder of the field being a bright yellow. This effect might last a minute or two.

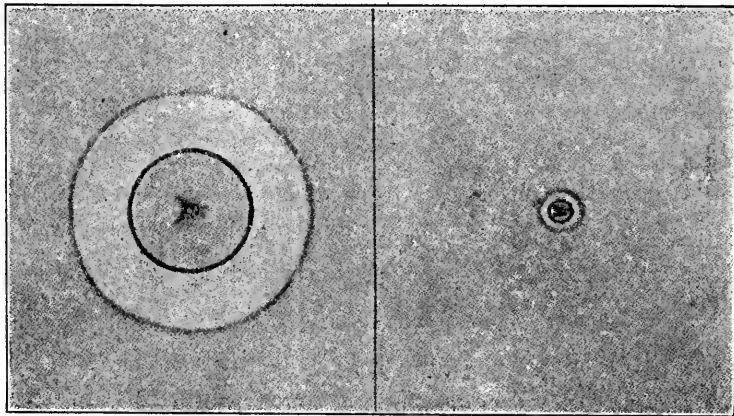
"During the height of this effect a negative halo appeared for a time around the dark after-image of the disk at the usual distance of 7 feet. The success of this experiment depends largely upon steadiness of vision and the avoidance of winking. The determination of the effect of different colors and conditions offers a fine field for investigation."

The next test with a

view to locating the cause of this halo phenomenon was made on motes that so often float by the line of vision. This was done by looking at a highly illuminated area through a small pin hole held close to the eye. Three classes of motes were observed: First, the usual cell fragments and groups; secondly, rapidly moving objects probably of similar character, and, thirdly, minute black dots, which from their motions seemed to be located in the same region as the first, probably not far in front of the retina. On this last class, some beautiful phenomena were observed.

When one of these spots was outside a region identified as approximately the yellow spot, it appeared as a circular dark area of some thirty minutes' diameter, as shown in Fig. 3. When it came within the yellow spot it became lighter and was surrounded by the halo with its intensified zone and secondary image well defined as in Fig. 4. When, however, it came within the region of most distinct vision, which was very rare, it gave the most beautiful effect of halo imaginable. It had a dense black spot in its very center, usually well rayed; then a light zone limited by an intense black ring, which in turn produced its own complete halo. This form is shown in Fig. 5

This mote observation is by no means easy. Professor Douglass has often waited fifteen minutes for a mote of this type to appear, and only once has he kept one in sight for any length of time. It then remained in the center of vision for at least twenty minutes. Usually they float past the center of the vision and give one only a brief view. The size of the pin-hole used is one-fiftieth of an inch. With a much larger hole, say one-twentieth of an inch



From *The Popular Science Monthly*

FIG. 5. 'DOT' MOTE IN FOVEA

FIG. 6. SAME AS FIG. 5, VIEWED AT CLOSE RANGE

Notice different length of rays compared to diameter of ring.

they become blurred. By getting near a large lamp-shade so that a wide angle of light is viewed, they are best discovered. Then one may retreat from the light and view them as illustrated in Figs. 3, 4 and 5.

The rays observed in the central spot are very interesting. Their length offers a means of measuring the height of the spot above the retina. A short calculation upon approximate data results in 0.002 inch as the distance of the spot from the retina.

It is true that these mote observations require great patience, but the beauty of the phenomena repays the effort. There is a sharpness about the inner halo around the spot itself which does not characterize the ordinary outer halo. For such differences Professor Douglass has no explanation to offer. Not only, he says, is the cause of these details very difficult of detection, but the origin of the whole halo phenomenon is equally so. It probably lies in the obscure reactions that change light waves into nerve impulses.

With reference, now, to the maps of Mars showing canalization to a most minute extent, the halo here described, with its light area and secondary image, accounts for details which, as has been hinted, have no reality outside the hallucinations of the astronomical eye, such as bright limbs of definite width, canals paralleling the limb or dark areas, numerous light margins along dark areas and light areas in the midst of dark—abundantly exemplified in the "map" drawn by the eminent Italian authority on Mars, Schiaparelli, in 1881-82. When a ribbon-like mark has sufficient width, it must appear double, for the positive secondary image of the adjacent light areas will appear within it. Now the "double canals" of Schiaparelli and those of other eminent astronomers who have been regarded as "authorities" on Mars are just of this width, and are due, says Professor Douglass, to the hallucination here described. The halo hallucination is also responsible for the so-called "marginal canals."

THE DECISIVE FACTOR IN THE DAILY LIFE OF A HUMAN BEING



TEMPERAMENT is a word that has fallen into some discredit, notes a writer in the *Révue Scientifique* (Paris), but temperament itself is the decisive factor in the daily life of every human being. Heredity counts for much, no doubt, and environment is very important; but heredity and environment together are not so influential in determining the course of one's every-day life as is temperament. An illustration of its potency is seen in the ease with which a fortune-teller can read the past of a perfect stranger. Many well-informed persons are skeptical when clairvoyants claim to be able to read the past life of an individual. The too credulous, on the other hand, are amazed when some fortune-teller states accurately the record of their lives. The feat is comparatively easy. One needs but to know what a human being's temperament is—sanguine, lymphatic, bilious or nervous—in order to read in outline his or her past. Hence, all impostors of the successful sort, like Cagliostro, for instance, studied human temperament carefully. Character, we are told, is destiny. It would be more scientific to say that temperament is destiny.

Something to the same effect is set forth by

Dr. Alfred T. Schofield in his new work on hygiene.* For practical purposes, he maintains, there are only four temperaments, altho the earlier students of the subject thought the number much greater. To deny the importance of temperament in every-day life is, according to Dr. Schofield, to blunder egregiously. To say that a person is of a bilious temperament, moreover, does not imply that he is in any true sense diseased. The bilious temperament may exist in a healthy individual. Our authority divides temperaments into the four classes of sanguine, lymphatic, bilious and nervous. Certain characteristics are sufficiently predominant in each of these temperaments to distinguish them by. Still, they may exist in combination. Opposed temperaments, if united too closely, may lead to divorce, to rivalry, to a thousand and one complications inexplicable upon any other hypothesis. Before we can estimate any man or woman truly, we must satisfy ourselves as to his or her temperament.

The sanguine temperament is characterized by a florid complexion, full and rounded body, blue or gray eyes and light-brown, auburn, or

*THE HOME LIFE IN ORDER. By Alfred T. Schofield. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

red hair. The circulation is full and active, the digestion good, the character hopeful, energetic and self-confident, full of force in body and mind, as befits those who have a free current of good blood. These people have large chests, small heads, small veins, good muscles, while their actions are energetic and decided. With regard to exposure to injury, they are readily affected by sudden changes and contagious diseases, and when attacked the disease seems to lay a firm hold on them. They are more liable to acute than to chronic diseases. They have, therefore, somewhat defective powers of resistance. The moral disposition seems also to yield to adverse circumstances, and the character not to be very stable. The temper is often very hasty, tho never sulky and unforgiving. They are volatile in disposition, fond of change of work and amusement. In women this temperament shows its best qualities. They are loving, devoted and cheerful in mind; while in body the outline is rounded, the skin clear and often very fair. We thus get typical forms of female beauty among this type. The fact is responsible for the glaring inaccuracies of popular novelists who paint sanguine heroines and then make them act biliously. The distorted ideas of life imbibed from the works of some women novelists are the result of a fundamental misconception of temperament.

Temperaments of the lymphatic or phlegmatic kind are marked by flaxen or sandy hair, light eyelashes, gray or light-blue eyes, complexion fair, dull or muddy, skin delicate and freckling readily. The body is heavy, often ungainly and ill-proportioned, large joints, head, hands and feet. The muscles are large, but the movements are awkward and slow, owing to want of nervous vigor. Chest and head are comparatively small. The movements are slow, the passions are evanescent and soon subside, the intellect being dull. The circulation being sluggish, the nervous centers are so, too, for a slow pulse means slow thought. Nevertheless, there may be firmness, solidity and soundness of judgment. The power of resistance to disease is inferior and the tendency to chronic and particularly to scrofulous disease is great.

The bilious temperament is the one regarding which the most astonishing popular delusions prevail. Bilious temperaments are often said to be due to an excess of bile in the system. There is not the least evidence in support of that idea. The view that to be bilious in temperament inclines one to what is often called biliousness cannot be maintained.

The bilious temperament is in many respects the opposite of the sanguine. In the bilious temperament other functions are all more active than circulation. As a rule, the individuals are dark. The body is spare, tho it may be large; the joints large; the figure angular; the features well defined, but somewhat coarse; the cheek bones high; the eyes hazel or brown, sometimes gray; the lips thick; the jaws firm and strong. The body evinces power and has a strong resisting force against disease. The mind is firm and often obstinate; there is great tenacity of purpose and attachment; devotion is strong, but to few objects. Judgment is slow, but not easily shaken. Prejudices are strong. In the female sex the temperament generally produces firmness of mind, angularity of frame and hardness of character, with dark complexion and hair. There is, however, another variety of bilious temperament amongst women that almost forms a special type. In it the face is slight and more delicate, the hair is smooth, black and glossy; the character soft and melancholy. The figure is never stout. The complexion is clear olive, sometimes of marble paleness. The eyes are soft hazel. The temper is docile, indolent and of unchanging affection and constancy.

In the nervous temperament the nerves and intellect predominate over the body. The skin may be dark and earthy or pale or delicately tinted with pink—in fact, of any shade. It is often hot and dry. The skull is large in proportion to the face; the muscles spare; the features small; the eyes quick, large and lustrous; the chest narrow, the circulation languid; the veins large, the face characterized by energy and intensity of thought and feeling; the movements hasty, often abrupt or violent, or else languid. The hands and feet are small, the frame slender and delicate. People of this type require little sleep, but drink much tea. They are prone to all nervous diseases. They always seem either to be able to do more than they are doing or to be doing more than they are able. The character may be, on one side, admirable for its powers of mind or insight and for its lofty imagination; while on the other it may be disfigured by impetuous and unruly passions. To this class belong the most intellectual of the race, the wittiest and the cleverest. These are the poets, the men of letters, the students and the statesmen. Their great danger consists in uncontrollable passions. They feel pain acutely. Nevertheless, they can endure long fatigue and privation better than the sanguine. They form

the leaders of mankind. Amongst women this type is well marked—in real life, that is, not in the novels of the day, wherein it is too often caricatured. The nervous temperament in the female sex shows great delicacy of physical organization, quickness of imagination and fervor of emotion. It is a feminine temperament of the greatest interest and fineness, but beset with danger for want of a firm control of its great powers.

- We now begin to see why it is that temperament is the decisive factor in the every-day life of the individual. Should suspicion of crime fall upon any individual, the important thing to determine first of all is that individual's temperament. The actions of a man of a bilious temperament are apt to be incomprehensible to a man of lymphatic temperament. The sanguine official superior may be most unjust to his nervous type of subordinate. It may be that an individual combines the characteristics of two or more temperaments. He can be understood by a study of those traits—bilious, lymphatic, sanguine or nervous—which predominate in him. Each is beset with its own dangers in the course of life's journey.

The perils of the sanguine temperament in the course of every-day experience are principally due to the want of strong powers of resistance. This temperament should not, therefore, be exposed to injuries or infections. The sanguine do well when matters look bright. For a time they are the best behaved in depressing circumstances. Yet they have not much staying power. For this they want a little admixture of the bilious, which is the strongest and most enduring temperament in the human race. A combination of the two, with the sanguine traits dominant, leaves but little to be desired, as a woman married to a man of this type ought to know. Such a person gets an easy life, almost proof against disease. But the lofty heights of imagination and the depths of sympathy found in the nervous temperament are missed by the wife of this sort of man. Thus we have the tragedy upon which George Meredith bases one of his finest fictions—the man with a wife and a friend, the wife being a woman who is misunderstood, and the friend being a sort of poet. Life is so temperamental!

Persons of the lymphatic temperament require care from childhood. "Mamma's boy" is generally lymphatic. Lymphatics should spend the first ten years of life in bracing sea air. All through life special care is required, as the temperament is prone to disease. There is often a gentleness and sweetness in this tem-

perament that duly impress sisters, cousins and aunts in the family circle. Nor is the delicacy of constitution wholly evil. It imparts an ethereal interest to the personality. But if the lymphatic temperament has inferior resisting powers compared with the sanguine, it has less temptation to excess. The sanguine temperament will often succumb early through a fast life, when the lymphatic, thanks to the fond care of those in whom it can inspire affection, survives to a green old age. The tuberculous or consumptive type is a variety of the lymphatic temperament. It is endowed very often with the highest type of beauty.

Bilious temperaments require very few cautions against disease. They are able to go anywhere and do anything, provided they always get sufficient exercise and keep the liver in order. Tho strong, they are not necessarily the most attractive of people. The evangelical maiden aunt with a strong disapproval of the tendencies of a sanguine nephew or nervous niece, is herself most likely to be bilious. The bilious temperament often predisposes to a certain hardness of character and want of sympathy with the frailties of the sanguine, the nervous and the lymphatic, with which the bilious have little in common.

Nervous temperaments are the most attractive of all, but are ever in the doctor's hands. They have such lofty powers that the strain upon the physique is constant. Nervous temperaments are instinctively ladies or gentlemen, simply because they are sensitive. Sensitiveness, as Ruskin has shown, is the essence of a gentleman. The proud reticence of the nervous temperament when misunderstood is to the lymphatic evidence of guilt. In one respect, and in one respect only, do the lymphatic, the nervous, the sanguine and the bilious meet on common ground. They all crave to be understood. To be misunderstood is agony to any temperament, yet the torture is inflicted every day, because the whole subject is involved in ignorance, delusion and quackery. The inability of popular novelists to understand temperament is best illustrated by the management of what the critics call "situations." It is a demonstrable fact that a nervous temperament in a female, reacting from a lymphatic temperament in a male, will act, in a given set of circumstances, most erratically. Under the influence of a sanguine male temperament the nervous female temperament is stimulated intellectually. What the unscientific novelist is so fond of referring to as "the eternal struggle of sex" turns out, as often as not, to be some conflict of temperament with temperament.

Recent Poetry

NOTHING is more important," said James Bryce, the British ambassador, in a recent interview, "than that each generation and each land should have its own poets. Each oncoming tide of life, each age, requires and needs men of lofty thought who shall dream and sing for it, who shall gather up its tendencies and formulate its ideals and voice its spirit, proclaiming its duties and awakening its enthusiasm, through the high authority of the poet and the art of his verse."

Mr. Bryce, according to Andrew Carnegie, knows more than any other man on the earth today; but he never uttered a truer word than that just quoted. We will supplement it with another equally true and equally important, namely, that for each land and each generation to have its own poets it is necessary that it read and learn to appreciate good poetry. With some of us such appreciation comes naturally. With others of us it must be acquired, just as the love of good music or the taste for good painting is acquired. There is but one way to acquire any of these, and that is by way of familiarity. It is just as much one's duty to cultivate the taste for poetry as to cultivate one's taste for any other art. A reader of *CURRENT LITERATURE*, himself an editor, recently remarked that this department makes him feel each month that there is a real renaissance of poetry. We are not ready to say that there is such a renaissance; but we are ready to say that what is most needed to create one is the appreciative reading of poetry. In America, in our judgment, the creative impulse requires but slight popular encouragement to burst forth into a true renaissance.

In a new volume of verse by Arthur Davison Ficke (Small, Maynard & Company), we find much poetic atmosphere, but the precipitation is more like a Scotch mist than a shower of rain, and one finds somewhat the same difficulty in selecting poems meet for quotation that would be found in trying to catch a bucket full of the mist. The following poem, however, has definiteness and completeness, and is none the worse for reminding us of Keats's Ode to a Grecian Urn:

ON A PERSIAN TILE

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Where would you ride, O knight so bold,
Decked in your youth's glad panoply?
In robe of rose with thread of gold,
As for some gallant holiday?
Do you not know that long of old
Your Shah's great pageant moved away?

And still you ride your prancing steed,
And still your laughing eyes are bright.
Is it because you have small need
Of aught save of your own delight
That you remain while empires bleed
And turn to shadows down the night?

I love you and I know not why.
I have passed by the loftier face
Of a king, stern in majesty,
And of a poet. To your place
I come. You only could not die,
But ride and ride with old-time grace.

And it avails not that I tell
To you how all your pomps are fled;
That lovely eyes you loved so well
Long since have joined the weary dead;
How all your lords and princes fell
And over them the flowers are shed.

O laughter in the face of Time,
O you who linger down the years,
Eternal in your eager prime,
Lord of mortality's dim fears,—
I wonder does your heart not pine
Sometimes for boon of human tears?

Would you not wish, if wish you could,
That there might sometime come a day
When you could doff your merry mood
And weep a little for the clay
To which has turned your princes' blood,
To which your ladies stole away?

Another volume of verse, whose author is Mildred I. McNeal-Sweeney, and whose publisher is Robert Grier Cooke, is open to the same criticism as that just made of Mr. Ficke's work. Its poems lack the touch of finality, while the poetical spirit and impulse are evident on every page. The following is exceptionally good:

THE WEAVING OF THE FAN

BY MILDRED I. MCNEAL-SWEENEY

*Oh, the wind on the marshy shallows,
Tossing, trembling, dancing, dying!
Oh, the sun on the April fallows,
Shining, shimmering, faltering, flying!*

*Oh, the call of the wild sea plover
Come a thousand of windy miles!
Oh, the glee when the geese fly over,
Shrill and stormy in long defiles!*

Out in the sun on the billowy prairie
Toils the maiden, the dusky-skinned
Daughter of sagamores, humble, merry,
Her black hair blown in the rushing wind.

Toils untired when the noons are mellow,
And bravely toils when the winds are chill,
Up to her knees in the rippling yellow
Over running valley and plain and hill.

And with the coming of night she passes
Home to the villages, wearily,
Bent with her burden of fragrant grasses
And yellow starwort and barberry.

*And oh, the twilight is wild and lonely!
Never a camp-fire among the pines—
Never a light in the open—only
A gleam in the west where the first star
shines,—*

*And the distant drone of the water falling
By cliff and chasm and wild recess,
And the short, strange note of the night bird
calling
Its old perpetual loneliness.*

All day and patiently they sit weaving—
Meek dark maiden and withered dame,
Intent and diligent, never leaving
The bright hay piled at the drying frame.

And the sweet of the northern summer lingers
In every corner and plait and fold
Slipping from under the flying fingers
In lustrous veinings of green and gold.

If one be comely and happy spoken
They seat her out by the cool green wares—
Fan and snowshoe and wampum token
And moccasins fine as a princess wears.

And there she dreams of her idle lover
Or new-wed husband, or softly croons
To the black-eyed baby she watches over
The little store of her Indian tunes—

And bends her meek head and serves with
smiling
The tall, fair lords of her ancient lands,
And counts their generous silver, piling
Coin by coin in her dusky hands.

*Oh, the call of the wild sea plover,
Come a thousand of windy miles!
Oh, the glee when the geese fly over,
Shrill and stormy in long defiles!*

*Oh, the moan of the great gray river,
Over its burden of savage deeds!
Oh, the sigh when the ripples quiver,
Troubling dully among the reeds!*

Camping now by the great sweet water,
Now where the Ottawa laughed and ran,
How her proud tribe would flout their daughter
For weaving of basket and belt and fan.

Lost from her eyes is their old, wild longing
For camp and carnage and all the dire
Paint and hate of the young braves thronging
Forth to war from the council fire!

Forgotten the dances, the shouts, the drumming
In furious triumph o'er them they slew—
Forgotten the joy of the hunt's home-coming
And the glad, straight flight of the swift canoe!

*Strange tall ships on the great gray river!
Strange new boasting of worthy deeds;
But still the sigh where the ripples quiver
Wondering dully among the reeds!*

*And always the moan in the wildernesses—
Afar—at dusk—as for something lost!—
Always the sighing in grassy places
For the swift, dark march of the Indian host!*

The following poem is going the round of the newspapers, quoted, without the name of the author, from the *Kansas City Journal*. It is another instance of the constant appearance of excellent poetry far from the haunts of the magazine publishers:

THE SANTA FE TRAIL

The trail is nearly lost. Alas!
Amid the wheat and corn and grass
And fields by hedge divided,
The hand of greed across it runs
And sweeps away the mark that once
The settler's wagon guided.

It plowed a furrow wide and deep
In Little river's winding steep
Down where the stream was forded:
Not far away is Stone Corral
Whose ruins many a tale can tell
Of history unrecorded.

It passed before our cabin door,
Then onward to the west it bore
O'er plain and hill and mesa;
Around the bare and rocky steep,
Into the canyon dark and deep
By lonely Camp Theresa.

O'er cactus field and withered sage
Where fiercely blinding blizzards rage
Its course is rougher, bleaker,
The whitening bones around it gleam,
It tells of many a shattered dream
And dying fortune-seeker.

To us, poor exiles on the plain,
It was the one connecting chain
With Eastern friends and kindred;
With longing eyes we saw the track
And gladly would have wandered back,
But stern-faced duty hindered.

The oxen bound for Santa Fé
Came patiently upon their way
With wagons heavy freighted;
They passed the cabin poor and lone
And broke the dreary monotone
Of those who toiled and waited.

The Indian swept upon his raid
And yonder where the bison strayed
We saw the blizzards hover.
Sometimes a schooner hurried by
With little children gathered shy
Beneath the wagon cover.

The sunburnt one who held the reins
Looked eagerly upon the plains,
A mystery round them clinging;
They stretched around him parched and hot,
Without a single garden spot
Wherein a bird was singing.

That land of buffalo grass and sage
Unconquered lay for many an age
And now refused surrender.

But O! the men with plow and hoe—
They won—see how the prairies grow,
The fields of richest splendor.

How beautiful the future gleams;
Gone is the time of great extremes;
The crops are springing greenly.
No scorching wind, no wilderness,
The church among the cottages
Points heavenward serenely.

O deep worn Trail of Santa Fé!
You speak of those who passed away
Without the glorious vision;
Who shared the suffering and the toil,
The noon-day heat and ceaseless moil,
But never the fruition.

Tell of the victories they won,
The heroes who are dead or gone,
Tell of the hard privations.
As soft and low as vesper chimes
Tell of the early Kansas times
To coming generations.

We have seen very little in the last few months
from the pen of Henry Newbolt. *The Spectator*
(London) now gives us an April poem from his
hand that is well worth publishing even in June:

THE ADVENTURERS

BY HENRY NEWBOLT

Over the downs in sunlight clear
Forth we went in the spring of the year:
Plunder of April's gold we sought,
Little of April's anger thought.

Caught in a copse without defense
Low we crouched to the rain-squall dense:
Sure, if misery man can vex,
There it beat on our bended necks.

Yet when again we wander on
Suddenly all that gloom is gone:
Under and over, through the wood,
Life is astir, and life is good.

Violets purple, violets white,
Delicate windflowers dancing light,
Primrose, mercury, muscatel,
Shimmer in diamonds round the dell.

Squirrel is climbing swift and lithe,
Chiff-chaff whetting his airy scythe,
Woodpecker whirrs his rattling rap,
Ringdove flies with a sudden clap.

Rook is summoning rook to build,
Dunnock his beak with moss has filled,
Robin is bowing in coat-tails brown,
Tomtit chattering upside down.

Well is it seen that every one
Laughs at the rain and loves the sun;
We, too, laughed with the wildwood crew,
Laughed till the sky once more was blue.

Homeward over the downs we went
Soaked to the heart with sweet content;
April's anger is swift to fall,
April's wonder is worth it all.

A new and very good translation of a famous
little poem by Sully Prudhomme appears in
Transatlantic Tales. The name of the translator
does not appear:

THE BROKEN VASE

BY SULLY PRUDHOMME

The vase in which this flower died
Was cracked by just a gentle tap
From someone's fan, who brushed beside;
No sound betrayed the slight mishap.

The little wound, past hope of cure,
Eating the crystal day by day,
Invisible and still and sure,
Around the bowl has made its way.

And, one by one, to shrink and dry,
The ebbing drops the flower forsake;
And no one knows the reason why;
But touch it not, or it will break!

Sometimes the hand that most is dear
Will touch the heart in careless wise;
The small wound widens year on year,
And love's rare flower droops and dies.

Still fair and whole to stranger gaze,
It feels within it burn and wake
The thin, deep wound that inly preys;
Oh, touch it not, or it will break!

The death of Mr. Aldrich has called forth several
poetic tributes, but nothing that we have seen
that is superior to this in *The Atlantic*:

THE SHADOW ON THE FLOWER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"I regard death as nothing but the passing of
the shadow on the flower."—T. B. ALDRICH.

When those who have loved Power depart
From out a world of toil and stress,
Somewhere is easing of the heart,
Somewhere a load grows less.

When those who have loved Beauty die,
Who with her praise the world did bless,
Around the earth there runs a sigh
Of tender loneliness.

Thou, latest-silenced of her choir!
Hark to that long, long sigh, to-day:
The sunlight is a faded fire,
Since thou art gone away!

Since thou art gone—where none may find—
Where Beauty knows no wavering hour,
Where is no blighting from the wind,
No Shadow on the Flower.

Thy mystic, floating, farewell word—
Oh, was it breathed in antiphon
To vatic strains thy spirit heard
From all thy brothers gone!

Another poet who has left us for the fuller life
is William Henry Drummond, of Ontario. His

dialect verse of French-Canadian life is fairly familiar to American readers, for its popularity, in spite of the unfamiliar patois, has been very marked on both sides of the Great Lakes. Dr. Drummond was not a Canadian by birth. He was born in Ireland, and spent only about half his life in North America, practicing his profession as a physician in Montreal among the Highland Scotch, and getting the spirit and local color of his verse from occasional visits to lumber camps and from hunting tours. He was at one time the champion three-mile runner of Canada. The latest of his four volumes of poetry is "The Voyageur and Other Poems" (Putnam's), published two years ago. Its title-poem seems to us about the best thing he has done, tho there are many other of his poems equally popular.

THE VOYAGEUR

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Dere's somet'ing stirrin' ma blood to-night,
On de night of de young new year,
W'ile de camp is warm an' de fire is bright,
An' de bottle is close at han'—
Out on de reever de nort' wind blow,
Down on de valley is pile de snow,
But w'at do we care so long we know
We're safe on de log cabane?

Drink to de healt' of your wife an' girl,
Anoder wan for your frien',
Den geev' me a chance, for on all de worl'
I've not many frien' to spare—
I'm born w're de mountain scrape de sky,
An' bone of ma fader an' moder lie,
So I fill de glass an' I raise it high
An' drink to de Voyageur.

For dis is de night of de jour de l'an,¹
W'en de man of de Grand Nor' Wes'
T'ink of hees home on de St. Laurent,
An' frien' he may never see—
Gone he is now, an' de beeg canoe
No more you'll see wit' de red-shirt crew,
But long as he leev' he was alway true,
So we'll drink to hees memory.

Ax' heem de nort' win' w'at he see
Of de Voyageur long ago,
An' he'll say to you w'at he say to me,
So lissen hees story well—
"I see de track of hees botte sau-vage²
On many a hill and long portage
Far, far away from hees own vill-age
An' soun' of de parish bell—

"I never can play on de Hudson Bay
Or Mountain dat lie between
But I meet heem singin' hees lonely way
De happies' man I know—
I cool hees face as he's sleepin' dere
Under de star of de Red Riviere,
• An' off on de home of de great w'ite bear,
I'm seein' hees dog traineau.³

"De woman an' chil'ren's runnin' out
On de wigwam of de Cree—
De Leetle papoose dey laugh an' shout
W'en de soun' of hees voice dey hear—
De oldes' warrior of de Sioux
Kill hese'f dancin' de w'ole night t'roo,
An' de Blackfoot girl remember, too,
De ole tam Voyageur.

"De blaze of hees camp on de snow I see,
An' I lissen hees 'En Roulant'
On de lan' w're de reindeer travel free,
Ringin' out strong an' clear—
Offen de gray wolf sit before
De light is come from hees open door,
An' caribou foller along de shore
De song of de Voyageur.

"If he only kip goin', de red ceinture⁴
I'd see it upon de Pole
Some mornin' I'm startin' upon de tour
For blowin' de worl' aroun'—
But w'rever he sail an' w'rever he ride,
De trail is long an' de trail is wide,
An' city an' town on ev'ry side
Can tell of hees campin' groun'.

"So dat's de reason I drink to-night
To de man of de Grand Nor' Wes',
For hees heart was young, an' hees heart was
light
So long as he's leevin' dere—
I'm proud of de sam' blood in my vein
I'm a son of de Nort' Win' wance again—
So we'll fill her up till de bottle's drain
An' drink to de Voyageur."

Another of Doctor Drummond's poems with the universal note as well as the local color is the following:

THE FAMILY LARAMIE

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Hssh! look at ba-bee on de leetle blue chair,
W'at you t'ink he's tryin' to do?
Wit' pole on de han' lak de lumberman,
A-shovin' along canoe.
Dere's purty strong current behin' de stove,
W're it's passin' de chimley-stone,
But he'll come roun' yet, if he don't upset,
So long he was lef' alone.

Dat's way ev'ry boy on de house begin
No sooner he's twelve mont' ole;
He'll play canoe up an' down de Soo
An' paddle an' push de pole,
Den haul de log all about de place,
Till dey're fillin' up mos' de room,
An' say it's all right, for de storm las' night
Was carry away de boom.

Mebbe you see heem, de young loon bird,
Wit' half of de shell hangin' on,
Tak' hees firse slide to de water side,
An' off on de lake he's gone.
Out of de cradle dey're goin' sam' way
On reever an' lake an' sea;
For born to de trade, dat's how dey're made
De familee Laramie.

¹New Year's Day.

²Indian boot.

³Dog-sleigh.

⁴Canadian sash.

An' de reever she's lyin' so handy dere
 On foot of de hill below,
 Dancin' along an' singin' de song,
 As away to de sea she go,
 No wonder I never can lak dat song,
 For soon it is comin', w'en
 Dey'll lissen de call, leetle Pierre an' Paul,
 An' w'ere will de moder be den?

She'll sit by de shore w'en de evenin's come,
 An' spik to de reever, too:
 "O reever, you know how dey love you so,
 Since ever dey're seein' you,
 For de sake of dat love, bring de leetle boy home
 Once more to de moder's knee."
 An' mebbe de prayer I be makin' dere
 Will help bring dem back to me.

A little paper-bound booklet that merits some attention is Justin Sterns's "The Song of the Boy." In it, after the Boy speaks, Death speaks, and Conscience speaks, and the World speaks, and the Flesh speaks, the Boy replying. Finally Love speaks and the Boy, answering, acknowledges that Love, untainted with sin, is the Master Joy of the world. We reprint the first part of the sequence:

THE SONG OF THE BOY

BY JUSTIN STERNS

Oh! 'The joy of being alive!
 To be sound of body and brain,
 With pulses that leap to strive,
 And muscles that crave the difficult feat.
 To battle with wind and rain,
 To struggle with snow and sleet,
 In the tumbling surf to meet
 That strongest foe of man, the sea.
 To feel her tug at the feet,
 And buffet the face with a heavy hand;
 To measure strength with her brainless strength,
 And in spite of her might to stand
 Or leap or swim at the will's command.
 Oh! Life is sweet!

Oh! The joy of the body's might!
 To feel the muscles play
 As you writhe and bend and sway
 In the grip of the wrestler's arms.
 To dart and whirl all day,
 Like a great, swift bird of prey,
 O'er the ice's smooth, black glare.
 To lave the body where
 The still pool summons to plunge and sink
 And rise from the dive to plunge again.
 To feel the lithe oars bend at the pull
 And the boat spring on like a thing alive.
 To climb, till the clouds are left behind,
 Thro' the perilous places that none should strive
 To behold but he of the sturdy limb,
 The steady hand and the dauntless mind.
 Oh! Life is sweet!

Oh! The joy of the measured strength!
 To run with the fleet and leap with the supple,
 And strive with the strong.
 To struggle with friendly foes, and to know at
 length,
 By measuring strength with strength,
 Where you stand as a man among men.

To reach with body and soul
 For the wreath of bays, and then
 To rejoice that the best man wins,
 Tho another be first at the goal.
 Oh! Life is sweet!

Oh! The joy of the senses that throb and thrill!
 Each one perfect, but best the delight
 Of the glorious gift of sight.
 To revel at will thro' the wonderful world that
 lies
 Ever in reach of the restless eyes
 That never can drink their fill.
 To feel the beauty that crowds so thick it be-
 wilders the brain.
 Beauty of sky and wood and sea,
 Of flooding sunshine and flooding rain.
 The marvel of Life that crawls in the worm,
 That gleams in the jewel and blooms in the tree;
 But best, the beauty of this fair sheath
 Of rose-flushed, supple flesh,
 That holds the soul in a mesh,—
 The master-beauty, unmatched since time began.
 Lo! The world is drenched in loveliness, around,
 above, beneath,
 An endless joy is the gift of sight to man.
 Oh! Life is sweet!

Oh! The joy of the ardent brain!
 To lie prone under the trees
 Alone with the treasured lore of the ages of yore.
 To ponder what old Greek slaves and kings
 Uttered, that still lives on.
 To fly with Mercury's wings.
 To joy with the joy and ache with the pain
 Of all the lovers that went before.
 To garner the wisdom of poet and sage.
 To muse on the great who have written their
 page.
 To dream of the future. A moment, no more,
 For the future is still on the way,
 And Life is to-day,
 And sweet!

Oh! The joy of intimate speech!
 The delight of the eager delve after Truth
 With friendly maiden or youth;
 Of the quick response of awakening minds
 Answering each to each.
 To know you are not alone
 In the midst of the alien crowd,
 That a kindred soul is beside you there.
 To know you may think the innermost thoughts
 aloud
 With the freedom born of being aware
 The soul of your comrade is kin to your own.
 Oh! Life is sweet!

For behold! There is ever the joy of the in-
 drawn breath,
 And the joy of the surging blood that pulses so
 quick
 It is hard to believe in death.
 There is ever the joy of the senses' throb and
 thrill,
 And the joy of the supple muscles that stiffen and
 strain,
 Till, having wrought and achieved, they rest
 again.
 These are the joys that fill.
 Yea, Life is sweet!

Recent Fiction and the Critics



RAND WHITLOCK, Mayor of Toledo, whose first novel, "The Thirteenth District," has been described by two presidents as the best political story ever written, presents in his new book* a terrific indictment of our judicial system. It is a picture of the savage cruelty that is still able to deny our civilization, an arraignment that, in the opinion of *The Argonaut*, ought

THE TURN OF THE BALANCE

to bite deeply and with a dreary persistence into the conscience of the nation. It is one of the books which, as *The North American Review* remarks editorially, are a public event.

The wretched hero of the book, if there can be said to be a hero, is Archie Schroeder. He has served with some distinction in the Philippines, and has returned home just after his father has been taken to the hospital to have his leg amputated. *The Argonaut's* view of the hero is as follows:

"Archie is a young man who is not overburdened with moral will-power and who is handicapped in civil life by his military employment. He might have been a good citizen if the laws had allowed him, but the law, after its manner and after it once had its grip upon him, proceeded to damn him body and soul, never relaxing its persecution until hope and life were lost. Archie commits some slight misdemeanor, or what has the same effect, is accused of doing so, and is sentenced to a few weeks in the workhouse. That is the beginning of the end for him, as the law would see to it that there should be no return on the declivity upon which he had started.

"There is small chance of honest work for the man who has once stepped aside. Employers have a prejudice against the sinner—that is to say, the convicted sinner—and the police take good care that for such there shall be no oblivion. Archie of course drifts inevitably into bad company, and consorts with the only society open to him—that of thieves, burglars and hoboos. Incidentally we have a view of the respectable fence, the God-fearing merchant who adds to his profits by receiving a little stolen property and varies benevolence with felony."

After Archie finishes his thirty days in the workhouse, he finds himself in debt to the state for costs. As he has no money to pay the debt, he is kept in prison for ten days longer, altho it is against the law in that state to imprison a man for debt. Of course, Archie gets into trouble again.

His further career is one of crime, tho he is

never as blamable as the judges seem to imagine. In the end we see tortures in prison such as we usually associate with the Spanish Inquisition, and last of all the electric chair. The author, one critic remarks, is "obviously trying to keep strictly in the facts, and the absence of all passion in the narration, the almost deadly monotony of his terrible recitals give them all an air of actuality."

Interwoven with this arraignment of crying social and economic evils is a love-story. The heroine of this love-story is Elizabeth Ware, an heiress, and this part of the story ends happily.

The novel raises in the mind of a writer in the *Springfield Republican* the question whether we cannot discern in the light of recent fiction the growth in America of a "naturalistic" school. He recounts a number of novels that fall under this classification, among these "The Cliff Dwellers," by Henry B. Fuller; "Rose of Dutcher's Cooly," by Hamlin Garland; "McTeague," by Frank Norris; "Sister Carrie," by Thomas Dreiser; "The Long Straight Road," by George Horton; "The Unwritten Law," by Arthur Henry; "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair; "An Eye for an Eye," by Clarence S. Darrow.

While a number of novelists in this group have turned to Zola for inspiration, Mr. Whitlock, we are told, has come under the spell of Count Tolstoy. This naturalism seems to be destined to play an important part in American fiction. The same writer says on this point:

"It is for one thing, an instrument of extraordinary potency, precisely because it eliminates so sternly all merely literary graces, keeps the writer to a hard program of facts. By following it fearlessly, untiringly, a writer of moderate ability and large industry, if thoroly in earnest, really saturated with his subject, may hope to achieve a result out of all proportion to his individual powers. In the best of the novels named there is an effect of mastery, of literary competence which must be ascribed in part to the energetic use of a simple and efficient tool; some of the same writers, trusting in other books to their own resources—to specify would be unkind—have shown how little their personal art has to do with it. No formula, of course, can insure masterpieces, but it is arguable that the strictly realistic method offers a larger opportunity than any other to the writer who possesses only moderate literary gifts, but who has in a high degree intelligence, earnestness and industry. It reduces to a minimum the play of chance and makes for cumulative effect for the 'big' thing."

The author of "The Turn of the Balance" piles horror on horror, but the book has nothing of the European frankness in sexual matters. This limi-

*THE TURN OF THE BALANCE. By Brand Whitlock. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

tation is regarded a defect in a novel dealing with the criminal classes. With the crimes against property, Mr. Whitlock deals with sufficient courage; but he passes over the vice which is the seed-bed of crime, and his account of the matter is to that extent incomplete. The method and the spirit of Whitlock's treatment are those of the later Tolstoy, that is to say, his purpose is ethical rather than artistic. Mr. Whitlock, *The Republican's* reviewer thinks, has raised many more questions than he has answered.

"He has shown the festering sores of society; he has pointed out no cure for them. He has not explicitly, at least, accepted the full creed of Tolstoy, yet his elaborate and studied satire of things as they are can hardly be justified on any other basis. Here is the weak point in a novel of remarkable solidity; it is not like 'Resurrection,' the outgrowth of a profound spiritual experience and a morbid fanaticism. It expresses merely a conviction of the failure of justice, and the mode of expression is disproportionate; it gives a sense of pose, of imitation."

The negative character of Whitlock's message is also dwelt upon in *The Independent*, which, nevertheless, classes "The Turn of the Balance" with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Charles Dickens's novels of protest, with "Les Misérables," with Daudet's and Zola's works and with "The Jungle." *The Chicago Public* finds the positive note of Mr. Whitlock's book in love and human sympathy. *The North American Review* indicates why the author's answer to the questions raised by himself is not positively stated. It says:

"The book is another answer to the question which has been repeating itself from age to age in some form ever since one man first put himself in another's place. Revolutions seem to answer it; reactions seem to answer it; elections seem to answer it; revivals of religion seem to answer it. But the old unanswered stupid misery, which seems so remediable, still asks to be remedied; and in some kind, always, some one is trying to answer it. The Mayor of Toledo is the latest to make the attempt. But perhaps there is something mystical in the misery always crying to us which forbids him to be categorical in his reply."

"Clever" is the word which, in the opinion of a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*, best designates Mrs. Wharton's art. This element

MADAME DE TREYMES is strongly present in her latest novelette; also, it must be said, something of the apparent heartlessness that invariably accompanies the analytic temperament. The book itself is described by the same reviewer as "worthy of Henry James in a most lucid interval;" and its pathos, he in-

forms us, "is something unique in the presentation of the slavery of woman to sin and misery all for the family's sake. "Madame de Treymes," the writer continues, "is contemptible, and yet appeals with something of hopelessness in her apparently thought-out wickedness. She is false and coldly wicked, mercenary and merciless, but she is a woman crushed by the family convention, and through one's feeling of revulsion from her there creeps a little pang of sympathy." Unlike "The House of Mirth," which broadly depicts the entire social system, "Madame de Treymes," as one critic puts it, deals only with a single phase of a question seen from afar—the myriad coils and entanglements of international marriage.

It is the story of an American girl who marries an aristocratic Parisian and has reason to repent the bargain. The idea, as the San Francisco *Argonaut* points out, is not a new one, and material from actual life is unfortunately abundant enough. Disclosures and divorce scandals have, however, made us familiar only with the grosser causes that underlie the domestic infelicity of American wives and French husbands. "But," *The Argonaut* asks, "how many suspect that the radical incompatibilities of such ill-assorted matches lie far deeper than the definite offenses that are legally urged as the culmination of a misery inevitable from differences in national conception of the home and family?" It is into these fundamental causes that Mrs. Wharton's keen analysis penetrates.

Mr. Percival Pollard is of the opinion that Mrs. Wharton exaggerates. He says in *Town Topics*:

"It is an effort, this story, to contrast the American temper with the social temper of the old fashionable Faubourg St. Germain of Paris. The independence of our side of the water is contrasted with the formality of the other; and we are shown, as well, at least, as this author can show it, the race pride and prejudice that orders all things over in that other world. Marriage is not between individuals there; it cements families. Nor yet is divorce—and that is actually the question in this story—merely a dissonance of two; what the family does, what the family wills—those are the things to be regarded, not the rights of the mere individual. An American man of fine average sense and experience wishes to marry a compatriot who happens to have grounds for divorce against her husband, a marquis of France. But his family insists on refusing the divorce—unless the wife gives up her child. Durham, the victim of this imbroglio, is led on, by the sister of the husband—by Madame de Treymes [the real heroine of the book], in short—to believe that the family will, after all, consent; only to be told by her in the end that such consent means they will claim the child. The woman he loves, Fanny de Malrive, had already told him she would not marry him unless that meant no sacrifice of her child. So the story

*MADAME DE TREYMES. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ends with Durham taking the news from the emissary of the great Faubourg family, and preparing to tell the woman he loves that they are both trapped, whereon, we are given to understand, she will tell him they must give each other up."

Mrs. Wharton, the writer thinks, out-Parises Paris, and the story should have a different ending. Mr. Pollard forgets that the story itself is of slight interest to Mrs. Wharton, who lavishes all the resources of her art upon the sister-in-law, Madame de Treymes, that strangely twisted product of a false and artificial environment, and portrays in her with superb technique a mentality of a stamp entirely alien from our own. The question whether the young American will finally overcome all obstacles, which Mrs. Wharton leaves undecided is not pertinent in the least. She is satisfied in placing before us a picture wrought with delicate artistry, and is content to leave the final solution of the problem in the hands of fate and the imagination of the reader. For, as we have been reminded, Mrs. Wharton is clever and she is cold.

Mr. Philpotts's new novel* is another story of the "good red earth." The author loves his Dartmoor, he has chosen to abide

by it, and therefore, says *The Whirlwind* *Athenaeum*, "by Dartmoor he stands and falls." Mr. Philpotts, remarks the same authority, has come to be recognized as a writer with a sense of the underlying tragedy of life. "His irony is in a manner Sophoclean, and he is fond of dealing with primary emotions and with simple psychological problems." While the author frequently runs the risk of falling into melodrama, he keeps himself out of this pit by the artistry and the dignity of his handling. "In playing with heroic issues," the writer concludes, "he never descends to bathos, and the conclusion satisfies poetic justice, if it wrings the tender heart." In the opinion of the London *Times*, however, Mr. Philpotts has failed as a tragic novelist and "The Whirlwind" is to be read like Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," not for its catastrophe, but for its account of ordinary men and women and quiet incident.

The story of the book is summarized in the Boston *Transcript* as follows:

"The Whirlwind" is practically a modernizing of the Biblical tale of David and Uriah's wife and Uriah himself. The David is Hilary Woodrow, the Uriah is Daniel Brendon, the wife of Uriah is Sarah Jane Brendon. Woodrow is the master of a Dartmoor farm, and the husband and wife

are his servants. He is a man of character and strength of mind, a free-thinker in religion and all other problems of this and the future life. He is not a scoundrelly seducer who leads a woman astray. The woman loves her husband, but she seems dominated by a higher power, and furthermore her intrigue with Woodrow means world advancement and prosperity. The husband is a childlike giant who is utterly unsuspecting. He knows that his wife visits Woodrow, but he trusts her implicitly, and five years pass by without trouble. Then the jealousy of a discarded suitor brings everything to light. Woodrow is dying, Brendon reaches him just too late to wreak his vengeance upon him, and the wife forestalls her certain doom at her husband's hands by taking her own life.

"In all this tragic tale, the most persistent note is its paganism. The question of right and wrong is thrown utterly aside by Mr. Philpotts. He tells the tale as by one standing on the outside. We see each character from his or her own point of view. The man who takes away another's wife is not presented in the conventional light. He appears as an upright man swayed by his beliefs, his emotions and his passions. The wife who betrays her husband has no conception of the sin she commits. She too is in the hands of destiny. Fate alone is responsible."

The *Academy* remarks of the novel that in it Mr. Philpotts is at his best. "His standard is a high one. His method conceived on a large scale." To quote further:

"It is no other than to bring all the aspects of nature—the changing sky, with its range of colors, the wind that blows across his Devon moors, the trees, the flowers, the animals, all the denizens of Earth—into league with him in telling one great story of passion or love or disaster. His human characters emerge from this great background: first you see the village of Lydford nestling quietly in a nook of the wide moor—then the farmhouse Ruddyford and the old peat mine, the place in which his chief characters live, and gradually the chief characters themselves stand out from their fellow villagers and over them something of the eternal greatness of things is thrown, something which comes from the greatness of their setting. In the carrying out of this conception he brings great skill to bear. But the result is not on the level of the intention. If it were so, Mr. Philpotts' work would take a high place in English literature, a place above that of Thomas Hardy."

But, the reviewer continues, there is something lacking; there is an element of disappointment, for "tho his descriptions of natural scenery and events are vivid and at times beautiful, tho his grip on his characters never relaxes and their doings are always interesting, yet the two are never molded into shape by a view of things the scope of which is sufficiently wide to present one all-embracing outlook." The final tragedy lacks inevitability and that lack lends to it a belittling element of sordidness. It is the function

*THE WHIRLWIND. By Eden Philpotts. McClure, Phillips & Company.

of great art to transform brutal facts, and by its magic raise them above themselves, to show "that which lies beyond every fact, and the beauty which is part of all suffering." This transforming touch, we are told, is absent from "The Whirl-

wind," as it is absent from all Mr. Philpotts's work, and its absence prevents his work rising to the high place which the excellence of his actual writing, his knowledge of humanity, and his love of Nature, would otherwise command.

The Dream-Knight—By Maarten Maartens

This story, by the most eminent of Holland's living writers, is one of the series contained in his new-published volume entitled "The Woman's Victory and Other Stories" (D. Appleton & Company). It gains an adventurous interest just now (tho it requires none) from the author's recent visit to this country to participate in the National Peace Conference and in the dedicatory services of the Carnegie Institute. Mr. Van der Poorten-Schwartz (Maartens is a pen-name) is also one of Holland's delegates to The Hague Conference this month.

"**D**EAREST—listen close—I want to tell you a story!"

Her head was thrown back, along the lounge, with her whole figure; the fingers of her left hand were at her temples, pushing aside the yellow curls. Her blue eyes were upon me.

Oh, little yellow curl against the ear-lobe! Oh, little yellow curl! I bent forward and kissed it. She let me kiss.

"Hush!" she said. "Not to-night. Try to forget."

"What?"

"That you love me. Oh, Maarten, don't!" She had sprung up; she was far from me, on the balcony, overhanging the lake, a white vision against the blueness of the deep Italian night. I waited a moment, then I went after her. She motioned me away. "I want to tell you my story," she said, in a tone that was almost a gasp. "Don't make it impossible. Help me. Let me alone."

I stood silent in the window. When a woman speaks to a man, it is her voice he must go by, not what she says.

The night was lovely beyond endurance. In the far, far distance a dozen bells were tinkling; a dozen lights were moving across the water. The air was full of entrancing scents. Down below, somewhere among the laurels, a man's voice rose and fell, softly, in solitary song.

She stood against the massive parapet; a flimsy whiteness hung about her breast and arms. I saw that the breast was heaving.

"Do you believe that we live again after death?" she said suddenly. "Mind how you answer. It all depends on that. I know you say you do. We all say. But do you mean it?—tell me. If you think not—if you are a—what do they call it?—an agnostic, tell me honestly, tho you have never told me before!"

"Dearest—" I began, but she did not allow me to continue. She turned upon me: her vehemence was extraordinary:

"We have been married seven years, and I know, of course, all you say, and think, and do in matters of religion. Ay, and think. But there are so many thinkings, and thinkings beneath them, that we never take the trouble to find out for ourselves. Look yourself in the naked face, before God, to-night and tell me—do you believe—are you certain for yourself of a hereafter?" Her voice was heavy with passion; her hands were clasped, her eyes were close to my own.

I answered: "I believe."

"But you are not certain!"

"I am certain, because I believe."

She fell back. "I wish it had been otherwise," she said faintly, "and yet, of course, it couldn't be, for it is true."

I waited, understanding nothing, troubled down into the deepest sinkings of my heart.

"Let me tell you here—here," she said. "Do not let us go back into the room. Do you think any one could hear us?"

I glanced up the vast façade of the sleeping hotel. The hour was very late, past midnight: the whole place was very silent. The fishermen's lights and the fishermen's bells came across the water still. The singer had ceased.

"Yes," I said, "yes: they would hear you. Some one would hear you." A foolish trembling had seized me. I led her back to the couch.

"Then for Heaven's sake," she cried, "turn—" She started up herself, ran to the electric knob and struck the room with sudden darkness. Only for a moment: the soft starlight came flooding in.

"When you married me," she began, "I was a girl of twenty. You barely knew me. You remember all about it; does one ever forget? We

met at a ball; six months later we were married: we have loved each other ever since."

"Yes, dearest, yes; does one ever forget?"

"Oh, Maarten, tell me—repeat it—we have loved each other ever since. Don't come near me; don't touch me." Her voice rose to a scream. "We have loved each other ever since!"

"Dear, dear darling, I have never seen you like this before! You are ill; you are over-tired. Let us go and sleep: you will tell me to-morrow."

"Maarten, did I not beg of you not to come to Bellagio? Did I not entreat you?"

"I thought it was only a fad of yours. You wouldn't give any reason. And Pallanza is such a beastly place. We will leave to-morrow."

"You know little of my youth; you see it is all the dull time that we didn't live together." She laughed sadly, "It was a very dull time. Shut up in the gloomy house alone with father, and poor Mademoiselle Fifard."

Her voice had grown calmer. "I didn't like Fifard," I said.

"You only saw her a couple of times. And, of course, she was jealous. Poor thing, she looked upon me as her especial property. She was a funny, kind-hearted creature, not over sensible, I admit."

"According to your own account, her chief occupation was reading novels, with or without her pupil."

"Frequently with. I admit that her system was foolish. We read endless romances. Yes, she was very romantic. That is my story. Oh, that is my story." Her voice quivered again.

"Maarten, it is only this. I was lonely, and dull, and my head, till I met you, dear teacher, contained little but foolishness. Out of the long French romances—you know them; I never will look at them now—I had made myself a dream-hero; many girls do, I believe?" She stopped, anxiously.

"All, I should think," I answered, laughing cheerfully. "Was it Lancelot, the faithless, of the lake?"

"My hero I had called," her voice dropped to a whisper, "Sir Constant. I do not know why, except that none of the knights in the romances were called so. He—he became an important figure in my empty existence. You will laugh—oh, my husband, I can tell you no more, do not laugh. Above all—it is too solemn, too sad!—do not laugh."

"Dear, I have no intention of laughing. But the story is quite simple and amusing, all the same."

"Wait to the end." She paused after those words, which struck a cold chill to my heart. It was some time before she continued, speaking very slowly:

"Yes, my hero came to play a very important part in my life. There was nothing else, you see, nothing else to fill it. When I tried to do anything useful for any one, father scolded, and poor Mademoiselle said it was unladylike, immodest. 'Ma chere, soyez toujours modeste.'"

"I drew a portrait of him—yes, I must tell you that—tell you all. I drew a good many sketches, paintings. Even you, Maarten, admit that I draw and paint well."

"Even I?"

"Yes; you are very critical. I like that. I like you to disapprove of me. It shows that you care."

"What was your Sir Constant like? I should much enjoy seeing his picture."

"Oh, don't, don't. Now you are laughing. When you laugh, I cannot speak another word."

"I am not laughing; still, I do hope he was something like me."

"He was not at all like you. He was very dark, almost swarthy. But he was very pale also; his skin was deadly-white. And his eyes were cold and terrible, yet full of grey light, like steel." She had bent forward; her gaze was fixed on the lofty heaven and its stars.

"He was beautiful in my dreams, and strong and manly. He did wonders, like the knights in the romances; wonders of bravery and gentleness and skill. He relieved the oppressed; he released prisoners; he rescued young maidens. You see, it is all foolishness, dearest, and romance until—until—"

She sank her head on her hands. "Oh, the end," she said.

"Indeed, he was not like me." The words were on my lips, perhaps a little bitter, but I did not speak them. "He was a good man, at any rate, a harmless familiar," I said.

"I had painted my hero, composed verses, lengthy stories about him—not that I ever wrote these down; that would have seemed a desecration—I had walked with him in the woods, in fancy, in the moonlight, when he rode out to do great deeds and I bade him godspeed! Oh, Maarten, I was only a child. Was it wrong? The great deeds: it was these attracted me. I yearned for something beyond the old house and Fifard."

"I don't wonder. It's all as simple as daylight. Why ever didn't you tell me about your Sir Constant before?"

"Maarten, there came a night when I saw him in my dreams."

"No wonder, after mooning about him all day."

"Do not say these things, but listen. I saw him a first time, then often. He was dressed as a Knight should be. But not always. Sometimes he wore a long black cloak, and a wide soft hat."

I had promised not to laugh. I had no desire to do so. We laugh at another man's wife, possibly, not our own, when her voice rings with fear, like that.

"Tell me, if you can—I have asked myself a hundred times—how came I to see, in *any* dream, my Knight in such dress as that?"

"I don't know. Does it matter much?"

"It matters everything. It decides my fate."

"Your fate, dearest, is in your own hands and in mine. It is safe, and it doesn't depend on any Knight in a wide, soft hat."

"You say that, but you know it is not so. Our fates are fashioned for us, outside us. We struggle, at the last moment, caught in the net."

"I cannot admit that," I said.

"No, do not admit it! That is right!" she cried aloud. "Help me not to admit it, to deny it. It is a lie. We decide our own fates! Ah, me!—Listen. Let me speak quick. He came to me oftener in my dreams. And he spoke to me. Things he said, deep and solemn, few and strange. When I woke, they went with me through the day. He found faults in me I had never imagined before. How should I have got to know them, with papa, who didn't care, and Fifard, who didn't notice? I saw things in myself! Oh, dear husband, if I told you—"

"This is absolute rubbish and wickedness," I said. "When a woman is as good as you are, she always sees the most fearful abominations in herself."

"I did not see them, I tell you. He showed me. He saw them, oh, so clear. And he said to me words such as no one had ever spoken to me before. All around me noticed the change in those years; the servants— Don't let us speak of it. Fifard found me out, one day, with my portrait before me. I confessed."

"You could not have found a worse confidant," I cried, angry and distressed.

"Poor thing, she was so pleased! She talked to me for hours of my beautiful Knight. But I did not like that, I prayed her to be silent. I crept away from her tattle into the woods, and I heard him there. I met his face in crowds suddenly, come and gone. And when I sat down to the piano, I caught his voice in the music. I caught it distinctly; I could have recognized it anywhere. I would look round, suddenly stopping; I knew him to be behind me, I felt him; just as I turned, he was gone."

She had risen from the couch; she stood, trembling, a tall figure in the starlight. Her voice pulsed with emotion. What could I do but let her hasten on?

"I will tell you what I never thought to tell even to you," she gasped. "One sentence he said

so often to me in dreams, ay, in daylight, in whispers at my ear, so distinctly, the sounds remain graven on my soul, tho I do not know their meaning. I do not know the language; I have never dared to inquire which it was, what they meant. Let me speak them to you. Listen!" She came close to me, and enunciated slowly:

"Je näher mir, je näher Deinem Grab."*

I started involuntarily. The words came to me like an echo, out of some song of Schiller's. Even in the softened darkness she saw, or felt, the start.

"I fancy they are German," she continued. "Now you know why I have always refused to learn that language, tho you were so anxious to teach me. You are not angry with me, are you?—now. I sing Italian. I don't want to understand those words. I believe they must mean something very terrible. When he said them, his face and voice always grew terrible, terrible. And the last word, I imagine, must have something to do with 'grave.'"

"No!" I cried, "no!"—for a great fear was coming upon me. The night was too silent. Her voice was too laden with awe.

I knew that she smiled. "Do not tell me: I do not want to know," she said. "No, dear; we never will read Goethe or Heine together. I will never ask you for the meaning of that sentence. Others he said in English. I recall them. 'I am living for the future.' 'The present is nothing: the future alone is eternal. Wait and work. I also am waiting: wait and work.'"

"These are no wonderful sayings," I exclaimed, recovering somewhat my self-possession, which had been upset by the German quotation. "It requires no supernatural wisdom to produce them."

She caught at the word "supernatural"; it struck her down beneath its weight. She sank under it. "There was nothing," she said, "perhaps positively supernatural, till I met him on the boat."

"What?" I screamed. I could not help myself. "I met him here, between Bellagio and Como, on this lake, on the boat."

I had steadied myself somewhat, for her sake. "It was a fancy," I murmured.

"And Fifard? You forget Fifard, who had seen my dream-drawings. It was she that first saw him sitting by the side, and pointed him out to me. Yes, he was sitting there; we first saw him at Cadenabbia."

"A fanciful resemblance!"

"It was an hour before I ventured to get up and walk past him. He sat there in his long black cloak. And he took off his hat to me. I

*"The nearer thou art to me, the nearer thou art to thy grave."

do not know why, nor did he, he said. Before we knew how, we were talking together. We talked of many things, art, literature, beauty, religion—the deepest, the sweetest. I was ignorant as a child, he omniscient—so it seemed to my ignorance. He got out at the next landing-place; it was all over in twenty minutes. All over, and more dreamful than a dream."

"It was a dream. I mean the resemblance."

"In the midst of our conversation he said to me: 'I am living for the future. The present is nothing: the future alone is eternal.' Was that a dream?"

"Yes," I said, falteringly, "he did not actually speak those words."

"And in taking leave, as he held my hand and looked into my eyes: 'Wait and work,' he said. Was that a dream? There were but few sentences he had said to me before, in our dream meetings. And these he spoke."

"So you thought, then, or afterwards."

"And his voice! Oh, my God, the likeness of his voice!"

After that she lay silent. The lights had died away upon the water; the bells had long been still.

"Soon after we came back from our trip, I met you," she said, presently. "A new world was opened to me; the old seemed to sink from sight. I have loved you, my husband—say that I have been a good wife."

I drew her, resisting, in my arms, and kissed her on both half-closed eyes. She opened them languidly.

"But I—have I been a good husband?" I said.

"You have been my earthly star."

"But the heavenly?"

For a moment she did not answer, and all the fear and dread that had been closing in upon me took solid, overwhelming shape. I went out to the balcony, stood leaning heavily over the balustrade.

When I looked round, she was gone.

Next morning I said: "I am going to take our tickets after breakfast. I should like, if you don't mind, to go to Milan to-day."

She looked up quickly: "By Como?"

"Well, no; we might just as well go round by Lugano."

She flushed. "Maarten, you won't think me humorous, will you? I should like to take the usual route." I did not endeavor to dissuade her, anxious to avoid the appearance of attaching importance to anything connected with the place. Anxious, above all, to get away from it.

My wife talked of other things, and yet I could see she was preoccupied. Once she reverted di-

rectly to the subject. "I should never have spoken of it," she said, suddenly, "had we not come here."

"I am glad we came here, then. There should be no secrets between us!"

"This is not a secret between us, Maarten. It is a secret outside us. I don't know whether you understand what I mean. I think I do."

"You mean that it is a secret outside me," I replied, a little irritably.

She did not refute what was almost an accusation. She painfully put her hand to her head. To me she has always seemed most entrancingly beautiful because of that statuesque symmetry of form and movement, which had something classical in them, while the modern unrest of intellectuality—disgusting word, but it expresses my meaning—leaped and played underneath. Like a flame in an alabaster vase.

It was only when we were in the hotel omnibus, driving down to the pier, that she seemed to awaken from enforced repose.

"Supposing," she said—and her big eyes dilated—"supposing—on the boat—"

"I would it were so. I would give anything it should be so," I replied.

"What?"

"If this man whom you met on the boat were there again, it would prove him to be an ordinary inhabitant of these parts. It would explain your whole story, which, of course, really needs no explanation. A fancied resemblance; that is all."

She gave me no answer, feeling, perhaps, that it was hopeless, unwilling to repeat all she had said about similarity of voice and words, as well as of figure and face. To her, evidently, this being who had come into her life was of a higher essence, or, at least, of a higher intellectual and moral rank, than either she or I. Somewhere, in this passing dream, which is the world, he was struggling on, through daily self-development, towards that loftier future which passes not. What the link was, yonder, between him and her unworthiness she could not have told. Nor did she desire to retain such link, could she have severed it, the while she still clung to its fascination with trembling, terrible joy.

I am sorry now that I tried to explain away the whole story—sorry in the face of what happened immediately after. And yet what else could I have done that had been better?

There were a number of tourists and country-people on the boat, when it came up from Menaggio. In fact, the deck was crowded; with some difficulty we found a seat near the bows. People, of course, were talking and laughing everywhere. There was a certain amount of confusion, especially about the luggage.

My wife looked round nervously; then she sat down and fastened her eyes on the hills. We talked of one place and another, naming them. I looked out particulars in *Murray*, and we quarreled rather vigorously in connection with a new villa nearly completed on a promontory—over several questions of taste. We were often divided in our admirations, and enjoyed discussions on such subjects, not demanding that either should be convinced.

When I looked up from a close survey of the map, I perceived that our part of the deck—the first-class top platform—had emptied. Rugs and bags lay about everywhere, by unoccupied seats. A bell had rung some time ago, without our observing it, for the table-d'hôte luncheon. We had eaten something before leaving at the hotel.

I got up to stretch my limbs, and my wife immediately came with me. We descended to the lower deck, which seemed also deserted. And we sat down there, just above the engine-house.

It was then that I suddenly saw him coming towards us, from the stern. I do not know how he came into sight—whether he had turned some corner—I cannot tell. I looked round desperately, to meet my wife's gaze, to draw off her attention—what shall I say? It was too late: already she, too, had seen him.

He came up the silent deck, in his long black cloak and slouch hat; I knew at once that it was he. The next moment my heart gave a leap, as I realized this natural solution I myself had desired. Some lawyer or doctor of the neighborhood. The village apothecary.

He came up the silent deck. He was close to us. And, all of a sudden, his face lighted up with a great, glad smile. His eyes were fixed on my wife: I do not think he saw me. He lifted his hat, with a sweep against the sky, but passed very slowly on.

And, as he passed, he spoke the words—I heard them distinctly—he spoke them in fluent German, not such as an Italian would speak:

"Je näher mir, je näher Deinem Grab."

He passed us. My first thought was for my wife. I caught at her, to support her, if necessary, but she remained sitting calmly erect, her eyes—and mine—following the stranger. He passed down the companion and disappeared.

I started up to follow, furious at what I thought must be a trick of some sort, a practical joke. We seize at these explanations even when they are palpably impossible. By the time I had rushed after him, the man was gone from sight. Down below was the clash of knives and forks: everybody busy with the dishes: stewards rushing hotly to and fro. I searched the ship in vain, as well as I could, amidst the confusion. I hur-

ried back, anxiously, to my wife, unwilling to leave her to herself. I found she had fainted.

The next station the boat stopped at was Cernobbio. I got her off at once and away to the hotel. I was anxious that she should not open her eyes amongst the surroundings upon which she had closed them. Nor did it appear that she would soon recover consciousness. I hoped to drive on to Como later in the day.

It was September 18 last, at half-past one o'clock, in the full light and sunshine of a peerless Italian afternoon.

At Cernobbio we found a local doctor, more than sufficient for what first required to be done. I telegraphed, by his advice, to a professor in Milan. An English physician from Florence joined us in the course of the following day.

During the first night, as I was sitting watching by the bedside, she stirred from her state of complete unconsciousness, moved and spake. But the words were, to begin with, incomprehensible, then incoherent. A couple of hours later she was manifestly delirious.

For ten days she lay raging in a brain-fever. On those days I shall not dwell. In her utterances, all on one subject, the German word "Grab" sounded ceaselessly, like an echo, and a knell. Once or twice I saw in her eyes that she recognized me, and that was worst of all.

On the tenth day she died.

I hastened back with the dear remains to my home in England. Amidst all the torment of my loss, one strange fever consumed me, the longing to face with my own eyes those old drawings and paintings she had spoken of in the night at Bellagio.

I am sitting in front of them now, in front of her bureau; the long drawer is open; they are scattered, right and left, on the desk. Sketches, water-color drawings, crayons, large and small, of a knight in full armor, in different poses, amid different surroundings. But the face is always the same face; it is the face of the man who passed me on the boat.

I have written it all down, and, inevitably, because that form came most natural to me, the recital has taken the form of a story. It is an account of facts. I offer no explanation, for I can find none; I know that during those seven years of our marriage my wife loved me as loyally and as deeply as man was ever loved on this earth. Of such things I cannot speak in public. Nor shall I. For these lines are the last I shall ever write, and they will not be published till after my death.

Richmond, St. Mary's Cray,
Sept. 23, 1905.

Humor of Life



OH! YOU BRUTE

SON-IN-LAW: Sorry you're going, mother. I'm sure the house will seem empty without you here.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

the excited young man. "I must know how she is." "Well, she isn't here," again said the attendant. "She must be," broke in the visitor, "for here is a note I found on the kitchen table when I came home from work."

The note read:

"Dear Jack: Have gone to have my kimono cut out.—Annie."—*The Pilgrim.*

BETWEEN TWO GENTLEMEN

"I was talking to your wife to-day."

"Ah, indeed! How did it happen?"

"How did it happen? How did what happen?"

"That you were talking."—Translated for *Transatlantic Tales from Il Motto per Ridere.*

NOT WORTH SAVING

"How do you manage here without a doctor within ten miles? Suppose somebody is taken ill?"

"Sure, we'd just give him a glass of whisky, sor!"

"And if that did no good?"

"Then we'd give him another!"

"But suppose that had no result?"

"Bedad, then, we'd know he wasn't worth throublin' about."—*London Tit-Bits.*

JOHNNY'S RECITATION

Johnnie was anxious to take part in the public monthly exercises of his Sunday-school, so his mother searched out a short verse, which was, "I am the bread of life." When Johnnie's turn came he created something of a sensation by calling out promptly and shrilly, "I am a loaf of bread."—*Chicago Post.*

OPTIMISM

Never say die! Even a clock that is broken has two good times every day.—*Punch.*

THE REASON

God made woman beautiful and unreasonable so that she would love man.—*Life.*

JUSTIFIED ALARM

Very much excited and out of breath, a young man who could not have been married very long rushed up to an attendant at one of the city hospitals and inquired after Mrs. Brown, explaining between breaths that it was his wife whom he felt anxious about.

The attendant looked at the register and replied there was no Mrs. Brown in the hospital.

"Oh! Good heavens!

Don't keep me waiting in this manner," said

A SURE WAY TO SETTLE IT

In a North of England town recently a company of local amateurs produced "Hamlet," and the following account of the proceedings appeared in the local paper next morning: "Last night all the fashionables and élite of our town gathered to witness a performance of 'Hamlet' at the Town Hall. There has been considerable discussion in the Press as to whether this play was written by Shakespeare or Bacon. All doubt can be now set at rest. Let both their graves be opened; the one who turned over last night is the author."—*London Tit-Bits.*

JUST AS HE SAID HE WOULD

"Be mine!" he cried, in a voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me, I shall die!"

But the heartless girl refused him. That was sixty years ago. Yesterday he died.—*London Tit-Bits.*

WHAT HE WANTED

MR. HAYRIN (in swell restaurant): Kin I git my dinner here, mister?

WAITER: Certainly, sir. Will you have table d'hôte or à la carte?

MR. HAYRIN: Well, yew may gimme a leetle of both—an' be shore an' put plenty uv gravy on it.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

SHUTTING HIM OFF

CHOLLY: Weally, doncher know, I have half a mind—

Miss Knox (interrupting): Cut that out, Cholly. You shouldn't exaggerate.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

RESEMBLANCE

"It is easy to see that the baby takes after me," Mr. Nupaw asserted. "He is as bald as I am, his eyes are brown as are mine, he resembles me in features, he—"

"Also," cut in his wife, as the kid set up a howl for his noonday meal, "he goes after the bottle about as often as you do."

Mrs. Nupaw did all the talking for the rest of the evening.—*The Bohemian.*



A STARTLING DISCOVERY

"My doodness, somebody's done an' taken a bite out o' the moon!"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

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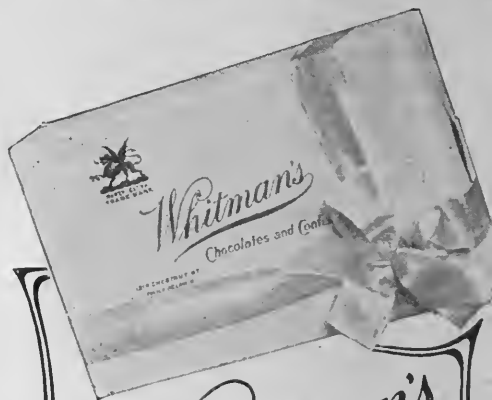
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